

In Loving Memory
of
Milton D. Harrison

Sunrise
December 19, 1941

Sunset
November 19, 2010

Saturday, November 27, 2010
12:00 Noon

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.
2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

Rev. Dr. J.G. McCann, Sr. - Officiating
Min. Tyrone Richardson - Organist

Obituary

Milton David Harrison was born December 19, 1941 in Harlem, New York, the fifth child to James and Thelma Harrison. He attended George Washington High School. He later met and married Helen Brown. From this union came Tara Harrison.

In the mid 1970's, Milton, better known as David, pursued a career at Harlem Hospital as a respiratory therapist. He loved to make people laugh and help anyone in need. He enjoyed traveling, playing cards, back gammon and computer games. He retired from Harlem Hospital after thirty years of devoted service.

He would always talk about his grandchildren, whom he cherished. They brought joy to his life. David was also known for his signature hats and sunglasses.

David later met Maxine Anderson who became his loving friend until he went home to glory, on November 19, 2010.

He was preceded in death by his mother and father, Thelma and James Harrison, wife, Helen Harrison, sister, Alma Mitchell as well as brother, Lee Royal Harrison, Sr.

He leaves to mourn: his children, Tara and Milton Harrison; grandchildren, Taija, Talia, Tarell and Xavier; son-in-law, Luis; daughter-in-law, Tanya; sisters, Virginia Harrison, Noretha Chavis and Patricia Jones; and a host of nieces, nephews and cousins.

Order of Service

Processional

Selection *“Yesterday”*

Scripture

Prayer

Selection *“Jesus Is Love”*

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

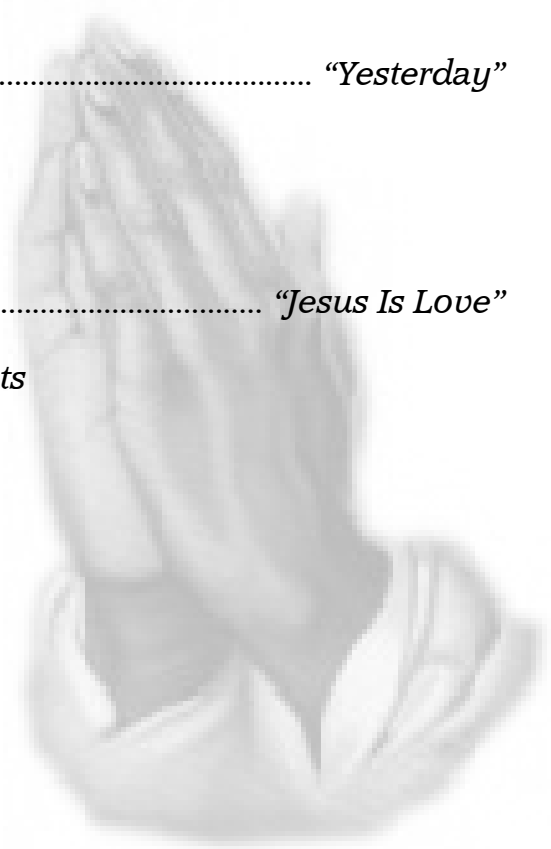
Eulogy

Selection

Committal

Viewing

Recessional



Interment

*George Washington Memorial Park
Paramus, New Jersey*

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 and every one of us 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.
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds
Miss me-but let me go.

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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