



Celebrating
the Life
of

Ronnie Melvin Cowart

Sunrise
January 6, 1914

Sunset
March 15, 2013

Services

Thursday, March 21, 2013 - 1:00 p.m.

WOODY "HOME FOR SERVICES"

163 Oakwood Avenue

Orange, New Jersey 07050

Rev. Deborah Spivey, Officiating

Myron Smith, Organist

Obituary

Our father, **Ronnie Melvin Cowart**, was born in Arlington, Georgia on January 6th, 1914 to the late Daniel and Lonnie Cowart. He was a sibling to thirteen brothers and sisters.

He attended Abington Avenue School in Newark, New Jersey before transferring to Lincoln Elementary School East Orange, New Jersey. Our father was a self-employed truck driver for many years before he decided to drive commercially for various corporations. During our father's earlier years before he married and from this union one daughter was born and given the name Irene Cowart. Later, he went on to marry his life partner of fifty-three years, Gladys Cole. From this union six children were born, Melody, Faith, Vincent, Hope, Caesar, and India. He was predeceased by Hope and Caesar.

Our father was a hardworking and strong man. He loved his family and was devoted to his children and wife. However, Dad was no saint, but his heart was always in the right place. Daddy lived a long and wonderful life of ninety-nine years. Just in the recent months his health began to decline. I remember him coming home from the hospital, the first thing he wanted was a shave. I was his personal barber and that was an honor because daddy didn't let just anybody cut his hair. Yes, even at ninety-nine, daddy was vain. The picture on the program is the one he posed for, anyone that knows him knows pictures weren't his cup of tea, but he posed specifically for this one.

Dad faced many challenges during his life, but he never let that discourage his efforts. Dad had his way or he would tell you, "If you can't abide by my rules under my roof, get your own roof." All of us knew exactly what that meant. But, there was one person who saw through him, my mother, WOW, is the only word that can describe her. She endured it ALL to the very end, never expecting anything in return. She is and was the epitome of a good wife and mother. Dad was always reminded, although you bring home the bacon, Gladys cooked it and served it hot. She made sure our father went on with dignity and love, and the most beautiful of it all, he went quietly resting in his bed. The way we prayed it would happen.

As a child I remember living on Grove Street, daddy would get off work and all of the kids on the block would run to H and S Green Stamps to meet him. We would be tripping over each other trying to be the first to get to him. No matter how fast or who was the first, I got the shoulder ride because I was the baby. My dad was not just our dad he was everyone's dad. Your name was either lil girl or hey buddy. Dad would take us on the infamous "rides" we never had a destination we just wound up somewhere fun, and it was in the signature "Cowart Grey Station Wagon" known as the "Grey Ghost". Lastly, Dad use to set Melody, Fay and Vincent up while all of us would be sitting around reminiscing at the kitchen table. They would be talking about things we did but never told who did it, basically letting him know at some point we got around his rules. Well of course I knew daddy was playing possum, so I kept my mouth shut. I would just laugh and either agree or disagree. If it was going to blow my innocence then of course I firmly and strongly disagreed. Well after they would tell on themselves and the snoring stopped, we would hear, "See you kids always tell on yourselves. All I have to do is wait for you all to get together and listen." Of course I would seize the moment and say, "See daddy I was good!" and go in the room and hug him. Although, I knew my dad knew better, there was no proof.

Even though Dad wasn't the warm and fuzzy type, we knew he loved us. I've learned just because a person speaks those three words, "the proof is in the pudding". To Faith and my mom, we thank you for the care and love you two gave dad until the end. I know and I saw it wasn't easy, but I know because he told me he appreciated it all. Mom, thank you for loving our father to the end no matter how hard it got, you were there never skipping a beat. He loved you it may not have said it enough but I know he did.

In closing, Ronnie leaves to mourn four daughters, Irene Cowart (Newark, NJ), Melody Cowart (Orange, NJ), Faith Cowart (Newark, NJ) and India Cowart (Newark, NJ); one son, Vincent Cowart (Orange, NJ); eight grandchildren; eleven great grandchildren; four great great grandchildren; two siblings, Shirley Johnson and Stafford Cowart; and a host of nieces and nephews.

We love you daddy. Rest well, Job well done.

Order of Service

Seating of Family Funeral Director

Hymn of Comfort “Blessed Assurance”

Prayer of Comfort

Scripture Reading

Old Testament - Psalms 90:1-10

New Testament - 1 Corinthians 15:50-58

Solo.....Tyrone Dunlap

Remarks (two minutes please) Family and Friends

Acknowledgements and Obituary India Cowart

Solo.....Tyrone Dunlap

Eulogy.....Rev. Deborah Spivey
St. Paul Baptist Church • Montclair, New Jersey

Recessional.....Clergy and Family

| |
|---|
| <p style="text-align:center"><u>Entombment</u> <i>Hollywood Memorial Park</i> <i>Union, New Jersey</i></p> |
|---|

Repast

*Following the Entombment family and friends are invited for a repast at
Newark Knights Motorcycle Club
671 Springfield Avenue
Newark, New Jersey*



The Chain Will Link Again

*Little did we know that afternoon,
God was going to call your name.*

*In life we loved you dearly,
in death we do the same.*

*It broke our hearts to lose you,
you did not go alone.*

*For part of us went with you,
the day God called you home.*

*You left us beautiful memories,
your love is still our guide.*

*And although we cannot see you,
you are always by our side.*

*Our family chain is broken,
and nothing seems the same.*

*But as God calls us one by one,
the chain will link again.*

-Author unknown

Acknowledgement

*The family of **Ronnie Melvin Cowart** will remember and cherish the kindness of your expressions of love, sympathy, prayers, messages and courtesies so graciously extended. Thank you and may God richly bless you.*

Professional Services Provided By

Woody "Home For Services"

163 Oakwood Ave. • Orange, NJ 07050
ph (973) 674-0814 • fax (973) 674-2055

www.honoryou.com

