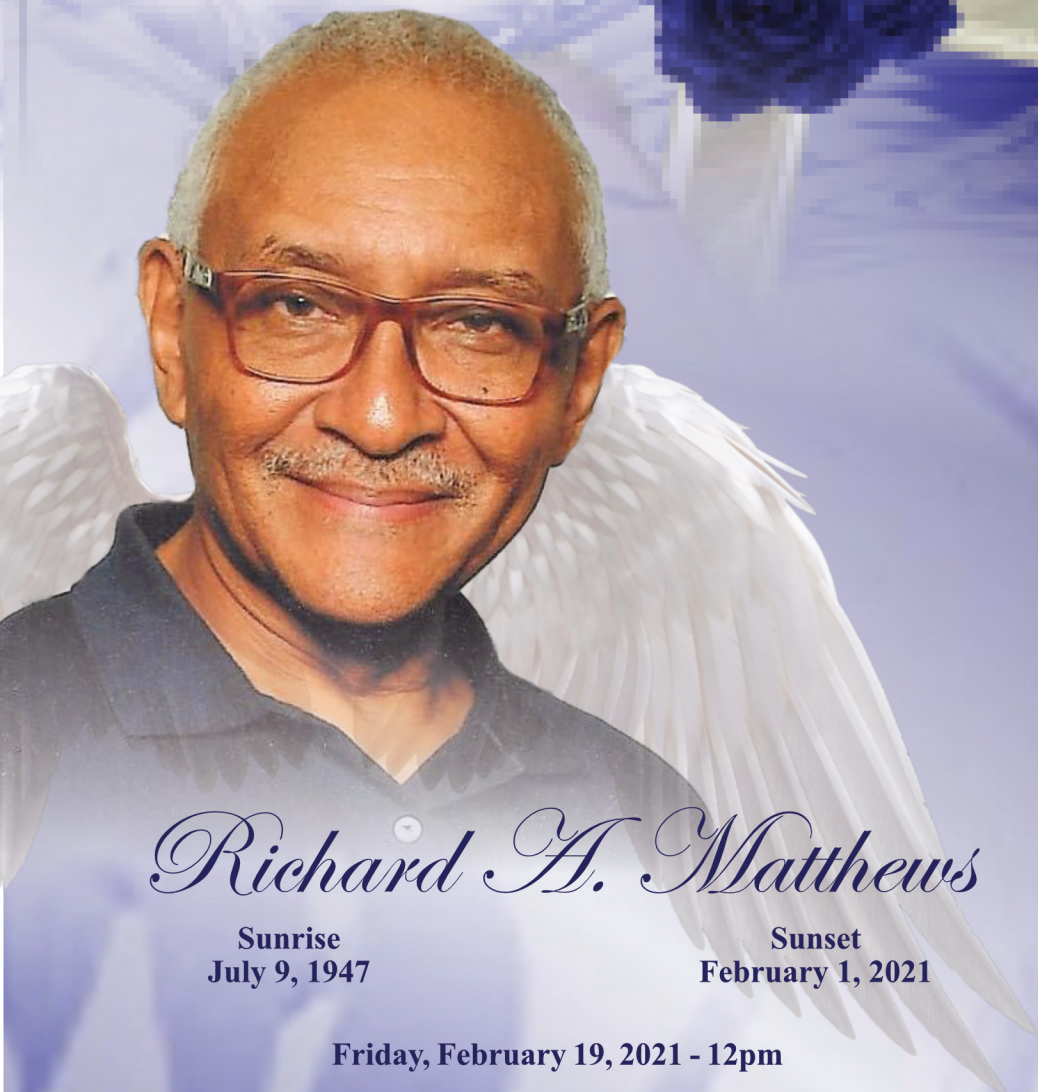


*Work on Earth
is done
Rest in Peace*



Richard A. Matthews

Sunrise
July 9, 1947

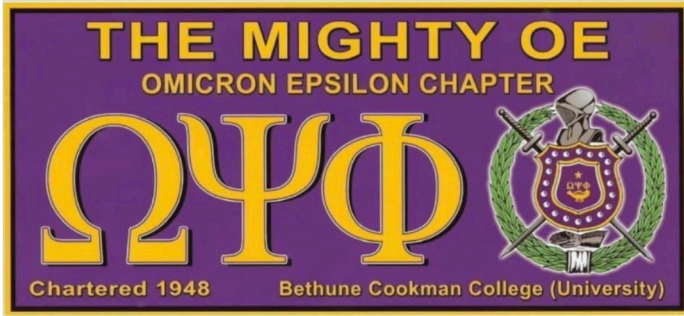
Sunset
February 1, 2021

Friday, February 19, 2021 - 12pm

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

Omega Service



Brothers of Omega Psi Phi Fraternity, Incorporated

OLD TESTAMENT READING

Psalm 23

GOSPEL LESSON

John 14:1-4, 18-19, 25-27

REMARKS from the FAMILY

READING of the OBITUARY

MINISTRY OF MUSIC

(Celebrate This is the Day)

