

Celebrating the life  
Of  
Blake Russell



Sunrise  
February 25, 1959

Sunset  
August 8, 2014

Service

Saturday, August 16, 2014 - 10:00 a.m.

Cotton Funeral Service

1025 Bergen Street  
Newark, New Jersey

Officiant: Wayne Williams, Minister, Cousin, Friend

# Order of Service

The Prelude.....Organist

Special Tribute.....Omegas

The Hymn of Faith.....Soloist

The Scripture Reading  
Old and New Testament.....Clergy

Prayer of Comfort.....Soloist

Words of Comfort.....Clergy

Words from family & friends..... Taylor V. Williams,  
Dawn Frye,  
Omega Psi Phi, and others

Eulogy.....Clergy

The Recessional  
and Final Viewing.....Clergy, Family, Friends

The Interment.....Fairmount Cemetery  
620 Central Ave, Newark, NJ



**Repast**

*224 West Kinney Street • Newark, NJ*

# Obituary

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**Mr. Blake Adair Russell**, raised in East Orange, NJ departed from our presence Friday, August 8, 2014 in Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

Blake known to his family as “Blakey” and to his friends and the rest of the world as “Pancake”, “Cake” and “Oz” – was born in Newark, NJ on February 25, 1959 to Edward and Virgle Russell or Pee Wee, as Blake called her. Blake captured the hearts of the entire family at an early age with an outgoing and contagious affection for living life to the fullest.

Blake was not just loved by his family, but he was highly esteemed by his friends and the community at large. In fact Blake would find himself commonly highlighted for his talents and skills throughout his athletic and educational career.

Blake attended Ashland Elementary school in East Orange where his passion for sports began. Blake was an all around athlete. He captured numerous trophies, medals, letters and other awards in judo, track “n” field, basketball and football. Blake continued his passion in high school. At Clifford J. Scott High School in East Orange, Blake aka Pancake, aka Cake continued to collect accolades for his athletic career. It was at Scott, that he became the star running back, known for exceptional speed. Although small in stature, he was a giant on the field or the court. His charisma translated from sports into his life.

Blake’s God given ability landed him a football scholarship to Northeastern University in Boston, MA. It was there in Boston, that Blake extended his family with the fraternal brotherhood of Omega Psi Phi Inc. Cake now known as Oz, number 1 of the Infamous 8, Gamma Chapter/1980, continued to scamper for first downs as he earned his Bachelor’s Degree in Criminal Justice.

After a few residential relocations, Blake settled in Philadelphia, PA in the early 1990s. While in Philly, Blake was not willing to settle for just a couple of yards, Blake fought for extra yardage and completed his Master’s Degree at Lincoln University in Oxford, PA. On December 22, 1994, Blake welcomed the apple of his eye into this world, his daughter, Porsha Russell, who he affectionately called Porta-Bean. This would become Blake’s proudest accomplishment, his most critical first down, the ultimate touchdown. Prior to his departure from Philadelphia, he became a member of Enon Tabernacle.

Blake was a great cook and loved to show off by making dishes new and old without following any recipe; he was extremely outgoing, always making his presence known wherever he went; he loved dress- shoes making sure it matched his outfits; he loved to travel; to meet new people, most he tagged with a nickname. He was an avid football and basketball fan, always bragging and betting on his favorite teams: the NY Giants and the LA Lakers, whose team colors- purple and gold, were the same as his fraternity. He loved life and embraced it. His presence was always bigger than his size.

Blake was preceded in death by his father, Edward Russell in 2003. Left to cherish his precious memories, Blake is survived by his daughter Porsha Russell, his mother Virgle Russell, his brother Troy Russell, sister in-law Alyssa, several aunts, uncles, nieces and nephews, and countless cousins.

## Pallbearers

Omega Psi Phi Fraternity Inc.  
Classmates from Clifford J. Scott

### Miss Me, But Let Me Go

*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 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.  
Laugh at the things we use to do  
Miss me-but let me go.*

*-author unknown*

## Acknowledgement

On Behalf of the Russell Family we wish to thank everyone for the expressed acts of kindness during this sorrowful time. We especially would like to thank Franklin Williams Sr., Franklin Williams Jr, Dawn Frye, Sheila Peterson and Omega Psi Phi for loving on us through this journey.

### Professional Services Provided By

COTTON FUNERAL SERVICE	COTTON-PARKER FUNERAL HOME	
130 Main Street	1025 Bergen Street	37 Clinton Avenue
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