

*In Loving
Memory
of*



Charles Henry Jackson, Sr.

Sunrise
August 24, 1936

Sunset
September 25, 2012

Sunday, September 30, 2012 - 7:00 p.m.

ST. PAUL'S BAPTIST CHURCH

28 Aspen Place

Passaic, New Jersey 07055

Rev, Carey E, McCall III, Officiating

Obituary



Charles Henry Jackson, Sr. was born August 24, 1936 to Mr. Harry Jackson and Mable Mann Jackson in Passaic, NJ. “Chick Bone” as he was known to many as a very loving and caring man. Well respected and looked up to by countless people. He spent his life helping and creating opportunities not only for people in his community but throughout the city of Passaic and beyond. Always willing to lend a helping hand to anyone in need with no thoughts or intentions on being reimbursed.

There wasn't a place in the state of New Jersey where he stepped foot and wasn't greeted with open arms. So much that people all over addressed him as “Uncle Charlie”. Funny, kind hearted, friendly and most of all a family man. He left a very impactful impression on the city of Passaic and touched many lives.

He was preceded in death by his brothers, William, Ed, Elmer, Harry, Thomas, Walter, John, Louis and sisters, Mary, Violet, Isabella and Sarah.

Charles leaves to mourn: his wife, Lillie Sims Jackson; sons, Charles Henry Jackson, Jr., Ronald Jackson, Denise Jackson Coley (Isaac Coley), Violet Jackson and Teresa Jackson; brothers, Percy and Russell; along with eight grandchildren, ten great-grandchildren, and a host of cousins, relatives and friends. Charles is an extreme lost of one of Passaic's pioneers and he will truly be missed. May his legacy live on in our hearts forever. Rest in Paradise Charles Henry Jackson b.k.a “Uncle Charlie” a.k.a. “Chick Bone”.

Order of Service

Invocation

Congregational Hymn

Scripture Reading
Old Testament
New Testament

Prayer of Comfort

Hymn

Reflections of Life *Rhonda Mann*

Poem *Teresa Jackson*

Message of Encouragement *Rev. Carey E. McCall III*

Invitation of Christian Discipleship

Interment
St. Peter's Cemetery
Garfield, New Jersey



Miss You

I miss you in the morning, dear,
When all the world is new;
I know the day can bring no joy
Because it brings not you.
I miss the well-loved voice of you,
Your tender smile for me,
The charm of you, the joy of your
Unfailing sympathy.
The world is full of folks, its true,
But there was only one of you.
I miss you at the noontide, dear;
The crowded city street
Seems but a desert now, I walk
In solitude complete.
I miss your hand beside my own
The light touch of your hand,
The quick gleam in the eyes of you
So sure to understand.
The world is full of folks, it's true,
But there was only one of you.
I miss you in the evening, dear,
When daylight fades away;
I miss the sheltering arms of you
To rest me from the day,
I try to think I see you yet
There where the firelight gleams
Weary at last, I sleep and still
I miss you in my dreams.
The world is full of folks, it's true,
But there was only one of you.

-anonymous

Acknowledgements

*The family acknowledges with deep appreciation every thought
and act of kindness extended towards them during this time.*

May God bless you all.

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H o m e f o r F u n e r a l s

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