

*Commemoration Ceremony
for the life of*



Winston Ingram Nunez

Sunrise
February 4, 1941

Sunset
May 6, 2010

Friday, May 14, 2010
11:00 a.m.

HIGHLAND CHURCH

160-20 Highland Avenue
Jamaica, New York 11432

Obituary

*All things work together for Good
to them that love the Lord... Romans 8:28*

Affectionately known as "Winnie", Winston was truly one of a kind. He was an adventurous spirit and an independent thinker, who thrived on being unique. His style was trendsetting and did not conform to the status quo. His strong sense of confidence came from within, needing no external affirmation. While he always portrayed a tough, macho exterior, those intimately acquainted with him knew that at his core he was very much a gentle giant, with a fun-loving spirit.

Winston was born on February 4, 1941 and was raised in East Elmhurst, NY with his parents, Mary and Harold Nunez and his sister Carmen. Shortly after graduating high school he enlisted in the US Army, where he served abroad in Germany. Following an honorable discharge, Winston continued in civil service and joined the New York City Police Department (NYPD) where he served for over fifteen years.

During his tenure with the NYPD, he quickly climbed the ranks, becoming a highly decorated police officer and was ultimately promoted to Detective-Investigator for the Narcotics Unit, where he put his life on the line daily, committed to eradicating New York City's drugs trade.

In 1969, Winston married the love of his life, Carol Megan Bell. This union produced three children, Charysse, Winston II and Candice. Winston's passion was without question, his children. He spent quality time with them, and together they made wonderful memories. His favorite past times were taking his children to the movies, Jones Beach, amusement parks and the local Hibachi Restaurant.

Order of Service

Musical Prelude

Processional Prayer (Please Stand)

Selection My Help
By Lavonne Wright

Scripture Carol Nunez
Psalms 40:1-11

Prayer Pastor Hantz Andre

Obituary Charysse Nunez

Ministry of Dance Iris Simpson

Remembrance Children
Charysse, Winston and Candice

Eulogy Pastor Hantz Andre

Benediction

Recessional Hymn (Please Stand)

Interment

Pinelawn Memorial Park
Farmingdale, New York

When Tomorrow Starts Without Me



When tomorrow starts without me, and I'm not there to see if the sun should rise and find your eyes, all filled with tears for me. I wish so much you wouldn't cry, the way you did today, while thinking of the many things, we didn't get to say. I know how much you love me, as much as I love you, and each time that you think of me, I know you'll miss me too. But when tomorrow starts without me, please try to understand that an angel came and called my name, and took me by the hand and said, "my place was ready, in heaven far above and that I'd have to leave behind, all those I dearly love." But when I walked through heaven's gates, I felt so much at home. When God looked down and smiled at me, from His great golden throne. He said "This is eternity, and all I've promised you." Today for life on earth is past, but here it starts anew. I promise no tomorrow, for today will always last. And since each day's the same way, there's no longing for the past. So when tomorrow starts without me, don't think we're far apart. For every time you think of me, I'm right here in your heart.

-Author unknown

Our Earnest Thanks

The family of Winston I. Nunez, expresses its deep appreciation and thanks for the many comforting messages, prayers and other wonderful expressions of concern and love shown to us at this time. We would like to extend a special thanks to the Cunningham family, Phyllis Smith, Pastor Hantz Andre and the Highland Church family for your compassionate care. God bless you all.

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In the prime of his life, at age 39, Winston was forced into early retirement after he suffered a nervous breakdown due to the intensity and stressful demands of his position in the NYPD Narcotics Unit. Despite this unfortunate turn of events, God faithfully watched over Winston and in His perfect time, restored his mind and reconciled him with the family he so deeply loved.

In his later years Winston was diagnosed with congestive heart failure and was hospitalized on numerous occasions for this condition. Despite failing health, Winston's determination and persistence gave him the impetus to live out his desire to travel one final time to his favorite destination, Hawaii, in 2009.

Winston leaves to cherish fond memories and to mourn their loss: his three children, Charysse, Winston II, & Candice; his only wife, Carol; son-in-law, Dimitri; two grandchildren, Madison & Raleigh; three nieces, Michelle, Lisa & Keely; four grandnieces; one grandnephew; one great grandnephew; and a host of cousins, other family members and friends.

Winston Ingram Nunez has joined in eternity, his parents, Mary and Harold along with his sister, Carmen.

From those of us who were closest to you, known to us as Winny, Dad and Pop Pop and Father Ra our hearts ache to kiss and hug you and tell you once again how much we love you. We treasure the moments shared and the memories made. You were a blessing in our lives and you will forever live in our hearts.

We pray that in this final sunset, you will find rest, peace and most of all salvation in the everlasting arms of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

REST WELL!
Thank you for a life well lived♥

Childhood Memories And Reflections Of Our Dad

*There are so many unforgettable
memories about you,
Dad that are forever etched
in our minds.*

These are just a few that come to mind:

*The times you took us to Jones Beach,
and taught us how to ride the waves
How safe and secure we felt when
you held us in your strong, but gentle arms*

*The times you made us spaghetti
and meat sauce for dinner*

*Fun times in the backyard pool at 137-10
Francis Lewis Blvd.*

*The times we giggled as we
watched you hug and kiss mommy*

*The times you picked us up from
school in your light blue Cadillac,
and then took us to Carvel's for ice cream*

*The times you hid us from mommy when she
wanted to spank us for misbehaving*

*That summer day in July, when I had just turned 2;
you dressed me and combed my hair---
Mom came home and fussed because
my sandals were too tight,
and my hair was wild and tangled*

*The times you bought us hot dogs with mustard
and sauerkraut from the street cart on Jamaica Avenue.*

*The way you hit the punching bag
with your hands in boxing gloves and made it
flutter so fast against the
low hanging rafters in the garage*

*The way you lifted 200 pound weights
so easily above your head*

*The way you sang Frank Sinatra
hit songs in the shower
(you had a pretty good voice)*

*The nick names you called us: Charysse was "Goobers"
Winston was "Bumpa" and Candice was "Candy Girl"*

*The way you wore your 10 gallon cowboy hat
and your dark brown suede jacket
with fringes (you looked like a movie star)*

*The times you took us to the kiddie amusement park,
which we fondly called "The ride and things"
Your broad shoulders,
and the way you walked with that
unforgettable swagger in your stride*

*We love you Dad. ("One in a million you") You were our hero,
our playmate, our provider, our protector and our friend. We will
cherish you and these
precious memories forever.*





*Precious
Memories*