

Acknowledgements

The family wishes to acknowledge with deep appreciation the many expressions of love, concern, prayers, and kindness shown to them during this hour of bereavement.

May God Bless and Keep You!
- The family of Durrion McCoy

He faded into quieter rooms,
Into spaces where voices couldn't reach,
Where grief sat beside him
And spoke in a language we couldn't hear.
Something in him folded inward-
Like a season that forgot to turn.
Some days it was heavier to breathe.
They called it illness,
Tried to map the storm in his mind.

But we knew him before the storm,
We knew his laugh,
How he loved music like it understood him,
How the game wasn't just a game,
When he was watching, cheering, living in it.

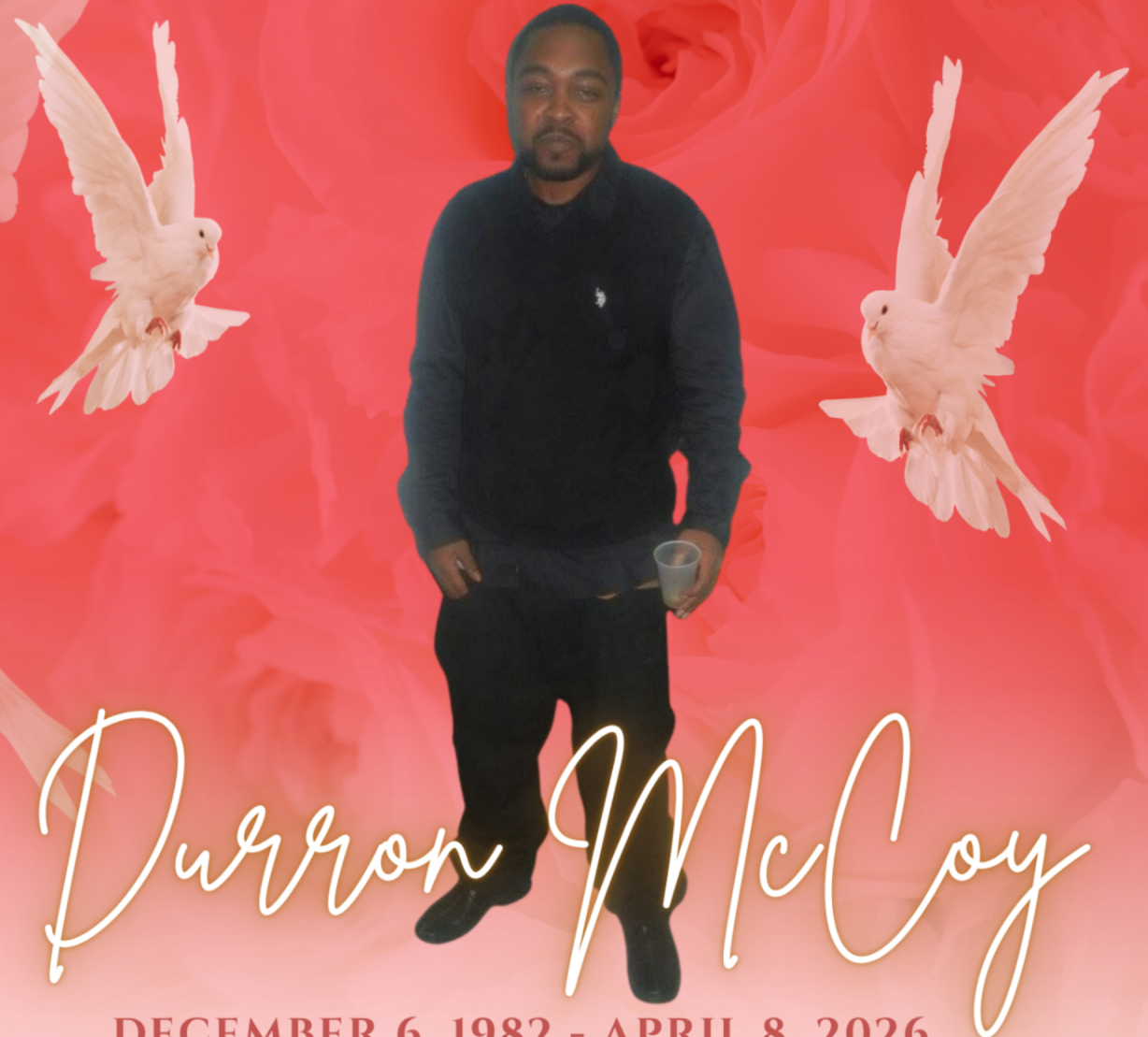
He love us-
Even when he couldn't show it,
Even when distance-built walls
He didn't know how to tear down.
Love doesn't always look like staying close.
Sometimes it look like silence
Like surviving one more day
In a world that feels to loud, too sharp.
And Cancer-

