

JAMES E. CHURCHMAN, JR.
September 1, 1924 - September 11, 2014

~ ORDER OF SERVICE ~

Tuesday, September 16, 2014 at 10:00 a.m.

TRINITY ST. PHILIPS CATHEDRAL

610 Broad Street, Newark, NJ

The Very Rev'd Petero Sabune, Officiating Organist - DaCosta Dawson

Solo: Somebody Bigger Than You and I

Soloist: Janice Atkins

Please stand as the casket and family enter the church.

The Order of our Service begins on Pg. 491, Book of Common Prayer (BCP – Red Book)

Celebrant: I am Resurrection and I am Life, says the Lord.

The Collect, BCP, 493

The Liturgy of the Word (Please be seated)

Old Testament Reading: Isaiah 61:1-3 A Reading from the Book of Wisdom 3:1-5, 9 New Testament Reading: Matthew 11:28-39

Sequence Hymn: Amazing Grace Lift Every Voice & Sing Hymnal (LEVAS) #181

The Gospel (all stand) John 6:37-40

Deacon: The Holy Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ according to St. John
Deacon: This is the Gospel of our Lord.

ALL: Glory to you, Lord Christ.

ALL: Praise to you, Lord Christ.

Remarks

Presentation of Word and Song Garden State Funeral Directors Association Samuel Arnold, Tyrone Dunlap Alethea Simone Churchman Silent Reading of the Obituary

The Apostle's Creed, BCP #496 (Please stand as you are able)

The Prayers of the People, BCP #497 (Please remain standing as you are able)

The Peace

The Holy Communion, BCP 361

Soloists during Holy Communion – Curtist Watkins, Shonda Brewer, Antionette Montague Anthem: I Am Not afraid of the Gospel / Soloist: Janice Atkins

The Commendation, BCP 499 (Please stand as you are able)

Blessing

Dismissal

- INTERMENT -Glendale Cemetery Bloomfield, New Jersey We earnestly thank all of you who have helped our husband, dad, grandfather, and great grandfather with so much over the past months. We cannot name every person who chauffeured both he and his wife and patiently waited at doctors' offices, supermarkets, drug stores, Dunkin Donuts, the dry cleaners and oh so many more places, but God knows your name, and we do too.

We thank you for each meal, phone call, flower, card, visit, prayer and quiet reflection.

To the physicians who lovingly practiced your profession; chastised him, encouraged him, and even in the end made sure he gently fell into the arms of the Lord, there are no words for you. We thank you for the extra time you allowed us to share together. St. Barnabas Pulmonary you are extraordinary, as are Job Haines, Daughters of Israel, and the Dialysis Unit at East Orange.

We appreciate every funeral service professional who has helped us during the time when we found that even the funeral director needs assistance in this most difficult moment, and indeed suffers great moments of confusion. We can never thank the embalmers who so lovingly preserved our father's remains and took away the vestiges of his illness so we could bid him farewell. You called upon practices as old as the Egyptians passed down from generation to generation. Only the embalmer truly knows.

Churchman Funeral Home staff, you have performed admirably, and we are proud. You shone at a difficult moment. You propped us up, made us go and let us say goodbye in an incredible way. Thank you is not enough for you.

Finally, we thank those of you who have shared such fond and wonderful memories of our patriarch with us; it means more than you will ever know.

spring...





James Enoch Churchman, Jr.

was born September 1, 1924 in Newark, New Jersey at his parent's home on Brunswick Street. He was the first and only child of Gladys St. John Churchman and James E. Churchman, Sr. He was fortunate to have grandparents active in his life, and he was very close with his mother's parents: Joseph and Clara Virginia St. John as well as his paternal grandmother Minnie Churchman.

While in elementary school, James was active in Troupe 67 of the Boy Scouts which was based at the Friendly Neighborhood House. They were the first African American troupe to attend Camp Mohegan, a Scout Camp. James went on to obtain his Eagle Scout designation, becoming the first African American in this area to do so. The Eagle Scout badge did not come easily, as he had to find somewhere in Newark that would allow him use the swimming pool to obtain his swimming badge. But between him and his mother, no obstacle was too great! In later years, his support of scouting was awarded with a Silver Beaver Award, the highest honor in adult scouting.

James received his early education at Monmouth Street School in Newark, and later graduated from South Side High School (now known as Malcolm X. Shabazz) where he ran track and cross country, and lettered in these sports.

At the age of 10, Church began selling Liberty
Magazines; at 16 he began work at the Library
and from ages 12-17 worked at his father's funeral home. This
work ethic would last for his entire life.

His parents and grandparents instilled in him the quality of gentlemanly behavior which became one of his hallmarks.

