

In Loving Memory of



Mr. Thomas D. Stewart

Sunrise
April 8, 1931

Sunset
October 9, 2014

Service
Wednesday, October 15, 2014 - 10:00 a.m.

ST. CHARLES BORROMEIO CATHOLIC CHURCH
211 West 141st Street • New York, NY 10030

Obituary

Thomas Stewart known as “Junie” in his childhood days was born on April 8, 1931 in New York City to Sara Hill and Thomas Stewart. He was raised in Harlem, on West 140th Street between 7th and 8th Avenues. Thomas grew up in a large family, five brothers and three sisters. He was known in the community for taking care of his family and never hesitated to defend anyone, especially his sisters. He received his formal education in NYC Harren High School, an Electronic Trade School. He went on to receive other certifications to become a master in Electronics. Being the proud man that he was Thomas stayed employed. He worked in a grocery store for many years as Head Clerk. After leaving the grocery store he went to work at Pitney Bowles. He worked there as a Supervisor for over 20 years and retired from Pitney Bowles in 1992. During his retirement celebration he was awarded several honors and citations.

Thomas was known for being extremely dependable and always arrived to work early. He was often complimented by his co-workers on having a pleasant demeanor, a wonderful smile, a no nonsense attitude, and getting the job done “perfectly”. He was always willing to volunteer his services with a hearty spirit. After retirement Thomas decided to continue to enjoy his life, traveling, repairing televisions and doing electrical work for family and friends.

Daddy loved his family; he loved to listen to music and loved watching old western movies and boxing matches on television during his spare time. He loved to bake his famous Apple and Sweet Potato pies especially for Thanksgiving and Christmas family celebrations. He would also make pies for friends and neighbors in the community. Usually before December everyone called him to put their orders in ahead of time, and Daddy never forgot anyone! And oh, by the way Steven would try to steal all of the pies at family celebrations. But Daddy had a trick; he always knew what Steven was up to. He didn’t know that Daddy would actually hide pies from Steven. So he always had extra (just in case). But we all could expect to be eating his pies and OH were they good! Dad loved being involved in family gatherings; he wanted to see his grandchildren and great grandchildren. His family was growing and he wanted to see and know everyone.

Wanda Harris was Thomas’s long time partner for over 30 years. He was always home waiting for Wanda to come home from work. She was always greeted by his wonderful smile and cheery disposition. His smile was the light of her life. He was the love of her life. He affectionately called her his “Honey Bee”. It was wonderful to share in his laughter and his joy and Wanda will miss him most for those times.

In 1951, Thomas married Dolores White his childhood sweetheart and had three children, Christine, Steven and Donna. Later in life Daddy had another child Danny through another union. Thomas was also known as “Shaft” the super-fly uncle of Harlem, who dressed “fly” everyday with his silk pants and alligator shoes. Often, Christine and her friends would find out where he was hanging out even when he didn’t want to be found. When we knocked on the club door, his friends would say, “Tommy... your daughter found you again”, and they would let us in the “club”, laughing at him. But Daddy was always happy to see us.

Dad believed in the saying “if at first you don’t succeed try and try again”. He lived his life the way he wanted to and did not hesitate to tell anyone how he felt. In February of 2014, after many years of suffering from heart ailments Daddy went from the hospital to Isabella Nursing Home until God called him home. In keeping with his “I can do anything I want to” personality, at the age of 83, he refused to let his illness get the best of him. He struggled long and hard and was determined to live as long as he could. In the Nursing Home and in the hospital Daddy kept that cheerful disposition and the staff loved him for that. Dad’s illness finally took a toll on him and he went to be with the Lord on October 9, 2014.

Six of Dad’s eight siblings preceded him in death, Rebecca West-Lumpkin; Joseph A. West, John H. West, Sr.; James H. West, Robert L. Stewart, and David West.

Thomas leaves to cherish his memories and continue his legacy: his long time partner, Wanda Harris; his four children, Christine Stewart-Jeffreys, Steven Stewart, Donna Stewart-George and Danny Stewart; his two sisters, Edith H. Stewart-Jackson and Shirley M. Stewart; his wife, Dolores Stewart mother of Christine, Steven and Donna; seven grandchildren; ten great-grandchildren; brother-in-law, George Harris; his step-son, Ernest Jones; his best buddy, Herbie; numerous nieces, nephews, great-nieces, great nephews and a host of long time friends and family. And let us not forget to also mention Daddy’s two honorary children his dog, Bentley and his cat, Cha-Cha who surprisingly got along together really well.

Daddy, you fought long and hard and we know you were tired and needed to be pain free. You are now in God’s loving hands. Your spirit and joy for life will live through all of us. Daddy we love you. You will be deeply missed, be forever in our hearts and be forever remembered and cherished in our memory.

Home Going Mass

Gathering Hymn.....“Precious Lord Take My Hand”

Processional Hymn..... “I’m Going All The Way”

Opening Prayer

Liturgy of First Reading- Old Testament Wisdom 3:1-9.....George Harris

Responsorial

Second Reading - New Testament - 1st Letter of Paul to the
Thessalonians 4:13-18.....Christine Jeffreys

Gospel

General Intercession

Selection.....Lesa Bell

Offertory Hymn

Communion Hymn

Homily.....“The Lord’s Prayer”

Obituary.....Tyra Jeffreys (granddaughter)

Selection.....Jerry Williams

Recessional Hymn“Every Praise Is To Our God”

Interment

Frederick Douglas Cemetery
Staten Island, New York

The Master Called

*I'm sorry I had to leave you.
My loved ones, oh so dear.
But you see, the Master called me,
His voice was very clear!
I had made my reservation
A heaven bound ticket for one,
And I knew that He would call me
When He felt my work was done.
I know that your hearts are heavy
Because I have gone away,
But when the Master called me,
I knew that I could not stay.
Yes, I'm sorry I had to leave you
My loved ones, oh so dear,
But, you see, the Master called me
And, now I'm resting here.
Yes, I've crossed on over to glory
And to you all I say
Just stay in the hands of Jesus
And we'll meet again someday.*

-Author unknown

Acknowledgement

*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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