

A Tribute In Loving Memory of
Sherman Jacob Boyd

Sunrise
September 5, 1959

Sunset
October 18, 2011

Service
Wednesday, October 26, 2011 - 7:00 p.m.

HERBERT T. MCCALL FUNERAL HOME
984 Prospect Ave. • Bronx, New York

Evangelist Alvera Thomas, Officiating

Order of Service

Processional

Invocation

Selection

Scripture Reading.....Evangelist Alvera Thomas
Old Testament
New Testament

Prayer of Comfort.....Evangelist Alvera Thomas

Solo Raven John

Acknowledgements and Expressions Sharon Miller

Selection

Remarks (*3 Minutes each please*)

Obituary Sharon Miller

Solo Raven Johnson

Eulogy..... Evangelist Alvera Thomas

Final Viewing

Benediction

Recessional

<p><u>Final Disposition</u> Woodlawn Crematory Bronx, New York</p>

Reflections of Life

The beautiful **Sherman J. Boyd** departed this life on October 18, 2011. He was born in New York, New York at Harlem Hospital to the late Henry and Martha Boyd.

Sherman graduated from Morris High School. He met and married his wife, Violet. He worked as an Asbestos Laborer until illness took a toll on his life and he retired at an early age. Sherman was baptized and became a member of Victory Baptist Church in the Bronx in 1971.

Sherman was affectionately known as “Big Papa.” He was a devoted and loving husband, father, brother, uncle and friend. He was always willing to help anyone if he could. He loved fishing and entertaining. If you ever was in his presence you were guaranteed a good time. He always had a smile on his face, not letting anything bother him. That’s what my mother loved about him. He walked in the valley of death and feared no evil. He knew God was always on his side. He shared his love with passion and comfort.

Sherman’s parents, one sister, and one son, Martin, preceded him in death. He leaves to cherish precious memories: his wife, Violet; his seven children, Shada, Oral, Carl, Shaquita, Shaqaana, Terrence, and Terrell; eight step children; three sisters, Josephine, Gail and Linda; one brother, Kelvin; five grandchildren; and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, uncles, aunts, other relatives and friends.



May you R.I.P. Sherman

This is to my beloved husband who I love he helped me every time I needed him. I'll never forget how we helped one another. I love you and I'll miss you very much. I always loved you Sherman may God bless you. You cared so much and loved many others. You were a big man of heart. Love you.

~ Your Wife, Carlyon Violet Boyd ~

R.I.P daddy there isn't enough times I can say I love you. But you'll never be forgotten. I'll remember the talk you, mom and I had Tuesday morning and most definitely I won't forget that smile of yours "Smile for me Daddy" and that laugh of yours. I know you were the first one to wish me happy birthday because you are right here in my heart. Thank You Daddy, October 21, 1991 you brought me into this world. The man upstairs has called on you and you didn't just go you left us as your back bone. I'll never forget when you told me "What you do now, will effect you in the long run" In which you were right because everything you taught me is helping me today and will help me through the rest of my life. I know what you expected of me so I'm going to get it done. Let us love one another and surely you have granted him unending blessings Psalm 21:6 Our Father, Our Brother, Our Grandfather, Our Uncle, Our Cousin, Mr. Sherman Boyd.

~ Your Daughter, Shada Boyd ~

Letter to Daddy

Dad all the good times we shared together you always will be in my heart you always told me wrong from right. I deeply remember that Tuesday morning you sat me down and spoke father to son how we should talk. Everything you told me Dad it will stay in my heart and mind we had all our laughs and big Kool-Aid smiles. Two faces one tear the love me and you shared. I had your trust and love I remember looking in your eyes and you telling me "boy you know I love you" and I responded with a smile and said "I love you more pop!" The Father upstairs called for you and you moved on up but your last, and youngest son will follow in your footsteps because you were a good man my father and I will do what you asked me to do. I'm strong like you. Like you used to tell me when you leave home I'm the man of the house so I'm going to hold the house down, love you.

~ Your son, Oral Boyd ~

Acknowledgement

The family wishes to express their deepest appreciation and sincere thanks for all acts of kindness shown to them in their time of sorrow.

Professional Services Provided By

HERBERT T. MCCALL FUNERAL HOME

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