



Jesse W. Pearson

**THE COLLECTED WORKS
OF JESSE W. PEARSON, SR.**

September 11, 1932-April 22, 2020

TERRY FUNERAL HOME

Wednesday, April 29, 2020

4203 HAVERFORD AVENUE PHILADELPHIA, PA



Preface

Jesse W. Pearson, Sr. loved books, and he occasionally spoke of writing one. Although he never got around to that, he did accomplish many good works in his time, and much of that work was informed by his studies. That's why we decided to make this funeral program look more like an anthology than a standard program - to honor his life and work in the flavor of the books, magazines and newspapers he avidly read throughout his life. We hope it brings you comfort, and we thank you for joining us to commemorate a remarkable man who did his best to leave the world better than he found it.



Order of Service



Prelude Dan Rouse, Organist

Welcome Rev. Carla Jones Brown, Arch Street Presbyterian Church

Opening prayer Rev. Carla Jones Brown

Obituary (in program, read silently)

"Jesus Promised Me a Home Over There" Shavonne Edwards

Scripture Readings"
Old Testament Psalm 23
New Testament John 14:1-6

Eulogy Rev. Carla Jones Brown

"May the Work I've Done Speak for Me" Shavonne Edwards

Reflections (in program, read silently)

Acknowledgements

Benediction and Committal

Interment at Washington's Crossing National Cemetery



Wednesday, April 29, 2020

Funeral Service 9am

The Works of Jesse Pearson Sr.

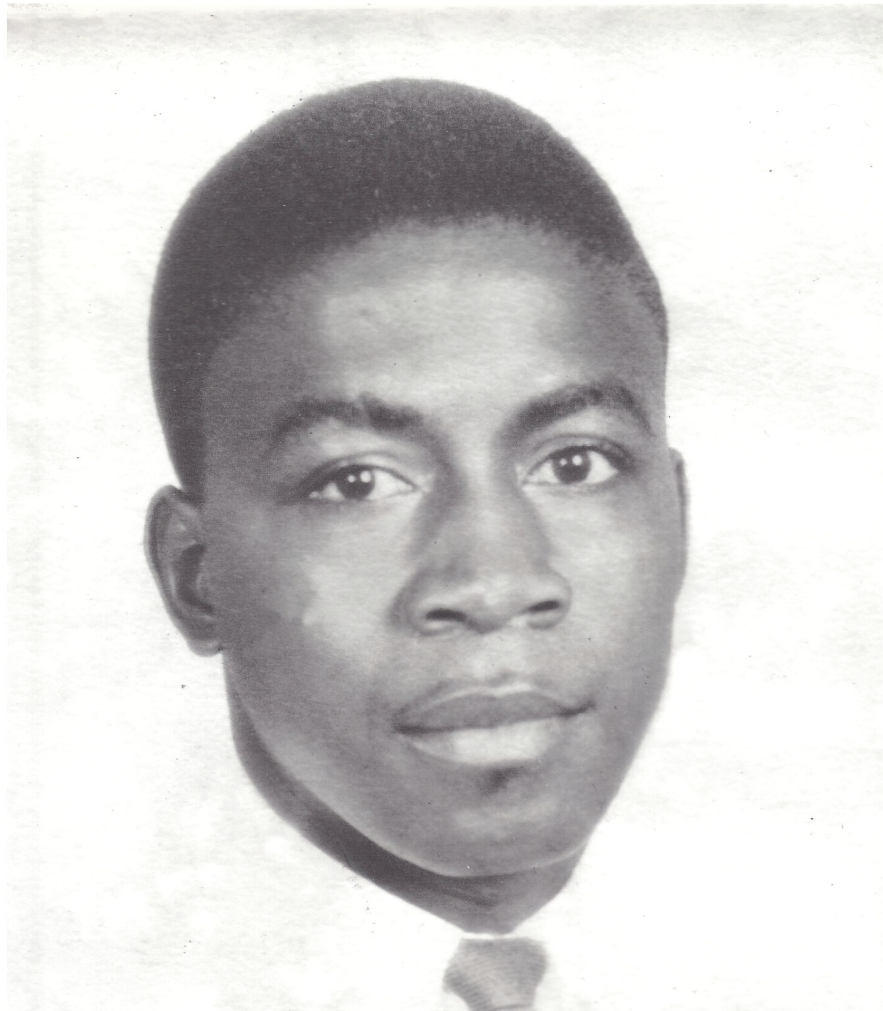


Jesse W. Pearson, a retired Philadelphia educator and businessman with a lifelong commitment to educational excellence and economic empowerment, died peacefully on April 22 after a long illness. He was 87.

