

*In Loving
Memory
of*



Laura Marie Allen

SUNRISE: March 15, 1960

SUNSET: December 7, 2021

Tuesday, December 21, 2021 - 5PM

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

Obituary

Laura Marie Allen (Chocolate Chips) was called home to the Lord on Tuesday, December 7, 2021. Laura was born on March 15, 1960, to Nettie Jean Allen in Birmingham, Alabama.

She was the middle child of eight. As children, the Allen family would frequently visit New York City in the summer. In 1967, Laura's mother, Nettie Allen decided New York would be the place they would call home. Laura was raised on 123rd Street and Madison Avenue in Harlem. That's where Laura, AKA (Chocolate Chips consumed her culture, values, and Swagger. Growing up in Harlem in the 1970's wasn't a walk in the park; you had to be strong mentally, physically, and emotionally, and that's precisely who Laura Maria Allen was a strong black woman, daughter, and best of all, mother.

Laura attended P.S. 31 in 1973 for middle school and Julia Richmond High School in 1975, where she obtained her high school diploma. She maintained good grades and participated in all types of extracurricular activities. During high school, Laura grew an interest in Health Education, so once she graduated high school, she enrolled in a nursing program. During her nursing program, Laura shined like the star she was. She enjoyed helping people and taking care of them.

In 1985, she met Ira Rivers. The two had been dating for some years before starting a family. On March 7th, 1988, Laura Maria Allen gave birth to her most proud possession, her only miracle baby, Kevin David Rivers. Laura begins the lifelong journey of parenting and raising a young boy in Harlem in the early 1990's. Laura and Ira built an excellent foundation for Kevin to grow and nourish from, ensuring he got a chance to be a kid and enjoy life. At the same time, they made sure he knew that life would not always be easy. They taught him to handle business and chase his dreams. The essential things Laura taught Kevin were to treat people with respect, love himself, and have a compassionate heart.

Laura loved Harlem, and Harlem loved her back. (Lourie) would always stick to her culture; she enjoyed cookouts, family reunions, bus rides, and having a good time. She was always enthusiastic and full of life. She was a very kind and sweet person, but don't get on her wrong side because she was also a FIRECRACKER. When you say 0-100 REAL QUICK, she was precisely that. If 0-100 were a person, she would be it. She also loved to bring people together with her cooking. Cooking was something she had a passion for and enjoyed doing. She knew food was the key to anybody's heart.

In the early 2000's, Laura joined the security field. She worked at City College. The students loved her, they would always come to her for advice, and if you know Laura, she always had some to give. She always treated them as one of her own. Laura also supported different organizations by making donations because she always wanted to give a helping hand. She was far from perfect, but her heart was always in the right place.

Laura Allen leaves behind: her mother, Nettie Allen; son, Kevin Rivers; brother, Curtis Allen; sister, Brenda Allen; brother, Bradford Allen; sister, Sharon Allen; brother, Yakuba Allen; daughter-in-law; and a host of nieces, nephews, and cousins. She will be joining her brother, Micheal Allen, sister, Baby Girl Allen, and Ira Rivers.

Order of Service

**Rev. Dr. Eric B. Turner, Officiating
Rev. Tyrone Richardson, Organist**

Processional

Selection

Scripture Readings

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

Committal

Viewing

Recessional

FINAL DISPOSITION:

Oxford Hills Crematory
Chester, New York









You can shed tears that she is gone or you can smile because she lived. You can close your eyes and pray that she will come back, or you can open your eyes and see all that she has left. Your heart can be empty because you can't see her or you can be full of the love that you shared. You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday, or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday. You can remember her and only that she is gone or you can cherish her memory and let it live on. You can cry and close your mind be empty and turn your back, or you can do what she would want: smile, open your eyes, love and go on.



The Master Called

I'm sorry I had to leave you.
My loved ones, oh so dear.
But you see, the Master called me,
His voice was very clear!
I had made my reservation
A heaven bound ticket for one,
And I knew that He would call me
When He felt my work was done.
I know that your hearts are heavy
Because I have gone away,
But when the Master called me,
I knew that I could not stay.
Yes, I'm sorry I had to leave you
My loved ones, oh so dear,
But, you see, the Master called me
And, now I'm resting here.
Yes, I've crossed on over to glory
And to you all I say
Just stay in the hands of Jesus
And we'll meet again someday.
-Author unknown

Acknowledgement

*The family acknowledges with deep appreciation all acts of kindness extended to them during this bereavement hour.
May God bless you for all your thoughtfulness and concern.*

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