

*In Loving Memory of*  
*Frankie Fulcher*



*Sunrise: July 18, 1947*  
*Sunset: August 12, 2019*

Service

*Monday, August 19, 2019 - 10:00 a.m.*

**UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.**

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

*Rev. Lee Arrington, Officiating*

# Obituary

*Frankie Fulcher was born on July 18, 1947 in Waynesboro, Georgia (Burke County) to parents, Oscar (deceased) and Elizabeth Fulcher. He was the loving brother of Hattie Fulcher-Doran (deceased). As an infant he was brought to Harlem, New York City where he remained until his passing.*

*He graduated from Charles Evans Hughes High School and soon after was drafted into the US Army and was sent to Vietnam. He served honorably as Private First Class from November 1966 to November 1968.*

*Frankie was a very smart and knowledgeable person who has traveled, attended college and was also an avid reader. He kept himself updated by reading the latest almanacs and his favorite author was James A. Michener. A simple conversation with Frankie could have you laughing with him or learning from him. He was a very friendly and loving person and will be missed.*

*He leaves to cherish fond and loving memories: his mother, Elizabeth Fulcher; niece and nephew, Nancy Doran-West and Joseph Doran, Jr.; brother-in-law, Joseph Doran, Sr.; great nieces and nephew, Adrienne, Alessandra and Anthony; cousins, Jeanette Jimenez, Paul Price, Andrea Gonzales, Jonzi Jimenez, David Jimenez, Hattie Darlington, Tanya Darlington, and Eddie Darlington, Jr.; close family friend, Yvonne Howell; and a host of other loving relatives and friends.*

# *Order of Service*

*Processional*

*Selection*

*Scripture Readings*

*Prayer*

*Selection*

*Acknowledgements*

*Remarks*

*Obituary*

*Selection*

*Eulogy*

*Committal*

*Viewing*

*Recessional*

*Interment*

*Maple Grove Cemetery  
Kew Gardens, New York*

# *Togetherness*

*Death is nothing at all - I have only slipped away into the next room. Whatever we were to each other, that we are still. Call me by my old familiar name, speak to me in the easy way which you always used. Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together. Play, smile, think of me, pray for me. Let my name be the household word it always was. Let it be spoken without effort. Life means all that it ever meant. It is the same as it ever was: there is absolutely unbroken continuity. Why should I be out of your mind because I am out of your sight? I am but waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near, just around the corner. All is well. Nothing is past: nothing is lost. One brief moment and all will be as before — only better, infinitely happier and forever we will all be one together with Christ.*

*-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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