

In Loving Memory of



Renelda "Stella" Cobourne

Sunrise
July 17, 1930

Sunset
February 19, 2021

Friday, March 12, 2021 - 11:00 a.m.
Viewing 10:00 - 11:00 a.m.

CARNIE P. BRAGG FUNERAL HOME

256 Rosa Parks Blvd., Paterson, New Jersey

Elder Michael McDonald, Officiating

Devant Carta, Organist



*May the winds of Heaven blow
softly & whisper in yours ears.
How much we love & miss you
& wish you were both still here.*

Reunited in Heaven

OBITUARY FOR THE LIFE OF RENELDA "STELLA" COBOURNE
JULY 17, 1930 - FEBRUARY 19, 2021

We are gathered here today with mixed emotions to celebrate the life of our loved ones passing. It's sad to accept but we are happy to know that she has gone home to be with her heavenly father.

We are reminded by William Shakespeare that this world is just a stage on which we all play. We have our exits and our entrances, and each one in his lifetime plays many parts as our loved one once did.

Renelda Cobourne, (Stella) as she was affectionately called entered the arena of life on July 17, 1930. She was the pride and joy of her parents Maryann Saunders and Teddy Cobourne. She was born in the district of Lime Walk, St. Catherine, Jamaica, West Indies. She was the 2nd of 16 siblings, 11 by her mother and 5 by her father. At an early age she showed signs of love, compassion and commitment. She was a very kind, resilient and classy woman, who showed respect to everyone.

She attended the Springvale Elementary School in St. Catherine. After leaving school, she teamed up with a family friend Linette Blake and went to the city Kingston, in search of work, so she would be able to help her parents and siblings. During this time, she made frequent visits back home to make sure her family was ok. As children we eagerly awaited her visits, as she would bring us food, clothes and goodies. Soon after she heard of a job opportunity that brought her closer home. She along with her friend applied and were employed.

While working at the Bog Walk Citrus Factory, she met Johnny Blake, who became the father of her sons Donovan and Devon. They both migrated to England after awhile, but things were not as she expected, as she was faced with ill health. She however refused to give up. She then met Mr. Molton, who became the father of her son Andrew. Mr. Molton died and later she met Timothy Bryan and was blessed with Marcus her youngest son.

With commitment to the cause of finding a better life for her children, she took on the challenge of relocating to the USA.

Here she found employment at the Fair Lawn Nursing Home, as a Nurses Assistant, where she worked for many years, and later on as a Home Attendant before retiring. Her loving and caring ways will always be remembered by her patients and colleagues.

Stella's laughter and smiles would light up any room. Her humour would be followed by "ain't it" Stella enjoyed cooking, shopping, and caring for those in need. Most afternoons she would relax watching "days of our lives and all my children" and Saturday nights she watched wrestling. Her radio was always set on family radio, where she enjoyed listening to the word of God and songs being sung by the Gaithers. Most of all, her life was in keeping with God's words in Matthew Chapter 5, which reads *"blessed are the meek for they shall Inherit the earth, and blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God"*.

Stella will be remembered as a wonderful daughter, mother, grandmother, great grandmother, sister, aunt and cousin, who did the best she could for everyone.

She fought a good fight, therefore....A crown of life awaits her in heaven. On February 19th, 2021 she departed this life. Yes, we have lost a legend indeed, but let us cherish her memories, and claim the legacy she left us, a legacy of true love, selflessness, compassion and forgiveness. Let us therefore, prepare to see her again in the earth made new.

Stella has left behind to celebrate her life, four sons; Donovan Blake, Devon Blake, Andrew Molton and Marcus Bryan, eight siblings; sister, Elaine Thompson Moore (Shirley), brothers; Bancroft Brown (Sonny B), Barrington Brown (Petson), Garnet Brown, Degute Cobourne, Marley Cobourne, Macneil Cobourne and Dickie Cobourne, daughter-in-law; Cynthia Blake, seven grandchildren, great grandchildren and a host of nieces, nephews and friends.

Rest In Peace.

