



Celebrating the Life of



Delores Dade

November 7, 1953-February 21, 2022

Wednesday, March 2, 2022 - 5pm

Church of The Crucifixion

459 W. 149th Street, New York, NY, 100317



Obituary

Delores “Mama” Dade, loving mother of four, adoring grandmother of seven, and great-grandmother of one, passed away in the early hours of February 21st after a short, courageous battle with cancer.

Delores is preceded in death by her mother and father; sisters, Paula and Audrey; brother, Derek; the father of her children/best friend, Thomas Riley, Sr.; and granddaughter, Quintasia. She is survived by her brothers, Norman and Frank; son, Thomas Jr.; daughters, Danielle, Dana, and Shadonna; grandsons, Byrell and Dontrell; granddaughters, Dajhanae, Tiffany, Brielle, and Samarah; great-grandson, Bryce; two sons-in-law, Walter and Kenneth; as well as many nephews, nieces, cousins, and friends.

Delores was born in Harlem Hospital on November 7, 1953, to Norman Dade and Frankie Marie Sampson. As a child, she attended the New York City Public School System. In her young adult years, she served as a socialite hostess at the family-owned business, aka the “hotspot.”

Vivacious, strong, outspoken, magnetic, god-fearing, and brave describes Delores. With her amazing sense of humor, beautiful smile, wit, and charm, she could change the atmosphere in any room. She had a caring soul, a survivor's spirit, and unwavering faith in God that was never lessened by her highs or lows. Her wisdom and knowledge, which she shared freely, combined with her authenticity, understanding, and acceptance of others, made her everyone's confidant and adviser. She was the kind of mother, grandmother, sister, cousin, aunt, and friend that was supportive and encouraging.

Delores delighted in gathering with her family, sharing and creating priceless memories filled with joy and laughter. She loved knitting, literature, movies, music, and crime shows; she often used that love to bond with her family and friends. Her guilty pleasures included reading gossip magazines and The New York Post and sharing the stories with her family as if she was reporting live from the scene and was a primary source. Anyone of Delores' children or grandchildren can be asked to tell a story about her, and it most surely will include a book, movie/show, news report, or gossip magazine article. She believed everyone needed a harmless outlet, and for Delores, it was sharing her love of stories and storytelling with her family.

Delores loved her children, but her grandchildren began a whole new chapter of life for her. To her grandchildren, she was known as “Grandma Mommy,” and she truly adored them as they adored her. They were her world. She was so loving, so nurturing, and so caring. When they needed a shoulder to cry on, laugh on, or just simply lay on, she was there offering words of wisdom and faith, comfort, and reassurance that everything was going to be okay. She didn't miss a birthday, graduation, or holiday despite her health issues that sometimes made it difficult for her to get around. Her love and strength were truly unmatched. Though she was on a fixed income, she would give them her last, especially her youngest granddaughter, Samarah, whom she affectionately referred to as “Rosey.”

*Everybody loved Delores, aka “Mama,” aka “Whitey.”
Her physical presence will forever be missed, but her spirit will live on...*

Order of Service

Musical Prelude

Invocation.....Pastor Rudolph Bobby Lewis, Jr.

Scripture Readings

Old Testament - Psalm 23:1-6

New Testament - John 14:1-3

Prayer of Comfort.....Pastor Rudolph Bobby Lewis, Jr.

Reflections.....Family and Friends (Two Minutes Please)

Obituary Reading

Selection

Eulogy.....Pastor Rudolph Bobby Lewis, Jr.

Recessional

INTERMENT:
Rosedale Cemetery
Linden, New Jersey

My Letter to my Grandma,

I took my time here with you for granted, and for that, I am sorry. While I know all of our time here on this earth will one day come to an end, I did not expect it to happen this soon. I just knew my future kids would get a chance to experience you. And I say experience because you were indeed that.

I have so many memories of you as a child, some vivid, some vague, but all of them wonderful. I can recall standing outside your apartment building on 141st with my mom and Tiffany for at least 45 minutes in the summer, waiting for you to come downstairs. I can hear my mother screaming up to the window, "Mommy, come downstairs!!!" I remember spending nights with you when you lived in Lenox Terrace, waking up early Saturday mornings and traveling with you to your program. We got breakfast, shopped a little, or I just stood around being nosey, listening to adult conversations. Those were some of the best times I had as a kid.

In high school, I would purposely walk from 116th and Pleasant, pass the 5 train on Lexington to the 2 train on 135th Street, hoping I would run into you on 125th Street along the way. I did a few times, but most times, I did not. That was okay, though, because whenever I called, you answered. When you called, I didn't always answer, but because of that, I now have countless voicemails that I can listen to when I just want to hear your voice.

I will forever be grateful for our 8 hour long conversations into daybreak as we talked about any and everything, work, school, men, the news, or whatever my heart desired. I will forever be grateful for the stories you shared with me that had me laughing to the core of my stomach or reflecting on my decisions. I will miss our talks about Law and Order: SVU and all the other crime shows we bonded over. But, what I will miss most is how good you made me feel whenever I talked to you on the phone or was in your physical presence. You always said, "Daisy" or "DaeDae," you're so beautiful. Look at my beautiful granddaughter." I could always count on you to make me smile, even in my moments of despair, and for that, I say thank you. There have been plenty of nights I couldn't sleep because of something I was going through. Whether big or small, talking to you just made it all better. My hope is that I brought as much joy and happiness to your life as you brought to mine.

While I will forever miss you with every fiber of my being, I take comfort in knowing that you are no longer suffering in pain. You were a survivor, courageous, and one of the most kind-hearted people I know. I hope to be half the woman you were one day. Grandma, I love you always and forever. May you sleep in peace.

-Dajhanae Dade

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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