



Afterglow

*I'd like the memory of me
to be a happy one.
I'd like to leave an afterglow
of smiles when life is done.
I'd like to leave an echo
whispering softly down the ways
of happy times and laughing times
and bright and summer days.
I'd like the tears of those who
grieve to dry before the sun
of happy memories that I leave
When life is done.
Love "Bernie"*

Interment

Morgan Cemetery
Cinnaminson, NJ



Acknowledgements:

The family wishes to express their appreciation to all for the acts of love and kindness extended to them during this time of bereavement.

The Marshall Family

Circle of Life Funeral Home
822-24 Kaighn Avenue
Camden, NJ 08103
856-602-4035

Martha P. Plummer, Executive Director, NJ LIC. 4326
Website: www.circle-of-life-funeral.com Facebook: COLFHS

In Loving Memory

Son
Brother
Father
Cousin
Uncle,
Friend



Bernie J. Marshall

Sunrise: February 18, 1967 - Sunset: November 24, 2022

Saturday, December 10, 2022

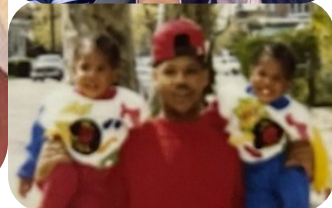
Viewing 9:00am-11:00am

Service 11:00am

Macedonia Baptist Church

**351 High Street
Westville, NJ 08093**





Order of Service

Processional	Clergy, Family, Friends
Crowning Ceremony	Circle of Life Funeral Home
Opening Hymn	I'll Fly Away
Prayer of Comfort	Minister Angela Rorie
Scripture Reading	
Old Testament	Psalms 102: 1-8 Johnny Marshall
New Testament	1 Corinthians 15: 45-47 Lorene Marshall
Praise Dance	Little Angels
Life Story	Dynisha King
Reflections	Family & Friends 2 Minutes
Solo	Eddie Davis
Words of Comfort	Rev. Raymond Wilson
Benediction	
Recessional	Clergy, Family, Friends

"And he will wipe every tear from their eyes, and death will be no more. Neither will mourning, nor outcry, nor pain be anymore. The former things have passed away".

Revelation 21:4

Loving Memories



Bernie Jessie Marshall was born February 18, 1967 in Anson County, North Carolina to the late Catherine Gibson and Bernie J. McCoy, raised and fathered by the late Raymond Gibson. He passed from this life into his eternal life on November 24th, 2022 at Cooper University Hospital.

BJ aka Bizz (as he was affectionately known) came to New Jersey in 1971 where he lived out the remainder of his life. He was one of the most loving, funniest, sweetest guys you would ever want to meet. BJ was so full of love and life. He made hard times bearable. His smile would light up a room and his personality was just as big as his smile. BJ was loved by all that knew him and he was known by many. He was easy going, he didn't like conflict and confusion. He wasn't the one to argue with you, but always had a few jokes for you. His laugh was hearty and infectious and boomed as if speakers were attached. Even in his laugh you could hear his love. BJ knew how to be a genuine friend. If he was with you while you were up, trust and believe he's gonna be there for you if you're down. He didn't care how others felt about someone. If he likes them, then that's what it is. His love for his family was deep, the one he came from, the ones he created and the family he made along the way. He was a gift of light that shined no matter how bad the storm got. BJ was educated in the Camden and Gloucester County school system. After leaving school he moved out East Camden with his aunt and grandmother and that is when life began for him. BJ did a lot of things growing up, some good and some bad. The best thing that ever happened to him was becoming a father. When he learned he was going to be a dad for the first time, he couldn't be more excited. He got a job at the Our Lady Of Lourdes Hospital working in dietary for about 2 years and later joined the Sonshine Window Company, where he has been employed for the last 26 years. The Sonshine Window company was more than a job, it was his family. They loved and treated him like he was one of their sons. BJ's sole purpose was to be the best dad for his children and he exceeded highly in that department, his children was his heart. And no wasn't in his vocabulary when his children were involved unless it was an unreasonable request. Our father always told him if you are going to make babies, make sure you show up for them. He always told him a man shows up. No one showed up more than him. He made sure his children knew who he was. Even when he lost his way for a while, he still showed up. BJ loved his NY Giants I don't care how awful they played, he rode for his Giants. He loved engaging and annoying his great nieces and nephews then giving them money to go grab snacks. BJ loved singing(more like mumbling) and listening to music. He enjoyed his Bud light and chatting up with his friends downtown. He was such an old soul that enjoyed living life. He loved to make you laugh and it came so naturally to him. His love, his smile, his laughter, his style and his life will truly be missed forever.

