



Order of Service



MONDAY - MARCH 27, 2023, 11: 00 A.M.

CRENSHAW CHRISTIAN CENTER

7901 S VERMONT AVE. LOS ANGELES, CA 90044

Elder Ron Cole, Officiant

- ▣ Processional.....“Three Little Birds” by Bob Marley & the Wailers
- ▣ Selected Scripture:
 - 1 Corinthians 13:13 & Revelations: 21:4.....Cathy Butler
 - 1 John 4:7-8.....Alan Elmore
- ▣ Resolutions.....Family
- ▣ Prayer.....Elder Ron Cole
- ▣ Song Selection: “His Eye is on the Sparrow”.....Dr. Holly Carter
- ▣ Acknowledgements.....Tyler Mornéy
- ▣ Poem.....C.O. Brown
- ▣ Obituary.....Tamara Valdry
- ▣ DVD Presentation.....
- ▣ Reflections of Memories.....Desmond Augustine
 -Ana & Luis Serrano
 -Darlene Johnson

- ▣ Reflections of Memories [continued].....Noah Humes
- ▣ Song Selection: “The Blood”.....Dr. Holly Carter
- ▣ Poem.....Joel Jensen
- ▣ Remarks.....Family & Friends (2 minutes please)
- ▣ Eulogy.....Elder Ron Cole
- ▣ Recessional.....“The Way It Is” by Bruce Hornsby and The Range



A Legacy of Love



ARTHUR: [ahr-ther]; *Origins: English, Celtic, African*

Meanings: King; Strong; Warrior; Fierce

Arthur Reed hailed from Camden, South Carolina. Born on January 20, 1938, to Leo Reed, Sr. and Gussie Harrison Reed, he was the middle child of three boys, older brother Leo, Jr. and younger brother John Henry. Arthur gleaned from his parents the importance of family, and that significance would remain at the forefront of everything Arthur would do. When asked recently, what would be some things he would miss most should he no longer be able to do them, Arthur replied, “spending time with my family...and traveling with my wife.”

Speaking of his wife, Arthur first laid eyes on Ernestine’s bright smile when they were children. At ten-years-old, she would come down from New York to spend summers visiting her grandmother, Beulah, in Camden. Together, Art, aged eleven, and Ernie would play in the southern cotton fields and pick the fluffy cotton.

Arthur attended school in Camden where the handsome teen was crowned Homecoming King, class of 1957 at Jackson High School. After graduating, Art joined his childhood sweetheart, Ernestine, in New York where they married on February 21, 1959.

Quickly, the newlyweds decided to follow their favorite uncle and aunt, George and Eloise, West to California. They bravely drove across country with their first-born, Robin, in the backseat of a ‘57 Buick, using the “Green Book” to map their journey. The trek through Sundown towns during the Jim Crow era was one Arthur remembered vividly and still had a few keepsakes from.



After a couple of years in Venice, CA, and the birth of daughter Donna, Arthur would courageously lead his young family across town during the Watts Uprising of ‘65 to their new home in Mid City LA. Soon after, daughter Andrea and only son, Arthur “Doran”, would join the Reeds, rounding out the first Black family on the block.

Arthur would make time to study and graduate from Los Angeles Trade Technical College and went to work as an engineer at Aeroquip Corporation for over two decades. Loyal to a fault, Arthur would only change jobs when the company moved to Georgia. He was immediately offered a position at Northrop Grumman Corporation in El Segundo, CA. where he stayed for another decade. Arthur would retire from his engineering career but was never one to be still for too long. He would come out of retirement to continue his love of service and gift for gardening by becoming the beloved Plant Manager at several elementary schools on the west side of LA. Always seeing the beauty in the small things, Arthur would often bring home abandoned art projects created by students.



Arthur loved to fish, a passion and skill he learned from his father as a child. But his favorite pastime was truly and simply spending time with his family. He loved to travel and he loved the outdoors. Each summer, Art would gather the family in the Great Green Van for vacations, camping across the United States and Canada. He also loved to visit Jamaica, feeling he was “home” each time. He'd say it was a place “where you could live off the fat of the land, fish and never be

hungry.”

Art's other passion - BOWLING - never wavered. In fact, he was a Champion Bowler and participated in various leagues. Few things got in the way of his bowling and he was eager to teach anyone interested. Many a perfect game he humbly bragged about. Arthur was a diehard LA Lakers fan. Back in the day you would find him glued to the tv or listening on his transistor radio to the great Chick Hearn, commenting a Lakers' basketball game. He proudly experienced “Showtime” of the 80's, watched Kobe Bryant and most recently LeBron James work their way into the history books. Often he enjoyed watching and critiquing, the Lakers with “the guys,” Doran, Alan and Noah.



