

IN LOVING MEMORY OF



Ishmael COLLINWOOD BARTHLEY (AKA- POPS)

January 3, 1942 – June 8, 2025

*Always a smile instead of a frown,
Always a hand when one is down,
Always sincere, thoughtful, and kind—
Wonderful memories left behind.*

Saturday, June 21, 2025 - 11:00am
Private viewing: Immediate family only- 10:00 AM
Gathering: 10:30 AM
Service: 11:00 AM

St. John's United Methodist Church
1205 Stuart Ave., Valley Stream, New York



Obituary

With deep sorrow and profound love, we announce the passing of **Ishmael Collinwood Barthley**, who peacefully transitioned from this life on June 8, 2025, surrounded by the love of his family and the grace of God.

Born on January 3, 1942, in Clarendon, Jamaica—affectionately known as Mohco Town—Ishmael was the youngest of eight children born to Alfred and Louise Barthley. Endearingly called the Beloved One, he was the apple of his mother's eye and admired by all for his bravery and warm spirit. From an early age, Ishmael carried a light that touched everyone around him.

Always seeking growth and opportunity, Ishmael was the first among his siblings to venture beyond the countryside, making his way to Kingston to pursue a better life. In 1970, he took another bold step, migrating to Brooklyn, New York, where he lived with his cousin Dorothy. Determined to uplift his family back home, he enrolled in carpentry trade school while working part-time as a taxi driver. It was during one of those rainy afternoons, while driving his cab, that destiny brought him face-to-face with a familiar smile—Yvonne James. From that moment, their love story unfolded, leading to marriage, a home in Queens, and four beautiful children: Christopher, Denise, Donna, and Orvia (Charm).

Ishmael went on to become a highly skilled craftsman, a proud member of the District Council of Carpenters, where he worked for over 33 years before retiring. Though he worked hard, he enjoyed retirement even more, cherishing time with loved ones, engaging in deep conversations, and sharing his wisdom with all who crossed his path.

A man of deep and unwavering faith, Ishmael often said, “We were dirt poor, but we were rich in the goodness of God.” His favorite encouragements were: “Let not your heart be troubled” and “Give your burdens unto the Lord.” He was a devoted member of Saint John's United Methodist Church, where he served with passion and humility in numerous ministries, including the Men's Gospel Chorus, Gospel Choir, Visitation Ministry, Board of Trustees, Prayer Group, Stewardship, Disciple Bible Study, and Transportation.

He loved serving his church community so much that at one point, his wife Yvonne grew suspicious of how much time he spent there—next thing you know, she joined too and became just as involved. Their shared faith became yet another bond that strengthened their marriage.

Ishmael was a man who loved his wife dearly and would do anything to keep peace in their home and to show his love for her. He often expressed his sorrow that his declining health prevented him from physically being there for her as he wished—but even in his suffering, he remained steadfast in love.

For many years, Ishmael endured the trials of a failing body. Still, he never faltered in his faith. Whenever pain knocked him down, he bounced back, always declaring, “God is real.” Even from a hospital bed or ambulance stretcher, he took every opportunity to minister—to doctors, nurses, CNAs, even the ambulance drivers. He was not afraid of death—only of dying—and he used every breath to speak God's truth and love.

Even in his weakest moments, one thing that brought him comfort was a small radio always tuned to the family's favorite Christian station. Whether it was worship music or a sermon being preached, those familiar sounds connected him to the presence of God and brought him peace. If the signal didn't come through clearly, he'd insist you keep adjusting the antenna, leaning it this way and that way until the station came back in. That little radio became more than a device—it was a spiritual anchor in the storm.

One of Ishmael's deepest convictions was the importance of forgiveness and unity. “Love each other,” he would say, “and keep the family together.” His last verbal request was just that: that his family love one another, practice forgiveness, and build a relationship with God.

As the last child of his parents, Ishmael was determined to get it right. He became a powerful advocate for his extended family, known back home as the one to call when support was needed. He not only sent help—he sent a message of God's love along with it.

He always had a story to tell and remembered everyone—names, dates, places, and moments with astonishing clarity. Wherever Ishmael went, someone knew him. His kindness, his generosity, and his unshakable faith left a lasting impression. He never parted company without his signature farewell: “God be with you, and I love you.”

