

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The family of Alfred Jessie Clay would like to thank everyone for whatever you did to console our hearts, and to provide support to us emotionally, spiritually, and financially. Thank you for every manner of love and condolences expressed to our family, whether via visits, phone calls, text messages or even by way of social media posts. Our hearts are filled with extreme gratitude for all the ways we have been comforted and supported throughout such a difficult and painful time.

— THE CLAY FAMILY —

REPAST

To Immediately Follow Services



2737 N. Lamb Blvd.
Las Vegas, Nevada 89115
(702) 982-8670
www.giddensmemorialchapel.com



REST IN PEACE

LEGEND

ALWAYS IN
OUR HEARTS



CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF

ALFRED

JESSIE CLAY

GONE BUT NEVER FORGOTTEN

YOU WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN

AUGUST 18, 1955 - AUGUST 9, 2026

FUNERAL SERVICE

New Jerusalem Worship Center
1818 Martin Luther King Boulevard
Las Vegas, Nevada 89106
Pastor: Bishop Dr. James M. Rogers, Sr.
Officiant: Elder Elsie Millender



LIFE STORY

Sunrise
Tallulah, Louisiana

The life of Alfred Jessie Clay started when he was born, August 18, 1955, to the union of Grace Louise and William Jessie Clay, Sr. in Tallulah, Louisiana. Both preceded him in death as well as his sisters Mary Louise Clay, Grace Clay and Regina Ann Clay. Alfred attended Wright Elementary and McCall Junior High, Tallulah, Louisiana. He worked in the cotton field where his responsibility was to hoe cotton. He also worked part-time in his daddy's night club.

After moving to Las Vegas, Nevada with his family, Alfred attended Clark High and graduated from Rancho High School in 1973. Immediately after graduating he was employed by Caesar's Palace Hotel and later by the Tropicana Hotel where he worked until retiring in the early 2000's.

Early on in life Alfred enjoyed playing with marbles, card games, dominoes and later moved up to enjoy watching professional boxing. Football and basketball. His NFL Football team was the Dallas Cowboys, and he is the reason other members of his family are Dallas Cowboy fans today.

In 1999 Alfred made a life-changing decision; he confessed his faith in Christ Jesus and was baptized into the body of believers where he became a member of Greater New Jerusalem Missionary Baptist Church under Bishop Dr. James M. Rogers, Sr (formerly Pastor James M. Rogers, Sr). On Saturday, August 8, 2026, Alfred went to sleep in the natural body.

And on Sunday, August 9, 2026, we believe our beloved Alfred awakened in his spiritual body. Having been a double amputee, we further believe Alfred, in his new incorruptible body with his new legs, is now running around rejoicing and jumping for joy in the Lord.

Within weeks of his passing, Alfred, completed his first and only ministry for God; he spoke God's Word and truth, encouraging his daughter in the Lord.

Alfred Jessie Clay leaves to cherish his fond memories, his daughter, Regina Clay, granddaughter; Deja Clemons; grandson Micah Amari Johnson; great-granddaughter Kataleya Rose Green; and great-grandson Ezra Jude Green; sisters: Polly Harrison, Vera Clay, Joyce Wilson-Ramos(Freddie), Evelyn (Sedgie II) Conerly, Jacqueline (Kenneth II) Matthews, sister-niece Patricia (Tyrone) Larry and Wanda Hill all of Las Vegas, Nevada; brother Merrick (Hope) Clay of Virginia, Brother, William J. Clay, Jr; a host of nephews, nieces, cousins and other relatives and friends.



FOR GOD SO LOVED

THE WORLD, THAT

HE GAVE HIS ONLY

BEGOTTEN SON,

THAT WHOSOEVER

BELIEVETH IN

HIM SHOULD NOT

PERISH, BUT HAVE

EVERLASTING LIFE.

JOHN 3:16



memories of cooking for my brother when he and his family came to my house; he would always why I don't cook my rice like Filipinos. Nonetheless, he ate my rice and enjoyed it. We both share conversations about our lives with one another. He loved to dress sharply, and back in the day he shopped at Mr. B's men's 'clothing store. I will miss you my brother.

