

*Miss Me, But Let Me Go*

When I come to the end of the road  
And the sun has set for me  
I want no tears in a gloom filled  
room  
Why cry for a soul set free

For this is a journey we all must  
take  
And each must go alone  
It's all a part of the masters plan  
A step on the road to home

Miss me a little but not for long  
Not with your head bowed low  
Remember the love that we once  
shared  
Miss me but let me go

But remember my songs now and  
then  
Hear the tunes that set me free  
And have a glass, close your eyes  
my beloved  
Know I'll be what you need

Miss me a little but not for long  
Not with your head bowed low  
Remember the love that we once  
shared  
Miss me but let me go

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*Arrangements Entrusted to*

*Riley-Antoine Funeral Home  
171 Humboldt Avenue  
Dorchester, MA 02121*

*Mr. Louis Antoine, Director*

*Repast*

*The Carver Den  
82 Talbot Avenue  
Dorchester, MA 02124*

*Interment*

*Fairview Cemetery  
45 Fairview Avenue  
Hyde Park, MA 02136*

*Celebration of Life*



*Sunrise*

*September 3, 1952*

*Sunset*

*March 15, 2021*

*Nellie Marie Hall*

**Monday, March 29, 2021**

Riley-Antoine Funeral Home  
171 Humboldt Avenue  
Dorchester, MA 02121

Minister Kathy Powell, Officiant

## Obituary

*Nellie Marie Hall, was born on September 3rd 1952, to the late Rosie B. Hall and Wiley Hall. She was born in Memphis, Tennessee. She lived the remainder of her adult life in Boston, MA, where she was called home on March 15, 2021.*

*She spent her days with her family and friends. Nellie loved having cookouts, singing songs, watching her favorite programs : Young & The Restless, Martin, WWE. As well as scratching tickets "hitting the lotto", and dancing to the oldies.*

*Nellie was known for celebrating all major Holidays, throwing down in the kitchen and sitting in the window, smiling and waving at everybody who walked by.*

*Nellie was blessed, devoted, cheerful, loving, charismatic, happy and loved by all. She was ecstatic to hear about her first granddaughter Shawnte Hall getting engaged and was looking forward to the big wedding. She was exceptionally proud of all her grandchildren for all they have accomplished and continue to do.*

*Nellie was welcomed home by her parents, Rosie B. and Wiley Hall; her brothers, Joe, Robert, Thomas, Joseph, Warner, and James Willie; her sisters Annie B., and Lula Pearl.*

*She leaves to mourn her siblings Della Mae, Ruby Jean, Mary, Peter, John Earl, and Lorene. Her life-long partner Henry A. Winbush. Her two daughters Ruby and Rose Hall. Her granddaughters Shawnte, Claisha and Chylene Hall. Her great-grandchildren Shaki, Keon, and Kahnai Hall. Her near and dear cousin and best friend Hazel Jackson. Her god daughters Mattie Buford and Latunya Maiden and Godson Donte Holloway. And a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, and close friends.*

*She will forever be loved and missed by many.*





*Grandmother*

*Order of Service*

**"Goin' Up Yonder"**  
Irene

Scripture Readings  
**Deacon Shahi Smart**

Special Remarks  
*Family & Friends*

Obituary  
*Shaki & Chyene*

"Missing You"  
*Christi*

Eulogy  
**Minister Kathy Powell**

*Pallbearers*

- Demetrius
- Chris
- Shaki
- Keon
- Tequan
- Jerry
- Wally

*Acknowledgement*

The family of Nellie would like to acknowledge the many expressions of love, concern, and kindness shown to them by each of you during this difficult time.  
May God Bless you all.





*Nellie*

All the nights by Chyene Hall

I lay here thinking about all the times I stayed the night.  
 All the nights I slept under you.  
 Cozy. Protected. Warm.  
 All the times I got your address book on the dresser or turned on your fan late at night.  
 All the times I kissed you goodbye while you sat at the edge of your bed.  
 All the times I was told "get my black purse in the window" while staring at 4.  
 All the nights we cuddled and watched movies til you drifted off to sleep.  
 All the nights I heard I love you chy chy good night.  
 All the nights I heard the never ending clock tick.  
 All the nights unexplained.



*Mother*

Your Mother

Although you cannot hear her voice or see her smile no more,  
 your mother walks beside you still just as she did before.  
 She listens to your stories and she wipes away your tears;  
 she wraps her arms around you and she understands your fears.  
 It's just she isn't visible to see with human eye,  
 but talk to her in silence and her spirit will reply.  
 You'll feel the love she has for you - you'll hear her in your heart;  
 she's left her human body but your souls will never part.

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