In Loving Memory of

Julian Gilliard

"Pops"

Sunrise: October 13, 1925

Sunset: January 9, 2017

<u>Service</u>

Saturday, January 14, 2017 - 11:00 a.m.

MT. CALVARY-BAPTIST CHURCH

231 W. 142nd Street • New York, NY-10030 Reverend Charles Butler, Pastor Officiating

<u>Obituary</u>

Julian E. Gilliard, affectionately known as "Pops", was born on October 13, 1925, in Charleston, South Carolina, to Alonzo Gilliard and Virginia Gilliard (nee' Nelson). He was later joined by siblings, Lena Carey and Julius "Fats" Gilliard. Pops was lovingly raised by his Aunt Viola Richardson upon the death of his mother when he was six years old.

Charleston proved too small for Pops. He wanted to see the world, so he enlisted in the United States Army. After distinguished and highly decorated service he was honorably discharged from the Army and he migrated to New York City and made it his permanent home.

His early years in New York proved to be fruitful, sons, Ronald, Jimmy and Eric were born to him during this time. He became somewhat of a Renaissance Man. He was a musical promoter and impresario. A man who could break down the riffs of Coltrane & Miles Davis, but easily drop science about Con-Funk-Shun and Al Green.

However, it was his career as a restaurateur that lead to his wooing and winning the love of his life, Betty Wells. You know it's hard to resist a man who can cook. Fried chicken and true love won out. He and Betty married and the other love of Pops life, Tywanda, was the blessing of that union.

There really aren't enough adjectives to describe the depth of the love and respect that people had for Pops. However, Husband, Father, Confidant, Friend, Philanthropist and Patriarch are a few descriptions that come to mind.

Pops never met a stranger; all those he encountered either became a friend or were added as a member of his extended family.

Pops leaves to cherish his memory: his wife, Betty; daughter, Tywanda; granddaughter, Lisa Gilliard; grandson, Erick; great grandchildren, Erick, Jr., Jeremiah, Da'Lila and Kennedy; and a host of nieces, nephews, family and friends.

Order of Service

Organ PreludeDante Hawkins
Hymn of Comfort"I Won't Complain" - Ann Chaney "One Day At A Time" - Ebelena Anderson
Scripture Readings Job 42:10-12
Prayer of Comfort
ReflectionsFamily and Friends
ObituaryLoraine Benjamin
EulogyPastor Anthony Arthur Harris
Closing HymnDante Hawkins
Benediction
Recessional

Interment

Calverton National Cemetery Calverton, New York





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

Heknowledgement

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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