

In Loving
Memory
of

A portrait of Tremel Leslie Elliott, a Black man with short dark hair, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and patterned tie. He is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background of the portrait is a soft, golden light.

Tremel Leslie Elliott

Sunrise

December 11, 1976

Sunset

February 22, 2015

Service

Friday, February 27, 2015 - 6:00 p.m.

SAINT ANTHONY BAPTIST CHURCH

425 Utica Avenue • Brooklyn, NY 11213

Obituary



Tremel (“Mel”) Leslie Elliott, born to Janice Elliott and the late Leslie Howell on December 11, 1976 in Brooklyn, New York, departed this life on Sunday, February 22, 2015.

Mel grew up in Bedford Gardens in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, a tight-knit, loving community that helped to raise him and gave him the opportunity to develop lifelong friendships. Mel graduated from Automotive High School in Brooklyn.

Mel worked as a train conductor for 14 years at the Metropolitan Transit Authority (MTA). He was a revered colleague known for his work ethic. He respected his job and his title and performed his duties without complaint. Whether it was taking a rookie co-worker under his wing, encouraging another co-worker to pursue additional education to fulfill her goals or helping other co-workers to work through personal challenges, Mel was a supportive colleague.

Mel radiated so much positive energy that even passengers riding on his trains gravitated towards him. Mel developed several friendships with passengers he met on the train, including an elderly woman who, after a brief encounter with Mel, invited him to her home for a home-cooked meal. Mel continued to visit his friend in her home from time to time to check on her well-being.

Mel was an amazing athlete. He was tall and lanky, but deceptively strong. As a kid, Mel dominated on the little league baseball field, but Mel’s first love was basketball! From Rodney Park to West 4th to Dyckman to Rucker, Mel competed in major basketball tournaments throughout the five boroughs. With his signature finger roll, Mel was a truly gifted and well-respected basketball player in New York. As Mel liked to say, “I get 40! Hold that!” A diehard San Antonio Spurs fan, Mel’s all-time favorite professional basketball player was David Robinson.

Outside of playing and watching sports, Mel loved to sleep, go fishing and watch the Discovery Channel.

Mel’s true greatness was the way he touched so many lives. People simply loved Mel. He was everyone’s “best friend.” Whether he greeted people with a firm handshake or a radiant smile, Mel was always genuine and made people feel comfortable with his presence. Mel was unwavering in the love and support that he showed for his family and friends. If a family member or friend needed something, Mel was there. He was a gentle giant, generous of spirit, time and resources.

Mel will be deeply missed and remembered for the significant role he played in all of our lives. Mel leaves to cherish his memory: his mother, Janice Elliott; his stepmother, Jackie Howell; his three sisters, Twana Elliott, Taren Howell and Nakia Elliott; his two brothers, Tory Howell and Javon Elliott; his sister-in-law, Janine Elliott; his two aunts, Elodia Howell and Beverly Tuitt; his nieces, Tabria Howell, Hunter Jones, Kymora Howell, Kennedy Isom, Jayla Elliott and Jaliyah Elliott; and a host of cousins and friends.

Presiding, Pastor Nimrod Jebucitwa
Saint John Baptist Church
1091 Winthrop Street • Brooklyn, NY 11212

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scriptures

Old Testament

New Testament

Prayer of Comfort

Reflections

Acknowledgements

Solo

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

Interment

Rosehill Cemetery

Linden, New Jersey

Repast

The repast will follow the service

Remember Me

*To the living, I am gone,
To the sorrowful I will never return,
I am at peace with myself and the Lord,
I cannot speak, but I can listen
I cannot be seen but I can be heard,
So remember me in your heart and thoughts,
Remember me in your memories,
Remember me of the times we loved,
Remember me of the times we laughed,
Remember me of the times we cried,
Remember me of the times we fought
And always remember me of the times we lived together.
I am resting in peace with the highest hope that some
day we shall all unite again in
God's Kingdom.*

-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.*

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