

In Loving Memory of
Philippe Charles



Sunrise
April 3, 1928

Sunset
November 2, 2014

Saturday, November 8, 2014 - 9:30 A.M.

Our Lady of the Valley
518 Valley Street
City of Orange, New Jersey 07050

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Readings

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

Viewing

Committal

Recessional

Interment

Glendale Cemetery
Bloomfield, New Jersey

Repast

*Following the interment family and friends are invited to the
Ramada Hotel 120 Evergreen Pl,
East Orange, NJ 07018 for repast.*

Obituary

Philippe J. Charles was born in Cap-Haitien. He lost both his parents at an early age and learned to be his own man at an age where most young men were just enjoying their youth. As a young man, he enjoyed playing and watching soccer.

P

His greatest love came with working with his hands, he was a skilled carpenter and cabinet maker and because of his great skills he was recruited by one of the most prestigious companies in Haiti where he built houses and furnishings. This trade allowed him to travel throughout Haiti to support himself and his children. This also allowed him to pursue his desire to travel and experience the world.

H

J

L

Through his travels Philippe met a young Marie Theresa with whom he fell in love and later married and created a life with. The couple later migrated to Brooklyn, NY with 4 of his 6 children in search of a better life.

J

Philippe enjoyed a career in construction for more than ten years after a career ending accident he then became a Livery Cab Driver which would later relocate him to East Orange, NJ. During his time in NJ, Philippe enjoyed time amongst close friends and family members.

P

P

E

Philippe remarried and it was through this union he became a father again for the 7th time and it was then he also experienced one of the greatest tragedies of his life with the loss of his autistic daughter Lindsey. It was at this time that Philippe then retired and left NJ and moved to Florida where he resided for 14 years. He always made sure to stay connected with his family and friends.

J.

As his health deteriorated Philippe moved back to New Jersey to be closer to his family and friends. He loved to tell stories of his youth and his many travels. He was always interested in what his grand kids were doing in their lives always showing concern and interest. Although a complex man he was loved by everyone who met him. Even at his weakest he would find the words to make everyone smile and he remained positive and in great spirits never complaining just relishing each day that passed. Philippe fought a valiant fight until his last day when he made sure to let his daughters know that he was going to be fine and he was ready to take his journey home with subtle cues and reassurances. He left them with the many memories and life lessons and a great amount of love.

C

H

A

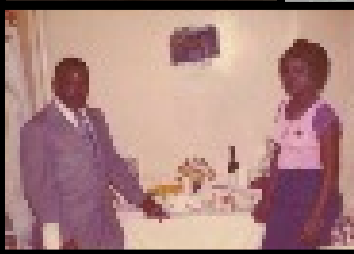
R

L

He will be missed greatly but the legacy he has left behind will continue to flourish and grow... We Love And Miss You.... Children, Marie E. Dumont, Robert M. Charles, Julianne Charlot, Emmanuella Charles, Marie A. Emile, Enide Charles, Yolanda Charles; grandchildren, Angela Charles, Jordan Geffrard, Daniella Manasse, Widnie Dumont, Dickens Dumont, Serge Dumont Jr., Sonia Charles, Sandra Emile, Shannon Emile, Remyson Charlot, Renald Charlot, Albenise Bernadin, Miderge Phicien, Steven Phicien, Wilene Rock, Wilda Rock; great grandchildren, Elyjah Dumont; brother, Samuel Charles; love of his life, Marie Theresa Samedi; sons-in-law, Serge Dumont, Joselin Emile and Remy Charlot.

E

S



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

Perhaps you sent a lovely card or sat quietly in a chair.
Perhaps you sent a floral piece If so, we saw it there.
Perhaps you spoke the kindest words as any friend could say.
Perhaps you were not there at all just thought of us on that day.
Whatever you did to console our hearts, We Thank You, Whatever the part.

Professional Services Provided By

COTTON FUNERAL SERVICE
130 Main Street
Orange, NJ
973-675-6400

1025 Bergen Street
Newark, NJ
973-926-6400

COTTON-PARKER FUNERAL HOME
37 Clinton Avenue
Jersey City, NJ
201-433-1000



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