

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Murphy Family extends its warmest thanks to everyone who shared their memories of David, sent their condolences, and offered their support during this time of bereavement. May God enrich and bless each and every one of you.

Well Done

*the Good and
Faithful Servant...*

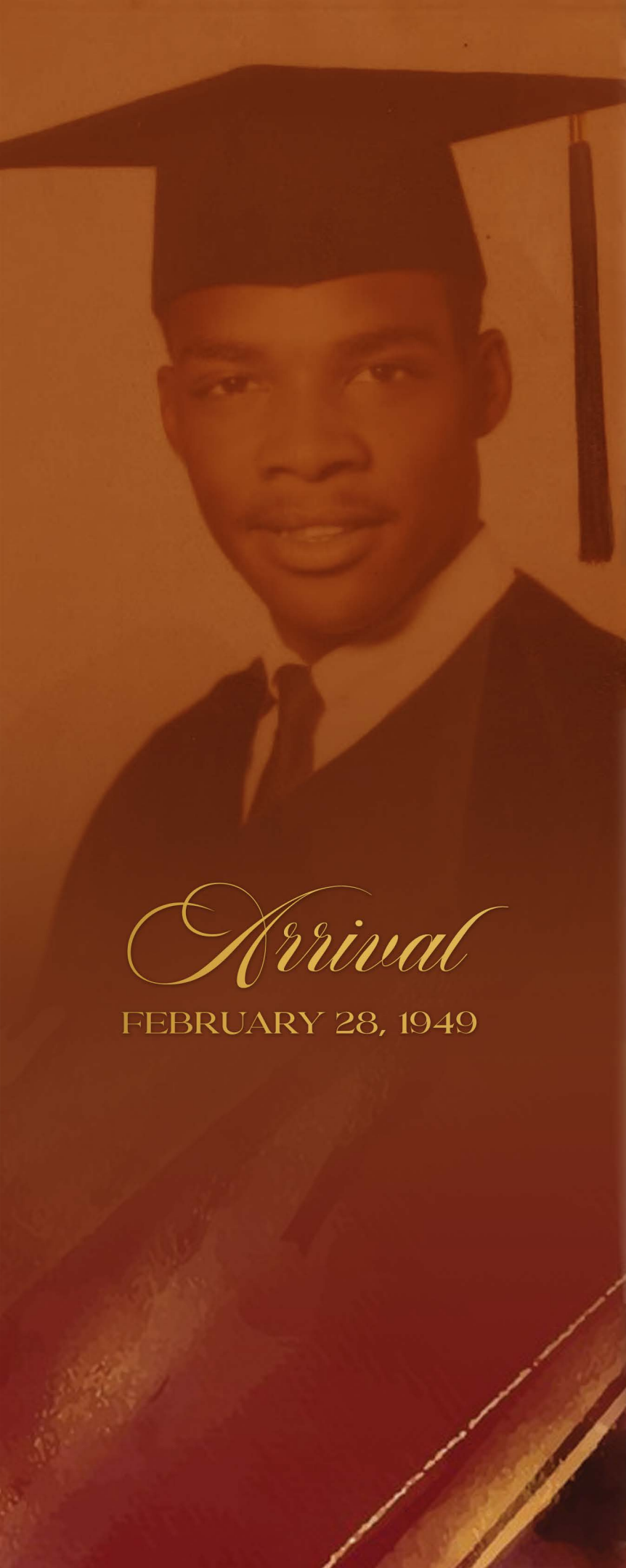


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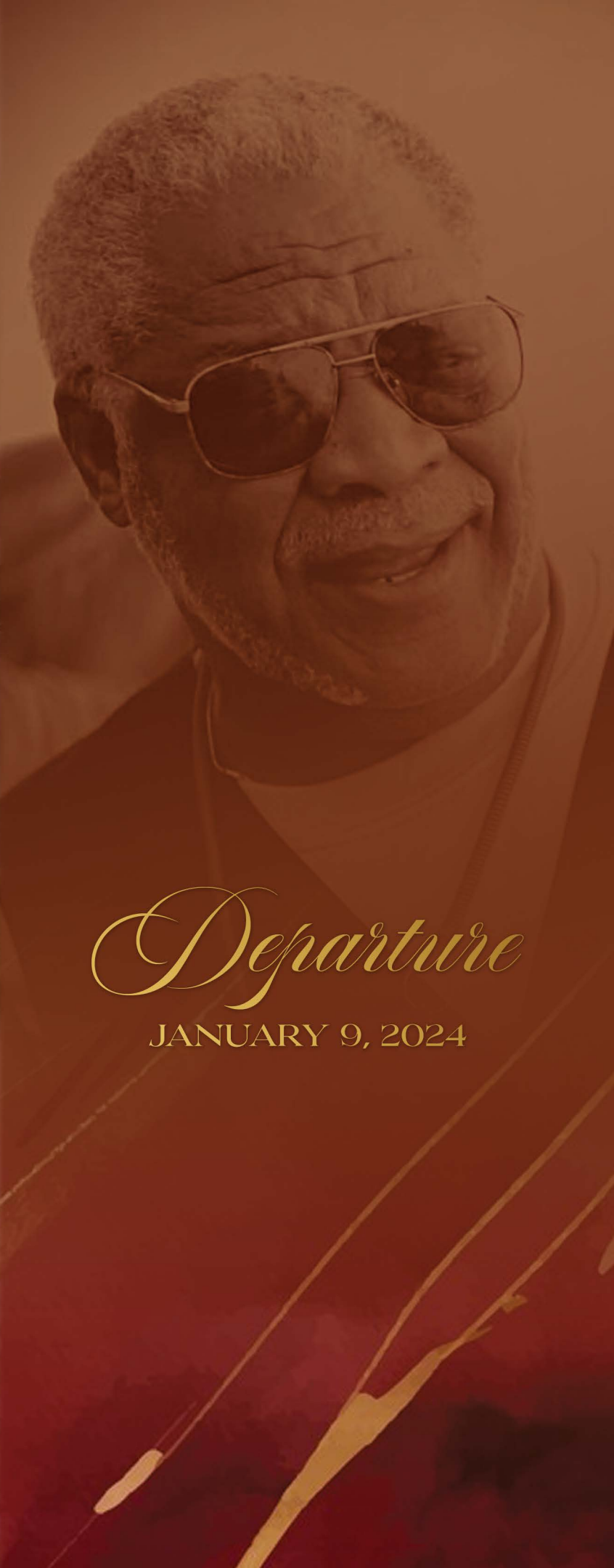
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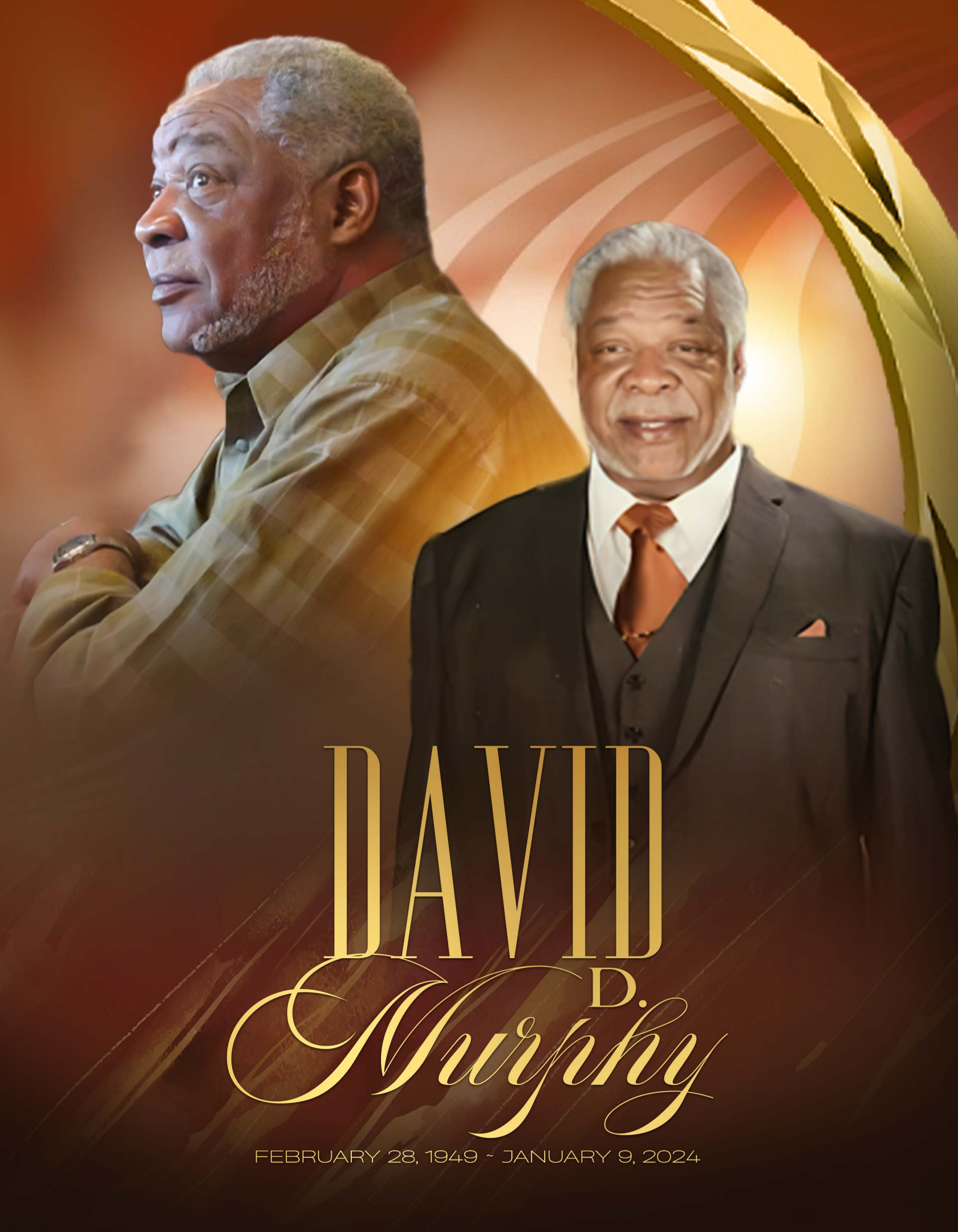
Arrival

