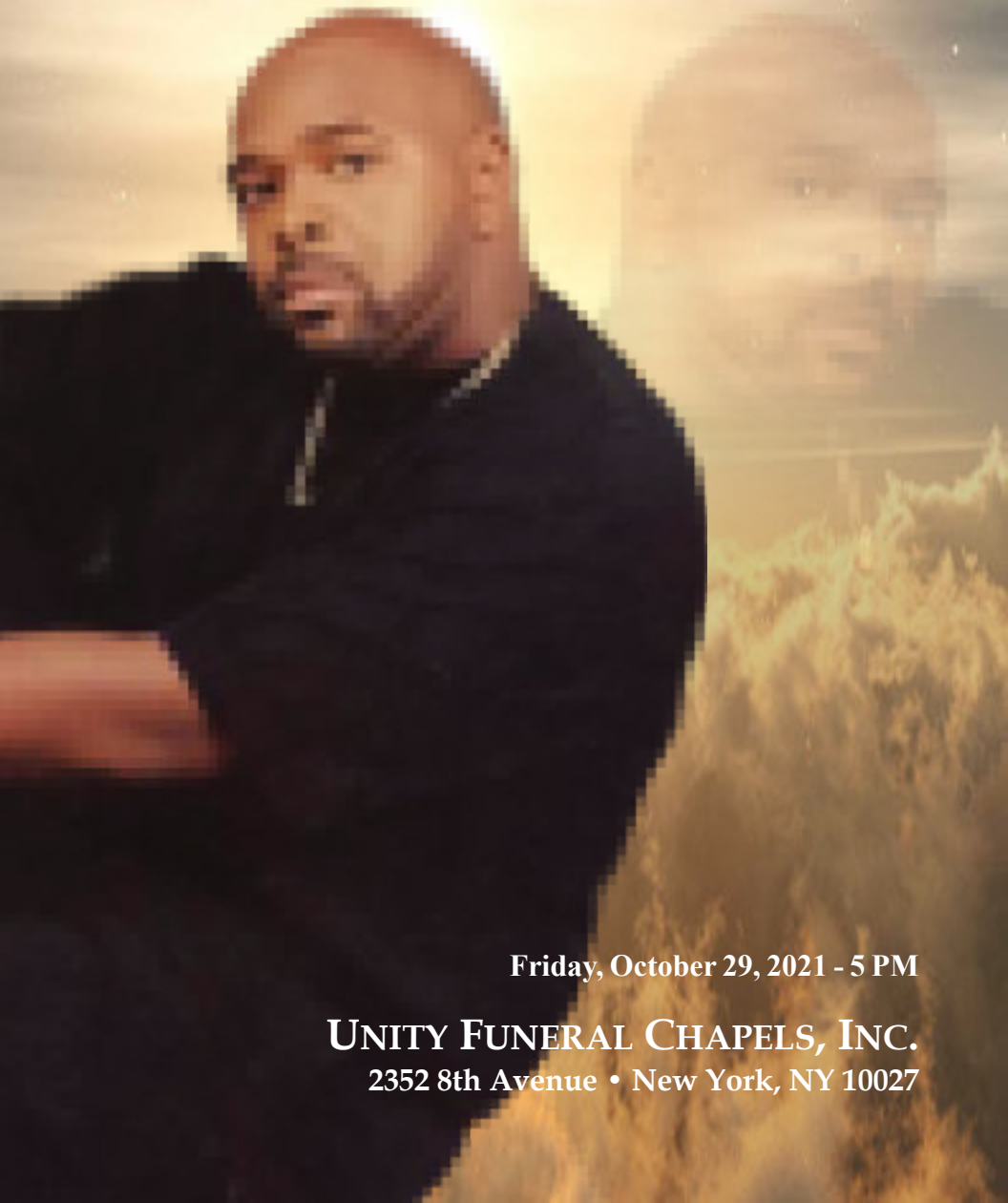


*In Loving Memory of*  
*Jeffrey M. Owens*  
April 30, 1968 - October 17, 2021



Friday, October 29, 2021 - 5 PM

**UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.**  
2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

# Obituary

**Jeffrey M. Owens, “Jeff”**, the youngest son of the late Inez K. Owens and Lucius G. Owens was born on April 30, 1968 in Brooklyn, New York.

