

In Loving
Memory
of

Sunrise
June 23, 1944

Sunset
October 16, 2012

Curtis
Dandridge,
Jr.

Service

Saturday, October 27, 2012 - 12:00 Noon

UNION BAPTIST CHURCH

31 Conger Street

Bloomfield, New Jersey

Pastor John J. Thomason, Pastor

Minister Gloria Alderman, Officiating

Obituary

Curtis E. Dandridge, Jr. was born on June 23, 1944 in Richmond, Virginia to the late Curtis E. and Doris Dandridge (nee Yelverton).

Curtis graduated Armstrong High School, Richmond, VA., class of 1961 and Howard University Engineering School, Washington, D.C. class of 1965. He retired six years ago from Raytheon Company after forty-two years of service. His most recent position was project manager on The U.S. BMEWS Program (Ballistic Missile Early Warning System). Curtis served his country as a civilian in the Marshall Islands, Shemya and Clear, Alaska, Thule, Greenland, California and his final site in Birmingham, England.

Curtis enjoyed spending time with his sister, Linda Dandridge-Toler (David) of Montclair and his brother, Ronald B. Dandridge of West Orange. Linda has one son, David Dandridge.

Curtis had special love for his cousin, Greta Shepherd, and her brother, Randolph Dandridge of Washington, D.C. and Greta's daughter, Michelle Murchison and her son, Philip. Many enjoyable dinners were prepared by them and enjoyed in their home in West Orange.

In 1985, he was introduced to JoAnne Eason (nee Hamilton) by his good friend, Clinton Taylor. They would begin a lifelong love and friendship and marry on September 14, 1991. Stepfather to her daughter, Natalie Mikki Heard-Hackett, he would become known as "Big Daddy" after the birth of Megan Hackett. He was very proud to realize that Megan would grow to want to be as smart as he was. Megan enjoyed reading to Big Daddy during her hospital visits. In 1996, he welcomed a Yorkie, who would be called Chauncy, into his home and heart.

Since the age of twelve he would begin a friendship with Theron N. Whitaker which would last fifty-six years. When called, Theron never hesitated to drop what he was doing to come to New Jersey to be by his friend's side. After retirement, Curt and Theron often spent time hunting alligator, wild boar, black bear, pheasant and wild turkey. To see them in their camouflage you would hardly notice the graying hair. During Curt's last days, Theron spent hours praying with him and helping him get ready for his next adventure. JoAnne always knew that next to Theron... Curt loved her best and she didn't mind. Whether it was riding horses or jet skis, snorkeling, parasailing fishing or hunting, Theron's wife Bonnie and JoAnne never tired of seeing them together. Known to their hunting buddies as Theronimo and the Red Bear-on, there are those who will share stories until we are all too old to hear them. Thank you Theron... Thank You... Thank You.

As a small boy, Curt always strived to be the smartest in his class. He succeeded in that goal all through high school at Armstrong and college at Howard, completing a five year Engineering degree in four years, graduating at the top of his class. It was at Howard where Raytheon recruited him to work in designing and maintaining systems that would keep America safe. A quiet man, Curt never spoke of what he did but often told stories of the wonderful people he worked with. The family will always be grateful for such wonderful work friends like John Zucker, McGregor, Sunil, Dave, Dick Barter, Hawkeye, Mike Flores, Darryl and too many others to include here. A warm, fun loving group who enjoyed out pranking Curt. When I sent Curt to Alaska wearing a fur jacket... the guys met him with a sign which read "The Gay men's coalition welcomes our leader". Invited to dinner by the gang who lovingly called themselves "Trailer Thrash"... we were served hors oeuvres in a frying pan and drinks in tin cans. Curt was known to look for an adventure whether it was chartering a plane in Greenland to venture out to some remote Eskimo Village (I was frightened to hear that they all had to get out to turn the plane around so that they could leave using the same tracks that they landed in). His co-worker John Zucker wrote the other day to tell a story that after Curt saw him playing an accordion he returned from Australia with an eight inch stuffed frog playing the accordion. As his wife, I was blessed with the "Moose Poop" earrings. There was no mountain that Curt wouldn't climb or exotic food that he wouldn't eat. Last year he realized his dream of traveling to Italy to visit the area that his dad had been stationed during the war. All that I could say was that "your dad was stationed in a corn field?" Nope, an air force base had once occupied the area. When we agreed to get tattooed in Tahiti, Curt's washed off, but mine still exists. He fussed when I caused us to miss the boat in Egypt while buying the God Horus. We were forced to try to get to the boat's next stop by buckboard. Curt laughed to tell the story about his sled dog ride in Alaska. No one had ever told him of what would happen when one of the dogs had to go to the bathroom. While living in Whitby, England, the home of Dracula, Curt lured me there telling of the beach within walking distance and the slot machines. Well, lying on rocks at the bottom of a cliff (the moors) and a kiddie arcade is nobody's dream of sunning and gambling. Unlike me, Curt only saw the good in everything that he did and everyone that he met. Of Russia, people would ask if we had been on the same trip, I complained of starving while Curt dined on Champagne and black bread. For all of you who knew Curt, he could often be heard saying "JoAnne...how did I let you talk me into this". I wish that I could have talked him into staying so that I didn't have to write this.

