
Obituary

Gilmon was born Warren Gilmon Talbert on June 24, 1925 in Madison, WI to parents, Madeline "Madge" Mosley and Philip Talbert. At the age of 3, his parents died within months of each other. Gilmon was taken in by relatives when he arrived in Ft. Huachuca in Tombstone, AZ.

Gilmon lived through the Depression where only the basic needs were met by family and relatives. As a teen he attended Tombstone High school in 1941, and then enrolled in UCLA. During his Junior year he was approached by a US Marine recruiter to become part of the first all Black Unit formed to serve in WWII.

He enlisted in October 1943 and traveled to Montford Point Marine Base, Jackson, NC. He completed boot camp which was described as "six weeks of pure Hell!!" He graduated as a honor Man of his platoon, promoted to Private 1st Class, and became an expert Marksman. He was wounded in the battle of Iwo Jima, received a Purple Heart, Bronze star for bravery, and a National Service medal and was promoted. Of the 250 Marines that went to combat, only 27 marines survived.

He returned to duty in Europe and attained the rank of Chief Warrant Officer III in the US Army in 1953. He married the former Wealthy T. Cody in Orleans, France. From that union, a son was born, Jeffrey K. Brooks. Upon retirement from military service he received a 5th Army Commendation Medal to round out his career. He initially became a Manager Trainee with Sears. Gilmon returned to Federal Service as a Personnel Manager with Naval Weapons Station Earle, and later selected to be a Civilian Personnel Manager with US Army CECOM Fort Monmouth in 1974.

After retiring from Federal Service he was actively involved in activities in Neptune Township such as, Monmouth County and NJ School Boards, Drug Board, Scouting, Monmouth County Men's Club, St. Augustine's Episcopal Church, Military Retirees Council, and the Montford Point Marines Association, Philadelphia Chapter. He is a recipient of The US Congressional Medal of Honor and numerous civic awards and accommodations. We will remember him for his love of fine dining, elegant style of dress, smooth and graceful dancer (once upon a time), love of the game of golf, tennis, and an avid bridge player and world traveler.

Surviving family members are his wife, Viola R. Brooks; son, Jeffrey K. Brooks (Toni) of North Brunswick, NJ; 2 grandchildren, Zachary D. Brooks and Marlo S. Brooks; former daughter-in-law, Judith Sandlin of Piscataway, NJ; 2 stepsons, Harold R. Shomo (Lenyse) of the US Virgin Islands and William J. Shomo (Janice) of Atlanta, GA; niece, Deborah Walden-Hoes; great niece, Curtistine Walden-Hoes from Northern CA area; and a host of close family and friends that we consider family.



Pallbearers

Bill McKenna
Mark Gibson
Odell Young
Zachary Brooks
Montford Point Marines(2)

Family Appreciation

Though our loss is so great, we have been sustained by your prayers, acts of kindness, and expressions of love and sympathy during this time of bereavement. We will truly miss our husband, father, friend, and we ask that you will continue to pray that God's peace and strength will overshadow us. May God bless each of you.

Special Thanks

To the Doctors, Davita Kidney Center Staff, Neighbors David and Toni O'Grady and sons, Charles and Carol Ann Nicholas, Betty White, Bill and Kay McKenna, Donald Blue and Executive Care Home Health Aide, Iduardo.



Services By

JAMES H. HUNT FUNERAL HOME
126 Ridge Avenue, Asbury Park, NJ 07712
732) 775-8722

Kevin L. Small - Manager - Lic. # 4880
"Service with Compassion, Concern and Care"

Sunrise
June 24, 1925

Sunset
June 19, 2017

A Celebration of the Life of



Gilmon D. Brooks

MONDAY, JUNE 26, 2017
11:00 A.M.

ST. AUGUSTINE EPISCOPAL CHURCH
155 Prospect Ave, Asbury Park, New Jersey
Rev. Kathleen Bishop, Officiating

