

In Loving Memory of

A portrait of a Black man with a beard and mustache, wearing a patterned shirt, set against a background of a tropical beach with palm trees and a blue sky with clouds.

Everton Roy Wilks

Sunrise
September 2, 1962

Sunset
July 30, 2016

Service

Saturday, August 6, 2016 - 10:00 a.m.

Cotton Funeral Service

1025 Bergen Street

Newark, New Jersey

Rev. Reginald Clark, Officiating

Walt Sorey, Organist

In Remembrance of Everton Roy Wilks

September 2, 1962 was a somewhat overcast Sunday afternoon in Kingston Jamaica. William Wilks and Maveline Redden, aka Louise Redding and Miss Lou welcomed a baby boy into the world that they later named Everton Roy Wilks.

Like almost all of his siblings before him, he took his mother's flared nose and big broad smile. And like all of his brothers, he would also take his mother's inclination to hard work, pride and spirit of independence.

To say that Everton was a spirited young boy would be an understatement, for he was anything but docile. In fact, he quickly followed in the footsteps of his older brothers in demonstrating a spirit of adventure, industry and independence. He was a very committed handyman, very inquisitive and probing, and forever seeking out ways to earn extra money to offset the burdensome responsibility Miss Lou faced in raising a houseful of hungry mouths.

During the summer holidays he would find work in a sweet factory, helping to make and package sugar-sweet coconut candy (Stagga Back or Bustamante Backbone), peanut candy and sour tamarind balls. He would also scavenge empty drink bottles and bits of iron and steel, which were sold by weight.

Everton was never a shy boy or a lazy lad. He was very industrious and fiercely loyal to family and friends. He was never afraid of hard work or of getting his hands dirty. And he never squandered the results of his efforts. Fate would deal him a few bad hands, but he would always rebound with more focus and determination.

Like many of his siblings, Everton didn't have the benefit of the best education. He left school in his late teenage years in search of employment, to account for his place at the table. And no work was beneath him. Everton worked at a myriad of jobs, all of which benefited from his dignified dedication.

When he migrated to the US some three decades ago, Everton took with him the same spirit of dedication to work and thrift. He worked hard and saved equally hard. He had goals and ambitious dreams of resettling in the land of his birth.

His plans would be thwarted however, as his lifesavings were abrogated by several people throughout.

Everton was the 4th of seven boys, and the smallest in stature. He never was a stout fellow, and hardly had much height to boast of either. In fact, he grew a scrawny boy and became a strong man. But what he lacked in stature he more than made up for in integrity and valour. Never rendering an eye for an eye, even when he was the one on the losing end... These are

the intractable values and attitudes that were deeply embellished in the fabric of our family by our matriarch, Miss Lou Momma. Everton could not help but be benevolent and industrious.

When our parents separated and the family was split, most of the boys were sent to live with our father and his new family, while the young girls remained under Miss Lou's guidance.

We were not raised in the most ideal condition. But none of us stole and took anything that was never earned fairly or given in good faith.

Everton, like the rest of us, was forced into a position of self-responsibility much earlier than was ideal. The discipline of early years would however temper his disposition, and he was able to find balance in life. He never lost out on the joys of youth, even while fending for himself. And many Sunday mornings would find him in the clear blue waters of the Caribbean Sea at Victoria Pier, where the young boys would display their diving skills.

It was on one of those Sunday morning swimming adventures that he taught me the rudiments of staying afloat. After a few gallons of salt water, I would eventually get the hang of self-preservation.

Those early years of Sunday mornings at sea would eventually turn his hair a burnt red color and his skin a darker shade of black. It also made him a well-toned and athletic looking young man.

I believe he was mostly swimming because he genuinely loved the sea and the camaraderie of the many young boys who would gather to show off or to dive for coins.

Everton loved life. He lived life to the very end. He was never afraid of challenges or of taking chances. And he certainly wasn't afraid of starting over.

I believe if he ever had any regret, it probably would be that he never experienced the joy of becoming a father. But that love was never lost on the many nieces and nephews who knew him.

On the day that Everton was born, **Frankie Ifield** had the No. 1 song in the UK, a song titled "***I Remember You***". On the day that he died, July 30 2016; the world celebrated '**International Day of Friendship**'. Quite appropriately, that is how I remember my big brother... my friend.

He leaves to cherish his memory; his mother Maveline Redden (Miss Lou), his sisters, Diane Brown, Anna Wilks, Stephany and Hazel Walters, his brothers, Howard Repole, Kenneth Brown, Trevor, Willard, Rickford, Derrick and Andrew Wilks. He also had over 50 nieces and nephews and a host of extended family and friends.

