

*In Loving Memory of*  
**Henry Scott, Jr.**

*Sunrise*  
*July 29, 1930*

*Sunset*  
*October 17, 2011*



*Service*

*Monday, October 24, 2011 - 10:00 a.m.*

**UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.**

2352 8th Ave. • New York, NY 10027

## Obituary

*I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. Psalm 121:1,2*

**Mr. Henry Scott Jr.** was born July 29, 1930 in Demopolis, Alabama to the union of Henry Scott Sr. and Leola Scott. He was the fourth of six children.

Henry accepted Jesus Christ as his Lord and Savior at an early age at Mt. Olive Baptist Church in Alabama. Later in life, he joined Mt. Lebanon Baptist Church, Bronx, NY, where he was ordained as a Deacon.

Henry spent the first thirty years of his life in Demopolis, Alabama before relocating to New York City. Henry loved music and dancing. He was also a die hard Mets fan. He loved life and always left an impression on people that came across his path.

The precious memories he leaves behind will remain forever in: his children, \*James Henderson, Gregory Henderson, \*Christine Ash, Henry Scott III, Marian Y. Scott, \*Sheila A. Nash, Roslind Utley, Samuel Earl Scott, Brenda Scott, Carlos Scott, Ernest Scott, Belinda Scott, Michael Scott, Marcus Scott, Noray Scott, Bernice Roswer and Susan Ann Dixon ; thirty-two grandchildren; brothers and sisters, \*Mary Lomax, \*Bernie Scott, \*Ernest Scott, Ruby Samuels and Robert Scott; sister-in-law, Mattie Scott; and a host of nieces and nephews, other family members and friends.

\* *Deceased*

# *Order of Service*

**Prelude**

**Opening Prayer**

**Song Selection**

**Scripture Reading**

Psalm 23

**Obituary Reading**

**Reflections**

(2 minutes each please)

**Acknowledgments**

**Eulogy**

Rev. Robert Royal

*St. Paul Baptist Church*

**Recessional**

**Interment**

Mt. Rest Cemetery

Butler, 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

## *Acknowledgement*

With sincere appreciation, we wish to thank our many friends for their expressions of kindness during our bereavement for our loved one. May God bless each of you. We would also like to thank Kings Harbor Nursing Facility for making his stay there special.



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