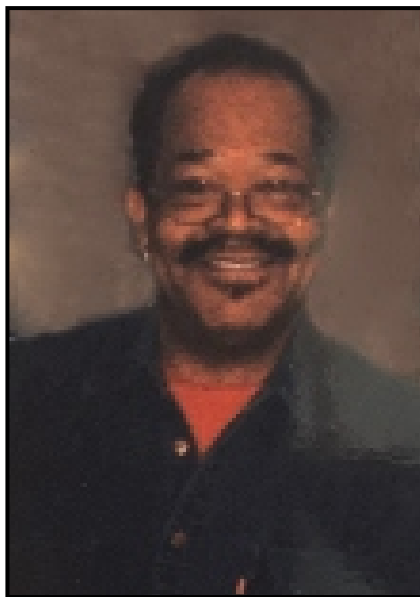


*In Loving Memory
of*



Edward Roberts

*Sunrise
August 3, 1940*

*Sunset
February 21, 2016*

*Service
Monday, February 29, 2016 - 10:00 a.m.*

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

Obituary

Edward Lee Roberts, Jr., affectionately known as "**Snook**" was born on August 3, 1940 in Mount Olive, North Carolina to the late Pearl Lee Bowen and Edward Lee Roberts, Sr. He departed this life on February 21, 2016.

He was educated in the public schools of Mount Olive, North Carolina. Edward served in the United States Army for a term of five years. In 1961, he relocated to New York and lived there until his departure.

He met and married Juanita June and to this union three children were born, Edward, Lashaunne and Kelvin.

Edward was mechanically inclined. He enjoyed working on and repairing cars and was handy with household maintenance.

Edward was a very outspoken person, he would give you his opinion whether you liked it or not.

Edward was preceded in death by two sisters, Anna Pearl Elliot and Denise Roberts, and one brother, Bobby R. Roberts.

He leaves to cherish his memory: Juanita Roberts; three children, Edward Roberts, Lashaunne Smith (Cedric) and Kelvin Roberts; two grandchildren, Jovonna Smith and Jason Smith; four sisters, Doris Jean Bynum of Mount Olive, North Carolina, Carrie Reed of New Jersey, Shirley Ross (Bishop David Ross) of West Virginia and Kay Pearsall (Jimmy) of Baltimore, Maryland; brothers-in-law, James Elliot of New York, Furman June of Grayson, Georgia and Joe Nathan June of New York; sisters-in-law, Barbara Roberts, Dallas Smith, Jonnie Sears all of New York; and a host of nieces, nephews, and other relatives and friends.

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Readings

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

Committal

Viewing

Recessional

Interment

*Calverton National Cemetery
Calverton, New York*



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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