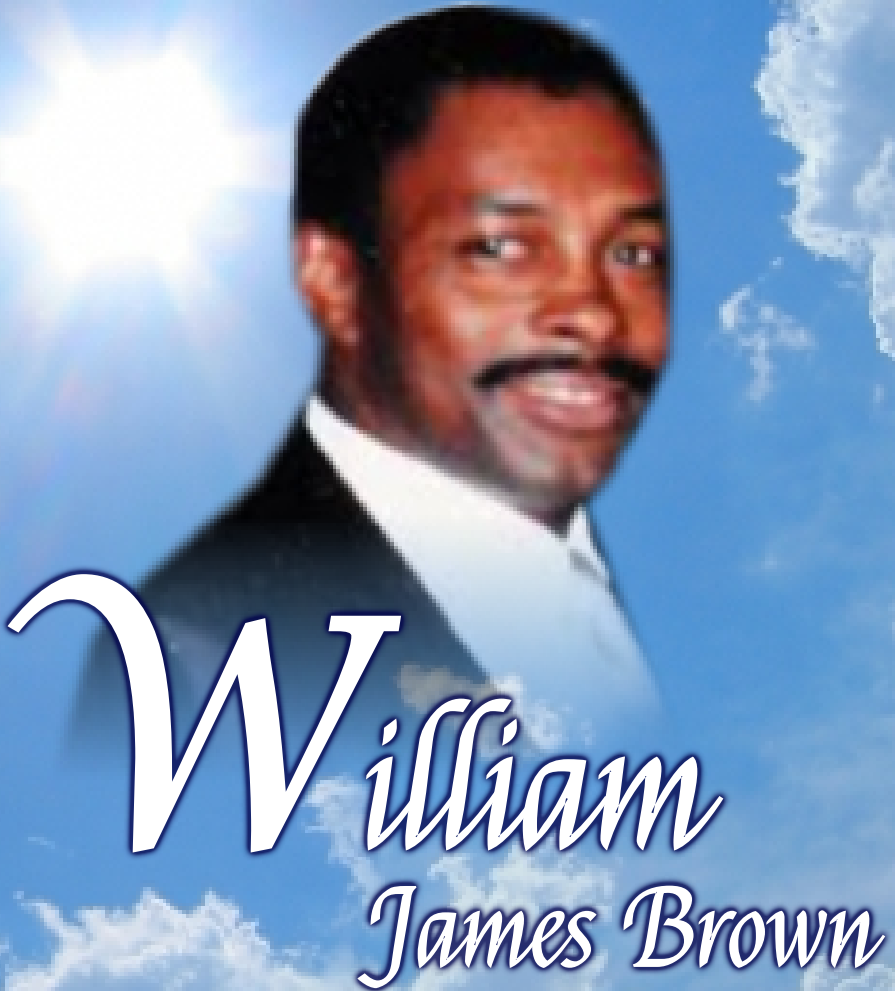


Celebrating the Life of



*William
James Brown*

Sunrise: December 3, 1940 - Sunset: February 7, 2017

Service:

Tuesday, February 14, 2017 - 12:00 Noon

ST. PAUL UNIFIED FREE WILL BAPTIST CHURCH
355 Badger Avenue • Newark, New Jersey

Obituary

William James Brown was born on December 3, 1940 in Sailsbury, North Carolina to Waiters and Priscilla Brown who are now deceased.

He attended public school in Sailsbury, NC. At an early age, he relocated to New York City to live with his sisters, Beulah and Betty who are now deceased.

In 1961, he married Mable Willoughby and out of that union there were seven children. He worked for McCullen Cleaning as a supervisor for eight years. He started working for New Jersey Transit in 1968-2005 where he retired after thirty-one years. In 1999, He remarried Dorothy Strickland Brown.

William Brown also known as Willie, Brother-Man Brown and "Po" Willie was a jack of all trade. He was a handyman, painter, mechanic, always willing to help out or teach you how to do something with your hands. He was a very loving and charismatic man who never met a stranger. He loved to hold quarts amongst his family and friends. He also loved to travel and barbeque.

William was well loved and adored by his family. He was a loving husband as well as a caring father. He will be missed by all who knew and loved him.

William was predeceased by his son, Calvin J. Brown, brothers, Jack Albert, Cecil, Roy and Alfred, sisters, Beulah, Betty, Rebecca and Elouise Brown.

Williams leaves to cherish his memories: his wife Dorothy Brown; children, Bilal Muhammad, Wakil Muhammad and Shawn Brown (Newark), Jalilah Abdullah (GA), Jill Brown Jackson (AZ), Cathy Thatcher (AZ), Brianna and Brian Brown-Jones (Newark), Tommy Carter and Sharon and Valerie Strickland (stepdaughters); sister-in-law, Hattie Cooper; thirty-three grandchildren, eighteen great grandchildren; and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins and friends.

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Reading

Old Testament - Psalm 100

New Testament - 2 Timothy 4:7-8

Prayer of Comfort

Selection

Remarks

(Two minutes each please)

Acknowledgements

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

Recessional

INTERMENT

Evergreen Cemetery
Hillside, New Jersey

You will be alright. In fact, you will be better than that. I remember a voice and a smile. Love in that smile and thick whiskers that would poke us in the face and a hug that said I'm never going to let you go. So hold on to me too. Ok???. Eyes that somehow looked up to me when I was small. Somehow, mad me feel as tall and once hugged walk as tall as the man who gave me courage. Gave you courage. Made is strong. Kept us aware in touch in a specific love. As family. His eyes would say. I saw you fall. You fell hard. I didn't get up until I saw you not getting up. Same eyes would look at the ground. And at me hand over wound wounded and teary eyed. His eyes would skip over my wounds to see my eyes. Voices says... I saw you fall. You fell hard. And further. You don't belong on the ground. You gotta get up from there. The tears stopped. So did the blood. So I forgot my wounds not long after. And moved on strong. Loved. Whole. Bold. And laughter. Quick witted fierce and duly respected. What made the man smile? What made him laugh?? Well first of all you. Then me. He found us all more than amusing. He worked hard. Loved hard and fought hard. Yet beyond those crows feet Indian Man wrinkles and twinkle in both eyes it was clear his joy was family. I recall Cadillac voyages of cruise other older family raising men to drink rum. Float around Newark and listen to blues. Not so strange that the man loved the blues. Why wouldn't he. William B from the old SC. In his days he'd seen men unluckier than him hanged from a tree. Decided otherwise about his legacy. Made moves changed the world immigrated to NYC. Smiling because his seeds and us and you. That we would always be free. Black man driving a bus???? Black man driving a bus??? Black man. Driving. A bus.

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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