Few know that Arthur was also an actor and appeared in the film “Panther” in 1995. He became an active member of **Screen Actors Guild** and was part of the SAG Awards nominating committee. As with everything he set his heart to do, Arthur's spirit of excellence was on display while a part of the committee as he diligently attended screenings and viewed each dvd he received before casting his votes!

But more than anything was Arthur's devotion to Ernestine, the love of his life. When they didn't disappear on day trips or long weekends, you could find them taking daily walks through the Japanese Garden at Kenneth Hahn Park. Art was usually carrying his fishing pole to stop and catch the fish that he would then throw back into the lake.

Arthur was a writer, an artist, and a poet. He could carve anything from any kind of material. He had a company, ARTS KRAFT, where he was commissioned by multiple people to create, among other things, hand crafted chess sets forged from metal.

Keeping up with the times – and his grandkids – Arthur became a master at texting. Daily, he would send messages via the family group chat sharing stories, prayers and anecdotes, imparting wisdom and funny jokes. All with lots of emojis!

He loved music, dancing and laughing. You could always find Art listening to his treasured three - Bob Marley, Marvin Gaye and Richard Pryor. Arthur took great pride in the individuality and accomplishments of his children and grandchildren,. He always made time for art shows and school games, lent a handy hand on building decks and doghouses and he saved, framed and archived EVERYTHING.

On Wednesday, March 1, 2023, at the age of 85, our King, Fierce Protector, and now SUPER ANGEL made his transition. Arthur was at his home in Los Angeles, surrounded by family- Exactly the way he wanted.

Arthur's greatest gift was love and he, along with his cherished Ernestine, built a legacy of love that he instilled in the lives of his children. That love has passed on to family, friends and anyone who





has come in proximity to this great man.

Arthur leaves a loving family; childhood sweetheart and adored wife of 64 years, Ernestine Reed, four children, daughters Robin Lynn Reed, Donna Renee Reed, and Andrea Lisa Reed Elmore, son Arthur Doran Reed, seven grandchildren, Noah Simeon Humes, Summer Reed Humes, Tyler Ariana Mornéy, Phineas McKinley Elmore, Doran Caiden Reed, Roxi Grace Reed, Nixon Dean Reed, Calliope Mattoon Reed, and son-in-law, Alan Fitzgerald Elmore. He is preceded in death by father, Leo Reed, Sr., mother, Gussie Harrison Reed, Grandmother Laura Harrison, brothers, Leo Reed, Jr., and John Henry “Sonny” Reed. Arthur leaves a host of relatives in South Carolina, New Jersey and New York, dear friends aka Framily and the many souls he touched and effected during his time