Raised as an Episcopalian, James and his family belonged to St. Philips Church Newark where he was baptized and later confirmed. This beginning of his Christian journey was to last to the end of his life. At St. Philips, James was a junior and senior acolyte and crucifix bearer.







After graduation, Church elected to attend Howard University, where he was a freshman sensation on the basketball court!

His studies were interrupted as he was drafted, and he entered the United States Navy. Church went to boot camp at Great Lakes Illinois. At that time, most African Americans trained to be stewards in Maryland, he had a choice to be a battalion leader or teach illiterate fellow boot campers; he chose the latter. After boot camp, he shipped to Newport Rhode Island's Camp Lagune. This was a racist encounter he never forgot; African Americans were stationed 50 miles away from the main camp. Later assignments took him to Camp Shoemaker outside of Richmond, California. Here he was able to visit his Aunt

Isabelle (his father's sister) who lived in Berkeley. He also played in a basketball league. Next, Church shipped out to Pearl Harbor, and was attached to the largest Naval Hospital in the Pacific. It was in Pearl Harbor that he met John Head who would become instrumental in introducing him to his future wife. Later, Church shipped to Guam (where he continued to play basketball) and was attached to the 52nd defense battalion of the Marine Corps, and was in charge of the sick bay. After serving from December 1943 - May 1946, Jim was honorably discharged.

After discharge, Jim began working with his father at the family funeral home. He attended and graduated from McAllister Institute in 1948, served his apprenticeship under the tutelage of his father, and was licensed as a funeral service professional in 1949. He was granted New Jersey License # 1878 by the New Jersey State Board of Mortuary Science. His proudest accomplishment was keeping his license active until the end of his life.

Once again, his paths crossed with John Head in New York. While on a double date with John, he met and fell in love with Edith Corinne Johnston. After dating for 3 years, they were married on September 3, 1949 in Paterson, NJ. Their union produced 2 children: James E. Churchman III and Edith Corinne.

Church opened his own business at 397 Bergen Street in Newark in 1952. In 1971 he was fortunate enough to obtain a funeral home at 345-13th Avenue in Newark where the family remains in business until today.

Church also worked in the collection department as an investigator for National Newark and Essex Bank for eleven years beginning in 1949.

He continued service with St. Philips Church serving as Sunday School Superintendent and member of the Vestry, remaining with the church after their merger with Trinity Cathedral. Additionally, he and his wife, Corinne, were longtime members of the Epicureans, a social organization.



outumn...

Determined to live a life that counted not only for his family, but for the community, Church ran for State Senate in 1965. Although defeated, he believed firmly in the workings of the political parties. He steadfastly voted in every election. Of course, his proudest moment was to vote for President Barak Obama.

He joined the Masons becoming Past Worshipful Master of Trinity Lodge #33 F&AM (PHA). Later he joined the Consistory (Red House) and Shriners Temple 24.

Always patriotic, Church joined Guyton Callahan American Legion Post #142 of Newark, and continued that affiliation until his death.

Never one to let the grass grow under his feet, Church was constantly in search of job opportunities and challenges, while he continued to lead his funeral home. In the late 70's, he began to work security at University Hospital in Newark, holding the position of sergeant. As a requisite to having this job, Church attended the Essex County Police Academy.

After leaving University Hospital, Church began work as an investigator at the Regional Medical Examiner's Office in

Newark. One of the highlights of his career there was being able to attend the school for investigators in St. Louis. He retired from the Medical Examiner's Office in June of 1984.

In the early 70's, Church's children joined him in the operation of the family funeral home. Although it was not common at that time for women to work in funeral service, he welcomed Edith and along with her brother James they began to think of ways to improve service and move the funeral home forward. It was not uncommon to see all 3 of them working together on services.



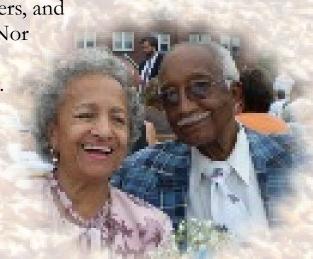
Church and Corinne enjoyed travel, going most of the way around the world, and indeed traveling up until May of 2014. Their favorite destinations were Atlantic City (where they honeymooned), Bermuda and Mexico.

During this season of life,
Church and Corinne were blessed
with grandchildren, and then later in
life with great grandchildren! What a
joy all of these extensions to the family
were for them. The grandchildren could
always count on their grandfather for a word of
advice, a very broad hint about a life situation and
his point of view about where you should be going,
how you should get there, and how fast or slow you should go.

Time now permitting, Church turned his attention to funeral service. He was a charter member of Alpha Kappa Chapter of Epsilon Nu Delta Mortuary Fraternity. When he joined the Fraternity he made the Churchmans 3 generation members of the Fraternity. He also was a member of the Garden State Funeral Directors Association where he served as president, later going on to become District One Governor. Additionally, Church was a Life Member of the National Funeral Directors and Morticians Association.

