

Celebrating the Life of



Julius Edward Wilson, Jr.

Sunrise: December 6, 1933

Sunset: February 26, 2022

Tuesday, March 8, 2022 (Bronx, NY)

First Glorious Church

2084 Arthur Avenue, Bronx, NY 10457

Viewing: 2:00pm to 4:00pm ~ Service: 4:00pm

Friday, March 11, 2022 (Etsill, SC)

Legacy Funeral Home

467 Martin Luther King Jr. Blvd., South Estill, SC 29918

Viewing: 10:00am - 12:00pm

Order of Service

Processional

Solo.....Muralidhar Bryant (Vocalist)

Scriptures

- New Testament
- Old Testament

Prayer of Comfort

Reflection

Obituary.....Crystal Goode-Moore

Sermonic Solo..... Muralidhar Bryant (Vocalist)

Eulogy..... Pastor Hare

Final Viewing

Benediction

INTERMENT
Breeler Field Cemetery
Garnett, South Carolina 29922

Obituary

Julius Edward Wilson, Jr. was born on December 6, 1933, in Hampton, South Carolina, to parents, Julius Wilson, Sr. and Irene Bostick.

In 1953, Julius married Shirley (Scott) Wilson and to their marriage three children were born: Robert Wilson, Charlesetta Goode (Keith Goode), and Patricia Henley. Their union was later blessed with two additional children, Chaundoria Wilson and Sterling Tyler.

In seeking a better life for his family, Julius and Shirley relocated to New York. Julius was employed by the State of New York. During his tenure, he was named Employee of the Year and promoted to supervisor. He retired after twenty-five years of dedicated service to the State.

Julius leaves to cherish his memory: his wife of sixty-eight years, Shirley Wilson; five children, eleven grandchildren, nine great-grands, and one great-great grandchild; siblings, Eugenia Wilson, Lucinda Wilson, Harley David, and Theodore David; and a host of nieces, nephews, and cousins.

He's preceded by: his sister, Elizabeth White; brother, George Bostick; son-in-law, Bernard Henley, Sr.; and grandson, Bernard Henley, Jr.

Julius was a devoted husband, father, and friend.

Julius Wilson, Junior, Daddy, Granddaddy, Uncle.... we love you and miss you.

God Saw You Getting Tired

Unknown Author



God saw you getting tired
and a cure was not to be
so He put His arms around you
and whispered, "Come to Me"
With tearful eyes we watched you
and saw you pass away
and although we love you dearly
we could not make you stay.
A golden heart stopped beating
hard working hands at rest.
God broke our hearts to prove to us
He only takes the best.

His Journey's Just Begun

By Ellen Brenneman

Don't think of him as gone away
his journey's just begun,
life holds so many facets
this earth is only one.
Just think of him as resting
from the sorrows and the tears
in a place of warmth and comfort
where there are no days and years.
Think how he must be wishing
that we could know today
how nothing but our sadness
can really pass away.
And think of him as living
in the hearts of those he touched...
for nothing loved is ever lost
and he was loved so much.



Acknowledgement

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

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