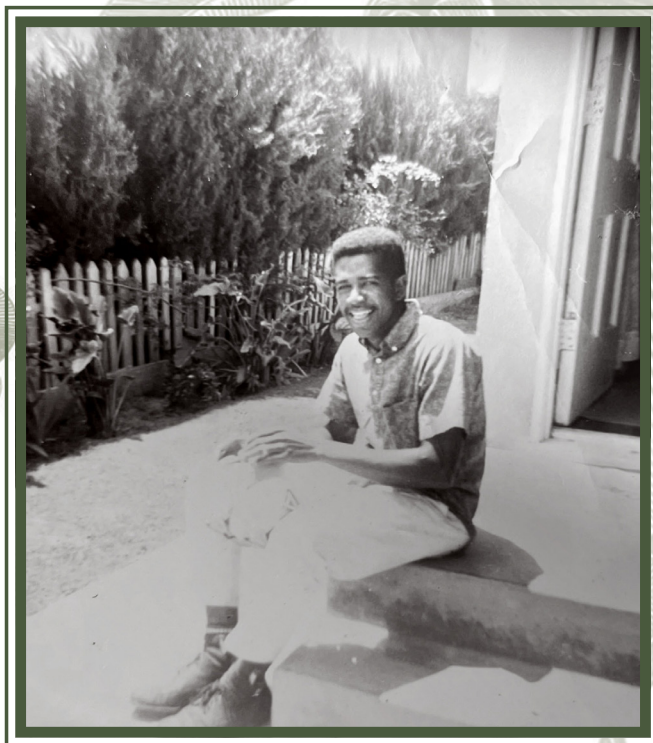
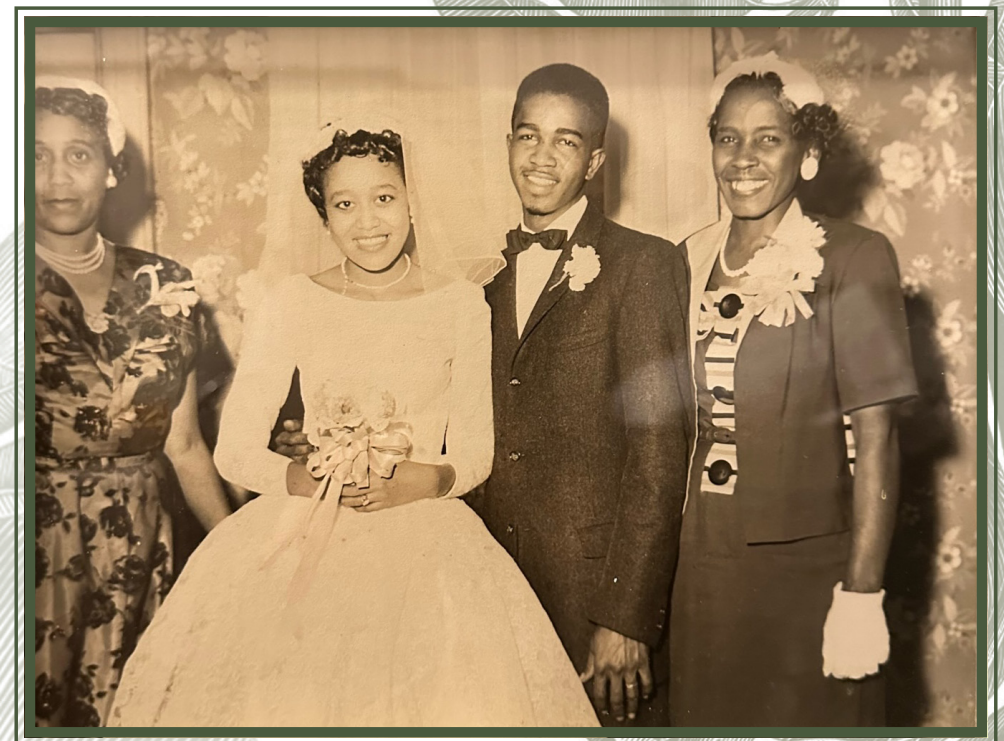
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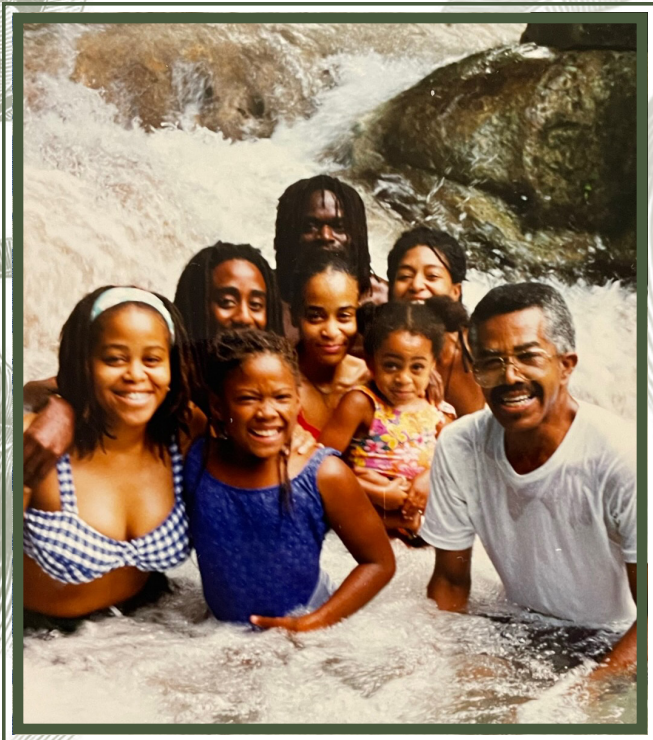
Rest Well, Arthur, Daddy, Grandpa, Uncle, Cousin, Art, Mr. Reed.

A life well lived.

A LEGACY OF LOVE FOREVER.







Three Little Birds

by Bob Marley and the Wailers

Don't worry, about a thing

'Cause every little thing, gonna be all right

Singin', don't worry, about a thing

'Cause every little thing, gonna be all right

Rise up this mornin'

