

In Loving Memory
of
Philip McDonald Amsterdam

Sunrise

September 3, 1966

Sunset

December 18, 2015



Saturday, December 26, 2015 - 12:00 Noon

ST. JOHN'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH
94 Ridge Street • Orange, New Jersey 07050

Rev. Peter West, Officiating
Domecq Smith, Organist

Order of Service

Processional Hymn:
"How Great Thou Art"

First Reading: Wisdom 4:7-15
– Raymond Norville Jr. Nephew

Responsorial Psalm: Psalm 22
– Domecq Smith

Second Reading: Romans 8:31-39
– Leah John Niece

Gospel: John 11:32-35
– Fr. Peter West

Homily:
– Fr. Peter West

Offertory Hymn:
"Farther Along"

Eucharistic Prayer

Lord's Prayer

Communion Hymn:
"This World Is Not My Home"

Final Commendation

Recessional Hymn:
"It Is Well with My Soul"

INTERMENT

Rosehill Cemetery
Linden, New Jersey

The repast will be held at 153 N. Essex Avenue,
Orange, New Jersey at 1 PM.

Obituary

It is said that the hour of death cannot be forecasted. However, despite this very common saying, we often imagine that hour as placed in an obscure and distant future. On December 18, 2015, that forecasted hour came for our beloved son, brother and friend **Philip McDonald Amsterdam** otherwise known as "Stoutie". Philip was born on September 3, 1966 to Cecil and Leila Amsterdam in Georgetown, Guyana. He was the eldest of four children and took his role of being in that position very seriously. He was a protector, a guidance counselor, son, brother, uncle and friend all wrapped up in one.

Philip resided on David Street, Kitty for most of his life and received his formal education at the Comenius Moravian Primary, Campbellville Community High and East Ruimveldt Secondary Schools respectively. Philip was very personable, and was well loved by everyone who knew him. He had formed friendships with people of all social strata and ethnicity, and he treated them all with a high level respect. He was a very enterprising teenager that earned him the family nickname "Peter Sellers". Fostering his adventurous spirit, Philip would often go to the gold mines, searching for that famous El Dorado. On several occasions, he almost lost his life, mostly by drowning. His mishaps were so numerous, that his home circle always referred to him as having nine lives like a cat. Philip worked as a salesman at Banks DIH Limited and then as a mini-bus and taxi driver. Philip acquired the nickname "Stoutie" while driving mini-bus. His bus was always filled "over capacity" and the music was played so loudly and could probably have been heard at least half a mile away.

In 2001, Philip migrated to the United States, and lived in New Jersey with his sister Lydia. Philip was famous for cooking and entertaining family and friends. He often prepared a mean curry duck and invited more friends and family than he had food to feed. Philip was a very generous and loving person who went above and beyond for his family and close friends.

In the United States, Philip worked at Chase Manhattan as a mail handler, then at Home Depot as a receiving clerk. In 2010, Philip's life changed more significantly when he met his girlfriend Edris. They enjoyed a loving and supportive relationship. Edris has always been by his side, encouraging him in every step of the way while he achieved his goals, one of which was becoming a commercial driver. He had every endorsement that could have been achieved by such a driver. At the time of his death he was working as an aircraft fueler with Allied Aviation at Newark Liberty International Airport. Sadly, his dream of owning his own home and commercial truck will not be realized.

Philip is survived by his father Cecil Amsterdam, stepmother Esther Amsterdam; his brother Andray; his sisters Linda and Lydia; nieces Leah, Leila, and Andraya; nephews Raymond Jr., Ibn, Roland and Aiden. He is also survived by his girlfriend, Edris Grosvenor, several aunts, uncles, cousins, and many friends.

He was preceded in death by his mother, Leila Amsterdam.

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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

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 SERVICE
130 Main Street
Orange, NJ
973-675-6400

1025 Bergen Street
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973-926-6400

COTTON-PARKER FUNERAL HOME
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