

Tribute to Dudley Wesley King

“It singeth low in every heart we hear it each and all, a song of those who answer not, however we may call. They throng the silence of the breast, we see them as of yore, the kind, the brave, the sweet, who walk with us no more”.

Dudley King, affectionately called Jiggs, was born in the community of Bessie Baker, Mount Peto, in the parish of Hanover, Jamaica, to parents Ida James and Henry King. He received his early education at the Mount Peto Elementary School where he completed his studies and later enlisted in the Jamaica Constabulary Force. Being anxious to join his then wife Gloria (mother of Jackie and Sharon), Jiggs shortly after, moved to the United States of America where he resided for about fifty years, until the time of his death. Who was this man? He was a family-oriented man, a man who kept close to his mother, his children and grandchildren, his wife, his nieces and nephews. Jiggs was also close with his brothers and sisters.

Jiggs spent Christmas in Jamaica in 2003. This was the first and only time he spent Christmas in Jamaica since migrating. This was the last time he would see our mother who passed away in early 2004. As brothers and sisters, we all came together for that final celebration of our mother's life, and he was pleased that he had been given the chance to see her just before she passed away. When James Brown and Dudley Brissett brothers-in-law passed away in 2004 and 2008 respectively, Jiggs was a tower of strength to his sisters Monica and Eletha. Jiggs gave his wholehearted support in every aspect of the planning and organizing of those ceremonies.

Whenever he visited Jamaica, friends and family always endeavored to see him. They would bring bush tea of all kinds, including Lemon Grass, Mint, Guinea Hen, Leaf Of Life, Kola Seed, Coffee, and Dandelion. In the meantime, he would be busy in the kitchen preparing a variety of food for everyone. No one would be left out when he comes around.

Our deep sympathies to his dear wife, Mary, daughters Jackie and Nicole, and his grandchildren. His sisters Eletha, Iona, Winnifred, Monica, nieces, nephews, host of friends, and the community family of Bessie Baker, share in the grief of his loss. We also extend our gratitude to the doctors and nurses who cared for him in his final days. God bless you all.

After all is said and done, let us be comforted in this thought:

*“Though sad we mark the closing eye
of those we loved in days gone by,
yet sweet in death their latest song
We'll meet again twill not be long”.*

The Broken Chain

*We little knew that day,
God was going to call your name.
In life we loved you dearly,
In death, we do the same.*

*It broke our hearts to lose you.
You did not go alone.
For part of us went with you,
The day God called you home.*

*You left us beautiful memories,
Your love is still our guide.
And although we cannot see you,
You are always at our side.*

*Our family chain is broken,
And nothing seems the same,
But as God calls us one by one,
The chain will link again.
Author: Ron Tranmer*

Acknowledgments

The family would like to express their deep appreciation and sincere thanks for all acts of kindness shown to them during their time of bereavement.

Professional Service Entrusted To:

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In Loving Memory of



Dudley King

**Sunrise
January 2, 1948**

**Sunset
April 22, 2020**

**Service:
Friday, May 1, 2020 - 11:00 am**

**MCCALL'S BRONXWOOD FUNERAL HOME
4035 Bronxwood Avenue • Bronx, New York 10466**

Rev. Craig Johnson, Officiating

Obituary

In memory of our beloved

DUDLEY WESLEY KING

Your life was a blessing
Your memory a treasure
You are loved beyond words
And missed beyond measure

Dudley Wesley King, son, brother, uncle, father, husband, friend, and acquaintance to all. Dudley, affectionately called "Jiggs" was first and foremost a family man. Born on January 2, 1948, he was the seventh of seven children of Ida May James, and son of Henry King. He was born at Mount Peto, in the parish of Hanover, Jamaica. Dudley is survived by his second wife Mary, his two daughters Jackie and Sharon, son-in-law Everoy Robinson, brother-in-law Nelson Weller, six grandchildren and three great grandchildren. His life will forever be cherished by his surviving siblings Eletha, Iona, Winnifred and Monica. He also leaves behind, many nieces and nephews, cousins, friends and numerous associates. Even in retirement Dudley remained close with a number of his colleagues from the Board of Education where he worked for decades as Guidance Counsellor and Recruiter.

Dudley was an anchor for the family, and curiously lived in the same community for about forty years.

He attended the Mount Peto Primary School, in Mount Peto, Jamaica. Later he trained at the Police Training School in Jamaica, and joined the Jamaica Constabulary Force. Thereafter, Dudley worked in Montego Bay, Jamaica until he migrated to the United States of America in his very early twenties to join his wife, Gloria Chapman (deceased), mother of his two children. During his early years in New York, Dudley worked as an independent taxi operator. Dudley often credits that job with helping him to get his footing after he migrated, and as the years went on, Dudley had other dreams and goals. Fueled by his determination to move into a more structured work environment and to create better opportunities for his family, he took a decision to transition into the field of Education. Our family in Jamaica is from a farming community, where we lived off the land. From an early age, our mother instilled in us, the value of a good education.

Dudley attended Lehman College earning both a Bachelor of Education and Masters of Education, and had the honor of graduating as class valedictorian. It is important to understand the context of Dudley's achievement. A young immigrant man from Jamaica, who held on to the values instilled in him growing up in Jamaica, and who availed himself of the opportunities in the United States of America. Dudley, continued to work while studying and supporting his family and his dream. He tackled the hurdles head on by earning his General Education Certificate, and thereafter matriculating for undergraduate studies. There were

struggles, but always the man to see the "possibilities" he persevered. For approximately three decades Dudley worked consistently with the Board of Education until his retirement a few years ago.

