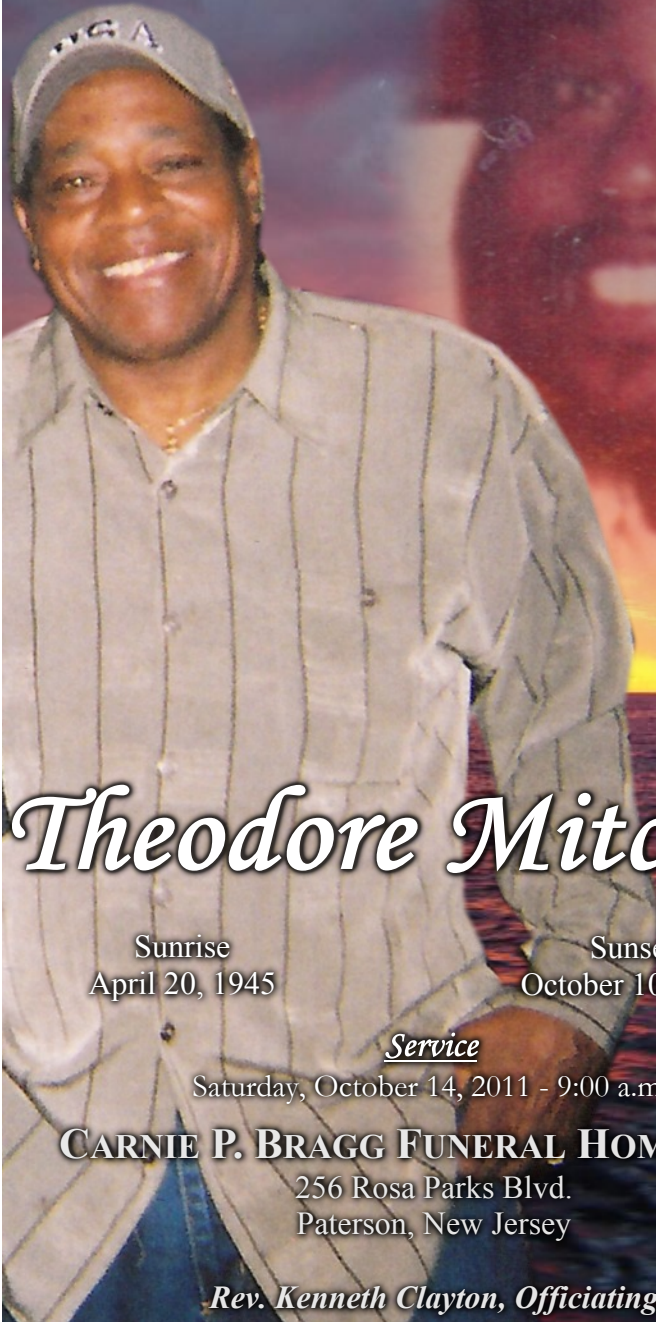


In Loving Memory of



Theodore Mitchell

Sunrise
April 20, 1945

Sunset
October 10, 2011

Service

Saturday, October 14, 2011 - 9:00 a.m.

CARNIE P. BRAGG FUNERAL HOMES, INC.

256 Rosa Parks Blvd.
Paterson, New Jersey

Rev. Kenneth Clayton, Officiating

Reflections of Life



Theodore (Thedo) Mitchell was born in Wilson, North Carolina on April 20, 1945 to the late Rosa Lee and Robert Mitchell. He spent his childhood years in Middlesex, North Carolina before relocating to Paterson, NJ where he met his longtime companion, Susan Martinez. He was a caring, friendly and giving individual with a strong devotion to his family and a friend to many. Thedo was employed at Six Products for fifteen years until the company relocated and also worked for Paramount express for twenty-five years as a truck driver-loving every minute of it. He possessed an equal amount of love and devotion for fixing and racing cars-so now some of us have to find a new mechanic. He was a master chef in his own right...back in the

days at Rachel Mays he had the pots at a full blaze filling up bellies from all over. Every time he was in the kitchen the windows had to be open or it would fog up from the steam of his southern style of cooking. Thedo loved to travel. He drove that sky blue duce and a quarter until the upholstery needed to be changed and the wheels fell off. He washed and almost waxed the paint off of the red truck he cherished that was a gift from his son, Teddie. If you wanted some good old southern chopped BBQ, bright leaf hotdog's or ribs make sure you were posted when he returned from a trip to North Carolina. The car would be packed and stacked with food from front to back. He was also known to give birthday cakes with pink and blue colors; they may have included Tonka toys regardless of your age group.

He was notorious for giving to others and never expected anything in return. His character made it effortless to have him in your presence. Thedo had a heart of gold and always willing to help without hesitation. If you ever needed a helping hand his was available without the asking.

Flaunting his smile, he walked with confidence and pride. He always seemed to not have a worry in the world-always kept his head held to the sky. Whenever faced with adversity his favorite words were "**Gotta Mighty Damn**" and he kept it moving!

Thedo was a hard worker and an inspiration to many. He will be sadly missed by family, friends and neighbors. Although, we all love him and would rather have him here with us today-GOD knows best.

He met and married, Giovanni Mitchell.

He was predeceased by his brothers, Robert Mitchell, Jr., James Edward Mitchell, Glen Mitchell, Wayne Mitchell, and a sister, Dot Mitchell.

To forever cherish his memories are: his long-time companion, Susan Martinez; sons, Theodore "Teddie" Martinez, Stephen Mitchell, Denote Mitchell, Zackary and Ronnie Perry; stepsons, Anthony and Vincent Davis; daughters, Denise Martinez, Rachel McNeil and Tamara Tisder Nikol Albert, Laura Ann Applewhite, Priscilla Hudson and Ella Moody and Cheryl Lee; stepdaughter, Magnolia Davis, Vermell Davis, Sasha Wortham and Cassandra Wortham; brothers, Jerome and Matthew Mitchell; brothers, Thomas Lee Mitchell, Henry Mitchell and sister, Carolyn Mitchell; brother, Harold Mitchell; sisters, Doris Ann Mitchell and Betty Jean Mitchell; twenty-eight grandchildren; twenty-five great grandchildren; and a host of nieces, nephews, other relatives and friends.





Order of Service

Processional

Scripture Readings

Old Testament - Psalm 23

New Testament - John 3:16

Prayer of Comfort

Selection

Acknowledgements
and Reflections

Reflections of Life

Selection

Eulogy Rev. Kenneth Clayton
St. Luke Baptist Church • Paterson, NJ

Recessional

Interment

Fair Lawn Cemetery
Fair Lawn, New Jersey



Please don't say that I gave up, just that I gave in, don't say I lost the battle, for it was Gods war to lose or win: please don't say how good I was, but that I did my best; just say I tried to do what's right to give the most I could not less; please don't give me wings or halos, that's for God to do, I want no more than I deserve, no extras, just my due; please don't give me flowers, or talk in real hushed tones; don't be concerned about me now. I'm well with God, I've made it home; don't talk about what could have been, its over and it's done, just see to all my family's needs, especially the little ones; when you draw a picture of me; don't draw me as a saint. I've done some good, I've done some wrong so, use all your paint, not just the bright and light tones use some grey and dark; in fact, don't put me down on canvas. Paint me in your heart; don't just remember the good times, but remember all the bad; for life is full of many things some happy and some sad, but if you must do something then I have one small request, forgive me for the wrong I've done, and with the love that's left, thank God for my soul is resting now. Thank God for I've been blessed. Thank God for all who loved me, Praise God who loved me best.

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.*

Professional Services Provided By

CARNIE P. BRAGG FUNERAL HOMES, INC.

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