A CHILD OF THE GREAT MIGRATION

Born on September 11, 1932 in Stratford New Jersey, Jesse was the seventh of Jesse and Mattie Pearson's 12 children. His parents, maternal grandparents, aunts and uncles had migrated from the deep South in the decade before, hoping to start a construction business and raise a family free from the violence and oppression of Jim Crow. His grandparents had been enslaved.

In Camden County, New Jersey, they found pine trees that echoed Georgia's, rich soil for growing produce, and hunting and fishing to help feed a large family during the Great Depression. They also found their opportunities circumscribed by race, class and caste. He and his siblings learned the value of hard work early on, working alongside their parents: cleaning houses and segregated movie theaters, logging the pine woods, raising the family's food. Life was difficult - he recalled an announcement that someone was giving away shoes. He and others scavenged through the pile looking for shoes that matched. If they didn't fit, they stuffed them with newspaper. But there was camaraderie as well, and fun: baseball and touch football with his brothers and other neighborhood boys, listening to stories and sports on the radio and the occasional hayride.





A MAN IN BRIEF

Although Jesse did well in school, the need to help support his family forced him to drop out in 10th grade. He served in the Army during the Korean War, achieving the rank of corporal and helping to run the motor pool at Ft. Knox in Kentucky. In all, four Pearson brothers would serve in the Army and Air Force, in World War II, Korea and Vietnam. Not long after returning from military service, he married Ann Barnes. Although the marriage did not last, his daughter Kim was born from this union. Around the same time, he began working at the US Post Office in Philadelphia. Through his coworkers, he learned that he was entitled to GI benefits that would allow him to resume his education.

He did this with relish: working full time, and attending school full time, he first completed a course of study at William Penn Business Institute. A teacher there told him he was college material and directed him to Temple University, which had a high school program for adults. Attaining his high school diploma at age 30, he worked swing shifts and continued to pursue his education full time. By the time he was 37, he had attained a dual BS in Education and Accounting, along with a Master's degree in education and had embarked on his doctoral work.

There were other changes. He had married his second wife, Virginia Sampson in 1961. Their marriage would last 52 years, until her death in 2014. The couple welcomed a son, Jesse Jr. He had also left the Post Office to become a teacher, turning down offers of corporate work. He explained his decision by saying that he thought it was important for students to see Black men in the classroom. His career at the School District of Philadelphia would span 27 years, from 1967 to 1994. After retiring from the School District, he joined Berean Institute, a proprietary school in North Philadelphia.

A MAN IN FULL

Jesse's choices as an educator were the result of deep reflection on both his personal experience and his studies. He devoted his career to vocational education with two goals in mind: providing students with a means to earn a living, and ensuring that students who were capable of further academic studies had the opportunity to do so.

Those values led him to collaborate with some of the most notable education leaders of his time, including Dr. Marcus Foster, then principal of Gratz High School. Later, Foster became the first Black superintendent of schools in Oakland, California. At Gratz, he and Foster created a storefront Neighborhood School for pregnant girls to allow them to continue their education in a supportive environment at a time when they were often pushed out of school and told they would amount to nothing.

His experience at Gratz piqued his interest in the creation of small school settings within larger schools, and understanding how to design, implement and assess such programs in the city's under-resourced schools became a focus of both his graduate study and professional work. He would bring this passion to his second job: teaching adults in the city's Standard Evening High School. He also helped design and implement innovative programs at Bartram High School and Benjamin Franklin High School. In many instances, he wrote grants to fund the programs as well. He also embraced technological innovation by leaping at the chance to obtain computing equipment and teach those skills as far back as the late 1970s.



