

In Loving Memory of



Rodney Benson Holland Sr.

August 18, 1942 – May 31, 2020

Service

Thursday, June 11, 2020

Owens Funeral Home

216 Lenox Avenue • New York, NY 10027

*Mr. Bruce Jones, Officiant
Times Square Church (TSC)
Reverend Angel Garcia, Eulogist*



Order of Service

Bruce Jones, Officiant

Invocation	Bruce Jones, T.S.C.
Solo	It Is Well With My Soul
Scripture Reading.....	Reverend Michele Bowman
Old Testament.....	Psalms 23
New Testament	2 Timothy 4: 7-8
Prayer of Comfort	Evangelist Tyler Sain, T.S.C.
Poem	Carol Bonner, Sister
Solo	The Best In Me
Reflections	Elder Jerry Hampton, T.S.C. Nicole Diaz, T.S.C. (Military Ministry) Terrance Cook, T.S.C. (Welcome Team) Elder Donavan Williams Daniel Barber, Citywide Council Chairman & President of Andrew Jackson Houses Jovan Holland, Grandson
Card Acknowledgments	Homal Cook, T.S.C.
Obituary	Homal Cook, T.S.C.
Eulogy	Revered Angel Garcia
Benediction	Revered Angel Garcia
Closing Song.....	I'll Rise Again

Interment

Friday, June 12, 2020 at 11:00 AM

Mount Rest Cemetery
15 Kakeout Road Butler, New Jersey 07405

Obituary

Rodney Benson Holland Sr. was born on August 18, 1942 to the late William Howard Holland Sr. and the late Clarice S. Jones at Sydenham Hospital in Harlem, New York. He was the middle child.

Rodney was raised in the Bronx. He attended Public School 63 and Junior High School 40. In 1960, he graduated from Morris High School. After high school, Rodney attended college for 2 years.

Rodney began his career at the United States Postal Service. In due time, Rodney worked his way up to becoming a Finance Manager and promoted to Postmaster General. He retired from the United States Postal Services after 35 years of dedicated service.

In 1993, Rodney attended a service at Times Square Church. In his words, he went to Times Square Church chasing after a woman but ended up chasing God. Rodney made Times Square Church his home church after hearing Pastor David Wilkerson's sermon. While attending Times Square Church, Rodney faithfully served on the Hospitality Ministry, Senior Ministry and Military Ministry. He also sung in the Senior Choir. Rodney shared that one day while making a sandwich, God told him to feed the homeless. Soon thereafter, Rodney started the Rodney Ministry where he would feed the homeless outside the church every Tuesday. Rodney loved Times Square Church and often invited others to attend or view their live-stream services. Rodney was a God-fearing Man. He loved the Lord and sent daily inspirational messages to his loved ones.

In 2002, Rodney met Verlean. His attraction to her evolved into a relationship. During their courtship, their love grew. On July 31, 2004, Rodney married the love of his life, Verlean. He loved his wife, calling her "God's gift to me" and he showed his love to her every day. Rodney and Verlean were featured in an article titled, "Love at Last" in the November 2007 issue of O, The Oprah Magazine. Their union was authentic and blissful.

Rodney was also affectionately known as "Pop." From an early age, Pop loved sports. As a teen, Rodney played high school basketball. As an adult, Pop coached the New York Jets, New York Nets and New York Yankees loyally from his Man Cave. Pop was a devoted Jets and Yankees fan. He was also a professional bowler (nickname Boomer). Throughout the country, Pop won championships and prizes, including 2 Cadillac vehicles.

Pop loved his family and friends. He enjoyed playing spades and watching television with them. He was competitive, opinionated, and outspoken. Pop was caring. He would call his family often to check on them. Pop was a wise man, who shared his knowledge about history and current events. Pop was also loving, and he consistently told his loved ones, I love you more!

After a short illness, Rodney transitioned this life on May 31st, 2020.

