

I'm Free

*Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free
I'm following the path God laid for me
I took his hand when I heard Him call
I turned my back and left it all.*

I could not stay another day.

*To laugh, to love, to work or play.
Tasks left undone must stay that way,
I found that peace at the close of day.*

*If my parting has left a void,
Then fill it up with remembered joy.
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss,
Oh, yes these things I too will miss.
Be not burdened with times of sorrow,
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.*

*My life's been full, I savored much.
Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch.
Perhaps my time seemed all too brief,
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.
Lift up your heart and share with me,
God wanted me now, He set me free!*

-author unknown

Acknowledgements

The family of the late Leopold "Bredda" Morris wish to express their thanks for the support and kindness shown at this time of bereavement.

Professional Services Provided By

COTTON FUNERAL SERVICE
130 Main Street
Orange, NJ
973-675-6400

1025 Bergen Street
Newark, NJ
973-926-6400

COTTON-PARKER FUNERAL HOME
37 Clinton Avenue
Jersey City, NJ
201-433-1000



Service of Thanksgiving for the life of



Leopold Walton Morris

Sunrise
June 6, 1946

Sunset
April 16, 2013

Service

Wednesday, April 24, 2013 - 7:00 p.m.

Cotton Funeral Service

1025 Bergen Street
Newark, New Jersey

Order of Service

- Hymn “How Great Thou Art”
- Scripture: Ecclesiastes 3: 1-12 Rasheedah Henry (Daughter)
- Prayer Shera Gray (Sister)
- Solo Enid “Sister Jenny” Morris (Ex Wife)
- Scripture: 1 Corinthians 15: 50-58 Darcia O’Brien (In-Law)
- Selection Grandchildren
- Obituary Caroline “Kerlene” Dorsett (Daughter)
- Remarks/Reflections Shera Gray (Sister)
Walton Morris (Son)
David Morris (Son)
Edwin Morris (Son)
Other Friends and Relatives
- Hymn “Farther Along”
- Eulogy
- Recessional

Interment
Family Cemetery
Leathe, Jamaica

Repast

*Kindly join us for repast at
247 Fabyan Place, Newark, NJ
immediately after the service.*

Obituary

Daddy, Uncle, Bigga, Morris, Bredda, Uncle Bredda or Grandpa, Great Grandpa, Friend, Son, Companion, all refer to one person our dearly departed Mr. Morris the Jamaican Cowboy.

Leopold Walton Morris was born when it was time for his mother to have him. But the running joke was that he had two birthdays. Officially he was born 06 June 1946 and unofficially, 05 December 1946. And he expected two gifts too, so you can just imagine what it was like each year! He was born to the late Hilda Gray and Thomas Morris. He departed us suddenly on Tuesday, 16 April, 2013. He’s survived by four sisters; Merlina “Early” Fletcher, Constance “Nancifer” England and Ira Hazel of Jamaica and Shera & Lester Gray of NJ and one brother; Dennis English of Florida. Ten children: four sons; Walton (Novelette) Morris of Arizona, David “Lloyd” Morris of NJ, Edwin “Cleve” (Cecile) Morris of Buffalo, and Leo (Shontelle) Morris of Jamaica. Six daughters; Sharon Morris, Caroline (Hamilton) Dorsett, Judith Morris, Rasheedah (Devon) Henry, Allison Morris of NJ and Alexcia “Lexie” Morris of Jamaica. Two stepchildren; Marcia “Janet” McClaire and Al-Therika Morris of NJ. Twenty-eight grandchildren, one great-grandchild and twenty-nine nieces and nephews and a host of cousins. Also left to celebrate his legacy are his ex-wife, Enid Morris and his companion, Eva May Anderson, three aunts, Ionie Goodie, Clara and Ann, one uncle, Booksie.

Morris was born at home in Lethe District and he went to Lethe All Age School. Just the other day, we were talking about when he had to stop going to school to learn his trade. He worked alongside his father to become a master carpenter. He didn’t talk much about how he became a successful carpenter and contractor building some of the major hotels in Jamaica. He always wanted us to know that he had to drop out of school to learn his trade and he walked barefoot while learning that trade. He even marveled at the fact that he would buck off the skin off his toes. He never forgot the 10 schillin he got paid for working all that time or how he overheard his father bragging about him in the middle of the night to his mother about how good a worker he was and that he was better than the trades men that were getting paid. He took pride in his work and it paid off!

In 1967, after marrying Enid McClaire, he moved to Montego Bay and later to Kingston where they settled down and completed their family. He never forgot his roots. Every summer, Easter break or holiday, he would take us to the country. He thought it was important for us to learn where we were from in order to appreciate what we had. And I tell you, if his idea of appreciation was learning to swim in the river, playing in the common, smelling sweet hog plum at night, catching blinkie in the bottle to make flashlight or listening out for the fresh pears to drop off the tree, then we certainly appreciated and enjoyed every waking moment of it! In 1984, my parents and ten children in toe migrated to the United States. They divorced in 1991 but remained friends. Of the eleven children between the two of them, they worked hard at helping us find our career paths. I guess he didn’t want us to walk barefoot in America too!

Daddy was a generous person who loved to laugh. He loved to fish, boy did he love to fish! As a matter of fact, he was preparing for a fishing trip in June. A week and a half ago, he promised to catch me a 2 ft Red Snapper if I bought him a special reel he wanted. I guess now I’ll have to settle for the 4 ft Striped Bass in his deep freezer, and no, I’m not sharing!

He always spoke his mind. But when he thought he would offend you he would say, “mi a talk in frunt ah face nuh behine back.”

He enjoyed hanging out with his friends and tried as best as he could to get us involved with that side of him as well. Just a few weeks ago, he was out by the garage at Spence and called me to tag along. We had a good ole time with his friends making fun of him for always having one of his kids with him every time he came around.

Not having Daddy around will be difficult for us but I know we’re not the only ones who’ll miss him. His friends, Dougie, Spence, Dixon, Sexy, Ms. Lerner, Fitzroy, Ms. Rose, Basil and a host of others who’s name elude me will all miss him too. You all won’t have him to bring you fresh fish anymore or have him there to tell you off about “unnuh backside!” Ms. Eva, I know you’ll miss the company but just remember that we’re still here for you to call upon. I’ll definitely miss the 3 a.m. calls asking me “Kerlene, are you awake?” Taney, I know you lost a friend but you still have his legacy!

It’s difficult not to cry when you think about losing Daddy. I just ask that between those tears that you think of all the funny stories he’d tell. Remember the delicious meals he’d cook for the masses that came to his house and don’t forget that spirited laugh of his and that’s sure to put a smile back on your face. I now understand why his favorite song is ‘Farther Along.’ So I’ll leave you with these few lines from that song. “Farther along we’ll know all about it. Farther along we’ll understand why! Cheer up my, brother live in the sunshine. We’ll understand it all by and by!”

L
E
O
P
O
L
D
W
A
L
T
O
N
M
O
R
R
I
S