

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027 Rev. David Jenkins, Officiating Rev. Dr. Eric B. Turner, Organist

Obituary

Dahoud Kenyetta Hunter, was born to Stavonne Hunter and the late James Hunter at Mount Siani Hospital on June 25, 1969. For the first years of his life he lived at 347 Clay Ave. with his grandmother the late Elaine Scott and his grand-aunt the late Enyde Stewart whom he shared a special relationship with. Elaine and Enyde were the only ones that was allowed to call him Binky, first cousins, George, Enyde, and Clyce whom he grew up with like his siblings.

He attended elementary school P.S. 82 on Macombs Road; he also attended Taft High School in the Bronx. He spent his early childhood years at 1715 Nelson Ave., and his teenage and young adult years between River Park Towers and Tiebout Ave., where he met a host of friends who loved him dearly.

Dahoud was known for snapping and making jokes all the time. As an adult he ventured off to Albany, where he also met a multitude of friends who loved and cared about him dearly. If you knew Dahoud you know he always tried to act tough, but everyone knows he was a big teddy bear at heart who would give you his last dollar and the shirt off his back if you needed it. He was a great son, brother, cousin, and also a great friend. Dahoud will definitely be missed by everyone and mostly by his family.

He leaves to mourn: his mother, Stavonne Hunter; his step father who raised him, Robert Williams who he called Poppy and his step father, Eric Rice; his sisters, Nija Williams and Natane Williams; his nieces, Jhayna, Janiece, Majien, and Skky; his nephews, Jhaymes Jr., Najee, Nicholas, Christopher, Keanu, Jadon, A'zadi, and Deném; sixteen aunts one who helped raised him like her own, Barbara Spratt; six uncles, fifty-three 1st cousins; and a host of family and friends.

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Readings

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Tribute

Natané

Selection

Eulogy

Committal

Viewing

Recessional

Final Disposition

Oxford Hills Crematory Chester, New York

No Time For Sad Remembrances

There's no time for sad remembrances Because I'm home where I belong I've conquered all my battles, I've even heard the trumpet's song. I've climbed my highest mountain And I've reached an even peak, And I've found that peace and true reward That you have yet to seek. There's no time for sad remembrances For you have a precious life; So find comfort in my journey Please don't bear this pain and strife. Oh! My Father's house is perfect Just like He said it would be. So dry your tears Because I'm home and now I'm free. I am part of all the beauty That your world has yet to see; So don't be sad about my journey, Just be glad that I am free!

-Author unknown

Acknowledgement

The family acknowledges with deep appreciation all acts of kindness extended to them during this bereavement hour. May God bless you for all your thoughtfulness and concern.

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