Smile with the risin' sun

Three little birds

Pitched by my doorstep

Singin' sweet songs

Of melodies pure and true

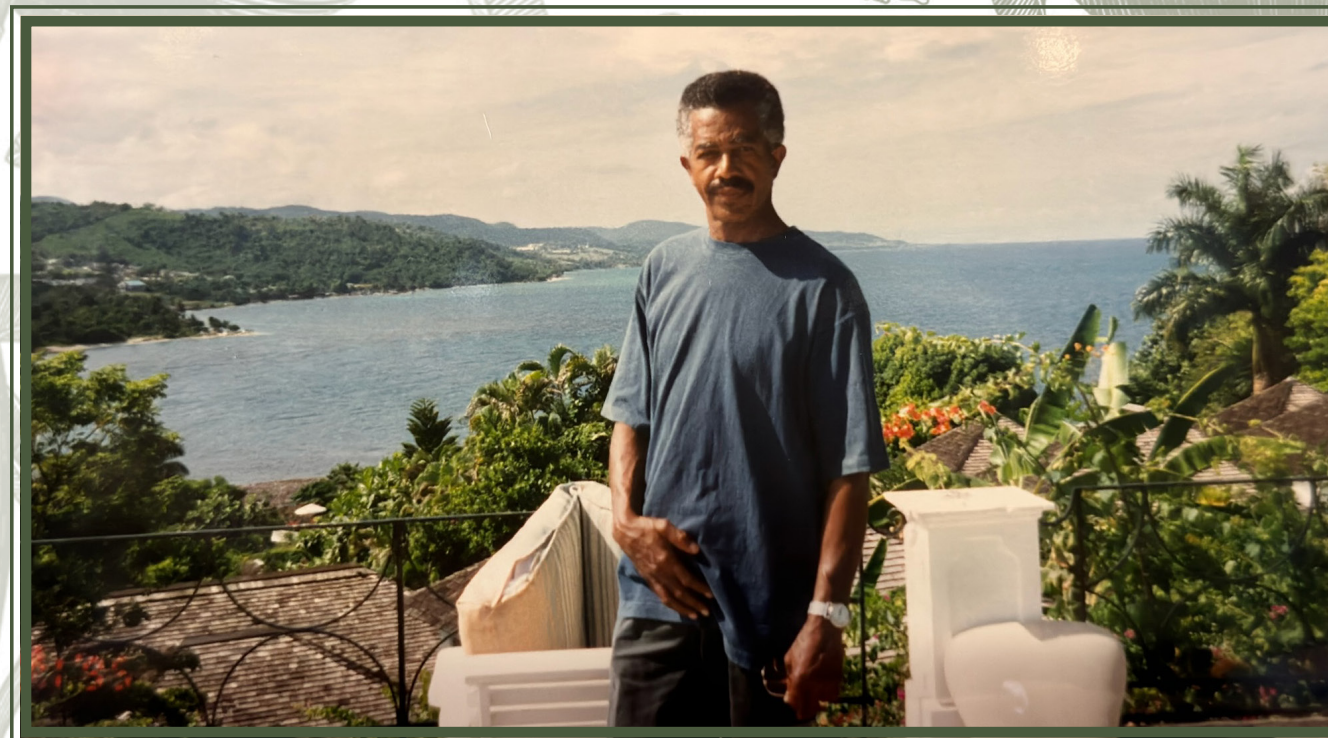
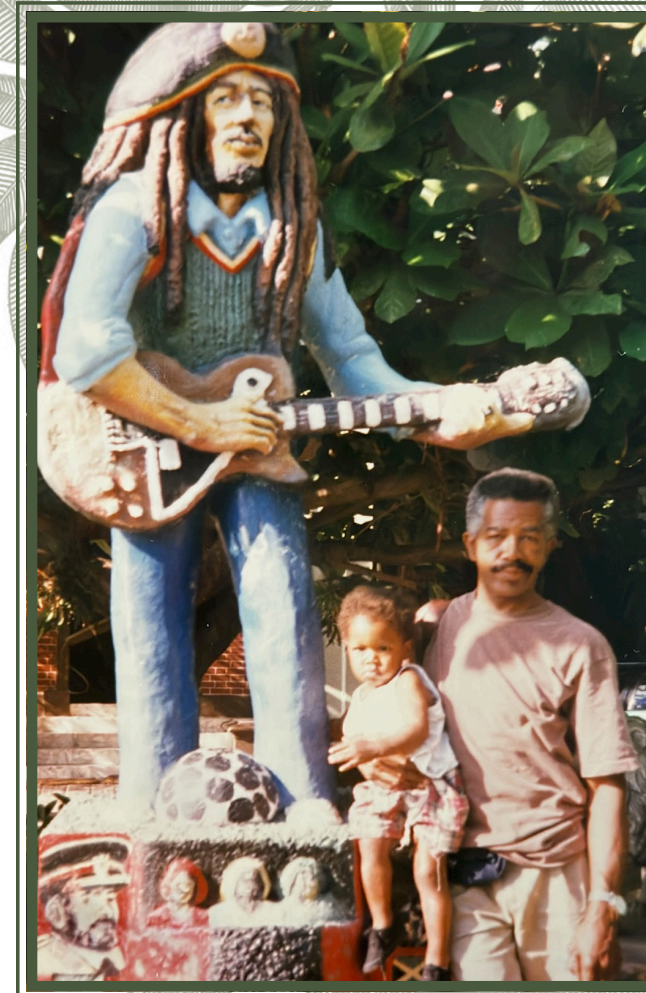
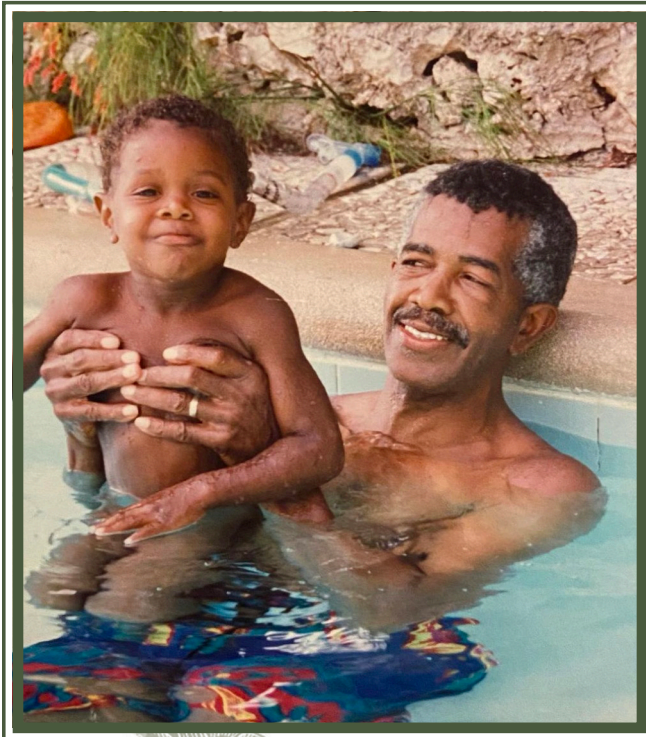
Sayin', "This is my message to you, whoo-hoo"

