

A portrait of an elderly Black woman, Frances Fowler, with short grey hair, wearing a white and grey striped top and a necklace with large white flowers. The background is a soft, warm-toned floral pattern.

Celebration
OF LIFE
FOR

Frances
FOWLER

Sunrise: April 26, 1926
Sunset: March 29, 2024

Service
Monday, April 8, 2024 - 10:00 A.M.

HERBERT T. MCCALL FUNERAL HOME
984 Prospect Ave • Bronx, NY 10459
Reverend J. Loren Russell, Officiating
Professor Tyrone Patrick, Organist

Order of Service

Organ Prelude

Processional.....Clergy and Family

Invocation

Selection

Scripture Reading

Old Testament

New Testament

Acknowledgements

Selection

Reflections..... 1 minute please

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

Committal

Benediction

Recessional

Interment

*Rosehill Cemetery
Linden, New Jersey*

Obituary

Frances Harris was born on April 26th, 1926 in Jeffersonville, Georgia to parents, Lola Johnson and Westley Harris. She was the third child of five children all of whom have predeceased her.

In 1945 Frances moved to New York City where she met, fell in love, and married Leroy Fowler. They later moved to the Bronx, New York where all of their five children were born, Janice, Jane, Leroy, Louis, and Lola.

Frances was a homemaker until her sons completed High School, she then went on to work at the Courthouse in Manhattan until she retired. She enjoyed bowling, caring for her plants, spending time with her grand and great-grandchildren, traveling, and taking cruises.

She was predeceased by her daughter, Lola; siblings, Pete Harris, Lois Wilson, Westley Harris, and Jay Harris.

Frances is survived by her children, Janice Fowler, Jane Sullivan, Louis, and Leroy Fowler; grandchildren, David Sullivan, Harland McKenzie, Daniel McKenzie and Rebecca Fowler; great-grandchildren, Briana Sullivan, Malachi McKenzie, Julain McKenzie, and Jordin McKenzie; along with a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, other relatives and friends.

The Master Called

*I'm sorry I had to leave you.
My loved ones, oh so dear.
But you see, the Master called me,
His voice was very clear!
I had made my reservation
A heaven bound ticket for one,
And I knew that He would call me
When He felt my work was done.
I know that your hearts are heavy
Because I have gone away,
But when the Master called me,
I knew that I could not stay.
Yes, I'm sorry I had to leave you
My loved ones, oh so dear,
But, you see, the Master called me
And, now I'm resting here.
Yes, I've crossed on over to glory
And to you all I say
Just stay in the hands of Jesus
And we'll meet again someday.
-Author unknown*

Acknowledgements

The family of Frances Fowler wishes to express their sincere gratitude for the support, prayers, expressions of sympathy and acts of love and kindness during their time of bereavement.

Professional Services Provided By
HERBERT T. MCCALL FUNERAL HOME

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