His dedication to his students didn't stop at the schoolhouse door. He visited their homes to talk to parents. He would learn that a child didn't have clean clothes or some other necessity, and enlist his family in helping to meet her needs while preserving her dignity. He sometimes came home with stories about having had to break up fights to protect students and colleagues. He ran the summer jobs program at the Negro Trade Union Leadership Council. He worked to address his community's trauma by joining the board of the Charles R. Drew Community Mental Health Center and helping to put that organization on a sound financial footing.

His skills in finance and administration would also prove critical to his work at Berean Institute, where he started as a teacher but became the academic dean and then Chief Operating Officer working alongside Dr. Norman Spencer.

He oversaw the school's financial affairs and successful accreditation efforts. During these years, it was not unusual to find him advocating for Berean with state legislators or members of the Pennsylvania congressional delegation.

It was also during this time that Jesse pursued his dream of owning a business, opening A Classic Image Hair Salon as well as a boutique accounting practice.

In spite of his workload, Jesse was a dedicated family man. He involved his children in his work, enlisting his daughter as his research assistant and having his son teach summer classes in Logo programming. Ever the teacher, it wasn't unusual for him to ask his children for their thoughts about philosophy or current events at the dinner table and expect them to be prepared to respond thoughtfully. He also expected his children and grandchildren to know how to maintain a home and car and handle routine repairs. It was not unusual to find him shooting baskets with his son and the neighborhood boys. There were game nights, family outings and vacations, and many weekends spent with extended family. He delighted in his children and grandchildren's educational and professional accomplishments. He posted their diplomas and awards on a wall of honor alongside his own certificates and those of his wife, an MSW who had become a supervisor at the Philadelphia Corporation for the Aging.

In retirement, Jesse pursued personal learning projects, such as resuming his studies of Western Philosophy. However, his primary role became caring for Virginia as she went through a series of health crises. This he did with meticulous care and devotion, insisting on her comfort and dignity to the end. As he became ill himself, it fell to his children, grandchildren, devoted nieces and family friends to do their best to surround him with the same level of care.



HIS LEGACY CONTINUES

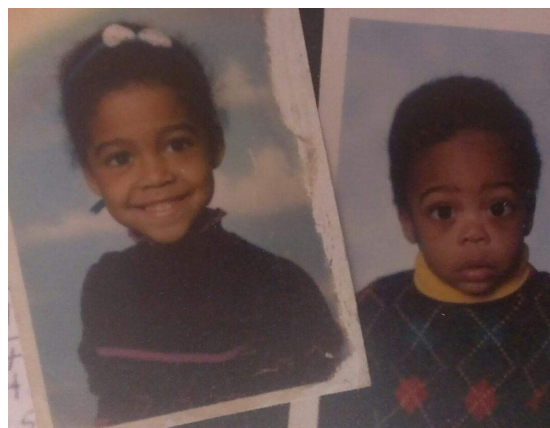
Jesse is survived by his children, Kim and Jesse Jr. (Vinessa); former son-in-law Gregory Thomas, grandchildren Ja-Tun Thomas, Steven Thomas and Jaylen Pearson; brothers George and Stanley Pearson (Rhonda); sisters-in-law Rethelia Pearson, Francene Milner (Ambrose), Joyce Frazier (Daryl); brothers-in-law Edward Easter and Lee Sampson (Ernestine), and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, colleagues, friends and neighbors. His first great-grandchild is expected to arrive later this year. Some years ago, Jesse was asked whether he wanted a scholarship named for him. A dedicated Keynesian, he rejected the idea, saying that the current trend toward the privatization of public services was destructive to the notion of the common good. (We told you he was a philosopher.) However, he was a donor to Temple University, so in lieu of flowers, we ask that you consider a gift in his name to the [Temple University Community Emergency Fund](#)











EULOGY

To Kim, Jesse Jr., Vinessa, Greg, Ja-Tun, Steven, Jaylen, and to all of the family members gathered this morning both in this place and in various virtual locations, on behalf of the pastors, staff, deacons and elders and the entire Arch Street community, we extend our heartfelt condolences to you and remind you that we hold you in our prayers and we are here for you in spite of the physical distancing precautions, we are still here for you.

