



Jeffrey Marc Singer

March 22, 1969 - November 24, 2025

Jeffrey Marc Singer, 56, passed away peacefully on November 24, 2025, in The Woodlands, Texas.

Jeffrey was born on March 22, 1969, in New York to the late Esther & Jack Singer. He graduated from St. John's University and went into the family business, managing and part-owning a knitting factory. He moved to Texas almost 20 years ago and worked for FedEx.

Jeffrey was a beloved father, dutiful son, loyal brother, favorite uncle, and devoted friend to all who knew him. He loved his daughter, Julie, with all his heart and dedicated his life to providing for her. He was a real mensch, always with a kind word, an easy smile, and a helping hand – the sort of person that took joy in being a light in the lives of the people around him. He had an enviable work ethic, a true “shverer arbeter,” dedicated to providing the best for his daughter. This passion and dedication extended beyond his work and his family, right through to his hobbies. He was a long-devoted Chicago Cubs and New York Giants fan and would gleefully talk for hours about sports.

Jeffrey is survived by his daughter, Julie, brother Hyman, and sister-in-law, Phyllis, nephews, Michael, Richard, and Mark, brother-in-law, Gideon, and many cousins and friends. Our lives are greatly diminished with his passing.

He was preceded in death by his parents, Jack and Esther Singer, and his sister, Florence Rhom.

A graveside service took place on Wednesday, November 26, 2025, at 3:00 pm at Emanu El Memorial Park, 8341 Bissonnet Street, Houston, Texas 77074.

Cemetery Details

Emanu El Memorial Park

8341 Bissonnet St
Houston, TX 77074

Previous Events

Graveside Service

NOV 26. 3:00 PM (CT)

Emanu El Memorial Park
8341 Bissonnet St
Houston, TX 77074

Tribute Wall

AH

“ Adam Henderson purchased the Decadent Delights Chocolate Gift Basket for the family of Jeffrey Marc Singer.



Adam Henderson - December 08, 2025 at 08:51 AM

AH

“ Adam Henderson planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Jeffrey Marc Singer.

Adam Henderson - December 08, 2025 at 08:51 AM

“ *In my mind's eye, my Uncle Jeff will always be the person I remember from childhood: the young adult navigating his 20s from the basement den of my grandparents' house. Older than me by 19 years, I considered him to be the coolest person I knew.*

Part of the fun of visiting my grandparents was seeing Jeff when he still lived there. Jeff could often be found in that den, playing video games, or watching sports, or one of many talk shows popular in the 90s. He had his Marlboro Reds handy regardless of what he was doing, but although he would (understandably) become annoyed when me, my brother and my cousin attempted to hide them, he never minded that his three nephews - little kids often behaving like little kids - took so much interest in him, how rapt we were just watching him play Duck Hunt or Ms Pac Man. He would sit on the groovy, bowl-shaped chair closest to the television, and we would sit on the shag-carpeted floor, or on the slick, black couch we'd occasionally turn into pillow forts.

For sleepovers, the three of us would usually spend the night in Jeff's childhood bedroom, which seemed to be teeming with the 80s paraphernalia of his High School days: the Rubix cube in his dresser, the two Ataris stowed beneath his TV, the arena rock posters taped to his wall (in a clear attempt to emulate him, I too began scotch-taping stuff up on my bedroom walls). It was the first place where I ever held a vinyl record, and thankfully, Jeff never held it against me when, age 5 or 6, I tried to play one of them with a paper clip.

He knew how to make us laugh and pulled out little jokes from time to time just to get that reaction from us. Sometimes he hung out with me directly. Once, when I was around 10, we wrote a play together. He came up with the plot. Or at least I thought he did – what he came up with, as I later discovered, was borrowed from an episode of Seinfeld.

The years came and went, and we would both find our footing

outside of our native New York: Jeff ended up in Texas and I ended up in Oregon. We reconnected as adults, and every now and then, I would call him or he would call me. I was now around the age that he was when I first got to know him, and he began to get to know me as the person I had become. I felt that he truly listened to me: he took genuine interest in what I had to say and kept an open mind, even when our opinions differed.

Through those later conversations, I got to know his wry sense of humor. Once, I asked him if he had found any new bands that he likes. He responded that he generally keeps his car radio tuned to the classic rock station, but that he's become bored with it: "how many times can you listen to 'Sweet Home Alabama' before it gets tired?" We would also sometimes joke about our stomach issues, and would occasionally self-deprecate over always needing a bottle of Pepto in reach.

Jeff had a lot of love to give, but in the whole world, there was no one he loved more than his daughter, Julie. The bond they shared was deep, present from the day of her birth. When Jeff was still living in Queens, and when Julie was very young, he told me a story about the two of them watching football together. During the game, a favorite player of theirs with the nickname "Tookie" was injured. Jeff, talking to the TV screen (as most avid sports fans do) cried out his name: "Tookie, noooo!" Julie followed with a mournful "Tookie..." of her own, and father and daughter were united in their feelings of sympathy toward the injured player. This bond continued to grow as the years went by: anytime I spoke with Jeff, he would take pride in his daughter's accomplishments and share his hopes for Julie's future. He was a devoted father who cared immensely about being the best parent possible.

Jeff was loved by all. We will remember him for his kind, accepting demeanor, his excellent sense of humor, and the love he shared with the people in his life. Losing him has been devastating. He will be sorely missed.

Richard R - November 25, 2025 at 09:44 PM

AC

Beautiful tribute to your uncle. He was best friend since we were 12 and always spoke so highly of his nephews. My most sincere condolences, I miss him terribly already

Adam Cohen - November 27, 2025 at 04:00 PM

MS

This is beautifully written, and has been a comfort to read during these days. I remember watching him play duck hunt in grandma's den - one of my earliest memories. He was well loved and it is unreal that he is not still with us.

mark s - November 27, 2025 at 05:17 PM