Order of Celebration

Processional

Parting Memories
Funeral Directors

Comfort from the Scriptures
Dave Stitcher

Recorded Musical Tribute

Acknowlwdgement and Condolences
Pipkin Braswell Funeral Directors

His Story
Melvin Mosley

Video Tribute

Poetic Tribute
Jacquelyn Mosley

Tribute from your Grandchild
Malik Turner

Musical Selection
Missing You

Pipkin Brawell
Funeral Director

Recessional

Repast
Martha's Event Center
11757 E. 14th ave. Aurora, CO 80010

Honorary Pallbearers

Arlier Turner	Jordan Hill	Tyler Aguilar	Malik Turner	Ezhanni Mosley
Henry Mosley	Melvin Mosley	Brian Stitcher Jr.	Mehki Turner	Israel Mosley
Morn Mosley	Joseph Mosley	Emarrion Mosley	Richard Tweed	Rodney Williams Jr. .
Timothy Mosley	June Mosley	Donae Butler	Fred Abram	TC Smith
Carl Hill	Darnell Mallard	Dante Butler	Latha Grant	Willie Buskey

Acknowledgement

Our family would like to express our deep appreciation for every sympathetic expression, every meal, every shoulder, and the unwavering love and support extended to us at this time. Words cannot express our gratitude and we will forever cherish every gesture.

PIPKIN BRASWELL FUNERALS AND CREMATION SERVICE
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When Someone You Love Becomes A Memory; The Memory Becomes A Treasure





Celebrating the life of Henry Lee Mosley

The Melody Begins
January 12, 1943

The Melody Ends
October 8, 2026

Henry Lee Mosley - His Story

A Life Full of Love, Laughter & Memories

Henry Lee Mosley was born on January 12, 1943, in Holly Grove, Arkansas, to Morn and Lucy Jane Mosley. He was one of twenty-one children, which meant he grew up surrounded by a whole lot of personalities, noise, laughter, and love. And honestly, it probably explains a lot about the man he became.

Henry had a personality that could fill a room. He had a way of making people laugh without even trying and sometimes, he absolutely was trying. As a young boy, Henry moved with his family from Arkansas to Colorado, where he experienced all kinds of "firsts." His first hot dog, his first hamburger, his first television, and of course, his first Colorado snow. That first snow became a story that he would tell. Young Henry was so excited to experience the snow that he ran outside without putting on proper winter clothes and caught himself a terrible cold.

Henry was naturally sweet, playful, and maybe just a little sneaky. One of his favorite childhood hobbies was probably bothering his sisters just enough to get a reaction and then somehow managing to look completely innocent afterward. He also had quite the imagination. At one point, Henry convinced himself that he was Zorro. He put a black mask over his face, grabbed a broom to serve as his horse, picked up a stick as his sword, and rode around the yard shouting, "Zoot! Zoot! Zoot!" Needless to say, he acquired the nickname Zorro.

A Love Story That Lasted 63 Years

In 1961 Henry met Melvin Marie. According to Henry, he knew immediately that she was the woman he was going to marry. He didn't hesitate. He told people that Melvin was going to be his wife, and a few months later, he made good on that promise. Henry and Melvin were married on October 6, 1961. What began as a young man's confident declaration became a beautiful 63-year love story filled with love, laughter, hard work, family, challenges, growth, and commitment.They built a life together. They built a home. They raised a family. And they created a love story that became a huge part of the foundation of their family.

Together, Henry and Melvin raised ten children of their own, building a family and a home filled with love, laughter, and plenty of personality. But their hearts and their home didn't stop with the children they brought into the world. They also opened their doors to so many others, making room for extended family, nieces, nephews, and others who needed a place to feel welcomed, loved, and cared for. Their home became a place where people could come together, where there was always room for one more, and where family was about so much more than just blood. Henry and Melvin showed that love isn't measured by how many people you are responsible for, but by how many people you make room for in your heart. Together, they created a legacy of love that reached far beyond their own household and touched generations of people who were blessed to be part of their lives.

Henry loved to make Melvin laugh, but he also seemed to enjoy driving her just a little crazy. He was a professional meddler. He could say or do something simply because he knew it would get on her nerves, then walk away laughing to himself like he had just pulled off the greatest prank of all time. That was Henry and Melvin...that was their love.

