

~Celebrating the Life of~



Vernon Pettiford

Sunrise May 6, 1940 - **Sunset** January 18, 2016

Thursday, January 28, 2016 - 11:00 a.m.

COTTON FUNERAL SERVICE

130 Main Street • Orange, New Jersey

Pastor T.L. Rogers, Officiating & Eulogist (Emeritus)

HE DID IT HIS WAY
Reflections of Life
VERNON PETTIFORD
~OBITUARY~

Vernon Cedrick Pettiford, 75 of East Orange, New Jersey died January 18, 2016. He was born May 6, 1940 in Summit, New Jersey to the late James Pettiford and the late Vivian L. Smith Pollard (Pettiford). He was the youngest of 3 sons. Vernon had 2 brothers: the late James Wayne and the Late Merritt Wiggins Pettiford.

Vernon attended Union, Summit, and South Orange, New Jersey School systems. He graduated from Columbia High School, South Orange, New Jersey in 1959. He received an Associates Degree from Essex County College, Newark, NJ.

Throughout his career he worked for Ford Motor Company, Carpenter Technology and Metro One Telecommunications where he retired as an IT Specialist.

He is survived by and leaves behind to cherish his memory, his son Lance (Sharmael) A. Pettiford, daughters Minister Denise Tascoe, Tonya Miller, and Nikiyah Teabout, 3 nieces April Pettiford Clark, the late Shonda Pettiford and Shelly Pettiford; 3 nephews Marcellies Thomas Pettiford, Anthony Wayne Pettiford and Scott Groomes. In addition, a host of grandchildren, great-grandchildren, aunts, uncles, cousins and friends.

Gone but not forgotten. We'll miss you Dad!

~Order of Service~

Processional

Selection

Scripture Reading
Old Testament - Psalm 23
New Testament - Matthew 6:9-13

Prayer of Comfort

Selection

Remarks
(Two minutes each please)

Acknowledgements

Obituary

Selection


Eulogy
Pastor T.L. Rogers
The Triumphant Church
6509 Riggs Rd, Hyattsville, MD 20782

Recessional

INTERMENT
Hollywood Cemetery
Union, New Jersey

~The Bridge Builder~

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE



An old man going a lone highway,
Came, at the evening cold and gray,
To a chasm vast and deep and wide.
Through which was flowing a sullen tide
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The sullen stream had no fear for him;
But he turned when safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.

“Old man,” said a fellow pilgrim near,
“You are wasting your strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day,
You never again will pass this way;
You’ve crossed the chasm, deep and wide,
Why build this bridge at evening tide?”

The builder lifted his old gray head;
“Good friend, in the path I have come,” he said,
“There followed after me to-day
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm that has been as naught to me
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him!”

~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
Newark, NJ
973-926-6400

COTTON-PARKER FUNERAL HOME

37 Clinton Avenue
Jersey City, NJ
201-433-1000

