

In Loving Memory Of
Norman R. Wyatt

Sunrise
October 27, 1932

Sunset
April 8, 2012

A portrait of Norman R. Wyatt, an elderly man with glasses and a goatee, wearing a green sweater. The background is a blue sky with white clouds and a field of white daisies.

Service
Sunday, April 15, 2012 - 2:00 p.m.

ROY L. GILMORE'S FUNERAL HOME, INC.
191-02 Linden Blvd.
St. Albans, New York 11412

Rev. Rasheed Baird, Officiating

Obituary

Norman Russell Wyatt was born on October 27, 1932 in Rex, GA to the late Homer Wyatt and the late Leila Harrison Wyatt. He was the youngest of seven children born to this union.

He attended Jonesboro High School and on August 31, 1953 was drafted into the United States Army where he was able to travel abroad and served in peace time. With the influence of one of his older siblings, he decided to move to New York in 1955. In 1957, he met his first wife Barbara and had a son, Norman from this union. He was honorably discharged from the Army on July 7, 1958. In 1962, he began a long career working for the United States Postal Service. He remained there for thirty years as a technician. While employed with the Postal Service, he met the love of his life Earnestine Newell and her daughter Erica in the early 1970's and remarried on September 2, 1977. They had two children, Rashida and Shelton from this union. They were together until she preceded him in death in 2004.

Norman was a humble, quiet, giving, compassionate man that would help anyone who was in need. He will always be remembered for having a good and warm heart and he will never be forgotten.

He leaves to cherish his memory, his son, Norman and his wife, Annette; his daughter, Rashida; his son, Shelton; his step-daughter, Erica; his grandsons, Devin, Shawn and Branden; his sister, Katherine Evans; his niece, Claudia and her , Raymond; his niece, Patricia and her husband, Irving; his niece, Cynthia and a host of nieces, nephews and cousin.



A LETTER FROM HEAVEN...by Ruth Ann Mahaffey

To my dearest family, there are some things I'd like to say. But first of all, to let you know, that I arrived here okay. I'm writing this from heaven, here I dwell with God above. Here, there are no more tears of sadness; here is just eternal love. Please do not be unhappy just because I'm out of sight. Remember that I am with you every morning, noon and night. That day I had to leave you when my life on earth was through. God picked me up and hugged me and He said, I welcome you. It's good to have you back again; you were missed while you were gone. As for your dearest family, they'll be here later on. I need you here so badly, you are part of my plan. There is so much that we can do, to help our mortal man. God gave me a list of things that he wished for me to do. And foremost on the list, was to watch and care for you. And when you lie in bed at night the day chores put to flight. God and I are closest to you...in the middle of the night. When you think of my life on earth, and all those loving years, because you are only human, they are bound to bring you tears. But do not be afraid to cry; it does relieve the pain. Remember there would be no flowers, unless there was some rain. I wish that I could tell you all that God has planned. If I were to tell you, you just wouldn't understand. But one thing is for certain, though my life on earth is over. I'm closer to you now, than I ever was before. There are rocky roads ahead of you and many hills to climb; but together we can do it by taking one day at a time. It was always my philosophy and I'd like it for you too; that as you give unto the world, the world will give to you. If you can help somebody who is in sorrow and pain; then you can say to God at night...My day was not in vain. And now I am contented... that my life was worthwhile. Knowing as I passed along the way I made somebody smile. So if you meet somebody who is sad and feeling low; just lend a hand to pick them up, as on your way you go. When you're walking down the street and you've got me on your mind; I'm walking in your footsteps only half a step behind. And when it's time for you to go...from that body to be free. Remember you're not going...you're coming here to me.

Acknowledgements

The family wishes to acknowledge with deep appreciation the many expressions of love, concern and kindness shown to their family during this hour of bereavement.

May God Bless and Keep You!

Professional Services Provided By:

Roy L. Gilmore's Funeral Home, Inc.

Angela Gilmore-Manning, *President*

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Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Patricia Wyatt Burgie

Prayer of Consolation Claudia Mordesire

Selection

Acknowledgments

Obituary Norman Wyatt Jr.

Poem Rashida Wyatt

Selection

Eulogy

Viewing

Benediction

Recessional