The Provider, The Handyman & The Family Headquarters

Henry was a provider through and through. He worked hard for decades at Serta, where he made mattresses and took great pride in working with his hands. He retired from Serta in 2002, but retirement never meant sitting around doing nothing. Henry liked being useful. He liked fixing things, working with his hands, and helping people. The home Henry and Melvin created became much more than just a house. It was the family headquarters so to speak. There was always somebody coming through the door. Nieces, Nephews, Cousins, Friends, Neighbors, Children, Grandchildren. If you were there enough, you surely remember his games of "pork chop" and "knuckles." If you know, you know. The weekends could be loud, crowded, a little chaotic, and full of people talking over one another. And somehow, that was exactly how he liked it. Music was always a huge part of the house. Henry loved music, and he especially loved the Blues. When the Blues came on, you could see the joy in him. He would tap his feet, catch the rhythm, sing, dance, and just enjoy himself along with many others in the family. Meanwhile, something was usually cooking in the kitchen. And if the music wasn't enough, there was always a card game. Spades brought out plenty of competition and plenty of smack talk. But dominoes? Dominoes belonged to Henry.Nobody was supposed to believe they were going to beat Henry at dominoes.He would slam those pieces down like he had something to prove, laugh, and proudly maintain his position as the undisputed champion. Upstairs, the kids were playing and watching TV. Downstairs, the grownups were sitting back enjoying the beautiful chaos of family.Three conversations happening at the same time? Perfect. People laughing? Even better. A house full of family? Exactly where he wanted to be.

The Family Historian

Long before everyone had a phone in their hand, Henry was walking around with a camcorder on his shoulder. Every party, family dinner, every cookout, every random Sunday. If something was happening, Henry was probably recording it. And Henry didn't just record the moments. He later watched those tapes back and added his own commentary, laughing and making sure his voice became part of the memories too. Because of him, we don't just remember those moments. We can see them, hear them, hear his laugh, hear his voice. Just hear Henry being Henry. He unknowingly became the family historian, preserving pieces of our family that we will now treasured forever. Henry loved talking about "the good ol' days." And when Henry told a story, you didn't just hear it—you were there. Henry knew how to tell a story. And somehow, the stories got better and funnier every time they were told.

Henry: The Role of Grandfather He Cherished

As the family grew, Henry stepped into one of the roles he cherished most—being a grandfather. Being a grandfather wasn't simply a title to Henry. It was a role he took great pride in and one he truly enjoyed. He loved watching his grandchildren grow, hearing about what they were doing, celebrating their accomplishments, giving advice, telling stories, and, of course, making sure they knew exactly how proud he was of them.He reminded his grandchildren that they could do anything they put their minds to. He was their biggest cheerleader. He loved being surrounded by his grandchildren. The noise, the laughter, the questions, the arguments, and the running through the house—he welcomed it all. His home was a place where generations could come together, and Henry loved being right in the middle of it.

For his 34 grandchildren, 36 great-grandchildren, and 4 great-great-grandchildren, Henry was more than a grandfather.He was a friend, A protector. A storyteller. A comedian. A supporter. A source of wisdom, and for many of us, he was home.

Henry's Style

And then there was Henry's style. Henry could dress! A sharp suit, crisp hat, overalls, dress shoes, bright colors, and bold patterns. Henry was going to look good—and he knew it. Even if he was just going to a doctor's appointment. With his signature gold tooth, big smile, and confidence, he could walk into a room and own it without saying a word. And if somebody else happened to be looking especially sharp, Henry was always ready with one of his famous compliments: "You cleaner than some Safeway chicken!"

He loved his morning coffee, loved a cold glass of buttermilk, and good food. If it came from a pig, Henry was probably going to tell you it was delicious. He took tremendous pride in his cars and kept them, lined up down the block like his own personal dealership. And you always knew Henry was coming before you saw him because you could hear that unmistakable whistle. And the thermostat? Well... Let's just say that if it was 95 degrees outside, Henry was perfectly comfortable with the house set like it was the middle of winter. Everybody else would be sweating but Henry was fine.

Above all, Henry loved Jehovah God. His belief in Jehovah's promises brought him comfort throughout his life. He enjoyed Bible movies, conversations about the Bible, and talking about the things he believed. One promise especially gave him hope—the resurrection. That he would see his loved ones who had passed. He looked forward to the day when Jehovah would call his loved ones back to life and there would be no more sickness, pain, or death. And we find comfort knowing that this was a hope Henry held close to his heart and we have this same hope.

Until we hear that whistle again, the house may be a little quieter now. The music may sound a little different.The dominoes may sit in their box for a while. The camcorder may be still. The thermostat might finally get turned down. But his presence isn't gone. It's in the stories we tell, in the old videos we watch, in the family gatherings, in the Blues music,and it's in every person who carries a little piece of Henry with them.

On October 8, 2026, surrounded by the warmth, love, and devotion of his family in the home of his daughter, Henry peacefully passed.

He was preceded in death by his beloved wife, Melvin Marie Mosley; his parents, Morn and Lucy Jane Mosley; his siblings, Gerelane, Joe, Ruth Lee, Charles, and Lou; his sons Henry Jr. "Bubba" and Morn; his grandchildren Henry III, Neal, and Joshua; and his great-grandsons Sevyn and Ji'Aire.

His legacy continues through his children: Carl (Kimi), Marilyn, Jackie, Timothy, Stacy, Ronda, Selena, Elaine, Gerelane, and Cherise (Brian); his 34 grandchildren, 36 great-grandchildren, and 4 great-great-grandchildren; his surviving 5 sisters; and the many nieces, nephews, extended family members, friends, and loved ones whose lives he touched.