



Friday, October 20, 1933

Monday, September 23, 2013

Service

Thursday, September 26, 2013 - 12:00 Noon

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

Rev. Lee Arrington, Officiating Rev. David Jenkins, Organist

Obituary

Enoch Sharp was born in Birmingham, Alabama on October 20, 1933 to the late Isaac and Doris Sharp. He attended Council Elementary School and Parker High School. After high school, Enoch enlisted in the United States Army and was stationed in Fort Jackson, South Carolina and Germany where he dutifully served his country. After completing the service, he returned to Birmingham. It didn't take long for Enoch to learn that Birmingham could not fulfill his dreams of a brighter future. As a result, he ventured out to California and Texas to test the waters however, he learned that they were not to his liking. He later returned to Birmingham and married the love of his life, Dorothy Lane. Their family grew to include three daughters and a stepson. They departed Birmingham in 1961 for New York City. There he took on several jobs and finally secured a job working at Morissania Hospital, in the Bronx, as a respiratory technician.

Family was always important to Enoch. He wanted nothing but the best for his children and was determined to show them a good time and set their sights on what life had to offer. He frequently made time for family excursions. Bear Mountain, Sheepshead Bay and Coney Island were considered home away from home. He would pack up his little Beetle Station Wagon with goodies and additional kids from 153rd Street and off he would go up the Palisades Parkway and BQE to reach his destinations. Manhattan wasn't off limits either. There were frequent trips to The Museum of Natural History, the Planetarium, Central, Bryant, and Fran Siegel Parks and the world famous Empire State Building – Oh yes! Enoch wanted to ensure that his children knew more than 153rd Street.

Enoch was an avid photographer. He spent loads of time photographing the sights of nature, family and neighborhood friends. If you saw him coming down the street with his camera, you knew you would be in for some serious posing. By the time he was finished snapping away your jaws would feel as if they were frozen in time. He was meticulous about taking the "just right shot". He would later spend time in the bathroom, which served as his dark room, developing the pictures he had taken. He would tie up the bathroom for hours. Therefore, everyone in the household had to make sure they did their business well in advance!!!

Enoch put a new spin on TGIF (Thank God It's Friday). That's the day on which he was born and the time family and friends would get together and listen to the likes of Frank Sinatra, Billy Eckstine, Johnnie Mathis and occasionally, Enoch would break down and boogie to the tunes his wife enjoyed (James Brown, the Temptations, Otis Redding, etc). Apartment #4 would rock well into Saturday mornings. These rollicking, fun times will always be remembered.

Enoch completed his life's journey on Monday, September 23, 2013. He will always be remembered and cherished. He leaves to mourn, his wife of fifty-six years, Dorothy; two daughters, JoAnn Murray (Earl) and Cheryl White; stepson, Derek Lane (Choice). He was predeceased by his daughter, Sandra Jean Alexander (who was born on his birthday), also predeceased by his brother, Leonard and sister Elizabeth, grandchildren, Larise, Katrina, Brandy, Nadia, Steve, Cory, Jilani, Brittney, Joseph, Jaidah and Khalieff, fifteen great grandchildren, one great grandchild on the way and one great-great grandchild, two sistersin-law, Yvonne Lane and Thelma Sharp, three nephews, Terry, Leonard and Daryl, one niece, (Rotisha Lane) and a host of family and friends.

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Readings

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

Committal

Viewing

Recessional

Interment

Calverton National Cemetery Calverton, New York

Miss Me, But Let Me Ga

When I come to the end of the road 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 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 at heart Go to the friends we know And bury your sorrow in doing good deeds Miss me, but let me go

Acknowledgement

The family of **Enoch Sharp** wishes to thank you with deep appreciation, the many expressions of love, concern and kindness shown to them during the passing of their loved one. May God richly bless each and everyone of you.

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