Order Service

Processional

Hymn “How Great Thou Art”

Prayer Pastor Reginald Clark

Scripture Readings Pauline Natto
John 14:1-6
Matthew 5:1-12

Hymn “Amazing Grace”

2nd Scripture Reading Nadine Willis
Romans 8:35-39

Tributes

Obituary Derrick Wilks

Hymn “When We All Get To Heaven”

Solo “Mother”
Maveline Redden

Eulogy Pastor Reginald Clark

Closing Prayer

Hymn

Recessional

Graveside Song “Shall We GATHER At The River”

| |
|---|
| <p style="text-align: center;"><u>Interment</u> Rosehill Cemetery Linden, New Jersey</p> |
|---|

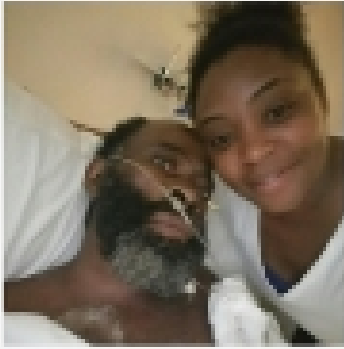
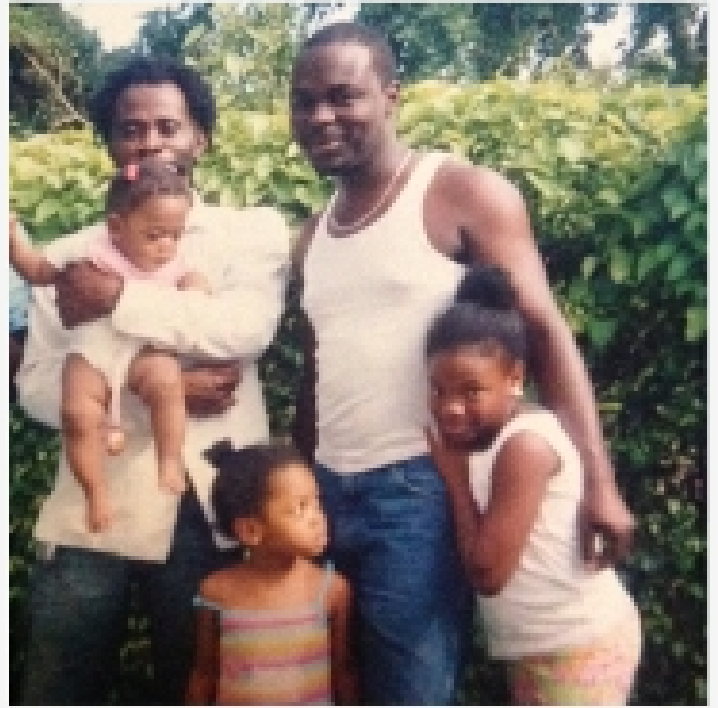
Pallbearers

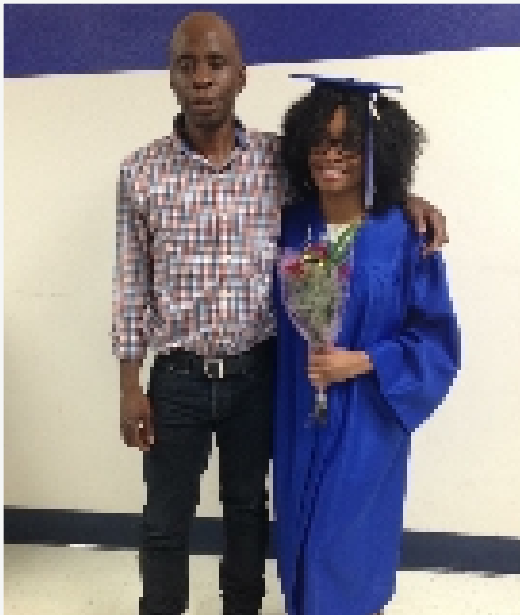
| | |
|---------------|---------------|
| Nazir Bey | Oneil Natto |
| Omar Willis | Omar Ffrench |
| Willard Wilks | Gavin Stewart |

Repast

Moon Palace Club and Sportsbar
558 Arlington Ave, Bloomfield, NJ 07003
908-313-2278 / 862-214-3061







I'm Free

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free
I'm following the path God laid for me
I took his hand when I heard Him call
I turned my back and left it all.

I could not stay another day.

To laugh, to love, to work or play.
Tasks left undone must stay that way,
I found that peace at the close of day.

If my parting has left a void,
Then fill it up with remembered joy.
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss,
Oh, yes these things I too will miss.
Be not burdened with times of sorrow,
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.

My life's been full, I savored much.
Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch.

Perhaps my time seemed all too brief,
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.

Lift up your heart and share with me,
God wanted me now, He set me free!

-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
130 Main Street 1025 Bergen Street
Orange, NJ Newark, NJ
973-675-6400 973-926-6400

COTTON-PARKER FUNERAL HOME
37 Clinton Avenue
Jersey City, NJ
201-433-1000

www.honoryou.com