For over 50 years, Church was a proud member of the Nor Jer Men. He enjoyed so much his camaraderie with his fellow members, and

of course their annual formal. Believe us, the Nor Jer Men's annual formal was for Church and Corinne and their guests a highlight of the year. However, the Nor Jer Men were not for Church just a social event, but fellowship with meaningful professional men, as well as a way to give back to the community through donations to various philanthropic causes.



WINTER...

Church's many loves included travel, jazz, baseball, driving near and far, his cell phone and playing pinochle. He was a member of the "Boys of

Summer" a card club who played their last games at the rehabilitation center where Church was a patient.

An avid bowler, Church bowled with the Suburban Athletic Club. At various times, he bowled with his son, daughter and grandson Brandon with SAC.

Trinity-St. Philips Cathedral always figured prominently in the life of the Churchman's. He loved his church family without

reservation and always wanted to go to church.

He devoted much time to his family attending any event that involved them: graduations, school events, sporting events, church

activities, and becoming an outstanding supporter of Laid Out The Business Of Funerals.

Corinne spent so much time planning their 90th birthday parties and their 65th wedding anniversary celebration. They eagerly anticipated these milestones in their lives.

We cannot forget how much Church loved Christmas. For Christmas 2013, 46 Ardsley Road was decorated to the hilt, and he enjoyed pulling up in the front of the house looking at his many lights and

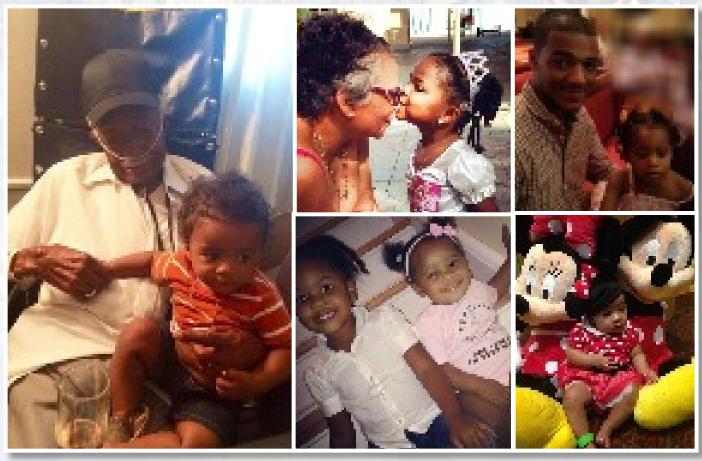
massive toy soldier. We had our own personal Santa, as grandpa always gave out the gifts each year. One of the things he enjoyed immensely was filling stockings for everyone, and he filled them up until his final Christmas. He had an outstanding collection of Christmas shirts,

vests, ties, and socks which he delighted in wearing, as well as a renown collection of Black Santas.

While we are saddened immensely by the departure of our beloved patriarch, we know that he is dancing around the throne returned to wholeness, and reunited with the members of his family who have gone on before him. Church fought valiantly in his final years, and was a medical miracle in our eyes.

Under the auspices of the Churchman Funeral Home, several people have obtained their New Jersey Funeral Service Practitioners license, and we consider them part of our extended family. Others received their introduction to funeral service under the guidance of Mr. Churchman.

His legacy includes his wife of 65 years E. Corinne, children James E. Churchman III (Joan P.) and Edith C. Churchman, grandchildren Kara Ann, Justine (Amed), Brandon (Rosie), Danielle, James, Jamal, Alethea Simone and Jordana, a granddaughter of the heart Alnia Johnson, cherished great grandchildren Aidan, Gianna, Noah and Nora Lee, a devoted, tireless caregiver and friend Vivian Johnson, many God children including Sonya Dean, Karen Malone, Allyson Wesby-Quartey and Craig Pearman, nieces, nephews, his Bermuda family The Pearmans, a host of other loving friends, and the community which he proudly and lovingly served.



PALL BEARERS

Brandon J. Churchman-West Jamal St. John Williams Angel Hernandez Justine Churchman-Avila

James E. Churchman V Jai West Amed Avila Devoyage Harris, Jr.

Churchman Funeral Home Staff

"When we honestly ask ourselves which person in our lives means the most to us, we often find that it is those who, instead of giving advice, solutions or cures, have chosen rather to share our pain and touch our wounds with a warm and tender hand. The friend who can be silent with us in a moment of despair or confusion, who can stay with us in an hour of grief and bereavement, who can tolerate not knowing, not curing, not healing and face with us the reality of our powerlessness, that is a friend who cares." ~Heni Nouwen

