

**CELEBRATING THE LIFE
OF**

Alden W. Young, Jr.

Sunrise: December 30, 1973

Sunset: November 27, 2017

Memorial Service:

Saturday, December 2, 2017 - 4pm - 8pm

IYO

703 S. 12th Street • Newark, New Jersey

Reginald Steele, Officiating



Obituary

Alden W. Young Jr. was born December 30, 1973 to Emma Irene Jackson and Alden Young Sr. in Newark, NJ to a very large and loving family.



Growing up Alden was educated in the Newark Public School System where he attended the Miller Street School. Alden could always be remembered as being a total jokester, and everyone in the neighborhood knew he loved to jump cars. Always being a man about business he left school and had many jobs he proudest job title was being an entrepreneur and owning his own store. Where he worked until on November 17, 2012 he was struck and dragged approximately 25 feet by car. After his accident due to the severity of his injuries he remained at the UMDNJ Hospital in Newark, NJ until he became housed in March 2013 at the Westfield Medical Center and Nursing Home.

On November 27, 2017, he took his last breathe and entered into eternal peace. No more Pain, no more Surgeries, no more hospital visits, no more loneliness, no more suffering. He fought a long and hard fight.

Alden is preceded in death by his father Alden Young Sr.

He leaves to cherish his memory his mother Emma Irene Young. His siblings Norman Jackson, Bridgette Jackson, Gidgette Jackson, and Maxine Young-Coleman.

He also leaves behind his Beloved Astor Street Family, his brothers sister, aunts, uncles, moms cousins, nieces, and nephews from the ASP. We appreciate y'all all so much for loving and being loved by Odio.



Old Times
Home Ties
the most
and more

Family
Con



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

Acknowledgement

Perhaps you sent a lovely card or sat quietly in a chair.
Perhaps you sent a floral piece If so, we saw it there.
Perhaps you spoke the kindest words as any friend could say.
Perhaps you were not there at all just thought of us on that day.
Whatever you did to console our hearts, We Thank You, Whatever the part.

Professional Services Provided By

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130 Main Street
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973-675-6400

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