

*In Loving Memory Of*



*Bruce Earl James Price*

*Sunrise*  
*January 26, 1950*

*Sunset*  
*October 5, 2011*

*Services*

*Friday, October 14, 2011 - 4:00 p.m.*

**ST. MARY'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH**

521 West 126th Street  
New York, New York

# Obituary

For those of you who don't know me, I am Gordon Robotham, Bruce's first cousin on his mother's side. I am here to say a few words in memory of **Bruce**.

My first memory of Bruce was as my big cousin from New York who used to visit Jamaica, where I lived, regularly during the holidays. As a young child a difference of five years was quite significant, and he enjoyed being the big, all-knowing cousin and being able to boss myself and another cousin of similar age, Paul Douglas, around. He enjoyed teasing us playfully then, something which carried over into his adult years when I was also then able to return the favour. I never failed to remind him of the time he very painfully mistook a wasp in Jamaica for a butterfly and ran to Paul's mother shouting "Aunty Grace, Aunty Grace, these butterflies sure can sting!" He in turn always called me his "ugly cousin" or just "Ugly" in reference to how ugly he remembered me looking as a baby when I cried.

As we both got older, however, the age difference mattered less and less and we became friends as well as cousins. Bruce was a driven and hard worker and achieved success at a time when I was just out of university and starting out. During this period, he had married Angela, the love of his life, and had two children, Jamal and Kamari. He loved and cared for them with all his heart for the rest of his life.

Bruce had a rather serious appearance, which often made people who didn't know him draw the wrong first impression about him. In fact, he loved life and had the capacity to relax and enjoy people and occasions wholeheartedly. Business interests brought him to Jamaica in the late 1980's and during that period he started to visit quite often. Through my influence, he became passionately interested in Squash, lost weight as a result, and sponsored an annual tournament in Jamaica, "The Saylavie Tournament," for a number of years. He was very highly competitive and I think one of the happiest days of his life was the one occasion when he beat me at squash. His Jamaican squash friends still remember him with fondness and have asked me to convey their condolences to the family. In fact, he celebrated his fortieth birthday with Angie and himself at dinner in Jamaica with a number of them.

On most of those trips to Jamaica, Bruce stayed with me in what he referred to as *his* room in my two bedroom apartment, and we got to know each other very well and enjoyed each other's company tremendously. He was exceedingly generous when his circumstances allowed it, and during his visits sometimes I had to use very strong language in order to be allowed to spend my own "worthless" Jamaican money when we went out.

An illustrative story that will always be tied to my memory of Bruce surrounds Hurricane Gilbert. We were spending a few days on the north coast in August 1988 when we attended an anniversary function for our Aunt Fay and Uncle Keith on the Sunday. We had not seen or heard any news for the previous few days and learned to our amazement that a powerful hurricane was approaching Jamaica directly, and would hit as early as the following morning. We hastened the seventy or so miles back to Kingston, picked up his suitcase and headed out to the airport. The last flight out was closed by the time we got there but agreed to take him without his luggage. He accepted the offer, sent his suitcase home with me, and boarded the plane. He just missed the first hurricane to hit Jamaica in more than twenty years. Gilbert was a Category 3 storm, hitting a country that had forgotten how to prepare for it. To say that it wreaked havoc on Jamaica was an understatement (Good choice, Bruce; wish I could have gone with you). As soon as the roads to the airport were cleared and it was opened, Bruce called to find out what we needed that he could bring. He returned with two LARGE suitcases of items to help us through what was a most difficult time. That generosity was typical of Bruce, and I have never forgotten it.

More recently I know that Bruce was in the process of reassessing his life, doting on and fully enjoying his two grandsons, Aviel and Asher, and looking forward with anticipation to this new phase of life with his beloved Angie and his grown children. It was not to be. On October 5, 2011, he was called away from us unexpectedly.

My cousin was a hardworking man, who loved his wife, his parents, his children and grandchildren, and his extended family. He never lost sight of his Jamaican roots and he had an enormous capacity for warmth, generosity, kindness, companionship, and he had a good sense of humour. Bruce always knew how to laugh.

I will miss him.

SAYLAVIE, BRUCE.

# Order of Service

Musical Prelude .....	Ms. Janet Dorman, Organist
Entrance Anthem .....	Book of Common Prayer, Page 491
Opening Hymn .....	“How Great Thou Art” LEVS No: 60
Opening Prayers	
First Reading .....	Isaiah 61:1-3, Karen Walking Eagle Esq. ( <i>cousin</i> )
Gradual Psalm .....	Psalm 27, Said by all Book of Common Prayer page 617
Second Reading .....	Psalm 90:11-17, Dr. Winsome Downie-Rainford ( <i>cousin</i> )
Sequence Hymn .....	“Lead Us Heavenly Father Lead Us” 1982 Hymnal No: 559
Epistle .....	Revelation 7: 9-17 Kai Arrindell ( <i>God-daughter</i> )
The Eulogy .....	Dr. Gordon Robotham ( <i>Cousin</i> )
Reflections .....	<i>Mrs. Grace Douglas (Aunt) Mr. Brian Panton (Cousin)</i> <i>Mrs. Joy Wilson (Cousin) Mr. Jim Buck (Friend)</i> <i>Kamari Alexander Esq. (Daughter)</i>
The Gospel .....	John 14: 1-6
The Homily .....	The Rev, Earl Kooperkamp
The Apostle’s Creed .....	Book of Common Prayer, page 496
The Prayers .....	Book of Common Prayer page 497
Offertory Solo	
Eucharistic Prayer A .....	Book of Common Prayer, page 361
The Lord’s Prayer	
Communion Hymn .....	“Breathe On Me Breath Of God” 1982 Hymnal No: 508
Post Communion Prayer .....	Book of Common Prayer page 498
The Commendation .....	Book of Common Prayer, page 499
The Benediction	
Recessional Hymn .....	“The King of Love My Shepherd Is” 1982 Hymnal No: 645

*Interment will take place at a later date at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.*

And I said to the Man who stood at the gate of the year, give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown: and He replied "Go out into the dark and put your hand into the Hand of God. That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way." So I went forth and finding the Hand of God trod gladly into the night and He led me towards the hills and the breaking of day in the lone East.

*(M. Louise Haskins)*

*Acknowledgement*

*The family acknowledges with deep appreciation all acts of kindness extended to them during this bereavement hour.  
God bless you for all your thoughtfulness and concern.*



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