Singin', don't worry, about a thing

'Cause every little thing, is gonna be all right

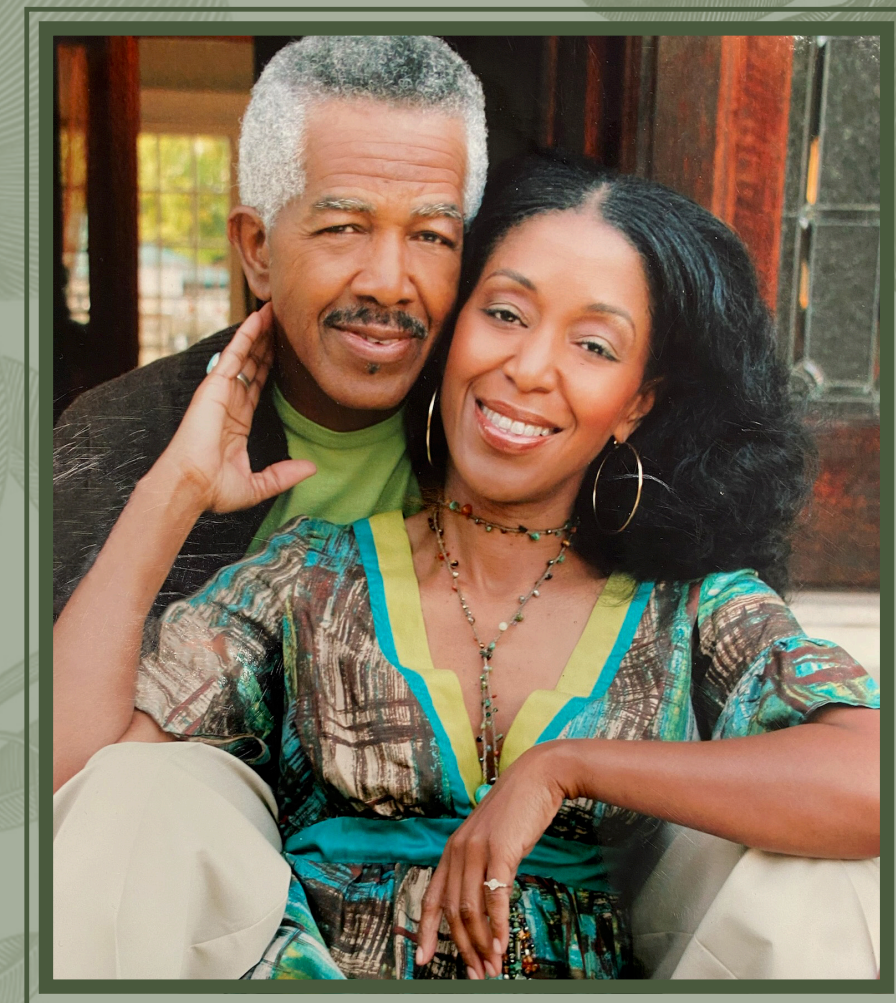
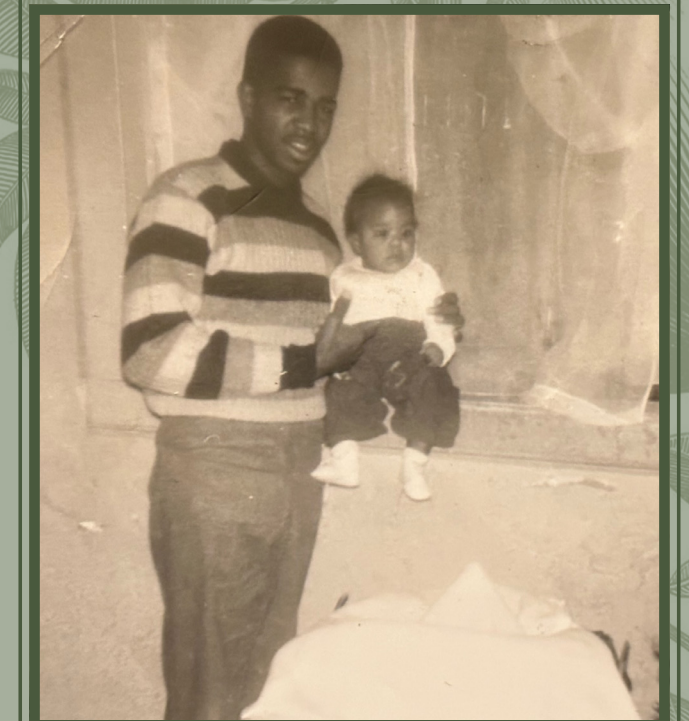
Singin', don't worry, don't worry 'bout a thing

