



Joseph Zissel

April 27, 1923 - March 9, 2016

Joseph Zissel, 92 of Huguenot, a Local 3 Electrician's Helper who retired in 1985, will be remembered for his love of family, friends and his Holy Child family. He died Wednesday, March 9, 2016 at his home under hospice care. Caring for him around the clock were his wonderful aides, Burnice, Lucille, Margaret and Louisa.

Joseph's interests included gardening and helping others. He loved listening and singing along with his music collection of Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Nat King Cole and Bing Crosby recordings.

He served our Country during WWII as a Private First Class in the Army, serving in Europe. When he came home he met the love of his life, Angelina, with whom they celebrated 60 years of marriage, before her death in 2006.

Born in Brooklyn, Mr. Zissel has been a Staten Island resident for nine years, living with his daughter and son-in-law.

Beloved father of Annmarie Starita and John Zissel. Loving father-in-law of Robert Starita and Roseann Zissel. Devoted grandfather of Gregory, Matthew, Melissa and Paige Starita and great grandfather of Ryan, Brooke and Camryn Starita

A Mass of Christian Burial will be at 10:00 a.m. on Saturday at Holy Child Church located at 4747 Amboy Rd Staten Island, New York 10312. Interment will be in Resurrection Cemetery, Staten Island, NY.

The family will receive friends from 2-5 and 7-9 p.m. on Friday, at The John Vincent Scalia Home For Funerals, Inc., 28 Eltingville Blvd. (at Eltingville Station), Staten Island, New York.

Contributions in Joseph's memory to Holy Child Church or University Hospice would be greatly appreciated.

Online condolences may be made to the family at www.scaliahome.com

Cemetery Details

Resurrection Cemetery

361 Sharrot Avenue
Staten Island, NY 10309

Previous Events

Visitation

MAR 11. 2:00 PM - 5:00 PM (ET)

The John Vincent Scalia Home For Funerals, Inc.
28 Eltingville Blvd. (at Eltingville Station)
Staten Island, NY 10312

Visitation

MAR 11. 7:00 PM - 9:00 PM (ET)

The John Vincent Scalia Home For Funerals, Inc.
28 Eltingville Blvd. (at Eltingville Station)
Staten Island, NY 10312

Service

MAR 12. 10:00 AM - 10:45 AM (ET)

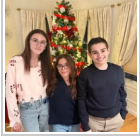
Holy Child Church
4747 Amboy Rd
Staten Island, NY 10312

Tribute Wall



“ *Joseph Zissel*

October 04, 2023 at 06:13 PM



“Dad's favorite song which was played after his prayer service.
These were fitting words that reflected his life right up to his death.
Love you Dad.

My Way by Frank Sinatra

*And now, the end is near;
And so I face the final curtain.
My friend, I'll say it clear,
I'll state my case, of which I'm certain.*

*I've lived a life that's full.
I've traveled each and every highway;
And more, much more than this,
I did it my way.*

*Regrets, I've had a few;
But then again, too few to mention.
I did what I had to do
And saw it through without exemption.*

*I planned each charted course;
Each careful step along the byway,
And more, much more than this,
I did it my way.*

*Yes, there were times, I'm sure you knew
When I bit off more than I could chew.
But through it all, when there was doubt,
I ate it up and spit it out.
I faced it all and I stood tall;
And did it my way.*

*I've loved, I've laughed and cried.
I've had my fill; my share of losing.
And now, as tears subside,*

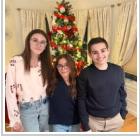
I find it all so amusing.

*To think I did all that;
And may I say - not in a shy way,
"Oh no, oh no not me,
I did it my way".*

*For what is a man, what has he got?
If not himself, then he has naught.
To say the things he truly feels;
And not the words of one who kneels.
The record shows I took the blows -
And did it my way!*

Yes, it was my way.

Annmarie Starita - March 20, 2016 at 06:38 PM



“ We gather today to celebrate the life and love of our Grandfather, Joseph Zissel; loving husband, father, brother, uncle, grandfather, great grandfather, veteran and friend to everyone he encountered. We are blessed to stand here today honoring him and knowing how much he loved all of those around him.

Everyone who knew him, loved him, most of all our grandmother, Angelina, whom he was married to for 60 years. He adored her. The pedestal he kept her on in life and in death was second to none. Since she passed in 2006, it's been a tough road for him but he did everything to keep her memory alive. Every gift he's given since would always been signed with his name as well as hers to remind all of us that she is still here and will always be with us. He loved to reminisce about their life together and he was so proud of everything they accomplished together.

His family meant the world to him. His daughter Annmarie, son, John. Son in-law Robert and Daughter in-law Rosanne.

Grandchildren; Greg, Melissa, Paige and myself. Great grandchildren; Ryan, Brooke and Camryn. He was always appreciative of the love and support we all had to keep him going over the last 9 and a half years.

