

*In Loving Memory
of*

A portrait of John Joseph, a smiling man with short dark hair, wearing a dark suit jacket, a white dress shirt, and a patterned tie. The background is a bright blue sky with white, fluffy clouds.

John Joseph

Sunrise: June 19, 1944

Sunset: February 11, 2016

Service

Friday, February 19, 2016 - 9:00 a.m.

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

Obituary

The late **John Joseph** was born June 19, 1944 to Mardrinia Joseph in Gainesville, Florida. John and his family moved to Harlem, New York. John grew up at 218 West 141st Street. He was an altar boy for years at St. Charles Borromeo Catholic Church. John was raised by his father, Christopher Griffin, brother, Chris, aunt, Cydiamae and uncle, Robert Pyfrom also Alfreda Henry.

John completed his education in New York City before enlisting in the United States Air Force as a First Classman in 1961, where he served proudly during the Vietnam War until 1965. David Valluame his son was born who he loved and was very proud of. John joined the New York City Department of Homeless Services as a special patrolmen until 1969 then he joined the New York Police Department Housing Division, working out of PSA 3 and PSA 4 for over seventeen years proudly. John married Nell Smith in 1973 and became a stepfather to Alfred Cook, Raymond Cook and Tina Porter. John and Nell had Mardrina Joseph the baby of the bunch in 1974 who he loved, and he was so very proud of his baby girl. John worked at Dry Harbor Nursing Home as head of security for years, and personal security consultant for Sears, off Sunrise Highway. John's last job was at American Airlines, JFK International Airport as a deicer. He retired due to his heart condition.

John loved music, singing to oldies but goodies, and socializing with people. He had a smile with presence that lit up the room. And the best baritone voice you ever wanted to hear. My dad loved to pull out those vinyl records on Saturday, playing music, singing and sipping on Southern Comfort. My dad loved his family. He was a strong man, physically fit and athletic, he loved to work out, play basketball and softball. My father was an educated and intelligent man who understood four different languages, English, French, Spanish and German. John Joseph lived by morals of old school training, there was nothing impossible to accomplish in his eyes. His motto was to operate in your own best interest. John believed in education and traveling to broaden your horizon. John shared his later years with his family and very special woman, Deborah Best who he referred to as his girl.

John's family who preceded before him was his mother, Mardrinia Joseph, father, Christopher Griffin, brother, Chris, aunt, Cydiamae, uncle, Robert Pyfrom, and Alfreda Henry.

John leaves to cherish his memory: children, David Valluame and Mardrina Joseph; stepchildren, Alfred Cook, Raymond Cook and Tina Porter; a host of grandchildren, especially Malcolm Melvin; his godchildren, Elias and Kamaraya White; nephews, Terrell Lopez and Rashad Pyfrom; niece, Jazmine Pyfrom; cousins, Alfonso Pyfrom, Charlotte Lightener, Barbara Pyfrom, Francheska Pyfrom; very special friends, Deborah Best, Johnny Murray aka his brother, and the Murray family, Lenny Bass, Demetria and Juan White and Eric Mendez; and a host of many people too many to mention.

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Readings

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

Committal

Viewing

Recessional

Interment

*Calverton National Cemetery
Calverton, New York*

To Those I Love

*To those I love and those that love me, When I am gone, release me, let me go
I have so many things to see and do You mustn't tie yourself to me with tears
Be happy that we had so many years. I gave you my love, you can only guess
How much you gave me in happiness I thank you for the love you each have shown
But now it's time I travel alone So grieve for a while for me if you must
Then let your grief be comforted by trust. It's only for a while that we must part
So bless the memories within your heart I won't be far away,
for life goes on So if you need me, call and I will come
Though you can't see me or touch me, I'll be near And if you listen with your heart
you'll hear All my love around you so soft and clear
And then, when you must come this way alone I'll greet you with a smile and say,
"Welcome Home."*

-Author unknown

Psalm 23

The Lord is My Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me in the path of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies. Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Acknowledgement

*The family acknowledges with deep appreciation all acts of kindness extended to them during this bereavement hour.
May God bless you for all your thoughtfulness and concern.*

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