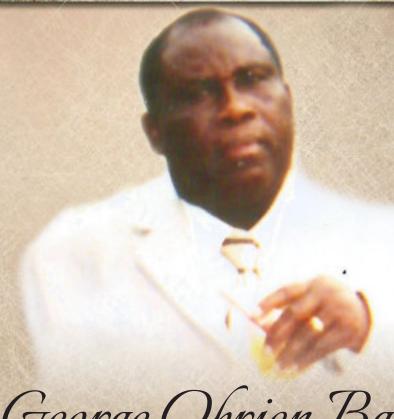
Thanksgiving Service For The Late



George Obrien Baker "Papa"

Sunrise: April 10, 1939 Sunset: December 26, 2021

Thursday, January 6, 2022 - 11:00 a.m.

CARNIE P. BRAGG FUNERAL HOME

256 Rosa Parks Blvd., Paterson, New Jersey Pastor Frederick Mitchell, Officiating

Reflections of a Celebrated Life

George O. Baker was born April 10, 1939 in St. Catherine, Jamaica. He was born to El and Eric Baker.

He relocated to the parish of Clarendon, with his aunt where he attended the Hayes All-Age School. He later in life met the mothers of his children and embarked on his journey as a father. After eight children, seven girls and one boy. He was above all else a family man. He worked hard as a construction worker at Monymusk, Yarmouth, and Jamalco. He was a part of the Jamalco Cricket team and took pride in the fact that he was one of the best players and would occasionally bring his children to watch him play. They often times boast about how lucky they are to have him as a father, always making sacrifices and going above and beyond because they were his number one priority.

In 1987 he came to the United States of America with nothing but hope and a dream of a better life for himself and his family. In 1989 he met his wife and life partner Mrs. Alice Baker they then went on to tie the knot in 1993. With their union he gained an additional family, her family, who has throughout the years loved and cared for him.

He worked as a security guard at Absolute Security for many years until retirement.

Many were gravitated to him because of his captivating sense of humor, always had a witty comeback for every conversation and never missed the opportunity to tell a story about when he was younger. He had a love for sports and when he wasn't listening to his music, talking to his friends or telling tales he had his special chair right in front of the television enjoying every moment. He will be greatly missed by everyone who met him. The moments may have ended but the memories last forever.

George O. Baker who resided in Paterson, New Jersey departed this life on Sunday, December 26, 2021 at the St. Joseph's University Medical Center after a long and courageous battle with long term illness.

George is survived by his wife; Alice Belton Baker, his children; Janice Baker, Marie Baker, Sharlene Baker, Dwight Baker, Monique Baker, Bernadette Baker, Donnette Baker, Georgia Baker, his stepchildren; Kya Belton Hall "Graig", Iva Belton Richardson "Bobbie", Ahmad Belton "Felicia", thirty-four grandchildren, nine great grandchildren, his siblings; Authur, Carmen, Federick, Audrey, Myrna, Barry, Sylvia, Beverly, Marcia, Sandy, sisters-in-law; Thelma and Mary, brothers-in-law; David and Charlie, his dear friend; Annie Belle Tyndale, nieces, nephews and a host of family and friends.

Order of Service

Sentences
Opening Hymn In The Sweet By And By
Prayer
First Lesson
Tributes
Floor is open to anyone who would like to share
Hymn
Second Lesson
Eulogy Amoye Green & Theidia Blake (Granddaughter)
Selection Eric McKenzie
Hymn Blessed Assurance
Prayer & Benediction

Interment Evergreen Cemetery 1130 North Broad Street Hillside, New Jersey

Recessional Musical

In The Sweet By And By

There's a land that is fairer than day, And by faith we can see it afar, For the Father waits over the way To prepare us a dwelling place there.

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore The melodious songs of the blessed; And our spirits shall sorrow no more-Not a sigh for the blessing of rest. In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.



