

In Loving Memory of

*Herbert
Stoddard*

Sunrise
November 27, 1959

Sunset
January 19, 2021

Service:
Saturday, February 13, 2021 - 11:30 am

MCCALL'S BRONXWOOD FUNERAL HOME

4035 Bronxwood Avenue • Bronx, New York 10466

Pastor Issac Arku Officiating

Min. Kevin Wade, Organist

Obituary



On November 27, 1959, a fraternal twin was born to Beatrice Stoddard named Lettice and Herbert "Tony" Stoddard at Suffisand Hospital in Curacao NA. In total Beatrice Stoddard had 11 children. They were a bundle of joy and as adorable as can be. Though they were fraternal the two remain inseparable until his passing on 19th January 2021. In October 1960 right after Hurricane Donna shook little Anguilla with its high forced winds, his mother Beatrice Stoddard, left Curacao with eight children. The twins were still babies, trying to get up and walk. Herbert's first steps were made in Anguilla and man did he love Anguilla.

Herbert attended the East End Primary school from age 5. He was passionate about education and in his later years insisted that his children, nieces, nephews and friends took advantage of opportunities to advance their education. Herbert wanted to go to High School and aced the entrance exam to be promoted. Herbert attended High School in Anguilla until he moved to St. Thomas with his mother. Despite leaving Anguilla at a young age Herbert was well known and remembered in Anguilla whenever he returned.

Herbert always made an effort to care for others. He loved "playing doctor" while tending to his siblings when they fell ill and he was fiercely protective of his family and close friends. He was destined to go into the medical profession.

When Herbert moved to St Thomas, he continued his education and completed night classes until he received his High School Diploma (GED). After High School, Herbert would make his first major act of sacrifice and service by joining the US Navy. Before departing for tours overseas, he fathered his first son Cleve Winston Stoddard who gained all of the charm, wit and charisma of his late father. Herbert's family prayed in earnest for his safe return from overseas. Herbert always recalled his time in the Navy and recounted many stories about his travel and the things he witnessed- whether good or bad. He was grateful for how the experience shaped him. He served

in the US Navy for fourteen (14) years. He also fathered Troy and Antuan, who he proudly called his sons whenever he introduced them to anyone.

Herbert also worked at the New York Presbyterian Hospital for 6 years. During his time at NYPH, he worked as a Phlebotomist, EKG Technician in the pre-admitting department. It was during this time, in 1997 Herbert met Lurline, another dedicated worker at the NYPH. The pair fell in love, he often referred to her as his “pudding” and the couple had their son Tyreke in June 2003. Herbert and Lurline wedded on 29th August 2009. Herbert was proud of his children and doted on Tyreke as the baby of the brood. He showered him with lots of love and was proud of all of his achievements, and appreciated how Tyreke gravitated to his hometown of Anguilla. He was happy to send him to Anguilla for the entire summer to live with the Harrigans despite him and Lurline being so protective of him in New York. Herbert trusted Tyreke to be the calm and rational voice during his hospitalization having developed his father’s maturity and calm focus.

Herbert firmly believed in personal self- development and always pushed others to dream big and pursue those dreams. In this regard Herbert led by example. In 1992 he earned his Bachelor of Science degree from Molloy College in New York. Herbert still had great aspirations to do more to help others. He decided to return to College and embarked on a new career in the medical field as a Physician’s Assistant allowing him to issue prescriptions and have more autonomy in caring for patients. Herbert “Tony” worked at Westchester Medical Center for the past 8 years and the Wellpath Westchester Correctional Facility for the past six years. Despite all of the challenges he faced he never lost his passion for medicine.

He stayed close to anything and everyone that reminded him of home. He opened his home to the Anguillian community in New York and to Anguillians visiting New York. He developed such a close bond with Lanvil Harrigan and Kervin Harrigan that they became the family he chose for himself. In the Harrigan household he became son, brother and uncle to everyone. He earned the respect, admiration and love of everyone he called family. Herbert also loved music evidenced by the studio he had in the basement of the Bronx residence where he hosted many socials for friends and Anguillians living in New York. He was also the manager of an

Anguillian music group in New York called The Revolution Band.


Although Herbert had a hectic schedule between work and family life, he found time to volunteer his service and his money to giving back to Anguilla. Herbert came to Anguilla and volunteered at the Health Fair in Island Harbour for three years- he had big dreams of building a hospital in Anguilla and advancing medical care in Anguilla. This is a vision he shared with his friend the now Premier Hon. Dr. Lorenzo Webster.

Herbert was a man that lived life passionately. He cared for his loved ones passionately, he cared for his patients passionately and he made everyone's life better having known him- wherever he went. He was a family man. He did not like confusion and was always the calm, reasonable voice amidst strife and dissension. He wanted his family to live as one and he was the glue that held everyone together.

