Farewell My Son

My Dear Son, from the 1st day I laid eyes on you May 3rd 1982, I knew you were something special.

My first born and I cherished you with all my heart.

I was a young Mother but I knew that I had to take care of you and guide you in the right direction. Lord knows I tried my best to keep you out of harm's way, but this is God's will.

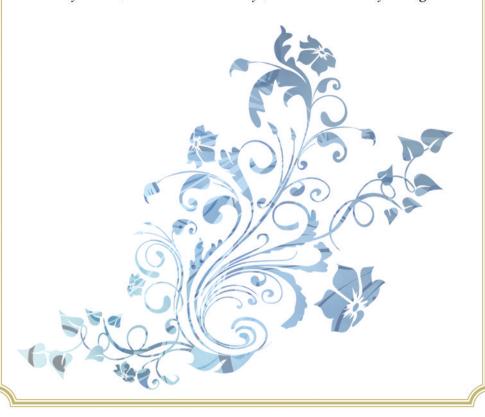
Know That! I cannot question it, I can only hold onto you're beautiful smile, you're lovely eyes, and you're wonderful sense of humor.

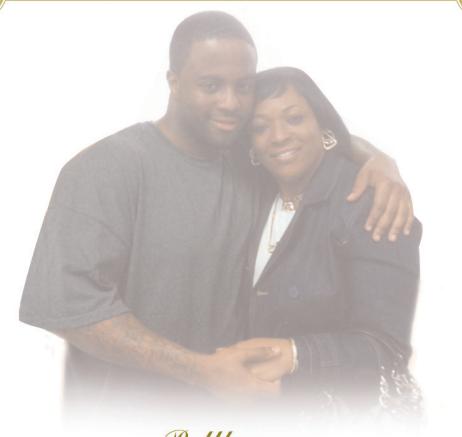
I miss you but you will always be in my heart, my prayers and my life forever. You may be gone, but not forgotten.

I love you! I love you! I love you!
I have to surrender you at this time.
Sleep on my Sweet Son!

Wisdom 4:7-15

But the just man, though he die early, shall be at rest. For the age that is honorable comes not with the passing of time, nor can it be measured in terms of years. Rather, understanding is the hoary crown for men, and an unsullied life, the attainment of old age...





Pallbearers

Jasmirk King, Dawan McAdams, Juawan Peterson, and friends.

Acknowledgments

The family of Qaadir King-McAdams wishes to express our sincere thanks for the expressions of love during our time of bereavement.

Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there. I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
of quiet white doves in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry;
I am not there, I did not die.



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