

Obituary

Mark Gaddy was born in New York City, Harlem Hospital, to the proud parents of Robert and Maxine Gaddy on June 2, 1965. He was the third of five children.

He attended Julia Richmond High School. After leaving school, and being the hard worker that he was, Mark worked as a Security Officer, Bike Messenger and other odd jobs. In 2002, Mark began his career at New York Presbyterian Hospital as a Maintenance Engineer, where he was a highly dedicated and well respected employee.

Mark was the best of us, never critical or judgmental. He was kindhearted and always generous with family and friends. Mark always took our jokes and kidding in stride and laughed with us. Mark was affectionately known as "Uncle Velle" to his many nieces, nephews, friends, and family. AKA "Who's your Gaddy" on his Face Book page. Mark was a big sports fan and loved oversized jerseys.

Mark touched many lives and will surely be missed. We love and miss you. He was preceded in death by his parents, Robert and Maxine Gaddy and nephew, Kevin Gaddy, Jr. He leaves to mourn: his brothers, Robert Jr. (Lynnette) and Kevin, Sr.; sisters, Casandra and Kim; stepmothers, Alline Long and Patricia Perry; five nephews, Robert III, Dondre James, Abass and Justin; six nieces, Porsche, Lynece, Turquoise, Donjanae, Robyn and Breonna; and a host of cousins, other relatives and friends.

Order of Service

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Selection

Scripture Reading Old Testament	
	Lynece Black, Robyn Gaddy
New Testament	1 Corinthians 13 Porsche Gaddy, Turquiose Gaddy
Prayer	
Solo	Bridgett Hooks
Acknowledgements	
Remarks	
Obituary	Kevin Gaddy
Eulogy	Rev. Lee Arrington
Selection	
Committal	
Viewing	
Recessional	

Final DispositionOxford Hills Crematory
Chester, New York

To Those I Love And Those That Love Me

When I am gone, release me, let me go I have so many things to see and do You mustn't tie yourself to me with tears Be happy that we had so many years. I give you my love, you can only guess How much you gave me in happiness I thank you for the love you each have shown But now it's time I travel alone So grieve for a while for me if you must Then let your grief be comforted by trust. It's only for a while that we must part So bless the memories within your heart I won't be far away, for life goes on So if you need me, call and I will come Though you can't see me or touch me, I'll be near And if you listen with your heart you'll hear All my love around you so soft and clear And then, when you must come this way alone I'll greet you with a smile and say, "Welcome Home."

(Author unknown)

Acknowledgement

The family acknowledges with deep appreciation all acts of kindness extended to them during this bereavement hour.

God bless you for all your thoughtfulness and concern.

2352 8th Avenue • Manhattan, NY • (212) 666-8300 1406 Pitkin Avenue • Brooklyn, NY • (718) 774-1023 -1018 Prospect Avenue • Bronx, NY • (718) 542-3833

Clifford V. James, V.P. & Gen. Mgr. www.unityfuneralchapels.com email: unityfc@aol.com

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