Coldwaling The Life Of Darviel Daven Wickelson

Sunrise August 22, 1980 Sunset June 21, 2020

Thursday July 2, 2020 - 11:00 a.m.

## CHAPEL

984 Prospect Avenue • Bronx, NY 10459 *Reverend David Jenkins, Officiating* 



Darriel Davon Nickelson (Dee Dee) was born on August 22, 1980 to Leslie Jenkins and the late Gregory Nickelson in New York, NY. As a young child, Darriel spent the early parts of his childhood with his family at the Philip Houses and went to Mabel Barrett Fitzgerald Early Childhood Center. When he was four, the family moved to Hell's Kitchen, where he attended PS191 and later transferred to PS51, and developed his magnetic personality complete with an infectious smile, vibrant laugh, and calming energy.

Darriel attended Bayard Rustin High School for Humanities with his uncle Shoron Truell and built lifelong friendships with Alalia Allen, Mattiese McBride, and the late Tyrone Powell. In 1999, he graduated with his high school diploma from John F. Kennedy High School and went on to work in many industries as a courier and security personnel. He would eventually serve his community as a frontline worker at Whole Foods, while also serving his family as a member of Old School Boys (O.S.B).

Founded after the passing of his father, Gregory Nickelson, O.S.B was organized by Darriel and his uncles, Luther Nickelson, Jr. and Terence Nickelson. Together, they promoted annual events and memorials for close family and friends. Darriel loved immensely and invested his heart, time, and attention earnestly. A gentle giant and inherent protector of his loved ones and those near, Darriel will be remembered as a hero in every sense of the word.

On September 9, 2005, Darriel started his journey into fatherhood when he welcomed his son, Davaughn Gregory Nickelson, with Tatianna Parker (Tati), and then his daughter, Camoni Armstrong, with Calandra Armstrong on March 3, 2008. He was a loving and caring father who enjoyed cooking with his children, watching movies, and talking to them every day. He understood time was the most precious thing he could spend with his children and cherished every second shared with them.

On June 21, 2020, Darriel Davon Nickelson passed away in his home in the Bronx, NY and was greeted with open arms by his father, Gregory Nickelson; grandfathers, Rudolph Middleton, Luther Nickelson, Sr., and Hal Truell Sr.; and relatives who preceded him.

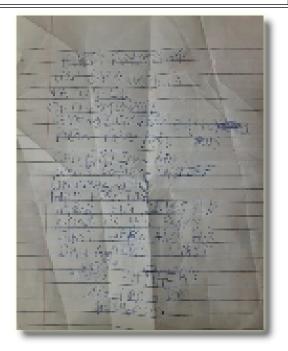
To honor and cherish his memory, Darriel is succeeded by his mother, Leslie Jenkins-Aziz (Connie) and stepfather, Akmal Aziz; his loving grandmothers, Susie Mae Truell, Carol B. Nickelson, and Lilie Mae Middleton; his life partner, Calandré Armstrong (Cali); his beautiful children, Davaughn Gregory Nickelson and Camoni Armstrong; his stepson, Zaire Tracy; his sisters, Natassia Constantine (Tosha), Dahalia T. Jenkins, N'Yaisha J. Aziz; and a host of aunts, uncles, cousins, and friends who will miss him deeply.

<u>Order of Service</u>

| Opening Hymn Pass Me Not O' Gentle Savior             |
|---|
| Old Testament Rev. David Jenkins - Psalm 23           |
| New Testament Rev. David Jenkins - Matthew 15:4       |
| Prayer of Comfort Pastor Joseph Brown                 |
| Obituary Natassia Constantine                         |
| Acknowledgment Terence Nickelson Jr and N'Yaisha Aziz |
| Eulogy Rev. David Jenkins                             |
| Recessional Goin' Up Yonder                           |



Kensico Cemetery • Valhalla, New York



When Great Trees Fall

Maya Angelou

When great trees fall, rocks on distant hills shudder, lions hunker down in tall grasses, and even elephants lumber after safety. When great trees fall in forests, small things recoil into silence, their senses eroded beyond fear. When great souls die, the air around us becomes light, rare, sterile. We breathe, briefly. Our eyes, briefly, see with a hurtful clarity. Our memory, suddenly sharpened, examines, gnaws on kind words unsaid, promised walks never taken.

Great souls die and our reality, bound to them, takes leave of us. Our souls, dependent upon their nurture, now shrink, wizened. Our minds, formed and informed by their radiance, fall away. We are not so much maddened as reduced to the unutterable ignorance of dark, cold

> caves. And when great souls die, after a period peace blooms, slowly and always irregularly. Spaces fill with a kind of soothing electric vibration. Our senses, restored, never to be the same, whisper to us. They existed. They existed. We can be. Be and be better. For they existed. — Maya Angelou

Acknowledgements

The family would like to express their deep appreciation and sincere thanks for all acts of kindness shown to them during their time of bereavement.

Heaben's Touch Huneral Serbices, Inc.

Maurice E. Henry

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