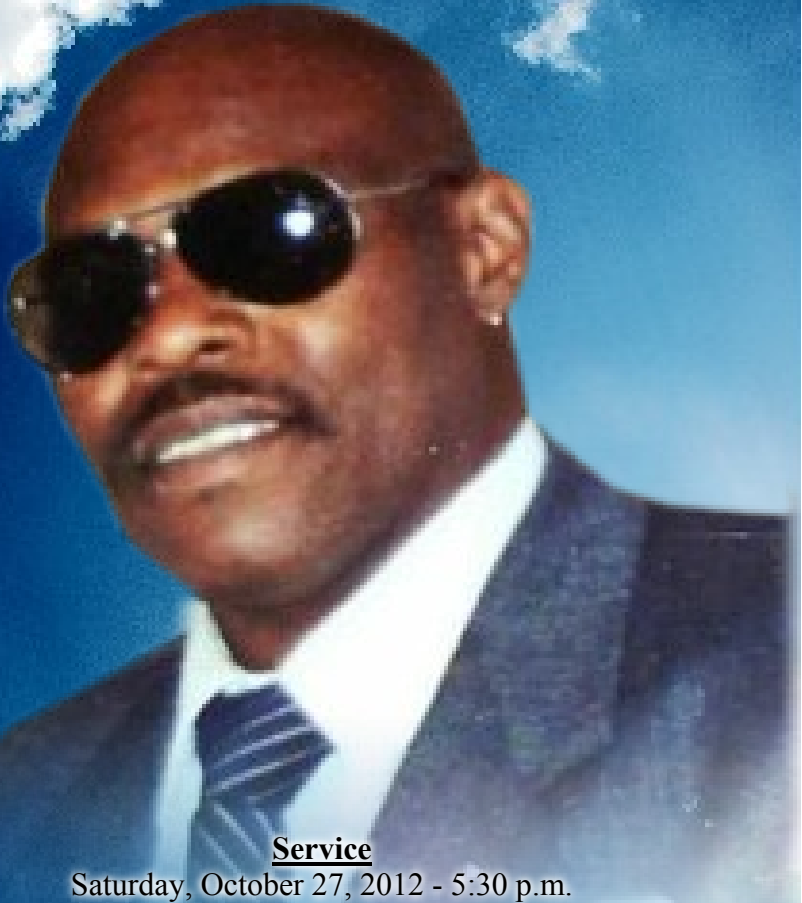


In Loving Memory of
Booker T. Partlow Jr.

Sunrise
February 9, 1941

Sunset
October 20, 2012



Service

Saturday, October 27, 2012 - 5:30 p.m.

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

Apostle Dr. Mary Tate, Officiating

Rev. David Jenkins, Organist

Obituary

Booker T. Partlow, affectionately known as B.T. Partlow Jr. and Mr. B.T., was born to the late B.T. Partlow, Sr. and Bertha Louise Tate Partlow in Gastonia, North Carolina on February 9, 1941. He was the eldest of four siblings, attended Highland High School and graduated from there in 1958.

After high school, B.T. decided to follow his uncles and move north to New York City. But after he was there for a short time he returned to Gastonia, NC to bring his soon-to-be wife, Virginia Moses to New York. They united in matrimony on July 13, 1961 and remained happily married for fifty-two years until his passing. From that union, they were blessed with four children; Bridgette, Deidre, Tatia and Sean. Shortly after their eldest child was born they moved to the Lincoln Houses in Harlem, NY.

B.T. was a diligent and very hard worker and was employed as a tractor trailer driver for many years. He also worked in New York City's world famous garment district until he was hired at the prestigious Dalton School on Manhattan's Upper East Side. He worked there for twenty-five years until his retirement.

B.T. was a very outgoing and social person who loved to party. His hobby of choice was playing cards and he also loved a good poker game. His drink of choice was Absolut Vodka. In 1981, Mr. B.T. was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis, but he never let the disease stop him from going places, and doing the things he loved to do. B.T. loved to talk and had a natural knack for conversation. He had a lot of knowledge that he enjoyed sharing and to him no one was a stranger.

B.T. fancied himself as a comedian and was also an avid dog lover. Even though his wife always told him not to bring any dogs home, he did anyway. This compassion showed his concern for others even extending to animals. He loved his shades and his hats...oh and don't forget his sweets. People young and old loved and had much respect and admiration for Mr. B.T. He was looked up to in his community as a "leader," always had a listening ear and could be counted on in the time of crisis to be everyone's moral support. He was our strength and our hero.

Unexpectedly, on October 19th he started his transition to a higher power, which he succumbed to on October 20, 2012.

B.T. was preceded in death by his parents and his sister and leaves to mourn, his wife of fifty-two years; Thelma Virginia Partlow; his children, Tony Lamar (Doris), Malcolm Derrell (Cynthia), Bridgette Michele (Ernesto), Deidre Cherise (Maverick), Tatia Loring (Richard), and Sean Dana (Iveena); brothers, James Richard (Faye) and Thomas (Loretta).

B.T. also had a host of extended children, Sheila Reese and Kevin Little who will never be forgotten; grandchildren, Austin, Keosha, Kian, Deidre, Brittni, Dashawn, Tiffany, Sean Jr., Ernesto Jr., Quanishia, LaDonna, Richard Jr., VeShawn, VeShea; and a host of nieces and nephews. He was also fortunate to have great grandchildren in his life. And finally, he leaves to mourn his beloved dog, JLo.

The Partlow household will never be the same, but in our father's humor and quick wit, he would surely say "That's on ya'll and you can make your mouth say anything." Mr. B.T. embodied the unique qualities of respect and decency rarely found today. If young and old would emulate his attributes the world may become a better place. And with that being said, Mr. B.T. will truly be a missed treasure.

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Lillian Gaylord

Obituary

Keosha Maynard/Sheila Reese

Selection

Eulogy

Apostle Dr. Mary Tate

Committal

Viewing

Recessional

Interment

Rosehill Cemetery
Gastonia, North Carolina



A Poem For Dad

*You can shed tears that he is gone,
Or you can smile because he lived,*

*You can close your eyes and pray that he will come back,
Or you can open your eyes and see all that he has left.*

Your heart can be empty because you can't see him

Or you can be full of the love that you shared,

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday,

Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday

You can remember him and only that he is gone

Or you can cherish his memory and let it live on,

You can cry and close your mind be empty and turn your back,

Or you can do what he would want: smile open your eyes,

Love and go on.

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.

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