

*In Loving Memory of*



*Ephriam Lavern Linen*

**SUNRISE: November 26, 1946**

**SUNSET: September 6, 2022**

**Friday, September 23, 2022 - 1pm**

**UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.**

**1406 Pitkin Avenue, Brooklyn, NY 11233**

# Obituary

**Ephriam Lavern Linen** was born in Georgetown, South Carolina on November 26th, 1946, to the late Thomas and Katherine D. Linen. He was the fourth of six children. Ephriam departed this life on Tuesday, September 6th, 2022. Known affectionately as “Vern” or Ephriam, he spent most of his youth in Georgetown, South Carolina where he attended the Georgetown Public School system.

While attending Howard High School, at Vern’s request he wanted to transition early and move to New York. With his mother’s permission, he was moved to New York by his cousin, the late Louise and Ernest Blake. Here he lived for several years in Marcy Projects, Brooklyn, New York taking on the role as a big brother to four younger cousins. The apartment was not only full but filled with Love, Laughter and an occasional family gathering with music, dancing, and some good old down-home cooking.

Over the next few years, Vern worked in the trucking business distributing women’s clothing and textiles. Vern serviced most of what was then, New York City’s major department stores; Alexander’s, Macy’s, A&S and Lane Bryant just to name a few. Vern was a self-taught man and working in the garment industry was just another asset to his caliber. Vern could look at a woman and quickly tell you her size, what would look best on her and whether clothes were made of good quality or not. Vern was true to his craft he donned tailored slacks, turtlenecks, and leather blazers which kept a running tab at the local ACE dry cleaners.

Vern was later grandfathered into The United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America Local Union by Ernest Blake. Vern was a hard worker, he never passed up a job no matter how laboring and long the hours. He was a firm believer in young people getting a good education and becoming productive citizens.

During his early years in Brooklyn, Vern was noted for ‘Roofing Footballs’, Vern would take off his shoes and kick the football atop the projects six story buildings roof, barefooted. Vern loved football, motorcycle, and bicycle riding. But most of all he Loved to play Pool. Much of his former and latter years were spent challenging someone to a game of pool; bicycle riding was also an activity he enjoyed for most of his life, even riding up until last year.

Vern loved outdoors and big toys, he would go around the neighborhood in his go kart riding not only his children but any of the children in the neighborhood that wanted a ride.

He united with his brother Al, and decided to move to Keansburgh, New Jersey and once again he was surrounded by the love and care of Al, Doris (Dee) and the rest of the family.

Vern will be remembered by: his three sons, Mark (Toni), Shawn, and Vernon; two daughters, Ivey and Vershona; one son-in-law, Donovan Sr.; one daughter-in-law, LaTisha; thirteen grandchildren, Feletida, Pierre, Donovan Jr., Shawnette, Shakira, Treyton, Paige, Justice, Shaquelle, Matthew, Marlon, J’Annah and Ariella; three great grandchildren, King, Kámori and Kahleiah; his one and only elder sister, Ethel Lee Richardson; three sisters-in-law, Linda, Doris and Georgetta; and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, godchildren, and cherished friends.

Lovingly Submitted,  
The Family

# *Order of Service*

**Processional**

**Selection**

**Scripture Readings**

**Prayer**

**Selection**

**Acknowledgements**

**Remarks**

**Obituary**

**Selection**

**Eulogy**

**Committal**

**Viewing**

**Recessional**

**INURNMENT:**  
Greenwood Crematory  
Brooklyn, New York

# *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.  
-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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