



CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF

*Mr. Cortez Brown*

“Yoplait”

Our Gift: December 3, 1960 - God's Gift: April 3, 2026

# Order of Celebration

Friday, May 15, 2025

11:00 am

## Hays Tabernacle

CHRISTAIN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

10121 S. Central Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90002

Minister Tyson Moore, Officiating Minister  
Crenshaw Church of Christ

### Music Prelude

- Family Processional ..... "Grateful" - Hezekiah Walker
- Opening Prayer ..... Minister Tyson Moore
- Musical Selection ..... "I Love the Lord" - Whitney Houston
- Scripture Reading ..... Minister Tyson Moore  
Old Testament and New Testament
- Obituary Reading ..... Shannon Evette Tanner
- Yoplait's Journey ..... Video Presentation
- Poem ..... "My New Man" - Shannon Evette Tanner
- Reflections ..... Please limit to two minutes
- Musical Selection ..... "What Shall I Do" - Tramaine Hawkins
- Eulogy ..... Minister Tyson Moore
- Viewing ..... "Take Me to the King" - Tamela Mann
- Recessional ..... "The Best in Me" - Marvin Sapp

### INTERMENT

Evergreen Cemetery  
204 North Evergreen Avenue  
Los Angeles, CA 90033






## *Expressions of Love*

My Daddy was one of a kind.

He was smooth, fly, and carried himself with a presence you felt the moment he walked in a room. He did things his way, always, and that confidence, that style, that energy is where I get my flavor, my edge, my "sauce" from.

It you knew him, you knew he liked to look good. From his clothes to his jewelry, to keeping his car clean and fly, he believed in showing up as his best self.



Some of my favorite memories with him are the simple ones. Riding, vibing, and listening to music together. Songs like "Everybody Loves the Sunshine" by Roy Ayers and "Mulholland Drive" by Snoop Dogg will always remind me of him and the moments we shared.

I was his only child, his only daughter, but sometimes you would've thought I was his only son too. We shared that same attitude, that same fire. People love to say, "you just like your daddy," like it's a bad thing, but I'm proud of that. That strength, that edge, that fierceness, he gave that to me.

We had our moments, like any father and child do, but that never defined our love. That was my daddy, and that bond stands on its own, no matter what.

He may not be here physically, but everything he poured into me, his strength, his style, his spirit, lives on through me every day.

*Love you always, Daddy.  
Your twin, Brittany*

We love you, Grandpooh.  
We miss you so much.  
We hope you are in heaven, resting and smiling.

*Love always,  
-Keon & Kelsey Wiltz*

# Obituary

## Cortez "Yoplait" Brown

His name started with a history lesson.

His Mom, "Sis," was flipping through the pages of her history book when she suddenly stopped and said, "Cortez, I really like that name." She made herself a quiet promise: When I have a son, that is what I am going to name him. Years later, "Sis" kept her word.

Cortez Brown was born on December 3, 1960, to Norman Brown and Florine Smalley in Los Angeles, California.

Cortez graduated from Locke High School and went on to pursue a career at Total Pharmaceutical Care as Logistic Manager in Torrance, California. He was a dedicated employee who delivered pharmaceutical products to home care patients. He was a man who believed that knowledge was currency, and he spent his whole life making himself successful. Cortez accepted Jesus Christ as his Lord and Savior at a young age.

Cortez married Georgette Foster on September 22, 1996, and from that union came the light of his life, Brittany Brown, a daughter he adored without condition or reservation. He also raised his beautiful daughters, Nichelle Brooks and Monique (Brooks) Green, alongside his wife, Georgette. Yoplait was a proud grandfather of fraternal twin boys, Keeon Wiltz and Kelsey Wiltz, and Jordan Green Jr., and Jackson Green.

If you ever had the pleasure of being in a room with Yoplait, you understood within a few minutes that this was not an ordinary man. He possessed what the French call *je ne sais quoi* — that indefinable, magnetic quality that no one can quite explain.

Yoplait was immaculate. Always. Not a wrinkle. Not a stain. Not a single hair out of place. It should be noted that he had an amazing head of hair, long and healthy. His wardrobe didn't just speak, it testified. His jewelry didn't just shine; it made a regal statement.

Every car he owned looked like it had just rolled off the showroom floor, because to Yoplait, how you presented yourself to the world was a form of respect for yourself and for the people who were fortunate enough to witness it. Tall, well-built, and physically disciplined, he treated his body like the temple it was. He ate well. He moved daily. He understood something many people spend a lifetime trying to learn that excellence is a lifestyle, not an occasion.

Yoplait could rattle off sports statistics with the precision of a seasoned commentator and the enthusiasm of someone who had a personal stake in every game ever played. Social Justice? Political science? Current events? Pull up a chair, because he had thoughts that were informed, articulate, and passionate. He never missed an opportunity to vote because he understood that democracy, like a good suit, only works when you show up for it

Yoplait was also the family historian, peacemaker and patriarch in motion. The camera always ready, the eye always sharp, provided the hundreds of photographs living in family albums across multiple households? He had an artist's eye and a documentarian's instinct: always watching, always capturing, always making sure the moment was preserved for someone who hadn't been born yet.

