In Loving Memory of



Frances Osborne-McLeod

Sunrise: July 19, 1958 - Sunset: November 19, 2022

Saturday, December 3, 2022 - 10am

Greater Refuge Temple

2081 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd, New York, NY 10027



Frances Osborne-McLeod born Frances Osborne to the late Cynthia Osborne on July 19, 1958, in Manhattan, New York.

As a child, Frances was baptized into the Catholic church and attended schools in the Bronx and Queens, NY.

Frances went on to earn an Associate Degree from The College of New Rochelle (NY) and a Bachelor degree from Mercy College (NY). Frances worked as a Teacher's Assistant for The Department of Education for over 30 years before her retirement in 2021.

Frances enjoyed spending time with her daughters, grandchildren, family, and friends. She loved playing spades, playing B.I.N.G.O, and going to the Casino. Some of her other favorite things to do were working on crossword puzzles and playing Pac-man.

Frances was a resilient, caring, loving, and protective mother. She was funny, strong, and sensitive with a silver tongue that was faster than lightning. Her friends describe her as being trustworthy, loyal, and loving. Her husband knew her as the love of his life.

Frances's legacy will continue through: her four daughters, Venise, Anitra, Deidra, and Yolanda; her seven grandchildren, William, Amani, Amber-Frances, Terrence, Laelyn, Kayla-Michelle, and Gage; her husband, Herbert "Mack" McLeod; her sisters, Jennifer, Yvette, and Gloria; her brother, David; her nieces and nephews, Domonique, Keisha, Devon, Ashley, April, Tony, Egypt, Kristal, Lance, Jeanette, and Jayla; her aunt, Vera Osborne; her sons-in-law, Melvin and Luther; her bonus children; and a long list of family and friends.

Frances went home to the Lord on November 19, 2022; and was welcomed home by her bonus parents, Gennie Pearl Alston and William Frank Alston, and many other family and friends.

...Forever in our hearts...



Processional

Selection

Scripture Readings

Prayer

Selection

Poems:

"And Still I Rise" (Maya Angelou) read by Amani Dobson "Sister Friend" written and read by Sherry Mack

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Solo

"Take Me to The King" (Tamala Mann) sang by Shanna McCullough

Eulogy

Committal

Viewing

Recessional

INTERMENT:

Kensico Cemetery Valhalla, New York

STILLIRISE

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.

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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