

Celebration of Life



Phyllis Ms. Phyllis Williams

June 29, 1946 - June 15, 2022

Friday, June 24, 2022 - 11:00 a.m.

Maranatha Baptist Church

**112-42 Springfield Blvd, Queens Village, NY 11429
Pastor Akim Beecham, Officiating**

Order of Service

Selection.....”Bridge Over Troubled Waters” - Aretha Franklin

Scripture

Old Testament

New testament

Remarks/Poems.....Open

Selection..... “No More Rain” - Angie Stone

Solo.....Nysiah Billups
“Tomorrow” - Tamia

Prayer of Comfort.....Millicent Sterling

Obituary..... Shaheed Williams

Selection..... “Mother” -Ashanti

Words of Comfort.....Open

Selection..... “I’ll always Love my Mamma”

Recessional

Interment
Springfield Cemetery
Queens, New York

Obituary

Phyllis Louise Williams was born in New Orleans, Louisiana on June 29, 1946. She was the seventh of ten children. Her parents, Alphonse and Ellen Williams instilled in her sound moral and spiritual values which influenced her to be the loving and caring person we all know and love.

In her early days, she attended Prescott Elementary and later went on to Magnolia Grammar School. Ms. Phyllis was a choir singer at Magnolia Baptist Church in Mississippi and very active in collegiate sports. She ran track and played a mean game of girls basketball and her and her sisters would beat out every competitor they played against at that time. Slim, trim and fit she gained the nickname "Bone" by her siblings. In 1958 her sisters Shirley (Betty) and Vern (Big Mommy) migrated to the North and settled in New York City. Soon thereafter, they sent for her to join them in the big city-Hollis Queens to be exact.

When her children were young, around middle school age, their friends felt she was psychic, because if they thought about playing hookie, she would catch them in the act and you better believe she told their parents. She would scurry down the street slinging her house keys yelling "your name". Or perhaps you stayed in 91-32 or 91-34, she would stand by the door to see if you cut school and if she heard you she would say "I know you're in there".

Phyllis was the Matriarch and Godmother of 1-9-5 Street family. She was better known as Ms. Phyllis to many and Grandma to some, including those that were not her natural grandchildren. At any given holiday (and or Sunday), the neighborhood friends were welcomed to stop by Apartment 3E and join her and her family for a delicious and satisfying home cooked meal. Her amazing cooking and generous heart was one of her greatest assets and her door was always opened to the least of them. This led her to be revered as one of the best cooks who ever did it.

An avid poker player and well known for staging poker games on Friday nights with her friend, Sarah Rose, Howard, Ms. (Mary) Sampson, Paycheck, Pat and Jerry while serving fried chicken and fish dinners for the players, and enjoying her drink of choice.

She was a mighty warrior, head strong and determined. When she was no longer able to get around on her own, she relied on her "Scooter" to get her where she needed to be. BUT that didn't stop Ms. Phyllis.- No No, she would take any opportunity to get on that sucker and travel to any destination she so desired. Make no mistake about it, she would ride up and down Jamaica Avenue on the infamous scooter to run her errands, from the "AVE" to the Casino. There's no telling where you might bump into her on that motor scooter. Her Grandson Dayshawn was late for his Graduation, Yep you guessed it, She told him to hop on the back (and he did) and she drove him all the way to his Graduation.

She loved fiercely and was beloved by everyone who ever met her; A fantastic sister, mom, grandma, great grandma, aunt and great friend to all. No matter the circumstance, you'd always leave feeling loved and like one of her own.

Ms. (Grandma) Phyllis' warm presence will be missed. We will cherish the memories forever.

She leaves to celebrate her life with cherished memories her Three children: Lisa Williams-Preston (Gerald Preston, predeceased), Veronica Billups (Lionel Billups), and Tyrone Williams (Alicia Garnett). Mother- Ellen Williams, Father -Alphonse Williams, Sisters - Eva (John Ella) Williams, Lucille (Bobby) Williams, Shirley (Betty) Williams, Brothers, Dinnie Williams, and Lee Thead Williams, Ten Grandchildren Jaaisa Williams, Nysiah Billups, Jahlisia Williams, Jahlik Williams, Elijah Billups, Ashanti Garnett, Dayshawn Preston, Amani Garnett and Joel Smith. Seven Great Grandchildren Keiani, Skylar, Connor, Tyler, Ava, Rosa, Laniyah and her nieces and surrogate daughters Denise Williams and Tegra Hall (Maurice Hall). Her Brother Aubrey, Sisters Ernestine Johnson (Clifford), Joanne Williams, and a host of nieces and nephews and extended family.

