



*In Loving  
Memory of  
Joan  
Ridley-Clark*



*Sunrise*  
*February 8, 1960*

*Sunset*  
*February 21, 2021*





# Obituary

*“Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.” Proverbs 31: 25-26 KJV*

Joan Beverly Ridley was born on February 8th of 1960, in the lovely parish of St. Ann located on the island of Jamaica, West Indies. The second born daughter of her mother Ms. Edith Anita Watkis, she was full of passion and determination from her youth, aspiring for a better life than the one afforded her in the humble family hometown of Lewis. Against all odds, she excelled, rising above every obstacle and obstruction strewn along her path.

An industrious woman right from the onset, she began her career in the field of healthcare immediately after secondary school, working for the main health office in the local health department. There, she was able to forge a strong professional foundation in her young adult years, before going on to emigrate to the United States. Shortly after relocating, she became the wife of Mr. Gareth Clarke on July 17th of 1991, to whom she would remain wed for the next 30 years. In the spring of 1993, she gave birth to her first and only child. With her family in tow and a new life in the US, once again she strove for excellence, continuing her education for the purpose of relaunching her career.

At first, she attended Queensborough Community College. Afterwards, she went on to her graduate program at Downstate Medical School, obtaining a Master of Science degree in nursing. She would later return to Queensborough as a visiting professor, teaching and preparing future generations for the nursing workforce. Throughout her professional tenure, Mrs. Ridley-Clarke worked for a plethora of hospitals regardless of reputation or prestige. Her influential service, guidance, and care has been requested and administered far across the greater New York area in medical institutions such as Northwell Health, Wyckoff Heights Medical Center, VNSNY, Catholic Charities NY, Kings County Hospital, MJHS, and many more. To date, her most recent positions were as Nursing Supervisor for Beach Gardens Rehab & Nursing Center and CenterLight Health System respectively.

After so many years nursing the bodies and spirits of those struggling with illness, Mrs. Ridley-Clarke fought her own personal battle with uterine cancer after being diagnosed in early 2020. This time, nursed by her own legacy, as expressed through the immaculate care of her loved ones, Joan Ridley-Clarke fought well, prevailing into eternal rest on February 21st of 2021. She is survived by her daughter De’Andra Chanel Clarke, who in her honor, is currently paving her own path to a successful career in medicine also.

Across the span of her existence, the golden thread woven through every piece of her lifetime’s tapestry is that of absolute virtue. In every one of her personal roles as daughter, sister, wife, mother and friend she lived and loved with the utmost sense of dignity and integrity. Yet, above all else, the truest testament of her life’s purpose is that Mrs. Joan Beverly Ridley-Clarke walked fearlessly with God to the very end. And as she joins the great cloud of witnesses above to take her place among the countless heroes of faith that have gone before her, it is this heritage of enduring faith that is left behind to inspire. May her soul forever rest in peace.





Thursday, March 4, 2021  
Viewing - 4-6:30 PM  
Service - 6:30 PM  
**Oneness Pentecostal Tabernacle**  
198-01 Linden Blvd.  
St. Albans, New York

*Order of Service*

Prelude

Processional

Selection

Scripture Reading  
Proverbs 31..... Jeaneth Ridley  
2 Kings 2: 1-18..... Omar Williams

Prayer of Comfort

Poem - Dawnesha Martin

Tributes

Selection

Acknowledgments & Remarks

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy - Oluwaseyi A. Oniyide

A Word From her Daughter - De'Andra Chanel Clarke

Final Viewing

Recessional

*Interment*

Friday, March 5, 2021 - 10AM  
Pinelawn Cemetery ~ Farmingdale, New York





# Mother Dearest

Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the LORD delivereth him out of them all.  
- Psalms 34:19

Mother, I just want to say congratulations on making it into heaven. You have done exceptional things and I am so honored to be your daughter. I know that you are experiencing all the glorious things that life here on earth simply could not afford you.

Mother we have been through so much together and I just want you to know that nothing was in vain. Our trials and tribulations has equipped me to change the world. The faith that you demonstrated through everything, especially our darkest days, made me a stronger and more resilient person. Mom I thank you. I thank you for training me up in the way that I should go, so now that I am older, I cannot depart from it. Thank you for instilling in me... the fear of the Lord and the faith to trust Him, so that when the walls of life seems to be closing in ... I can be confident that God himself will always provide a lamb for the sacrifice and it won't be me. Like a theme song, your teachings and honest words of wisdom are playing in my ear each day, reminding me that God is the beginning and the end and everything in between is just vanity; a chasing after the wind. I love you dearly mother. You were so gangster in your entire routine and disposition. You operated with such grace and confidence. Every time I was with you, I felt like, I too was clothed in the divine favor that the Lord bestowed upon you. I loved being around you.

I'm glad we spent so much time together! Whether it was on the phone or in person... hours passed like seconds. You were and still are, my very best friend mom. Thank you for not judging me because I obviously couldn't live up to your flawless reputation of being such an honest and Christ like woman. Thank you for allowing me to be me. Thank you for the discipline and endurance you gave me; I know I can weather any storm. Thank you for lifting my eyes to the hills whence cometh my help. I know that I am covered, protected and provided for. And when I feel discouraged I will remember that, I've been young and I've been older but yet, I've never seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging for bread. Mom I got you! I will not let your legacy go to the winds, though I am standing in the valley of very dry bones right now, I will prophesy to these dry bones and they will hear the word of the Lord. And things will have to come together. Mother, I will fear no evil.

Joan Beverly Ridley-Clarke you did not die... like Elijah, you ascended into heaven. And like Elisha, I am kindly asking for a double portion of your anointing. I promise you mom! I am going to take this baton from you and I am going to run with it. I'm going to finish what you started and I too, am going to raise my children up in the way that they should go. Mom we will not disappoint you! I got you. I got this. Well done good and faithful servant! I know God is taking good care of you up there in the Highest Heaven; where He dwells. The greatest burden you have left me with is to find my way there. (Perhaps you can ask God to grandfather me in just to be on the safe side... lol). While I am here on earth and even after... I'm going to defend you. My blameless mother. Nobody cyaan seh nothing bad bout yuh. Mi nuf business a who! Mi deh yah fi answereth all things. Awoah! You are as pure as they come. A virtuous woman you are. I knew it would come to this but I will not be moved. Like you mother, I will declare the goodness of the Lord even in my last breath. I am so proud of you! I salute you mother. You the realest one. Simply the Best. I'll take it from here now...

Your One & Only Child,  
De'Andra Chanel Clarke

## Acknowledgments

The family would like to express sincere thanks and appreciation to all our friends for their well wishes, words of comfort, prayers and other acts of kindness during this time of sorrow.

*Funeral Arrangements Entrusted To*  
**Perfect Peace Funeral Homes Inc.**

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Brooklyn, NY 11226

Floyd W. Gilmore, President