

In Loving Memory of
Gary Nelson



Sunrise

February 6, 1950

Sunset

July 26, 2015

Service

Wednesday, August 5, 2015 - 11:00 a.m.

ROSE OF SHARON BAPTIST CHURCH

104-19 165th Street • Jamaica, NY 11433

Bishop Martin K. Watson, Senior Pastor

Elder Gail Watson, Executive Pastor

Obituary

Gary Nelson was born on February 6, 1950 to the late James and Anna Mae Nelson. He was one of eleven children. Gary passed away on July 26, 2015.

He was educated in the New York City Public School system. He worked for the Long Island Railroad for a few years and also was a bus driver for the Bronx High School of Science. He met and married Charlene Nelson on July 20, 1969 and shared 49 years of his life with her. From this union came five children, Gary Jr., Aleaya, Rasheen, the late Caseem, and Je'an Armond. He also had adopted sons, Kevin, nephew, Fonz and Edward.

Gary ("Cheese" as we lovingly called him) touched so many lives. He loved to guide people on the right path. He helped the elderly and encouraged the youth. He was truly a nice, kind and giving person. He loved music, singing, dancing, horses and playing cards. But, his greatest love was his family and friends.

He leaves to cherish his memories: his beloved wife, Charlene Nelson; three sons, Gary Jr., Rasheen, Je'an Armond and his one and only daughter, Aleaya; ten grandchildren, Asia, Derrell, Taimond, Tyjuan, Kaseem, Hysuan, Damoni, Nasai, Meloni and Adam; two great grandchildren, Calla and Nazir; three sisters, Patricia, Viola and Sharon and one brother, Bernard; one godson, Gary Timothy; a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, in-laws and friends. He also has to cherish his memories: Danny, Sylvia and Cisco.

He will be truly missed by all those that love him.



Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Readings

Old Testament: Psalm 91:1-7 - Keith Nelson
New Testament: John 14:1-6 - Kaija Binyard

Prayer of Comfort

Selection

Acknowledgements

Yvelle Barnes

Family Tribute

Aleaya Nelson - Daughter

Reading of the Obituary

Gloria Ishman

Solo

Latasha Jordan
“Home Over The Mountain”

Eulogy

Bishop Martin K. Watson

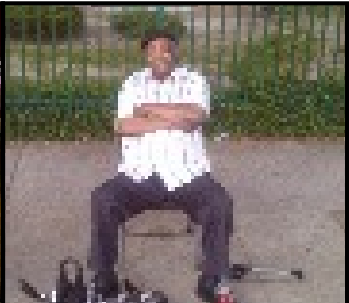
Committal/Final Blessings

Final Glimpse

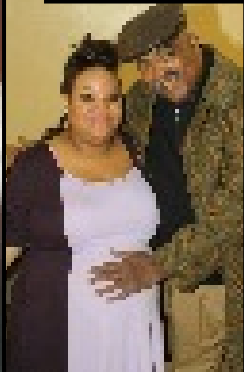
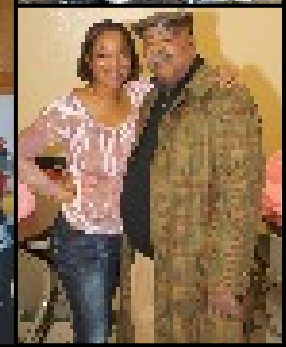
Recessional

Interment

Pinelawn Memorial Park • Farmingdale, New York

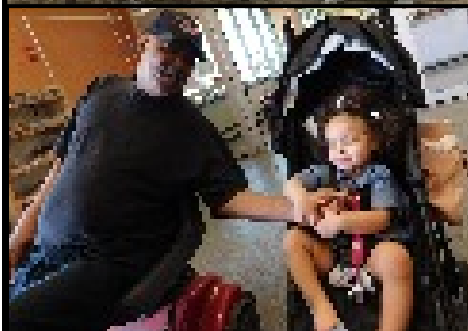
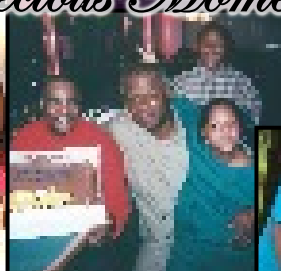