FEBRUARY 28, 1949



Departure

JANUARY 9, 2024



DAVID
D.
Murphy

FEBRUARY 28, 1949 ~ JANUARY 9, 2024

DAVID'S STORY

David Douglas Murphy was born February 28, 1949, in Sampson County, North Carolina to Flora Mae Herring and Mozell Murphy. He departed on January 9, 2024, at Raritan Bay Medical Center in Old Bridge, New Jersey.

David was raised in North Carolina by his grandmother Jerusha Herring Robinson with his siblings, Juanita and Glenwood. He was educated in the Sampson County school system and graduated from Clear Run High School in 1967. There, he studied brick masonry and was a member of the Future Farmers' of America.

After graduating, David made his way up north to Newark, New Jersey where he came to live with his mother, Flo and W.C., and younger siblings, Debra and Warren. Up north, David embraced his love of music by going to school for radio broadcasting. He had several jobs, most notably he worked for General Motors.

In 1985, he married the love of his life, Judy Greene, while living in Brooklyn, New York. Once their family grew to include three children: Jason, Andre, and Lorina, they moved into their forever home in South River, New Jersey. Once settled in their new home, David began his career working as a charter bus driver and trainer for Coach USA. He worked there for over 25 years until he retired. Outside of working, he was known for dressing sharp, being an animated storyteller, and being passionate about cars. In his spare time, you could find David outside working on his Station Wagon, fawning over his grandchildren, keeping up with car racing, watching westerns or searching for the best diners and buffets in New Jersey.

