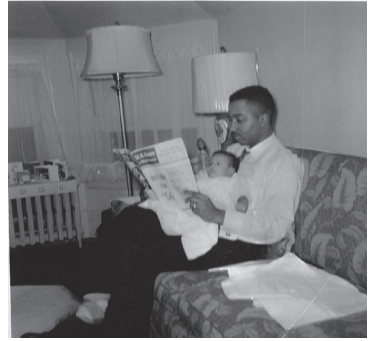




Precious Memories



A decorative border of a rose vine with leaves and flowers, framing the central text.

Celebrating the Life of

John Cooper

October 8, 1931 - February 6, 2015

Ferncliff Cemetery Chapel
280 Secor Road
Hartsdale, NY 10530
February 28, 2015 at 1:00 pm

Order of Services

Welcome

Lee's Funeral Home

Opening Prayer

Reverend Paul Cooper

Reading of the Obituary

Miss Alanna Cooper

Hymn Selection

“Swing Low, Sweet Chariot”

Ms. Javana Mundy

Remembrances

Mr. Lenny Cooper

Ms. Kym Cooper

Reverend Paul Cooper

Closing Prayer

Reverend Paul Cooper

Closing Comments

Lee's Funeral Home

The family would like to express our deepest gratitude to our friends and family for their support during this time.

The family would like to thank the staff at the Wartburg Adult Day Care in Mt. Vernon, NY, and the staff at Lee's Funeral Home in White Plains, NY for their professional services and exceptional compassion.



Obituary

John Cooper was born on October 8, 1931, the son of Eugene and Mayme Cooper. He grew up in his birthplace of New York City, along with his five siblings: Eugene, Blanche, Lucy, Muriel and Lenwood. The family was close-knit, supportive and hard working. Years later, John would affectionately recall his childhood years and would often speak of the deep love and support he received from his family. He clearly benefited from very close relationships with his siblings and would fondly recollect how his sister, Muriel, helped him with his homework. John also idolized his father and often marveled at how he strived to support his family while working in such insecure jobs as life insurance sales and real estate.

John adopted a similar work ethic in his own life. He excelled in his studies and progressed to earn a B.S. and M.S. from New York University. Shortly after marrying Madlyn Stewart in 1955, John accepted a position with IBM as a statistician and settled in Poughkeepsie, New York, where he and Madlyn built their first home together. They had four children: Kym, Karen, John and Paul. In 1972, continuing his career with IBM, John and his family moved to White Plains, New York. He eventually retired from IBM in 1986, and later worked for H.R. Block for 20 years as a tax preparer.

In 2007, John suffered a stroke from which he never fully recovered. He bravely battled long-term illness before passing away on February 6, 2015. He is survived by his eldest daughter, Kym Cooper; youngest son, Paul Cooper, and wife Dahlia; younger brother, Lenwood Cooper, and wife Angela; his grandchildren Javana, Joshua, Alanna, Zoe and Christian; and a host of loving family members.

John will be remembered as a kind and supportive man who loved interacting with people from all walks of life. He was intellectually gifted and had an unshakeable love of foreign affairs and history. It wasn't unusual to find his home office full of books, magazines and maps related to his wide range of interests. Forever an optimist, John often talked of how the world was evolving to become a better place, and he wholeheartedly believed in the strength of humanity. In his retirement, he tirelessly and lovingly imparted his humor and positive perceptions of the world to his children and grandchildren. John is mourned by his family and friends and will be deeply missed. The family is comforted that he is now at rest and in a far better place.





In God's Garden

*You strove to live on terms your own,
To talk and walk around,
But as the illness was relentless,
You were forced to give-up ground.*

*God saw you getting tired,
When an earthly cure was not to be.
So He wrapped his arms around you,
and whispered, "Come to me."*

*And when we saw you sleeping in Christ,
So peaceful and free from pain
We could not wish you back,
To suffer that again.*

*God did not want you to suffer more
So He set you down to rest.
In God's garden you are surely found,
To rejoice with all the best.*

adapted from the poems
God Saw You Getting Tired and *To God's Garden*

Precious Memories





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 a part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick of heart
Go to the friends we know
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds.
Miss Me But Let me Go!

To leave a message of remembrance for John Cooper,
please visit the following webpage address: goo.gl/21rgE0