JOYCE



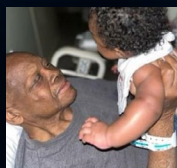
MY FONDEST MEMORIES OF MY DAD:

I have countless memories to last a lifetime, memories from various parts of my life from a little girl growing up to becoming a grown woman. My dad has always been there, supporting me throughout my life. He loved to crack jokes or to say something funny even when I was on punishment. He would follow up with now let's go get something to eat like nothing ever happened (lol). I grew up with him watching both the Dallas Cowboys football games and the Lakers Basketball games. I was daddy's little girl; he bought me anything I wanted. He loved Filipino food and hot wings. We would watch movies together and he loved it when I would take him out to eat. He loved to dress up nicely in different outfits, with his sneakers to match as he was very stylish. And I can't forget how he loved his watches and jewelry. He loved and adored his granddaughter, his grandson, and his two great-grandchildren. We enjoyed so many wonderful times celebrating on holidays and birthdays.

My memories of him will forever remain in my heart.

Rest in Peace Dad. I love you always.

GINA



ORDER OF SERVICE

PROCESSIONAL

SCRIPTURE READINGSMinister Paula Birch

Old Testament..... Psalms 34:18

New Testament..... 1 Corinthians 15:54-57

PRAYER OF COMFORTMinister Patricia Washington

SELECTION Susie Wesley

WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT Mary Brown

New Paradise Missionary Baptist Church

SELECTION "Going Up Yonder"

Susie Wesley

VIDEO PRESENTATION

READING OF OBITUARY, CARDS

AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS BYDr. Regina Porter-Rayford

INSTRUMENTAL "SAXOPHONE" SELECTIONMatthew Wiggins

EULOGYBishop Dr. James M. Rogers, Sr.

RECESSIONAL



LOVING TRIBUTES

When younger I played a game of “dual sword fight,” with my brother only we were using sticks. When he swung his stick to knock mine out of my hand he missed and instead hit my thumb. Surprisingly, his stick had a nail in it that pierced through my thumb. This scared him so badly and he immediately ran for help. What makes this event so memorable for me is because I saw how much my brother cared for me; the concern I saw in his eyes and the love I felt coming from his heart when this happened spoke louder than words. Rest in Peace by brother.

MERRICK



MY FONDEST MEMORY OF MY BROTHER:

My brother/traveling buddy took vacation to travel with me to wherever I was going. He gave me my first purse at age 14; nicknamed me: Duck, of which I had him to stop calling me that as an adult. Then when I personalized my license plates with “DuckH2O” he humorously said you stopped me from calling you Duck, but you get Duck put on your license plate, “now isn’t that something.” The confidence and trust he had in me and the ways he confided in me were beyond imaginable. Rest in Peace brother.

EVELYN SUE



MY FONDEST MEMORIES OF MY BROTHER:

My brother was loving, trusting, funny, encouraging, and comforting. He had special ways of showing love, whether through nicknames he gave his siblings as terms of endearment; or by the trust he placed in me at age 13, giving me my job, babysitting & caring for his precious daughter, or the way he comforted me when we traveled together to Louisiana for our oldest sister’s funeral. I was anxious about the flight home, and he jokingly asked, “are you afraid of the plane falling out of the sky?” I said “absolutely!” and we both laughed. That was my brother—he could turn a moment of fear into one of laughter and comfort. These are some of the memories I will

carry in my heart, and I will forever be grateful that God gave me the gift of calling him my brother. Rest in Peace my brother.

JACKIE



OUR FONDEST MEMORY OF OUR BROTHER:

Alfred was my younger brother, but he had a protective nature like an older brother. When I lived in California with my former husband, I loved to wear miniskirts. I remember one time when he came to visit me and saw me wearing a miniskirt—he said to my husband at the time “are you going let her go out like that?” I told him; you know I’m your big sister then we laughed. I will miss you my brother.

POLLY



My brother could make you laugh even if you were mad at him. When I would stop by his place, I would automatically cook, clean and do laundry for me. I guess because I did it many times when we were growing up. One day I visited him when I was really tired. As I sat on his couch talking to him he said “okay, that’s enough talking, time for you to get to work. When I asked what he meant; he said--you know, go into the kitchen and fix me something to eat; and when I tried to get mad at him, he looked at me said and--I want some fried chicken and he laughed. I told him, “You know I’m not your maid; then he said but you are older. We both laughed and I fried him some chicken. I will miss you my brother.

VERA



Once my brother and I traveled together to see family in Mississippi and Louisiana at which time he taught me how to play dominoes. I remember when he came over to my house to watch the fight between Mayweather and a Filipino boxer; I wanted Mayweather to win, and he wanted the Filipino boxer to win. And after Mayweather actually won my brother said, ah he cheated. We laughed it off. I hold dear

