



*In Loving  
Memory  
of*

*Lester Nick Burnett, Sr.*

*Sunrise: March 22, 1923*

*Sunset: November 10, 2016*

Service

*Saturday, November 19, 2016 - 12:00 Noon*

**UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.**

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

## Obituary

**Lester Nick Burnett** was born on the Island of St. Thomas, Virgin Islands on March 22, 1923. His father, the late Eldred Burnett and his mother was known throughout West 119th Street as "Miss Sarah". The family came to the United States at his early age of seven.

They lived on East 128th Street on 5th Avenue and he had enjoyable times with the Collier Brothers. Years later the family moved to West 119th Street along with his sister, Gloria. They went to P.S. 10 on 119th Street. After graduating, he went to Cooper Junior High School 184. While there he studied the trumpet and played in the school band with the late Elmo Hope and Louis Drake.

There was an outside program in his school that taught students a trade. He was taught arc welding at Bethlehem Shipyard in Brooklyn. After graduating, he went to New York Automotive Trade School on 138th Street. After two years he left, definitely with his mother's consent and went to the Civilian Conservation Camp. While there he was taught forest preservation, how to build roads and bridge reservoirs, and how to plant trees. As you travel in Upstate New York, those pine trees on the side of the mountain was planted by the C. C. Corp.

He became a truck driver and later a driving instructor. On December 5, 1942, he volunteered for the 9th Cavalry. The basic training was in Camp Upton and was shipped to Fort Clark, Texas with many from the neighborhood. Many of the young soldiers from New York had never been confronted by certain things, names that they were called and being mistreated, even the tumbleweeds was prejudice. Later the 27th Cavalry was formed and before going overseas it became the 92nd Division. They fought the system as best they could; but they could not beat that system, so they had to let them go. That is when his love for horses began. Every Sunday morning he would go horseback riding and took anyone who wanted to learn. He worked in Harlem's famed, Apollo as an usher. He met everyone, band leaders, comics, and male and female singers. After the then owner Mr. Schiffman passed, he got a job driving for Interstate Truck for 35 years. He had plenty of time to enjoy photography, hunting, fishing and horseback riding. He joined the 369th Veterans Association and became a life member and became an active member and marched in the Martin Luther King, Jr. Parade on 5th Avenue and the Afro-American Day Parade in Harlem until his knees could no longer take it.

After whirlwind courtships, he met the late Mavis Brown and through that union, Lester and Carlton was born.

On November 10, 2016, Nick left to cherish his memories: his sons, Lester and Carlton Burnett; nieces, Chris Ferguson and Tina Callender; goddaughter, Francis Wordelle; grandchildren, Cindy Cobb, Latrice Burnett-Singleton, Karl Humphrey, Sr. and Monti Burnett-Maloney; great grands, Tianna and Parrish Cobb, Karl Humphrey, Jr., Sienna, Deven Rose and Greyson Maloney, Elijah, Joshua and Sanaa Singleton; great great grands, Za' Vion, Ky' Bayen Humphrey and Jayden Yanez.

**We all love Nick, but God loves him best!!!**

# *Order of Service*

*Processional*

*Selection*

*Scripture Readings*

*Prayer*

*Selection*

*Acknowledgements*

*Remarks*

*Obituary*

*Rasheehad Boyd*

*Selection*

*Eulogy*

*Committal*

*Viewing*

*Recessional*

*Final Disposition*

*Oxford Hills Crematory*

*Chester, New York*

## *The Last Request*

Please don't say that I gave up  
Just say that I gave in.  
Don't say I lost the battle  
For it's God's war to lose or win.  
Please don't say how good I was  
But that I did my best  
Just say I tried to do what's right  
To give the most I could, not less.  
Please don't give me wings or halos,  
that's for God to do.  
I want no more than what I deserve  
No extras, just my due  
Don't be concerned with me now  
Don't talk about what could have been  
It's over and done  
Just see to all my family's needs  
The battle has been won  
When you draw a picture of me  
Don't draw me as a saint  
I've done some good, I've done some wrong  
In fact, don't put me down on canvas,  
Paint me in your heart  
Don't just remember the good times  
But remember the bad  
For life is full of many things  
Some happy and some sad.  
But if you must do something  
Then I have one last request.  
Forgive me for the wrongs I've done  
And with the love that's left  
Thank God for my soul's resting,  
Thank God for all who loved me,  
PRAISE GOD who loved me best.  
I still love you madly.



## *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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