

To My Uncle

You are everything to me. When I was young, I watched your every move. I wanted to bless the people like you did. When the ice cream truck pulled up, you spoiled all the kids. When the building gave trips, you made sure you and your friends had ball. So as a young man, I did the same. I drove my car like you, I dressed like you. Now who do I have to immolate? You're no longer here. When I had problems you were there, when I wanted laughter you were there. Well, this is a lesson for us all. God has the first and last say in all matters. So, I guess it's Him who I look to immolate, for advice, for friendship. Why not, I learned today it is He who has carried me this far.



Your nephew,
Shaka

To My Grandmother:

Whose stature is so small, but stands tall. I wanted to thank you for allowing me to have the opportunity to meet your son, such a gentle man with a whole lot of charisma. What you instilled in him, he instilled in me. So your lessons will never die in vain. It is you who exhibits what a woman means to me. You and those like you have given definition of what mother, wife, grandmother and friend is. It is women who held the family together. See as I ponder today it's the woman who makes the man. Wilbert needed Gloria. Paul needed Omia and Nat needed Bobbie. But Aretha Franklin stood alone. Chaka Khan didn't need Rufus, and Tina sure didn't need Ike. So I tip my hat to you and the likes of women like you. As a man, I'm tired of us men being a silent partner in these relationships. So, today I will change the way I treat you and those like you who for so many years carried men. This may be a home going for my uncle, but for me it's a coming out celebration of my manhood.

Your Grandson,
Shaka

Appreciation and Acknowledgements

Perhaps you sent a lovely card or sat quietly in a chair.

Perhaps you sent a floral piece if so, we saw it there.

Perhaps you spoke the kindest words as any friend could say.

Perhaps you were not there at all just thought of us on that day.

Whatever you did to console our hearts, We Thank You, Whatever the part.

Professional Services Provided By

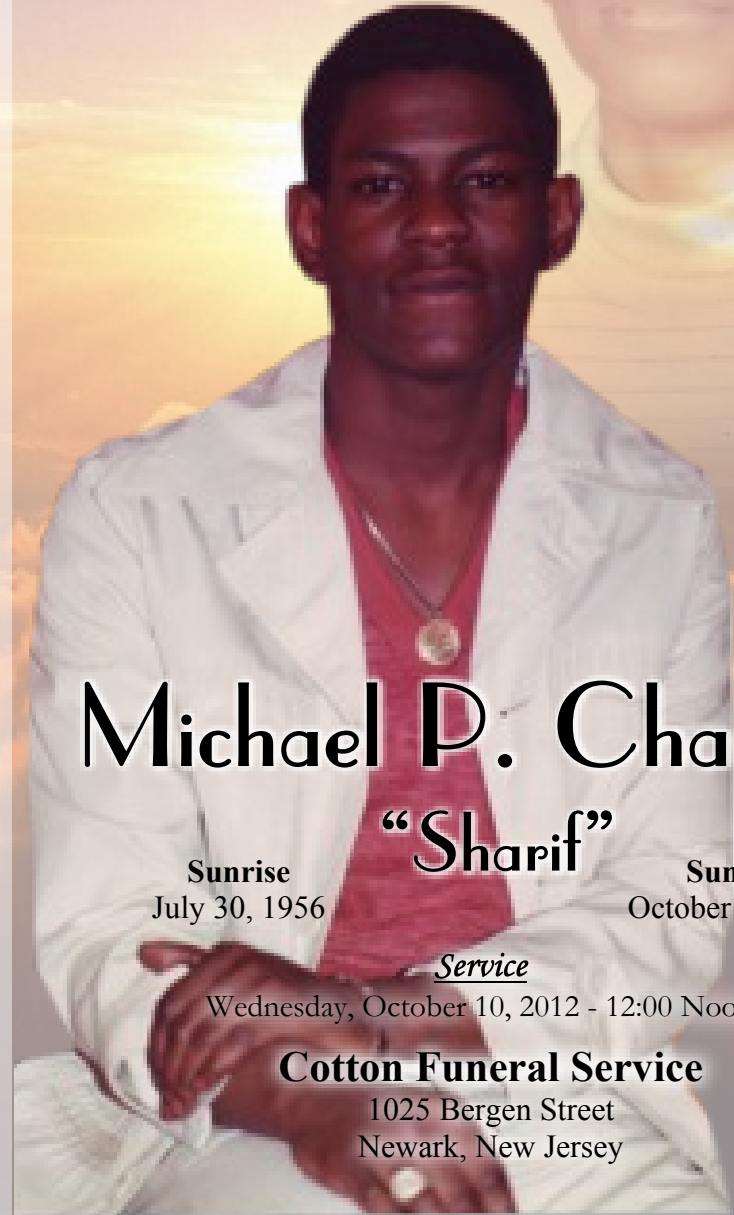
COTTON FUNERAL SERVICE
130 Main Street
Orange, NJ
973-675-6400