SERMON

MINISTRY OF MUSIC

(Brighter Day)

BENEDICTION

RECESSIONAL

Final Disposition

Rosehill Crematory
792 East Edgar Road
Linden, New Jersey 07036

Obituary

The angels in Heaven rejoiced on July 9, 1947 when they delivered **Richard Anthony Matthews** to his biological parents, Mrs. Yvonne Jackson Matthews and Mr. Roger Matthews in Harlem, New York. Realizing that they couldn't care for him, they found him a loving home with his God sent parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles and Eliza Robinson, who raised him as their only child. On the evening of February 1, 2021, COVID-19 ended a beautiful life, and the angels in Heaven began preparations for his final journey, his homecoming. We all know how much HBCU students love a homecoming, so today we come together to celebrate Richard, his life, and his legacy.

If you ask people who Richard Matthews was, there will be some answers that you will hear from almost everyone about his kind heart, his willingness to help everyone, his loving spirit, his intelligence (he could answer every question on Jeopardy), they'd say he's soft spoken, cool, loves the Yankees, and the self-proclaimed King of Ralph Lauren's Polo, among other things. Some of you know him as your former colleague, schoolmate, church member, fraternity brother, loving husband and amazing father, but you may not know the things that helped to shape him into the man that you all came to know and love.

Richard graduated from the High School of Music and Art, then went off to Howard University. He decided he'd rather be a Wildcat than a Bison, so he transferred to Bethune-Cookman College (BCC), where he graduated. While at BCC, he met and gained lifelong brothers (Kenneth Holley, Bobby Cross, Alfred N. Thomas, Norman Taylor, Reginald Johnson, Earl Curry, Eddie Zellner (d), James Yant, Sylvester Reddick, Amos McMillan (d), Barry Shellman (d), Gus B. Nero, Wilbert T. Holloway, Butler Vickers (d), and Forrest Parson) after pledging for the Omicron Epsilon chapter of the Omega Psi Phi Fraternity, Incorporated. He was number 15 of the "Sixteen Souls" who crossed the burning sands on December 7th, 1967, and he was nicknamed "Purple Passion!"

After graduation, he married his college sweetheart, Kay Ray Matthews on January 5th, 1972 and they moved back to Harlem. They amicably parted ways in 1980. He rekindled a relationship with the mother of his child, Ms. Dolores Monsalvatge, and on December 16, 1983 his one and only child, Jermaine Anthony Matthews was born. Months prior to Jermaine's birth, Richard became homeless and lived in a men's shelter, which he later became the Director. Richard spent most of his career working for the New York Department of Homeless Services before retiring.

During the final act of his life, Richard found his faith for God, love for his church, Metropolitan Community United Methodist Church, and his amazing wife and cruise partner, Harriet Matthews, whom he married on July 9th, 2005. While they did not share any biological children together, he loved her two children, Kendra and her sister, their grandchildren and the rest of their extended family.

He leaves behind to treasure his memory many family members and friends who loved him, along with his son, Jermaine, and his wife, Harriet. Richard's life was a beautiful example of resilience, perseverance, faith, second chances and love. His smile and his joyous laughter will be remembered. Dr. Maya Angelou said, "people will forget what you said, people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel." I don't believe anyone will forget how Richard Anthony Matthews made us feel.

Lovingly Submitted by the Family

God's Garden

God looked around His garden
And found an empty place.
He then looked down upon the earth
And saw your tired face.
He put His arms around you
And lifted you to rest.
God's garden must be beautiful
He always takes the best.
He saw the road was getting rough
And the hills were hard to climb,
So He closed your weary eyelids
And whispered "Peace be thine".
It broke our hearts to lose you
But you didn't go alone,
For part of us went with you
The day God called you home.

Don't Cry For Me

Don't cry for me.
I will be okay.
Heaven is my home now,
and this is where I'll stay.

Don't cry for me.
I'm where I belong.
I want you to be happy
and try to stay strong.

Don't cry for me.
It was just my time,
but I will see you someday
on the other side.

Don't cry for me.
I am not alone.
The angels are with me
to welcome me home.

Don't cry for me,
for I have no fear.
All my pain is gone,
and Jesus took my tears.

Don't cry for me.
This is not the end.
I'll be waiting here for you
when we meet again.

Acknowledgement

The Family acknowledges with great appreciation the many prayers, floral tributes, visits, food and all the kind and wonderful expressions of love, sympathy, support and generosity shown to us during our time of bereavement.

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