



January 25, 1928 - December 7, 2021

Thursday, December 16, 2021 . 6:00 p.m.

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ROY L. GILMORE'S FUNERAL HOME, INC.

191-02 Linden Blvd. • St. Albans, New York 11412 Jean Wade, Officiating Dr. Frankco Harris, Organist

Order of Service

Processional "The Lord's My Shepherd" Dr. Frankco Harris

Scripture Readings

Old Testament - Wisdom 5:15-16 3:1-5,9 Bonslene Parks The Psalm - Psalm 90:1-6, 12, 14-17 Kayla Lockridge New Testament - Romans 8:35, 37-39 Jean Lockridge

> Prayer Of Consolation Jean Wade

> > Selection "He Leadeth Me" Dr. Frankco Harris

> > > **Obituary** Jean Wade

Selection "It Is Well With My Soul" Dr. Frankco Harris

> Eulogy Grace Flowers

> > Viewing

Benediction

Recessional



Pinelawn Memorial Park Farmingdale, New York

<u>Obituary</u>

On January 25, 1928 a bouncing baby girl was born to parents Beatrice Collins and James Flowers. She was the second of twelve children, nine girls and three boys. **Gwendolin** affectionately known as **Gwennie** or **Gwen** was a very loving, caring and faithful helper to her entire family and friends. She helped our mother to mold her sisters, brothers, nieces, nephews and most of all her beloved son Mark into the men and women we are today.

God blessed Gwendolin with her only child, her son Mark. Gwendolin loved her son and he loved his mom. They had each other's back. Mark's love, compassion, devotion and service to his mom in her time of need, over the past few years, was remarkable.

Gwendolin migrated to America in 1969 and worked in various fields until her retirement. Gwendolin loved the Lord. In Belize where we grew up she was a faithful member of Wesley Methodist Church. She continued to love God and depend on him, until he called her home to glory on December 7, 2021. May her soul rest in peace.

Gwendolin is survived by her son Mark Parks, seven sisters, two brothers and a host of nieces and nephews too many to name. Our entire family is especially grateful for the kindness and generosity nieces Jean Jones-Lockridge and Dorothy Middleton extended to Gwendolin and Mark.



Miss Me, But Let Me Go

When I come to the end of the road and the sun has set for me, I want no rites in a gloom filled room, Why cry for a soul set free? Miss me a little-but not too long, and not with your head bowed low. Remember the love that we once shared, Miss me-but let me go. For this is a journey that we all must take, And each must go alone. It's all part of the Master's plan, A step on the road to home. When you are lonely and sick at heart, Go to the friends we know. Laugh at the things we use to do Miss me-but let me go.

<u> H</u>cknowledgements

The family of Gwendolin wishes to thank all those who visited her, called her, sent cards, flowers or whatever was done to encourage and comfort her. Know that Mark and the rest of us are grateful.

Professional Services Provided By:

Roy L. Gilmore's Juneral Home, Inc.

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