

In Loving Memory of



Luis A. Iglesias

Sunrise: September 18, 1944

Sunset: December 25, 2017

Service

Saturday, January 6, 2018 - 3:00 p.m.

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

Obituary

*“To Everything There Is A Season, And A Time For Every Purpose Under The Sun”
Ecclesiastes 3:1*

Luis Alfonso Iglesias departed this earthly life on Monday, December 25, 2017.

He was born on September 18, 1944 in Harlem, New York to Luis and Rosetta Iglesias. His father preceded him in death.

Luis received his education and graduated from Charles Evans High School in Manhattan, New York. After graduating he went to Commerce Food Trade. He loved to cook. Luis was very athletic. He played basketball, baseball, and ran track. He enjoyed bike riding, fishing, and shooting pool. He was a lover of Jazz music and picture drawing. His friends nicknamed him “Jap” because he loved to box.

Luis “Jap” leaves to cherish his loving memories: his mother, Rosetta Iglesias, New York City; two sons, Louis Iglesias, Moreno Vally, CA and Michael Iglesias, Olympia, Washington; one daughter, Naja Iglesias “Daddy’s Girl”, Bronx, New York; four sisters, Jean Hall, Hampton, VA, Yvonne Williams, Fayetteville, NC, Ruby Hines, Orlando, FL, Denise Markland, Teaneck, NJ; three brothers, Victor Iglesias, Bronx, NY, Kevin Jones, New York, NY and Marvin Jones, Columbia, Maryland; seven grandchildren, Gabrielle (Gabby), Lauren, Jaylen, Emily, Lily, Anna and Makela; one uncle, Jimmy McLemore; eight nieces; nine nephews; as well as a host of friends.

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Readings

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

Committal

Viewing

Recessional

Final Disposition

*Oxford Hills Crematory
Chester, New York*

Togetherness

Death is nothing at all - I have only slipped away into the next room. Whatever we were to each other, that we are still. Call me by my old familiar name, speak to me in the easy way which you always used. Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together. Play, smile, think of me, pray for me. Let my name be the household word it always was. Let it be spoken without effort. Life means all that it ever meant. It is the same as it ever was: there is absolutely unbroken continuity. Why should I be out of your mind because I am out of your sight? I am but waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near, just around the corner. All is well. Nothing is past: nothing is lost. One brief moment and all will be as before — only better, infinitely happier and forever we will all be one together with Christ.

-Author unknown

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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