Many good times were shared with the Boy's Are Back, the Harmony Gang who were brave enough to eat Curt's alligator, and the Super Bowl gang who journeyed to Cotton's home in Barbados every year to watch the game. I will forever remember seeing the extra suitcases that we each carried dripping blood coming off the runway as the smuggled in meat melted in the sun.

Curtis, 68, of South Orange, formerly of Montclair and Richmond, VA. passed away Tuesday, October 16, 2012 after an eleven year bout with kidney cancer.

Curtis is survived by: his loving wife, JoAnne Eason-Dandridge; one son, Curtis E. "Little Curt" Dandridge, III; one daughter, Tracy Dandridge; one stepdaughter, Natalie Heard-Hackett; one brother, Ronald B. Dandridge, West Orange; one sister, Linda Toler-Dandridge (David), Montclair; four grandchildren, Tiffany Nicole Rutherford, Darren Ahmeed Ramsey, David Rutherford and Megan A. Hackett; one nephew, David Dandridge; brothers-in-law, John J. Hamilton and Clarence W. Hamilton; sisters-in-law, Denise Hamilton and Gloria Alderman; his lifelong friend, Theron Whitaker of Baltimore; and a host of other relatives and friends.

He was preceded in death by his parents and his first wife, the former Susann "Jeep" Dandridge (nee McClain) of Montclair.

Order of Service

Processional Organ Prelude

Written Word of Assurance Minister Gloria Alderman

Prayer of Comfort Rev. John J. Thomason

Hymn of Consolation

Scripture Readings
Old Testament Rev. John J. Thomason
New Testament Min. Gloria Alderman

Solo Denise Hamilton

Reflections & Remarks (2 Mins.) Family & Friends

Reading of the Obituary

Solo Denise Hamilton

Eulogy Rev. John J. Thomason

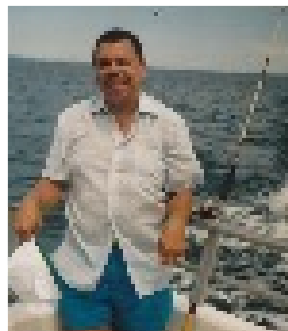
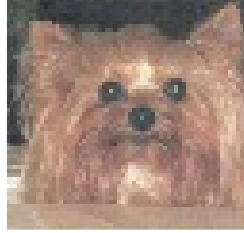
Final Viewing Cotton Funeral Service Staff

Benediction Rev. John J. Thomason

Recessional Organ Postlude

Cremation
Rosedale Crematory
Orange, New Jersey









The Master Called

*I'm sorry I had to leave you.
My loved ones, oh so dear.
But you see, the Master called me,
His voice was very clear!
I had made my reservation
A heaven bound ticket for one,
And I knew that He would call me
When He felt my work was done.
I know that your hearts are heavy
Because I have gone away,
But when the Master called me,
I knew that I could not stay.
Yes, I'm sorry I had to leave you
My loved ones, oh so dear,
But, you see, the Master called me
And, now I'm resting here.
Yes, I've crossed on over to glory
And to you all I say
Just stay in the hands of Jesus
And we'll meet again someday.*

-Author unknown

Acknowledgement

*The family of the late **Curtis Dandridge** wishes to acknowledge with deep appreciation the many expressions of love, concern and kindness shown to their family during this hour of bereavement. May God Bless and Keep You!*

Special Thanks to:

*Dr. Michael Scoppetuolo, M.D. Cancer Center of Saint Barnabas
Dr. Otakar Hubschmann, M.D. Neurological Surgery
Dr. Raquel Wagman, M.D. Dept. Of Radiation Oncology
Dr. Shamji K. Shah, M.D. Specialist in Thoracic Surgery
Dr. Smita Shah, M.D. Comprehensive Care
Theron and Bonnie Whitaker, Baltimore, MD
Armstrong Class of '61
Junius Williams, Newark, NJ
The Hamilton Family*

Professional Services Provided By

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