Herbert was a fearless front line provider, a loving husband, a dedicated father, grandfather, brother, uncle, friend, cousin and mentor. His kindness, expertise, boundless knowledge and incredible warmth encircled everyone he came into contact with.

Herbert unselfishly offered his time to look out for the well-being of others, risking his own life, to the very end. The realization of Herbert's death sent shockwaves through Anguilla and the Anguillian community in New York as well as through his family circle. May he be remembered and honoured in death as he lived his life and may his soul rest eternally in peace. He will be sorely missed.





Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Min. Kevin Wade

Prayer

Pastor Issac Arkn

Scripture Readings

Pastor Issac Arkn

Old Testament

New Testament

Selection

Min. Kevin Wade

Tributes

Tyreke Stoddard
(2 Minutes Please)

Obituary & Acknowledgements

Selection

Min. Kevin Wade

Eulogy

Pastor Issac Arkn

Viewing

Committal

Benediction

Recessional

Interment

Kensico Cemetery
Valhalla, New York

HERBERT STODDARD TRIBUTES:

I never fathomed living in a world without Tony in it. Although I am sad and lonely, I still think this is not real. I love him with all my heart and I miss my husband dearly. He called me "Pudding". I first met my husband in 1997. He was always so jovial and full of life. He never stopped working, he knew a little of everything, the jack of all trades. He was a band manager, a real estate agent, he did maintenance, he just knew how to get the job done. He loved two things the most, his family and Anguilla. His heart was in medicine and when he could no longer put off achieving his dreams, he spent 2 and a half years in school and graduated in January 2012. He loved Tyreke and I dearly. He had so many dreams for his son and he longed to see him graduate and have a successful career. He is with the angels looking down on us. I know I will see him again. I love you Tony forever and always.

-Tribute from Lurline

We regret not being able to be in New York. From a distance, therefore, I am recompiling my initial thoughts. Upon Herbert's birth we resided as a family in Curaçao, Netherlands Antilles, and while still a youngster the family relocated to Anguilla, West Indies. In this regard his country of growing up was Anguilla, Herbert had a charming and compassionate personality. Everyone that knew him, spoke of him as a responsible and caring individual. While Herbert is known for his outgoing personality, what I remember him mostly for was his kind Civic mindedness and care and his uncompromising respect with those he came into contact with, like his friends and acquaintances, his fellow human beings and his older brother.

His friends and acquaintances loved his spirit of generosity. Herbert was the consummate professional. Some joked that he lost his calling, as he played the solid role of politician. My dear brother has left this temporal world behind to join the blessed immortal souls. I can still feel his presence around me. I can attest to the truth that he had left behind a legacy of service to humanity. Let us all remember Herbert as a caring and giving human being, Lurline I know that you and his sons will miss him dearly. He has now joined the heavenly throng, but has left behind as a parting gift memorable parts of his life around us. Herbert? My dear brother you will be surely missed but never forgotten.

-Rudolph Vanderpool.

My tribute to Herbert Stoddard!! I would like to say a few words about my friend Herbert. He and I have been friends for many years. He has always been there when I needed him and I will miss him dearly. Herbert was hard working, intelligent, caring, and very thoughtful person. He was very close to my children and family. One of Herbert's best traits was that he always lived his life to the fullest and loved to laugh and smile. Whenever I was feeling down and needed a friend to lean on, he was there for me. It isn't possible to put into words the importance of friendship and how much Herbert meant to me. Thank you, Herbert, for your friendship. I will miss you forever and never forget all of the time together! RIP love you always your friend, Leonora.

On January 19, 2021 was a day, I will never forget when the sad news of Herbert's death was told to me. It was like the end of the world. Herbert was my rock, my hero and the wind beneath my wings. He was a special GEM that never could be replaced. Herbert was loving, and always willing to go the extra mile to make others happy even sacrificing his life doing what he loved in his field. May the work he's done speak for him. I will see my brother in the morning knowing it is well with his soul, sitting at the right hand of God the father around the throne, joining our mother Beatrice Stoddard who he loved. My brother gone so soon he will always be in my heart until I see him in Sweet Beulah Land.

