

*Service of Triumph  
for*

Sunrise  
*October 21, 1946*

Sunset  
*June 5, 2010*

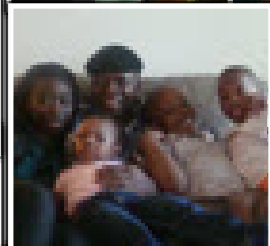
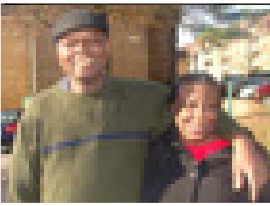
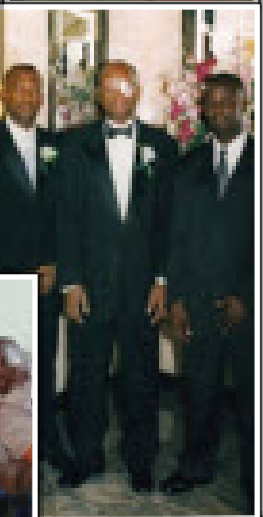
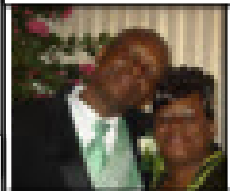
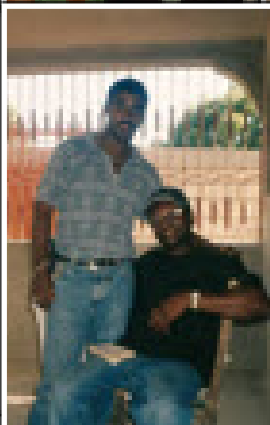
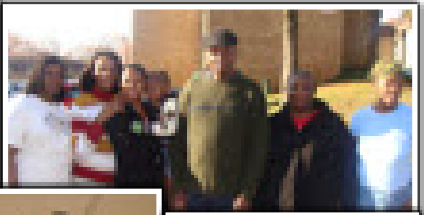
*Max Pamphil*

On Saturday the Twelveth day of June in  
the year of our Lord Two Thousand ten  
At nine in the morning

*Mount Olive Church of God*

24 Cleveland Street • Orange, NJ 07050

*Rev. Wilfrid Dupont - Rev. Carlo Nazaire - Rev. Aurel Casseus*  
Officiating Ministers



# Reflections of Life

On behalf of the family, I thank you all for joining us today to celebrate the life of Max Pamphil. I will share with you today a reflection of the life of a man very special to us. You will hear about a devoted father, grandfather, a loving husband, and loyal friend. Max was a man with pride that we all grew to love and admired for his hard work, dedication, kindness, and most of all he was humbled.

Max Pamphil was born October 21, 1946 in Léogane, Haiti. His family migrated to Cabaret, Haiti when he was 7 years old. He was the first born of four children. His parents were Prefa Pamphil and Ternilia Romulus. Max did not finish high school and started to work at the age of 14 to help his family overcome some serious financial problems at that time. He never stopped working until he died. While working with Dumez, he traveled to different places such as Jacmel, Pont Sondé and Cap Haitien working as a young foreman and later a carpenter. He worked on big projects like building of Pont Sonde, Airport Mais Gate to name a few. He would spend his spare time reading especially the fables of Jean de la Fontaine. In 1969, he married Marie Carmel Sénatus with whom he spent the last forty years of his life. Max left Haiti and came to the United States on August 23, 1980. My father lived most his US life in Orange, NJ area where he made many friends. He was known by many nicknames, Boss Max, frè Max, Maxito, Konpè. My father always worked hard to support himself, his family in Haiti and to ensure that his kids had a better future.

Our dad moved to the US when my twin brother, Yves and I were just a few months old. Until about 9 years old, my relationship with this great man was limited to telephone conversations, videocassette recording and letters. I remember very clearly, when we met for the first time. I felt much transformed by his compassion, love, and pride. On July 18, 1998, my twin brother and I moved to the US to live with our dad. I remember him jumping to hug us when we walked out of the airplane from Haiti. He was so excited and happy. Our father always listened to every dream and interest we had and we always had his love and support no matter what we decided to do. However, he was never afraid to confront us about our mistakes. My dad was a man of his words. I remembered when we did not have money to take our final exams in Haiti; our dad would call the school from the United States to ensure them that he would pay the money, if they let us take the exams. The school always agreed because they trusted him. My father highly valued education and he sacrificed his life working hard to ensure we had the education we wanted. I loved debating with him for my father always had something to say. He loved to compete in everything whether it was playing dominoes, playing cards, or talking about literature, which he enjoyed very much. Most of all, our father taught us integrity, work ethic, respect for all, passion, and pride for everything you do.

My father, Max touched the heart of all his grandchildren. Watching him play and interacting with them was very remarkable. Somehow, he just knew how to be a great grandfather. He always showed a sense of pride and affection. When he was with them, you would think that they were the only people that existed in the whole world. Last

year, I went through a tough pregnancy. Our dad took me a few times to the emergency room in the middle of the night, stayed up all night, and went straight to work in the morning. When my daughter was born, he was the first to visit her in the hospital. All my brothers and sisters can testify of my father's affections, compassion, and love when they were going through trouble times. He was the kind of man that was always there for us no matter what and he did the same for his grandchildren.

