

In Loving Memory of



Joseph Purcell

Sunrise
February 19, 1946

Sunset
April 24, 2020

Service:
Friday, May 8, 2020

MCCALL'S BRONXWOOD FUNERAL HOME

4035 Bronxwood Avenue • Bronx, New York 10466

Pastor Jay Gooding, Officiating

David Jenkins, Organist

Obituary

We are gathered here today to say goodbye to our father, our mother's husband, our rock.

He was a gem, a diamond in the rough. If he had it, you had it. A man with a big heart, a huge personality, a vibrant person.... Gone. ! Wow!

We will miss him...
We still need him...

Now, we just have memories... which are so many...

He always wanted to make sure that our mom was happy and always made her smile. He loved to travel with mom to places like Vegas, Italy, and Puerto Rico, to name a few. He loved keeping himself and mom in the latest gear. He loved to tell her jokes. He was her starkest ally and greatest confidant.

He was a family man. We will remember his laughter and forever think of him as being so much younger in spirit than his actual age, and for always making us smile. He could rock with the best of them. He was the best. The oldest young person I knew. He could talk about the latest rapper with guys or girls young enough to be his grandchildren or switch it up to speak about the latest in politics or the hottest stock. He never slowed down. He always wanted to be in the know. He was constantly reading to gain new knowledge or to satiate his curiosity, which was so great.

Never one to shy away from calling you out or acting on his instinct when he sensed that something wasn't right.

Like the time I told an untruth about having a job on Lexington and 59th Street, when I was 17 years old. I would leave the house like I was going to work, wait for my parents to leave for work and then come back to the house and hang out or hang out in the street. My father would say, where did you say you worked? I went down there and I didn't see you?! I finally had to fess up. I did not have a job. The job required some pre-conditions that I had not been prepared for.

Or like the time my sisters, Lisa and Michelle decided to have a hooky party. In the middle of the day, something told my father to call the house. Who calls the house in the middle of the day when no one is supposed to be home? He did. Needless to say the cops broke up the party.

Or the time there was a stampede at a party on 145th street back in the day. My father heard about it and hurried there because he knew my sisters were in attendance.

He was always there for us. He would get up at 3:00 in the morning to ride the 4 train with Michelle to make sure that she arrived at her weekend job, safely at 6:00.

He knew everybody and everybody knew him. In losing him, I have been able to reflect on the man, that I did not know. The man that was behind the husband, the father, the provider and the protector. The man who probably gave up a lot, as young people often do, while they learn themselves, while loving their significant other and while raising a family.... the man who stood by us, faults and all. He was daddy to us, Joseph to our mom, Bop to his relatives, Joe Joe to his grandchildren and big Joe to his friends.

He is survived by his wife of 49 years, Marion Purcell, his daughters, Tori Mitchell, Lisa Scott, and Michelle Purcell, his son-in-law, Alroy Scott, his grandchildren, Tishan Purcell Holmes, Justin Scott, Natori Goude-lock, Jalen Scott, and Travis Scott... His great grandson, Chayce Holmes, first Cousins Earl Jones and wife, Eunice (Cookie) Jones, Carl Jones, Shirley Taylor and a host of other relatives.

He is pre-deceased by his mother, Julia Purcell, brother James Purcell and grandson Tyrell Thompson.

Heaven make room for this beautiful, strong presence... his light.... his peace.... his strength... his love....

Joseph Henry Purcell

Order of Service

Organ Prelude

David Jenkins

Processional

Invocation

Pastor Jay Gooding

Selection

“His Eye His On The Sparrow” David Jenkins

Scripture Readings

Old Testament

New Testament

Pastor Jay Gooding

Prayer Of Comfort

Pastor Jay Gooding

Selection

“Amazing Grace” David Jenkins

Reading Of Obituary

Selection

“God Provides” David Jenkins

Eulogy

Pastor Jay Gooding

Committal & Benediction

Pastor Jay Gooding

Remarks By Funeral Director

Final Viewing

Recessional

Interment

Ferncliff Cemetery
Hartsdale, New York

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

Acknowledgments

The family would like to express their deep appreciation and sincere thanks for all acts of kindness shown to them during their time of bereavement.

Professional Service Entrusted To:

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