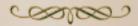


Try May Fruith

(Affectionately known as Mim, Miss Ivy, and Ivy May)

January 4, 1946 – January 12, 2022

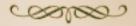
Pervice Information



Tuesday, January 25, 2022 Viewing: 4:00 PM - 5:00 PM Service: 5:00 PM

Cooper

WEDNESDAY JANUARY 26, 2022
DEVOTION 10:00 AM
Pastor Bradley Griffiths
(Meet Me At The Altar Ministries)



ETERNITY FUNERAL SERVICES, LLC

725 East Gun Hill Road • Bronx, NY 10467

Bishop Clifford E. Thompson, Officiating

(Mount Vernon New Testament Church of God)

Interment

Woodlawn Cemetery 4199 Webster Ave. Bronx NY 10470

(Fallbearers

Rhoan Henry Sakewah Bramwell



Order of Fervice

Liturgist / Moderator	Elder Barrington Sharp
Opening Sentence	
Opening Hymn	When the Roll is Called up Yonder
Opening Prayer	Elder Trevor Dalling
Bible Readings.	
1st Old Testament Lesson	
Psalm 27	Elder Marylin Morgan
Video Tribute	Daniel Smith (Brother)
Tribute	Sakewah Bramwell (Grandson)
2nd Bible Reading	
New Testament Lesson:	
1st Corinthians 15:51-	-58 Elder Linette Thomas
Special Tribute in Song	June Frith-Walcott (Sister)
Open Tributes:	
Obituary	June Frith-Walcott (Sister)
Song	The Lord's my Shepherd
Message	Bishop Clifford E. Thompson, Senior Pastor
Family Prayer	Rev. Carona Thompson
	Rev. Vixton Dixon
Instructions	Eternity Funeral Services Directors
Recessional Hymn	

HOME



Ivy May Smith was born on January 4, 1946 to the parents of James and Linda Smith in Gibraltar, St. Ann, Jamaica, West Indies. She was the first child for Linda Smith.

During the hurricane storm of 1952, Linda moved to Kingston with her mother and 3 children and began a new life there. Linda would go to work while her mother, Ellen Harper Brown cared for her grand children.

Life was not easy. However, Ivy went to Chetolah Park Elementary School in Jones Town, and after a certain period of time she was transferred to Kingston Senior School at Kings Street. She stayed there until the age of 16 when she finished school.

Ivy took up domestic jobs until she had her first child, Phillip Anthony Bramwell, at a young age. She finally landed a good job at the Coffee Industry Board Factory at Marcus Garvey Drive where things began thriving for her.

Ivy was a very good cook and dressmaker. She started cooking and selling on the weekends, and would do some sewing on the side when she could.

She and her son migrated to the United States of America in June of 1980 where she received her GED and attended a nursing program in Manhattan. She landed a job at the Institute of Applied Human Dynamics (IAHD) where she worked with physically challenged adults for over 30 years and received several certificates of recognition for her dedicated years of services.

Ivy was caring, kind and very humorous. She was always the life of the party. She could tell stories and jokes that would make you laugh until you cried. Most times you never know what she was coming with but you would crack up. Ivy always had a parable or a learning lesson to share about her own life experiences on how to navigate through life and use one's God-given common sense.

Unfortunately, Ivy's health began to decline when she became legally blind and started showing early signs of dementia. On January 3, 2022, Ivy suffered a severe stroke and in the early morning hours of January 12, 2022, Ms. Ivy transitioned.

Ivy May Smith is survived by her son Phillip Bramwell, grand-children: Kamal, Theresa and Sakewah; great-grand children: Arianna, Omari and Jai'Marie, sisters and brothers, nieces and nephews, other family members and close friends to mourn the loss of such an amazing woman.

Sleep in eternal peace our beloved Ms. Ivy May Smith. The moments that we shared and the memories that we carry will never leave our thoughts and will forever live on with us.



The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His own Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life Shall surely follow me, And in God's house for evermore My dwelling place will be. When They Ring that Golden Bell

There's a land beyond the river,
that we call the sweet forever,
And we only reach that shore by faith's decree;
One by one we'll gain the portals,
There to dwell with the immortals,
When they ring the golden bells for you and me.

REFRAIN

Don't you hear the bells now ringing?

Don't you hear the Angels singing?

'Tis the glory hal – le – lu –jah Ju – bi – lee (Jubilee)'

In the far off sweet forever just beyond the shining river

When they ring the golden bells for you and me.

We shall know no sin nor sorrow,
In that haven of tomorrow,
When our barque shall sail beyond the silver sea;
We shall only know the blessing
of our Father's sweet caressing,
When they ring the golden bells for you and me.

REFRAIN

When our days shall know their numbers,
When in death we sweetly slumber,
When the King commands the spirit to be free,
Never more with anguish laden,
We shall reach that lovely aiden,
When they ring the golden bells
for you and me, you and me.