I'm told that Brother Jesse loved and often quoted John 14:2 and it makes sense to me. (2 In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.) It makes sense to me that we listened with tear filled eyes as Shavonne sang Jesus Promised me a Home over There. It makes sense to me that the man described and honored in the 20 page anthology would favor a verse that speaks to having a home. A place. A provision. A sense of security. Yes, it makes good sense to me. Though these words come from the holy scriptures, it was not in the context of church that I met Brother Jesse. At least, not in the flesh. I realized as I prepared this eulogy that I actually met him for the first time...in the club!!! Okay, now, before this goes sideways and you wonder, "What in the world?" let me clarify. I met him at one of his granddaughter's gigs. He was there just as proud as could be. Sitting with the family and supporting her work. But, I learned about him from the stories that his daughter and granddaughter told. I learned that he was a man of standards and a man who had instilled pride in his family. I learned that he was a hardworking man who valued a job well done. He was also the kind of man who left an impression on many folks and had an impact on many lives. Over the course of time, I also learned that he and I shared something in common beyond Kim and Ja-Tun. We both had ties to St. Paul's Baptist Church in North Philadelphia. Those are the things that I know from the stories told by others. I want to take a minute to tell you something that I know for myself.

I remember when Kim called me and said, "It's time for a minister to go see Daddy." Sometimes, I forget that I'm not just the friend of the family (or a cousin, if you let me tell it) but I'm also the minister. So, I put on my minister hat and we took the drive to see Mr. Pearson. I was prepared to just visit. You know, smile, pray, make small talk, and the like. Well, let me tell you one good thing, the man I encountered that day was smiling and talking and carrying on - you know, in that refined, Jesse Pearson kind of carrying on. The memory of that day and that visit is one that I will cherish because we don't often get to see the many dimensions of a person. We may know one aspect of a person's life or personality and not ever experience the fullness of the person. That day, I was able to get a glimpse of the man who would recite a verse at the drop of a hat and also the tender smile of a man who had lived a good life. A man whose family members conferred on the phone to ensure his best care. A man who made me fear that I might be asked to deliver a poem from memory as we sat for our visit! A man whose name stayed in the prayer rotation at our church and a man who, from the chair in the sunroom where he flirted with his clergy visitor, might have easily impressed his guest with these words:

(Invictus -William Edward Henley)
Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.
Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years

Finds and shall find me unafraid.
It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

Yes, it comes as no surprise that Brother Jesse would appreciate those words. The words of one who is unafraid. One who has confidence about things that matter. One who has the assurance that in my father's house are many mansions. One who knows that provision has been made for one and all.

Grief in this particular season of the effects of the coronavirus feels different. It seems like there is this need to figure things out but things keep changing daily. There is a desire to steady the ship in a storm that came into our lives both gradually and yet suddenly. The work of managing grief is to find a place where we can be steady even when the ship is not. The work of managing the questions that we may have - the ones that we dare not ask in public for fear that someone might doubt our faith. The ones like, Why, Lord? The questions like, where are you, Lord?

The ones like, what am I going to do now that everything is different? Lord, can you hear me? And I'll tell you, there are no easy answers to these questions. I don't have the easy peasy bible verse/magic wand that makes all of the heavy feelings disappear. What I do know is that if Jesse Pearson left us anything, it was a legacy of challenge and inquiry even where God is concerned. Though we are all familiar with his love of John 14:2, I would offer another story from the scriptures to help us navigate not only this day but the lingering effects of the day.

You see, there was another man who was a great patriarch. He was not one of twelve children but this patriarch bore 12 children. He was also a man who loved two wives, both in due season. He was a man who also had one daughter. He was a man who grew up under some challenging circumstances and lived to tell the story. That man's name was not Jesse, but Jacob. The bible tells of a moment in Jacob's life when he finds himself wrestling with one who is later revealed to be God. In Genesis 32, Jacob wrestles all night and the man says, "Let me go" and Jacob says, "I will not let you go unless you bless me."

