In Loving Memory of



Sunrise August 11, 1954 *Sunset* April 23, 2014

Service Thursday, May 1, 2014 - 6:00 p.m.

## **UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.**

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

Rev. Dr. J.G. McCann, Sr., Officiating Pastor David Jenkins, Organist

## <u>Obituary</u>

Alfred Rowland Holmes a.k.a "Mumbles", was born to loving parents Edward and Mable Holmes (who preceded him in death) on August 11<sup>th</sup> 1954, at Harlem Hospital in New York City. He was educated at Brandeis High School. After High school, he became disabled where he was unable to work.

Alfred was a very loving, warm, kind, sweet and a giving person that will be greatly missed. He was very fond of children they enjoyed being around him. Alfred was an avid sports fan who had a love for the games. Alfred got the nickname Mumbles because he was always babbling and no one could understand what he was saying.

After a long hospital stay, Alfred departed this life on April 23<sup>rd</sup> 2014, at Montefiore Hospital. Alfred had one sister, Althea Elaine Holmes who preceded him in death.

He leaves to cherish his memories: one daughter, Precious Monique; one son, Alfred Michael; Janee Monique Jones of Virginia Beach, VA, who was more like his daughter than his niece; his siblings, Audrey Bentley (Donald) of Bronx, NY, Edward Holmes Junior, Dennis Holmes; two sisters-in-law, Lydia Holmes of Irvington, NJ and Vivian Holmes of the Bronx; one aunt, Blanche Simmons of New York, NY; a special friend, Margarita; a host of nieces, nephews, great nieces and nephews, cousins, other relatives and friends.

<u>Order of Service</u>

Processional

Selection

**Scripture Readings** 

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

Committal

Viewing

Recessional

Interment Rosehill Cemetery Linden, New Jersey

The Master Called

I'm sorry I had to leave you. My loved ones, oh so dear. But you see, the Master called me, His voice was very clear! I had made my reservation A heaven bound ticket for one, And I knew that He would call me When He felt my work was done. I know that your hearts are heavy Because I have gone away, But when the Master called me. I knew that I could not stay. Yes, I'm sorry I had to leave you My loved ones, oh so dear, But, you see, the Master called me And, now I'm resting here. Yes, I've crossed on over to glory And to you all I say Just stay in the hands of Jesus And we'll meet again someday.

-Author unknown

Acknowledgement

The family acknowledges with deep appreciation all acts of kindness extended to them during this bereavement hour. May God bless you for all your thoughtfulness and concern.

> 2352 8th Avenue • Manhattan, NY • (212) 666-8300 1406 Pitkin Avenue • Brooklyn, NY • (718) 774-1023 1018 Prospect Avenue • Bronx, NY • (718) 542-3833

Clifford V. James, President & CEO www.unityfuneralchapels.com email: unityfc@aol.com

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