



In Loving Memory
of
Fred E. Walls



Sunrise

October 2, 1943

Sunset

December 28, 2015



Thursday, January 7, 2016 - 11:00 a.m.

Cotton Funeral Home

1025 Bergen Street • Newark, New Jersey

Pastor Michael Jordan, Officiating

Minister Timothy K. Rawls, Sr., Organist

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Reading
Old Testament
New Testament

Prayer of Comfort

Selection

Remarks
(Two minutes each please)

Acknowledgements

Obituary
Don-Nita Calhoun

Selection
Michael Watford

Eulogy
Pastor Michael Jordan
Mt. Olive Baptist Church, East Orange, NJ

Recessional

INTERMENT

Rosedale Cemetery
Linden, New Jersey

Repast
VFW
Camptown
56-58 Chestnut Ave, Irvington, NJ 07111

Obituary

The son of Leonna Walls, **Fred "Bey" Walls**, was born on October 2, 1943 in Bennettsville, South Carolina. At a young age, Fred relocated to Brooklyn, New York and was raised by his great aunt, Hattie Moody. He would then grow up to spend the majority of his life in the area known as "do or die Bed-Stuy" in Brooklyn.

Fred attended PS 35 Middle School and Wingate High School, where he made a name for himself as a basketball player. His basketball legacy still lives on in Brooklyn and to this day, you can go to PS 35 and see a plaque dedicated to Him. Who would have known years later, his son, Jaquay, would follow in his footsteps and develop a love for the game as well? Jaquay too made a name for himself as a basketball player and was drafted to the NBA, giving his father something to talk about proudly.

Fred loved sports, when he wasn't in the park discussing basketball, he was probably somewhere cheering on his favorite football team, The Dallas Cowboys. Some of his other hobbies included; playing bid whist and shooting pool. He loved music and was indeed Smokey Robinson's biggest fan. Up until his very last days, you could catch Fred in his room with his iPod playing and a word search game in hand.

After graduating, Fred started working at a dry cleaners. This is where he met Mattie "Bug" Merchant. Fred and Mattie would later marry and raise their seven children. "Bey" and "Bug" were the power couple, they owned a dry cleaning business in the same neighborhood that Fred grew up in. Fred was a loving man and a provider, everyone loved him. Especially the kids, everyone knew who to run to when they didn't want to hear the word "no". Rumor also has it that Fred was known to give a dollar to all the kids every time he saw them. This can not be confirmed because he often denied it. He taught his family to have more than one craft, although he spent most of his career in the dry cleaning industry, Fred was very handy. Its not much the man couldn't fix.

After leaving the dry cleaning business behind, Fred worked as a gas station attendant for a long time friend, Hillary Farmer. Fred was forced to stop working once he became ill.

Fred succumbed to his illness on December 28, 2015 at Robert Wood Johnson Hospital in New Brunswick, New Jersey. He was preceded in death by his mother, great aunt, wife, daughter Teresa, and granddaughter Brianna. He leaves behind to cherish his memories his children Donna, Darlene, son in law Michael, Sharon, Brian, Deshon, and Jaquay. Fourteen grandchildren Don-Nita, Da-Nisha, Sadia, Masheeka, Chanel, Kahlil, Michael, Donte', Maja, Ja'Dae, Noah, Nabria, Da-Jah, Dexter "DJ", two great grandchildren Dallas and Denver and a host of family and friends.

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To Those I Love

*To those I love and those that love me,
When I am gone, release me, let me go
I have so many things to see and do
You mustn't tie yourself to me with tears
Be happy that we had so many years.
I gave you my love, you can only guess
How much you gave me in happiness
I thank you for the love you each have shown
But now it's time I travel alone
So grieve for a while for me if you must
Then let your grief be comforted by trust.
It's only for a while that we must part
So bless the memories within your heart
I won't be far away, for life goes on
So if you need me, call and I will come
Though you can't see me or touch me, I'll be near
And if you listen with your heart you'll hear
All my love around you so soft and clear
And then, when you must come this way alone
I'll greet you with a smile and say,
"Welcome Home."*

-Author unknown

Acknowledgement

Perhaps you sent a lovely card or sat quietly in a chair.
Perhaps you sent a floral piece If so, we saw it there.
Perhaps you spoke the kindest words as any friend could say.
Perhaps you were not there at all just thought of us on that day.
Whatever you did to console our hearts, We Thank You, Whatever the part.

Professional Services Provided By

COTTON FUNERAL SERVICE
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