

## *I've Changed My Address*

I've changed my address to Heaven  
I've crossed the Great Divide.  
I know there's no sorrow or crying,  
Because I've reached the other side.  
I am so happy to be here, for the Lord Himself I see.  
I've changed my address to Heaven,  
That's the place where you'll find me.  
I've changed my address to Heaven,  
I bid this world goodbye.  
I now live forever with Jesus in my new home in the sky.  
I have no burdens or heartaches  
and from tears I am now free.  
I've changed my address to Heaven,  
That's the place to find me.  
I've changed my address to Heaven,  
I'm safe forevermore. For the Lord built a mansion  
and my name is on the door.  
You can find us walking together,  
for where He is, I'll always be.  
I've changed my address to Heaven,  
That's the place you'll find me.

*-Author unknown*

### *Acknowledgement*

With grateful hearts the family of the late **Rev. Benjamin Halley** acknowledges with deepest and sincerest heartfelt appreciation all acts of kindness, services provided, sources of comfort, thoughtfulness and respect shown to them during their bereavement. May God richly bless each of you for your outpouring of love and dedication. A special thanks to the caregivers at Suny Downstate University Hospital, his doctor for the last twenty years, Dr. Mohammed Nurrhusein, New York Hospital Queens and the Calvary Hospital.

Funeral Arrangements Entrusted to:

**NEWKIRK FUNERAL HOME, INC.**

210 West 145th Street • New York, NY 10039 • (917) 312-3984

## *A Celebration of The Life of*



# *Rev. Benjamin Halley*

**Sunrise**  
*August 7, 1924*

**Sunset**  
*September 20, 2010*

Funeral Service  
 Sunday, September 26, 2010  
 Viewing: 2:00 p.m. • Service: 4:00 p.m.  
**St. Paul Baptist Church**  
 249 West 132nd Street • New York, NY 10027  
 Rev. Dr. V. Dwayne Battle, Pastor

# *Precious Memories*



## *Order of Service*

### PRESIDING

Rev. Reynold Batson, Asst Pastor of Zion Baptist Church

Organ Prelude ..... Lawrence Yarber

Processional ..... Clergy & Family

Hymn of Celebration ..... May The Work I've Done Speak For Me  
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Prayer Of Comfort ..... Rev. Batson

Scripture  
 Old Testament - Psalms 107: 1-10 ..... Dr. V. Dwayne Battle  
 New Testament - 2nd Timothy 4: 1-8 ..... Rev. Lloyd Gilliam  
 Rejoice Ministries- The Church of Healing

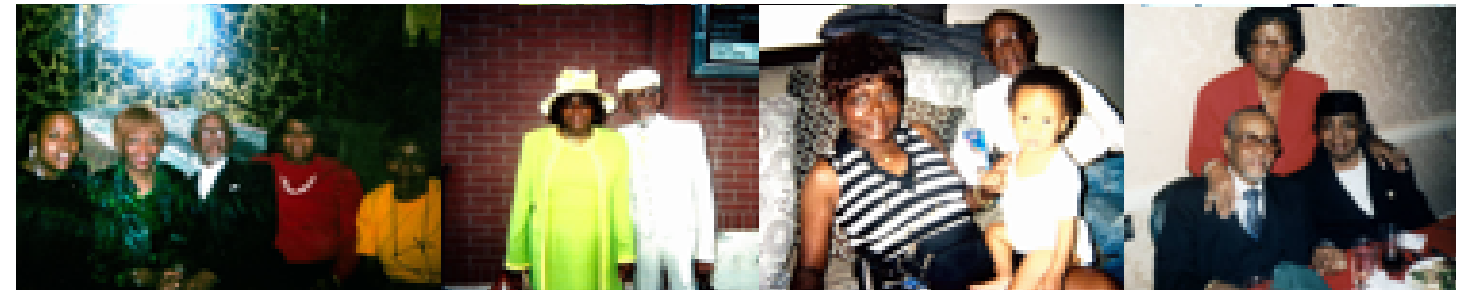
Selection ..... Mr. Claude Jay

Acknowledgements ..... Ms. Deborah Barton, Church Clerk

Resolutions ..... St Paul Baptist Church - Church Official  
 The Clergy With A Purpose - Archbishop James P. Roberts, Vice Chair