That quite thief-
Took what he had left to give,
But it never took all of him.
Not the brother we all knew.
Not the man who still carried love
Even when it hurt too much to hold.
So we won't remember him
Only in the distance-
We'll remember the before,
The laughter, the music, the moments when he was
right here with us.



Known for Excellence. Trusted for Value.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF



DECEMBER 6, 1982 - APRIL 8, 2026

Thursday, May 7, 2026

Visitation 3:00 p.m. • Service 4:00 p.m.

Walker Funeral Home-Walnut Hills

2625 Gilbert Ave.

Cincinnati, OH 45206

Gary Bennett, Officiating

Obituary

Durron "Ron Pulla" McCoy, age 43, passed away early morning on April 8, 2026. He was born on December 6, 1982, in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Durron was a devoted father, brother, uncle, cousin and friend who loved and cherished his family above all else. He had a deep love for sports and music, and found joy in spending time with those closest to him. Known for his kindness and connections with others. Durron leaves behind many who will remember him for the love and energy he brought into their lives.

He is survived by his two daughters, Dymond McCoy (Kendall) and Destiny McCoy, granddaughter, Casey Tillman; brothers, Derrice McCoy, Jamal McCoy, Darrell Collins, Dominique Coston, Antonio Coston, and sisters, Gina McCoy (Rashene), Keeasa McCoy (Anthony), Teneeka McCoy-King and Shantrea Coston.

He is also survived by his 8 nephews, Traron Freeman, Jamar McCoy, Damon Warner, RaQuan Morris, Damontay Warner, DaMarco Metz, Nehemiah Coston, Antonio Coston Jr.; 11 nieces Tianne Booker, Takeyah McCoy, Shamel McCoy, Da'Monnee Warner, Da'Miyah Warner, Kelsey McCoy, Symphoni King, Serenity King, Ariyah Lumpkin, Ay'el Coston, Akari Coston; 9 great nieces and nephews Elijah, Skyluar, Jasiah, Cyliah, Caron, Kalen, Ra'Maree, Celai, and Ameir; the mother of his daughters, Crystal Andrews along with extended family members The Bush, Wood, Bennett, Brandon, Williams, Cody, Greene, Springer, Trembles, Rivers, Billups, and Snell families and friends who will miss him dearly.

He was preceded in death by his parents, Roberta (Teresa) McCoy and Durron Coston. His grandmother, Ida Mae Cook; grandfather, Charles Cook; aunt Toni Gill, uncle Chuck Gill, Michael McCoy; brother-in-law Stephenon King; nephew Jamal McCoy Jr., and great niece Da'layah Warner.

Durron's life was a testament to the importance of family, friendship, and love. He will be deeply missed and forever remembered by all who knew him.

Order of Service



Musical Prelude	
Parting View	Immediate Family
Prayer	Gary Bennett
Scripture	Revelation 21:4
Recorded Selection	"Dance With My Father" -Luther Vandross
Acknowledgements	
Remarks	2 Minutes
Obituary	Read Silently
Recorded Selection	"God Got It Covered" -Harmony Lovee
Eulogy	Gary Bennett
Benediction	Gary Bennett
Recessional	Clergy, Family & Friends

Repast

Lincoln Community Center
1027 Linn Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45203

My brother.. He wasn't always quiet, there was a time when his laughter came easy, when music moved through him, when he showed his love just by being there. He loved his family. He loved his people. And when life got heavy-that never changed. When we lost our mother something in him changed too. He carried that pain in a way not all of us could see and not all of us could understand. Some battles are silent, some struggles don't have words. He kept going the only way he knew how the one who loved deeply who felt deeply who mattered more than words can ever hold. As long I'm here, I'll always remember who my brother was.