

IN GRATEFUL APPRECIATION

The family of *the late* **Estella Williams** wishes to express deep and heartfelt appreciation for your loving thoughtfulness and concern, including cards, flowers, phone calls, emails, texts, Facebook tributes, visits, your presence here this morning, and especially the comfort of your continuing prayers. We also appreciate those who sent their love from near and far to encourage us during this time. May God bless and keep each of you in His loving embrace and care.

*I am the resurrection
and the life:
he who believes in Me
even if he dies,
shall live;
and whosoever lives
and believes in Me,
shall never die.*

Professional Services Entrusted To:



*Frank R. Bell
Funeral Home, Inc.*

536 Frank & Doris Bell Way
(formerly Sterling Place, corner of Classon Avenue)

Brooklyn, New York 11238

(718) 399-2500 ~ Fax: 399-2565

Frank R. Bell, *Founder* ~ Doris D. Bell, *Co-Founder*

Executive Directors:

Frances Bell Henry ~ Eric D. Garnes ~ Robert L. Henry

*Celebrating The Life
And Vibrant Spirit Of*



Estella Theresa Williams

Sunrise

December 2, 1947

Sunset

April 9, 2020

Thursday ~ May 14, 2020 ~ 10:00 a.m.

at

FRANK R. BELL FUNERAL HOME, INC.

536 Frank & Doris Bell Way

(formerly Sterling Place, corner of Classon Avenue)

Brooklyn, New York 11238

OFFICIATING MINISTER:

The Reverend Dr. James A. Thornton, *Senior Pastor*

Salem Missionary Baptist Church

305 East 21st Street ~ Brooklyn, New York 11226

*“To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven;
A time to be born, and a time to die;” ~ Ecclesiastes 3:1*

Estella Theresa Williams 72.

*entered into eternal rest on Thursday, April 9, 2020
in Brooklyn, New York.*

OBITUARY

Estella Theresa Williams Mayers was born December 2, 1947 in Ancon, Canal Zone, Republic of Panama to *(the late)* Cecil Williams and Gwendolyn Mayers Williams. She graduated from the Secondary School of Paraiso in 1966, immigrated to the United States of America in 1971, and became a citizen in 1995. **Theresa** gave birth to her only child Guinelle in 1974.

Theresa, as she was affectionately known to family and friends, worked as a Senior Police Administrative Aide for the New York City Police Department for twenty-two years until she retired in 2009. She worked in the Management Information Systems Division -- Time and Records Unit -- at One Police Plaza which suited her perfectly because she loved numbers. As a pastime, **Theresa** prepared tax returns during tax season.

Theresa had many interests and hobbies over the years. She crocheted, completed word searches, crossword and Sudoku puzzles, read newspapers and magazines, collected movies and CDs, and shopped for any and everything. The activity she was most passionate about was connecting and communicating with her family and old friends from Panama via Facebook.

Theresa was preceded in death by her parents, Cecil and Gwendolyn, and her brother Leonard. She is survived by her daughter Guinelle Williams; her brothers: Ralston Kirton, Randolph ("Randy") Williams and Cecil Williams; and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, other relatives, adopted family and friends.

and I so we could charge our phones in the bag. The problem with the bags was it didn't even support our cell phones! Or the four kindles she had in the cabinet. I asked her why does she have four, and she said they were on sale. My mother always bought things in excess in case someone else might need one. My mother was the kind of person who always thought about how she could help someone whether it was something big or small. My mom had a giving and kind soul especially when it came to her family.



My mom and I had a running joke when I visited her. I would get ready to leave and my mom would say "Kiss your mother". I would reluctantly go over to her and kiss her on the forehead. She would laugh and smile with joy. My dearest mother, here is my final kiss goodbye to you . . .

I love you!



I had to hear "You should listen to your mother" for at least a year after my keloid developed. You know my mother never lets you forget anything.

My mom was a great cook. Growing up, Sunday dinners always consisted of rice & peas, sweet plantains and stewed chicken. By my teen years, I grew so tired of the same meal every Sunday so I asked her to start cooking something else. However, she never listened and continued to cook rice & peas every Sunday and told me if I didn't want to eat it that was fine with her. I didn't know how much her cooking meant to me until I went away to college. I would call her and ask her to make Sunday dinner for my friends and I when we came home on vacation. This year, in honor of my mother, I will have a vanilla cake with vanilla frosting and sprinkles on my birthday; this was the cake my mother baked for me each year until I went away to college. My mom's cooking was her sharing a piece of her heart with you.

