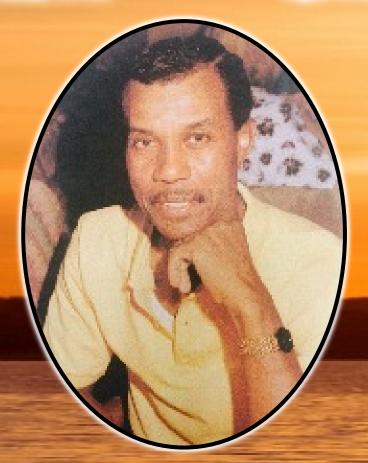
In Loving Memory of Joe Deas, Jr.

Sunrise February 15, 1936

Sunset August 13, 2015



Friday, August 21, 2015 - 11:00 a.m.

CLEARVIEW BAPTIST CHURCH

314 Hobson Street • Newark, New Jersey

Pastor Beckham, Officiating

Order of Service

Musical Prelude
Processional
Hymn of praise
Scripture Reading: •Old Testament •New Testament
Prayer of comfort
Solo
Remarks
Reflections(Two minutes please)
Obituary Deaconess Sarah Gaines
Acknowledgements
Solo First Lady Mariza Beckham
Eulogy Rev. Erie M. Beckham.
Recessional

INTERMENT

Evergreen Cemetery Hillside, New Jersey

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

<u>Obítuary</u>

Joe Deas was born on February 15, 1936 to the late Joe and Beluah Dais in Rembert, South Carolina. Joe was the oldest of four siblings.

Joe was educated in Rembert Memorial School. Joe relocated to New Jersey in 1955, upon moving to New Jersey he was employed at New Jersey Galvanizing of Newark, New Jersey until his passing for a total of 60 years.

Joe later met and married Caro Lawrence in 1964. Joe loved his family and enjoyed the times they were together.

Joe put his faith in the Lord and held on to God's unchanging hand throughout his illness. He never lost his sense of humor and did not complain.

Joe made his transition on August 13, 2015 at St. Michael's Hospital.

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Joe was predeceased in death by Jimmy Dais (brother), Annie Mae Smith (Sister) and Pamela McCallister (Daughter).

Joe leaves to cherish his memory his loving wife of 51 years Caro Deas; children, Dorthory Dais of Washington D.C., Alice Lawrence (Arthur) Abbville, Alabama, Debbie Payne of Kansas, Jeffrey Dais, and Stephon Goodmon of Newark, New Jersey; Grandchildren, Nicole Young of Washington D.C., Yaunna McCallister, Brittney McCallister of Hillside, New Jersey and Christina Montgue, Kansas; one great- grand daughter Aubrey Brielle Curtis, of Hillside, New Jersey; Brother Frank Dais (Renee) Rembert, South Carolina; Uncles, Charles Dais, Whit Dais and Eugene Dais of Rembert, South Carolina; Aunt, Hattie Alston of Hampton, Virginia and a host of family and friends.

Míss 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

<u>Acknowledgement</u>

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
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