As my mother can testify, the woman who has been married to him for over 40 years, Max Pamphil, was a loving husband. He was a hard worker who took care of his wife and family until the end. Complaining was something my dad never did no matter how bad things got. Even on his deathbed, he managed to stay strong and positive. He always believed that his family was very important to him and he made sure he acted as the best role model he could be.

My father was a loyal brother, uncle, and friend. In addition to taking care of us, he took care of his sisters and their families in Haiti. My father was the person you could always count on to help you whenever you called him. For a lot of you here, he was the kitchen cabinet maker, basement fixer, and office and desk maker. He never refused to help even if it took him long to complete. My brother, Frantz recalled what he always said when you called him for help: "M'ap jwe pye ze men pou m wè sa m kap fè pou ou." These words were always guarantees. His words were his bonds every time. My father's respect for others was exemplary. He treated youngsters and adults with total respect and understanding. His devotion to human dignity shaped his character as a leader and loving human being.

I have told you about a person today that we have all had the privilege to know and love. We talked about him as a father, grandfather, brother, uncle, and loving husband. Our dad was by far one of the most honest and hard-working people I have known in my life. He was a strong man, always there with a helping hand for those who needed it, and always listening, patiently. He was never quick to judge and he always thought things through before doing anything. We have not just lost a father but also a friend, a comedian, and an internal optimist. He always knew how to make us laugh during the worst times so we are not here to mourn him. We are here to pay tribute to his life and legacy. Dad, you will forever be missed and we promise to continue your legacy.

Max Pamphil is survived by: his wife, Marie Carmel Pamphil; his eight children, Gagnolene Pamphil-Pierre, Pierre Frantz Pamphil, Marie-Andree Toussaint, Joseph Erso Pamphil, Maude Pamphil, Yvena Pamphil-Pouilh, Yves Pamphil, and Maxime Pamphil; his in-laws, Josselin Pierre, Sheila Bien-Aime, Clark Toussaint, Douna Pamphil, Solito Noel, Patrick Pouilh, and Josie Pamphil; his grandchildren, Garmelle M. Pamphil, Christopher Pierre, Caleb M. Pamphil, Jodhary Pamphil, Clark-Andell Toussaint, Skartie Pamphil, Erdjina A. Pamphil, Emma C. Pouilh, Mike Pamphil, Rachel C. Toussaint; his siblings and spouses, Yvette Pamphil & Prosper Joseph, Canise Pamphil, Melanie Pamphil & Esner Fabrice; his mother-in-law, Ann Lydia Alcius; his in-laws, Yolande & Wilner Guillaume, Florette & Fritz Senatus.

# Order of Worship

Organ ..... Prelude Rev. Jean Maurice  
Family Procession ..... Notre Dieu regne encore  
Introduction ..... Rev. Wilfrid Dupont  
Call to Worship ..... Sois sans alarmes  
Prayer ..... Rev. Jean Maurice  
Scripture Reading ..... Ps 90: 1-17  
Congregation ..... Contempler mon Dieu  
Selections .... Ladies Auxiliaries/Antioch Church Of God /New-Jersey  
Choir/Pentecostal Church Christ Is Risen/Pennsylvania  
Remarks ..... Senator Art Austin  
Selection ..... Young Ladies In Action/  
Antioch Church Of God/New-Jersey  
Obituary ..... Yvena Pamphil Pouilh & Yves Pamphil  
Prayer of Comfort ..... Rev. Carlo Nazaire  
Selection ..... Ladies /Church Of God Of Nazareen / New-Jersey  
Congregation ..... Le lavi mwen va fini  
Homily ..... Rev. Wilfrid Dupont  
Congregation ..... De Canaan quand verrons-nous  
Recessional

<p style="text-align: center;"><u>Interment</u> Rosedale Cemetery Orange, New Jersey</p>
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*Friends are invited to join the family for the repast at the  
Mount Olive Church Auditorium at  
N. Essex Street • Orange, NJ*

# *Fable Favorite de Max Pamphil*

La Cigale et la Fourmi  
La cigale ayant chanté  
    Tout l'été,  
Se trouva fort dépourvue  
Quand la bise fut venue :  
Pas un seul petit morceau  
De mouche ou de vermisseau.  
Elle alla crier famine  
Chez la fourmi sa voisine,  
    La priant de lui prêter  
Quelque grain pour subsister  
Jusqu'à la saison nouvelle.  
« Je vous paierai, lui dit-elle,  
Avant l'août, foi d'animal,  
    Intérêt et principal. »  
La fourmi n'est pas prêteuse :  
    C'est là son moindre défaut.  
« Que faisiez-vous au temps chaud ?  
Dit-elle à cette emprunteuse.  
– Nuit et jour à tout venant  
Je chantais, ne vous déplaie.  
– Vous chantiez ? J'en suis fort aise :  
Eh bien ! Dansez maintenant. »  
by Jean de La Fontaine

## *Acknowledgments*

*The family of Max Pamphil acknowledges with sincere appreciation the many kind deeds and comforting expressions of sympathy extended to them in their time of sorrow. May God continue to bless each of you.*

### **Professional Services Provided By**

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