



## **VERNICE STEWART**

April 27, 1938 - June 28, 2015

Vernice Stewart, 77, passed away Sunday, June 28, 2015

Mrs. Vernice was preceded in death by her son, Paxton Damon Stewart; sister Lola Von Cunningham; brothers Charles Norman and Carllee Clay.

She is survived by her husband, Sylvester Stewart; children, Keith Anthony, Eric Wayne Stewart and Maria L. Persley (Brian), brother, Garland Clay; grandchildren, Myisha V. Stewart- Harris, LaTisha , Ercia, Quentin and Janinah Faith Stewart; 6 great-grandchildren, host of family and friends.

Memorial Service: 2 pm Monday, July 6, 2015 at A. D. Porter & Sons, 1300 W. Chestnut St.

# Tribute Wall

RI

“ *Maria, Myisha and Family, So sorry to hear of your loss. My prayers are with you and your family. May your mother and grandmother R.I.H. Love you ladies.* ”

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**Ricky** - July 06, 2015 at 12:00 AM

LA

“ *My heart is sad at the lose of another great one. Your suffering is over Aunt Vernice, may your soul be at peace. R I.H. Love you!* ”

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**LaTonia** - July 06, 2015 at 12:00 AM

KS

“ Next part,,like when I got the job at Louisville Metal Treatment and in the job interview I was told that they were trying to get some government contracts and they needed to have one of "us" on the job and the interviewer asked me how I would feel if the "boys" wanted to have a little fun with me and I asked do you mean by calling me and I went down a list of all the names I had been called as a black man growing up in Louisville and that I was there for a pay check, and when I came home and told you about it you said that I was stronger than they would ever be and not to let someone's ignorance keep me broke that I was there for a paycheck and that was it and after months of being called out of my name and listening to unfunny N-word jokes I decided to tell a joke myself about a white girl and three black guys and It was so quiet you could've heard a pin drop and suddenly the jokes stopped for the next two days there where no more jokes and when the boss who interviewed me came back "he had been out of the city on company business" I was called into the office and told that the work was drying up and they needed to let me go and in that moment I knew what you said that I was stronger then they would ever be. You always had the right words and the right encouragement at the right time, You where real, direct and sometime blunt, You cut straight to the chase and got to the heart of the matter, Thank You for being real, for being You, for being Mom, I love You Mom

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Keith Stewart - July 04, 2015 at 12:00 AM

KS

“ *My love letter to you Mom*

*When I was a little boy I doted on you constantly with I love you mommy I love you mommy even though I know I got on your nerves you allowed me to be me, and when I tapped and drummed and beat on everything I could even though I know I got on your nerves you allowed me to be me, when I hung a rope from the ceiling and put a ball on the end and beat on it constantly you let me be me. And when I karate kicked and Bruce Lee punched everything in the house you allowed me to be me, You encourage me to stand up for myself in all situations , even though I had little boy fights and held my own I remember when I was in the third grade and we had recently moved to the Park Hill housing projects and I got chased home from school by three little boys and when I went to run into the house you stopped me standing at the top of the stairs you told me to go back outside and and fight and I said but there's three of them and it's not fair, you said life is not always going to be fair but you fight anyway so I went back outside and fought and I never ran from another fight again, when you allow me to go to camp and see a world outside of the projects and then you allowed me to participate in upward bound and I saw a world much much bigger than the projects even though that world was sometime hateful and racist I needed to see it to be prepared for what came next,,, see next part*

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**Keith Stewart** - July 04, 2015 at 12:00 AM

SS

“ *My favorite Aunt and second Mom...rest in peace Aunt Vern I love you and will see you again when I get there !!!*

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**Sherri Shields** - July 03, 2015 at 12:00 AM

ML

“ *My childhood memories is how close all of the families was as we were going up in Parkhill. For example, when the children played baseball against the adults, or when our mothers participated in our jump rope games. The adults always found time to send with the children in the neighborhood. Mrs. Vernice and everyone treated the children as one big happy family. I am proud to have grown-up in this type of environment. Rest in peace Mrs. Vernice.*

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**Martha L** - July 03, 2015 at 12:00 AM