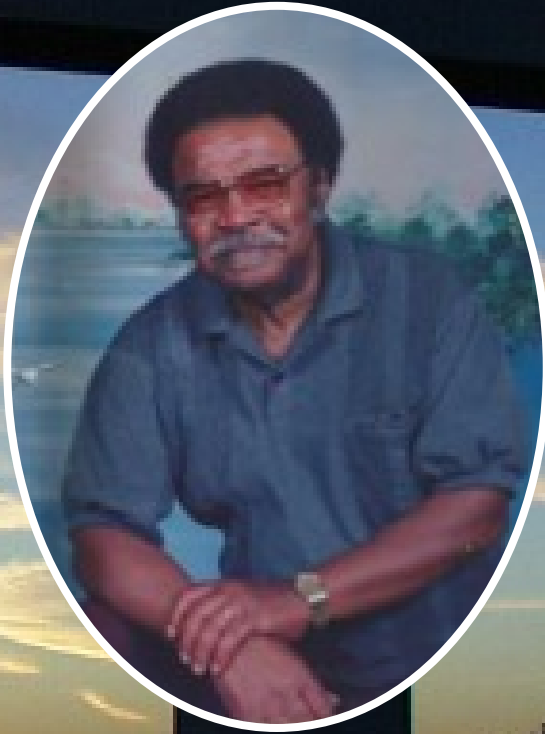


In Loving Memory of

James Frederick Jordan

Sunrise
September 18, 1932

Sunset
October 27, 2015



Wednesday, November 3, 2015 - 11:00 a.m.

CARNIE P. BRAGG FUNERAL HOME

256 Rosa Parks Blvd.

Paterson, New Jersey

Elder James Robinson, Officiating

Reflections of Life

*“I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course,
I have kept the faith.” II Timothy 4:7*

James Frederick Jordan was born to the late Claudia Mae Jordan on September 18, 1932 in Jacksonville, Florida. He relocated to Paterson, New Jersey at an early age and remained there until God called him home on October 27, 2015.

James was educated in the Paterson School System. He had various jobs throughout his life including Spotless Cleaners and Home Depot. He worked at Home Depot for over fifteen years before his retirement. James enjoyed traveling and spending time with his family and friends, especially long time brother/friend, Robert “Wade” Miller.

James was preceded in death by his mother and father, his wife, Ruth Butler Jordan; his daughters, Diane Williams and Janice L. Butler; his son, Todd Butler and grandson, Jacoby Butler.

James leaves to cherish his memory and legacy: his daughters, Mary Ann Porcha (Paul) and Wanda Blackwell; his sons, Eric Butler (Diane), Lynwood Butler and Dwayne Butler (Cynthia) all of Paterson, NJ; one sister-in-law, Mary Francis Thomas-Carter; a special friend, Monica Barr; his grandchildren, Sabrina Williams-Tisdol, Maurice Williams, Rochelle Butler, Roberta Williams, Iyeshia Porcha, Sikida Cockburn, Daquan Blackwell, Erica Butler, Natavia Butler and Dwayne Butler Jr; twenty-two great-grandchildren; along with a host of family and friends.

Order of Service

Prelude

Processional

Selection

Scripture Reading
Old Testament
New Testament

Prayer of Comfort

Selection

Acknowledgements & Remarks

Reflections of Life

Selection

Eulogy
Elder James Robinson
Integrity Dove Ministries

Recessional

Interment

Fairlawn Memorial Cemetery
Fair Lawn, New Jersey

Miss Me But Let Me Go

**When I come to the end of the road,
And the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in gloom-filled rooms,
Why cry for a soul set free?
Miss me a little--but not too long,
And not with your head bowed low;
Remember the love that we once shared
Miss me--but let me go.
For this is a journey that we all must take,
And each must go alone.
It's all a part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick at heart,
Go to the friends we know,
And busy your sorrows in doing good deeds.
Miss me - but let me go.**

Acknowledgement

The family of the late **James Frederick Jordan** 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!

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