'Cause every little thing, gonna be all right



❁ *“I have always been one to take chances in my life and in my career because I know, without a shadow of a doubt, that if I fall my father will pick me up. He’s the type that will help me first and ask questions later.” - Robi Reed*

This is a quote from a book that featured my father and I called “Daughters of Men.” It focused on the relationship between fathers and daughters. Dad was so excited to participate and so was I. Finally I had a chance to lift up my father. He deserved that moment. My days are so different now and I miss him like crazy. I feel him everywhere. My heart is heavy and full. I am so grateful for the memories that fill me up and that I know and truly believe I will see him again.
To God Be The Glory.



*Not how did he die, but how did he live?
Not what did he gain, but what did he give?*

*These are the units to measure the worth
Of a man as a man, regardless of birth*

*Not, what was his church, nor what was
his creed? But had he befriended
those really in need?*

*Was he ever ready, with word of good cheer,
To bring back a smile, to banish a tear?*

*Not what did the sketch in the
newspaper say, But how many were
sorry when he passed away.*

by S. Sandercox



*I love you dad
and
I miss you*

*Love,
Donna*



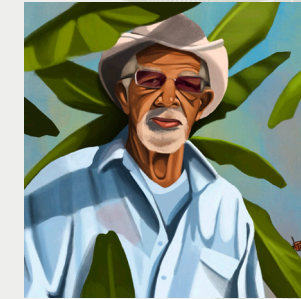
The Way It Is

by Bruce Hornsby and The Range

*Standing in line, marking time
Waiting for the welfare dime
'Cause they can't buy a job
The man in the silk suit hurries by
As he catches the poor old lady's eyes
Just for fun he says, "Get a job"*

*That's just the way it is
Some things will never change
That's just the way it is
Ah, but don't you believe them*

*Said hey, little boy, you can't go where the others go
'Cause you don't look like they do
Said hey, old man,
how can you stand to think that way?
Did you really think about it
before you made the rules?*



*He said, son
That's just the way it is
Some things will never change
That's just the way it is
Ah, but don't you believe them
Mm, yeah*

*Well, they passed a law in '64
To give those who ain't got a little more
But it only goes so far
Because the law don't change another's mind
When all it sees at the hiring time
Is the line on the color bar, no*

*That's just the way it is
Some things will never change
That's just the way it is
That's just the way it is, it is, it is, it is*

There's nothing better than being a Daddy's Girl.



You get to be spoiled, protected, encouraged and loved all at the same time. You grow up getting [mostly] whatever you want. You get every question of "Why?" answered. Your boyfriends get laughed at until that one, true, second love of your life gets accepted by the first.



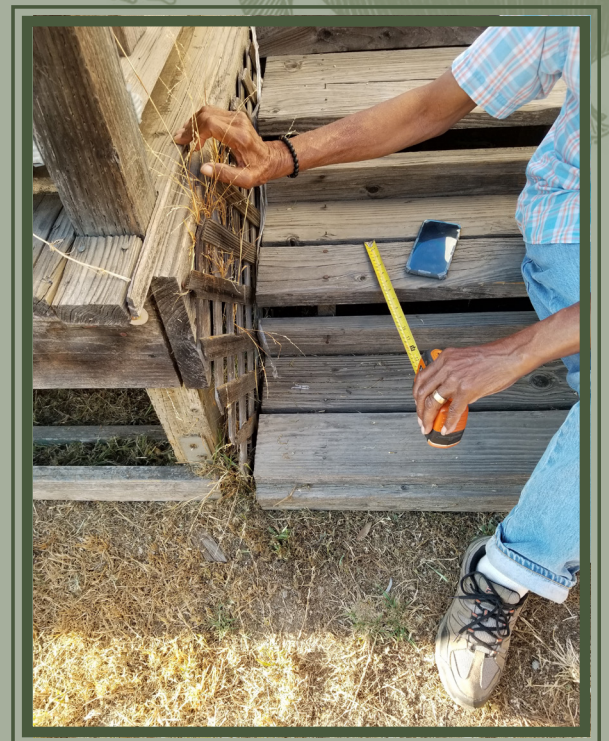
You get taught math and measurements and work side-by-side building beds and outdoor decks with ease. You get danced down the aisle while being given away at your wedding. You talk sports and politics one day, and fence-building the next.



