



At the request of our darling Tawanda, in lieu of a public service, we are offering this Tribute Page, as a means to honor and preserve her memory for all who knew her. The family will gather privately at a later date.

Ms. Tawanda L. Garlington, 58, fell asleep in death at New Milford Hospital on February 4, 2019. Tawanda was born on January 17, 1961 to Laura (Ward) Garlington and the late Larry Garlington. Tawanda was born and raised in Waterbury, CT. She graduated from Mary Abbott and attended Wilby High school. Tawanda had recently begun residing at Morning Star Retirement Home in Kent, CT. She was very excited about her future and reaching out to fulfill some of her long-term goals.

Tawanda is survived by her mother, Laura (Ward) Garlington, her brothers Larry and Ernest Garlington, her sister, Castella G. Murphy, cousin, John Ward, nieces and nephews and host of other relatives and friends that will miss her dearly. In addition to her father, she was predeceased in death by a cousin, William Ward.



Wanda called me everyday. I enjoyed her stories, her poems and her singing immensely. I will forever miss my daughter. (Laura Ward Garlington)



I love my sister so very much. I will miss her daily, as will others. On February 2, I attended a beautiful home-going service for a lifelong friend, Mr. Earl Page. While there, I was approached by another lifelong friend, who greeted me as he always does, asking; "How's Tawanda? How's my girl? Is she alright?" Tawanda pulled you in. If you knew her, you loved her. She loved family, friends, poetry, music (Tina Turner and Bessie Smith were favorites), nature, rain, and Lilacs. The urn, in which her remains will be preserved, is called the Genesis Lilac. It is trimmed in gold and beautiful! She was the historian of our family. She had a memory like no other. Our "go to" girl.

The one who stored away distant treasures in the safest of places, the inner confines of a caring heart, and a brain filled with data and mental notes, dished out and shared at the behest of others. Always others. She was a giver. Someone you wanted to break bread with, spend countless hours with, as she regaled you with story after story. She appreciated her natural gifts. She would often compose poems for family and friends (older ones and the newest). Always the giver. That's our Tawanda. She is in the loving hands of our Father now. Is she alright? Yes Lord! Yes Lord! The girl is alright.

And when it rains, we will think of you, counting the days to the glorious resurrection that will unite our family once again. As droplets mask tears, as days grow to weeks and months bloom to years, we shall hum along to a song written especially for you, when you were but seven, courtesy of our cousin Jimmy, "Tawanda Garlington, the Rose of Arlington". (Larry Garlington and John "Dougie" Ward)



The best big sister a brother could ever have. She was so supportive and proud of me. Tawanda is the reason I love to learn and am intellectually curious. She made puzzles fun. We played math games, challenging me each and every step of the way. She taught me strategies and the game of chess. My first day of school, first grade, I remember being so ready! I was confident and poised to conquer the world at age six. What a wonderful feeling. Those feelings are never diminished, they're building blocks. When I'm tutoring and conducting bible class, I often reflect. She is on my mind. I pray for her everyday. I've always prayed for her. I am awaiting the day when we can celebrate Tawanda's life, with family at my side, when God is ready. (Ernest Garlington)



He Will Call

Though they may pass away, they will never be forsaken.
All those asleep who in God's memory stay, from death he will awaken.
Then we'll come to see all that life can be, paradise eternally.
He will call; The dead will answer. They will live at his command.
For he will have a longing for the work of his own hand.
So have faith, and do not wonder, for our God can make us stand.
And they will live forever, as the work of his own hand.
(From *"Sing Out Joyfully" to Jehovah*)

"And I have hope toward God, which hope these men also look forward to, that there is going to be a resurrection of both the righteous and the unrighteous." (Acts 24:15)

I look forward to welcoming my sister back when she is resurrected here on the paradise earth.
(Stella Murphy)



As I review my memories of Auntie Wanda, what stands out above all else is her genuineness. She modeled the ability to say what she was *actually* thinking. I didn't realize how big of a deal that was until adulthood taught me that "putting your best foot forward" was code for hide your truth. She wasn't always talkative, in fact, the last time my brother Julian saw her, he happily exclaimed that she spoke more words than he'd ever heard her say before. The cool thing was, when she did speak, she kept it real and she expected the same in return. Have a question? Just ask. An unpopular opinion? Express it. Auntie Wanda spent her energy prizing her loved ones and she didn't buy into the value of shame. No matter what was going on in her life, she made everyone around her feel accepted. To me, that is the mark of a successful life. Her body is gone, but I do not believe in death. Every time we're brave enough to be vulnerable, to be honest when it's easier to fake good, remember that it is her legacy we embody. She lives within all that know her soul. I love you Auntie Wanda! - (Kia Garlington Silva)

My aunt was strong, genuine and unwavering. She had a spirit that could fill a room and plenty more than that. She came equipped with the confidence and the voice to speak her mind in any company or recite her poems proudly at a moment's notice. She was a "mighty oak" to quote one of those poems; a poem full of words she inherited from her mother. Her heart was full of love for family and for music, and she was visibly happy anytime she could combine the two. She had a breadth of knowledge that she wasn't opposed to sharing and a penchant for uplifting. We have all lost a genuine good that doesn't exist anywhere else. (Julian Garlington).

