

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

PALLBEARERS & FLOWER BEARERS
Family and Friends



ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The Family of EDWARD McCLAIN wishes to thank everyone for their prayers, presence and calls during the death of our beloved. May God bless and keep you all.



Professional Services Provided by:
Choice Funeral Home
Britni J. Choice-Cartwright, Supervisor/LFD
2530 North Broad Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19132
215-227-0100 | www.gchoicefc.com

Heritage Keepsake by DuBose Printing & Business Services - 215-877-9071



Edward
McCLAIN

Sunrise: October 14, 1949 ♦ Sunset: March 5, 2024

FUNERAL SERVICE
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 2024
Viewing: 10:00 a.m. — Service: 11:00 a.m.

CHOICE FUNERAL HOME
2530 North Broad Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19132
Reverend Gilbert Kinsey, Officiating

The Order of Service

- ORGAN PRELUDE..... Organist
- PROCESSIONAL.....Clergy and Family
- OPENING HYMN — “What A Friend We Have In Jesus”
- SCRIPTURE READINGS:
 - Old Testament - Psalm 23
 - New Testament - John 14:1-6
- PRAYER OF COMFORT Reverend Gilbey Kinsey
- SELECTION — “For Your Glory” Ministry of Immanuel
- ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF CONDOLENCES
AND OBITUARY READING Mary Collins
- REMARKS Oronde McCain, son
Family and Friends
- SELECTION — “Goin Up Yonder” Ministry of Immanuel
- THE EULOGY Reverend Gilbert Kinsey
Pastor of Beloved St. John Evangelistic Church
- RECESSIONAL

Interment

MERION MEMORIAL PARK
59 West Rock Hill Road | Bala Cynwyd, Pennsylvania 19004

REPAST: 12:00 noon - 5:00 p.m..
TLO Event Complex
1621 Ceceil B. Moore Avenue | Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19132



Tribute to My Father

I stand here today, my spirit burdened and my shoulders exceedingly heavy. On January 4th I kissed my mother’s forehead for the last time. Now, even before the end of a season, my Father has left his earthly home, hopefully heading somewhere much greater. It has truly been a cold winter.

Not long after my mother passed, my father and I were sitting in his home talking and he said to me distinctly. "Listen man, when I go I don’t need all that fuss like your mother. Just put me in a box and drop me in a hole." And I know he meant it.

My father was not a fashionista, he was a very simple man when it came to those things.

Still, I wanted to say something in honor of my father. I feel like I need to... The thing that stuck in my mind most was when I was a kid watching families on television, the son would have to write an essay in school and it would be titled, "My Hero, My Dad." I always wished I could get a chance to write one of those things, but my life isn’t Television. Still I feel like I owe you this one.

My Hero Is My Dad

When I was a little boy, my Dad used to ride down the highway, beer in his hand, elbow hanging out the window (you could do that back then). He gave me a couple sips once. One day he took me to McDonald’s and I asked for a Big Mac. He said "Boy, you going to eat all that." I said yes, but I couldn’t. We went to see the Harlem Globetrotters every year. Then one day it all stopped.

You see, besides my father’s regular jobs, of which he had many, his most important job was that of a "Monster Fighter." Monsters are everywhere where we grew up. Monsters that can hold you in their grasp and enslave you. Some will drop you in a cage maybe to never be seen again. Some monsters will tear you limb from limb and take your life. Fighting monsters is an awesome fight, you get bloody, dirty and beat up.

In my life, I’ve known many other men who were Monster Fighters. Very few prevailed, most were lost. But my Hero prevailed.

Warrior blood, protected by God and our Ancestors, he tackled monsters, banishing them from the path. Standing tall on the other side. A Giant in my eyes, just like that day as a child when he bought me my first Big Mac.

Like many heroes to the blind eye, my father may have appeared to be just a regular guy sitting in his chair watching reruns of Chips and Hill Street Blues.

Humorous, unassuming, oftentimes quietly lending a couple of bucks to a neighbor in need. Sometimes you would bend my ear and share with me the secrets of the powers of a Monster Killer.

I wish I would have listened more, I wish I would have had more time to listen, but I don’t make the rules. My Father showed me that the Best can face the Worst and come out the other side a better man.

My Mother and Father have now joined our Ancestors standing at God’s side protecting the bloodline that remains because the monsters still circle about. No worries because I am my father’s son and I am a Monster Killer too.

My Dad is, was, and always will be my Hero.

—Written by, Oronde

TRIBUTE TO OUR FATHER



The Obituary

EDWARD MCCLAIN, "Eddie", was born to Ira and Doretta McClain in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Eddie was one of four bothers, Mitchell, Edward, Allen from his parents union and Ira, his father's oldest son, who preceded him in death. The boys were all raised together in north Philadelphia where they grew to have a close relationship.

Eddie was educated in the parochial school system. He attended Our Lady of Mercy Elementary School and went on to graduate from Roman Catholic High School in 1968.

Later in life he married and had two sons, Oronde and Tarik McClain.

Edward was a hard worker and held many jobs in Philadelphia. Learning the value of money at an early age, he became a conscientious saver, starting as early as seven or eight. Due to his ability to handle finances, he later became a loan officer. Later in life he remained something of the same thing in his community. With the wise use of his money, he earned money through banking and investments.

Edward was a loving son who took care of his mother and great-aunt in their golden years. He also never hesitated to help friends and neighbors by taking them to medical appointments, stores and the supermarkets. Many people have already said he was a good person, and he will be missed.

He leaves to cherish his memory: his sons, Oronde and Tarik McClain; grandchildren, Oronde Jr., Chole and Zion; great-grandchildren, Oronde, Jordyn, Jalen, Jayce, Shamar and Jhene; brothers, Mitchell and Allen; nieces, nephews, other relatives and friends.

Respectfully submitted, The Family

Brothers' Memories

We, Mitchell and Allen (Immanuel) miss him greatly. Remembering the days spent together in the 1950's. Many times they recall their "candy parties," where they would spend their money buying a bunch of candy. They would bring it home and split it. Eddie always had the most money, so he always had the most candy. Sometimes once the first candy party was complete, They would ask Eddie to buy more so all three brothers could have a candy party again. They built great times, had great memories and created a timeless bond.

◆ MEMORIES WITH EDDIE ◆

