

*In Loving
Memory of*



Llewelyn Sylvester Bailey

Sunrise
September 15, 1937

Sunset
February 26, 2021

Service:
Tuesday, March 16, 2021 - 10:00 am

MCCALL'S BRONXWOOD FUNERAL HOME

4035 Bronxwood Avenue • Bronx, New York 10466

Rev. Craig Johnson, Officiating

Rev. Kevin Wade, Organist

Obituary

On September 15th, in the year of 1937, Enid and Samuel welcomed their eighth child into the Bailey's clan, a 'dancing' baby boy. And boy could he dance. Would it be bias to say, Michael Jackson had nothing on him?

Llewelyn Sylvester Bailey, hailed from the district of First Hill, Trelawny, Jamaica W.I. attended Griffins High School. Shortly after graduating from high school, Llewelyn , trained at the Police Academy and subsequently, worked as a police officer until he migrated to the United States of America in the mid nineteen sixties. Grandpa was a hard-worker. Over the course of his life, he worked as a medallion taxi- driver for a few years; for a short stint, he was a hospital police at the Veterans Hospital. For eighteen years, he worked at Starrett Protective Service, holding the position as an armed patrol supervisor. After working with Cambridge Security Services Corp for a year, he joined the workforce with Allied Barton Security Services until he retired.

As much as grandpa loved to work, he was loyal to his family and relatives even more. He was proud of his brothers, Uncle Ivan, (deceased), Uncle George,(deceased), Uncle Bill and Hugh. He adored his sisters, Aunt Dor, (deceased), Aunt Ros,(deceased), Aunt May,(deceased), Aunt Daph and Aunt Hope. Uncle Jackie, as he was affectionately called, enjoyed spending time with family members. He was the life of the party at family gatherings and was always seen with his camera taking pictures at any given events.

Some of my most memorable times with grandpa were Thanksgiving and Christmas when we would gathered at his apartment. But these moments I 'm about to share with you, I hold dear to my heart. As a kid, I was learning to play the piano. Each time I played my piece at my recitals, grandpa would be the first to stand up, cheering me on. then he said, I can be great at anything. Another time, we were at his home in Pennsylvania. We were outside and I saw a wasp bit his arm. I was screaming kill it! But he just watched it bit him and died. I thought he was a super hero. I finally asked him, why did you let the wasp bite you, and he explained to me, that is what wasps do and if he wanted to die, it was his choice. I laughed and hugged him. The last time I saw and talked to grandpa, he just stressed to me that I should love and protect women. I was surprised because I talked to him about girls only a handful of times. I don't know about you all, but I surely loved my grandpa and I am going to miss him.

He was also a die-hard NY Yankee fan. As much as grandpa was honest to a fault he was loved and respected by his family and friends. His presence will be surely missed by his nieces and nephews, friends and extended family.

Grandpa is survived by his wife, Stephanie Bird-Bailey, his son Jr. and daughter by law Michelle, his grandchildren, Malik, (me),Tariq and Christopher.

Order of Service

Hymn..... “Amazing Grace”
Rev. Kevin Wade

Scripture ReadingEcclesiastes 3: 1-8
Christopher McConnell (grandson)

Solo Audley Jacobs (nephew)

Scripture Reading..... Psalm 139 : 1-18; 23& 24
Ira Walters (nephew)

Hymn “How Great Thou Art”
Rev. Kevin Wade

Poem/Tribute..... Michelle Bailey (daughter -by-law)
Tariq Bailey (grandson)
Eugene Gardner (mother) read by Junior (son)

Hope Mattus (sister) read by Kaimbrie (grand-niece)

Wycliffe Golbourne (nephew) read by Benny (nephew)
Open to family and friends

Obituary..... Malik Bailey (grandson)

Interment

Kensico Cemetery
Valhalla, New Jersey

The Lord Knows Best

Today Lord, we seek your light thru this cloud of sadness
The chilly hand of death has pierced our hearts
Our spirit is in deep despair.
How great is our loss and heavy is our discontentment.
For here we are, talking about our Beloved in the past.
Precious memories, that's all we have to get by

You wouldn't want us to cry, but still the tears fall
We can hear your voice say
'Come on, I've lived a grand life.
You danced like there was no tomorrow
Moving to the beats of your own drum
Yes you loved life and lived it at your own command

When we reflect on the years of remember whens
May it always bring us laughter and no regrets
Comfort us Lord when we question
The unfairness of it all, and gently remind us
Our love one is now at rest
And like he would always say
The Good Lord knows best.

Michelle L.Bailey

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:

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