

In Loving Memory
of



Ronald Vincent Nelson

Sunrise
January 24, 1943

Sunset
December 27, 2015

Service

Wednesday, January 6, 2016 - 6:00 p.m.

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

Order of Service

Processional

Selection..... Peta Wane

Scripture Readings

Old Testament - Psalms 27:1-4..... Dwayne Gaston

New Testament - St. John 14:1-6Keysha Gaston

PrayerRev. Dr. J.G. McCann, Sr.

SelectionPeta Wane

AcknowledgementsAgnes Garvin

RemarksAgnes Garvin (will open the floor for 3min remarks)

ObituaryDarren Nelson

Selection

Eulogy..... Lera Pauling

CommittalRev. Dr. J.G. McCann, Sr.

Viewing

Recessional

Interment

*Calverton National Cemetery
Calverton, New York*

Obituary

Ronald Vincent Nelson was born January 24, 1943, the third child of Eugene and Clara Nelson. Ronnie from a young age to manhood was always a humorous individual. You could always count on him to say something funny. As a child he lived in Harlem and went to church on Sundays.

Ronald attended P.S.125 in Harlem and went to Brooklyn Automotive High School where he graduated. During his teenage years Ronnie expressed two strong desires. One was to marry his childhood sweetheart and the other to serve his country. He and his long time buddy, Johnny Denham both were unsure of which branch to serve. However it was no surprise that on March 29, 1960, he joined the United States Marine Corps. He was immediately sent to Parris Island, SC to begin training, and shortly after asked Ernestine Jackson to join him.

Ronnie and Ernestine were joined in marriage on May 7, 1961. From that union two sons were born, Darren Vincent Nelson and Kevin Steven Nelson. The Nelson family lived in Camp Lejeune, NC while he served his country. On March 28, 1966, he received an honorable discharge from the Marine Corps and came back to New York.

He then went into business for himself as a nightclub owner/manager with a brother-in-law (Paul). He also began to work for New York Bus Tours in 1965. In 1971, he entered a Drug Rehabilitation program and graduated in 1973. He later started driving for a cab service in Manhattan and moved in with his mother in Esplanade Gardens in Harlem. In 1978, Ronnie met Rosetta White and after a long courtship they were married in December 1980. Rose, as we called her, was a church girl and soon had Ronnie on the right path. They moved to Beaufort, SC where they bought a home. He went to work for Beaufort-Jasper Rural Transportation Authority. He received acclaim for being the second top driver in the state of South Carolina. He later went to work for Beaufort County Public works. Unfortunately, Rose became very sick and passed on September 28, 1987.

In 1986, he met Ramona Fields. From this relationship Veronica Nelson was born. In 1995, he returned to New York City. He went to work for the City of New York Board of Education, where he met his third wife, Alterdelle Wallace. They married on February 11, 2011. He continued to live in Esplanade Gardens while his wife lived nearby. In December of 2014, Della as we called her decided they should live together, so he finally moved in with his wife. Tragically his health began to deteriorate shortly after the move and he had to enter a nursing home. He passed on December 27, 2015. Ronnie will be remembered as being the life of the party. His last words would be, "Do I have to be quiet now?"

He leaves to mourn his Wife: Alterdelle Nelson, Sons: Darren Nelson and Kevin Nelson, Daughter: Veronica Nelson, Siblings: Lera Pauling, (Leon), Agnes (Ben) Garvin and Darryl Smith, Grandchildren: Devin Nelson, Darrin Thomas Nelson, Kevin Nelson Jr., Trey Nelson, Damien Bland and Eli Bland, Great-Grandson: Jayvin Nelson, Nieces: Debbie and Iyana Cooper, Lorraine Germany, Lera L. Pauling, Zaneta Rolle, Ayesha Fripp and Keysha Gaston, Nephews: Nathaniel Mims, Dwayne Gaston, Hazim Smith, Tyrique Taylor, SaQuan Taylor, Rashad Smith, Jamal Smith and Jermaine Barker, Cousins: Veronica Hines and Jenny Huffman; and a host of other cousins and friends.

Miss Me, But Let Me Go

When I come to the end of the
road and the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom filled room,
Why cry for a soul set free?
Miss me a little-but not too long,
and not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love that we once shared,
Miss me-but let me go.
For this is a journey that we all must take,
And each must go alone.
It's all part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick at heart,
Go to the friends we know.
Laugh at the things we use to do
Miss me-but let me go.

-author unknown

Acknowledgement

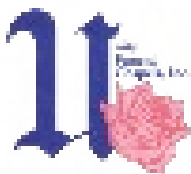
The family acknowledges with deep appreciation all acts of kindness extended to them during this bereavement hour. May God bless you for all your thoughtfulness and concern.

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