

Obituary

Mark Anthony Clarke Jr. was born June 23, 1999, in Long Island Jewish Hospital Queens, NY to parents Mark Anthony Clarke and Candace Marie Moss (Clarke). He was the oldest of three (sister). Winsome Carolyn and (brother) Jaylin Anthony. He also has an older sibling, Torae Loraine Bish whom he share the same father with.

Due to improper monitoring during labor and delivery, when he was born, Mark experienced Developmental Delays. Through his thirteen years of life. As well as living with Epilepsy (Seizure Disorder).

Between the ages of one and two Mark received therapy at home through early intervention. When he turned three years old he began to attend schools through district 75 where he continued to receive all his therapy. First attending the Q.C.P. Apple School, then attending P.S. 236 and P.S. 233 all located in Queens, NY.

In the thirteen years that Mark been here with us he was loved by anyone who came in contact with him. His smile could light up the darkest room. If you ever took the time to look into his eyes you know you were in the presence of an angel.

He leaves behind two great-grandfathers, two great-grandmothers, grandfather, four great-aunts, three aunts, two granduncles, one uncle and a list of cousins; You will truly be missed, our son, family member and friend Mark Anthony Clarke Jr.

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture

Prayer of Consolation

Selection

Acknowledgements

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

Viewing

Benediction

Recessional

Interment

Pinelawn Memorial Park Farmingdale, New York

Repast:

The family invites you to join them for a repast at Dr. Reverend CW Mixon Center 112-50 Springfield Blvd. .• Queens Village New York





SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR MOMMY ON MOTHER'S DAY



A SPECIAL PLANT FOR MOMMY ON MOTHER'S DAY... FROM MARKIE JR.



While strolling in Life's Garden, I saw beauty on every turn, Bright flowers were all blooming, Midst stately rows of fern. Amongst such lovely splendor Were roses full of thorns, White lilies aged, with browning, A product of Life's Storms. Wee too, have thorns and thistles That prick and causes us pain; Sometimes we trip and stumble, But God pick us up again. Then as we stroll Life's Garden, There are signs along the way; If we will read and follow them, We won't get lost or stray. Christ is the garden keeper, Who tends our needs as well, As long as we look up to Him, His love won't let us fall.

Hcknowledgements

The family wishes to acknowledge with deep appreciation the many expressions of love, concern and kindness shown to their family during this hour of bereavement.

May God Bless and Keep You!

Professional Services Provided By:

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