Blessed Assurance

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.
This is my story, this is my song,
praising my Savior all the day long.
This is my story, this is my song,
praising my Savior all the day long.
Perfect submission, perfect delight,
visions of rapture now burst on my sight.
Angels descending bring from above
echoes of mercy, whispers of love.
This is my story, this is my song,
praising my Savior all the day long.
This is my story, this is my song,
praising my Savior all the day long.



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.

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.

Let us lay 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.

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.



CHORUSES

We Shall Have A Grand Time

We shall have a grand time
Up in heaven
we shall have a grand time up in heaven,
Have a grand time!
Walking with the angels
singing glory alleluiah!
We shall have a grand time
up in heaven,
have a grand time"

I'm Gonna Walk Those Streets of Glory

I'm gonna walk those streets of glory by and by
I'm gonna walk those streets of glory by and by
I'm gonna walk those streets of glory
I'm gonna sing redemption story
I'm gonna walk those streets of glory by and by.

Some Sweet Day

Some sweet day, I'm going away
I'm going to leave this world
No more to roam
Some sweet day,
When life is over
Some sweet day,
I'm going away.

No Grave Can Hold My Body Down

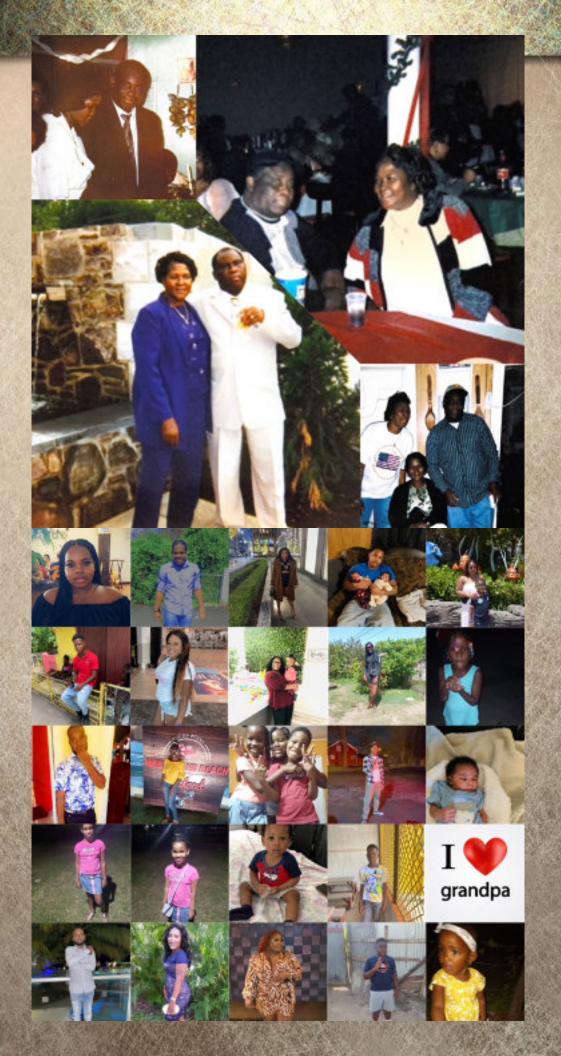
No grave can hold my body down, No grave can hold my body down.

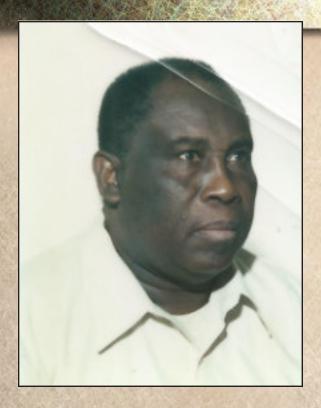
When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound,

And the dead in Christ shall rise;

No grave, can hold my body down.







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

Dwight Baker (Son) Adrian Fuller (Grandson) Ahmad Belton (Step-Son)

Pallbearers

Barrington Newell (Family Friend) Shawn Belton (Nephew) Michael Butler (Nephew)

Acknowledgement

The family of the late George Baker wishes to express our sincere gratitude for all the prayers, concern and kindness shown to us during this time of bereavement. May God bless you.

Professional Services Provided By CARNIE P. BRAGG FUNERAL HOME

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