Precious Memories





Precious Moments



My Reality

What is fantasy and what is reality?
I cannot decipher the difference because I'm stuck on here
And I just lost the best part of me
A heart filled with confusion and agony
Why did you have to go without saying goodbye to me?
What is the difference between fantasies and what is reality?
I wish we lived in a world where death was an outlandish act to society
Who am I to be without you here with me?
I will always miss the way you announced how you were so proud of me
You were my biggest fan as far as I could see
What is the difference between fantasies and reality?
When I walk into the house I think of that smile
The one that lit up the entire world and every part of me
I will miss you dearly because you were like a father to me
The greatest protector with a mind full of intellectuality
Why didn't you stay for me?
What is fantasy and what is reality?
I envision us here now dancing to the rhythm of Earth, Wind and Fire
You were the light to my dark
How am I not to fall apart
All I feel is pain and agony, who am I to be without the great spark
What is the difference between fantasy and reality?
I can imagine us fighting and bickering, and I liked how it used to be
You pissed me off but you also made me a better being
I will remember you forever and you'll always live within me
I won't let you down
For you I'll give the best of me
What is the difference between fantasy and reality?
As I write these words, I want you to know there is no regret in me
We had the greatest times
And a love that screamed of tranquility
Peace, love, and wisdom is what you instilled in me
I am a greater you because of all you've taught me
What is fantasy and what is reality?
I love you more than words can speak
I'll miss your voice
I'll miss your smart remarks
But when I see you again
I know that my heart will beat again
You were my best friend and I thank you for everything you've given me
But before you go I must tell you
You were the most marvelous being in my reality.

*From your sweetheart,
Asia Haynes
With Love*

A Letter To My Father

What part of the game is this? It's the part where I'm losing it, but your strength allows me to endure whatever and weather the storm. I would love to be selfish and drown in my tears, but I'll be selfless like you taught me and bid you farewell. Knowing you're in a better place with your family and friends, smiling down on us suffering no more. I was blessed to have you for a father. Although, I shared you with the neighborhood I was your firstborn and your namesake. My siblings and I were lucky. Most of our friends didn't have an active father figure except you. Good bad or ugly, thank you for loving us all. You never told me what I wanted to hear, but you made sure I heard what I needed to know. You gave us the tools we needed to face any challenge that may come. You made sure we believed in ourselves and instilled self-confidence in us. You taught us to be the best that we could be. You showed us both sides of the coin, which prepared us and made us aware that life isn't fair. Love it because it's the only one you have and live everyday like it's your last.

What part of the game is this? Where I can no longer see your smile, hear you crack a joke or tell me cut the music down. But in the same breath, ask me to make you a copy because it sounds good. No more hitting that third step and hearing you say, "Who is that in my house?"

No more devil dog runs or hearing you say, "let me get \$2 for this," no more left field moments where you were just being you. No more shining moments when you drop jewels on me, and pick me up when I'm feeling down.

Thanks for being you, I watched you turn your life around to save our family. To show us another way, you took it on the chin like a champ and never looked back. I'll miss you but I'll never be without you. You're still in my ear coaching me through and if I want to see you I just look in the mirror and there you are.

What part of the game is this? The part where I tell you that I love you, keep showering us with your blessings and smiling down on us until I see you again.

*Love your oldest son,
Rock*

My One And Only

If you like it, I love it and I love you. What am I to do now that I can't see, hear or touch you. I trust that you'll always be with me. Through the good and bad times I was always your queen, daddy's little girl. It's not easy without you, you showed me the ropes, and we had a spat or two. Now my heart's bruised and broken, shattered to pieces. You chose me to stand and now I'm running on fumes overwhelmed and consumed with grief. I'm at a loss for words. So, to speak of your greatness you're the realest and you never faked it.

Taught me how to stand on my own and never left me alone. You even sheltered me even though I'm grown. You told me that you we're proud of me, that I didn't get lost in the streets and gave me all that I needed to get by.

If you like it, I love it. I only wanted to please you. You taught me to be myself, different from other people. Your one and only girl and you gave me your world. It's not about riches because the love you gave is more than money can buy. Sometimes I cry I'm all choked up, but I'm built strong inside.

If I could turn back the hands of time I wouldn't change a thing because you are my love, my life, your my everything. I won't have the pleasure of you giving me away but, as far as you're concerned nobody's son was good enough anyway.

I just wanted to say that I love you and you'll forever be in my heart. I'm doing my best not to fall apart and breakdown. I'm going to hold the family down. You saw the best in me and I'll forever be grateful.

If you like it, I love it and I will honor your wishes. I'll miss you more than my heart could ever speak, but I'll mourn you till I join you Daddy, Rest In Peace.

Your one and only daughter,

Aleaya

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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