

*In Loving Memory of*  
**Kenneth Marshall**



*Sunrise: November 4, 1922*

*Sunset: April 3, 2017*

*Thursday, April 13, 2017*

*Viewing: 11:00 a.m. - 12:00 Noon*

*Service: 12:00 Noon*

**UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.**

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

*Rev. Dr. J.G. McCann, Sr., Officiating*

*Rev. David Jenkins, Organist*

## *Obituary*

**Kenneth John Marshall** was born on November 4, 1922 in Harlem Hospital. He was the last son and the sixth child of Helena Lowe Marshall and Fritz Marshall and we called him "Kenny".

Mr. Marshall grew up in Harlem and Harlem was his playground. Kenny went to trade school at 139th Street between Fifth and Malcolm X Blvd. (Lenox Ave.) and did well. It did not hurt to have a bright mind, photographic memory and gifted hands. Kenneth graduated, became an entrepreneur and had many businesses by himself and also with his family.

Kenny could build just about anything and was amazing with metal and could re-purpose it building e.g. fire escapes, stairs, etc. He was one of the first to recycle long before it became popular.

Kenny Marshall had a great sense of humor and could make you laugh at his stories and jokes anywhere and anytime. He could talk and tell stories, a true Master Griot. Kenny was wise and very smart; to prove it, he married Agatha Wheatland on August 26, 1946 at a young age, and true love endured for over 68 years until she passed away on October 2, 2013. Kenny served in the U.S. Army during World War II, stationed in Europe. He worked at Harlem Hospital for over thirty years before he retired from the Radiology Department. In addition, Kenny volunteered at the same hospital and other nursing homes in the community.

Mr. Marshall also was in Real Estate and would often proudly tell of his ownership of properties throughout New York City in every borough except Staten Island. Kenny had his construction businesses and his Organization of Buy Black Campaign to empower his people to own and control Harlem and the Harlems of the world. He was a Garveyite.

Kenny was the life of any party or event that he and his wife Aggie would attend and he loved to dance. Kenny lived a full and blessed life surrounded by women he loved and whom loved and cared for him: his Grandmother, Mother, Wife, Mother-in-law and Sisters, and he cared for them also. Mr. Marshall was always willing and able to help and share with anyone including his co-workers and especially his neighbors wherever he lived: Hollis Queens, on Strivers Row or Concourse Village East. He was involved with the 139th Street Strivers Row Block Association where he was very resourceful and also built the bandstands for the block parties. In Concourse Village he was active with the Owners' Association to improve the standard of living for the residents there. Lastly, Mr. Marshall would do things for people that most would not do, that is to lend or give you money.

Mr. Kenneth John Marshall is survived by: his sister, Grace Crosdale; great great nephew, Kemo Allen; nephews, Musa Camara, Shaka Lumumba and John Wheatland, Jr.; nieces, Lynette Crosdale, Malikah Divine, Patricia Grayson, Alberta Hall, Colette Hayes and Earnestine Temple; and a host of other family members and loving friends.

# *Order of Service*

Scripture

Selection

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

Selection

Committal

Viewing

Recessional

*Final Disposition*

*Oxford Hills Crematory  
Chester, New York*

# Keep Cool

by Marcus Garvey

Suns have set and suns will rise  
Upon many gloomy lives;  
Those who sit around and say:  
"Nothing good comes down our way."  
Some say: "What's the use to try,  
Life is awful hard and dry."  
If they'd bring such news to you,  
This is what you ought to do.

Let no trouble worry you;  
Keep cool, keep cool!  
Don't get hot like some folk do,  
Keep cool, keep cool!  
What's the use of prancing high  
While the world goes smiling by.  
You can win if you would try,  
Keep cool, keep cool.

Throw your troubles far away,  
Smile a little every day,  
And the sun will start to shine,  
Making life so true and fine.  
Do not let a little care  
Fill your life with grief and fear:  
Just be calm, be brave and true,  
Keep your head and you'll get through.

Let no trouble worry you;  
Keep cool, keep cool!  
just be brave and ever true;  
Keep cool, keep cool!  
If they'd put you in a flame,  
Though you should not bear the blame,  
Do not start to raising cane,  
Keep cool, keep cool.

## 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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