This is the gift and legacy that Jesse Pearson leaves for each of us and for all of us. There is a God who is not beyond our hardest and most painful questions but that God is one who will come near and wrestle with us if we will summon the courage to wrestle with God. This is not the time to do the heavy lifting for God, this is the time to invite God to the dinner table and ask the questions that need answers. This morning as we gather to celebrate Jesse Pearson's life and legacy, as we call to mind and cherish his memories, as we sit with grief as a companion in the days to come, we sit not on the edge of our seat wondering how it will all turn out and wondering if God will truly wipe every tear from our eyes.

We sit in our seats, surrounded by family, friends, loved ones and the ancestors who have walked before us knowing that if we are to be the captain our own souls, we do so knowing that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor Corona virus nor any other virus, nor height nor depth, nor any other created thing, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord and sometimes, you just have to wrestle with God to get the blessing that you seek. This is the work that Brother Jesse has done and as long as we speak his name and remember him in our own words and deeds, we will honor his life and the God who gave him to us. May the love of God comfort you as you make your way through this season of grief and tender joy. May you find yourself invited to wrestle with God even in the most difficult of times. May you always remember that as the captain of your own soul, you are invited to wrestle with God and proclaim, "I won't let you go until you bless me!" In living that kind of life, the works that you have done will surely speak for you as they have for Brother Jesse. (Amen)

REFLECTIONS

Kim Pearson (daughter)

My father once told me that his father was his template for fatherhood: be the provider, the protector, the lawgiver, the guide. The one thing he said he hadn't learned from his father - something that men of his father's generation didn't know much about - was the value of a father's emotional support and nurturing. This became a lifelong learning project that he, my brother and I embarked upon together. To be clear, he was fun and affectionate in his way. He was a young father with me, and I still have the muscle memory of him tossing me in the air, riding me on his shoulders, carrying me to bed when I'd fallen asleep on the couch or after a car ride. He played card games, pool, ping pong with me and taught me how to play chess. Later, we would meet up for lunch dates, just him and me. For Dad, love was about the faithful execution of one's responsibilities. His expectations of me were clear, and so were the consequences for failing to meet them. He wasn't the kind of Dad a girl could go to for advice about affairs of the heart unless you were prepared for critical self-examination and a reading recommendation. When he dispensed a compliment, my brother and I would grab a phone to record it. We'd meet his co-workers and they would tell us the nice things he'd said about us, and we'd be shocked. In his last years, though, the compliments flowed more freely. He even learned to accept and give hugs and say, "I love you." Often when I sought his advice, he would tell me, "You have resources; use them." Yes, Daddy. I will. Thank you for everything.

Jesse Pearson, Jr. (son)

I'm not sure what to say here in terms of summing up a man in Jesse Pearson (Sr) who literally meant everything to me and the man I am today. For much of my life I felt like I disappointed him, yet I know he delighted in me. I felt like he didn't trust me, yet I know that he believed I could take on the world. I felt like he was embarrassed by me, yet I know that he beamed with pride for me. My father and I have and have had the most complex of relationships and being the namesake of such a brilliant and accomplished man was a bar that I often resented as a child and a young man. Yet through all of that, everything I am I learned from my father even when I was actively not listening. Everything from how to tie a tie and work with passion and purpose to projecting those crucial lessons as a father and protecting those I love - everything was imprinted on my soul via my father's craftsman hands. My loves of family, justice, learning, rhetoric, community, achievement, baseball, history and honoring promises were born out of those afternoons of catch and vacations to Gettysburg and grudging assistance in home improvement projects and endless recitations of Desiderata, The Road not Taken and Invictus and quiet times just watching the Eagles/Sixers/Phillies together. I'll more than miss you, Dad, but I know that you raised me for this moment and will repay all of that faith you poured into me.

