



Armour's Memorial Funeral Home Staff, Directing

Order of Service

Prelude /Processional. Soft Music
Song. LaCrystal Ervin

Scripture Reading

Old Testament. Rev. Joe Knight

New Testament. Rev. Jimmy Brooks

Prayer/Song. Dr. Eddie L. Hunter

Reflections (Please limit 2 minutes)

Acknowledgement Celeste Gaddis

Song. Dominique Wyckoff

Eulogy. Rev. Clifford Spradley

Recessional. Soft Music

Interment..... Armour’s Memorial Garden
Alexander City, AL

Repast. Armour’s Memorial Dining Hall



When it comes to the end of the day
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 we once shared—
Miss me, but let me go.

Obituary

“Your wings were Ready, but our hearts were not.”

Mr. James “Albert: Wyckoff was born on October 14, 1939 the late Fannie R. Wilson and Mr. James D. Wyckoff. He departed this life on Tuesday, September 3, 2019 at his residence.

He retired from Robinson Foundry after many years.

Mr. Wyckoff was preceded in death by his parents Fannie R. Wilson and James D. Wyckoff. Two sons: Mr. Kenneth Wyckoff and Mr. James A. Wyckoff.

Albert leaves to cherish his memories: two daughters: Chandra Wyckoff and Kercelia Milton both of Alexander City, AL. Two sons: Tony (Norma) Wyckoff of Atlanta GA and Christopher (Daphne) Wyckoff of Woodbridge, VA. One sister, Mrs. Mary Frances Frazier of Buffalo, NY. Two daughters-in-law: Cynthia Wyckoff, Montgomery, AL and Yulanda Ellis Wyckoff of Camp Hill, AL. 15 grandchildren, 17 great grand children and 3 great great grandchildren. A host of nieces, nephews, cousins, other relatives and friends.

He also leaves a few very special friends: Ms. Mary Lois Brooks, Arthur “Big Money” Russell, Rev. Clifford Spradley, Robert Norris, Henry Lynn Johnson, Rev. Joe Knight and Mr. Edward Norris.



Safely Home

I am home in heaven, dear ones,
Oh, so happy and so bright.
There is a perfect joy and beauty
in the everlasting light.
All the pain and grief is over
Every restless tossing passed.
I am now at peace forever.
Safely home in heaven at last.
There is work still waiting for you,
So you must not idly stand.
Do it now, while life remaineth.
You shall rest in God’s own hand.
When that work is all completed,
He will gently call you Home.
Oh, the rapture of that meeting
Oh, the joy to see you come.

Father

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox
He never made a fortune, or a noise
In the world where men are seeking after fame;
But he had a healthy brood of girls and boys
Who loved the very ground on which he trod.
They thought him just little short of God;
Oh you should have heard the way they said his name –
‘Father.’

There seemed to be a loving little prayer
In their voices, even when they called him ‘Dad.’
Though the man was never heard of anywhere,
As a hero, yet somehow understood
He was doing well his part and making good;
And you knew it, by the way his children had
Of saying ‘Father.’

He gave them neither eminence nor wealth,
But he gave them blood untainted with a vice,
And opulence of undiluted health.

He was honest, and unpurchable and kind;
He was clean in heart, and body, and in mind.
So he made them heirs to riches without price –
This father.

He never preached or scolded; and the rod –
Well, he used it as a turning pole in play.
But he showed the tender sympathy of God.
To his children in their troubles, and their joys.
He was always chum and comrade with his boys,
And his daughters – oh, you ought to hear them *SAY*
‘Father.’

Now I think of all achievements ‘tis the least
To perpetuate the species; it is done
By the insect and the serpent, and the beast.
But the man who keeps his body, and his thought,
Worth bestowing on an offspring love-begot,
Then the highest earthly glory he was won,
When in pride a grown-up daughter or a son

WAR EAGLE!