

The death of my grandfather essay



It was December 21, 1947 when a woman by the name of Earnestine Greene gave Birth to a baby boy named Richard Melvin Greene, SR. As a child he professed Christ at a young age, and was a previous member of Springfield Baptist Church. Richard sang in the choir and was a deacon under reverend Eddie walker The last several years he worshiped at Starlight Baptist Church until his failing health. Richard completed his education at Albert Gallatin High School of Masontown, PA.

He excelled in football, basketball and track; he was rewarded A scholarship to attend Wiley College upon completion of college Richard Enlisted in the United States Marine Corp and faithfully served his country While fighting during the Vietnam War. He was a proud recipient of the Distinguished Purple Heart. After being honorably discharged from the Marine's Richard relocated to Cleveland, Ohio and began his employment Career at U. S Steel, where he was gainfully employed for thirty years.

Richard was joined in holy matrimony to his best friend, and soul-mate And confidant, Veronica White Greene. They held a special relationship of love, admiration, and respect for each other. Ronnie stood by her man and encouraged him to follow his dreams to continue his education where he soon enrolled in Lakeland Community College and received his Associates Degree in Electronics. With still being a young man he decided to begin Another employment career at First Energy of Cleveland.

He was a loyal Union member of UWWA local 270 for the last seven years. My grandfather Enjoyed relaxing in his big easy chair with his faithful companion and Sidekick cooper. He liked watching the Cleveland Browns,

the cavaliers And old western movies. My grandfather liked good food, good company and the Ritz Carlton Hotel and Casino. He loved the life he lived and he Lived it to the fullest. My grandfather was the kind of person Who never went back on his word when he said he was going to do something he meant it.

My grandfather took on the responsibility of helping my grandmother raise her three kids my mother, aunt and uncle he was the father that they didn't really have even though they real father was around. Even though he was my grandfather through marriage I still looked at him like he was my real grandfather. But unfortunately on April 15, 2013 he closed his eyes for the last time, cancer had finally got the best of him but he fought a good fight and he enjoyed the life he lived regardless to the cancer.