A Celebration of Life for

Obie Duffy

Sunrise May 6, 1951 Sunset April 7, 2011

Thursday, April 14, 2011 - 10:00 a.m.

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue New York, New York 10027

Reverend Que English, Officiating Bronx Christian Fellowship Church

Obituary

Obediah "Obie" Duffy, son of the late Alma and John was born on May 6, 1951 in Harlem, New York. He was the fourth of five children in descending order. The family later moved to the Bronx where he attended public school.

Obie, known to the family as "Sonny" attended Taft High School where he excelled in basketball. Today his name and trophies still remain on display. Sonny's athletic skill earned him a scholarship. He was the first in our family to attend college. He graduated high school in 1969 and went to college, shortly thereafter a health condition caused him to cease playing ball and take another route in life. Accepting his limitations he went on to graduate receiving a BA from Bellarmine University, Louisville, Kentucky and a Masters in Social Work from the University of Louisville.

While in Louisville, Kentucky he worked at several youth programs. Upon returning to New York in the 80's he continued working with at risk youth at Children's Village in Dobbs Ferry, NY.

Always the social worker he later became employed at Bronx Lebanon Hospital where he remained for over twenty years until his death.

He was a gentle giant. Friends describe him as cool, quiet, kind, trustworthy, extremely knowledgeable and an expert in his field. They say if you have a question Obie will get you the answer. Whenever the family had a health medical or education question we always called Sonny.

He served as a union delegate for SEIU/1199 League for several years.

He was an avid reader American history, Black history you name it he studied it all. Sonny kept abreast of world news and loved a good political debate. You did not want to discuss with him the worlds treatment of our President Barack Obama.

Sonny was the consummate New Yorker. He attended every street fair, flee market, park and venue that New York City had to offer, especially the food and restaurant events (Italian was his favorite). Sonny could tell you where to find the best sausage, salami and pickles in the borough. Everywhere he went he had his children and others in tow.

Sonny loved music and to dance. He had the same moves since high school. He never stopped. He loved attending Roseland, oldie but goodies dances and R&B performances. Even when his health began to fail he continued his routine of walking from Bronx Lebanon to 161st (after work). He also exercised and would always fit in a movie or a show and an occasional Stella Artois.

Throughout his life he showed grace under pressure, stress and insurmountable health problems.

While in the hospital so many co-workers who came to visit him described him as a Christian gentleman, kind and always caring for others. Although he didn't attend church regularly the Christian values our mother instilled in us always remained a part of who he was. At his bedside he accepted the Lord as his savior and I know his salvation is secure. Obie (Sonny) was a wonderful father, a great friend and a loving brother.

He leaves to cherish his memories: Patricia McCartney; children, Ny'Obe (Keenan), Ivan and Ja'Nohn; siblings, Thomas, Mary, Joseph and Diane; twenty-one nieces and twenty nephews; Jacqueline and children; the loving, caring staff at Bronx Lebanon Hospital, especially the Department of Social Work; and a host of other relatives and friends.

Order of Service

Organ Prelude Vaughn Branch
Processional
First Selection Alicia Flakes-Cuffy
Prayer of Comfort
Scripture Gladys Treadwell Old testament - Psalm 27 & Isaiah 40:28-31 New Testament - 1 Corinthians 15:51-57 & Philippians 3:20,21
Second Selection Xyna Brockington
Remarks/Reflections (Please limit speaking time to 2-3 minutes)
Obituary Diane Duffy
Eulogy Rev. Que English Bronx Christian Fellowship Church
Viewing/Selection

Benediction

Recessional

<u>Interment</u>

Mount Holiness Cemetery Butler, 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 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 wishes to express their deep appreciation and sincere thanks for your kindness during a time of sorrow.

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