As his body began to fail him, Ishmael never wavered in his trust in God's will. He often spoke of the journey we all must take: *“There is a path that leads to a turn in the road, and we must travel there, where our Father waits to take us home and shelter us with care.”*

Ishmael leaves behind his beloved wife Yvonne, his children Christopher, Denise, Donna, and Charm (Orvia); grandchildren Carl, Paula, Chekier, and Joshua; great-grandchildren; a host of nieces, nephews, extended family, and many dear friends. He is reunited in eternal rest with his parents Alfred and Louise, and his seven siblings who preceded him in death.

Though he is no longer with us in body, Ishmael's spirit, his faith, his laughter, and his love will continue to live on in every life he touched.

Rest well, Beloved One. God be with you—and we love you.

Order of Service

Organ Prelude	Mr. Elmer Hammond
Gathering	David Ball - Rev.
The Word of Grace.....	David Ball – Rev.
Greeting	David Ball- Rev.
Hymn No. 377.....	It Is Well with My Soul
Prayer Of Comfort	Delores Barrett - Rev.
Scripture Reading	Isaiah 60: 1-7 David Ball –Rev.
Musical Selection	by the Choir
Scripture Reading.....	Psalm 130- Read by Grandson – Carl Crawford
The Obituary	Read by Omar Hall- Rev.
Tributes Song	sung by- Loriane Heirs- The Goodness of God
Scripture Reading.....	Psalm- 121 Read by Son-in-law -Winston Flowers
Hymn No. 369	“Blessed Assurance”
The Gospel Reading	John 14: 1-7, 27 Read by Son- Christopher Barthley

Tributes:

- Friends – Michael Graham - (by Phone)
- Media Specialist will connect - Durval Heirs, others.
- Family- Poem Read by Niece - Stacey Reid-Currie
- Daughters - Donna, Charm, others.
- Grandson - Chekier Barthley

Men’s Chorus –	“Wonderful and Marvelous”
Words of Comfort	Omar Hall – Rev.
Prayer of Commendation	David Ball – Rev.
Prayer of Thanksgiving	David Ball – Rev.
Benediction	David Ball – Rev.
Hymn No. 733.....	“Marching to Zion”
Organ Postlude.....	Elmer Hammond

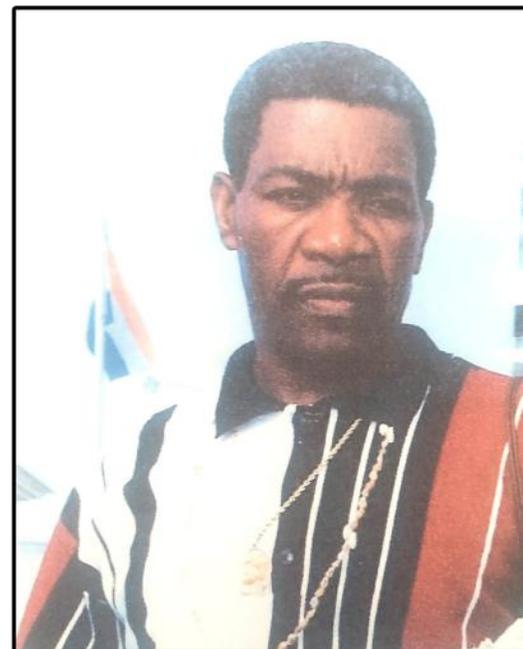


Interment

St. John’s Methodist Cemetery
Valley Stream, New York

Pallbearers:

- Christopher Barthley
- Chekier Barthley
- Carl Crawford
- Joshua Pendleton



The Broken Chain

We little knew that day,
God was going to call your name.
In life, we loved you dearly,
In death, we do the same.
It broke our hearts to lose you.
You did not go alone.
For part of us went with you,
The day God called you home.
You left us peaceful memories,
Your love is still our guide.
And although we cannot see you,
You are always at our side.
Our family chain is broken,
And nothing seems the same,
But as God calls us one by one,
The chain will link again.
Author: Ron Tranmer



Acknowledgement

The family would like to express their profound and heartfelt gratitude for every act of love and kindness extended to them during these most difficult days. In the days ahead, we will need your continued prayers and support.
The Family

Professional Services Provided By:

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