Reflections  
 To My Daddy From Jamesetta Halley-Boyce  
 read by Mrs. Normal Batson  
 Reverend Charles L. Harvin, Pastor, Zion Baptist Church  
 Ms. Mary Thompson, Director of Faith Formation  
 St. James Cathedral Basilica

Selection ..... Deacon Bill McEachern



## *A Letter to My Daddy*

*From Jimmie  
Thursday, September 23, 2010*

*Good Morning Daddy,  
I awoke this morning at my usual time about 4:30ish. You know how I love watching the Dawn come into the house through my windows. It's a new beginning for me every day. Dawn is my time with the Lord to pray, to give thanks and to praise. You and I thankfully have shared many dawns together. On September 20th, 2010 we shared a special dawn, one that I will remember for the rest of my life.*

*This morning I got up and turned on the light by Mama's couch where you always sat and the emotion of sadness was already beginning to overtake me. I walked down the Hallway passing your room and finding it empty, I began to cry inconsolably. The balloons from your 86th birthday had risen to the ceiling. Your gray coat jacket was hanging on the door and your favorite brown shoes were placed neatly by your bed but, Daddy, you were not there. I did not see those beautiful gray eyes of yours looking at me with expectation or hear your voice calling "J-I-M-M-I-E" regardless of who else might be present. I miss you Daddy.*

*We have shared so much together. I thank you for everything you have given me. For all the memories I have of our life together from me riding on your shoulders when I was a little girl, to the picture of you carrying my son in the same way on your shoulders so he could see the parade at Disney Land or your leading him up the 100 plus steps to the Cupola Dome at the Vatican in Rome, Italy so that Hill, your grandson would have that special experience; to your standing proudly as I walked down the aisle and received my Doctorate Degree or how you peered over your glasses as you read the United States Congressional Record that honored me for my contribution to healthcare in this Nation. You have and will always be the wind beneath my wings. I will never ever be able to thank you enough for making me who I am. I credit Mama, your mother, my grandmother Laura Ferguson Halley for introducing me to Jesus at a young age and I credit you for teaching how to live and thrive in Christ. Your love for me, your family, for life and joyous living, for all people, for sinners and the saved is recognized wherever your presence can be felt. You are a great man, a special man and you are my Daddy.*

*Well, Daddy the dawn is beginning to show itself between the leaves of the flowers that drape the living room windows. I fully admit you even passed on to me your love for plants and watching God's miracle of growth from a seed to a fully grown plant or tree. On August 5th, two days before your 86th birthday and the annually planned birthday celebration (smile), I remember lying across the foot of your bed as I did most nights to make sure you were okay before I went to my bedroom. On that morning you collapsed, stopped breathing and Hill had to call 911. The dawn had just begun to arrive in the sky as we arrived in the Emergency Room. You would never return home from this hospitalization.*

*Daddy, the dawn of this morning has arrived. The sky is a little hazy yet beautiful still. You are not here to share it with me. I miss you Daddy however I thank for sharing the Dawn with me on September 20th, 2010, the day that you chose to go home to the Lord. All during the night we had held hands and prayed together as I sat at your bedside. My last fervent prayer, aloud with you, was to the Lord Jesus Christ. I thanked Jesus for every perfect gift and especially the gift that he had given to me in the person of you, my Daddy. I also prayed to Mama. I shared with her the request that she had made of me on the morning of October 23, 1973 when she died. Mama asked me "to take care of your Daddy for me." I told her in my prayer that morning that I had done all I could to fulfill her request but now, I needed her help. I told Mama I could not breathe for you. I could not help you cough or put more oxygen into your fragile body. I asked her to come, get her child, my Daddy and relieve me because I had done all that I could do. I did not wish to see you in pain or struggling for breathe or slowing oozing life. We continued to pray together as we held hands as the dawn approached. At one point I even looked out of your hospital window as through I expected the Lord and Mama to appear in a chariot to gather you up. I did not see it but, they did come. When dawn arrived and the sun hit your face as you laid there in the bed, Daddy you appeared to AGLOW. I will always, always remember that glow on your handsome face.*

