

<u>Reflections of Life</u>

Richard M. Stringfellow was born on May 20, 1942 in Westwood, New Jersey to the late Jack and Olive (Rivers) Stringfellow. Richard was the oldest of six siblings and lifelong resident of Paterson, NJ.

Richard was a Veteran of the United States Army and served his country in the Vietnam War. After being honorably discharged from the Army, Richard became employed as a truck driver for over forty years. He was also an employee of Marangi Sanitation in Paterson for twenty-five years.

Richard was preceded in death by his parents, Jack Sr. and Olive Stringfellow, brothers, Jack Jr. and Micheal Stringfellow, sisters, Dawn and Carol Stringfellow.

Richard M. Stringfellow departed this life on Tuesday, April 23, 2013 at the VA Healthcare Facility in Lyons, New Jersey.

He leaves to cherish wonderful memories: his sons, Jermaine and Jason Dewitt; daughter, Verlana Harrison; grandsons, Jacory Dewitt and DaKeem Harrison; great granddaughter Makayla Dewitt; sister, Kathleen Jacobs; and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, other relatives and friends.

Richard was truly a blessing from God and will be missed. Rest in peace to a wonderful loving man our beloved Richard Stringfellow.

Order of Service

Prelude

Processional

Scripture Readings Old Testament New Testament

Prayer of Comfort

Selection

Acknowledgements and Reflections

Reflections of Life



Selection

Words of Comfort Rev. John Hall

Recessional

Interment

East Ridgelawn Cemetery Clifton, New Jersey

I can still hear his deep voice bellowing out and calling me "Jackie". Laughing at the things he did, and at the same time, being a bit grossed out by the things that he said he had eaten. His explanation? "Not only was it "Good Eating" but he was a country boy" Hahaha, how he managed to be the only country boy among all of his siblings when they all lived in the same place was beyond me, but if that's what he saw himself as, who was I to tell him otherwise? From him trying to do the moonwalk. Badly might I add...to hiking up his pants whenever he was going to attempt dancing. To telling us how he fell through the floor dancing lol. To riding a bike when he was told to do so and crashing into the fence across the street when I was younger. To me sitting in the car with him one day as he told me about his time in the army speaking of things that he experienced while there, both racially and otherwise, so clear and poignant as though it had just happened to him the day prior to us speaking about it. And me an adult at the time, sitting there next to him, hanging on his every word, as he had his arm hanging out of the window as he always had it, even in the dead of winter. If you didn't have it, he surely would make sure you got it. In a way, he is still doing that right now even though he has passed. Because while we no longer have him, he made sure we had a lot to remember him by. I lost my third uncle today, My grandmother lost her final sibling, her last brother. Yet the pain one would feel from such a loss, is dulled slightly by the fact that we know they are in a better place. While we continue to live our life with the memories that they left us, and the knowledge that one day, we will see them again ... Rest in peace Uncle Richard.

Acknowledgement

The family of the late **Richard Stringfellow** wishes to acknowledge with deep appreciation the many expressions of love, concern and kindness shown to their family during this hour of bereavement. May God Bless and Keep You!

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