

## *THE EVIDENCE OF THINGS NOT SEEN*

Acclaimed at the local level for her work as a Churchwarden (first at St. Philips; secondly at St. Luke's), Joy, who has died aged 75, was one of those unsung heroes whose sacred stewardship is essential to the survival of the Church of England.

She also worked for many years in another type of temple, the historical legal district in London, as a cleaner. Part of a class of low-wage earners whose labour, while historically undermined and overlooked, the world simply does not work without.

Her life is a testament to the rigour and resilience of the many wonder-filled young women who, between 1948 and 1973, travelled to the UK from the West Indies to assist with the rebuild of post-war Britain. Joy is a paradigm for all women of Windrush, who have not yet, despite their contributions to their communities, moved beyond the veil of invisibility. A movement that is a must in any and every form of Brave New Britain.

She was born Delores Theresa Rose in Kingston, Jamaica, the daughter of Walford "Sugar" Rose, and Pearline May McKenzie. Joy was the pet name given to her by her maternal grandmother, Kathleen Maude Lodge, whose work as a seamstress soon informed her affection for arts and crafts.

A homemaker in the truest sense of the word, she fashioned everything from net curtains to new pencil pleats, quilts, placemats, pillowcases, our clothes, her clothes and much much more. She made it all. An airing cupboard full of patterns, stacks of old *Prima* magazines, and the many yards of archived material she sourced from *Rolls and Rems*, Ted at the top of Choumert Road, and East Street Market, where she spent so many Sundays after church in the 80s and 90s, is a true testament to that fact.

She made something else too: an indelible impression on Randolph Russell who she married at St. Michael's in Stockwell in 1966. The marriage produced five children.

Her hard work as a mother of five frequently informed her charitable work with *Mother's Union*, a grassroots organization committed to ending inequality through community development programmes, and cultivating conditions in society that promote the teachings of Christ.

She swam. She ran. She went on many a walkathon for many a worthy cause. She lazed away many a day lounging in the garden (lost in the lilies of the field), spent hours watching Spaghetti Westerns, *Murder She Wrote*, and "Diagnostic" as she renamed *Diagnosis: Murder*. She found great joy in many a black-and-white "flim" from the Golden Age of Hollywood, and was an avid theatregoer. Musicals mostly. These escape routes, as she saw them, were a sort of safe passage. An easy way out when the going gets tough on "the rough side of town".

She was passionate about music; pulled in by the raw power of performers like Nina Simone; the natural womanhood of Aretha Franklin, and the tenacity of her absolute favourite, Miss Tina Turner.

*... the best  
Better than all the rest  
Better than anyone  
Anyone I ever met.*

An unvarnished force of nature who never stopped fighting the good fight, Joy will be remembered as a mother to many, a sister to so many more, "headmistress", and a woman of faith: the substance of things hoped for, *the evidence of things not seen*.

Her son Garnet died in 2022. She is survived by Randolph, and her sons: Doron, Riyadh, Ezra and Julian.

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Joy (Delores Theresa Russell), *wonder woman*, born Saturday 30th October 1948; died Wednesday 17th April 2024.

***ORDER OF SERVICE***

Conducted by the Reverend Sandra Schloss

***No Woman, No Cry***

***PROCESSIONAL***

***WELCOME & INTRODUCTION***

***How Great Thou Art***

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder,  
Consider all the worlds thy hands have made;  
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,  
Thy power throughout the universe displayed:

Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee:  
How great thou art! How great thou art!  
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee:  
How great thou art! How great thou art!

When through the woods and forest glades I wander  
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees,  
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,  
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze:

And when I think how God, his Son not sparing,  
Sent him to die, I scarce can take it in;  
That on the cross, my burdens gladly bearing,  
He bled and died to take away my sin:

When Christ shall come with shouts of acclamation,  
To take me home, what joy will fill my heart!  
Then I will bow in humble adoration,  
And there proclaim, my God, how great thou art!

***TRIBUTES***

Yemi Ojumu  
Elsa Marshall  
Miriam Parchment  
St. Luke's Church Choir

***EULOGY***

Doron Russell  
Ezra Russell  
Randolph Russell

***My Life Is In Your Hands***

***FIRST READING***

Ecclesiastes 3:1-11 KJV

***GOSPEL READING***

John 14:1-7

***SERMON***

***PRAYERS***

***Abide With Me***

Ezra Russell

***COMMENDATION***

***BLESSING FOR THE PEOPLE***

***DISMISSAL***

***Amazing Grace***

***RECESSIONAL***