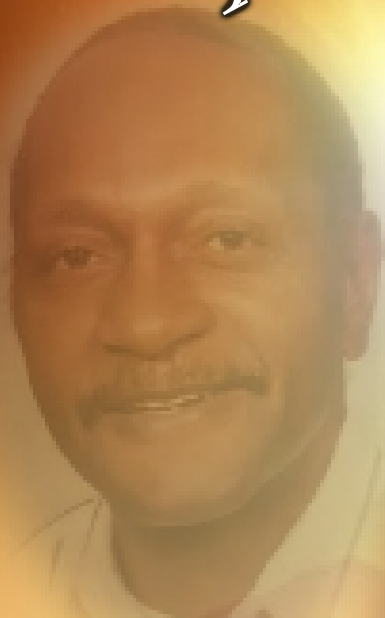


**CELEBRATING THE LIFE
OF**

Alphe Morton



Sunrise: April 21, 1950 - Sunset: February 1, 2017

Memorial Service:

Thursday, February 9, 2017 - 11:00 am

COTTON FUNERAL SERVICE

130 Main Street • Orange, New Jersey

Obituary

Alphe Morton aka (Butter) age 66, of East Orange New Jersey, passed away on February 1, 2017 in his home.

Alphe Morton was born in Newark New Jersey to Alfred Chase and Irene Morton on April 21, 1950.

Straight out of high school, Alphe enlisted into the Marine Corps from 1968 – 1970 during the Vietnam War. He received the National Defense Service Medal, Vietnam Campaign Medal w/device, Vietnam Service Medal, RVN Cross of Gallantry and a Combat Action Ribbon. After serving in the Marine Corps he enrolled at Essex County College where he earned his Associates degree. He went on to Rutgers University in Newark to earn his Bachelor's degree, and finally Jersey City State College where he received his Masters. He worked for the Newark Board of Education as a Special Education Teacher at Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. School for 29 years. At the latter part of his career he was certified as a principal and served in leadership roles outside of the classroom. Upon retirement, he received a plaque for having perfect attendance throughout his career. He wasn't a big sports fanatic but enjoyed watching boxing. Alphe mostly kept to himself.

Alphe Morton is survived by his son Tyre Roberts, lifelong special friend Ms. Sabrina Roberts and two grandchildren; Nafi Roberts and Makare Roberts. And a host of friends. He is preceded in death by his parents and his son Na'eem Roberts.

Order of Service

Greeting/Invocation:

My friends, I thank you, and the family of Alphe Morton thanks you, for coming today to celebrate the life of Alphe. We come together in grief acknowledging our human loss. This is a tender time, not altogether tragic, but a time when all of us, in one way or another, are confronted with feelings of loss and uncertainty. There will be disbelief and sadness in the hearts of many of us who are in this room. Perhaps it is hard to admit, even to ourselves, how profoundly vulnerable death can make us feel. We celebrate Alphe's life even as we tremble before this vulnerability. For we know that whether we die quickly or slowly, we must all face the prospect of having to give up everything we think we are before we can return to God. Our celebration of our love for Alphe cannot blunt these feelings. It is not about feeling better, but about finding strength and support in the sharing of this love, about experiencing fully all our joy and sorrow, and by discovering that love can reveal itself even more deeply in times of loss. And in the depth of this grief is revealed a secret. Life, experienced fully with all its joys and sorrows, then gives its secret to itself.

Funeral and Memorial Prayers

God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference. But God, grant me the courage not to give up on what I think is right even though I think it is hopeless.

Memorial Poem

In Memory Of My Dad

If I could write a story
It would be the greatest ever told
Of a kind and loving father
Who had a heart of gold
If I could write a million pages
But still be unable to say, just how
Much I love and miss him
Every single day
I will remember all he taught me
I'm hurt but won't be sad
Because he'll send me down the answers
And he'll always be MY DAD

Remarks/Memories (Family/Friends)

Song

Eulogy

CREMATION

Rosedale Crematory
Orange, New Jersey

Miss Me, But Let Me Go

*When I come to the end of the
road and the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom filled room,
Why cry for a soul set free?
Miss me a little-but not too long,
and not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love that we once shared,
Miss me-but let me go.
For this is a journey that we all must take,
And each must go alone.
It's all part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick at heart,
Go to the friends we know.
Laugh at the things we use to do
Miss me-but let me go.*

-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

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