Dudley Wesley King was the embodiment of what it means to be devoted to one's children. As the years went by, he grew into his fatherly role and embraced joy the challenges of raising children. He gave his children and grandchildren, unconditional love, and they in return, loved him tremendously. Dudley's love extended to his nieces and nephews as if they were his own children and generally, he functioned as the core of our family. It was around him whom the family coalesced. Whether it's the celebration of a new life, a marriage, an educational accomplishment, starting out in the work world, a new business venture, a family member being ill, a wedding, a family member starting over, whatever Dudley did, and however Dudley contributed he did so with the best intentions. It may sound too good to be true, but it was true. Everybody has flaws, and he had his, but none of those things outweighed his love of family, or our love of him. Dudley was a fun-loving person with a generous spirit, and pleasant personality. He worked tirelessly as an educator; indeed, he was an industrious man of all trades in the home.

His wife Mary considered him a devoted husband, who placed her needs before his own. Together they created a happy and comfortable home. They shopped together, they cooked together and they dined together. Dudley enjoyed spending time at home with his wife and receiving his children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren.

Dudley, the great host and entertainer whether for a single visitor, a small family gathering or a major event. When he catered to us, he was at his best, it made him happy to gather all the family in one place. He was the ultimate host. You name it, Thanksgiving Dinner, Christmas Dinner, Brunches, Barbeques, and oh the massive family reunion in Jamaica. These events were where we shared what was happening in our lives, discussed issues, solved problems, and mended bridges. Dudley loved the outdoors, and barbeques were his opportunity to show case his back-yard garden after single handedly carefully selecting his plants and flowers and nurturing them to maturity. He loved colors and he especially loved decorating a Christmas tree. For him making the tree beautiful was like playing with a toy, it was his toy, after perfecting his handy work, he would unveil it to the pleasure of all with a grin. Dudley always ensured there was a gift under that tree for family and visitors. He enjoyed sports generally, and personally played tennis and volley ball. He was a great dancer too, especially at the barbeques, where he would play his Jamaican music to the delight of all. Dudley took pride in his appearance; and was very fashionable. If Dudley had not gone into the field of Education, he would have succeeded as a master buyer a well sought after, professional personal shopper. No matter the gender or age, no matter the occasion or season, no matter your personal taste, Dudley was a master shopper for all. You see it's the love that went into doing the things he did for his family, that made everyday actions and tasks seem super special, and overly significant.

A branch has fallen from the family tree. Oh, what a massive loss. Yet Dudley's voice rings out and says:

"Grieve not for me.
Remember the best times, the laughter, the song.
The good life I lived while I was strong.
Continue my heritage, I'm counting on you.
Keep smiling and surely the sun will shine through.
My mind is at ease, my soul is at rest.
Remembering all, how I truly was blessed.
Continue traditions, no matter how small.
Go on with your life, don't worry about falls.
I miss you all dearly, so keep up your chin.
Until the day comes when we are together again."

Dudley loved to travel whether it be to the Caribbean, throughout the USA, Canada or to Europe. Island to visit family. In his younger years he would also drive to other parts of the country, just to see and know new places. On these road trips he is never without a packed igloo and a basket of scrumptious sandwiches and a variety of food.

He enjoyed going to exclusive dinners and dances, and doing his favorite one-foot dance with Mary. They even hosted some of these events at their residence.

One of my most unforgettable memories from Jamaica is our family reunion in 1998. Dudley coordinated the event he started planning months in advance. He designed and printed T-Shirts for all and packed as much food and supplies as was allowed in barrels and suitcases. As soon as he got to Jamaica, he started a major redecorating of the family home. Once he settled on the menu, on the day of the event he started churning out a large variety of foods, and people kept coming back for second and third helpings. Even recently people back home identified him with salmon cakes and cod fish fritters. He always spoke delightfully about the family reunion. The event was built around celebrating the life of our mother the matriarch of the family. It was a joyous time. This event was Dudley's brainchild and he was pleased with how everyone came together as a family and rallied to make the occasion among the memorable events of our lifetime.

Dudley was a man of tradition. He grew up in tradition and the experiences influenced him to create his own traditions for his immediate family. Growing up, our mother cooked more than enough on a Sunday. People who passed by would call out and ask if they could get some dinner and our mother would never refuse a person. Our mother would also offer meals to others in the community who were in need. Dudley's task as a child was to run out with the packaged food and deliver it with any other item requested. These experiences taught him to share. As children, we lived on large acreages of farm land in rural Jamaica and on Sundays Dudley looked forward right after dinner to the children in the community and at home gathering to play rounders. We would also walk and race on stilts, and generally as friends just have a happy time playing. Through these activities he learned the spirit of comradeship. Dudley and his siblings would go into the woods, which Dudley called the gully, to pick fruits. We also planted flowers around the house to beautify the yard and we helped with planting the food garden. These seemingly simple activities of working together and playing together and taking pride in our humble home, were values learnt as a child, which became ingrained in Dudley and distinctively shaped his personality.