



Celebrating the Life of



Colleen Wedemier

Sunrise
May 11, 1969

Sunset
July 16, 2021

Celebration of Life
Friday, July 23rd 2021 - 6pm

T. Carrillo Funeral Service LLC
4363 Bronx Blvd
Bronx, New York 10466



Obituary

The Life of Our Queen

Colleen Wedemier was born to Violet Grey and Cebert Wedemier in Kingston, Jamaica at KPH- Kingston Public Hospital. Colleen had three brothers; Sha'han Cromer, Jahba Wedemier and Cebert Wedemier Jr., four sisters; Tracy Brown, Njeri Gillard, Genobia Babalola and Dejeneba Wedemier. Colleen was raised in Redwood- St. Catherine, Jamaica with Bernice Chin, affectionately known as “madda” and the Chin family who gave her all the love in the world. Colleen was a “hand-baby” and could always be found in her Aunt Rose McGlashans arms. As a child, some of Colleen’s favorite pastimes were playing hopscotch, skipping stones at the river and she would often love going down to the river to catch shrimps from underneath the stones. When her mom, Violet, migrated to America to “make a better life”, she lived in Jamaica with her grandfather, Joseph Wedemier and her Aunt Maxine Wedemier- whom she adored and the Wedemier family.

Colleen was 12 when she migrated to the United States and moved to New York, where she met and fell in love with her step-father- who she referred to lovingly and adoringly as Daddy, Gladstone Brown. Colleen would often recall and retell the story of her first-favorite memory of him, which was when she saw snow for the first time in her life-- and she was afraid of it because she had never seen it before. Gladstone picked her up and carried her in his arms and held her close, making her feel loved and protected- as she would say “she felt truly loved” by him. Colleen attended Monroe Elementary School where she met her first childhood friend Paula Penn and they became “thick as thieves”. After graduating from Monroe, Colleen attended James Kieran Junior High School also known as JHS 123, where she would often find herself getting into silly-teenage trouble like skipping school, while learning how to transition into a “New Yorker” due to the cultural shock of migrating from Jamaica.

Colleen went for a summer visit with her father, Cebert, where she was able to get to know and form a relationship with her brother and sisters. This is also where she met the “first love of her life”, Mark Lyons. Mark won Colleen’s heart by providing her with love, defending his love for her in a way that she only dreamed of and lastly with her favorite; cooking her great food. Anyone who knew Colleen, knew her love of food and she did not discriminate. But her absolute favorite was soup—any type of soup, as long as it was named soup. As her Mom Violet would often say, “she loves her belly”. After this visit, she brought back with her to the states—a surprise, which wasn’t really considered the best “surprise”. Colleen was pregnant with her first child, Tiniqua Wedemier. Her first born became the love of her life and she often referred to her as her “brainchild”. Colleen had so many high hopes for Tiniqua’s life, and though most parents would not want their child to be bringing forth a child, she gave her child life.

Colleen, now in her late teens and early twenties, had become a true “New Yorker” and was ready to paint New York City—Pink. With her sister, Tracy Brown and her best-friends Jennifer Bedward and Paula Penn. Colleen loved music and loved to party, some of her favorite artists were Whitney Houston, Celine Dion, Shabba Ranks, Sanchez and Beres Hammond. “The Rebels” as Dixon loved to call them, would go out to their favorite clubs “Act 3” and “The Red Carpet”. They frequented these clubs so much-that when their birthdays came around, they were given the full “V.I.P treatment”. Colleen, alongside “The Rebels” loved to dance, especially to reggae where she would “wine go down to the floor”. Although, if you knew her personally, you were able to see just how shy and timid she was. But there were just those certain songs that beckoned her to the dance floor and captivated all of those within the vicinity. Colleen was the type of person who would defend you before she would defend herself—she was truly the definition of selfless. Colleen’s heart and spirit is what would connect you and if she loved you, she would do absolutely anything for you!

Years later, her husband Mark Lyons migrated to New York and their love brought forth their first and only boy—Anthony Wedemier, affectionately known as her “first boy”, her “baby-boy speedy”. Colleen and literally everyone around, spoiled and showered him with an abundance of love. She was often seen doting on him, and in her eyes-- he could do no wrong. Throughout the years, Colleen gained her love of Soap Opera and various other television shows and those were her hobbies. Knowing Colleen, you were definitely aware of her love and affinity with television shows. She could sit and give you a summarized version of an entire series and would “run you down” if you had a fact wrong! Colleen also loved to sing and recalled memories of being in the chorus during Elementary school. Over the years, though she got a bit rusty-- she would belt out her favorite songs at the top of her lungs and she did not care if you were not exactly fond of how she sounded while doing so.