From the bottom of our hearts, we want to all thank all of his aids, Burnice, Lucille, Margaret and Louisa, who have done everything imaginable to help him and the rest of our family during the final months of his life. Also, his love of Holy Child Church, the Priests who became some of his greatest friends and his fellow parishioners. We will forever appreciate and love you for the support that you gave to him and all of us.

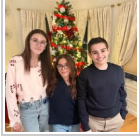
We'll always remember his kind and gracious heart, his unwavering faith in God, work ethic, his love of music and all things Sinatra, the New York Mets, and his favorite color (battleship gray). We'll never forget the way his face would light up with his great grandchildren were around and we will certainly never forget the way his face would light up when a younger woman showed him even the slightest bit of attention.

We love you and will miss you Grandpa. We know that

Grandma was waiting for you at the pearly gates, with her arms wide open and that unmistakable smile. May you rest in peace.

Love, Matt

Anmarie Starita - March 18, 2016 at 08:35 PM



“ Gregory Starita

Today, we are celebrating a man who meant a lot to many, and went by so names:

- Love*
- Dad*
- Pop*
- Trouble*
- Grandpa*
- Great Grandpa*
- Old Grandpa*
- White Hair Grandpa*
- Grandpa Joe*
- Uncle Joe*
- Friend*
- Brother*
- Joe*
- Mr. Zissel*
- The flirty old man from church or the dollar store*
- Diddy Jay growing up in Brooklyn back in the day*
- Joe the Pro*
- And Joseph Zissel to his beloved telemarketer friends*

He was a kind and generous man, who loved his family and friends more than anything. He is the reason for my allegiance to the New York Mets, and subsequently Matt and Tom's. Always happy to lend a hand, or share a story, or to rattle off a couple of bars from one of his favorite songs.

And speaking of favorite songs, in one of mine there is a lyric that says "And if you should die before me ask if you could bring a friend." Even though he never heard of the band or song in question, I feel like those words apply to him, possibly more than anyone I know. As you know, a huge piece of him died that night in 2006 along with my grandmother. While physically he lived almost

10 years without her, his heart was forever broken. The world would be a better place if everyone knew love like that.

Over the past year, Grandpa's aids, Burnice, Lucille, Margaret and Louisa truly were sent from above, and cared and loved him as they would for their own fathers. I honestly don't know what we would have done without them. For this, I thank you and we are all eternally grateful.

And for over the past decade and change, my mom's efforts have been nothing short of heroic. Between opening up her own home to her parents, caring for my grandmother until the very end, then focusing her attention to my grandfather to ensure that his remaining time was as comfortable as possible.

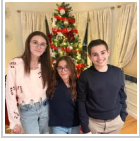
People have said to me so many times, including many of you inside this church, how they don't know how she does it. And to be honest, I don't know either, other than knowing she is a different breed of person. Caring for her own parents during these past 11-12 years is extraordinary enough, but it hardly tells the full story. And throw in working a full time job throughout.

As you know, we refer to my Brooke as Little Ann, as they pretty much share the same face. But I can tell you, I would be most proud of my time on this earth if she grows up to have a heart that resembles that of her Nanny.

For all of her love and care, on behalf of my grandparents and the rest of us, I would like to thank you and tell you how much we all love you, Mom.

Grandpa, enjoy eternity with Grandma and give her a big hug for all of us. Tell her when my time comes, I expect some of her famous meatballs waiting for me. And unlike my father's garage door, please don't take it upon yourself to re-paint St. Peter's pearly gates. We all love you and will see you again.

Annmarie Starita - March 15, 2016 at 09:09 AM



“ *Dear Dad,*

My heart is broken, but I feel relieved that you are not suffering anymore. Since mommy died you didn't want to live anymore, without her. She physically missed a lot of events, the boy's weddings and the birth of her great grandchildren. She has always been there in spirit watching over all of us and she witnessed the love and happiness you had visiting with Ryan, Brooke and Camryn. Those Sunday visits from them not only made your day, it was something the kids looked forward to and they would ask to go see Grandpa, even Camryn.

Your last ten months of decline was hard to watch, but God sent me four angels to take care of you. Burnice, Lucille, Margaret and for a short period of time Louisa. They cared for you as if you were their father. They love and supported me through all the difficult times when you were in the hospital, nursing homes and here at the house. I could not have done this without them. Then there was also Luke who always entertained us!

I would also like to thank everyone from Hospice who loved and cared not only for your well being, but for mental support they gave me as I watched you deteriorate. Susanne, Mildred, Mary Ann, Linda, and Nicole dad loved your visits and especially those hugs and kisses! I hope I did not leave anyone out.

Mommy was waiting at the gates of heaven for you to enter. You have a lot to share with her these past nine years. I can almost envision her with a frying pan to hit you with, as she observed your flirting in every store we went into and even kissing all the ladies at church. You were clear to all of them, that you only had one true love in your life and that was her. May you rest in mommy's arms and continue to look over all of us.

I will always be daddy's little girl and I promise you no stink weeds on your grave.

Love always, Annmarie

Annmarie Starita - March 11, 2016 at 10:18 PM