Order of Service

Welcome & Prayer

1st Hymn..... It Is Well With My Soul

1st Scripture St John 14: 1-3
Read by DeJeunae Walker (Grand Niece)

2nd Scripture 1 Thessalonians 4: 16-18
& Tribute Read by Andrew Malton (Son)

Beulah Land Played by Organist

Obituary..... by Elaine Thompson-Moore (Sister)

A Psalm of Life Craig Brown (Nephew)

Tributes Mark Bryan (Son)
Donavon Blake (Son)
Carol Brown /Judy Errar (Nieces)
Channel/Mya Bryan (Granddaughters)
Keisha Barnett (Niece)
Jean Bryan (Daughter-in-Law)
Mrs Green (Dear Friend)

Closing AddressElder Michael McDonald
True Witness Church of Jesus Christ Apostolic, Paterson, NJ

2nd Hymn When the roll is called up Yonder

Graveside Hymns..... Shall We Gather
I Come To The Garden Alone
In A Little While We're Going Home





It Is Well With My Soul

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Refrain:

It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin — oh, the bliss of this glorious thought! —
My sin, not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live:
If Jordan above me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait,
The sky, not the grave, is our goal;
Oh, trump of the angel! Oh, voice of the Lord!
Blessed hope, blessed rest of my soul!

And Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
Even so, it is well with my soul.

When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound,
and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather
over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Refrain:

When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

On that bright and *cloudless morning when the dead
in Christ shall rise, [*sabbath]
And the glory of His resurrection share;
When His chosen ones shall gather to their home
beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Let us labor for the Master from
the dawn till setting sun,
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care;
Then when all of life is over,
and our work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Shall We Gather

Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

Refrain:

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will talk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Savior's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.

Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

I Come To The Garden Alone

I come to the garden alone,
While the dew is still on the roses;
And the voice I hear, falling on my ear,
The Son of God discloses.

Refrain:

And He walks with me, and He talks with me,
And He tells me I am His own,
And the joy we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.

He speaks, and the sound of His voice
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing;
And the melody that He gave to me
Within my heart is ringing. [Refrain]

I'd stay in the garden with Him
Tho' the night around me be falling;
But He bids me go; thro' the voice of woe,
His voice to me is calling.

In A Little While We're Going Home

Let us sing a song that will cheer us by the way,
In a little while we're going home;
For the night will end in the everlasting day,
In a little while we're going home.

Refrain

In a little while, in a little while,
We shall cross the billow's foam;
We shall meet at last,
When the stormy winds are past,
In a little while we're going home.

We will do the work that our hands may find to do,
In a little while we're going home;
And the grace of God will our daily strength renew,
In a little while we're going home. [Refrain]

We will smooth the path for some weary, way-worn feet,
In a little while we're going home;
And may loving hearts spread around an influence sweet!
In a little while we're going home. [Refrain]

There's a rest beyond, there's relief from every care,
In a little while we're going home;
And no tears shall fall in that city bright and fair,
In a little while we're going home. [Refrain]

I'm Free

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free
I'm following the path God laid for me
I took his hand when I heard Him call
I turned my back and left it all.

I could not stay another day.

To laugh, to love, to work or play.
Tasks left undone must stay that way,
I found that peace at the close of day.

If my parting has left a void,
Then fill it up with remembered joy.
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss,
Oh, yes these things I too will miss.
Be not burdened with times of sorrow,
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.

My life's been full, I savored much.
Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch.

Perhaps my time seemed all too brief,
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.

Lift up your heart and share with me,
God wanted me now, He set me free!

-author unknown

Acknowledgment

The family wish to express their sincerely thanks & appreciation for
the support & expressions of kindness & sympathy they have
received during our time of bereavement.

Professional Services Provided By **CARNIE P. BRAGG FUNERAL HOME**

Caring for the Community Since 1937

256 Rosa Parks Blvd. • Paterson, NJ 07501 • (973) 278-6330

143 Myrtle Avenue • Passaic, NJ 07055 • (973) 779-1892

To send online condolences, visit www.braggfuneralhome.com



www.honoryou.com