BJ was preceded in death by his parents Raymond & Catherine Gibson and fiancé Priscilla Hornsby and brothers Moses & Celassie Velasquez and step Siblings Raymond Gibson Jr. and Annie Lee Crawford Three uncles Clyde, Willie, and Henry Marshall and Three aunts Mary Annie and Minnie Liles, god-daughter Shakeria Baskerville.

He leaves to cherish his loving memory; his biological father Bernie J. McCoy, of Wadesboro NC, three daughters Talisha, Tamisha and Takira Robinson, one son Zion Jones all of Camden, NJ. Six grandchildren Kah'Mari, Kai'dynn, and Kah'sier Robinson, and Samara, Laylani Richardson and Skylar Robinson -Shaw. Two brothers Lee Marshall (Abdul Hakeim) of Camden, NJ and Joseph Velasquez of Punta Garda, Florida, Five sisters Barbara Bussey (Curtis) of Camden NJ Avelyn Redfearn-Collins (James) Faldetta Caple, Minister Angela Rorie all of Morven, NC, Carol Leak-Burch (Nicholas) of Wadesboro, NC, Evelyn McLaughlin (Johnny) of Rockingham NC five uncles Isaiah (Lorene), and Robert Marshall of Camden NJ, Johnny Marshall (Denise) of Wadesboro, NC, Lavander Liles of Patterson, NJ and Rick Douglas of Rochester, NY and two aunts Patricia Wilson (Raymond) of Camden, NJ and Louise Moore of Sicklerville NJ twenty nieces, ten nephews, fourteen great nieces, and ten great nephews. God-children Shadaisa Baskerville, Thomas Spencer, Jr. Three special cousins Thomas and John Sturdivant and Thomas Spencer and four close friends Bobby Brooks, Curtis Bussey, William Featherer and Timothy White and a host of cousins and friends.

Precious Memories...



^ALoving TRIBUTE

My Dear Brother.....

I made so many attempts to write a poem but I just can't put the words together to make it flow. Then it dawned on me how I can talk about him in past tense when I still haven't accepted the fact that you're gone. How can I put words together when our hearts are so broken? Mommy and the Oldman were sick but you were healthy and so full of life, and just like that you were taken from us. How can someone be so hateful to a person who loved them past their faults? How are we supposed to go on everyday knowing you're not coming back? How are we supposed to feel this void that you left? I'm glad we got in the habit of telling each other we love you. I always thought my job was to protect you, and for some reason I can't help but feel I failed you. How can somebody hurt you when you would do everything you can for them? She didn't deserve you and because of who you are you didn't deserve her. Trying to make a mistake work is the worst kinda love to build. Granted you tried for all the right reasons, just the wrong person. That's just who you were though. One Thing I can say is, you were always a father. Pops said be a man that shows up. You showed up because of the man you were. Our biological father wasn't there and you wanted to prove you weren't like him. The moment you showed you proved different. Bj I'm having a hard time right now. What am I supposed to do without you? Who's gonna smile as bright as you or make us laugh like you? My days haven't been the same since you left. And I know you think I'm the strong one but that is so not true. The moment he said you passed, a part of me passed too. I'm not gonna ask why you leave because leaving wasn't your choice. I just knew we had more time but I see it was time taken for granted because yesterday past and tomorrow for us will never come. I'm not sure how long this pain will last because I'm still mourning our parents and lil brothers and now you. This isn't how it was supposed to be. Me writing in your memory. I love and miss you so much man. I would give anything to have you back again. You may have been a NY Giants fan but you were always a giant when looking through my eyes. Rest in power my dearest brother

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