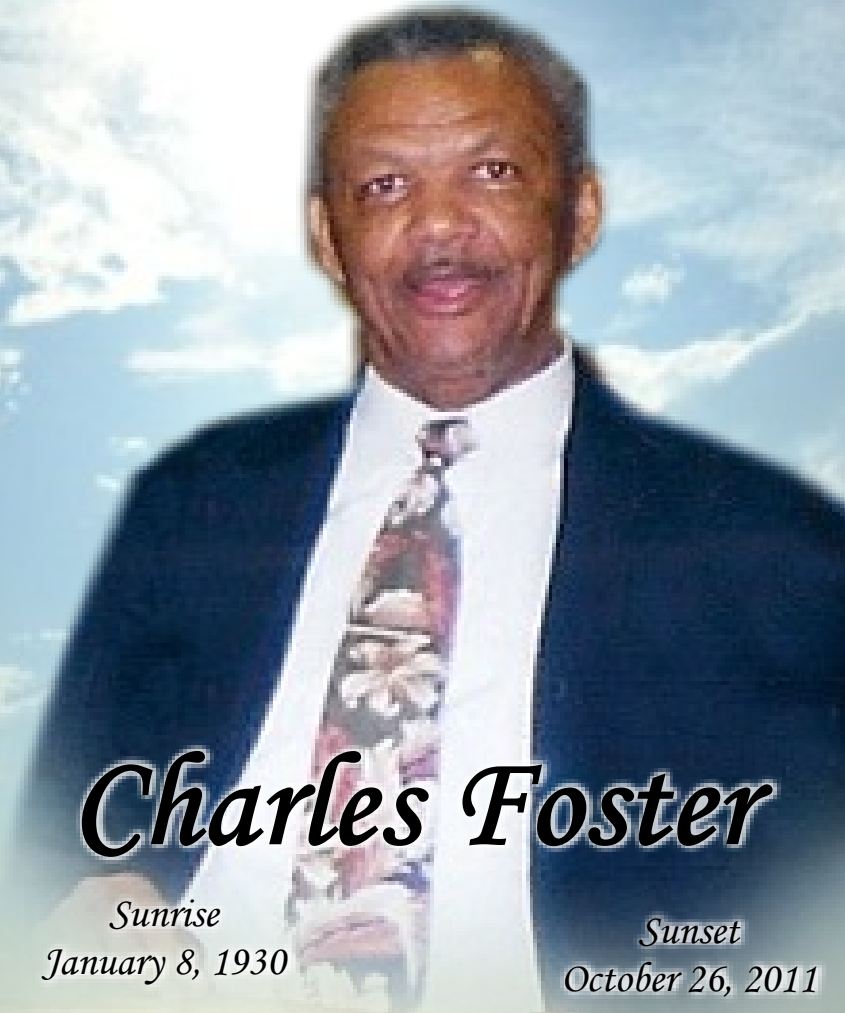


*In Loving Memory of*

A portrait of Charles Foster, a middle-aged man with short dark hair, wearing a dark suit jacket, a white dress shirt, and a patterned tie. He is smiling slightly and looking directly at the camera. The background is a soft-focus landscape with a blue sky and white clouds.

*Charles Foster*

*Sunrise*  
*January 8, 1930*

*Sunset*  
*October 26, 2011*

**Service**

Thursday, November 10, 2011 - 7:00 p.m.

**UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.**

2352 8th Avenue  
New York, New York 10027

## Obituary



**Charles Milford Foster** died peacefully on Wednesday, October 26, 2011, with the care and support of Sevorita Foster.

He was born on Wednesday, January 8, 1930, in the Parish of St. Elizabeth, Jamaica to parents, William and Catherine Foster.

As a young man, Charles left Jamaica and headed for London, England where he worked for Fords of Dagenham. He lived in England for a number of years where he settled and had a young family, children, Beverley, Doreen and Mark.

In the 1970's Charles furthered his career and qualified as a Natural Gas Engineer for British Gas.

In the eighties Charles set sail for a new life and adventure in America where he adopted as his home.

Charles had a wonderful personality, full of fun and laughter. Charles was liked and loved within his community where he is sadly missed.

Charles is survived by: his four children, Joanne, Beverley, Doreen and Mark; five grandchildren; and one great grandchild.

# *Order of Service*

Processional

Selection ..... “How Great Thou Art”

Scripture Readings

Old Testament

New Testament

Prayer

Selection ..... “Rock Of Ages”

Acknowledgements

& Remarks ..... (3 minutes please)

Obituary

Selection ..... Rev. Dr. Eric Turner

Eulogy

Committal

Viewing

Recessional

**Final Disposition**

Woodlawn Crematory

Bronx, New York

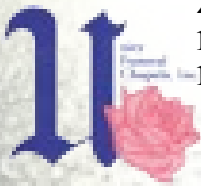
## Psalm 23

*The Lord is My Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me in the path of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies. Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.*



### *Acknowledgement*

The family wishes to express their deep appreciation and sincere thanks for your kindness during a time of sorrow.



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1018 Prospect Avenue • Bronx, NY • (718) 542-3833

*Clifford V. James, V.P. & Gen. Mgr.*

[www.unityfuneralchapels.com](http://www.unityfuneralchapels.com)

email: [unityfc@aol.com](mailto:unityfc@aol.com)

*"Your Loved Ones Deserve The Best - Unity"*

## 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!

*Refrain:*

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.

*Refrain:*

And when I think, that God, His Son not sparing;  
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in;  
That on the Cross, my burden gladly bearing,  
He bled and died to take away my sin!

*Refrain:*

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation,  
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!  
Then I shall bow, in humble adoration,  
And then proclaim: My God, how great Thou art!

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!

# Rock Of Ages Hymn

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure;  
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Could my tears forever flow,  
Could my zeal no languor know  
These for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save and Thou alone  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
And behold Thee on Thy throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee

