

Homegoing Celebration
for
Rhondy Gerald Thomas

Sunrise
March 31, 1957

Sunset
April 18, 2011



Service

Thursday, April 21, 2011 - 11:00 A.M.

AMSTERDAM MEMORIAL CHAPEL, INC.

1761 Amsterdam Avenue
New York, NY 10031

Obituary

Mr. Rhondy Gerald Thomas was born on March 31, 1957 in New York, NY to the late Mr. Mitchell Thomas and Mrs. Mary Thomas.

He was a native New Yorker. He graduated from high school in 1979 and was currently taking certification courses to become a CASAC (Certified Alcohol Substance Abuse Counselor).

He was a loving father, grandfather, son, brother, nephew, uncle and friend.

Rhondy was affectionately known as "Ronnie" to family and "Subaru" or "Subie" among his friends due to his unwavering love for his first car. He was an avid chess player as well as a cards and dominoes player.

He leaves to cherish his memories: Rhondy Thomas, Jr (**son**), Taniah Thomas (**granddaughter**), Lauren Thomas (**daughter**), Mary Thomas, (**mother**), Sonya Thomas (**sister**), Helen Davis of Buffalo, NY, Frances Simmons of Brooklyn, NY, Yvonne Ellis of Cormack, NY (**Aunts**), John Thomas of Columbus, GA, Jessie Palmer (Johnnie) of Brooklyn, NY (**Uncles**), Gerald Thomas (**nephew**) and a host of cousins and friends.

On April 18, 2011, Rhondy Gerald Thomas was called home and placed in the loving arms of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

Order of Service

Prelude

Processional Clergy-Family and Funeral Directors

Opening Prayer

Hymn "Precious Lord"

Scripture Reading Ms. Brenda Harris

Scripture Reading - Psalm 23 Yvonne Ellis

Obituary Gerald Thomas

Remarks

Hymn "What A Friend We Have In Jesus"

Acknowledgments Sabrina Hart

Eulogy Minister Juanita Davis

Closing Prayer


Final viewing

Recessional


Repast

Esplanade Gardens Community Center
129-33 W. 147th Street • New York, NY 10039

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

Acknowledgment

Perhaps you sent a lovely card or sat quietly in a chair;
Perhaps you sent a floral piece, if so, we saw it there;
Perhaps you prayed a sincere prayer or came to pay a call;
Perhaps you sang a cheerful song, if so we heard it all;
Perhaps you spoke the kindest words, as any friend could say;
Perhaps you were not there at all, just thought of us that day;
Perhaps you prepared a tasty dish, or maybe furnished a car;
Perhaps you rendered a service unseen, near at hand or from afar.
Whatever you did to console our hearts, by word or deed or touch;
whatever was the kindly part, we thank you, oh so very much.

- The Family of Rhondy Gerald Thomas, a.k.a. "Subie."