Jeff received his compulsory education and completed a series of certificate programs in New York City. He had a broad work background that included: nursing aid services, construction, and custodial services.

Jeff was a super strong, hard-working man with beautiful deep-seated dimples, and a cherubic smile.

He was sweet, kind and his charismatic ways impacted those who came into contact with him; we were blessed by his funny and inviting personality. His nephew and niece recollected that he began laughing like Eddie Murphy after watching Beverly Hills Cop; Jeff possessed a wild sense of humor with a twist of corkiness and sarcasm.

To share an example, Jeff once witnessed his brother and sister-in-law arguing; his sister-in-law threw his brother’s radio out the window (mind you they resided on the 15th floor). Jeff went downstairs and brought the antenna back.

As a kid Jeff was an awesome skelzies (‘street game’) player. He would spend hours engrossed in playing skelzies and often lost track of time; which translated into him getting into a lot of trouble for arriving home late either from an outdoor chore or from school.

Jeff had an obsession for karate and horror movies. As an adolescent, he would frequent 42nd street to watch karate movies, and as an adult he collected Karate DVDs. While viewing these movies, his meal of choice included: ham and cheese hero, sour cream and onion potato chips, small shrimp salad and Welch’s grape soda or his mother’s chitterlings.

Jeff, also enjoyed working out. He came in 2nd place in a squash tournament at Manhattan squash indoor paddle ball. He played handball and basketball. He could hit a ball off any wall! And, of course, it has to be mention he loved music and the ladies.

Jeff shared more than 25 years with the love of his life Tamika Bradberry. He was blessed with 3 daughters : Jasmine Lawrence, Ashley Cassells, Laydaysha Owens. He is the grandfather to 2 beautiful grandchildren Lyric and Noah Grady.

After more than 3 years of battling health complications, Jeff peacefully transitioned the morning of Sunday, October 17, 2021 at NYU Langone Health, New York, NY. He has joined his mother, father and brother, Sandy Owens.

Besides his immediate loved ones, left to cherish his memory are his siblings: Bartholomew” Gene” Mitchell, Lucius Owens, Jr., Chauncey Owens, Elizabeth “Liz” Laroche”, Paulette Questel, and Delores A. “Lois” Owens and their spouses; a special love and friendship connection to beloved nephews: Sandy Owens, Jr. Imani Owens, Eugene Mitchell, Morgan Owens, Philip C. Fleary, Maximillian R. Owens and Imani Questel; and his nieces: Myra Mitchell, Letanya Owens, Nina Laroche, Sandria Owens, Candace Owens, Lachauna Griffin and Nia Questel; and a host of great-nephews and nieces, aunts, uncles, cousins, other relatives and friends.

# *Order of Service*

## **Processional**

### **Selection**

"O Holy Night"

By Laydaysha Owens (Daughter)

## **Scripture Readings**

### **Prayer**

### **Selection**

"Take Me To The King"

By Laydaysha Owens (Daughter) and Mercedes (Cousin)

## **Acknowledgements**

### **Obituary**

### **Selection**

### **Eulogy**

### **Committal**

### **Viewing**

### **Recessional**

## **FINAL DISPOSITION:**

Oxford Hills Crematory

Chester, New York

When great trees fall  
In forests;  
small things recoil into silence  
their senses eroded beyond fear.

When great souls die  
the air around us becomes  
light, rare, sterile  
We breath, briefly.  
Our eyes briefly,  
see with  
a hurtful clarity.  
Our memory, suddenly sharpened,  
examines,  
gnaws on kind words  
unsaid,  
promised walks  
never taken.

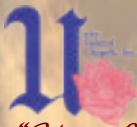
And when great souls die  
after a period peace blooms.  
Slowly and always  
irregularly. Spaces fill  
with a kind of  
soothing electric vibration.  
Our senses, restored, never  
to be the same, whisper to us.  
They existed. They existed.  
We can be. Be and be  
better. For they existed.  
(Maya Angelou)

Great souls die and  
our reality, bound to  
them, takes leaves of us.  
Our souls,  
dependent upon their nurture,  
now shrink, wizened.  
Our minds formed  
and informed by their  
radiance, fall away.  
We are not so much maddened  
as reduced to be unutterable ignorance of  
dark, cold caves.

## *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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*Clifford V. James, President & CEO*

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***"Your Loved Ones Deserve The Best - Unity"***

