

In Loving Memory  
of



*My Little Pilot*



**Ashton John Elliott Eleby**

Sunrise

*December 20, 2010*

Sunset

*March 2, 2011*

Thursday, March 10, 2011 - 7:00 p.m.

**TRINITY BAPTIST CHURCH**

218 Passaic Street • Hackensack, NJ

*Rev. Lester W. Taylor, Jr., Officiating*  
*Pastor Whitfield, Officiating*

# My Little Pilot

Once upon a time way way up in heaven lived a little pilot, this little pilot was God's best little pilot. He had a blue, orange and red airplane with a little yellow stripe on the side, and all day and night he would fly around in heaven. God loved to watch him fly, he was so proud of the little pilot.

God knew how special this little pilot was and he had a big mission planned for him. So God searched the earth until he found a Mommy and Daddy. You see this Mommy and Daddy had dreams. Dreams of a family, dreams of walking on the beach, dreams of going to the park and rolling in the grass in the sun. Dreams of a good life, dreams of love and happiness, but God could also see that this Mommy and Daddy were losing their way. So God went to the little pilot and said "Little pilot I have a mission for you. Go down and help this Mommy and Daddy find their way, and teach them how to live again." So down, down, down to earth flew the little pilot in his blue, orange and red airplane with the little yellow stripe on the side. And landed right in his mommy's stomach, nine months later he was here.

**"Ashton John Elliott Eleby"** Daddy looked at Ashton and he picked him up and he kissed him and said "You're going to be a pilot." oh how Daddy loved his little pilot. He would pick him up and hold him over his head and fly him around the house. Zooming and weaving in and out of the door ways, while making the sounds of an airplane. In all of the little pilot's innocence he taught Mommy and Daddy how to love, how to be patient, how to care for one another. He showed them the joy and sorrows of parenthood, but most of all he taught them how to live again.

Then one day the call came over the little pilot's radio. It was God saying "Little pilot mission complete, it's time to come home." Mommy and Daddy hearts were sadden, they didn't want the little pilot to leave, for they were just getting to know him, they said "no, little pilot stay a little longer, grow a little stronger, teach us just a little bit more." But the little pilot knew he had to go. So there they were all three of them standing on the run way facing the sunset. The little pilot blue red and orange plane with the little yellow stripe on the side. Mommy and Daddy were crying, and Daddy went up to the little pilot kissed him on the forehead and whispered in his ear and said, "We love you little pilot, it's ok if you have to go, I am so proud of you, you taught me how to live again." "Tell God we said hello, tell Jesus we said Hi. Your Mommy and Daddy will be ok, because we know you are alright."

The little pilot climbed into his airplane and he pulled his goggles down over his big brown eyes and with his curly hair he started up the plane, and he flew up, up, up into the sky into the clouds and over the sunset and back into the arms of God. This is the story of Ashton John Elliott Eleby "My Little Pilot" Daddy loves you. I'll see you soon, we will all see you one day. Static over the radio.....You got my heart little pilot.....

~Written by Chris Stephens (Ashton's Daddy)

# Order of Service

Musical Prelude

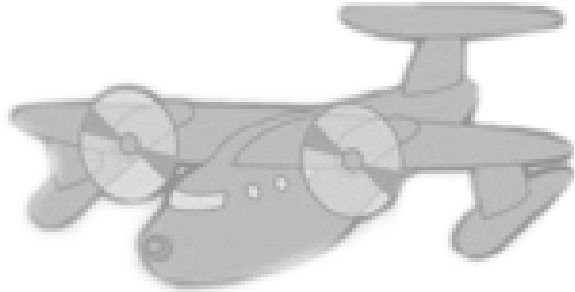
Processional

Invocation

Scripture

Old Testament

New Testament



Prayer of Comfort

Musical Selection

Acknowledgements/Condolence/Remarks ..... 2 mins.

Expression of Poem ..... Kerry Smalls

The Honoring of the Life of **Ashton** .....Christopher Stephens

Musical Expression

Eulogy ..... Pastor Whitfield

Recessional



# The Master Called

*I'm sorry I had to leave you.  
My loved ones, oh so dear.  
But you see, the Master called me,  
His voice was very clear!  
I had made my reservation  
A heaven bound ticket for one,  
And I knew that He would call me  
When He felt my work was done.  
I know that your hearts are heavy  
Because I have gone away,  
But when the Master called me,  
I knew that I could not stay.  
Yes, I'm sorry I had to leave you  
My loved ones, oh so dear,  
But, you see, the Master called me  
And, now I'm resting here.  
Yes, I've crossed on over to glory  
And to you all I say  
Just stay in the hands of Jesus  
And we'll meet again someday.*



*-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.*

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