David is survived by his loving wife of 39 years, Judy, his three children: Jason (Kristin), Andre, and Lorina, and his three grandchildren: Mya, Justin, and Elianna. He also leaves behind his siblings: Juanita, Freda, Glenwood (Theresa), Debra (Irving), Karen (Curtis), Warren, and Ricky, as well as his sister-in-law Yolanda, his mother-in-law Phyllis Greene, and his siblings-in-law: Beverly, Kenneth (Brenda), Gregory, Keith (Carlene), Yvette (Andre), and Mark (Tonya). David also leaves behind numerous nieces, nephews, cousins, extended relatives, friends, and neighbors.

David was a quiet and caring person who loved his family more than anything. He will be truly missed. We find comfort in the memory of him with his big smile, open arms and inviting salutation of "Heyyyy!" And we look forward to being met by that greeting from him in the afterlife.

CELEBRATION OF LIFE

TUESDAY, JANUARY 23, 2024 | 12:00 PM
HAYES CHAPEL MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH
2580 HAYES CHAPEL RD., ROSE HILL, NC 28458
REV. DR. TERRY L. HENRY, OFFICIATING

PRELUDE
PROCESSIONAL
INVOCATION

REV. DR. TERRY L. HENRY

Scripture Reading

OLD TESTAMENT: PSALM 46:1-10 - FELICE CARLTON

God is our refuge and strength, an ever-present help in trouble. Therefore we will not fear, though the earth give way and the mountains fall into the heart of the sea, though its waters roar and foam and the mountains quake with their surging. There is a river whose streams make glad the city of God, the holy place where the Most High dwells. God is within her, she will not fall; God will help her at break of day. Nations are in uproar, kingdoms fall; he lifts his voice, the earth melts. The LORD Almighty is with us; the God of Jacob is our fortress. Come and see what the LORD has done, the desolations he has brought on the earth. He makes wars cease to the ends of the earth. He breaks the bow and shatters the spear; he burns the shields with fire. He says, "Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the earth."

NEW TESTAMENT: 1 CORINTHIANS 15:50-57 - DEBRA FERGUSON

What I am saying, dear brothers and sisters, is that our physical bodies cannot inherit the Kingdom of God. These dying bodies cannot inherit what will last forever. But let me reveal to you a wonderful secret. We will not all die, but we will all be transformed! It will happen in a moment, in the blink of an eye, when the last trumpet is blown. For when the trumpet sounds, those who have died will be raised to live forever. And we who are living will also be transformed. For our dying bodies must be transformed into bodies that will never die; our mortal bodies must be transformed into immortal bodies. Then, when our dying bodies have been transformed into bodies that will never die, this Scripture will be fulfilled: "Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is your victory? O death, where is your sting?" For sin is the sting that results in death, and the law gives sin its power. But thank God! He gives us victory over sin and death through our Lord Jesus Christ.

SELECTION

ANTRON HAYES

Reflections

SIBLINGS: JUANITA CARR
CHILDREN: LORINA MURPHY

SERMONIC
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS
OBITUARY
SERMONIC SELECTION
EULOGY
RECESSIONAL

ANTRON HAYES
KAREN CARLTON
JASON MURPHY
ANTRON HAYES
REV. DR. TERRY L. HENRY

SERVICE OF REMEMBRANCE

SUNDAY, JANUARY 21, 2024 | 7:00 PM
THE WELL CHURCH , 33 POPLAR RD, PISOATAWAY, NJ
REVEREND MARLON WILSON, OFFICIATING

OPENING PRAYER

REVEREND MARLON WILSON

MUSIC SELECTION

REFLECTIONS (3 MINUTES PLEASE)

