

Visitation & Funeral

November 2, 2025, 4:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m.

Davis Funeral Home

89 Walnut Avenue, Roxbury, MA 02119

November 3, 2025, 12:00 Noon

Twelfth Baptist Church

160 Warren Street, Roxbury, MA 02119

Pallbearers

Bernard Andrew Mayo

Phillip Jerome Mayo II

Claude Ewart Phillibert Mayo

Azell Martin

Darrell Miles

Gerald Reese

Michael Miles



Interment & Repast

November 3, 2025, 12:00 Noon

Oaklawn Cemetery

427 Cummins Highway, Boston, MA 02131

Repast lunch to follow

Syria Temple #31

89 Norfolk Street, Dorchester, MA 02124



In loving memory of

January 23,
1947

October 17,
2025



Phillip Jerome Mayo



Order of Service

Procession

Opening Prayer

Reverend Carl B. Thompson

Congregational Hymn

Blessed Assurance

Old Testament Reading: Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

Michael Miles

New Testament Reading: John 14:1-6

Corban Swain

Solo: It Is Well With My Soul

Lynne Hector

Prayer of Comfort

Reverend Carl B. Thompson

Reading of the Obituary

Phyllis June Mayo

Solo: I'll Fly Away

Lynne Hector

Reflections & Acknowledgements

Poem: When Great Trees Fall

Wendy Sharon Garvin Mayo

Eulogy

Reverend Carl B. Thompson

Benediction

Reverend Carl B. Thompson

Recessional Hymn

When The Morning Comes

Love undeniably exuded from Phillip anytime it came to his family. Over the last two decades, he was the household chef, dogwalker, driver, and general caretaker for all of his grandchildren, their parents, and the countless number of intergenerational friends - who inherently became family. For any and all, Phillip was constantly available, always encouraging, and consistently extending himself and his resources to actively help whatever those around him were most focused on and vested in. Phillip rarely desired or dominated anything for himself; he always wanted for and with you.

In spirit, Phillip will remain here on earth through his siblings Phyllis June Mayo and Bernard Andrew Mayo, his former wife & mother of his children Claudia Eltha Mae Phillibert, his sons Phillip Jerome Mayo II and Claude Ewart Phillibert Mayo, daughters-in-law Helena Judge-Mayo and Wendy Garvin Mayo, his niece Ebonee Rae Mayo-Mitchell, his grandchildren Cahrina Ge'oney Jackson, Akeirah Da'kyi Austin, Clea Rylee Thomas-Mayo, Paityn Jazmyn Mayo, Phillip Jerome Mayo III, and Claude Ewart Phillibert Mayo II, and, his great-granddaughter Sevyn Hazel Miracle Austin-Potter, and countless other family and friends.

Phillip Jerome Mayo was philanthropic, hilarious, intelligent, lively, loving, invested, and proud throughout his life. And now he, as he always wished others when departing, goes in PEACE AND POWER.



Obituary

Phillip Jerome Mayo, beloved brother, husband, father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and friend transitioned on Friday, October 17, 2025 and was accompanied seven days later by his faithful canine companion, Duma, who had been in his home of many years. Phillip had graced the earth and the lives of many for over 78 years.

Home was always Boston, Massachusetts where Phillip was born on January 23, 1947 to Mann Coley and Nuna Bell Whitehead Mayo. After attending the James P. Timilty Middle School in Roxbury, he went on to attend and embrace athletics, glee club, and several other extracurricular activities at The English High School in Boston before graduating in 1964. Phillip then went on to Greensboro, North Carolina where he attended North Carolina Agricultural & Technical University to study Architecture.

In his adulthood, Phillip showed an impressive competence with so many skills as he embraced his several careers and hobbies. It was virtually impossible to discern what he could not do as he moved from visionary work as an architect to the significant time he served the Commonwealth of Massachusetts as an operator for the Massachusetts Bay Transit Authority and then moving on to nurture his affection for all things automotive as he sold a variety of premium car brands; Phillip could easily move on to doing the next thing well. In recent years, his same willingness to both serve and explore led to a pronounced tenure as a City of Boston Polling Station Warden and participation in a variety of community focus efforts and projects.

Life for Phillip always included interpersonal connections and generous doses of humor. Whether engaged with you casually in a private space or at an event amongst a multitude of people, he was at his best when able to connect freely and laugh loudly. A conversation with Phillip was never a passive undertaking; he always reached out, pulled you in, and included a few twists & turns to ensure that you were along for the ride. His passionate - and sometimes fiery - spirit was always evident.



Proverbs 17:6

“Grandchildren are the crown of the elderly,
and the glory of children is their parents.”

Congregational Hymn

Blessed Assurance

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine;
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long.
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long.

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;
Angels descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Savior am happy and blest;
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.



Recessional Hymn

When The Morning Comes

Chorus:

By and by, when the morning comes,
When the saints of God are gathered home,
We will tell the story how we've overcome;
We will understand it better by and by.

1 Trials dark on ev'ry hand,
and we cannot understand
All the ways that God would lead us
to that blessed Promised Land;
But He'll guide us with His eye,
and we'll follow till we die;
We will understand it better by and by.

2 Often our cherished plans have failed,
disappointments have prevailed,
And we've wandered in the darkness,
heavyhearted and alone;
But we're trusting in the Lord,
and according to His Word,
We will understand it better by and by. [Chorus]

3 Temptations, hidden snares
often take us unawares,
And our hearts are made to bleed
for some thoughtless word or deed,
And we wonder why the test
when we try to do our best,
But we'll understand it better by and by. [Chorus]

Poem

When Great Trees Fall

by Maya Angelou

When great trees fall,
rocks on distant hills shudder,
lions hunker down
in tall grasses,
and even elephants
lumber after safety.

When great trees fall
in forests,
small things recoil into silence,
their senses
eroded beyond fear.

When great souls die,
the air around us becomes
light, rare, sterile.

We breathe, briefly.
Our eyes, briefly,
see with
a hurtful clarity.
Our memory, suddenly
sharpened,
examines,
gnaws on kind words
unsaid,
promised walks
never taken.

Great souls die and
our reality, bound to
them, takes leave of us.

Our souls,
dependent upon their
nurture,
now shrink, wizened.

Our minds, formed
and informed by their
radiance, fall away.

We are not so much maddened
as reduced to the unutterable
ignorance of
dark, cold
caves.

And when great souls die,
after a period peace blooms,
slowly and always
irregularly. Spaces fill
with a kind of
soothing electric vibration.
Our senses, restored, never
to be the same, whisper to us.
They existed. They existed.
We can be. Be and be
better. For they existed.

Biblical Readings

Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

1 There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under the heavens:
2 a time to be born and a time to die, a time to plant and a time to uproot,
3 a time to kill and a time to heal, a time to tear down and a time to build,
4 a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance,
5 a time to scatter stones and a time to gather them, a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing,
6 a time to search and a time to give up, a time to keep and a time to throw away,
7 a time to tear and a time to mend, a time to be silent and a time to speak,
8 a time to love and a time to hate, a time for war and a time for peace.

John 14:1-6

1 “Do not let your hearts be troubled. You believe in God[a]; believe also in me.
2 My Father’s house has many rooms; if that were not so, would I have told you that I am going there to prepare a place for you?
3 And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back and take you to be with me that you also may be where I am.
4 You know the way to the place where I am going.”
5 Thomas said to him, “Lord, we don’t know where you are going, so how can we know the way?”
6 Jesus answered, “I am the way and the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me.



