

Celebrating The Life Of

# *James Milton Mingo*

Sunrise  
January 21, 1967

Sunset  
July 17, 2013



Service

Thursday, July 25, 2013 - 4:00 p.m.

**ST. AUGUSTINE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**

838 Prospect Avenue

Bronx, New York 10459

*Reverend Patricia DeJesus*

*Evangelist Mary Ann McFadden, Officiating*

# *Order of Service*

**Scripture Reading**  
**Old Testament**  
**New Testament**

**Remarks**

**Obituary**  
*Angela Mingo*

**Eulogy**  
*Melvin Mingo*



**Final Disposition**

*Woodlawn Crematory*  
*Bronx, New York*

## *Reflections of Life*

*James Milton Mingo* was born on January 21, 1967 to James M. Mingo and Malita Mingo. On July 17, 2013, our God Almighty called on James Milton Mingo and took him home.

James was born and raised in Brooklyn, New York. He attended Grady High School in Brooklyn. James met and fell in love with Tala Sombe and from this union they had four beautiful children.

James was a commercial truck driver for Bacobolts Scaffolding Company but had to stop work because of his health. Even though James didn't have worldly possessions, he always had a smile on his face and love for all. He would give you the shirt off his back, even his rent money as long as he had his childrens needs taken care of first.

James knew he had a bad heart, but his main concern was to make sure that his children would be cared for if anything should happen to him so he made a pact with his family that they would make sure his children will be okay.

Preceded in his death is his father and grandparents.

He leaves to mourn: his mother, Malita; children, Silifah, Fatimah, Hannah and Abdullah; his sister, Angela; his brothers, Eric, Melvin (Bernadette), and Ronald; and a host of aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews, cousins and friends.

He will be loved and never forgotten!

## TO MY LOVED ONES

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 must go alone.  
It's all a part of the Master's plan,  
A step on the road to home  
When you are lonely and sick of heart  
Go to the friends we know  
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds  
Miss me – But let me Go!

### *Acknowledgement*

*To all our family and friends that we know and love,  
and to all that came to us in our time of need, we thank  
you all for your kindness and words of expression.*

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Professional Services Provided By

**HERBERT T. MCCALL FUNERAL HOME**

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