

# CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF



## MARK KENNETH PRINGLE

**SUNRISE: November 18, 1954**

**SUNSET: November 2, 2022**

**Saturday, November 12, 2022 - 4pm**

**UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.**

**2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027**

**Rev. Dr. Eric B. Turner, Officiating**

# LIFE IN REFLECTION:



*“Truly my soul waiteth upon God: from him cometh my salvation. He only is my rock and my salvation; he is my defence; I shall not be greatly moved.” - Psalm 62:1-2*

## TIME TO BE BORN:

Mark was the eldest of two sons to Marjorie and Kenneth Pringle. He was born on November 18, 1954 in New York City.

## TIME TO LEARN AND WORK:

Under the tutelage of his father, Mark gained valuable experience and became a Master Carpenter and would later develop his company “Rocker Drywall Inc.,” where he had 40 employees who assisted him in housing development in all five boroughs of NYC. That would eventually earn him an award from Washington DC for his contribution to housing development. Mark was reliable, patient, always calm, very wise and focused. Give him a task and be assured that it would be completed. He was a man of several talents; an author, clothing designer, barber and political enthusiast.

## TIME TO LOVE:

Mark and Valerie were introduced through a mutual friend in 1990 and instantly realized it was kismet. As Valerie would prove as a challenge like no other, in order to achieve his quest to capture her heart, Mark befriended her, developed his strategy, focused and valiantly pursued her until he won her. They soon blended their two families and married on October 7, 1996. He was what every woman should have in a husband; brilliant, perceptive, a protector, provider, chivalrous, kind thoughtful, tender and an excellent listener. In thirty-two years he never missed a day without showing affection.

Per his son Shawn, “RIP OG. I promise to carry your name and memory with the upmost pride, dignity pressure.” Nick, “he was really cool and would let me have girls visit when mom was away.” Erin, “his love was one I could depend on no matter what.” Tony, “he loved Stop & Shop and shopped like an old woman.”

## TIME TO DIE:

To further attest to Mark’s resolve, in July of 2021 he suffered a massive heart attack. He was unresponsive for 25 minutes before being resuscitated and given six months to live. He was in the hospital for three months, was then transferred to an acute rehab and after two weeks was discharged home. Following completion of Home PT/OT, Mark improved and was dubbed “The Miracle Man”. For six months all seemed right with the world. Then suddenly he took a turn for the worst and on Wednesday, November 2, 2022 at 1342, Mark released his wings and flew home. He is preceded in death by his brother, Tyrone, his grandmother, GongGong, his mother, Marjorie and father, Kenneth.

## TIME TO MOURN:

Mark is survived by: his loving wife, Valerie; brother, Todd (Sharon); sons, Shawn and Shamel (Nisa); stepmother, Shirley; brother-in-law, Anthony (April); blended children, Errol (Keisha), Bianca and Nicholas; grandchildren, Hiram, Lamel, Erin, Chase, Skylar, Lauren, Langdon, Alana and Ayanna; nieces, Shamel, Makeba, Jade and Lennon; grand nieces and nephews, Keanu, China, Selah, Treasure, London, Rue Elias and Duron; goddaughter, Melo; special friends, Jack, Richard Mims “V4L”, Mr. Bill, Richard Ford “V4L”, Fox and Scottie.

♥ *My Husband My King, I will mourn you until I join you.*

# ORDER OF SERVICE

**Processional**

**Selection**

**Scripture Readings**

Old Testament - Psalm 23

New Testament - Matthew 6:9-15

**Prayer**

**Selection**

**Acknowledgements**

**Remarks**

**Obituary**

**Selection**

**Eulogy**

**Committal**

**Viewing**

**Recessional**

# POEM TO MY WIFE:

My Black woman, My Queen I'm so sorry for what I've done. For taking you through these tragic times, with no where else to run. You're my strength, but I am your weakness, breaking you by the day. Still you treat me like a King, loving me in every way. I owe you my life for saving me in times of need. It's only because of your love that I can still believe. I'm nothing without you but with you I am everything and more. Through this ghetto of weeds we live in, you remain my rose amongst thorns. I love you more today than I did yesterday and even more than the day before. Yes, I hear you every time you tell me you love me but still I love you even more. I love your eyes, I love your nose, your smile, your tears but I love you more for just loving me and for showing me that you care. I love your wrongs and all your rights I love the loving after the fights but I love you more for just loving me and being my everlasting light. I love your height and your weight. I love your faults and mistakes but I love you more for just loving me and for being a Queen who never breaks. I love your flesh and your soul. I love you for giving me your all but I love you more for just loving me and catching me whenever I fall. I love you more today than I did yesterday and even more than the day before. Yes, I hear you every time you tell me you love me but I will always love you more...

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

*To Joan, Missy, Andre, Laura, my Fabian family, Sugar, Beverly, Gloria, Sandra and Catalina; as well as all those who provided a kindness, gave support and or an ear, my family and I wish to extend our deep appreciation. ❤️*

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