

When Tomorrow Starts Without Me



*When tomorrow starts without me
And I'm not here to see
If the sun should rise and find your eyes
All filled with tears for me
I wish so much you wouldn't cry
The way you did today
While thinking of the many things
We didn't get to say
I know how much you love me
As much as I love you
And each time you think of me
I know you'll miss me too
But when tomorrow starts without me
Please try to understand
That an angel came and called my name
And took me by the hand
And said my place was ready
In Heaven far above
And that I'd have to leave behind
All those I dearly love
So when tomorrow starts without me
Don't think we're far apart
For every time you think of me
I'm right here in your heart*

Acknowledgement

The Family wishes to express their sincere gratitude to the many friends, both near and far, who have offered their prayers, sympathy, condolences, comforting words and many acts of kindness and regrets during this difficult time.

The calls, the visits and the other numerous forms of assistance meant a great deal to us.

Arrangements Entrusted to:



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A Celebration of Life



L. Pat Morrison

SUNRISE: MAY 30, 1941 ~ SUNSET: DECEMBER 22, 2023

Funeral Service

Friday, January 12, 2024 • 10:00 A.M.

BENTA'S FUNERAL HOME, INC.

630 St. Nicholas Avenue • New York, NY 10030

REVEREND KEITH DENNIS, *Officiating*

ALSON FARLEY, *Organist*

Interment

CALVERTON NATIONAL CEMETERY

Calverton, New York

Order of Service

ORGAN PRELUDE

INVOCATION

SELECTION “AMAZING GRACE”

PRAYER OF COMFORT

SCRIPTURE READING

OLD TESTAMENT PSALM 23

NEW TESTAMENT REVELATION 21:1-7

SELECTION “THE LORD’S PRAYER”

REFLECTIONS FAMILY & FRIENDS
(TWO MINUTES PLEASE)

OBITUARY

SELECTION “PRECIOUS LORD, TAKE MY HAND”

EULOGY REVEREND KEITH DENNIS

FINAL VIEWING

BENEDICTION

RECESSIONAL

COMMITTAL WILL TAKE PLACE AT CALVERTON NATIONAL CEMETERY

Obituary

Friday, December 22, 2023, the Lord’s guardian angels came down from heaven and visited **LOTTIE PAT MORRISON** (affectionately addressed as L. Pat) and invited her to join him for all eternity. Her soul has ascended with the Holy Spirit, where she would not feel any pain or tears; only receiving, love and happiness in the embrace of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. As Mom approached the calm waters and the healing light, she was prepared and only waiting to hear her master say, “My Servant, Well Done”, and with that, Mom would meet her mother and father, for the first time, and join them in eternal life.

Lottie Pat Morrison was born in Savannah, Georgia on May 30, 1941 to the late Rosa and Archie Boone. Orphaned at birth due to the early deaths of both her parents, Mom was raised by many family members between the states of Georgia, New York and South Carolina, where her primary care was taken up by her aunt and uncle, the late Louise and Charles Singleton. They raised and provided loving care for her through her high school years in Charleston, South Carolina. Shortly after graduating from Bonds Wilson High School, in Charleston, South Carolina, Mom moved to Brooklyn, New York in 1962. There she met our late father, Leroy D. Morrison, and was wed in holy matrimony. In this union of 46 years, three children were born: Stacy Lynn, Pernell Lee and Pamela Leslie.

When you reflect on the memories of Pat, think of a woman who was business driven, oriented to family, and enjoyed many peaceful days as a widow in the home she loved in the Riverdale section of the Bronx, New York. From there she was closest to the career she carved out for herself. This career would find 60 solid years of her life dedicated to her craft and service at her beloved King Range, inc., on Webster Avenue in the Bronx, NY. Aside from work, she enjoyed watching old westerns like Bonanza and Gunsmoke. Mom was also a sports fan; a lover of football and baseball. You didn’t want to be in the front of her seats when the Jets and Mets were playing- her two favorite teams. In her early years, she dabbled in contests like the Snowball Pageants of the early to mid- 1970’s, where she was crowned a Snowball Queen after much hard work in going for the win.

