



*In  
Loving Memory  
of*

*Willie Switzer*  
*"Maestro"*

**Sunrise: October 31, 1957**

**Sunset: March 30, 2016**

**Memorial Service**

Saturday, April 9, 2016 - 1:00 p.m. - 3:00 p.m.

**UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.**

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027



# Obituary

**Willie Thomas Switzer**, 58, known as “**Maestro**” was born into this world on October 31, 1957 in Calhoun County, South Carolina to the late Willie Switzer, Jr. and Mattie Mae Darby-Switzer. He was the oldest of three children.

They relocated to Harlem, New York where young Will attended PS 24 and IS 201, then he graduated from Monroe High School. It was in junior high school that he discovered his love for music and the saxophone. Will and his friends formed many bands and performed all over Harlem. Later on in his early 20's, he joined the group "The Strikers" and wrote and recorded "body music". Willie worked as a floor technician for Clean Us USA and a driver for other jobs that sparked his many interests.

(Willie, Will, Mullet, Scamp, or best known as Maestro) lived a fulfilled life enjoying basketball, playing the drums, and guitar while being a young father to two children. Willie loved cooking and working the grill at barbecues; it didn't matter whose barbecue it was, you could always depend on him.

In 1981, he married his high school sweetheart, Deborah Fullwood and out of this union they had three beautiful children, Ali, Danielle and Amber.

He leaves to cherish his memories: his wife, Deborah; five children, Teasha, DeShone, Ali, Danielle and Amber; five grandchildren, Diamond, Dionna, Aliyana, Raheem, Jr. and Ali, Jr.; one great-granddaughter, Krystal; one sister, Beverly Mumford of the Bronx; one brother, Terry Switzer of Virginia; and a host of aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews, cousins and friends not to mourn but to celebrate his life. *Maestro will forever be in our hearts and missed dearly.*

*The husband, father, brother, uncle, and friend would not want us to mourn but to celebrate his life.  
Esther 9:22: "And the month which was turned unto them from sorrow to joy, and from mourning into a good day, that they should make them days of feasting and joy."*



*The Lord saw you getting tired  
And a cure was not to be.  
So He put His arms around you  
And whispered,  
"My Child Come to Me"  
A golden heart stopped beating,  
Golden hands at rest.  
God broke our hearts  
To prove to us,  
He only takes the best.*

*Family*

# Order of Service

PROCESSIONAL.....Clergy and Family

INVOCATION

WORDS OF HOLY SCRIPTURES

Old Testament - Job 14:14..... Deacon Sam Douglas

Bethel Church of Christ

New Testament - Roman 14:7-9..... Minister Richard Lord

Bethel Church of Christ

PRAYER OF COMFORT .....Minister Lord

THE OBITUARY .....Monica Switzer-Lea

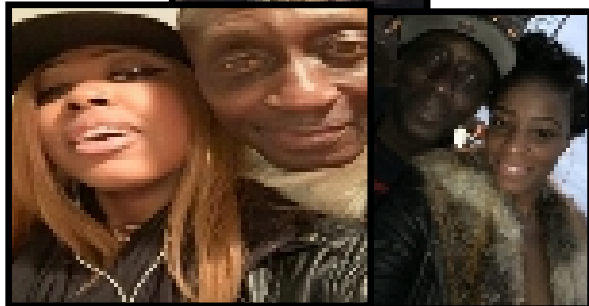
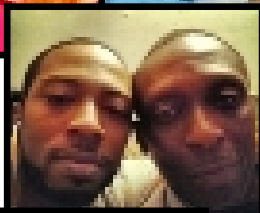
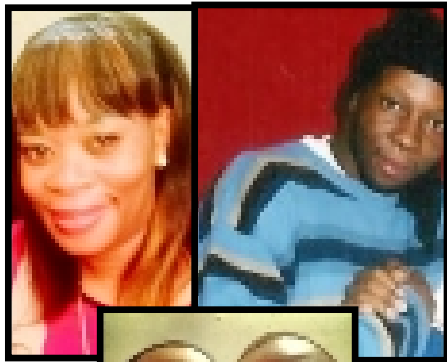
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS .....Monica Switzer-Lea

EXPRESSIONS .....(Two Minutes Please)

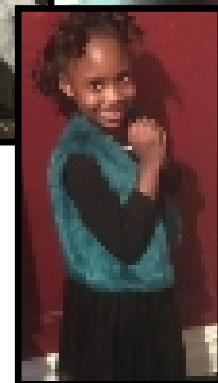
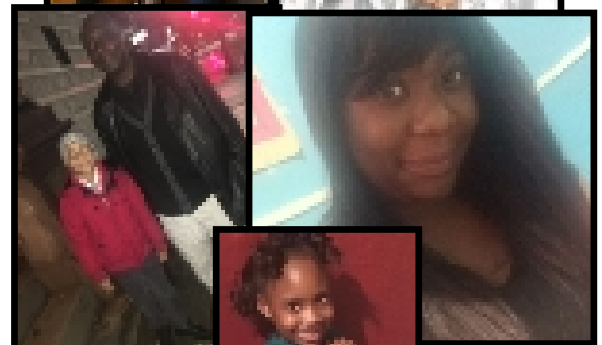
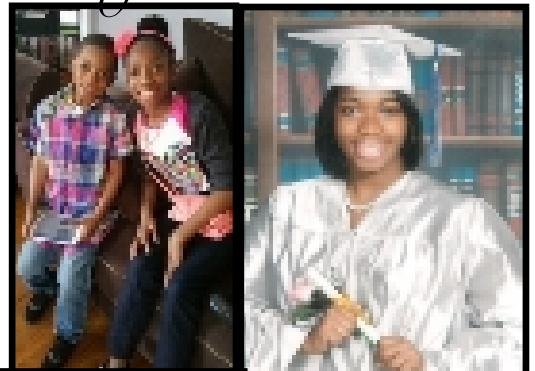
RECESSIONAL..... Family and Friends

Interment Following the Service  
1468 5th Avenue (118th & 119th St.) • New York, NY

## *Children*



## *Grandchildren*



# Father To His Children

The pleasure I gain  
From being a Dad  
Is down to my children  
All five that I've had

The love that I Cherish  
For each one I hold Their  
eyes gives a sparkle Like  
flickering fold

I live for their presence  
I'd die come what may  
As the ground that they walk on  
I worship every day

My love just grows stronger  
Each day that goes by  
I will love my five children  
Till that day that I die.

## John 3:16:

***"For GOD so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten son, that who so ever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."***

## My Dad To My Hero

Those special memories of you will always bring a smile  
If only I could have you back For just a little while  
Then we could sit and talk again  
Just like we used to do You always meant so very much  
And always will too The fact that you're no longer here  
Will always cause me pain But you're forever in my heart  
Until we meet again. You held my hand  
When I was small You caught me when I fell  
you're the hero of my childhood And my later years as well  
And every time I think of you My heart still fills with pride  
Though I'll always miss you Dad I know you're by my side  
In laughter and in sorrow in sunshine and through rain  
I know you're watching over me Until we meet again.  
I can't tell you Daddy How many tears I've cried  
Since the day I was told My precious Dad had died.  
It seems so impossible Although I know it's true  
As everything I see around Reminds me, of you.  
I can still hear your laughter And see your smiling face  
I would have lost my sanity If not, for God's saving grace.  
I have to close this letter now,  
But this is not goodbye For you will forever be with me  
In my heart and mind. Until we meet again....

## 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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*"Your Loved Ones Deserve The Best - Unity"*

