

Farther Along

Tempted and tried, we're oft made to wonder Why it should be
thus all the day long; While there are others living about us,
Never molested, though in the wrong.

Refrain:

Farther along we'll know more about it, Farther along we'll
understand why; Cheer up, my brother, live in the sunshine,
We'll understand it all by and by.
Sometimes I wonder why I must suffer, Go in the rain, the cold,
and the snow, When there are many living in comfort,
Giving no heed to all I can do.
Tempted and tried, how often we question
Why we must suffer year after year,
Being accused by those of our loved ones, E'en though we've
walked in God's holy fear. Often when death has taken our loved
ones, Leaving our home so lone and so drear, Then do we
wonder why others prosper, Living so wicked year after year.
"Faithful till death," saith our loving Master; Short is our time to
labor and wait; Then will our toiling seem to be nothing, When
we shall pass the heavenly gate. Soon we will see our dear,
loving Savior, Hear the last trumpet sound through the sky;
Then we will meet those gone on before us, Then we shall know
and understand why

When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound,
and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Refrain

When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
On that bright and cloudless morning,
when the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share;
When His chosen ones shall gather
to their home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
Let us labor for the Master
from the dawn till setting sun,
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care,
Then, when all of life is over,
and our work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder I'll be there.

He Is Gone

by David Hawkins

You can shed tears that he is gone
Or you can smile because he has lived
You can close your eyes and pray that he will come back
Or you can open your eyes and see all that he has left
Your heart can be empty because you can't see him
Or you can be full of the love that you shared
You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday
You can remember him and only that he is gone
Or you can cherish his memory and let it live on
You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back
Or you can do what he would want: smile,
open your eyes, love and go on.

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.

Professional Service Entrusted To:

McCall's Bronxwood
Funeral Home, Inc.

4035 Bronxwood Avenue

Bronx, NY 10466

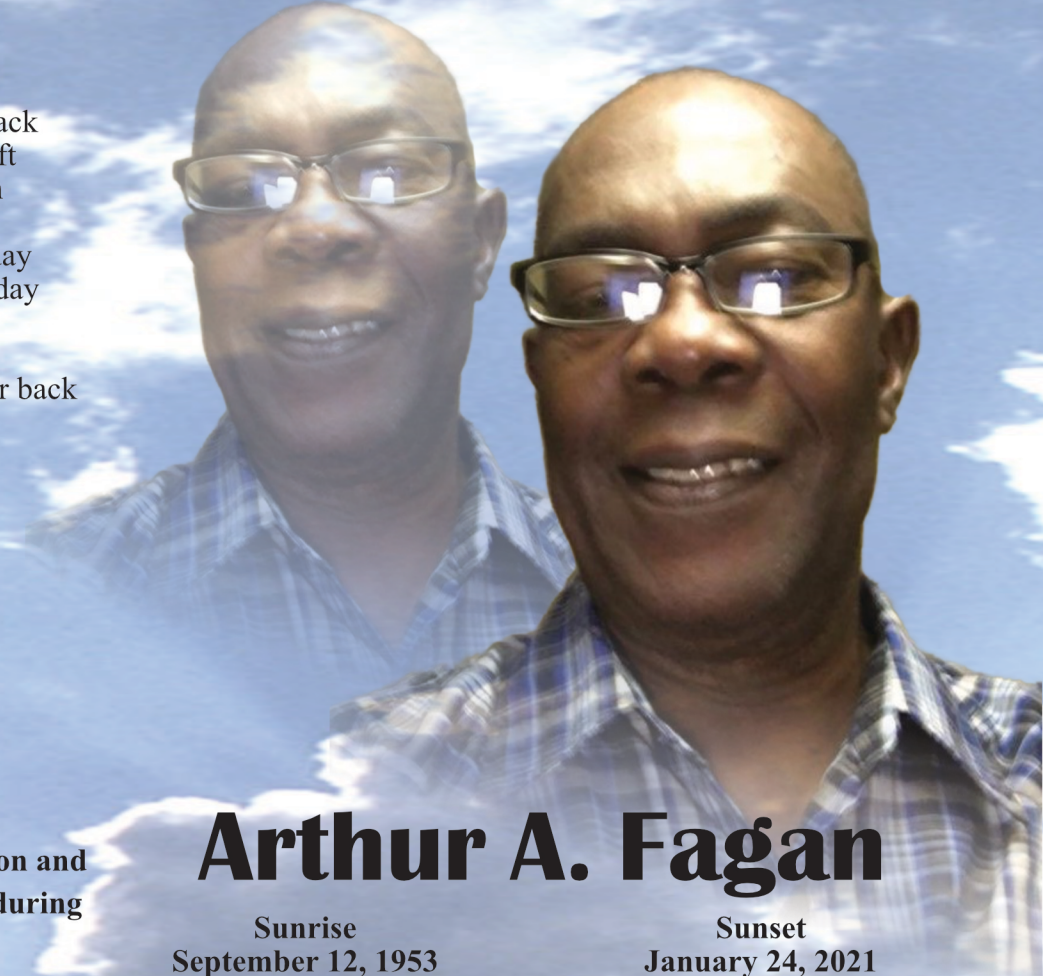
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Celebration of the Life of



Arthur A. Fagan

Sunrise
September 12, 1953

Sunset
January 24, 2021

Sunday, February 21, 2021

Viewing – 2:00PM

Service – 4:00PM

McCALL'S BRONXWOOD FUNERAL HOME

4035 Bronxwood Avenue • Bronx, New York 10466

Officiating Minister: Pastor Charles Blythe

Organist: Elder Peter Davis

Obituary

The life of Arthur Fagan

Arthur Adolphus Fagan was born in Kingston, Jamaica, on Saturday, September 12, 1953 to 25 year old Roselyn Hemmings and Albert Fagan. He passed away on Sunday, January 24, 2021 in Montefiore Medical Center North, NY at the age of 67.

