

A portrait of Phillip Irvin Patterson, a smiling man with glasses, wearing a dark sweater over a white collared shirt. The background is a soft-focus landscape with a cloudy sky. Two white doves are flying in the sky, one in the upper right and one in the lower left. A larger, faded version of the man's face is visible in the background on the left side.

In Loving
Memory
of

Phillip Irvin Patterson

Sunrise: November 13, 1952

Sunset: January 5, 2012

Saturday, January 14, 2012 - 2:00 p.m. to 6:00 p.m.

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue

New York, New York 10027

Obituary

Phillip Irvin Patterson, affectionately called Phil, was fifty-nine years old, born on November 13, 1952 in Harlem, NY to the late Naomi and William Patterson. He was the second oldest out of seven children.

In 1970, Phil took on the job of an orderly at Knickerbocker Hospital. In was here that he met his future wife, Beverly Davis, a nurses' aide at the hospital. They started dating and on October 28, 1971, Phil and Beverly had their first daughter, Shanika. Phil and Beverly married in 1976, and had their second daughter, Martisha, on June 7, 1977. On August 27, 1985, they had their third daughter, Lydia.

All three daughters have a different and unique prospective on their father:

Shanika

I remember my father being very protective of me growing up. He valued my opinion and always wanted my input. I remember when we went to live with my grandmother, he would visit every Saturday. He would always remember to bring all my favorite junk then he would take me to my favorite place, Coney Island where we would spend the day. I hated to see him go and would always anticipate the next time we would do it all over again. Daddy, I love you and you will forever be in my heart.

Martisha

My father was a very loving, positive and funny man. He was understanding and there to offer great advice and good conversation. He was always there for the important moments in my life, showing pride, support, and above all love. He was proud to be our Dad, and showed the same pride for his grandchildren. He loved the pictures of the children I would send him and displayed them throughout his home. For Christmas, I gave him copies of photos of himself and his siblings who have passed. I'm so happy those pictures provided some joy and times to reminisce during his stay in the hospital. Daddy, I love you and will truly miss your smiling face, and the "Hey Marty" you would say whenever you called.

Lydia

Daddy, we shared so many memories throughout the years. You taught me how to ride a bike and took me to my first Yankees game. Today, I want to take time out to thank you for helping me become the woman I am today. You weren't just my father, you were my teacher, my confidant, my protector, my best friend, and now, my angel who looks down on me and so many people you touched.

Today, we come together to celebrate you and all the things you done for us. This isn't a goodbye because we will meet again. Love, always your "twin" Lydia.

Phil was predeceased by his mother and father, and siblings Peter and Linda Patterson.

He leaves behind his loving wife, Beverly; three daughters; four grandchildren, Karl Jr., Dashana, Deja and Jalen; four siblings, Sheryle, Stephen, Robert and Cynthia; along with a long line of nieces, nephews, cousins, extended family and friends.

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