

In Loving Memory of

A black and white portrait of a young man with short, dark hair, looking directly at the camera. The portrait is set against a background of a bright blue sky with white clouds. The name "Tyrone Harris" is written in a large, white, cursive font across the bottom of the portrait.

Tyrone Harris

Sunrise
June 8, 1964

Sunset
September 12, 2013

Service

Tuesday, September 17, 2013 - 12:00 Noon

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

Obituary

Tyrone Harris, son of Wilkie Harris and the late Clifton Barnes was born June 8, 1964 in Kinston, North Carolina.

His early years were spent in North Carolina, where he was raised by his great grandfather and grandmother, Donnum Harris and Maggie Harris. He attended New Bold Elementary School. He relocated to New York City and completed Junior High School at Edward W. Stitt, he participated in band, glee club, and track. He graduated with high honors and was awarded a full scholarship to attend Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts, and also attended UCLA. His adult life was spent in New York City assisting his mother and enjoying life.

He leaves to mourn: his mother, Wilkie Harris; grandmother, Sylvia B. Ellis; a sister, Theresa Harris; two brothers, Terry M. Harris and Thomas Harris; an aunt, Jerline Kale; two uncles, Albert Harris and Jesse Harris; and a host of great aunts, uncles and cousins throughout the country who dearly miss him and cherish the memories that remain.

Earth holds no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Readings

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

Committal

Viewing

Recessional

Final Disposition

Oxford Hills Crematory
Chester, New York

When I Must Leave You

*When I must leave you for a little while
Please do not grieve and shed wild tears
And hug your sorrow to you through the years
But start out bravely with a gallant smile
And for my sake and in my name
Live on and do all things the same
Feed not your loneliness on empty days
But fill each waking hour in useful ways
Reach out your hand in comfort and in cheer
And I in turn will comfort you
And hold you near
And never, never be afraid to die
For I am waiting for you in the sky!*

-Helen Steiner Rice

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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