From Your Loving Sister,
-Elvira (Ewee) Daniel, My son Jeff Daniel & Family

My heart aches so deeply that I don't know where to begin. I have never cried so much and the pain is more than I can handle, If it had not been for God on my side I don't know how I would've made it through. January 17 2021 started out for me as a peaceful day with me wishing one of my 13 Grandchildren Happy Birthday. Nothing prepared me for the heartache that I suffered when the news from a phone call shattered my whole being. My sister Gladys was on the other line crying, when she told me the news I fell to the floor at work and screamed Herbert!! Our last brother, best friend, cheerleader, confidante, counselor and personal doctor is gone forever. Herbert took a flight and didn't say goodbye. There once were eleven of us and now there are only ten. One branch fell off but went to heaven. The tears won't stop but one day I believe they will. Herbert was so strong but Covid-19 was a mean monster. We prayed every day and sometimes all day as we worked, for his complete healing. Complete is right because there is no more pain or breathless days for him. He went home to glory and we shall see him by and by. We miss you Herbert and we love you. Tell Mammie that we are holding each other up. Love you my brother. Your sister Ola, Your' Nephews Darren, Delaine, Devann, your Nieces Richelle, Renelle, and their children.

Uncle Herbert can we stay by your house? This was the resounding request from my college days and even through adulthood. When visiting New York during Christmas break while in college, it was such an awesome experience to be able to stay by Uncle Herbert's house. Uncle Herbert's house was always welcoming, even when my daughter was diagnosed with cancer and we had to travel to New York for treatment. Uncle Herbert was always there to help in time of need. I remember speaking to Uncle Herbert on January 24, 2019; the night my late husband died. Uncle Herbert said he wanted to come and be with us. Sure enough, Uncle Herbert was in Tampa the following day. Words could never truly express the gratitude I have for him. He will be greatly missed. We may not understand why God called you home, but God's ways are best. Rest in Peace Uncle. Until we meet again.

Your Niece,
Alyssa Niles- Pradieu

I can still remember those summers I used to fly up to New York. Those were some of my best childhood memories! From doing demolition on new properties that you acquired as well as driving to Connecticut with the band and helping set up for the private performances and watching all those old people get drunk lol. These memories will definitely be with me

forever! We've had our ups and downs but through it all you were still my uncle and I never in a million years thought you would leave so early. Love you until we meet again!

Your Nephew
Glenroy Niles

My heart is so saddened over your passing my sweet brother Herbert. For me Gone Too soon. You had so many lovely plans for the future that could not be accomplished. You told me once that you promised our deceased mother that you will be there for all of your sisters and you kept that promise to your very end. I thank you. For me, I could not ask for a better brother. You were one of a kind, loving, kind, caring, giving and the list goes on. Words cannot express my thanks and gratitude to you my sweet brother. All that I can say in your memory- which I had often said to you- I thank you for loving me as your sister unconditionally. You once wrote, "Caring for others as a front line health worker was your calling, and if it meant sacrificing your own life for the cause, you were to do that." To me you are my hero. Many lived for nothing, but you lived and died for the cause of others. Rest In Peace my sweet brother. I will always remember and cherish the sweet memories of you. Love big sister.

By Anita Bailey

I lost my beloved uncle to COVID. I was in Atlanta toasting to more progress in spite of the worst of times and my phone rang. Once again the sky fell from beneath me. We thought he would make it, but he didn't.

He told my mother Anita Bailey before getting sick that, "If God wants me to die taking care of people then so be it." That's who he was. Well, that's who he is. I don't particularly believe in the conventional idea of death and after life. I got close to my uncle in recent years, as my mother's baby brother was a rebel with a cause. He told me about the Anguilla Revolution and his involvement in that historic moment in that island nation's evolution. Other people verified every story. My Unc was something of an urban legend.

He worked closely with the current Premier in winning the election and I hope there are those on the island who will look past political gripes in the passing of a son of the soil. My Unc would give you the last shirt off his back and walk home bareback. He took care of everybody, so much so I think if he didn't work a double shift at the hospitals in NYC where he worked at the regular hospital and prison hospital taking care of patients he would be alive today. Uncle Herbert took care of COVID patients in the Bronx this entire pandemic. He died in service to this planet. He was a military veteran and adopted a son. In fact he raised many people's kids. I couldn't be more honored to share his bloodline.

- By Peter Bailey

To: Lurlene, Tyreke, Cleve: My family and I, am deeply saddened by the loss of your husband and father, Herbert Stoddard. While the death of a loved one causes much grief, may you find comfort in the wonderful memories you shared. Herbert was also my dear brother, so I also share in your loss and grief. Also, do know that all who knew him and loved him share in your grief as well. Herbert was loving, kind and compassionate. He was so full of life, that his death has left us all as if we were in a daze. He

wanted to live and we prayed diligently for his recovery, but God had other plans. God rules and reigns in heaven and earth and each of us has an appointed time so when that time comes, not even the best medical care can keep us here. God sees the big picture which is unknown to us. So In the midst of this pain and grief, let each of us number our own days and prepare ourselves to meet our God. Herbert had it all so to speak. A good life, a good education, a good profession which he loved and gave his own life for and a family that loved him because he gave of himself so unselfishly to everyone. Don't talk about the great plans for the future, but he is gone. All that he worked so hard to acquire will be left behind. So will it be for each of us sooner or later. God took the best to somehow reveal to us, that our redemption is nearer than we think. Herbert has left a legacy that's admirable. What kind of legacy will we leave behind for our children, grandchildren and the generation following behind them? I am determined by the grace of God to walk softly, with integrity and truth humbly with my God. I am finding comfort in knowing that he is no longer suffering and has now joined with the mother he loved and adored. May his soul rest in eternal peace. We will see him again.

