Celebrating the Life of





Sunrise October 3, 1954 Sunset October 21, 2021

Saturday, November, 20 2021 Family Gathering - 4pm-5:30pm Celebration of Life - 5:30pm - 7:00pm

T. Carrillo Funeral Service LEC 4363 Bronx Blvd Bronx, New York 10466



Longtime Wantagh Long Island resident and retired high school teacher, James Michael Anson (affectionately known as Jesse and Jimmy), unexpectedly passed away on October 21, 2021 at the age of 67. He was an avid griller, gardener and music fan. As a lifelong lover of music, he attended countless concerts and music festivals during his lifetime. His favorite band of all time was the Allman Brothers Band. He was always present at their concerts whenever they toured New York. James was also a sports enthusiast. He was passionate about baseball and always rooted exuberantly for his hometown and favorite team the New York Yankees. James also loved the beach. The ocean was his happy place. It was quite literally like paradise to him. He wanted every day to be a beach day. Being at the beach was very therapeutic to him.

James is survived by his wife, Margaret, a Speech-Language Pathologist at P168X in Bronx NY; his sisters, Patricia Duey (Von), Diana Geres (Mark); brother, Michael (the late Ann Marie); daughter, Rachel Hudish; step-son, Dr. Vincent Charles; step-daughter, Michelle Charles; and cousin-in-law, Cecilia Ettienne. He is the quirky uncle of Nicole, Robert (Stacey), Jennifer (Dr. James Keyes), Michael (Micki), Rebecca, and Felicity. Grandfather of Gabriel, Willow, Evanora, Dorothea, and Alexander. Great-uncle to Chase, Damien, Mace, and Evelyn.

Order of Service

**OPENING PRAYER** 

SCRIPTURE READING OLD TESTAMENT NEW TESTAMENT

PRAYER OF COMFORT

**SELECTION** 

**READING OF THE OBITUARY** 

REFLECTIONS

SELECTION

EULOGY

BENEDICTION

COMMITTAL

RECESSIONAL

How We Survive

If we are fortunate, we are given a warning. If not, there is only the sudden horror, the wrench of being torn apart; of being reminded that nothing is permanent, not even the ones we love, the ones our lives revolve around. Life is a fragile affair. We are all dancing on the edge of a precipice, a dizzying cliff so high we can't see the bottom. One by one, we lose those we love most into the dark ravine. So we must cherish them without reservation. Now. Today. This minute. We will lose them or they will lose us someday. This is certain. There is no time for bickering. And their loss will leave a great pit in our hearts; a pit we struggle to avoid during the day and fall into at night. Some, unable to accept this loss, unable to determine the worth of life without them, jump into that black pit spiritually or physically, hoping to find them there. And some survive the shock, the denial, the horror, the bargaining, the barren, empty aching, the unanswered prayers, the sleepless nights when their breath is crushed under the weight of silence and all that it means. Somehow, some survive all that and, like a flower opening after a storm, they slowly begin to remember the one they lost in a different way... The laughter, the irrepressible spirit, the generous heart, the way their smile made them feel, the encouragement they gave even as their own dreams were dying. And in time, they fill the pit with other memories the only memories that really matter. We will still cry. We will always cry. But with loving reflection more than hopeless longing. And that is how we survive. That is how the story should end. That is how they would want it to be.

In lieu of flowers, please consider donating to National Education Association (NEA) Foundation or the Musicians Foundation.

Acknowledgment

The family wishes to thank all of you for your prayers, messages of comfort and the many other acts of kindness shown during our hour of bereavement. May God continue to bless you in a very special way.

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