Rodney leaves to cherish his memories his loving wife, Verlean, two sons, Calvin and Rodney Jr (deceased), one daughter, Roselyn, three grandsons, Rodney III (Katherine), Jovan and Christian, one granddaughter, Brittany, three great-grandchildren, Nazir Bush, Royal and Kali, thirteen bonus children, Raycenia Moyer (Sam), Angelo Barnes, Andre Barnes (deceased), Gregory Barnes (Tonya), Alicia Barnes (Command Master Chief, Ret., USN), Tyrone Barnes, Daniel Barber, Garfield Pellew, Alex McCaskey Jr. (deceased), Gregory Morton, Cora Holgate, Rosalyn Morton and Shawndera Jenkins, eleven bonus grandchildren, Kavonna Long, Dartrell Barnes, Charisma Taylor, Britton Brown, Janae Barnes, Andre Barnes, Aaron Barnes, Tyler McAllister, Shawntean Barnes, Michael Towns and Keon Riggins, three bonus great-grandchildren, Serenity Taylor, MaKenzie Norvell and Kimora Long, one brother, William Howard Holland Jr (Michelle), one sister, Carol Ann Bonner, one niece, Leontyne, three Sister-in-Laws, Naomi Lamb, Vera Mae Barnes and Melva Hannah (Zeke) of Coward, SC, four spiritual sons, Angel Garcia, Bruce Jones (Sonya), Robert Lewis and Bobby Sukaran, his long-time childhood friend Margaret Borders of Chesterfield, VA and a host of extended relatives and friends.





Reflections From The Family

Verlean: To my dear husband, Rodney Sr, I am so lost without you. I am going to miss holding your hand at night in the bed, when we prayed and when we listened to music. I am also going to miss when you would lift your hand, call out to God. You would thank God for saving us, for keeping us and for giving you the best gift in your life, your “wonderful wife.” I am going to miss going to our doctor’s appointments together, standing in church holding hands praising the Lord and you trying to out sing the choir. I will miss the road trips to Virginia to see the girls, you telling me 5 times a day, “I love you and shopping in BJ’s, while I shop and you sit. I thank God for you, Rod. You have been such a wonderful, loving and caring husband. It was always a pleasure taking care of you. You were easy to love. You were my friend, my rock. God sent you many friends that love you, old and young. I’m missing you but I know you are in God’s loving hands. Goodbye my sweetheart, my love. I miss you tremendously and I love you eternally.”

Calvin: Earnestly remember your Creator before the silver cord [of life] is broken, or the golden bowl is crushed, or the pitcher at the fountain is shattered and the wheel at the cistern is crushed; then the dust [out of which God made man’s body] will return to the earth as it was, and the spirit will return to God who gave it.” Ecclesiastes 12:6-7 (AMP) One of my fondest memories of my father is when Pop, my brother and I drove to the Million Man March in 1995. I will never forget that feeling of spending time with my father and my brother. It's one of the times that I'll never forget. Seeing all the brothers and experiencing that unity was something that I am glad that I did and that I was able to do with my father and my brother.

Rodney Benson Holland III: I really didn’t want to give my full name out but I had to because Pop drilled in me that my full name was truly important and that I had to say my entire name with confidence, since I was named after him. Pop would also let everyone know that he was the first, that he was the Senior. That was his way of setting the platform and keeping me in check. Since he was the Senior and I was the third, it set the tone and established that he was in charge. He would play the name game just to show his status. One of my most precious memories was when all three Rodneys were in the same room. It was Pop, my dad and me; and we were at the castle. At the castle ,we joked on each other until my father had the last laugh. I never won in those battles. Being that I lost my dad, the hurt from losing Pop is heightened. I had Pop around and now it feels like I lost my dad again. Now that I’ve lost both of them, my heart is broken. I know that Pop’s in a better place and when God calls you, there’s no questions asked. I am grateful for everything that he’s been around to see. Especially, Mama. If there was anybody Pop would praise, it was Mama. She was his life. Mama and Pop looked good together. Like a seasoned Mr. & Mrs. Obama when they walked in the room. Pop and I only argued about him liking the Jets and me liking the Giants. We were spades partners. Our spades’ name was Finesse then changed to Benson & Benson Incorporation. The long nights we spent playing spades were great times. Pop, I’m just so grateful that God allowed you to see Nasir, Kali and Katherine, who you claimed as your granddaughter-in-law. I will never forget you or how you would call me and would tell me to come over, knowing that I live in New Jersey and that you lived in the Bronx. I would travel to you and you would tell me to pass you the remote, that was on a snack tray approximately one foot away from you. All I could say was, “Pop are you serious.” But, I knew that was a reason to see you and have a moment with you. Every time you did that, I came to your house and it created precious memories that I now hold dear. Pop, I love you. I will always love you and I will try my best to uphold the reputation that is associated with our name. You are one of the best grandfathers that a grandson could ever have. I am proud to be the III.