*You know the rest of the story. After being at your bedside all night, I stepped out of the room for less than twenty minutes to freshen up and to get a cup of cocoa. Upon my return, I looked in your face and I knew that the Lord Jesus had answered my prayer that He and Mama and a band of Angels had come and together they had taken their child, my Daddy, home to Heaven. I sat there all night with you to be assured I would be with you should you depart, only to have you leave when I briefly left the room. I know--- You always do it your way (smile.) I also know now that once again, even in your final minutes on this Earth, you were concern for me, thinking about me and shielding and protecting me as you had always done throughout my/your/own life.*

*Daddy, my life will never be the same without you. Although you will not be physically present, I am assured however, that your love which surrounds me and continues to embrace me will always be there. I also know when my special dawn comes, you will be there waiting for me with open arms to receive me lovingly and gracefully as has been your lifelong custom. I thank you Daddy! I love you Daddy!*

*Always,  
Your Daughter, Jamesetta*

Reflections con't  
Ms. Jackie Daughtry  
Mrs. Charlotte Harper, First Nazareth Baptist Church, Asheville, NC  
Grandchildren

Selection..... Mrs. Doris Barnes

Obituary..... Ms. Karlyn Jackson

Sermonic Selection ..... "His Eye is On The Sparrow" - Ms Darlene Cheeks

Eulogy ..... Reverend Robert Royal  
Associate Minister, St. Paul Baptist Church  
Minister of Social Justice and Community Outreach

Selection ..... Only What You Do For Christ Will Last  
Mrs. Georgella Smalls, Convent Avenue Baptist Church

Viewing

Recessional ..... "When We All Get To Heaven" #429

### **Interment, Committal & Benediction**

*(Departing St. Paul Baptist Church)*

*Monday, September 27, 2010 - 10:00 a.m.*

**Woodlawn Cemetery • Bronx, New York**

**(please turn on headlights and hazards for cemetery procession.)**

#### **Pall Bearers**

Family and Friends

#### **Flowers Bearers**

Family and Friends

## *The Obituary*

**Rev. Benjamin Halley** completed his life journey at the Calvary Hospital at Dawn on Monday, September 20, 2010. Born in Camden, South Carolina on August 7th, 1924, Rev. Halley was the oldest of the four children of Benjamin Halley, Sr. and Laura Ferguson Halley.

The family relocated to New York City when he was a young child. His father unexpectedly died soon after the move to the Village of Harlem, New York. The family which included in addition to his mother Laura, and his two brothers James and Sam and his sister, Mary, his grandmother, Ma Ella and a host of extended family including cousins, aunts and uncles. Although still a young child he assumed the responsibility of the man of the family and engaged in numerous little acts of employment i.e., selling fruits, papers, running errands, etc. to help the family financially. He attended and graduated from the New York City Public School System excelling academically and in Sports. He was recognized with first place medals for his speed as a runner, sprinter, and high jumper and in other intramural sports competitions. Upon graduation from the Brooklyn High School for Automotive Trades, at the age of 17 and with the permission of his Mother Laura he joined the United States Merchant Marines traveling the World but, always sending his money back home to his mother. The relationship between him and his Mother Laura was one of pure devotion and he always actualized his responsibility to provide for her and his siblings.