Lovingly submitted, The Williams Family

Poem-Jahlisa Williams

To my Friend,

I don't know what to say and this the first cause you know this lil mean ole' heffa always have something to say. But I just want you to know we're going to be ok. It's going to take me some time to take a deep breath and digest this, because you know you were a part of my every day routine. From you waking me up every morning talking to big Mommy (Aunt Vern) on the phone, talking about the good old days and the news- to you calling me to ask "Jahlisa, what time the ball game come on and who's playing" (in Phyllis Voice). Just one more thing before I go, I just want to tell you that I remember our last conversation we shared last sleepover we ever had and I will try to live up to it Philly!! Until we meet again.

Blessed Be Grams!!

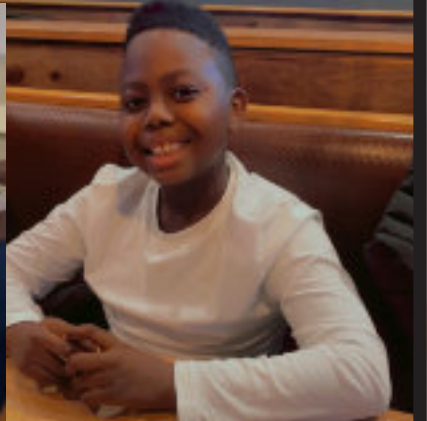
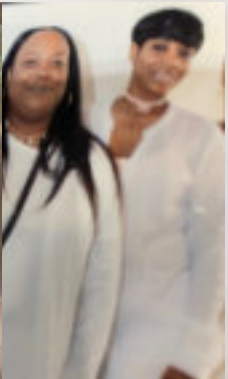
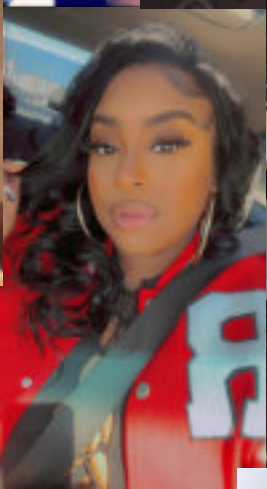
Poem-Ashanti Garnett

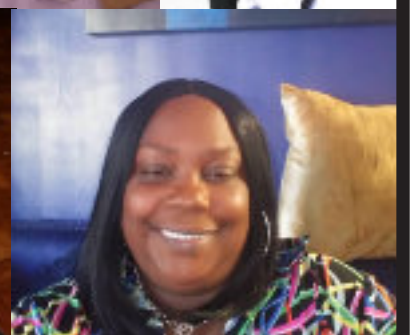
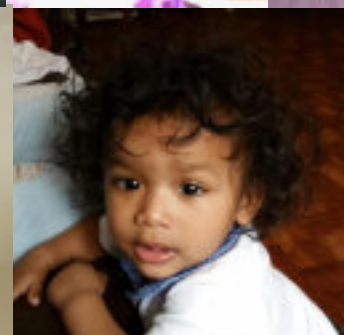
My sweet grandma, to know you was to love you. I still can't believe I won't see you anymore, feel you anymore. I'm just so grateful I got to experience you. I'm just sadden that our children didn't get the experience we got . You not only loved us but our friends? You treated them just like us. I can still hear your voice saying "Moni, do not call your mom" & me & Mani use to pick each other up to reach the phone or when you use to be mad after your card games that we didn't listen so we'll walk at 7am to the store & by the time we got back you invited us to sleep with you. I just realized you didn't leave until you knew we were okay. We might not be okay today but one day we will & I'm just glad your not in pain anymore but I just feel selfish that I want you back with us. I love you grandma thank you for everything. Thank you for this family you will truly be missed.

Poem-Tegra Williams-Hall

Allah saw you tired and a cure was not to be. So he put his loving arms around you and whispered, "Come with me." With tearful eyes we watched you slowly fade away. Although we loved you dearly, we could not make you stay. A golden heart stopped beating, your hard working hands put to rest. God saw our hearts and proved to us he only takes the best.







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 field room why cry for a soul set free miss
me a little but not to 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 plan a step on the road to home. When you
are lonely and sick at heart, go to the friend we know, laugh at the
things we used to do, miss me but let me go.



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.*

Professional Services Provided By:

E.L. George Funeral Services

769 Elmont Rd, Elmont, NY, 11003-4035

Ph (516) 285-0080 • Fax (516) 285-0393

Email: egeorge64@aol.com

