



Mrs. Emma Jane Gordon

March 13, 1944 - September 12, 2015

Her Journey:

Emma J. Gordon was born March 13, 1944 in Irwinton, Georgia to Willie Charles and Roxielean Robinson. Emma was the youngest of five children. Emma accepted Christ at an early age.

Emma attended the public school system of Jeffersonville, Georgia. Emma married and moved to Detroit, Michigan in 1965 where she attained her license for cosmetology. She later attained her license for nursing and retired as a Registered Nurse from Hutzel Hospital where she worked for over 30 years.

Emma loved to read and crochet, it gave her great joy crocheting scarves and blankets for babies and family.

Emma departed this life September 12, 2015.

Tribute Wall



“ *Mrs. Emma Jane Gordon*

January 21, 2023 at 09:34 PM



“ *Emma Gordon I'm proud to have called her my friend. I met her at Hutzel Hospital more than twenty years ago. She was a spunky, feisty, opinionated woman. What most people didn't know was how big a heart she had. I'm proud to say I was her friend.*

Delores Winfrey-Miller - September 20, 2015 at 10:59 AM



“ *My dearest friend. My, my, my how time pass so quickly and we still had so much to do with each other. I know God has authority over us and he said it is time. I am so glad our lives crossed paths, your strength and integrity was worn like a true soldier. I will forever miss you and pray God has a special place in His Heaven just for you. Until we meet again, my friend, rest peacefully. My condolences to the family.*

*Love,
Michele, Calvin, and Kids.*

Michele - September 17, 2015 at 09:02 PM



“ *Emma was a mentor to me not only professionally, but personally. Words are inadequate to express my sadness. Emma will always have a place in my heart and bring a smile to me when I think of our many talks. RIP. May the Lord keep you in the palm of His hand.*

Mary Moncur - September 17, 2015 at 10:25 AM

DK

“ *I worked with Emma Gordon and feeling sorry for the loss of Emma. She was a very smart woman and a hard worker too.*

*Sincerely,
Deborah Kloos from Canada*

Deborah Kloos - September 16, 2015 at 04:58 PM

“ To my dearest family, some things I'd like to say...
but first of all, to let you know, that I arrived okay.
I'm writing this from heaven. Here I dwell with God above.
Here, there's no more tears of sadness; here is just eternal love.

*Please do not be unhappy just because I'm out of sight.
Remember that I'm with you every morning, noon and night.
That day I had to leave you when my life on earth was through,
God picked me up and hugged me and He said, "I welcome you."*

It's good to have you back again; you were missed while you were gone.

*As for your dearest family, they'll be here later on.
I need you here badly; you're part of my plan.
There's so much that we have to do, to help our mortal man.*

*God gave me a list of things, that he wished for me to do.
And foremost on the list, was to watch and care for you.
And when you lie in bed at night, the day's chores put to flight.
God and I are closest to you....in the middle of the night.*

*When you think of my life on earth, and all those loving years
because you are only human, they are bound to bring you tears.
But do not be afraid to cry; it does relieve the pain.
Remember there would be no flowers, unless there was some rain.*

*I wish that I could tell you all that God has planned.
But if I were to tell you, you wouldn't understand.
But one thing is for certain, though my life on earth is o'er.
I'm closer to you now, than I ever was before.*

*There are many rocky roads ahead of you and many hills to climb;
but together we can do it by taking one day at a time.
It was always my philosophy and I'd like it for you too...
that as you give unto the world, the world will give to you.*

*If you can help somebody who's in sorrow and pain,
then you can say to God at night....."My day was not in vain."
And now I am contented....that my life has been worthwhile,
knowing as I passed along the way, I made somebody smile.*

*So if you meet somebody who is sad and feeling low,
just lend a hand to pick him up, as on your way you go.
When you're walking down the street, and you've got me on your
mind;
I'm walking in your footsteps only half a step behind.*

*And when it's time for you to go.... from that body to be free,
remember you're not going.....you're coming here to me.*

Ruth Ann Mahaffey (author)

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Laverne May~Johnson - September 15, 2015 at 10:30 PM