Jaylen Pearson (grandson)

Every other weekend, when I was a kid, I would go over my grandfather's house and spend the day helping him around the house. There was one day, when I was eight, that I really did not feel like doing any work. So, I half-heartedly did it and then went off to watch cartoons, in the basement. fifteen minutes later, I heard my grandfather call me and I went upstairs to see him. He looked at me, then at the still dirty floor that I was supposed to sweep, and asked me why I didn't finish the job. I told him "this is good enough." For the next thirty minutes, my grandfather discussed with me, why it was important to never half do your work, and how your work output reflects on you. I never half did anything for him, ever again. My grandfather was the type of man who worked hard for everything he had, and wanted his kids and grandchildren to understand the value of earning things. He understood the world can be a harsh and merciless place, and did what he could to prepare each and every one of us for it. My grandfather taught me the importance of putting effort into my work. The lessons he taught me have helped me in every aspect of my life, and have made me the man that I am today. I loved Jesse Pearson Sr. and I am going to miss him.

George Sampson (nephew)

My first experience of a real life Cosby Show was visiting my Aunt Virginia and Uncle Sonny's home! Some of my fondest childhood memories were playing with my cousin, affectionately known as Chipper! He had all of the arcade games: Nintendo, Atari, pinball, pool table, ping pong. He had more than one big wheel or big wheel-like ride, so I could always go with him! He had his own basketball court right in his driveway, and this was in the 70's! All the snacks you could ever want were stored in their kitchen cabinets! At home, I had to trek to the corner store for any snacks I was allowed to have. I remember going to the drive-in movies with them to see Star Wars! We never had to leave the car, because everything we needed or wanted was painstakingly packed for us to enjoy interruption free! We had dinner, at the table, at the dinner hour at their home. The actual Cosby Show, or should I say Pearson Show! It should've been them on tv, and I would've been cousin George coming to visit! I believe the first hotel I'd ever stayed in was along with my cousin, aunt and uncle! It was like Christmas at their home every time I visited, and that was as often as they'd allow! I did book reports at their home because they had an entire set of Encyclopedia Britannica's right in their home! When I struggled in Math in high school, it was my Uncle Sonny who not only tutored me, but caused me to excel so much in math that I won third place in a citywide competition in Geometry not long afterwards. I was also placed in advanced courses in math, and placed in the 11th and 12th grade classes in math, when I was in 10th and 11th grade, respectively. There will always be a special place in my heart for my Uncle Sonny and Aunt Virginia! They changed my life!

Kenneth Smith, Sr. (nephew)

Jesse Pearson was a great man. He was a serious role model. When I was growing up, seeing him work three or four jobs, coming to see about his sister, taking care of his kids, I didn't really understand. But as I matured, I came to understand. He utilized every minute of the hour. Never made excuses. He was always full of life and encouraging. There was a lot of love in that man.

Joyce Walker (niece)

Uncle Sonny was the gentle Pearson man. He had a kind spirit that always showed an interest, even though we only got to see him once a year at most. He has been a staple and fixture of our family. The time I thought was the happiest I had seen him, was when we all rented Jeeps on Martha's Vineyard. He will be missed!

