

*In Loving Memory
of*

***Sunrise**
December 13, 1963*

***Sunset**
February 8, 2012*

Robert Patterson

***Service**
Friday, February 17, 2012 - 7:00 p.m.*

ANTIOCH BAPTIST CHURCH

515 West 125th Street
New York, New York



Obituary

As the evening approached on Wednesday, February 8, 2012, God saw fit to call **Robert Wayne Patterson Sr.**, home to rest. Robert was loved by many, and affectionately called “Big Bob”, “Bob” or “Bobby” by friends and family, “PopPop” by his grandchildren, and “Robert” by his mother and teachers, when his rambunctious behavior warranted such labeling as a young child. Robert was born on December 13, 1963 in Harlem here in New York City, and was forty-eight years of age at the time of his passing. The son of the late Naomi and William Patterson Sr., Robert was the sixth of their seven children, and the baby boy of the family.

On July 14, 1989, Robert married Sharon Bratcher, and two children were born from that union, Shariece “Moms” as he called her and Robert Wayne Patterson III (nicknamed “Funnyman” or “Big Man” by his father. Robert also became the father to Morris Toomer, as a result of this union. Prior to Bobby’s marriage, he became the proud father of his junior, Robert Wayne Patterson Jr. The arrival of Robert Wayne Patterson Jr., gave Bobby the name of “Big Bob”. Big Bob was all about family, and if you knew him, you would have heard him say “nobody better *mess* with my family “. However, the word “mess” was not the word he used (smile)!

Big Bob is survived by his wife, Sharon Patterson; four children, Robert Jr. (Lil Bob), Morris, Shariece and Robert III; one brother, Stephen Patterson; two sisters, Shyrie and Cynthia Patterson; eight grandchildren; one aunt, Mrs. Virgin Alston; one mother-in-law, Louise Bratcher; five sisters-in-law; three brothers-in-law; one son-in-law, Kerek Walker and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins and extended family and friends. He was a loving son, husband, father, brother, son-in-law, uncle, grandfather, cousin, brother-in-law, friend and confidant.

Bob had a magnanimous personality, with a killer smile that melted the hearts of all who loved him. At the tender year of five, Bobby developed the love for sports, but basketball was his all-time favorite. He also enjoyed playing pick-up games of football with his Grant “BOYS”, as well as other playground games and activities. By the time Bobby became a teenager, he was well on his way to becoming a basketball star! He played basketball teams at the infamous Stone Gym, Ruckers League, elementary and middle school teams, JFK High School, Riverside Church Hawks and was also one of the stars of Antioch Baptist Church’s team, where he was also a member and baptized at the church. Bobby gained the eye of both Basketball Scouts and Private School Admissions staff alike.

After Robert’s school ages, he worked at many jobs, such as the New York City Housing Authority, Upper Westside Construction and the Fitzgerald Condominiums, just to name a few. He was a hard worker, who pushed himself to be the BEST that he could be, in everything he sought out to do. While at the Fitzgerald Condominiums, Bob did everything from serve as Porter to working his way up to that of Building Manager responsibilities. In his off-time from work, he continued polishing his skills as a Carpenter, and served in this function for many years. To this day, there are quite a few households still displaying and enjoying his handy work.

After over ten years of such strenuous work, he discovered that illness had come to visit. However, Big Bob never stopped living life, not after heart issues, not after having half his foot amputated and not even after having another amputation of the other foot, up to his shin. Big Bob kept going and if you weren’t close enough to know that all this was going on in his life, you would have never been able to tell, as he moved around with so much vigor and so very full of life. After receiving his second amputation, Bob gave the end result of his surgery a name and he affectionately began calling his amputated part “my puppy”. Big Bob moved around for years with the assistance of several devices, a wheelchair, cane and later prosthesis. None of these appendages were able to steal his love for life, as they did not define who he was. He was a man of strength, integrity, and character with intense love for his family.

Children’s Comments:

Robert W. Patterson Jr.: “I love you Pop! You taught me the true definition of COURAGE amongst a bunch of other things. You taught me so much that when we argue, you would stop and give a funny look and say, “damn it scares me because, it’s like looking in the mirror fighting myself!” LOL You are not only a father but a Best Friend to me. I Thank and Love My Father, Robert Patterson Sr., “Mr. Unbreakable”... The world couldn’t break him, so the Lord had to take him”.

*Morris Toomer: “ I remember when pop taught my son how to say: what’s up motherf*cka”. It was funny because I was mad, but pop said leave him alone, he can say it only when PopPop around”.*

Shariece Patterson: “Moms you not only my daughter , you are MY BEST FRIEND, I LOVE YOU for being more to me than my daughter” I love him for being my SUPERMAN.”

Robert W. Patterson III (Funnyman): “People love to see me down but when I get back up that’s when they want something, tough as nails”.

Laurice: “Stop crying before I hit you upside your head.”

Robert Sr., Big Bob, Bobby, Bob and PopPop will be deeply and sorely missed and never will he be forgotten by the many who have grown to love the man that he was!!! His friends and family most of all, will always love and hold him in the most highest regard!!! One Love... Family Love!

Order of Service

Processional

Selection Carlton Taylor

Scripture 1 Corinthians 13:11

Prayer

Selection Choir

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Eulogy

Scripture Psalms 33:18

Selection Ms. Sarah Cooper

Committal

Recessional

Final Disposition

Woodlawn Crematory
Bronx, New York

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 everyone 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.*



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