

Moses Hunter

Sunrise: March 2, 1921 Sunset: November 16, 2017

Service

Saturday, November 25, 2017 - 11:00 a.m.

St. Paul's Community Church

256 W. 145th Street • New York, NY 10039

<u>Obituary</u>

Moses S. Hunter (fondly known as Steve), was born March 2, 1921, Abbeville, South Carolina. He was the eighth child out of thirteen children of William and Louella Hunter. The family moved to New York City around the 1940's, and all dwelled close to each other in Manhattan.

Moses did odd jobs but eventually went to night school and landed a position with the Electrical Union as a Steel and Metal Cutter. He became disabled and retired. He had several surgeries and respiratory ailments through his life, but he was a strong man. God was with him and he survived them all, as his life span proves.

Moses dated beautiful women but never married and remained a bachelor. He had a serious nature but was very social and respected by his friends. He could make a joke at the drop of a hat, and would make a broad smile with a jolly laugh. He also appreciated a good joke. Moses relied on his nieces and nephews over the years. Nieces, Pearl and Carmelita and nephew, Bill Clark were his go to for business assistance. When Pearl and Bill's health declined, Carmelita continued to hang in there with him. All of his relatives loved him. All twelve siblings pre-deceased. Moses is the last that God called home.

He leaves behind to mourn him: sister-in-law, Christina Hunter (children); nieces, Ruby Hunter, Gwendolyn Stoudmire (Donald) and Jolene Hunter; nephews, Raymond Hunter (Mary), Anthony Hunter and Kevin Hunter (Sheryl); nieces, Pearl England, Carmelita Williams, Loretta, Linda and Mattie Hunter; nephew, William Clark (Louella); and a host of grand and great, great-great grand nieces and nephews and family and friends.

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Readings

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

Committal

Viewing

Recessional

<u>Interment</u>

Calverton National Cemetery Calverton, New York

Miss Me, But Let Me Go

When I come to the end of the road and the sun has set for me, I want no rites in a gloom filled room, Why cry for a soul set free? Miss me a little-but not too long, and not with your head bowed low. Remember the love that we once shared, Miss me-but let me go. For this is a journey that we all must take, And each must go alone. It's all part of the Master's plan, A step on the road to home. When you are lonely and sick at heart, Go to the friends we know. Laugh at the things we use to do Miss me-but let me go.

-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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