



PHILLIP
"PHIL" Coleman

May 22, 1956 - March 21, 2022

The Man, The Myth, The Legend, The Godfather

His Life's Story

Phillip Coleman was born on May 22, 1956, to the union of Emma Gladys Davis-Coleman, also known as Mama Gladys, and Ernest Coleman Sr. Phil was raised on the south side of Chicago.

He met the love of his life when he met Patricia Angela Culp. They later married and had three children: Felicia, Romel, and Angela. Phil and Pat shared many decades together. Her passing left him broken-hearted. As he will always say, "The Love of My Life Was My Wife."

Phil passed away peacefully on the evening of Monday, March 21, at 5:22 p.m. The irony of his passing is that the time of death is also his birthdate, 5/22. During his transition, he was surrounded by love.

Phil Coleman is survived by his daughter Felicia Culp, son Romel Culp (daughter Melanie), four grandchildren, Jerquette, Winter, Roman, and Romel Jr., brothers Ernest Jr., Bernard, and Lenoard, nieces, nephews, cousins, Aunt Ree Pee, Del Pedro, and a large circle of friends.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Patricia Culp, their beloved daughter Angela, mom Emma Gladys Davis-Colman, dad Ernest Coleman Sr., brothers Ronald and Mel, and sister Carol.

Phil was a man of style. Tailored suits, matching hats and shoes were his signature look. One might say that he inherited his style from his father, the late Ernest Coleman Sr. His eye for style led him to a stylist position at Ragz Clothing Store. He can coordinate a look for you like no other.

He was a man of many skills. God blessed his hands with the ability to do carpentry. He was self-taught, yet there was nothing he couldn't create or fix. A true jack of all trades. He gave a lot of love and received a lot of love in return. Everyone was family to him. And he treated them as such. Blood or not, you were his niece, nephew, or cousin. A man with an outgoing personality and a lovable character. Like most Geminis, he held two personalities. Try me if you're looking for a solution to a problem. Fearless, to say the least.

The family of **Philip "Phil" Coleman** acknowledges, with sincere appreciation, your prayers and support during this time. Your shared memories, comforting condolences, and gestures of love are truly appreciated.

Heartfelt Tributes

Dad

By an Unknown Author

We'll always remember that special smile,
That caring heart, that warm embrace you always gave us.
You being there for Mom and us
through good and bad times, no matter what.
We'll always remember you Dad because
there'll never be another one to replace you in our hearts,
And the love we will always have for you.

Love Your Children, Ramel & Felicia

His Peaceful Grave

By an Unknown Author

Our brother lives with us in memory
Before our eyes he grew weaker every day
Doing all we could to save him
Until God took him away
Never shall his memory fade
Our sweetest love lingers
Forever round his peaceful grave.

Love Your Brothers Ernest Jr., Bernard & Leonard

Phil, you were my uncle, my brother and my best friend for over 30 years, and you were the most loyal person I've ever met. You lit up every room you entered with your personality and presence. You will be greatly missed. Rest in heaven, my brother.

Love & Loyalty Forever, Pedro

Order of Service

Saturday, April 2, 2022
Service 1:00pm - 2:00pm
Acklin Funeral Home
1325 W. 87th Street
Chicago, Illinois 60620

Opening Prayer

Deacon Ray McDaniel

Serenity Prayer & Tribute

Del Pedro (Godbrother/Best Friend)

Remarks & Memories

Jennifer Mosley

Scripture - Psalms 23

Milani Morris (Niece)

Tributes

(Adonis Johnson will do the first tribute)

Obituary

Lydia Couch

Words of Comfort

Deacon Ray McDaniel

Repast

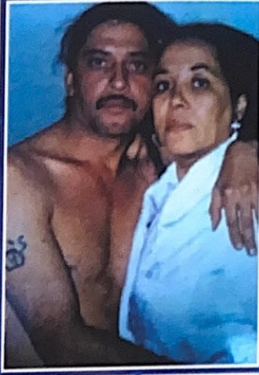
Immediately after service

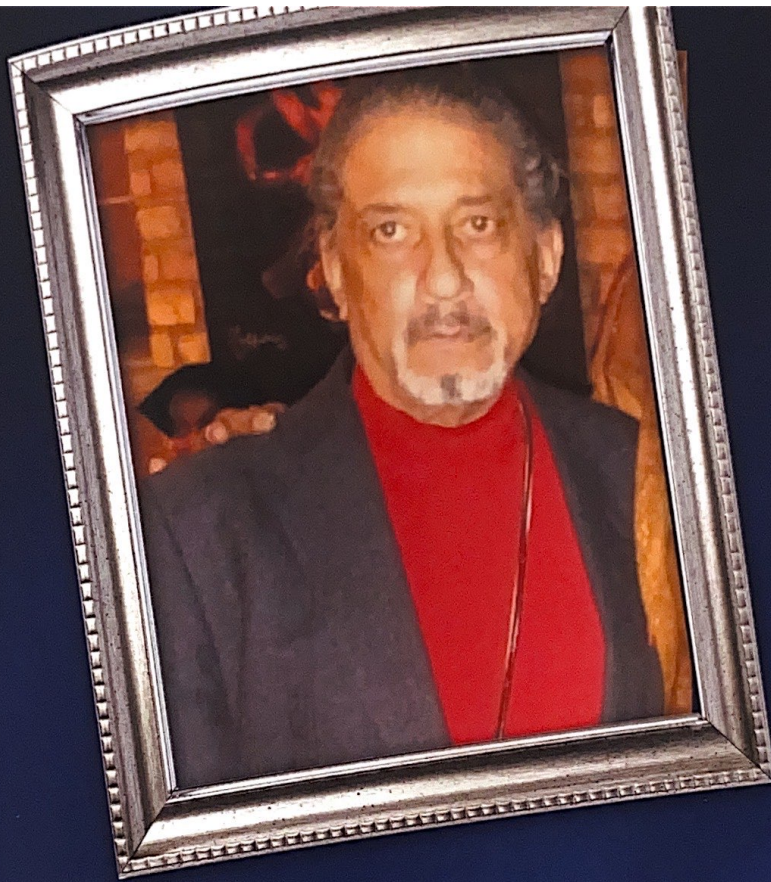
Honorary Pallbearers

Romel Culp
Bernard Coleman
Jerquette Culp

Ernest Coleman
Leonard Coleman
Shybay Coleman

Del Pedro





Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep

*Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there, I do not sleep.
I am in a thousand winds that blow,
I am the softly falling snow.
I am the gentle showers of rain,
I am the fields of ripening grain.
Of birds in circling flight,
I am the starshine of the night.
I am in the flowers that bloom,
I am in a quiet room.
I am in the birds that sing,
I am in each lovely thing.
Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there. I do not die.
-Mary Elizabeth Frye*

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