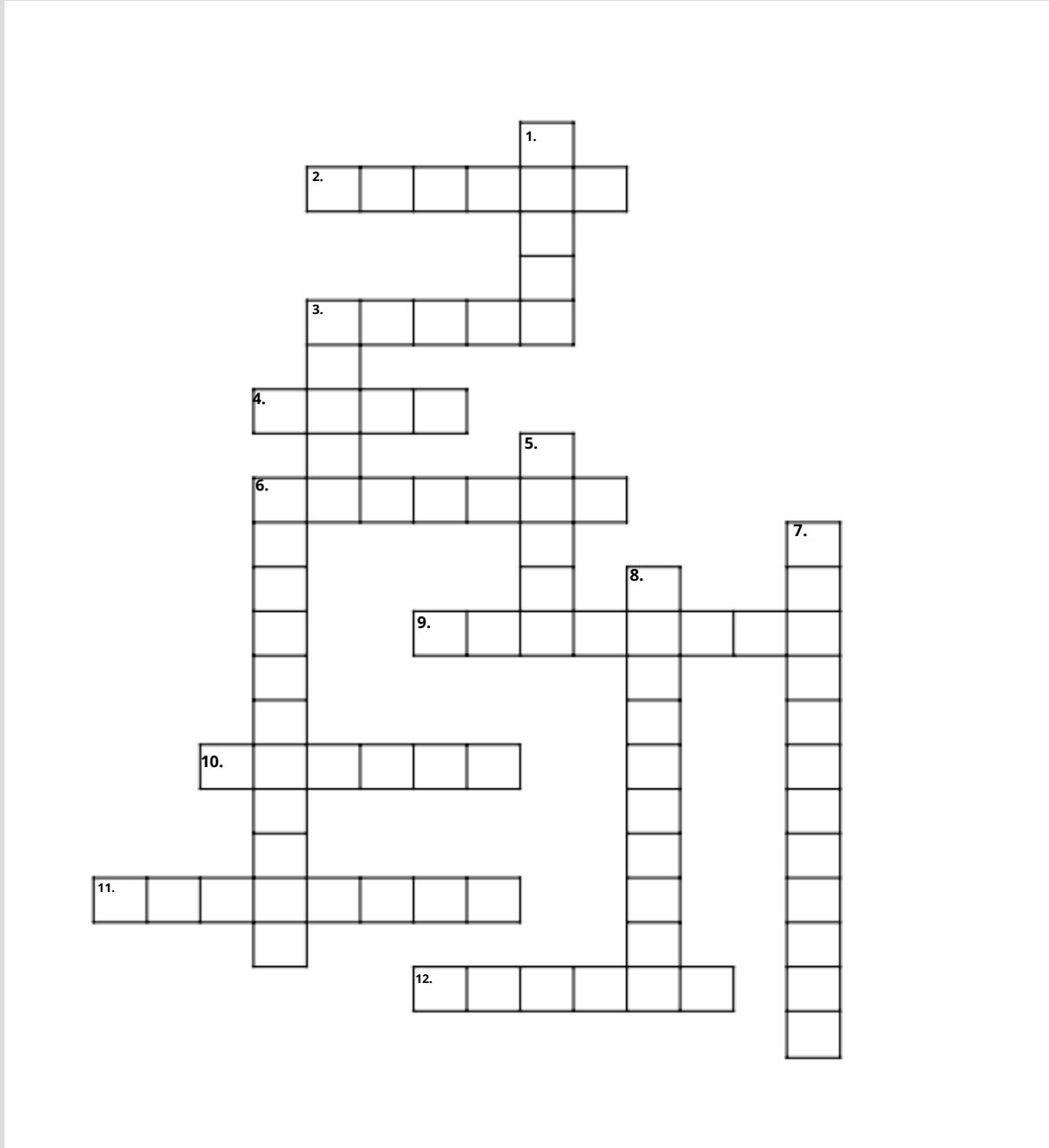
Preston, Forchion, Sr. (cousin)

I've been a member of this family for nearly 60 years. I met Sonny Pearson way back then. I worked on several projects in the family reunion committee with him. He was very serious and an educator. If you were around him for any length of time, you would learn something. I'm going to miss him, even though we have not seen each other for the last few years, now I can't see him.
– So long My Cousin, My Friend.

Anita Samuel (former co-worker, Berean Institute)

I am so sorry to hear he is gone. Sorry his friends didn't get to say goodbye either. Sorry he was robbed of his brilliant mind and his delight in finishing the Times Crossword. Sorry he didn't get the chance to enjoy all the books he wanted to read. BUT, so grateful you were there to smile, to hug him and hold his hand as he transitioned. We were blessed to work with and know him, to have been encouraged and mentored by him, and (for so many) to have been given a chance to prove that we were who we said we were, a chance to support our families, and sometimes to accomplish that which we only had allowed ourselves to dream of. He was a man among men who loved his family, admired his parents and was loyal to his colleagues and friends. I have missed talking to him. I shall miss seeing him on my visits to Philadelphia. I regret he never took me up on my offer to visit during the winter to go to the Zora Fest. May God grant you comfort and peace in knowing that you could have had anybody as your grandfather. God blessed you with him! He adored you and was so very proud of your accomplishments, your talent, but most of all, his relationship with you.