My mother loved music. Our house was always filled with various genres of music – from a Nat King Cole Christmas album to the Best of Julio Iglesias. My mother's favorite disco song is "Ain't No Stopping Us Now". I remember her replaying that song on the record player while we danced around the living room of our apartment on Pacific Street.

Another passion of my mother's was shopping. Growing up, it was Fingerhut and Popular Club because she was on a budget but she had graduated to HSN and QVC over the years. I would go to her house and find all kinds of gadgets and gifts she did not need. Like the solar-powered backpacks she bought for my co-worker

ORDER OF SERVICE

[As you enter this chapel, please reverence the family by silencing all electronic devices.]



Musical Prelude Rev. Alvin V. Freeland

Processional Hymn // Final Viewing

Scripture Readings

Old Testament Elder Randolph Williams

New Testament Ms. Dilcia Mayers

Prayer of Comfort Rev. Dr. James A. Thornton

Obituary

Guinelle's Tribute Ms. Chevanne Burke

Selection Rev. Alvin V. Freeland

Eulogy Rev. Dr. James A. Thornton

Benediction

Recessional (*Friends, please remain standing as the family leaves the chapel.*)

INTERMENT:

Rosedale Memorial Park
355 East Linden Avenue
Linden, New Jersey



We are closely monitoring the situation with the COVID-19 pandemic. With that in mind and the safety of all concerned, we must adhere to the recommended guidelines of the CDC and the NYC Health Department. Thus, although it is unnatural and difficult, especially during this time when the family needs you most, physical contact with family, and with one another as well as the body is prohibited. Social distancing (keeping 3 – 6 feet apart) is required. Also, the complete service must be contained within **one hour** for the sake of limited exposure. Your cooperation is most appreciated during this temporary disruption of life as we know it.

**THIS TRIBUTE WAS COMPOSED
BY ESTELLA'S DAUGHTER GUINELLE FOR HER MOTHER**

Estella Theresa Williams Mayers was a force to be reckoned with. She was vibrant, outspoken and loved to laugh. She was a mother, a sister, an aunt, a cousin, a niece and a friend.

She loved her family; her Mayers family, her "Spanish family" as she calls them in Panama, her Eastern Parkway family, her NYPD family, and countless other adopted family. My mother's most beloved cousin was Milton. They would spend hours and hours talking, joking, laughing and arguing like an old married couple. Every time my mother was in the hospital, the staff would think Milton was her husband because he would pamper and spoil her all day long. My mother loved every minute of his attention, and he loved being at her beckoned call. The bond they shared was unbreakable.

My mother was kind, thoughtful and generous but also had a quick tongue. My mother's sassy mouth and quick wit were unforgettable. No one wanted to be on the other end of her rapid fire comebacks.

When I spoke with my Uncle Ralston in Panama, he jokingly asked for a picture of her mouth. All he kept saying was your mother and her mouth! My cousin Cottichia remembered her aunt telling her that she was lucky she was sick because if she wasn't she wouldn't have that handsome husband. My mother was brutally honest and never held her tongue, even though sometimes I wish she did. Although at times she came off harsh, she always spoke from a loving heart because she wanted the best for her family.

My mother was the news carrier of the family. She enjoyed keeping

everyone abreast of the Mayers family happenings. I must admit, I would rush her off the phone when she started with "You remember" because I knew a long story was coming about some person who I am quite sure I did not remember. However, reminiscing about the good old days in Panama with her aunts, uncles and cousins is what kept the light shining bright for my mother in her last few years.

One of my favorite stories is from my cousin Choco who said he hated when Uncle Ralph would send him to give money to my mother to go shopping in the commissary because they couldn't stand each other. We had a good laugh about this because Choco grew to be one of her dearest cousins who visited and spoke with her on a regular basis.

We all know my mother thought she was the sexiest woman alive even sexier than her cousin Anya. My mother was trendy and dressed with style and class. Her closet was filled with sophisticated and bright colored clothes, decorative scarves and stylish pocketbooks. She loved wearing dresses and skirts; I don't remember my mother ever wearing pants in the street even though I found pictures of her wearing funky bell bottoms. Regardless of what my mother wore, she was always a lady.

She loved to accessorize with costume jewelry and pearl necklaces. However, her jewelry only consisted of necklaces and bracelets because her ears were not pierced. When I was a teenager, I just had to have a second hole in my ears and my mother told me that wasn't a good idea since she had my ears pierced since I was a baby. However, I'm very much like my mother and tend to do what I want to regardless of what anyone says, so off I went to get that second hole. I should have listened because now I have a keloid in one of my second holes and can no longer wear pierced earrings.