At family gatherings, and really, anywhere people had the good sense to come together, Yoplait was the host extraordinaire. He made people feel welcome the moment they walked through the door because his humor didn't exclude. He laughed often, and he had a gift for finding the funny in the ordinary that made everyone around him feel a little lighter.

Cortez lost his beloved mother, Florine Davis, when he was just seventeen years old, a loss that would have broken many young men. But his maternal aunt and uncle (Kenneth & Florine Edwards) raised him at a young age and into the role of Mother and Father without hesitation, loving him as their own until Florine known as Mother preceded him in death August of 2006 and Kenneth known as POP's preceded him in death. Through Mother, Cortez understood early what love costs and what it's worth.

His maternal grandmother, Mary Smalley, was a God-fearing, praying woman, and young Cortez was her faithful Sunday companion, seated right beside her every week. That early foundation never left him. Through every season of his life, Yoplait never neglected his personal commitment to church on Sunday mornings. Some things are non-negotiable.

He loved Mother, and she delighted in the ways he celebrated her birthday and every holiday with extravagant gifts. Yoplait believed that the people he loved deserved to feel loved. He showed the same devotion and appreciation to his surrogate father, Pop's Kenneth Edwards, who walked alongside him during some of the most critical seasons of his life.

His aunts, Roberta Love and Annie Dickson, were instrumental in Yoplait's early development, and he remembered their devotion in their later years. His Aunt Roberta, which he called the enforcer, nickname him Yogi Bear which family members call him still today (Yogi). His Aunt Annie was his faithful carpool companion on the long drives to Moreno Valley to visit Mother, and if you know anything about Yoplait, you know those cars rides were never short on conversation.

Yoplait was a champion for the young and the gifted. He had an eye for talent, and he never missed an opportunity to call it out in the younger members of his family. His encouragement wasn't empty flattery; it was the kind that made you believe in yourself a little more than you did before he walked into the room.

He leaves to cherish his precious memories, his loving and devoted wife Georgette Brown, three daughters Brittany Brown, Nichelle Brooks, Monica Green, son-in-law Jordan Green, and four grandchildren Keeon Wiltz, Kelsey Wiltz, Jordan Green Jr., Jackson Green, one brother-in-law Tommy Foster, three sisters-in-law Mamie Foster, Sandra Foster, Zerlene Foster, and a host of cousins and friends.





## *Expressions of Love*

You were more than a **COUSIN, BEST FRIEND, BROTHER**, you were my **PERSON**.

When I saw you in the lounge chair looking asleep and peaceful on Good Friday, and you were cold to the touch, that's when my heart broke into so many pieces. And I shouted out, what will I do without you, what shall I do, what step shall I take, what move will I make? Oh Lord, what shall I do? All I know is you have been with me all my life, since we were kids. **SIS**, your mom, and Ralph would take us to the park, and we would be in the **ROCKET**, looking out. And how we would go to Cabrillo Beach with the whole family. Those memories are now treasures I hold close, replaying our laughter under the sun and the sound of waves, wishing I could relive those moments with you just once more. I remember on my assign day taking care of Mother (Aunt Florine) washing dishes and she said Trina take care of Yogi I said okay and she said turn around and look at me I look at her and she said it again Trina take care of Yogi I said okay will do, and I hope she is saying now while you are with her well done.

What shall I do when I go to M&Ms to eat and you are not there to take your muffins? Or Olive Garden, so you can take over the salad and put it on my plate, or when would you stop to buy me See's candy? What shall I do when I'm cruising through the neighborhood—48th Street, Clovis, and 121st Street—and you're not with me? What shall I do when all the family pictures are taken and you're not by my side? I don't know life without you. We stuck together through the **SWEET**, the **GOOD**, the **BAD**, and the **UGLY**.

What shall I do when I need wise advice on a business decision? What shall I do when there are family events or when someone is sick in the hospital—you are not with me. Most of all, what shall I do without your storytelling, when you wouldn't let me get a word in, and your wonderful laugh? Cousin, you never bothered me when you called—morning, afternoon, evening, and in the middle of the night. What shall I do on Valentine's Day and you're not with me—we always laughed about spending that day together. The bond we shared brought so much joy and light to my life, and it's hard to imagine these days without your presence and humor.

You were my life inspiration, my right arm, my protector and comforter. Yogi, I will endure a lifetime missing you for the privilege of loving you.

Dedication to **MY PERSON "YOGI" "YOPLAIT"**

*Forever Loved / WATTS FOREVER  
Trina Love (cousin, sister, best friend)*



## *Expressions of Love*

Yogi, since 1964 you had a profound impact on my life. You have been a part of my existence since the very beginning, serving as my protector, my big brother, and my greatest supporter.

Whether joining me on every adventure I chose or instinctively appearing whenever I was in trouble to look after me, your presence was a constant source of strength. I cherish the memories of the gatherings at 701, where you were always the life of the party. I deeply valued your eloquence and the knowledge you shared; every word you spoke held great importance to me.

Yoplait, I will dearly miss the excitement of your arrival, where everyone would gather around you like paparazzi for a movie star. You truly were our own personal star, and it is difficult to imagine life without you.

