

SUNRISE: JUNE 5, 1984 SUNSET: APRIL 9, 2019



GREATER ZION HILL BAPTIST CHURCH

2365 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

Pastor Antonio Jordan, Officiating

OBITUARY

On Tuesday, June 5, 1984, **Arthur Edward Phillips III** was born into the world to spectacular parents, LuQueen Dawson and the late Arthur M. Phillips.

From birth you could see that Arthur was destined to be a great writer who's words has touched people throughout his years. You could always count on Arthur for an ear to listen, a shoulder to lean on, and a joke to uplift your spirit.

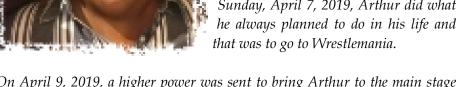
New York was Arthur's home, but in his heart he always told people he was 1/8 Canadian and never been there. Arthur always had a way with words and knew he wanted to be a writer. He wrote four books, (1) Lonely Night: The Malice of a Madman, (2) Lonely Nights 2: Faces of Fear, (3) Lonely Nights 3:

Shadows, and (4) Syren/Honor Death and Vengeance. Go buy his books!

Arthur is survived by: his mother, LuQueen; his siblings, Chantel-LuQueen, Lashawn, Bridget, and Kareem; and many

relatives, aunts, uncles, cousins, and friends. A special thanks to his best friends, Patricia and Aubrilyn. Arthur had a host of good friends.

Arthur was the guy you could always find reading a graphic novel. He was an encyclopedia of wrestling and loved anything about Freddy Kruger. On Sunday, April 7, 2019, Arthur did what he always planned to do in his life and that was to go to Wrestlemania.



On April 9, 2019, a higher power was sent to bring Arthur to the main stage Arthur was destined to be on.

ORDER OF SERVICE

Organ Prelude

Processional.....Family and Clergy

Invocation

Scripture Readings Old Testament - Psalm 23 New Testament - John 14:16

Prayer of Comfort

Selection....."His Eye Is On The Sparrow"

Acknowledgements

Obituary......Dr. Neal Blangiardo

Eulogy......Rev. Antonio Jordan, Senior Pastor Of The St. Stephen Baptist Church

Last Glimpse

Benediction

Recessional

INTERMENT

Washington Memorial Park Mt. Sinai. New York

GARDEN I'VE PLANTED



It's been a minute since I walked out into the sun. The trees have grown, and the ground has looked better. I know that has come from the pain since I can't see my Rose's I wonder if the tulips have blossomed full since the rain showered down last June. I can't cook anymore because nobody sits at the table and just smiles.

So I forgot what care my heart has needed.
I haven't cried in so long, because I have no
more tears to lend. I know that the dinner table in

heaven is slowly filling up with my loved ones who I want here next to and just recently you just got two new places set. I pull off my gloves and pack up my tools because the life we love, is the life that we must live and cherish...

I promise I'll be here one day to lay in this garden with you from holding hands with the angels who have wanted to hug me So I'll sing to sunflowers, and wish the good times can happen again

Rose's for Grandma
Tulips for Nana
Orchids for Auntie
Sunflowers for Arthur
Daisies for Roxy

And one day can the ones who loved me plant Lilies for me so I can rest in this bed and know that my garden will continue to grow and shine in the sunlight

Written by: Arthur Edward Phillips III

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.

2352 8th Avenue • Manhattan, NY • (212) 666-8300 1406 Pitkin Avenue • Brooklyn, NY • (718) 774-1023 1018 Prospect Avenue • Bronx, NY • (718) 542-3833

Clifford V. James, President & CEO www.unityfuneralchapels.com email: unityfc@aol.com

"Your Loved Ones Deserve The Best - Unity"



