



IN LOVING MEMORY OF

*Joycelyn Keturah Valentine*

*Sunrise*

*March 17, 1955*

*Sunset*

*November 4, 2022*

*Memorial Service*

*Sunday, September 20, 2022 • 2:00 p.m.*

**ROY L. GILMORE'S FUNERAL HOME, INC.**

191-02 Linden Blvd. • St. Albans, New York 11412

*Order of Service*

Processional

Selection

Scripture Reading: Psalm 46.....Farrah Morgan

Prayer of Consolation .....Rev. Rasheed Baird

Selection

Acknowledgements

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy.....Rev. Rasheed Baird

Viewing

Benediction .....Rev. Rasheed Baird

Recessional

*Final Disposition*  
Fresh Pond Crematory  
Middle Village, New York

## Obituary

**Joycelyn Keturah Valentine** was born in Antigua & Barbuda W.I to Alberta and Arthur Valentine on March 17, 1955. Affectionately known to friends and family as “Joyce” she came to New York City in March of 1971 where she attended and graduated from Far Rockaway high school. From there, fueled by a love for cooking and baking, she attended the New York Institute of Culinary Arts. She later attended Lehman College, CUNY where she earned a Bachelor's degree in Arts and Sciences. Subsequently, she obtained a Masters in Nutrition Education, along with various certifications in the fields of nutrition and health.

Joycelyn spent 33 years at the New York Agency Department for the Aging (DFTA) where she took great pride in being a nutrition consultant and helping the senior population she loved so dearly. In this role Joycelyn touched people from all walks of life and nationalities because nutrition matters to us all. Joycelyn was passionate about her friends and family, sharing countless tips and ways to stay healthy as she repurposed the quote “eat right for the health of it.”

Joycelyn was a proud mother to her only son Stephen who she says gave her 3 of the most beautiful granddaughters, with whom “Nana” had special, and personal relationships. If you knew Joycelyn, then you knew all about her grandchildren, as they are the ones that renewed her spirits.

She loved arts and culture, and she made sure that love was passed down to her son from the moment he was born. In 1979, when he was only 3, she took young Stevie to his first ever concert, to see Bob Marley and The Wailers, something she was always proud of. She also took him to see Nina Simone, Fela Kuti and many others.

Joycelyn was a proud Antiguan native, and served in leadership roles in several Antiguan organizations, from book clubs to support groups. Joycelyn held anything Antiguan close to her heart. Her love for her African heritage could be seen in her travels to Senegal, Gambia, Ghana and Côte d'Ivoire. Joycelyn had friends from all over the continent who were more like extended family to her, like Roberta Brown-Cooper (who she would always refer to as her Liberian sister), Tabitha Payne, and her dear friend Sarah Addo-Yobo from Ghana, where Joycelyn had traveled to several times, with her last trip being in January of 2020.

In the weeks leading up to her passing, Joycelyn expressed interest in continuing her African exploration with a trip to Cape Town, South Africa with her son.

Left to mourn her are; her son Stephen Clarke, granddaughters Madysen, Jayla and Stevie Clarke, siblings Patrick, Hughlette, and Gayle Valentine, nephews Vaughn Lewis, Guy James, and Jaiden Pitt, and over 20 cousins throughout the United States, the Caribbean, and the UK.

# *Still I Rise*

by Maya Angelou

*You may write me down in history with your bitter, twisted lies,  
You may trod me in the very dirt but still, like dust, I'll rise.  
Does my sassiness upset you? Why are you beset with gloom?  
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells pumping in my living room.  
Just like moons and like suns, with the certainty of tides,  
Just like hopes springing high, still I'll rise.*

*Did you want to see me broken? Bowed head and lowered eyes?  
Shoulders falling down like teardrops, weakened by my soulful cries?*

*Does my haughtiness offend you? Don't you take it awful hard  
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines diggin' in my own backyard.  
You may shoot me with your words, you may cut me with your eyes,  
You may kill me with your hatefulness, but still, like air, I'll rise.*

*Does my sexiness upset you? Does it come as a surprise  
That I dance like I've got diamonds at the meeting of my thighs?*

*Out of the huts of history's shame, I rise  
Up from a past that's rooted in pain, I rise*

*I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide, welling and swelling I bear in the tide.*

*Leaving behind nights of terror and fear, I rise  
Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear, I rise*

*Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave, I am the dream and the hope of the slave.  
I rise. I rise. I rise.*

## *Acknowledgements*

*The family wishes to acknowledge with deep appreciation  
the many expressions of love, concern and kindness shown  
to their family during this hour of bereavement.*

*May God Bless and Keep You!*

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Professional Services Provided By:

*Roy L. Gilmore's Funeral Home, Inc.*



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