Acknowledgement

The Fortson-Ramos family of Solina will love to thank everyone who grieved with us today and want to show our deepest appreciation and just wish us the best for the future.

La familia Fortson Ramos de Solina le encantará agradecer a todos los que lloraron con nosotros hoy y quieren mostrar nuestro más profundo aprecio y solo desearnos lo mejor para el futuro.

~The family

We love you, Suma, Gordita, Odessita

The Broken Chain

We little knew that morning That God would call your name In life we loved you dearly In death we do the same

It broke our hearts to lose you You did not go alone For part of us went with you The day God called you home

You left us beautiful memories Your love is still our guide And although we cannot see you You're always by our side

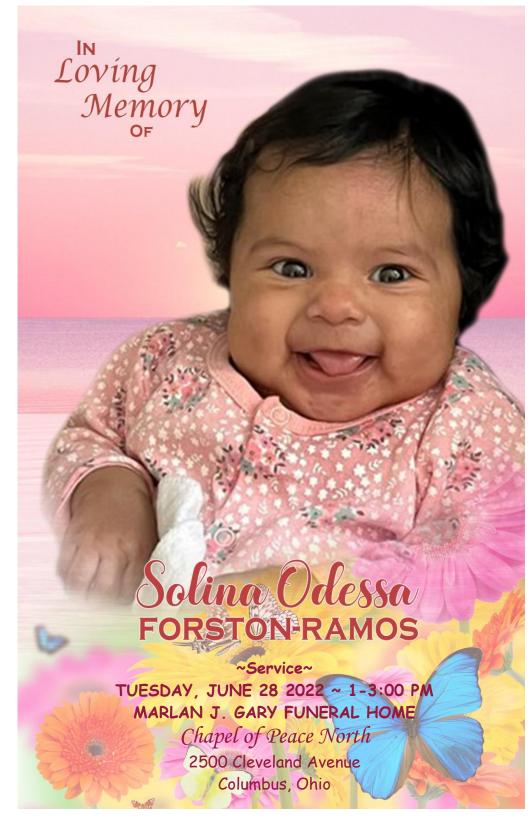
Our family chain is broken And nothing seems the same But as God calls us one by one The chain will link again





To offer condolences to Forston & Ramos Families, visit www.TheChapelofPeace.com







God's Lent Child

Solina Odessa Fortson-Ramos was born to Iyanna Fortson and Osvaldo Ramos in the early morning of Friday January 28, 2022.

From the beginning of her life, she brought joy to everyone she was around. Her gummy smile way more than enough to make you smile on a bad day. Solina was a very bright girl. She was silly, loving, mischievous, and so much more I wish we could have seen from her. She was just the happiest baby until her final days here on earth.

Solina Odessa Fortson Ramos nació en la mañana de Viernes, Enero 28 2022 de padres Iyanna Fortson y Osvaldo Ramos.

Desde el principio de su vida trajo alegría a todos los que la rodeaban. Su sonrisa es mucho más que suficiente para hacerte sonreír en un mal día. Solina era una niña muy brillante, traviesa, cariñosa, y mucho más que desearía haber visto de ella. Solina era el bebé más feliz hasta sus últimos días aquí en la tierra.

"I'll lend you for a little time a child of mine" He said. "For you to love the while he lives and mourn for when she's dead. It may be six or seven months, one year, or two or three, But will you, 'til I call her back, take care of her, for me?

She'll bring his charms to gladden you, or should her stay be brief, You'll have her lovely memories to solace for your grief. I cannot promise she will stay, since all from earth return but there are lessons to be taught down there, I want this child to learn.

I've looked this wide world over in my search for teachers true, and from the throngs that crowd life's lanes, I have selected you. Now will you give her all your love, not think the labour vain nor hate me when I come to call and take her back again."

I fancied when I heard them say "Dear Lord thy will be done; for all the joy thy child shall bring the risk of grief we'll run. We'll shelter her with tenderness and love her while we may and for the happiness we've known, forever grateful stay.

But should the Angels call for her, much sooner than we planned We'll brave the bitter grief that comes and try to understand."