



*In Loving
Memory
of
Philip
M.
Francis
Esq.*

*Sunrise
December 11, 1947*

*Sunset
April 4, 2013*

*Service
Thursday, April 11, 2013 - 11:00 A.M.*

St. Augustine Presbyterian Church

838 East 165th Street
Bronx, New York 10459

*Reverend James B. Logan, Jr., Officiating
Prof. Tyrone Patrick, Organist*

Reflections of Life

Philip Mountbatten Francis (Phil) was introduced to the world in the old capital of Jamaica, Spanish Town, in the parish of St. Catherine on December 11, 1947 – the second of three children born to Josiah and Vivia Francis. Following the premature death of his father, Vivia migrated to America in order to support her family leaving Phil in the care of Gah, his grandmother – of whom he spoke often and lovingly throughout his life. He attended St. Jago High School where he excelled in track and soccer, and shortly after graduation he migrated to join his mother – with whom he retained the deepest bond, unbroken by time or separation.

Phil's draft notice came soon after arriving in America and he chose to join the US Marine Corps – an association of which he remained very proud throughout his life, but also one colored by painful memories of racism on and off the battle field. The war in Vietnam was for Phil - as for a generation of Americans, a life-defining event. So much so that in recent years as he confronted the uncertainties of his declining health he often said it felt like he was back in Vietnam picking his way through deadly minefields. Suddenly confronted with the great questions of life and death, of identity and purpose, Phil quickly developed a radical view of the war: especially the irony of being a black man fighting on behalf of a country where he was only nominally free, against an enemy who'd never done him harm. His military awards include the National Defense Service Medal, Vietnam Service Medal, and the Vietnam Cross of Gallantry.

Phil believes that Gah's spirit protected and kept him safe throughout his tour of duty. He returned to the US outwardly preserved but as many of his doctors later conceded, he had in fact fallen victim to the chemical and biological agents used against the Vietnamese during the war. But in 1974 when he was Honorably Discharged from the Marine Corps these struggles were yet far into the future. With a life-long dream of becoming a lawyer and starting a family, for the next twenty-thirty years his life would be filled with work and study and the normal routines associated with trying to make it in the great metropolis of New York City. Phil's hard work and persistence eventually earned him a Juris Doctor degree from Howard University Law School and he subsequently built a career practicing family law.

Phil was passionate about his family; to the very end he loved and fretted about his children – including Debbie who predeceased him. He was a passionate debater and found it near impossible to resist a political argument. Above all he had an outrageous enthusiasm for life, and was consequently possessed of a boundless sense of Hope and Optimism. It was this quality, in addition to his soldier-like discipline that carried him – with never a complaint, through his long days and nights of travail; that, and the love and devotion of the woman who shared his life, as well as the support of his children, family, and friends.

He is remembered with great fondness by his wife: Pauline; children: Tene, Ramesh, Akiba, Daru, Sonia, Philip, Marcia; siblings: Kenneth, Corine, Christine; an extended family that includes nieces, nephews and several grand children.

Order of Service

Organ Prelude Professor Tyrone Patrick

Processional

Selection “Precious Lord”

Scripture Readings

Old Testament - Psalm 23

New Testament - John 14

Invocation Rev. James B. Logan, Jr.

Acknowledgments/Remarks(2 mins. Each please)

Obituary

Selection “Amazing Grace”

EulogyRev. James B. Logan, Jr.

Committal/Benediction

Final Viewing

Recessional “When We All Get To Heaven”

Interment

Kensico Cemetery

Valhalla, New York

(please turn on headlights and hazards for cemetery procession.)



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 wishes to thank each and everyone for their many acts of kindness shown at this time of sorrow. May God forever bless and keep you all.

Funeral Arrangements Entrusted to:

NEWKIRK FUNERAL HOME, INC.

210 West 145th Street • New York, NY 10039 • (917) 312-3984