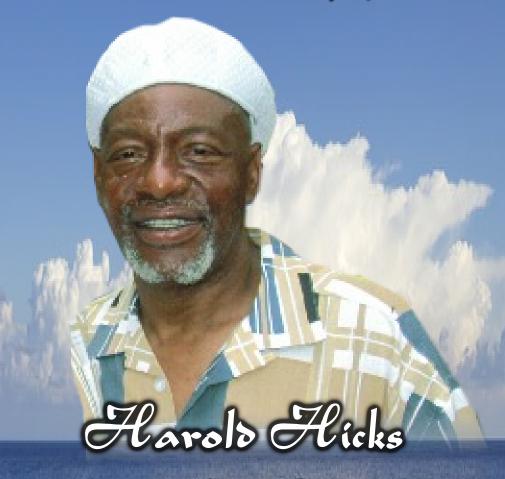
In Loving Memory of



Sunrise: October 1, 1953 Sunset: September 11, 2016

Service

Saturday, September 17, 2016 - 4:00 p.m.

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027



Harold Hicks was born in Harlem Hospital on October 1, 1953 to the late Clifford Hicks, Sr. and Mamie Hicks. He was the fifth of six children

Harold was raised in the Abraham Lincoln Projects. He was educated in the New York City school system.

Harold married Renee Hill and they had three children. He is survived by his longtime companion, Merceline Walker. For many years Harold worked as an independent entrepreneur for WB Enterprises.

Harold's passion was sports where he accumulated shelves of trophies from playing organized basketball, football and baseball in the many leagues organized by Riverside Church, Riverbank, Minisink and the Kennedy Center. Harold was a people person with a good sense of humor and was loved by many.

Harold passed away on September 11, 2016 after a long and courageous battle with several illnesses and cancer.

His siblings are Roberta Hicks, Martha Duquesnay, Vernel Hicks, Jesse Hicks, Clifford Hicks (wife, Joyce).

He is survived by and leaves to cherish his memory: his children, Harold, Jr. "Deewee" (wife, Tammy), Malik "Leekee", and Sakeena (preceded him in death in 1998); three grandchildren; two great grandchildren; and many nieces, nephews and close friends.

Order of Service

Organ Prelude	Rev. David Jenkins
Presiding	Elder F. M. Baylor Serenity Restoration Ministries
Processional	Clergy and Family
Invocation	Pastor Vernon Hicks
Hymn	Prayz'n Hymn
Scripture Readings Old Testament New Testament	
Solo	Pastor Vernon Hicks 2nd Coming of Jesus Christ
Prayer of Comfort	Deacon Jessie Myers
Selection	Min. Gary Samuels Metropolitan B.C.
Acknowledgement of Cards/Condolences	sTalibah Hicks
Remarks	Family and Friends
Selection	Prayz'n Hymn
Obituary	Angelique Benjamin
Sermonic Solo	
Eulogy	
Final Viewing	
Benediction	
Recessional	
Final Disposition	Oxford Hills Crematory Chester, New York

Come To Me

God saw she was getting tired And a cure was not to be So He gently closed those loving eves And whispered "Come to me" The days of toil and nights of pain The weary hours have passed The patient gentle worn out frame Has found sweet rest at last. Day and night we stood by her And saw her in pain. Anxiously awaiting her cure But our waiting was in vain. God who knoweth all things best Eased her suffering, gave her rest She is gone but not forgotten, Never will our memories fade Sweetest thoughts of her will ever linger Round the place where she rests.

-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.

Repast

The Brownstone
4 West 122nd Street • New York, NY 10027

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