

*Celebrating the Life of*  
*Esneeth Lee*

**April 25, 1938 - May 5, 2021**

*Celebration of Life*  
*Friday, May 14, 2021- 6pm*

**T. Carrillo Funeral Service LLC**

4363 Bronx Blvd  
Bronx, New York 10466

# Obituary on behalf of our dearest Esneth Lee

First born for both parents on April 25th, 1938, our higher being bestowed upon us a blessing, Esneth Lee. Born in St. Ann, Jamaica, Esneth enjoyed her youth on her birth Island and later migrated to the United States with great intentions to support her loved ones. Her surviving mother Adlyn Palmer, standing tall at 103 years strong, is a testament to the strength and resilience of the root from which she stemmed. Siblings Rannette, Blossom, Roslyn, Cordel, Halard, Gifford, Worrel, Claude, George, Vin, and Aston, can attest to her determination and fearlessness.

It was during her early years in Succaba Gardens, St. Catherine, Jamaica, where Esneth Lee further displayed qualities indicative of an Amazon. Known as the family matriarch and always having an alliance with the community in which she resided, Esneth mastered her own education through journeys and paths she strategically selected. All with the intention to be a solid provider. Indeed, her name Esneth Lee, is well suited. For by definition, Esneth represents strength, ambition, independence and reliability, qualities displayed throughout her childhood and beyond.

She inspired all those with whom her path has crossed. She was a fearless thriver. Her work ethic was indicative of a warrior. Esneth Lee, I speak directly to you now as I am confident you are among us now. Your presence radiated and you were effective in the manner in which you tackled the challenge of raising seven children, multiple grandchildren and numerous great grandchildren. Your role as the family matriarch was successfully executed Esneth, for in us, you have instilled values and ethics that are unwavering. Your work is completed. That which you instilled in us, will continue to fuel us to progress and unite.

Her status as a woman is most admirable, as she often chose to embark solo as her own individual. Yet another reminder she was an Amazon Warrior. Loved by her community but a coalition by herself. No alliance with a formal institution, for she was an institution on your own accord. Her name and reputation were recognized by community members, family and friends.

From excursions to town, mango season trips, to adventures in the States, Esneth never ceased to enjoy life at her optimal capacity. Her humor was often decorated by her wit and innate charm. Her love for the color pink reflective of the tender love and care evenly distributed among those she held dear to her heart. When Hurricane Gilbert annihilated our home, like a thriver she rebuilt and ensured our safety. Her love was whole and unconditional. Word on the street is, Esneth had a special place in her heart for her grandchildren in particular.

Esneth was an angel in disguise bestowed upon us for the time being. Now she is at home observing from another dimension. Though her departure on May 5th, 2021 caused distress, we must now accept what is now a reality. Her soul still stands tall, a piece of her forever instilled within us.

To her surviving children Juliet, Lillian, Romeo, Howard, Humphrey, Cecelia, Keddian, grandchildren, great grandchildren, siblings, close family, and a host of other relatives, and friends, I beseech you to fret not. Her physical presence is now replaced by guidance from above. We have a personal angel now. For that, we must rejoice and be grateful.



# *Order of Service*

Processional

Opening Prayer

Scripture Reading:  
Old Testament  
New Testament

Obituary

Selection

Reflections

Selection

Eulogy

Committal

Benediction

Recessional

*Interment*

Saturday, May 15 , 2021  
Canarsie Cemetery

# Missing Mama

I awake each morning to start a new day,  
But the pain of losing you never goes away.  
I go about the things I have to do,  
And as the hours pass, I think again of you.  
I want to call you and just hear your voice.  
Then I remember that I have no choice,  
For you are not there and now my heart cries  
Just to see you again, to tell you goodbye.  
To say, "Mama I love you and I always will,"  
And hope that much of you in me you've instilled.  
The day that you left I just didn't know  
That you were going where I couldn't go.  
And now all my memories of you are so dear,  
But gosh, how I miss you and wish you were here.  
Who now can hear me when I need to cry?  
It's so hard to tell you, "Mama goodbye."  
Someday I know all will be well  
And I'll see you again with stories to tell  
Of how you were missed and how we have grown  
And how good it is to finally be home.  
Until then my memories of you I'll keep near,  
And I'll pass them on to those who are dear.  
I miss you, Mama!  
By Claudia Lee

**Matthew 11:28-30**

*"Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest. 29 Take my yoke upon you and learn from me, for I am gentle and humble in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. 30 For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."*

## Acknowledgment

The family wishes to thank all of you for your prayers, messages of comfort and the many other acts of kindness shown during our hour of bereavement. May God continue to bless you in a very special way.



**T. Carrille**  
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