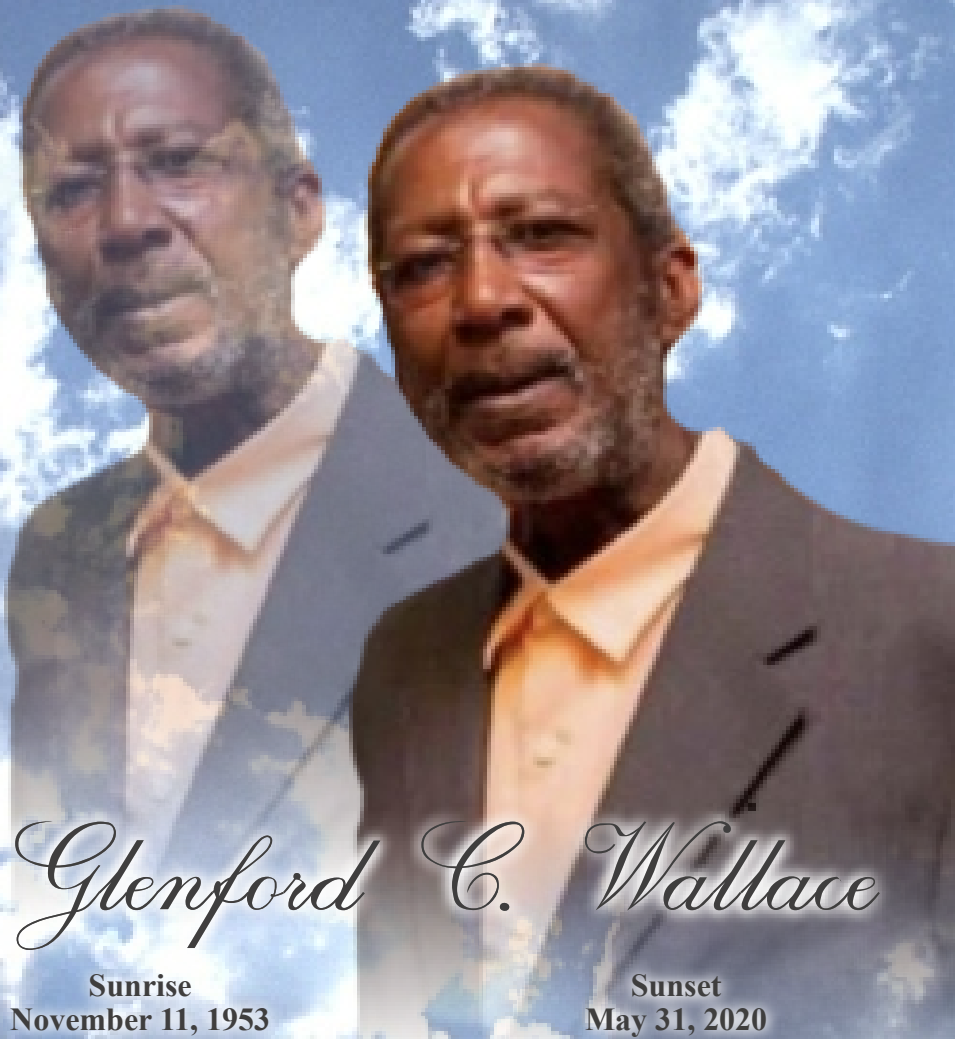


In Loving Memory of



Glenford C. Wallace

Sunrise
November 11, 1953

Sunset
May 31, 2020

Service:
Friday, June 12, 2020 - 10:00 am

MCCALL'S BRONXWOOD FUNERAL HOME

4035 Bronxwood Avenue • Bronx, New York 10466

Rev. Robinson, Officiating

Rev. Kevin Wade, Organist

Obituary

Glen came to New York from Trinidad & Tobago in 1971, when he was 17 years old with nothing but the shirt on his back - "OK, make it three shirts - because we all know he always wore three of them".....

Our paths first crossed in 1979 when Glen first hired out on the Conrail here in New York City - and I had just come down from Buffalo because I lost my job up there. So in a very real sense, we were two guys in a very different new world - working hard to get by, and establish ourselves.

Glen worked the railroad towers in the Bronx - Woodlawn, Mott Haven and DV, back then.

For many, their first exposure to Glen was his distinctive voice on the radio talking to the trains. It took a little getting used to! "When I was introduced to Glen for the first time at MO Tower, he was chewing one of his "signature sticks" and I couldn't understand a word he said!"

Those Bronx towers were extremely busy and challenging operations, but Train Director Glen Wallace naturally fit right in, and soon became known as someone that could handle any tough situation calmly and professionally.

Of course, as time went by Glen also became solid and true friends to so many of us. He taught us many aspects of his culture - which included those fantastic meat pies, which he would regularly bring in by the giant box. "And let's not forget the particular glee he took in introducing so many of us to his special "Jerk Chicken", that would burn the flesh right out of your mouth, and have us crying like babies - while he laughed approvingly!"

But most importantly, working in those Bronx towers is where Glen met Darlene Spencer, and the love affair was on. Glen & Darlene started dating in February, 1990, and were married on May 31, 1991. They were married 29 years. As the years went on, Darlene and their son Jaron became Glen's primary focus in life - his love and pride for them was constant. In our culture, where things can get really crazy, the Wallaces are absolutely the most beautiful, caring and kind family you could ever know.

As the mid-1990's came and went, so did those Bronx railroad towers - and the OCC opened up in GCT. When it did, Glen was promoted to RTC and came into Manhattan, where he continued his career working some of the toughest, busiest jobs in the US commuter railroad business, with that same signature calm & professional demeanor.

Glen was a proud recipient of VP Don Nelson's "R.T.C. Legends Award" - given on one of our annual boat parties - "and lets not forget, he's also a decades long survivor of the Gruber's Annual G.C.T. Picnics!"

During those RTC days, the gang would get out a few times each year after work for dinner in Manhattan. Noteworthy, on those walks to and from the restaurant - "Houdini Wallace" would disappear and miraculously reappear numerous times - as some magnetic, silent "lotto force field" pulled him into every single bodega on the route!" He and Eddie Urbo shared this unique passion, both constantly bragging of being the "biggest winner". "I mean, who could possibly know the answer to that one?"

Glen retired from the railroad in March 2013, after 33 1/2 years by our side every single day - and remained a steadfast friend thereafter.

Glen Wallace is the best kind of friend, and so much more - he is my brother. With a lifetime spent together and through so many fond memories, Glen lives on in the hearts of each of us here today. Through his example, his heart and calm caring way, he has given each of us a piece of who we are today - something for which we can be extremely proud. A good man. A life well lived.

Rest in peace until we meet again, my friend. I see you calmly smiling and chewing that stick where you are now. And I know I'll see you again down the road.....

Order of Service

Organ Prelude
"His Eye Is On The Sparrow" - Rev. Kevin Wade

Processional

Invocation
Rev. Robinson

Selection
Rev. Kevin Wade

Scripture Readings
Old Testament - Derrick Wallace
New Testament - Louis Grandison

Prayer Of Comfort
Rev. Robinson

Selection
"Precious Lord" Maxine Grandison

Reading Of Obituary

Tributes/Reflections
Louis Grandison
Jimmy Fahey Reading

Acknowledgements
Read by Louis Grandison

Selection
Rev. Kevin Wade

Eulogy
Gregory Wallace video

Committal & Benediction
Rev. Robinson

Remarks By Funeral Director

Final Viewing

Recessional

Interment

Rosehill Cemetery
Linden, New Jersey

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

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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