He was the second child to Roselyn, a single parent, raising 3 children. Life was hard for her but she tried her best with them. As they got older, Roselyn made the decision to let Arthur and Evadne move to go live with Donald and Louise Hawkins in Duansvale, Trelawny, while the oldest, Eric, went to live with cousins in St. James. Despite this separation, the children still remained close to their mother, never losing touch.

The Hawkins family treated them well and they were happy living in the country with them. After finishing high school, Arthur moved back to Kingston and started working at Sam Isaacs Funeral Home as a transporter. He did that job for many years and it was during that time he met Carmen Bryan (over 47 years ago). Carmen, became his common law wife and mother to 4 of his children. She became not only a companion, but also a best friend, a prayer warrior and caregiver in his later years.

As the years progressed, he wanted more for himself and his growing family, he decided to use this creativity and skills as a seamster to start a business as a craftsman; creating his own designs of leather handbags and accessories. He would design, sew and sell these products in the market, in downtown Kingston. He eventually started traveling abroad to purchase other goods, like clothing, for resale in Jamaica. He was always on the move with running the business out of his home, traveling to and from the states and providing employment to mostly family members needing some income. He made a decent living for his family, but of course everything was not perfect, there were times of stress and sometimes no money, nonetheless he always managed to provide.

He made sure there was food on the table, clothes on the backs of his children and schooling provided, with the occasional discipline thrown in as needed.

The older kids can recall when Marsden came home with red hair and was ordered by his father to make sure he didn't see him until his hair turned back black. The boy had to wear a hat for weeks since he wasn't allowed back out the house either. Or the time when 2 years old, Christine, decided it was okay to get out of her crib, after being put to bed, and take a stroll through the gate down the street to follow the older children; needless to say that never happened again once he went to get her. Or all the unspoken scoldings he would give through his many disapproving looks - sometimes that's all it would take - one look - for them to fly right. He was never someone to hide his true thoughts or feelings, even if it stings and hurts your feelings - you could count on him to be open and honest with you, whether you liked it or not.

There was never a family member or even a friend or acquaintance, that did not reach out to Arthur for help and was refused. Even if it was just for a bed to rest in overnight, while passing through from Trelawny or Portland to Kingston. You could always find a full house at Baron Road, with Evadne, "Mama" (Roselyn), all his children, Evadne's children and other relatives. This provided for a lot of laughter, some tears, but mostly good times, it was a warm home.

In the year 2000, Arthur was given the devastating diagnosis of end stage renal failure which changed his life forever, he changed from a very active man who would always be on the move to a more subdued, quiet and careful man. Despite his diagnosis, he always maintained hope and found the strength to fight through multiple surgeries, constant dialysis 3 days a week and a lot of pain. Throughout his battle he remained strong and was consistently wanting to know how his family was doing, as he was always worried about how they would manage or how they were living. Again always keeping his family in mind, even when he needed help the most.

Arthur's time on this earth has ended, but his legacy and memory will live on. He is survived by his common law wife, Carmen Bryan; his 5 children, Richard, Christine, Marsden, Rhoan and Odale Fagan; his sisters Evadne Blake and Vivienne Fagan; his brother Eric Williams; his son in-law Delroy Dixon; his brother-in-law Harry Blake and his 10 grandchildren, Jevannie (22), Brittany (21), Chevane (20), Jahleele (15), Tristan (15), Dovalee (11), Zadale (8), Zadaine (6), Rhoan Jr. (5) and Marissa (3). Also, several nieces, nephews and cousins. He will be gravely missed by his entire family, his many friends and all his caregivers. He was such a peaceful, wonderful being, who loved life, we are all the better for having known him.

Order of Service

Opening Remarks	Pastor Charles Blythe
Opening Song	"Farther Along"
Opening Prayer	Elder Robert Jackson
First Lesson.....	1 Corinthians 15: 51-58 read by Chevane' Fagan
Poem	"He is Gone" read by Jevannie Dixon
Recorded Song Selection	
Tributes	
Second Lesson	Revelations 21:1-7 By Dawn Whittaker
Special Music.....	Elder Robert Jackson
Obituary.....	Nardia Blake
Special Music.....	Mrs. Marvalyn Blythe
Sermon.....	Pastor Charles Blythe
Prayer for family.....	Elder Yvonne Sheridan via recording
Closing song	"When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder"
Closing Prayer	Pastor Charles Blythe
Instructions.....	Funeral Directors

Interment

Ferncliff Cemetery
Hartsdale, New York