A FEW OF JESSE'S FAVORITE THINGS



CLUES

Across:

2. Mother's Name
3. Family Nickname "Uncle ____"
4. Middle Name
6. Favorite Category of Dinner Entrée (Often ordered from the Blue Claw)
9. Army Rank
10. Alma Mater
11. Favorite Sport
12. # of Siblings

Down:

1. Wife's Nickname
3. Favorite movie
5. Athletic Hobby: Semi-Pro _____
6. Childhood Home
7. Favorite (Most Frequented) Vacation Destination
8. Long-Time Employer

Answers:

- 1 Down: GINNY
- 2 Across: MATTIE
- 3 Across: SONNY
- 3 Down: SHANE
- 4 Across: WARE
- 5 Down: BOXER
- 6 Across: SEAFOOD
- 6 Down: SOUTH JERSEY
- 7 Down: ATLANTIC CITY
- 8 Down: POST OFFICE
- 9 Across: CORPORAL
- 10 Across: TEMPLE
- 11 Across: BASEBALL
- 12 Across: ELEVEN

POEMS AND QUOTES FROM FAVORITE WRITERS

Invictus

William Edward Henley

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

“You think your pain and your heartbreak are unprecedented in the history of the world, but then you read. It was books that taught me that the things that tormented me most were the very things that connected me with all the people who were alive, who had ever been alive.”

James Baldwin

Desiderata

GO PLACIDLY amid the noise and the haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence.

As far as possible, without surrender, be on good terms with all persons.

Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even to the dull and the ignorant; they too have their story.

Avoid loud and aggressive persons; they are vexatious to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain or bitter, for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself.

Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time.

Exercise caution in your business affairs, for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals, and everywhere life is full of heroism.

Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment, it is as perennial as the grass.

Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth.

Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness.

Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here.

And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be. And whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace in your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be cheerful. Strive to be happy.

By Max Ehrmann © 1927

FINAL THOUGHTS

Rest In Peace Uncle Sonny. You will be remembered with the fondest of memories. Thank you for always taking an interest in me, my education, my career, my life. I will always remember the numerous times we sat and talked and you quietly shared your wisdom with me -- never in a condescending way but always with a strange mixture of seniority, gravitas, calmness and respect. Cheryl Ankrah Newton and I cherished the last time we saw you at the nursing home and both were confident that you had a lot more life left in you. That was almost two years ago, and I guess it was your time came sooner than we thought it would. We are blessed to have seen you and more blessed to have had the gift of your presence. I share in the condolences but offer special condolences to your children and grandchildren.

Stephen A. Newton, grand-nephew

I remember Jesse Pearson as a caring and supportive member of the Jay Cooke School Community. He was always willing to assist in initiatives to help others. We will miss him but will cherish the wonderful memories and experiences we had with him.

Dr. Lawyer Chapman, former principal of Jay Cooke School

Uncle Sonny was an archetype for hard work and education. He was a great listener and provided stories of his journey as a way of mentoring. This is a great loss for our family. He left a mark on many young people.

Robert Jones, Jr., grand-nephew

Rest well, Uncle Sonny. We will represent you well until we are all together again.

Jennifer Geathers, great-grandniece

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The family wishes to thank our friends and relatives for their kind expressions of sympathy and support. We would also like to express our appreciation to those who helped care for our patriarch during the course of his illness, especially our Cousins, Barbara, Muriel and Darlene; and family friends John Cureton, Gilbert Ferblantier, and Anita Samuel. Thanks as well to the clergy and deacons of Arch Street Presbyterian Church and St. Paul's Baptist Church who visited with him during his illness. Your visits brought him comfort. We are grateful to the staff of Wyncote Place for their care and diligence in our father's last months. We are particularly thankful that we had the opportunity to be with him in his final hours. Finally, we thank the staff of Terry Funeral Home, Rev. Carla Jones Brown, and our music ministers for supporting us in the most difficult and sacred task of our lives.