Mom, in her role as a grand and great grand mother, was affectionately known as “Nani-The- Great!” In June 2023, we all came together to honor her body of work of 60 years with her sole employer, King Range, Inc. Her tenure was unprecedented in our family and perhaps our lifetime. We are sure this was not the goal when Mom started at King Range on May 23, 1963. She was a natural fit in her chosen field and was very much appreciated by her bosses, colleagues, and customers throughout the tri-state area and perhaps beyond. As a distributor for General Electric, Mom helped King Range reach a broad audience when she not only aided in the sales and service of appliances. Mom went to work designing kitchens and baths, teaching herself how to do so; learning computer software and imparting her knowledge to others.

We would be remiss if we failed to recognize the people she worked with and for, over so many years. Mr. Stuart Leshinski and Margie Choy, theirs was not just a working partnership, but a loving, caring and nurturing bedrock that was held together with mutual respect, admiration, and most of all, love. This could not be said about many places anyone would be employed. But if there could be a prototype for working in that kind of environment, King Range was the one. Stuart, Mom and Margie, along with a host of workers in support of the King Range mission, built a life that supported so many people and their families that could never ever be repaid in any of our lifetimes.

As a mom, make no mistake, she was stern, but her methods of discipline were easily counter balanced of some of the best sweet potato pie a child could eat. Mom wanted us to have a good education and for us to be able to become effective and self sufficient citizens. As an only child, Mom learned at the feet of the two of the best masters in the family, Aunt Lue and Uncle Charles as a child growing up in the segregated south. Cooking, cleaning, making her own clothes, while learning the meaning of discipline and self sacrifice less she learned the meaning of what a “switch” was torn, from a skinny tree. From time to time, she was able to travel, visiting her favorite destinations like Puerto Rico, Jamaica and the Bahamas with her best friend, the late Willie Bea Case, our late Aunts Lue, Ida and our cousin Connie. Mom was one of the chosen few selected to travel with former President Reagan and his wife Nancy to Tokyo, Japan as a U.S. Air Force, Military Mom to her elder daughter Stacy, a USAF Master Sergeant (Retired). Whenever mom rode the New York City Subway System, she could rest assured her car service was in the best of care, courtesy of her only son Pernell, who managed the engineering of the subways of our city for over 30 years. Mom, while on vacation in Scottsdale, Arizona was honored by the WNBA’s Phoenix Mercury on her 72 birthday with a Jumbotron tribute courtesy of her youngest daughter Pamela, who is employed with the National Basketball Association.

Nani-The-Great was adored by all of her grandchildren, each wanting more of her than would be quite possible to give. In the final days of her long life, we can only trust, hope and pray that she fulfilled her life’s mission; she was happy, and most of all at peace. When her invitation came to be with our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, Pat was ready to take her place In God’s mighty kingdom.

Pat is survived by her children, Stacy (George) Taylor of Glen Carbon, IL, Pernell (Donna) Morrison of North Brunswick, NJ and Pamela Stultz, of Easton, PA. Mom also leaves to mourn a host of grand and great grandchildren: Christopher (Amanda) R. Horn, Christine (Phillip) N. Horn, and Ricaurter A. Stultz II: 7 great grand children: twins, Joshua MM and Christopher MT Horn, Jordan Mackenzie Horn, Zoe Sarai Gallon, Maxwell Leroy Horn, Phoenix Jameson Horn and Daniel Ermias Stultz.

Pat would also want to especially remember the people in our lives that hold significant importance and was near and dear to our hearts: Jovianna (Mark) Snead and Shevonn Howard (we grew up like siblings more than friends), Susan and Jack Highsmith, Uncle Jacob Martin, and Mrs. Constance (Quenten) Martin-Witter. Because these exceptional people are in our lives, we all grew up together as close as any family can ever be established.

Mom, take your rest. We love you, but God loves you best.