

Poem

Miss Me, But Let Me Go

Author Unknown



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 was once shared.

Miss me, but let me go.

For this is a journey we all must take, and each must go alone.

It's all a part of the master's plan, a step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick of heart, go to the friends we know.

Bear your sorrow in good deeds. Miss me, but let me go.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The family wishes to express their gratitude and appreciation for the many expressions of love, concern and kindness during this time of xxxx. May GOD bless each and everyone of us.

Lee's Funeral Home, LLC

160 Fisher Avenue

White Plains, NY 10606

Phone (914) 949-0372

www.LeesFuneralHome.com

In Loving Memory

of



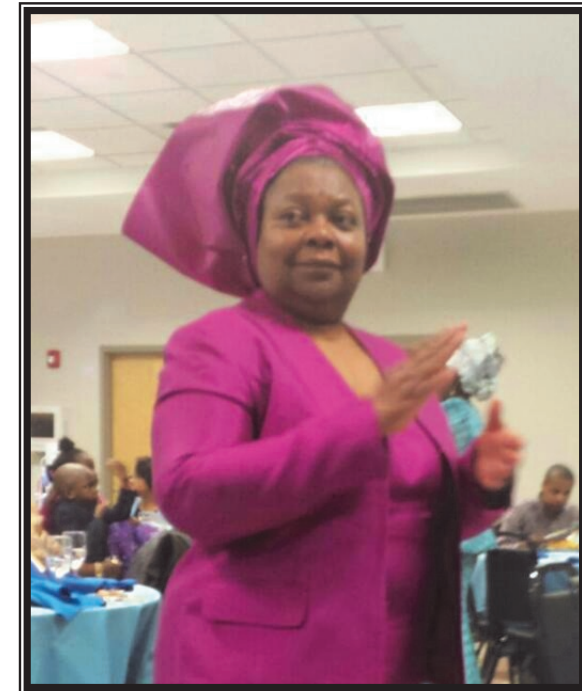
Maris MaSibanda Matewa

Sunrise

July 17th, 1952

Sunset

December 25th, 2016



Thursday January 5th, 2017

Wake: 9:00 AM

Service: 9:30 AM

First Seventh-day
Adventist Church Of
White Plains

180 Juniper Hill Road
White Plains, NY 10607

OBITUARY

Obituary for Mavis Ntombizodwa Matewa

2 Timothy 4:7

*“Ndarwa kurwa kwakakwana, ndapedza rwendo rwangu,
ndakachengeta kutenda.”*

Our breaths on this earth are counted. Mavis Ntombizodwa “MaSibanda” of Thornwood, New York, counted her last breath on December 25, 2016.

Despite her condition, she always showed the will power to live; she kept up her spirits, smiled, laughed and never complained.

Each time when asked how she was feeling, she would always respond: “I’m ok; I’m fine.” And then she would quickly change the subject.

She always said and believed that she would be a testimony that cancer could be beaten.

She was born on July 17, 1952 in Zimbabwe to Austin Tichaona and Erinah Haruperi Matewa. She came to study in the USA in 1968 and later graduated from the University of Wisconsin in Whitewater with a degree in Education.

Every now and then she would return to the place of her birth to reconnect with her folk, but it is here that she had established another “stronger family” with many of you joining us in celebrating her life. That strong bond led her to make the choice that in the event she died, it was her wish she buried here, closer to the family that she had been part of.

Left to survive and cherish her memory are three sisters Alice Waungana, Martha Mtungwazi, Margaret Matewa; and many, many of her “children”, nieces, nephews, cousins, other relatives and a host of friends who she fondly spoke of and held in high regard.

Ms. “MnM” as the children fondly called her, loved children with all her heart and soul. She was known to always carry a little “something” in her bag just in case, one of her many beloved “children” came up and enquired what was in her bag.

Lorora Murugare “Masibanda”

ORDER OF SERVICE

Prelude	Irva John, Pianist
Processional	Platform Participants & Family
Invocation	Kyran Leo John, Pastor
Pastoral Remarks	Kyran Leo John, Pastor FWP
Hymn of Hope	212 Tis Almost Time - Elder Audley Jackson
Old Test. Reading	Psalm 125 - Sonya Ennis
New Test. Reading:	1 Thess. 4:13-18 - Cynthia Desir
Prayer of Comfort	
Musical Selection	Sister Verona Simmons
Tributes of Family and Friends	
Acknowledgements	
Reflection of life (Obituary)	Delores Clarke
Musical Selection	Elder Audley Jackson
Musical Selection	Pastor Richards
Obituary	
Musical Selection	
Eulogy	Leo Kyran John, Pastor
Closing Hymn	205 Gleams of the Golden Morning - Elder Audley Jackson
Prayer of Consolation	
Final Viewing Funeral Director:	
Recessional	
REPASS:	Church Fellowship Hall