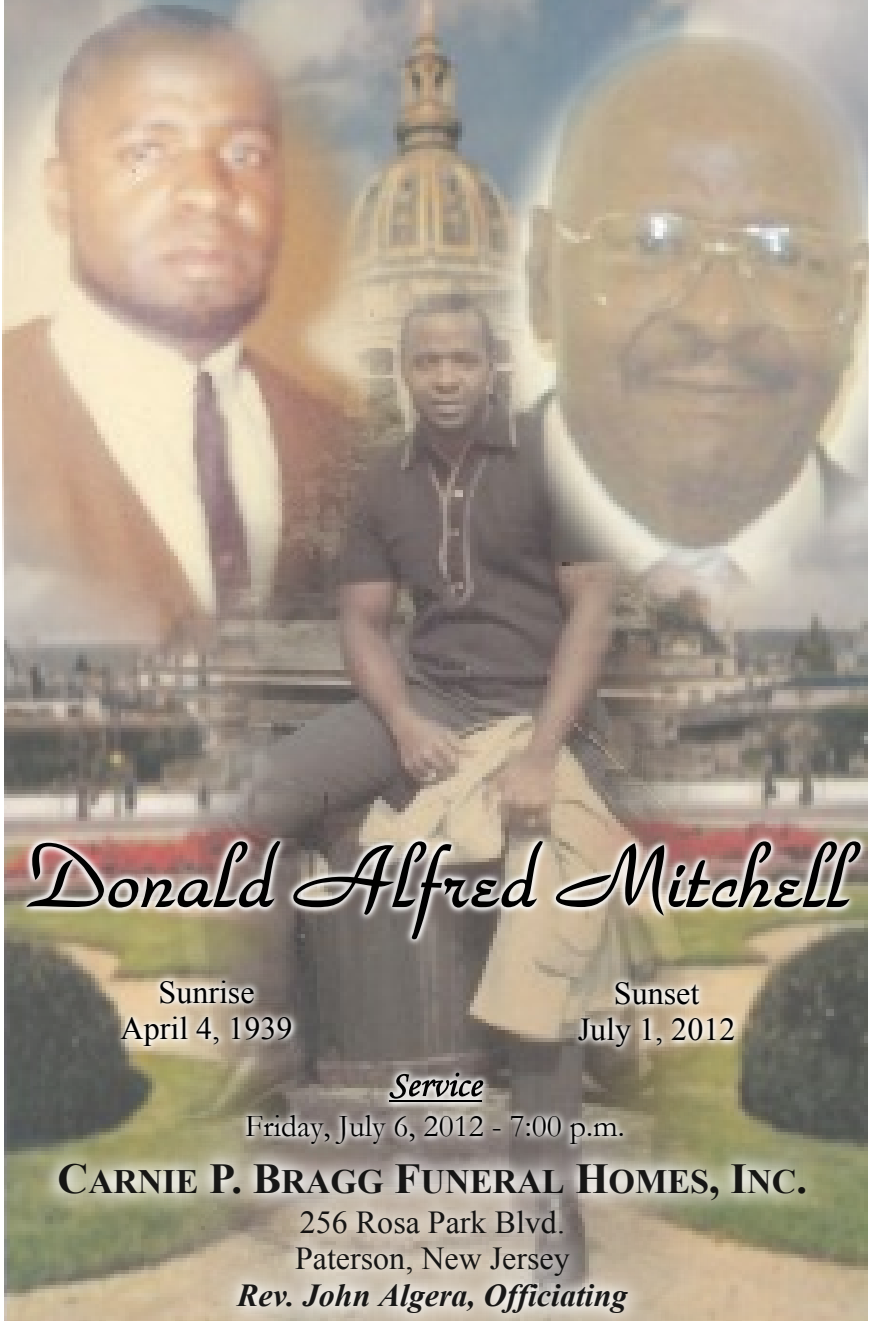


*Celebrating the Life of*



*Donald Alfred Mitchell*

Sunrise  
April 4, 1939

Sunset  
July 1, 2012

*Service*

Friday, July 6, 2012 - 7:00 p.m.

**CARNIE P. BRAGG FUNERAL HOMES, INC.**

256 Rosa Park Blvd.  
Paterson, New Jersey

*Rev. John Algera, Officiating*

## *Reflections of Life*

**Donald Alfred Mitchell**, better known as “Jitterbug”, was born April 4th, 1939 in Hackensack, NJ to the late Robert and Ida Mitchell. Donald remained a resident of Hackensack his whole life, attending elementary school in Bogota NJ, and high school in Hackensack, NJ. Donald worked as a Mailroom Manager at Rollins Hudig & Hall where he spent most of his career.

