

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

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.

Professional Services Provided By

COTTON FUNERAL SERVICE
130 Main Street
Orange, NJ
973-675-6400

1025 Bergen Street
Newark, NJ
973-926-6400

COTTON-PARKER FUNERAL HOME
37 Clinton Avenue
Jersey City, NJ
201-433-1000



A Celebration of Life for

Charles Hawkins Sr.

Sunrise:
July 16, 1951

Sunset:
January 8, 2023

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 2023 - 11:00 AM

Cotton Funeral Service

1025 Bergen Street • Newark, New Jersey

*Senior Pastor CC Clifton, Officiating
of Resurrection Church of Bloomfield, NJ*

www.honoryou.com

Obituary

Charlie Hawkins, the son of the late James Lee Burwell and Eliza Hawkins, was born July 16, 1951 in Mecklenburg County, Virginia.

He departed this life on January 8, 2023, in The University Hospital in Newark, New Jersey.

He married Jessie Bell Jenkins on April 5, 1982. They fell in love and had one son named Charles; later they adopted three children; Essence, Oztavia and Dennis.

Charles was a man with profound morals. He never asked for much and always returned and even if repayment was not needed, he would on his behalf he would return the deed in surplus. Charles, Charlie, Lawrence, Pop Pop, Husband, Father, Grandpa, Uncle, Brother, Uncle L, Big Bro, Daddy, Old Man, Hawk, was loved by the entirety of his flock.

He now watches over two sons: Charles Hawkins II, Dennis Hawkins; two daughters: Oztavia Hawkins, Essence Hawkins; One brother, Jerry Burwell; One sister. Velma Ruth Brown; six grandchildren: Zamir, Jaye'den, Jordyn, Jo-Lee, Ja'Ni, and Journee. Also, numerous loving nieces, nephews, cousins and friends.

Tributes

A soul that was too good for this world and a heart seen by little but known by many. He was a father and husband. He was love, assurance, protection, intelligent, laughter, a bright light in a dark place and not to forget the life of the party. These are just a few words to immortalize a once in a lifetime soul. If you knew this man then you knew he was able to calm a storm or shake a room if need be. Never turning a soul, a way without good reason, always extending out a helping hand and keeping it extended as like a shepherd does for its flock. I honestly wouldn't be able to just sum him up, it would take heaven's time to do so. With a heavy heart your family and loved ones send our prayers, blessings, and love to our new guardian angel, C.H. Never gone and never forgotten.

From your son, Dennis

To my favorite person I will always love you and our bond so many memories that will live forever. I promise to you if I'm ever in a fight with a beer to tell my kids to help the bear lol. I remember how you used to pick me up from school every day and take me to White Castles and make sure I always got the chocolate milkshake. That was our thing! Oh, and I can't forget Popeyes. I remember when you used to hide your snacks for later, so Charles wouldn't eat it all from you. I remember you making homemade ice cream with us. It was the best I love seeing your face when I came over and it melted my heart. You are my best friend. If you had to get advice, he was the person to go to. When you ever wanted to laugh, he was that person. You ever wanted a favor he always looked you out. My favorite Christmas was the year my father brought us bikes and a kitchen set. My brother got an arcade game and from then on, we always remembered and cherished that Christmas. I remember every weekend my father and uncles would I'll come over to the house, in the basement and play cards and watch sports. I remember telling him that I was pregnant and his face wasn't so happy. He was only mad for two days and then he was over it. I swear my kids were trying to take my place with him. That was my kid's favorite old man.

From your daughter, Oztavia

How do you say goodbye to the only father figure you had the man who took you on all his favorite store runs in big yellow. If you know, you know! Your fireball buddy the man who forgot the number to 911 when he thought you was going into labor I scared that man half to death that day lol the guy you can tell all your problems to without judgment the man who rocked your newborn in a bassinet so you could finish school... you CANT so this isn't goodbye it's a I'll see you later old man.

From your daughter, Haneefa

One of my favorite memories with my grandfather is gardening. He wanted to have a vegetable garden in the backyard. I remember the time when I first planted the vegetables in the garden I was so excited for them to grow but he told me that it would take some months for them to grow so I came to his house almost every day to water them and see if they grew at least a little and they did. I was so excited to show him. He was as happy as I was when they were fully ready we took some inside and left some outside I remember it like it was yesterday.

From your granddaughter, Joydan

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Reading

Old Testament

New Testament

Prayer of Comfort

Selection

Remarks

(Two minutes each please)

Acknowledgements

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy - Pastor Zachariah Clifton Jr.
of Resurrection Church of Bloomfield, NJ

Recessional

Cremation

Evergreen Cemetery
Hillside, New Jersey