In 1998, Colleen and Mark, welcomed their last daughter, Katarina Wedemier, and just as enchanting as her name suggests, Katarina was the “talk of the town”. Katarina was born with a head full of beautiful curls and thick thighs, affectionately dubbing her “thunder thighs” and “kitty-kat” as her father nicknamed her. Often, Colleen would stare at her daughter with so much admiration and tell her how adorable she was, later in life-- referring to her as “Ms. Thing”. After Katarina was born, Colleen said “Hmppph... my Clan is complete”. Colleen, became a Home Health Aide at “Heart To Heart” Agency and would often say “Heart to Heart, because I have a Heart”. There she provided her patients with love and care, at times going against the rules and becoming so emotionally involved that she developed outside of work relationships with them and would mourn her patients for months after their passing.

During what has sadly come to be, the last years of her life-- she was blessed with the love of her life, Santos Hannon. Santos became all that she needed; her love, her provider, her confidant and the most important thing-- her best-friend. Santos provided what Colleen needed to be happy and free, someone who loved her- unconditionally. Colleen lived her life by no one else’s expectations, she lived her life on her own terms. As a Taurus, she was super stubborn-when provoked. Yet, what outshined that stubbornness was a heart of pure gold. Colleen was the type of person who would find a broken-winged bird, bring it into her home and nurse it back to health. Though by “society’s” standards, she did not have much, but she gave her all. If you needed a place to lay your head, she opened her doors with open arms without a thought of what she would get in return. Colleen was quiet, so quiet-- that at times she would be in a room full of people and you wouldn’t hear a peep. Colleen was definitely a woman not of many words. Yet, when she “felt-free” she soared. She opened up and poured into you and you felt full from that love radiating from within, in those moments she would talk and sing your head off. When she would come to her Mothers house, the first thing you could hear her screaming from outside was “Mother, My Beautiful Mother...” and as her mom says “Colleen, is the only one that can manage my hair”.

Colleen was not normally affectionate, and maybe she gained that from her Jamaican upbringing but when she “felt free”, she exuded love as if she was the epitome of love. If the people of this world had as much love, selflessness and compassion for one another as Colleen did, the world would be as the Creator intended it to be-- full of peace, love and unity. In no way could words ever capture or summarize Colleen as a person, you would have had to experience her, because she is definitely an experience.

Colleen was preceded in death by her step-father; Gladstone Brown and her brothers; Jahba Wedemier and Sha’Han Cromer, her grandmother Bernice Chin. Colleen is survived by her mother, Violet Brown; her daughters, Tiniqua and Katarina Wedemier; her son, Anthony Wedemier and her granddaughter, Promise Wedemier; her father, Cebert Wedemier; her brother, Cebert Wedemier, Jr.; her sisters, Tracy Brown, Njeri Gillard, Genobia Babaloa and Dejenaba Wedemier; her god-daughter, Michellai Brown; her uncle, Francha Chin and her aunt, Rose McGlashan and a host of other relatives from the Chin, Wedemier and Grey families along with her dear friends- who she loved from the depths of her heart.

Order of Service

Opening Prayer- Matthew 5:4Maple McFarlane

Scripture Reading Psalm 91
Barbara Mason

Scripture Reading 1st Corinthians 13
Love is patient- Moral Taylor

Musical Selection Tribute Song
“Dance With My Father Again” Avrey McFarlane

Words of ComfortMaple McFarlane

Obituary Reading Tiniqua Wedemier

Special Tribute “From Mother to My Babies”
Tiniqua Wedemier

Reflections Friends & Family are invited to speak

Musical Selection Tribute Song
“Heaven” Avrey McFarlane

Eulogy Maple McFarlane

Committal Maple McFarlane

Final Farewell as Directed by T Carrillo Funeral Service

Final Resting Place

Saturday, July 24th 2021-10:30am
Saint Raymond Cemetery
Bronx, New York

This poem, inspired by the late-great Langston Hughes entitled
"Mother to Son" remixed in dedication of our mother, Colleen
Wedemier lovingly entitled- From Mother to My Babies, read by
Tiniqua Wedemier.

