

31 Conger Street Bloomfield, New Jersey

## **Obituary**

**James Barber**, was born July 2, 1943 in Jackson, North Carolina to the late Josephine Sweatt-Barber and Otis Barber.

James received his education at Ramson School in North Carolina and later relocated to New Jersey, where he married his childhood sweetheart, Margaret. From their union three daughters, Janice, Terina and Tamica were born.

James worked for Heller Paper Company until retirement. He was a member of Progressive Lodge #52 AF and AM. He loved watching westerns and talking to his friends about the old days in North Carolina. James was made of stone and nails and if he didn't fight with you, he didn't love you.

Already waiting with open arms grandmother, Mary Sweatt, mother, Josephine Sweatt-Barber, father, Otis Barber, wife, Margaret Barber, daughter, Janice Barber, brothers, Willie and Joseph Sweatt, niece, Lisa Washington, sister-in-law, Maude Sweatt and brother-in-law, Jessie Jacobs

He leaves to cherish his memory: two daughters, Tamica Barber and Terina Barber; one son-in-law, Wade Brown; three grandsons, Terick and Hassan Barber and Shaheed Barr; two granddaughters, Mika Barr and Tameeka Barber; three sisters, Elsie Jacobs, Pearl Edmonds and Mary Washington; four brothers-in-law, Bernard Edmonds, Glen Washington, Clyde Brown and Martin Wesby; sisters-in-law, Clara Robinson, Carol Smith, Marlene Lockhart, Sarah Wesby, Arlitta Sweatt and Madeline Sweatt; and a host of friends, nieces and nephews.

### Order of Service

Processional Family and Friends

Prayer of Comfort

Scripture Readings Old Testament New Testament



Soloist

Tributes and Special Remarks

Acknowledgements......Tukara Pierce

Obituary.....Tukara Pierce

Eulogy ...... BV. Robinson

Recessional

#### Interment

Rosedale Cemetery Orange, New Jersey

#### Repast

Following the interment family and friends are invited to return to the church.



# There's A Reason

For every pain that we must bear For every burden, every care There is a reason.

For every grief that bows the head For every tear drop that is shed There is a reason.

For every hurt, for every plight
For every lonely, pain-racked night,
There is a reason.

But if we trust God, as we should

It will all turn out for our good

He knows the reason.

-Author unknown

## <u>Acknowledgements</u>

The family acknowledges with deep appreciation all acts of kindness extended to them during this bereavement hour.

May God bless you for all your thoughtfulness and concern.

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