Upon returning home to New York he became a father and his first daughter Marjorie was born. He also joined the Harlem Golden Gloves as a light weight boxer. Nicknamed, **Prince**, he quickly arose to secure the Lightweight Division Championship. Although at the height of his boxing career and after a bout where his opponent obtained serious injuries, Prince was asked by his mother to leave professional Boxing. She feared for his safety and reminded him of his new responsibilities as a father. Ben, as always with his mother, was obedient. Continuing to have a passion for the Ring, he successfully coached many young men in boxing well into his later years.

In 1947 Rev. Halley married Doris Hamilton and from that union his other four children, Jamesetta, Doris, Benjamin and Robinette were born. When his marriage to Doris ended in divorce in 1974, he married Alene Caldwell. Their marital life together was cut short when Alene died after a brief illness in 1978. A year later he married Deaconess Fannie Jones, his longtime friend and sister in Christ at the St. Paul Baptist Church where he and his Mother Laura had joined in the mid 1950's. Together Rev. Halley and Deaconess Fannie Halley enjoyed many wonderful years of marriage, enjoying their children and grandchildren, traveling and cruising the World until her death in 2003.

During his years of employment he served as a Cutter in the Garment District assuring that his girls, mother and sister always wore the best outfits. Later and until his retirement in 1984 he was employed by the City of New York with the Mass Transit Authority starting as a railroad clerk where a positive thought and a warm smile accompanied each token purchase for his regular passengers or any passenger he believed it was appropriate to share his gifts of love. Next as a Supervisor of Station Maintenance and finally to at the time of his retirement as a Supervisor in the Office of General Superintendent at the time of his retirement. He received numerous awards and recognition for his effective handling of complaints from irate passengers, employees and supervisors involved in the compliant process. Whenever the Main Office was given an extremely challenging and difficult problem to solve, the officials gave the assignment to Rev. Halley, Mr. Improviser, as they nicknamed him.

Rev. Halley a longtime resident of Harlem and a devoted member of the St. Paul Baptist Church for more than half a century was a Godly man with a joyous, loving, contagious spirit. He loved everybody and everybody loved Rev. Halley. His youthfulness and inspirational spirit was captivating.

A graduate of the Union Theological School of Divinity, Rev. Halley served as an Associate Minister at the Saint Paul Baptist Church for the past thirty-six years, he is known throughout the nation and abroad for his soft-spoken, nurturing manner and as a preacher with the message of love and respect for oneself and others. Rev. Halley has worked tirelessly in St Paul Baptist Church as an usher, patron, providing the leadership for numerous clubs and ministries in the Church and most notably as the faithful armor bearer, friend and valet to the late Rev. Dr. Earl B. Moore, Pastor of St. Paul Baptist Church for more than 43 years. A founding member of the **Yes We Care Ministry** he served until his own health began to decline, as the Visitation Minister for Saint Paul's congregation. He could be found visiting and comforting the sick and shut-in almost every day. He brought warmth, sunshine, hope, joy, love and faith to any hospital room including his own during his many hospitalizations this year.

Rev. Halley leaves to cherish is precious memory; his loving sister, Mary Halley Cole; his most devoted daughter, Dr. Jamesetta Halley-Boyce; four loving daughters Marjorie Wallace Halley, Doris Barnes, Robinette Halley and his niece Laura Halley Cole who stood faithfully as a daughter; his son, Benjamin; four grandsons William James Alexander, Gregory Eugene Smith, SirHillary (Hill) Boyce, Jr. and Korian Ortiz; two granddaughters, Nyja Canada and Wiliyah Ortiz; his two loving nieces, Rosalind Waring and Amanda Waring; his faithful, adopted son, James (Jim) Jones and Frank Hughes who lovingly stood as a son; eleven great grandchildren and three great-great grandchildren; Mother Deacon Ella Shank and Sister Ida Nicholson, who he always affectionately called his two "old biddies"; his loving Boyce Family members; his special friend, Norma Wilson and her Family; and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, other family, his Church Family and many friends and colleagues. ~ *Lovingly Submitted*