In Loving Memory of **Eric Joachim Guillaume**

Sunrise November 16, 1940

Sunset November 28, 2015

Friday, December 4, 2015 - 11:00 a.m.

PHILEMON MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH 246 Sheppard Avenue • Newark, New Jersey

Rev. Edward Allen, Officiating Emory Lee, Organist

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Readings Old Testament New Testament

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Tribute

Remarks

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy Rev. Edward Allen

Recessional

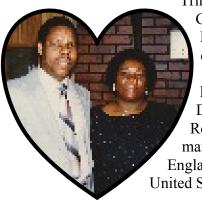
INTERMENT

Graceland Memorial Park Kenilworth, New Jersey

<u>Obituary</u>

At the rising of the sun and at its going down, We remember him. At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of Winter, We remember him At the opening of buds and in the rebirth of Spring, We remember him. At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of Summer, We remember him.

Today we remember the life of **Eric Guillaume** a very hard working man, a husband, a brother, an uncle, a friend and a man of conviction. Eric Guillaume was born on November 16th 1940 in



Trinidad to his loving parents Phillip Guillaume and Catherine Guillaume. He was the oldest brother of eleven children.

He grew up in Café Crochu St. David's and attended the Crochu Roman Catholic School. He met and married his loving wife Gladys in England after which he moved to the United States with her and her son Steve.

He attended the Lincoln Technical Institute and received his certification in February of 1971, he also attended the American Motor Sales institute and received an AMC Jeep certification in May of 1975, and a certificate of achievement was awarded to him in 1984 by the Sun Electrical Corporation. Many of you know him as an accomplished, skilled neighborhood mechanic and friend. He was a man that did not suffer fools and was known to tell you to shut up if he did not agree with you.

Eric is survived by seven brothers and sisters; Maurice Guillaume, Rusty Guillaume, Dennis Guillaume, David Cyprian Guillaume, Leroy Hypolite, Daphne Fortune, and Glenda Samuel. He is also survived by a score of nieces and nephews, family and friends that will miss him.

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 a gloom filled room, 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 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. Laugh at the things we use to do Miss me-but let me go.

-author unknown

Acknowledgement

Perhaps you sent a lovely card or sat quietly in a chair. Perhaps you sent a floral piece If so, we saw it there. Perhaps you spoke the kindest words as any friend could say. Perhaps you were not there at all just thought of us on that day. Whatever you did to console our hearts, We Thank You, Whatever the part.

Professional Services Provided By

COTTON FUNERAL SERVICE130 Main Street1025 Bergen StreetOrange, NJNewark, NJ973-675-6400973-926-6400

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