Jovan: I love Pop. That was my guy right there. I loved when he would come watch me play basketball. He always supported me when I played basketball because I was the only grandchild who was good in sports and played sports. Pop supported me in everything I did. Every time he saw me, he would smile and say, “Jo Jo!” Pop and I had a secret. We didn’t want to tell Rod and Chris that I was his favorite. Royal was his guy. Pop, a week before you died, we talked. Royal called you by accident but you were happy and stated, “Yooo Royal!”. Royal was like, “Hey Pop!” I am crushed about losing you. I wish that you were still here to meet my baby girl and to bless her in this life. I love you Pop and I will miss you like crazy.

Christian: Pop, the patriarch. My guy. Everybody's favorite pain in the butt. The only Jets fan in the world. The dual Nets/Warriors fan. I'm going to miss you calling to ask, if I'm watching this game. I'm going to miss your traditional voicemails that you left every time I missed your call: "It's Pop, hit me back". Same message every time. You acted like I didn't have caller ID and didn't know it was you calling. Love you Pop. It's going to be weird not having my personal Stephen A. Smith to talk basketball with. I appreciate that last full day we spent together at my house. We talked a lot. After you complained that you were hungry for the first two hours, we watched basketball together and was able to build in ways we haven't built before. Thank you for those memories. Thank you for making me those waffles, eggs, and two sausages every morning when I slept over for school. You had the worst bedtime ever. At 8:30 PM, you shut everything off; even though I was wide awake. I laid there for hours praying for sleep lol. You were the second-best trash talker ever after me. I think the good jokes were passed down from you, to my dad and then to me. It skipped my brothers lol. I miss you and I love you. I appreciate our bond. It was great. Thank you for the father figure love that was needed in all our lives. Love you Rodney Sr. R.I.P. Finesse.

Roselyn: Pop, I will miss the conversations we had and the demands you would ask of me to do for you. When we lost your son, you stepped up to the plate. You thought you were my husband, asking me questions about my whereabouts. If I didn't answer when you called, you would keep calling me back to back until I answered. You were an awesome father to me, an amazing grandfather to my sons and an outstanding great-grandfather to my grandchildren. You were also a remarkable family man. You accepted most of our friends as family and showed them love. I will miss the drive-by visits you did and the advice you gave. I will also miss when you talked to me about sports. No matter how much I would say, I don't watch baseball or football, you would say, "But Roz, it was a good game" or "They played horrible. You should've watched it." LOL. You even left the Nets to become a Golden State Warriors fan because I was a fan. At the end of our talks, I would say, "I love you Pop." You would say, "I love you more." After everything you've done and after all that we've shared, I must say, "No Pop, I love you more."

Alicia: To My Pop. I am so saddened that you are no longer here for me to see you, talk, pray and laugh with you. It has been truly a blessing to have had you be a part of not only my life, but my daughter's and granddaughters' lives. You loved me as though I was your own and your unconditional love, support and encouragement made life so much more special. Especially, our conversations, our favorite t.v. shows and our special movie dates in the "Man Cave" or theater! God favored me with two great dads in one lifetime and I am forever grateful. Rest well Pop. Love you more! Your daughter, Alicia (Command Master Chief, Ret., USN)

Tyrone: From the first time I met you, you treated me like a son. I was happy to bring you around my family and now we are one. You made my mom so happy and I thank you. I love you and I will never forget about you. It's so much that I want to say but it will take so many days. I truly love you as a son loves his father. Rest In Peace Pop.

Katherine: Pop, you are the best grandfather. You welcomed me into the family with open arms and loved me like I was one of your own. I am so glad to have had so many happy/fun moments with you, especially when I beat you in spades lol! I will never forget all the times you and Rodney would stress out when me and Mama would go to Macy's (lol you always said you would need to get a job just for us to shop). We love you so much and we will miss you so much. Please continue to watch over us, especially your Princess Kali. Love you Pop.



When I Must Leave You

When I Must Leave You

When I must leave you

for a little while,

please do not grieve and shed wild

tears and hug your sorrow to you

through the years.

But start out bravely with a gallant smile:

And for my sake and in my name live

on and do all things the same.

Feed not your loneliness on empty days,

but fill each waking hour in useful ways.

Reach out your hand in comfort and cheer;

And I in turn will comfort you

and hold you near.

And never, never be afraid to die.

For I am waiting for you in the sky!

Acknowledgement

The family of Rodney Benson Holland Sr. acknowledges with deep appreciation to all our family and friends, who have comforted us in our time of grief. We are particularly grateful for Danny, Garfield, Jay and all of Pop's "neighborhood sons" for their love and support. May God bless you all for your acts of kindness, words of comfort and prayers.

Professional Services Provided By

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