You're never belittled, often challenged and you're always enlightened. Best of all, you're told I Love You in so many Daddy languages that you expect to hear and feel it when he's gone.

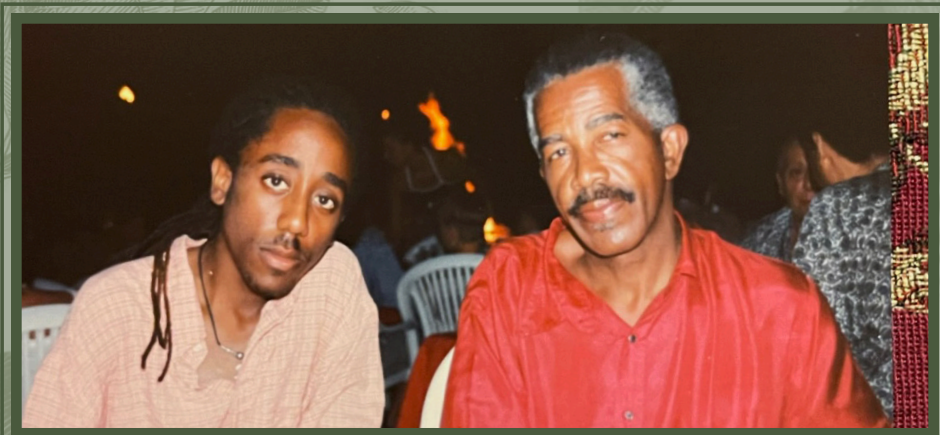


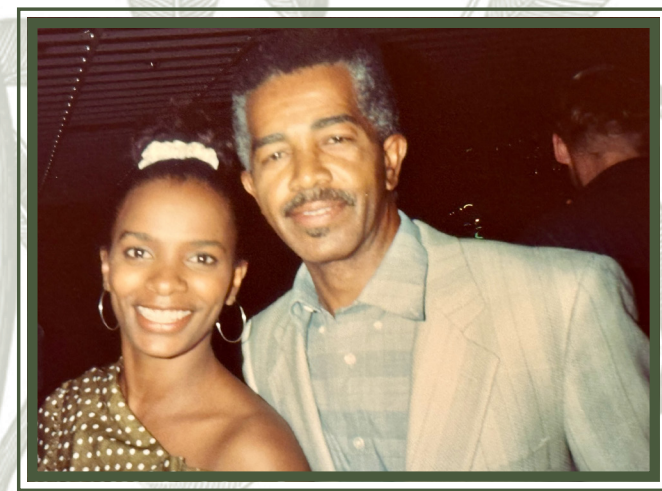
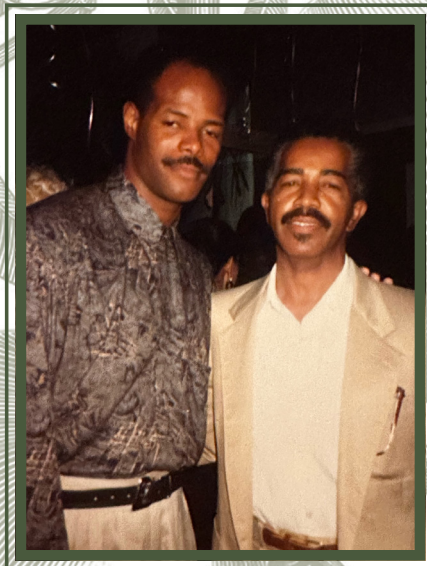
I hear you, Daddy. I love you, too. Always.



