

Χελεβρατιον οφ Λιφε Φορ



Λεαφορδ Δ. Χαργιλλ

September 14, 1925 - March 3, 2021

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 2021 - 11:00 A.M.

First Wesleyan Church

201 Woodlawn Ave. • Jersey City, New Jersey

Οβιτσαρψ

Leaford Douglas Cargill was born in the beautiful parish of Portland on the Island of Jamaica on September 14, 1925 to proud parents Andrew Cargill and Sarah Walters. He was the second of seven children and had three brothers and three sisters. He was predeceased by his parents, brothers Arthur and Lloyd, his sister Pearl and his wife Phyllis. He is survived by his brother James, sisters Gwen and Fay, sons Cliff, Leroy and Starrett, daughters Bele and Althea, grandchildren- Tamika, Marc, Malaika and Majaliwa, great grandchildren- Anastasia, Renee, Brianna, Brayton, Lauren, Johari and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins and friends. He spent his early days in Portland and became an avid cyclist and would use his cycle as his principal mode of transportation over the island. He later switched over to riding motor cycles. He was multi-talented. He made hats, he was a good swimmer, he was a fairly good singer, he was naturally charming and quite a lady's man. As a teenager he joined the Salvation Army where he eventually held the rank of captain. His sister Fay remembers that he would get dressed in his sparkling white uniform and have a snack that consisted of two coconut drops, two totes and a bottle of kola before going off to the meetings that were held in the town square.

He was a member of the St. John Ambulance Brigade and was a certified first aid provider. He met Princess Margaret who is the sister of Elizabeth II Queen of England on one of her visits to Jamaica. After returning to England the Princess was personally involved in ensuring that his advance first aid certificate was delivered to him.

While doing a security patrol on the estate of Sir Harold Mitchell he was slashed with a cutlass by an intruder. He chased his attacker but collapsed from loss of blood.

The severe wound which was at the base of his neck required a hospital stay of several days. After being released from the hospital he tracked down and arrested his attacker and as a result was again admitted to the hospital. When his attacker was placed on trial, Leaford requested that the judge show leniency to the man who had almost killed him.

He moved to Kingston while in his twenties and enlisted in the police force where served with distinction for over 30 years. During that interval he rose through the ranks from Special constable to becoming an inspector of police prior to retiring. His fairness and empathy while working the streets earned him great respect even from those whom he had arrested.

After retirement he was selected by the commissioner of police to oversee the facility at the Jamaica Rifle Association.

He left the Jamaica Rifle Association and came to the United States in 2005. He has resided in New Jersey since migrating and up until the time of his passing. From his humble beginning in rural Jamaica Leaford became known from the slums of the city, to the houses of parliament, the offices of the Governor and Prime Minister and as far away as Buckingham Palace. His bravery, work ethics and personality contributed to a very exemplary life and he will be greatly missed.

May he rest in peace.

Ορδερ οφ Σερπιχε

Prelude

Hymn - “Amazing Grace”

Scripture Readings
Old Testament - Psalms 90:1-12
New Testament - John 6:37-40

Prayer of comfort

Reflections

Special Reading - Majaliwa “Nikki” Watson
Special Reading - Brianna Johnson
Special Reading - Zola Lallo

Acknowledgements and Obituary - Cliff Cargill

Hymn - “It Is Well With My Soul”

Eulogy - Pastor Donavon Shoemaker

Recessional

Interment
Rosedale Cemetery
Orange, New Jersey



Miss Me, But Let Me Go

When I come to the end of the
road and the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom filled room,
Why cry for a soul set free?
Miss me a little-but not too long,
and not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love that we once shared,
Miss me-but let me go.
For this is a journey that we all must take,
And each must go alone.
It's all part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick at heart,
Go to the friends we know.
Laugh at the things we use to do
Miss me-but let me go.

-author unknown

Αχκνωλεδγεμεντ

*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.*

Professional Services Provided By

COTTON FUNERAL SERVICE
158 Main Street
Orange, NJ
873-673-6400

1000 Bergen Street
Newark, NJ
873-425-6400

COTTON-PARKER FUNERAL HOME
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