

Reflections of Life

Hubert H. Singley was born on July 31, 1960 in Mohlenburg Hospital Rainfield, NJ to Anita Singley and the late Ernest V. Singley Sr.

Hubert graduated from J.P. Stevens High school in Edison, NJ in 1978, he played on the Hawks Football Team. From there he went to Glassboro State College. Hubert went to Edison Township Water Company in 1986, from there he was transferred to Elizabeth Water, later sold to New Jersey American Water. He received a reward from NJ American Water for fifteen years of faithful service.

Hubert received the Lord as his personal Savior at Christian Gospel Fellowship in Plainfield, NJ. From there he moved his membership to Faith Fellowship Ministries in Sayerville, NJ. Hubert also worked with the Share Program at North Stelton A.M.E. Church Piscataway. Hubert's hobbies were football, basketball, and baseball where he played with the Tip Top Tigers. He was also a awesome breakfast cook and he enjoyed watching Sunday Best.

Hubert got married to the love of his life Veronica Burke, who Hubert often called "Momma". From this union they had two children, Quana Ann, and Hubert the II.

Those left to cherish his memories is: his wife, Veronica; his daughter, Quana Ann; his son, Hubert II; his mother, Anita Singley; his brothers, Ernest V. Singley Jr. (Doretha) Fayetteville, NC, Willie P. Singley (Sharon) Plainfield, NJ, Clarence S. Singley of Plainfield, NJ; sisters, Pastor Anita c. Benbow, Atlantic City, NJ and Gaila Johnstone of Scotch Plains, NJ; as well as aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews, cousins and a host of friends.



Order of Service

Opening Hymn #1" "Holy, Holy, Holy" Scripture Old Testament - Amos 3:1-7 New Testament - Ephesians 6:1-4 Prayer of Comfort Reflections/Words Pastor Anita Benbow (Sister) Ernest Singley (Brother) Please keep expressions to 2 minutes Poem/Acknowledgements/ Obituary Sis. Carolyn Jones Hymn #411 "Lift Him Up" Benediction Recessional Hymn #429 "When We All Get To Heaven"

Pallbearers

Willie Singley Robert Jones, Chris Jones Louie Jones

Gilbert Sharpe Roland Harsgrove

Daddy

By Quana Singley © 2013

You raised me like a father should, knowing it wasn't a piece of cake. "The world doesn't stop for you" became my motto as well as "life gives and takes".

Our talks would go on for hours ut time went by so fast.

We talked about pretty much everything, from future plans to the past.

The park was our hangout spot when I was a little child.

Pushing me on the swings, we'd stay for quite a while.

Whenever I got a cut or even a little bruise,

You'd sing to me and bandage it so I would no longer be blue.

As I grew older, it was hard to let me go,

But you did it gracefully so I would live life and grow

Arguments and disagreements went as soon as they came.

We realized our time fighting was in vain.

I will miss the park roll sandwiches you knew I liked them in the morning Calling and telling "Quona your breakfast is ready", I'd come storming.

Your PB and J sandwiches would be waiting by your bed.

I knew you liked it when I made them. They kept you well fed.

Things continued to go well until I heard the news,

That you were in the hospital. It set off my fuse.

Holding back the tears praying you'd win the fight

I yearned for you to live to continue your life.

The day you passed my heart just stopped.

I just wanted someone... anyone, to turn back to clock.

Then I realized that God just called you Home.

So you wouldn't have to suffer and would leave these worldly problems alone.

I will miss you daddy, for everything you've done.

The fight, the battle you've won.

<u>Acknowledgement</u>

The family of **Hubert H. Singley** would like to thank each and everyone of you for all you acts of kindness and all the love you have shown during this period of bereavement. We express to you our most sincere gratitude. May God bless you all.

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