Love and much prayer, Hyacinth Simmon and family

My name is Koren Harrigan, AKA Koko, and this is my tribute to my Uncle Herbert.

As a child, you taught me love, wisdom, and kindness among many other attributes, through your exemplary display of these characteristics in your own life. I recall, even as an adult, you always threaten to slap my face if I didn't heed your words. Throughout the years, I discovered that although you could be stern and brutally honest the intent was always genuine and yes mostly accurate. I smile now thinking of this.

Truthfully, I eagerly decided to enhance my medical career by becoming a nurse practitioner, motivated by your strong drive to advocate and assist those in need. I thank you for always arranging time to assist and counsel my selected classmates and me, which led to our successful completion of that journey. We worked alongside each other for the first time March of 2020 at the Health Fair you helped organize. You made me proud that day!

Because of you, I am now a wise, strong, empathetic, compassionate, family oriented and devoted Practitioner, daughter, sister, cousin, and much more. You shall live on through me my Dear Uncle. I shall always remember you the "glue of the family" I will heed your words of caution and give wholeheartedly of self but safely, especially in these times.

I thank you for all the good times. I will always remember the family gatherings you fiercely pioneered. I love you always! Rest In Peace with Grandma and the Angels Uncle Herbert!

Your Loyal Niece,
Koren Harrigan AG-ACNP

Uncle, a title of respect, not because YOU, HERBERT STODDARD, are my Mother's Brother, but because YOU provided so much for US, your family and your friends. On January 19, 2021, we lost a ROCK, a foundation for so many who knew YOU could always be relied on. Rest assured that You have nurtured enough "Pebbles" to allow our family to get through these toughest

of times. I will forever remember your tough, sometimes, uncomfortable questions, which needed to be asked so that denial would not allow me to avoid the answers. Ironically, denial has got me through this loss so far. However, as I/We have to accept God's will, I want to sincerely Thank You, Uncle Herbert, for being more than just an Uncle, but mostly for being our family's ROCK!

Your Nephew, Darren Connor

A TRIBUTE TO MY BROTHER

My brother, Herbert Stoddard, was part of a family of three brothers and eight sisters-siblings who loved him immensely. As a family in general, his loss has left us severed and broken. We will never be the same again. The only comforting feelings left for us are the many pleasant memories, his humorous demeanor, his contagious laughter, and his commitment to family. Oh, what a brother!

Even though he was born a decade after me, it did not prevent us from engaging in many competitive activities. We played a lot of basketball, we stayed up late many nights playing dominoes or cards. We played pool/billiards, of which he was very skilled. Whenever we were together in Anguilla, our mother's birthplace, we always found time to go "Up-Along", where we enjoyed fishing for ballyhoos. What fun we had.

Then there was the occasional siblings/family get together, where he undoubtedly stole the show. We interacted with our older and studious brother, Rudolph; our beautiful and caring sisters: Anita, Hyacinth, Gladys, Elvera, Olive, Norma, his twin sister Lettice, and Jennifer. We enjoyed each other on those occasions. Any future such function will probably not be the same without him.

The Almighty chose to take him away and he is in the presence of our dear angelic Mother-B. He was a caring and loving husband to his dear wife, Lurline; a devoted and engaging father to his sons, Cleve and Tyreke. They will miss him as well. His many nieces and nephews affectionately called him Uncle Herbert or just Uncle. He was admired by many friends who will certainly miss his companionship. Specifically, he counted Lanvil and Evette Harrigan and their families as special friends. In fact, he often referred to Landvil as not only a friend but a brother.

As mere mortals, we accept that he was taken away to a better place, but it has left us with an emptiness that is so consuming. May God bless his soul and I am looking forward to seeing him again at the dawn of morning. Rest in peace, my brother.

Hamilton Stoddard; Gwendolyn (spouse); Aleeka, Shanie, Marie, and Kiara (daughters).

My dearest uncle, you will be missed. I will like to take the time to thank you for everything you have done for me and my mother. You played the role of a father figure and I will forever be grateful for that. You might have been tough on me but I know that was your way of showing tough love. I'll love you forever

Your niece
Kira





Psalm 23

The Lord is My Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me in the path of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies. Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Acknowledgments

The family would like to express their deep appreciation and sincere thanks for all acts of kindness shown to them during their time of bereavement.

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