1025 Bergen Street
Newark, NJ
973-926-6400

COTTON-PARKER FUNERAL HOME
37 Clinton Avenue
Jersey City, NJ
201-433-1000



In Loving Memory of



Michael P. Chandler

“Sharif”

Sunrise
July 30, 1956

Sunset
October 2, 2012

Service

Wednesday, October 10, 2012 - 12:00 Noon

Cotton Funeral Service
1025 Bergen Street
Newark, New Jersey

Order of Service

Prelude

Processional
Clergy and Family

Call to Worship

Opening Hymn

Scripture Reading
Old Testament
New Testament

Acknowledgement

Remarks

Reading of the Obituary

Solo
Fartisha and Bathsheba

Eulogy
Rev. Gregory Bowens

Recessional

Interment

Fairmount Cemetery
Newark, New Jersey

*The family will be accepting relatives and friends at
301 Irvine Turner Boulevard immediately following burial.*

Obituary

Michael Chandler was born on July 30, 1956 to Wilbert Chandler (predeceased) and Gloria Allen-Chandler in Jersey City, New Jersey. Michael was the youngest of three children born to this union. Michael's early years were spent in Jersey City where he attended All Saint Catholic School. He was also baptized at that church. In 1971, his parents relocated to the Newark's south ward. There he went on to attend Weequahic High School.

Michael held several positions during his life. He briefly worked at the United States Post Office in Kearny, New Jersey. Later he went on to work for Father and Son Moving Company. In 2005, he received a Certificate of Completion for a course he took in Building Maintenance and Light Construction. This took him to the last position he held as a landscaper. In his younger years, Michael loved to stay dressed. His wardrobe consisted of various designs and colors of socks and shoes with the suits to go with them. He stayed "clean" from his head to his toes.

Michael was a people person. He loved people and was full of fun. He was always on the go and always had to be doing something. One of the things he loved to do was to babysit and cook pancakes for his great nieces and nephews. He loved to be at a party, but he didn't have to be at a party to listen to his favorite group, "The Whispers."

Michael departed this earth on October 2, 2012. Michael was predeceased by his father, Wilbert Chandler and his brother, Gregory Chandler aka Imam Shahid Muhammad. He leaves to mourn: his son, Kawan Shariah; his mother, Gloria Chandler; sister, Denise (Saddiyah Muhammad) Chandler; nephews, Gregory Bowens, Latif Jones and Aquil Lewis; his aunts, Doris McDonald, Mary Leach, Diane Karriem and Andrea Verdier; his uncle, William "Bill" Verdier. He was a special uncle to Shaka and Sharif Karriem and special brother to Kareemah Johnson, Denise Mercer, Brenda Reid and Khalib, as well as a host of other relatives and friends.

"Word To The Wise"

We come before the Creator with humble hearts asking Him to guide us on the straight path. The path of those whom Thou has bestowed favor.

The favor comes by knowing that we may mourn now, but with faith and by His mercy that joy comes in the morning.

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