



Linnette H. Young

September 16, 2014

Young, Linnette H., of Bergenfield, formerly of Kingston Jamaica, passed away Tuesday, September 16, 2014. Beloved mother of Luella Murdock, Heulett Honeywell, Glenmore Reynolds, Nordia Roye, Carol Russel. Grandmother to 2, great-grandmother to 1. Linnette was a professional baker and ran a bed and breakfast. Services provided by Volk Leber Funeral Home in Teaneck.

Visitation Saturday, September 20, at the First Presbyterian Church in Englewood, 8:30am-9:30am, service immediately to follow.

Interment, Brookside Cemetery, Englewood.

Cemetery Details

Brookside Cemetery

425 Engle Street
Englewood, NJ 07631

Previous Events

Visitation

SEP 20. 8:30 AM - 9:30 AM (ET)

First Presbyterian Church of Englewood
150 East Palisade Ave
Englewood, NJ 07631

Service

SEP 20. 9:30 AM - 10:45 AM (ET)

First Presbyterian Church of Englewood
150 East Palisade Ave
Englewood, NJ 07631

Tribute Wall



“ Volk Leber Funeral Home created a Tribute Video in memory of Linnette H. Young



Volk Leber Funeral Home - September 19, 2014 at 02:13 PM



“ Linnette H. Young

October 08, 2023 at 09:59 PM



“ Linnette H. Young

October 08, 2023 at 06:27 PM



“ Linnette H. Young

August 30, 2022 at 02:48 PM



“ Linnette H. Young was the best great grandma. When she passed away it was sad for me, But now she is in a better place which makes me and God happy.
Cassiah Brown.

Cassiah Brown - April 09, 2016 at 03:42 PM

NR

“ *In Memory of Our Dear Mother*
Today I thought about you in class
I solemnly relived the past.
The students were working;
The phone started ringing.
On the other end, a sobbing voice
Oh, how I wish I had a choice.
A choice to say "Please, please not her
She is our devoted mother.
No, no, not yet
She is our beloved Linnette"
But alas, it was not to be
The Master called, "Come home to me."

Nordia Roye - April 09, 2016 at 03:29 PM

AR

“ *It was September sixteenth, today one long year*
The memories of that day still remain clear.
Some minutes after eight, I was in my classroom
Little did I know, there was impending doom.
The telephone rang, my co-teacher answered
She called me to the phone, my entire body quivered
"Did you hear?" The sobbing voice of my daughter asked
I didn't want to hear the news; I just knew that you had passed.
Rest in peace, Mama. We will forever love you.

ANordia Roye - April 09, 2016 at 03:27 PM

AD

“ Tribute to Ms Young

When I think of Lynette, I think of laughter, love and the wisdom she had imparted throughout the years. She once told me , never limit your ambitions . Ms. Young was the epitome of class, dignity and respect. Values and ethics were at the very core of her being. She had loyalty and consideration for others, she also had a way of connecting with people no matter their background .She opened her arms to the poor and extended her hands to the needy and taught her children to do the same. For those of us who know privation, the warmth of her home reflects the kindness of her heart .She was inspiring to me , as a child growing up in rural Jamaica, where she taught me how to bake and decorate cake . Proverbs 31, would appropriately sums up Ms. Young .Strength and humor are her clothing ; and she shall rejoice in time to come .She openeth her mouth with wisdom and in her tongue is the law of kindness. Her children arise up and call her blessed, many daughters have done virtuously, but you surpass them all. Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman who feared the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gate. I shall cherish precious memories of you and old home scenes of my childhood that plays and replays in my mind. Another bright light has gone out of our lives, and you like my mom has taught me that nothing in life is as beautiful, as rewarding, as trying, as testing, as rich and as nourishing as love .I will always always love you.

Audrey Simpson Friend of Deceased) - April 09, 2016 at 03:16 PM

“ Family Tribute

Mama, if you could really listen us today, these are the things that you would hear: We can't imagine what you would have been, have done, had you half the opportunities your children and grandchildren have! There are so many memories, snapshots of your life that keep us reminiscing, smiling, even though you are no longer here with us. We wish we could each stand up here and share our individual reflections, but Mama, that would take not a couple of minutes, but a couple of hours, or probably days, because when we finally think we have it all, there is someone to say "Remember the time when...?" So for you Mamma, we have rolled it all into a 'mural' of words.

Mamma, you have taught us to pray, to love God. I still remember my first prayer I learned. You embroidered it on two lily-white pillow cases that you made to go with your also white embroidered sheet. One pillow case had the embroidered image of a girl kneeling at her bedside, and the other had the image of a boy in the same pose. The following words were embroidered, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray thee Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray thee Lord, my soul to take." Mamma, that was my first prayer, and you know what? Some days when I am mentally depleted after work, I crawl into bed and that becomes my prayer for the night. Our brother Glen remembers when he was in primary school, and the teacher chose him to lead the school's devotion the following day. He came home quite troubled about this, and you took that fear away by helping him to get ready. Mama, you found out that your son had a knack for singing, and yes, you hone that talent. Glen remembers that it was always your delight to ask him to sing for visitors to our home, but this was always to his dismay because he did not like any of this. But Mamma, you knew how to make compliance a bit easier, so you paid him to sing for visitors, and even though still uncomfortable, he would be crooning, "Sweet Rose Of Sharon". Mamma, today he still sings, and he sang for you one last time today.

Then there were the nights that we staged our own performances



on our veranda, under the light of the glowing moon. Those were our penny concerts! You used to recite, you used to sing, you used to dance. And did I mention that I learned the twist and the mash potato from you? Then we used to take turns with our own performances, but Mamma, you always stole the show, whether you were singing about Mr. Johnny, Tram Car, or the 'Tennessee Waltz', or it could be "Moonshine Tonight Come Mek Wi Dance and Sing" or you probably were relating some stories from your childhood days, dancing up a storm, no matter what, you were always the "Oscar winner! We also remember that you could deliver a great toast at any function that warranted it.

Mamma, your children want to posthumously award you the "Master Chef" title. You were a cook and a baker! Most of us remember those days that you would be baking large number of cakes, for some occasion. You would begin at the break of day, and even when we had to retire because we could no longer keep up with you, we would wake up in the mornings and our dining room would be transformed with all these beautifully designed and sumptuous cakes. And if it were the Christmas season, the strong aroma of freshly brewed sorrel combined with the delectable scent of cakes, pervaded the air. Those were the days! You did it all, Mamma, You never had the benefit of all the gadgets we have today. But Mamma, we must admit that it wasn't always glorious as it might sound - somebody had to mix that butter and sugar. We remember those five pound mixtures that had to be done all by hand and Mamma, we are sure happy that you were not cited for child labor, because every one of us passed through the chore of having to give a hand creaming that butter and sugar, until not a grain of sugar could be detected in the mixture. Mamma, I sure hated doing it, and the others might

Nordia Roye(daughter of deceased) - April 09, 2016 at 03:11 PM