From Mother to My Babies'

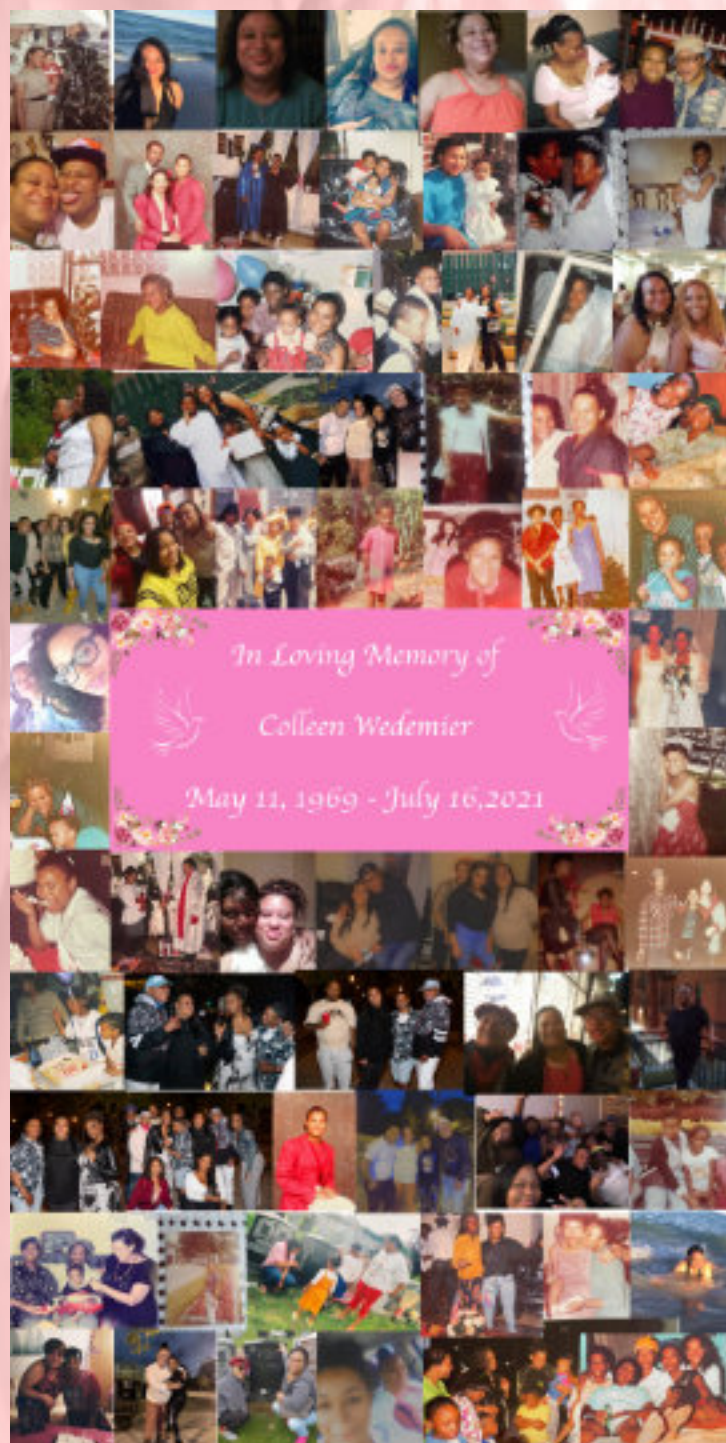
Well, my babies- I tell you
Life for me ain't been no crystal stair
It had heartache in it
And tough times
And stories I could go on and on about
And places with hard chairs-
Bare
But, all the time
I've kept goin on
And finding my freedom
And my happiness
And sometimes, even though it hurt
I found my light, so you guys keep striving to find yours
So, my babies, don't yall turn back
Don't y'all give up on all them hopes and dreams I had for
y'all
Don't y'all let up
Cuz' if you do, you'll find it harder than before
I won't let y'all fall now
I'll look down on you, my babies, from up above
Keep climbing
Keep going
Because even tho life for me ain't been no crystal stairs
Y'all have guidance from up above and I'll forever be here
In Loving Memory of Colleen Wedemier a.k.a Annie

1 Corinthians 13:4-8 say: Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth.

My Refuge and My Fortress

Psalms 91 He who dwells in the shelter of the
Most High
will abide in the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say[a] to the Lord,
“My refuge and my fortress,
my God, in whom I trust.”



In Our Hearts

We thought of you today.
But that is nothing new.
We thought about you yesterday.
And days before that too.
We think of you in silence.
We often speak your name.
Now all we have memories.
And your picture in a frame.
Your memory is our keepsake.
With which we'll never part.
God has you in his keeping.
We have you in our heart.

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. Carrillo

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