The Colored Soldier
By Langston Hughes

My brother died in France--but I came back.
We were just two colored boys, brown and black,
Who joined up to fight for the U.S.A.
When the Nation called us that mighty day.
We were sent to training camp, then overseas
And me and my brother were happy as you please
Thinking we were fighting for Democracy's true reign
And that our dark blood would wipe away the stain
Of prejudice, and hate, and the false color line
And give us the rights that are yours and mine.
They told us America would know no black or white
So we marched to the front, happy to fight.
Last night in a dream my brother came to me
Out of his grave from over the sea,
Back from the acres of crosses in France,
And said to me, "Brother, you've got your chance,
And I hope you're making good, and doing fine
'Cause when I was living, I didn't have mine.
Black boys couldn't work then anywhere like they can today.
Could hardly find a job that offered decent pay.
The unions barred us; the factories, too,
But now I know we've got plenty to do.
We couldn't eat in restaurants; had Jim Crow cars;
didn't have any schools; and there were all sorts of bars
To a colored boy's rising in wealth or station
But now I know well that's not our situation
The world's been made safe for Democracy
And no longer do we know the dark misery
Of being held back, of having no chance
Since the colored soldiers came home from France.
Didn't our government tell us things would be fine
When we got through fighting, Over There and dying? So now I know we blacks
are just like any other, Cause that's what I died for isn't it, Brother?"
And I saw him standing there, straight and tall,
In his soldier's uniform, and all. Then his dark face smiled at me in the
night, But the dream was cruel and bitter and somehow not right. It
was awful facing that boy who went to die For what could I answer
him, except, "It's a lie!"
It's a lie! It's a lie! Every word they said.
And it's better a thousand times you're in France dead.
For here in the South there's no votes and no right
And I'm still just a "nigger" in America tonight.
Then I woke up, and the dream was ended
But broken was the soldier's dream, too bad to be mended. And it's a
good thing all the black boys lying dead Over There Can't see! And
don't know! And won't ever care!

<i>Order of Service</i>		
RECEPTION OF THE BODY:		BCP pg. 466
OPENING ANTHEM :		BCP pg. 491
OPENING HYMN: “What a Friend We have in Jesus”		LEVAS 109
COLLECTS:		BCP pg. 493
OLD TESTAMENT:	<i>Isaiah 65: 19-22</i>	Linda Shomo
PSALM 23		Teddi Ashby
NEW TESTAMENT:	<i>Matthew 7: 13-14</i>	Douglas Lett
GRADUAL HYMN: “Great is Thy Faithfulness”		LEVAS 189
THE GOSPEL:	<i>John 6: 35-40</i>	Rev. Bishop
OBITUARY:	<i>Read silently</i>	
REMARKS:	<i>Representatives (2 minutes each)</i> <i>Montford Point Marines Association</i> <i>Monmouth County Men’s Club</i> <i>InfoAge Science History Learning Center</i> <i>Family</i> <i>St. Augustine’s Episcopal Church</i>	
SOLO:	<i>“I Won’t Complain”</i>	Rod Blackstone
HOMILY:		Rev. Bishop
APOSTLE’S CREED:		BCP pg. 496
PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE:		BCP pg. 497
THE PEACE		
HYMN OF PREPARATION OF THE TABLE:		
	<i>“Take My Hand Precious Lord”</i>	LEVAS 106
EUCCHARIST PRAYER A:		BCP pg. 361
COMMUNION HYMN: “Blessed Assurance”		Rod Blackstone
POST COMMUNION PRAYER:		BCP pg. 498
THE COMMENDATION:		BCP pg. 499
CLOSING SOLO:	<i>“America”</i>	Rod Blackstone
CLOSING CEREMONY	<i>Burial Detail</i>	<i>Military Color Guard</i>
<i>Repast following the service in the undercroft</i>		

"The Colored Soldiers"
by Paul Laurence Dunbar

If the muse were mine to tempt it
And my feeble voice were strong,
If my tongue were trained to measures,
I would sing a stirring song.
I would sing a song heroic
Of those noble sons of Ham,
Of the gallant colored soldiers
Who fought for Uncle Sam!

In the early days you scorned them,
And with many a flip and flout
Said "These battles are the white man's,
And the whites will fight them out."
Up the hills you fought and faltered,
In the vales you strove and bled,
While your ears still heard the thunder
Of the foes' advancing tread.

Then distress fell on the nation,
And the flag was drooping low;
Should the dust pollute your banner?
No! the nation shouted, No!
So when War, in savage triumph,
Spread abroad his funeral pall
Then you called the colored soldiers,
And they answered to your call.
And like hounds unleashed and eager
For the life blood of the prey,
Sprung they forth and bore them bravely
In the thickest of the fray.
And where'er the fight was hottest,
Where the bullets fastest fell,
There they pressed unblanched and fearless
At the very mouth of hell.

Ah, they rallied to the standard
To uphold it by their might;
None were stronger in the labors,
None were braver in the fight.
From the blazing breach of Wagner
To the plains of Olustee,
They were foremost in the fight
Of the battles of the free.

And their deeds shall find a record
In the registry of Fame;
For their blood has cleansed completely
Every blot of Slavery's shame.
So all honor and all glory
To those noble sons of Ham
The gallant colored soldiers
Who fought for Uncle Sam!