

Bishop Vincent R. Cooper, Officiating

## <u>Obituary</u>

**Gordon "Wayne" Roberts** was born on October 20, 1950 in Emporia, Virginia. He was the oldest of seven children born to Dorothy Roberts.

Wayne was educated in the NYC School system. In 1966, he relocated from Harlem to the Bronx. He continued his education at Dewitt Clinton High School where he excelled until the 11th grade. That's when he started writing graffiti, and adopted the moniker "Stay High 149." He was the first writer in graffiti culture to use an icon, a stickman with a halo above it' head. Which was inspired by the hit TV series "The Saint."

Wayne disappeared from the graffiti community from 1978 to 2000. During that time he returned to school to get his G.E.D. He became a Deejay and a dedicated Knicks fan. He enjoyed reading the news paper and 1010 Wins News.

He started writing graffiti again with the support of friends. Mingling with other artists and taking him higher than he ever could imagine.

On Monday, June 11, 2012, Wayne departed this life.

He was preceded in death by two sisters, Jeannette and Deborah, step-daughter, Teresa Bowe, one nephew, Cory and one niece, Keshia.

He leaves to cherish in his memories: his mother, Dorothy Roberts; step-father, Eddie Noble; two children, Dwayne and Michelle Roberts; step-son, Frederick Clink; two grandsons, Quanjae Roberts and JaeQuan Cardona; one granddaughter, Victoria Cardona; three brothers, Eddie, Tyrone and Tracy; two sisters, Pauline and Karen; one step-sister, Kim; and a host of other relatives and friends.

## Order of Service

#### Prelude

Processional

Selection "Blessed Assurance" Old Testament - Psalm 23 New Testament - John 14:1-6 Solo ...... Evangelist Shirley Cooper Reflections (2 minutes please) The Obituary & Acknowledgement of Cards...... Deacon Leona Moses Eulogy...... Bishop Vincent R. Cooper Committal Benediction Viewing Recessional

#### **Interment**

Rosehill Cemetery Linden, New Jersey

# I'm Free

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free I'm following the path God laid for me I took his hand when I heard Him call I turned my back and left it all. I could not stay another day. To laugh, to love, to work or play. Tasks left undone must stay that way, I found that peace at the close of day. If my parting has left a void, Then fill it up with remembered joy. A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss, Oh, yes these things I too will miss. Be not burdened with times of sorrow, I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow. My life's been full, I savored much. Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch. Perhaps my time seemed all too brief, Don't lengthen it now with undue grief. Lift up your heart and share with me, God wanted me now, He set me free!

-author unknown

### <u>Acknowledgement</u>

The family wishes to express their deep appreciation and sincere thanks and expressions of love. For the acts of kindness shown to them during their time of sorrow.

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