*With all my love, your baby sister  
Trinita Wilson-Peterson*

Growing up watching you, I always thought you were so fly, so cool, and effortlessly funny. You brought so much life to every family function, and I loved making sure you had a plate—just a small way to show how much you meant to me.

Thank you for loving my mom like a brother, not just a cousin. That kind of love never goes unnoticed, and it will never be forgotten.

I'm going to miss you more than words can say. It hurts knowing you're gone, but I find comfort in believing you're at peace. Rest easy, Unc Yogi. You'll always be loved.

*I love you...  
From Nina*

"I remember going to Roscoe's with him and the time he gave us that money at Golden Corral. He was always really nice. I remember seeing him more when I was younger, even though I didn't get to see him a lot. I'll always remember him as my rich grandpa."

*-Jordan Green, Jr.*

## *Expressions of Love*

He had been in my life for almost as long as I can remember and was always there, whether we wanted him to be or not LOL. Our family isn't big on expressing love, but he showed it in his own way by checking in, sending birthday, Daughter's Day, and holiday messages, and always making sure I knew he was thinking of me.

He was my stepdad, my sister's daddy, but he called me his daughter too, and I always felt that I held a special place in his heart. I knew that if I ever needed him, he would be there. More than anything, he gave me a sense of safety just by being around.

He was also a loving grandpa to my boys, the only granddad they've ever known, and that meant more to me than he probably knew.

He had a unique sense of humor that not everyone understood or liked, but I learned to appreciate it, especially since I was never the brunt of his jokes. I'm grateful I'll have stories to tell and laugh about for the rest of my life because of him.

I'll miss those random texts from him, and the quiet way he always made sure I knew he cared.

*-Monique Green*

Where do I even begin when it comes to my Uncle Yo-Plate? (Childhood name for him)

I guess I'll start with the things that used to get on my nerves the most, like constantly correcting my grammar or sitting across from me at the dinner table making sure my etiquette was just right. Growing up, I used to call him "Suge Knight," and honestly... we all felt like we were part of Death Row when he was around.

But looking back, those same things he was so strict about are the very things I'm most grateful for.

He didn't just correct us, he taught us. He didn't just discipline us, he prepared us. I thought he was tough, but life has been much tougher.

Because of him, I carry those same values into my everyday life. The way I speak, the way I carry myself, the way I show up at work and most importantly, the way I raise my children... all reflect the lessons he taught.

One of my favorite childhood memories is simply him being there, present, watching, guiding, and making sure we were always becoming better versions of ourselves, even when we didn't understand it at the time.

Uncle YoPlait wasn't just strict he was intentional. He loved us enough to correct us. He cared enough to shape us.

And that love, those lessons and that presence will stay with us.

*-Tanya Lewis*

# *Expressions of Love*

A man of profound wisdom and deep faith, he was more than just family; he was a mentor who took the time to pour "game" and intelligence into the next generation.

Though he walked many paths in life, his heart was always rooted in his community and his church, leaving behind a legacy of guidance that will never be forgotten.

He was a rare individual who understood the balance of life-navigating the world with street-smart intelligence while remaining a devoted man of God. He was the kind of man who didn't just speak, but taught, sharing the kind of life lessons that shaped men. We honor his complexity, his spirit, and the unwavering love he showed his us.

To the man who gave me the game and the strength to use it: he was a pillar of intelligence and faith. Whether he was at church or holding it down on the block, he lived with a respect that was earned and a heart that was open. Rest in power to a true teacher and a beloved soul my cousin but my Unc Yoggi.

*Your nephew,  
Jerry*

Brother-in-law you were always there for our family functions or gatherings, rather they were good, bad or sad. you always showed your support. I will always remember the happy loud laughter you had, but it's a painful memory at this moment.

Revelations 21:4 says, And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

You will be missed, Yoplait.

*-Mamie Foster*

GOD our Father, Your power brings us to birth, Your providence guides our lives, and by Your command we return to dust. I pray for the dead, especially for N. May those who have been dear to me in life find a place with You in heaven. Lord, those who die still live in Your presence; their lives change but do not end. I pray in hope for my family, relatives and friends, and for all the dead known to you alone. In company with Christ who died and now lives may they rejoice in Your kingdom where all our tears are wiped away. Unite us together again as one family, to sing Your praise forever and ever.

*-Loving you always cousin,  
The Richardson Family*

## *Active Pallbearers*

Craig Ryan | Scott Blankenship | Byron Hall | Keith Foster  
Julian Justin Jones

## *Honorary Pallbearers*

Robert Legardy | Terrell Rogers | Tommy Foster | Jerry L. Davis Jr.

## *Repast*

You're welcome to join the family repast  
Hays Tabernacle CME Church

## *Acknowledgements*

We deeply appreciate and are sincerely grateful  
for the many expressions of sympathy and acts of  
kindness shown in our time of bereavement.  
Your prayers, telephone calls, visits, flowers,  
and other expressions of love and kindness  
to our family will always hold  
a special place in our hearts

The Family of Cortez Brown

### SERVICES ENTRUSTED TO:

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