A very compassionate and caring person, he always tried to help others. Whatever you needed, if he had it, it was yours. Donald loved his sister Nancy, they had a very special bond that would weather any storm. He also loved his sister’s six children and would always help out after their father passed when they were very young. He would make sure that they had plenty of gifts on Christmas morning and new outfits for every holiday and at the start of the school year. He was also very accepting of the small gifts that his nieces and nephews would give back to him.

Donald brought humor wherever he went. You could always count on him for a good laugh; he made fun of everything and everyone. There was never a time he wasn’t “cracking” a joke or doing something funny. The kids looked forward to his visits, but this humor of his would drive his sister crazy.

Donald loved his music and dancing. He loved to listen to his old albums of Donna Washington, Ella Fitzgerald and Lena Horn, to name a few. When the Jitterbug dance came out Donald would jump at the opportunity to show off his dance skills to the point he was given the nicknamed “Jitterbug”. In his spare time Donald liked to sit with his sketch pad and draw.

Donald’s greatest passion was traveling. He loved seeing different parts of the world. His travels included The Netherlands, The Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico, London and Paris France.

On Sunday, July 1<sup>st</sup> 2012, Donald was called home to be with his Lord and Savior. He is predeceased by his father; Robert Mitchell, mother; Ida Mitchell, brother Ernest Knight, sister: Nancy Tate, and great nephew Jermaine Tate. Donald leaves to cherish his memories, nephews: William Tate and Bruce Tate, nieces: Diane Mitchell, Juanita McKinney, Etrulia Tate, and Vida Tate, great nephews: Amir McNair, Preston Tate, Zahir McNair, Esley Tate, great nieces: Dawn Mitchell, Adrianna Tate, Brianna Tate, Bianka Tate, Janelle McKinney and Isabella Tate and a great, great nephew Victavious Mitchell.

# *Order of Service*

Music Prelude

Processional .....The Family

Invocation .....Rev. Dr. John A. Algera

Scripture Readings .....Rev. Dr. John A. Algera

Old Testament - Psalm 103:1-11

New Testament - Romans 8:32-39

Solo .....“Amazing Grace” Linzie Tynes

Poem .....Vida Tate

Reflection of Life .....Bruce Tate

Eulogy .....Rev. Dr. John A. Algera

Madison Avenue Christian Reformed Church • Paterson, NJ

Benediction

Recessional

## **Interment**

Fairlawn Cemetery  
Fair Lawn, New Jersey

### **My Dearesr Family**

To my dearest family, some things I'd like to say,  
But first of all to let you know that I arrived okay.  
I'm writing this from Heaven, where I dwell with God above,  
Where there are no tears or sadness, there is just eternal Love.

Please do not be unhappy, just because I'm out of sight,  
Remember that I'm with you, every morning, noon and night.  
That day I had to leave you, when my life on earth was through,  
God picked me up and hugged me, and said, ' I welcome you'.

'It's good to have you back again.

You were missed while you were gone.

As for your dearest family, they'll be here later on.

I need you here so badly as part of my big plan.

There's so much that we have to do, to help our mortal man'.

Then God gave me a list of things he wished for me to do.  
And foremost on that list of mine, is to watch and care for you.

I will be beside you, every day of the week and year,  
And when you're sad I'm standing there, to wipe away the tear.

And when you lie in bed at night, the day's chores put to flight,  
God and I are closest to you in the middle of the night.

When you think of my life on Earth, and all those loving years,  
Because you're only human, there's bound to be some tears.

One thing is for certain, though my life on Earth is over,  
I am closer to you now than I ever was before.

And to my friends, trust God knows what is best.

I am not far away from you, I'm just beyond the crest.

There are rocky roads ahead for you and many hills to climb,  
Together we can do it, taking one day at a time.

It was my philosophy and please I'd like for you,

To give unto the world, so the world will give to you.

If you can help someone who's in sorrow or in pain,

Then you can say to God at night, my day was not in vain.

And now I am contented that my life it was worthwhile,  
Knowing as I passed along the way, I made somebody smile.

When you're walking down the street and I am on your mind,

I'm walking in your footsteps, only half a step behind.

And when you feel a gentle breeze of wind upon your face,  
That's me giving you a great big hug, or just a s oft embrace.

When it's time for you to go from that body to be free,  
Remember you are not going, you are coming home to me.

P.S. My sister (your Mom) and I are waiting for you with Jermaine, God sends his love.

### ***Acknowledgement***

The family acknowledges with deep appreciation all of the kindness, love and support that has been extended to them this time of bereavement. God Bless All.

**Professional Services Provided By**

**CARNIE P. BRAGG FUNERAL HOMES, INC.**

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