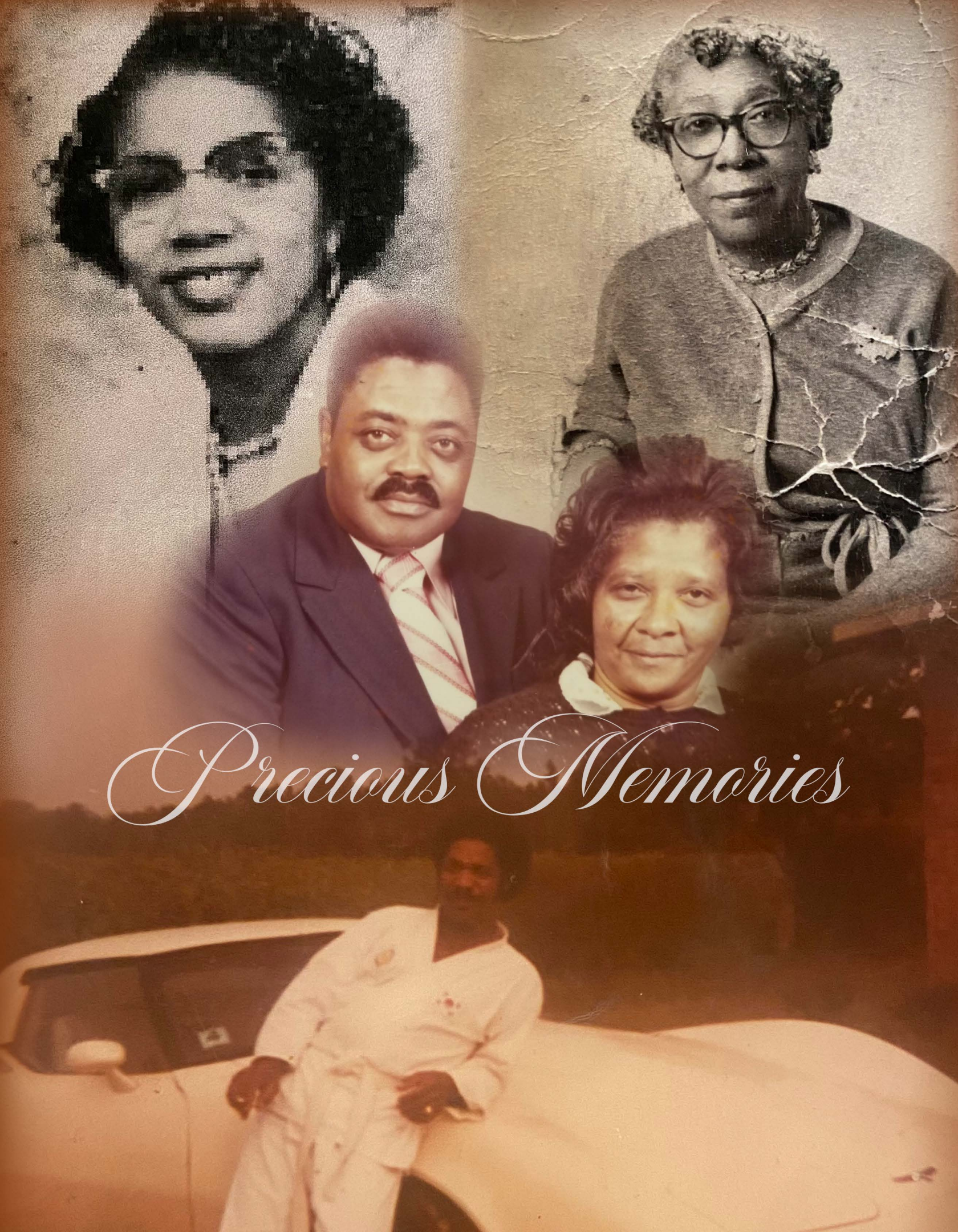
SERMONIC SELECTION

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

JASON MURPHY

CLOSING WORDS OF COMFORT / BENEDICTION

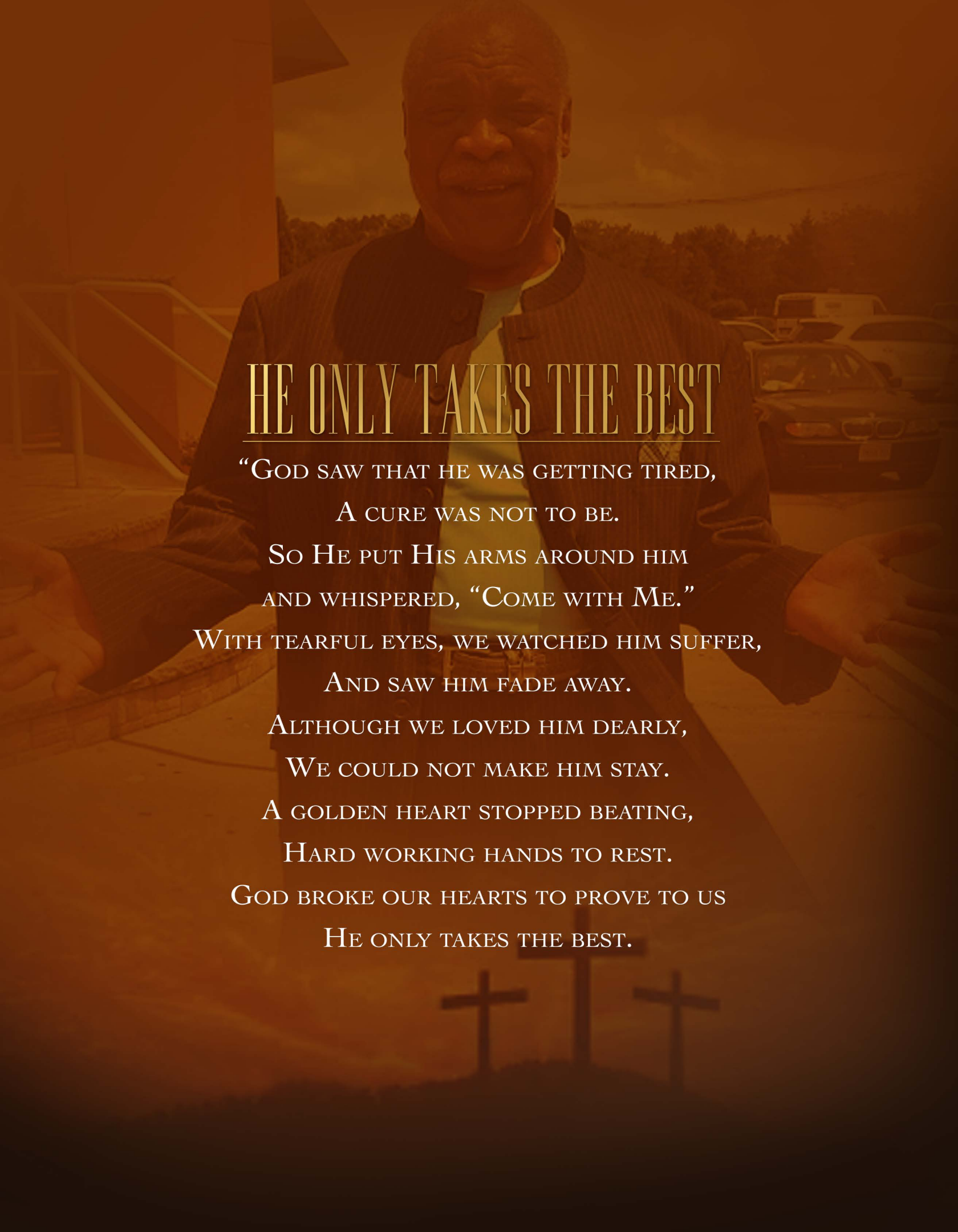
REVEREND MARLON WILSON



Precious Memories





A photograph of an older man with a mustache, wearing a dark suit jacket over a light-colored shirt. He is standing outdoors in front of a building with a ramp. In the background, several cars are parked. The entire image has a warm, orange-brown tint. Overlaid on the image is a poem in white serif font.

HE ONLY TAKES THE BEST

“GOD SAW THAT HE WAS GETTING TIRED,
A CURE WAS NOT TO BE.

SO HE PUT HIS ARMS AROUND HIM
AND WHISPERED, “COME WITH ME.”

WITH TEARFUL EYES, WE WATCHED HIM SUFFER,
AND SAW HIM FADE AWAY.

ALTHOUGH WE LOVED HIM DEARLY,
WE COULD NOT MAKE HIM STAY.

A GOLDEN HEART STOPPED BEATING,
HARD WORKING HANDS TO REST.

GOD BROKE OUR HEARTS TO PROVE TO US
HE ONLY TAKES THE BEST.