

Order of Service

Musical Prelude	Memorial Baptist Church Music Ministry
Processional	Clergy, Church Officers and Family
Final Viewing	
InvocationRev	v. Dr. Renee F. Washington Gardner, Pastor
Scripture Reading	
Prayer of Comfort	
Hymn of Praise	
Reflections	from Friends and Family Members
Musical Selection	
Acknowledgement of Condolences	
The Obituary	
Instrumental Moment of Praise by	Memorial Baptist Church Music Ministry
Γhe Eulogy	Pastor Renee
Recessional	
Hymn of Triumph	



Mount Rest Cemetery 12 Boonton Avenue Butler, NJ 07405

Repast from 4:00 p.m. - 8:00 p.m.



Curtis Wesley Thomas was born on July 16, 1949 in New York City. He was born to the late Curtis Thomas (deceased) and Gloria Thomas. Curtis' mother, Gloria, remarried, making Robert Brown a stepfather whom Curtis adored.

Curtis graduated from Louis D. Brandeis High School on the Upper West Side and then worked for 25 years at Mount Sinai Hospital, before transitioning to work at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital where he retired at the age of 62.

Curtis loved music, was full of life and had a great sense of humor. He was always dressed to impress and had "champagne and caviar" tastes.

He leaves behind to mourn his passing: his mother, Gloria Brown; his brother, Erik Smith and sister-in-law, Adrian Smith; his sister, Francis Vick; his first wife, Barbara Thomas who is the mother of his two children – his son, Curtis Thomas, Jr. and daughter, Natasha Thomas-Jordan along with son-in-law, Junal Jordan; and three grandchildren, Ashley Samuels, Lewis Samuels and Dario Caballero.

Curtis also leaves to mourn his love and longtime companion, Wilhelmina "Chickie" Taylor who spent the last 25 years with Curtis and was there by his side daily until he left us on April 4, 2016. In addition, Curtis leaves his loving stepfamily including three step children, Charisse Taylor-Byrd, Ny Whitaker and Sidney Pullar, along with stepson-in-law, Bobby Byrd and four step-grandsons, Dominique Byrd, Devon Byrd, Danali Byrd and Taj Chiles.

"May He Rest In Peace."

When I Must Leave You

by Helen Steiner Rice
When I must leave you
For a little whilePlease do not grieve
And shed wild tears
And hug your sorrow to you
Through the years,

But start out bravely With a gallant smile; And for my sake And for my name Live on and do All things the same,

Feed not your lonliness
On empty days,
But fill each waking hour
In useful ways,

Reach out your hand
In comfort and in cheer
And I in turn will comfort you
And hold you near;

And never, never
Be afraid to die
For I am waiting for you in the sky!

<u>Acknowledgement</u>

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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