

*Celebration of Life*



# Vernon G. Shelton

Sunrise July 27, 1938 - Sunset March 8, 2023

Thursday, March 23, 2023

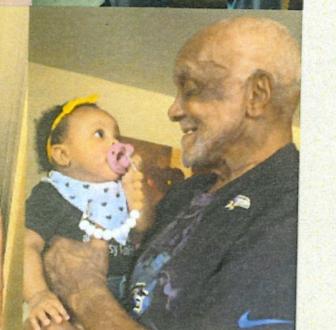
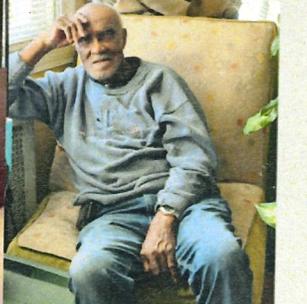
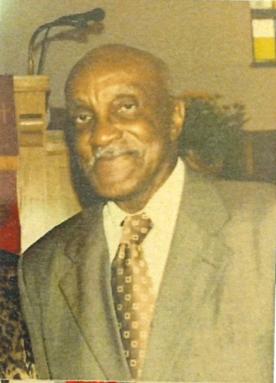
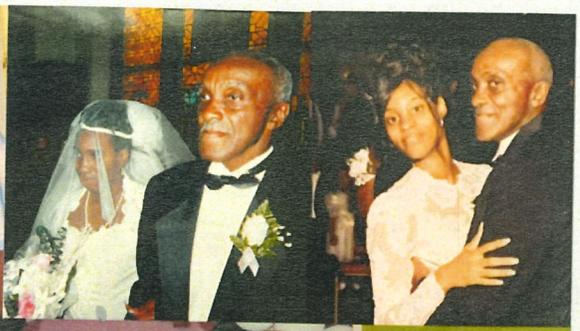
Viewing 12:00 pm - 12:30 pm

Service 12:30 pm

Joseph H. Brown Jr. Funeral Home

2140 N. Fulton Ave

Baltimore, MD 21217



## *A Letter to my Better-Half*

Your smile seems forever gone  
and your hand I cannot touch.  
Still I have so many memories  
of the one I loved so much.  
Your memory is my keepsake  
with which I will never part.  
God has you in His keeping  
I have you in my heart.  
It is sad to take the road alone  
instead of side by side.  
But to all there comes a moment  
when the ways of life divide.  
You gave me years of happiness  
then came sorrow and tears.  
But you left me beautiful memories  
I will treasure through the years.

Love,  
Lynne



You Left This World But  
Not My Heart  
Vernon & Lynne

## *Our Wonderful Pop-Pop*

Who never grew old. Daily wake-ups for school. A personal chauffeur even for a block away. Precious moments spent time with us by playing go-fish, doing jigsaw and crosswords puzzles & more. We will miss the little things. Hearing Haughton-burger, Roach, Ny' Jones, Half-breed. A unique grandchild/grandfather relationship. You were fun, protective and caring, Pop-pop. Then suddenly, things changed and we had to protect and take care of you. Our hearts are broken...we miss you.

Love You Always Ugly,  
Aniya & Kaiya

# ORDER OF SERVICE

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OFFICIATING:  
MINISTER LATRICIA HARVEY

HYMN

"What a Friend We Have in Jesus"

SCRIPTURE

PRAYER OF COMFORT

SELECTION

REMARKS

OBITUARY AND  
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

SELECTION

WORDS OF COMFORT

Dr. Vernon D. Shelton, Sr.

BENEDICTION

# LIFE REFLECTIONS

Vernon George Shelton was born to the late Clara Tyler Braxton-Moore and the late Horace Shelton on July 27, 1938 in Baltimore, Maryland. Vernon was the eldest of seven siblings. He gained his education from the Baltimore City Public School System. Vernon grew up in the Catholic Church and was a member of St. Jude in Baltimore for many years.

Vernon worked numerous jobs throughout his life. He was also an unofficial "handyman". Everyone called him when they needed help, although we were never certain he actually fixed it. Vernon retired as a maintenance supervisor at Lockwood Apartments in the early 2000s.

After retiring, Vernon did not slow down. He was always shuttling someone back and forth. If you needed a ride, "call Pop-Pop." It started with his grandchildren (Aniya & Kaiya). Wherever they needed a ride, they knew Pop-Pop had them. But his kindness went beyond helping his grandchildren and family. He was always looking out for everyone around him.

To know him was to love him. He was a big-time trash talker. He had a term of endearment for almost everyone, such as ugg mo, country, big feet, roach, etc. If he called you a nickname, in most cases, it meant he liked you. Vernon enjoyed playing the lottery, buying scratch-offs, reading, going to the racetrack, watching sports, completing puzzles, and cooking holiday meals alongside the love of his life, Lynne. He was known for his apple and pumpkin pies. Although Vernon was a man of few words when he spoke you were either laughing or listening.

Vernon was a very health-conscious man who enjoyed a sweet snack. Despite his best efforts, he unexpectedly succumbed to illness on Tuesday, March 7, 2023, at 11:34 pm with loved ones by his side. He fought with great strength and courage. Vernon/Dad/Pop-Pop will be missed immensely.

Vernon was preceded in death by his mother, Clara Tyler Braxton-Moore, two brothers Richard and Herbert, and sister Laverne.

Vernon leaves to celebrate his life and legacy: his lifelong companion, Ms. Lynne Denise Stokes; children: Curtis, Sonja, Sidney Jr., Angela, Reginald (Felicia), Laticia, Isha, Vernon Sr. (Prena), and Shaquan; thirty-three grandchildren, twenty-seven great-grandchildren; two brothers James Sr. and Rodney; close cousin Debbie; a special niece Gail; many other nieces, nephews, and an abundance of family and friends.

God saw you getting tired  
and a cure was not to be,  
so He put his arms around you,  
and whispered, "Come to Me".  
With tearful eyes we watched you,  
and saw you pass away.  
Although we loved you dearly,  
we could not make you stay.  
A golden heart stopped beating,  
hard working hands at rest.  
God broke our hearts to prove to us,  
He only takes the best.



Professional Services Entrusted To:

