

*Celebration of Life
For*

*Willie
J.
Stotomire*

Sunrise: February 28, 1976

Sunset: September 9, 2024



Service

Saturday, September 21, 2024 - 2:00 P.M.

HERBERT T. MCCALL FUNERAL HOME

984 Prospect Ave • Bronx, NY 10459

Minister Charolette Williams-Holley, Officiating

Order of Service

Organ Prelude

Processional.....Clergy and Family

Invocation

Selection

Scripture Reading

Old Testament

New Testament

Acknowledgements

SongEyes on a Sparrow - Karon Howard

Reflections..... 1 minute please

Poem..... Fashawn Holley

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

Committal

Benediction

Recessional

Final Disposition
Woodlawn Crematory
Bronx, New York

Obituary

Willie James Stotomire was born on February 28, 1976 to the late Juanita Brown and Willie Stotomire, Sr. in the Bronx, NY. Willie went to School in the NYC Public school system, and he completed his education at Patrick Henry High School in Roanoke, Virginia where he graduated and obtained his High School Diploma. He also secured a variety of accomplishments such as his OSHA Certifications, Engineering Certification, and Carpentry Certification. He worked various jobs and took a special interest in creativity where he pursued various ventures from frying chicken with cornflakes to decorating his own clothes.

Willie had a personality that you could never forget, he was one of the craziest, annoying, and bugged out person you've probably ever known but in the same breath, he was one of the coolest, down-to-earth, outgoing, kind, and unique person to have had the pleasure in getting to know. He had a presence that would light up any room. Willie not only gave his last but wasn't afraid to ask you for your last either. Oh yeah, let's not talk about favors. If there were such a thing as the "favor king", it would be Willie. Yea, Willie always needed a favor and for some odd reason, you never said no, because you knew he would pay it back nine times out of ten by doing you a favor. You always knew when he was about to ask for a favor if the conversation started off "Nah man." Willie was the go-to guy in the family, if you needed him or needed it done, he was always there and always got the job done, but it was always on "Willie's time" and if you knew him you knew exactly what that meant. Willie had a way with the ladies. He got his name from his aunt Janice, "Pimp Willie". To sum it all up we all must agree, to know Willie is to know that he was just down right crazy, but that crazy is what has gathered us here today, that crazy is one that we have all grown to love and most importantly, that crazy is what we all will truly miss.

Willie James Stotomire is preceded in death by his mother, Juanita Brown; father, Willie Stotomire; grandparents, Frannie Mae and Joe Smith; brother, Felton Banks; aunts, Bernadette Holley and Karen Smith; uncles, Gerald and Eugene Smith.

He leaves behind to uphold his memory two children, Zachary Myers 18 years old (VA) and Quaylin Williams 10 years old (NY); sisters, Whilemina Stotomire (twin), Antionette Brown, Tammy, and Melissa Anderson; brothers, Willie Dudley Banks, Kenneth Banks, Patrick, and Chris Anderson; aunts, Janice Brown (NJ), Carolyn Smith (VA), Dorothy Watson (NY), and Leslie Smith (NJ); uncles, King Smith (NJ), Robert Watson (NY), Michael Holley (NY) and Richard Holley (MD); nephew, Devon Brown; two godsons, Tyler Hunter, and Tyrese Manley; cousin/sisters, Monique Müller-Ross (Kerry Ross), Fashawn Destiny Holley and Zakkia Brown (NY); cousin/brothers, Richard Tillies (NC) and Anthony Holley (NY); cousins, Dayna, Jason Smith, Monique Spates, Robert, Anthony Watson, Latoya McCassling, and Natasha Mizeak; along with a host of siblings (25 in total), other cousins, family members, and friends.

Willie is Now In God's Garden

*God looked around his garden and
found an empty place.*

*God then looked down upon the earth
and saw my tired face.*

*God put his arms around me
and lifted me to rest,*

*God's garden must be beautiful
He always calls the best,*

*God knew that I was suffering
He knew I was in pain.*

*God knew that I would never
get well on earth again.*

*He saw my road was getting rough
and the hills were hard to climb.*

*So, he closed my weary eyelids
and whispered "Peace be thine"*

*It broke your hearts to lose me
but. I didn't go alone.*

*For part of me went with you
the day God called me home.*



Acknowledgements

The family of Willie James Stotomire wishes to express their sincere gratitude for the support, prayers, expressions of sympathy and acts of love and kindness during their time of bereavement.

Professional Services Provided By
HERBERT T. MCCALL FUNERAL HOME

984 Prospect Ave • Bronx, NY 10459
(718) 589-8428

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