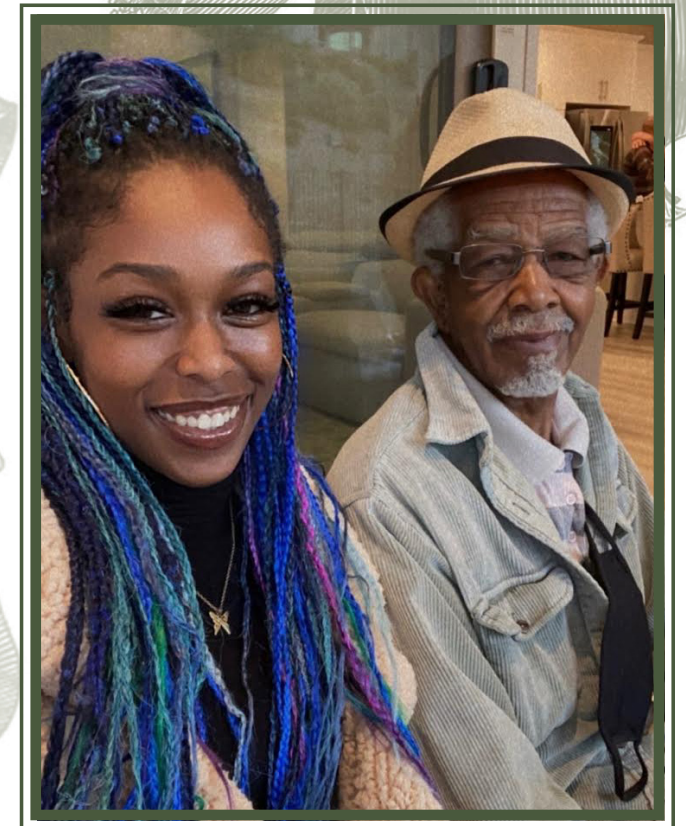
1 CORINTHIANS 13:13

Three things will last forever
Faith, Hope and Love
—and the greatest
of these is love.

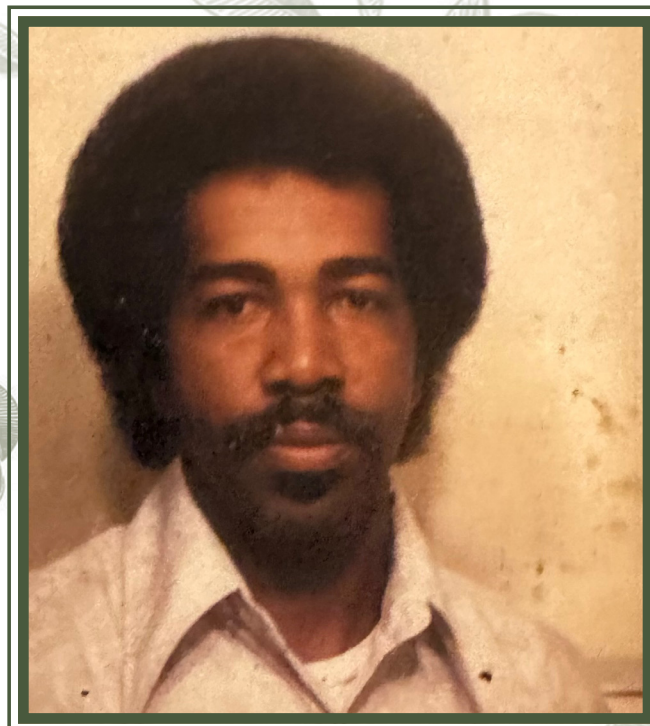


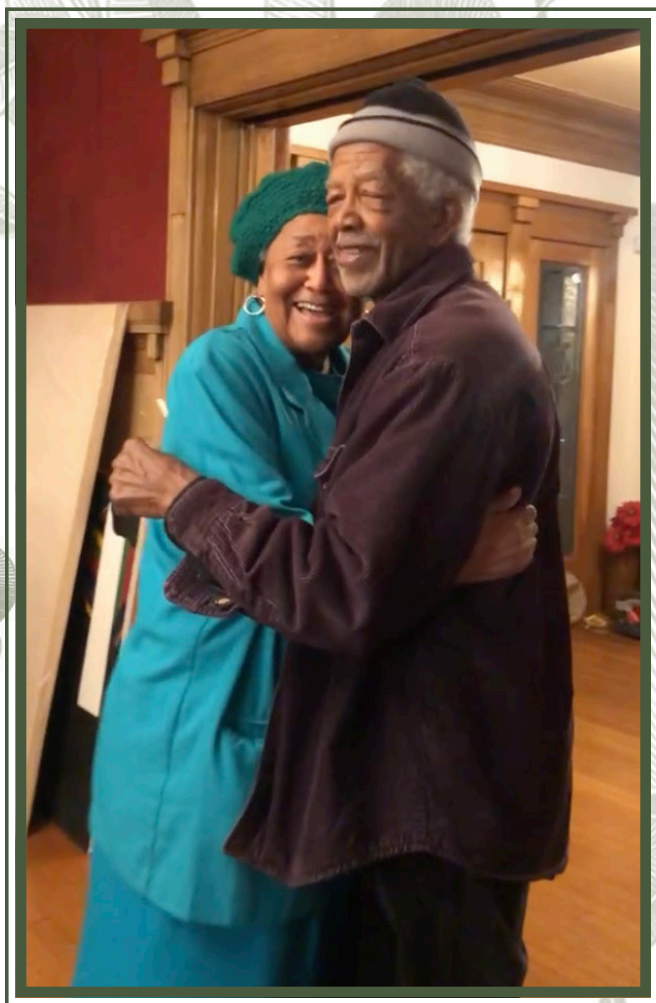


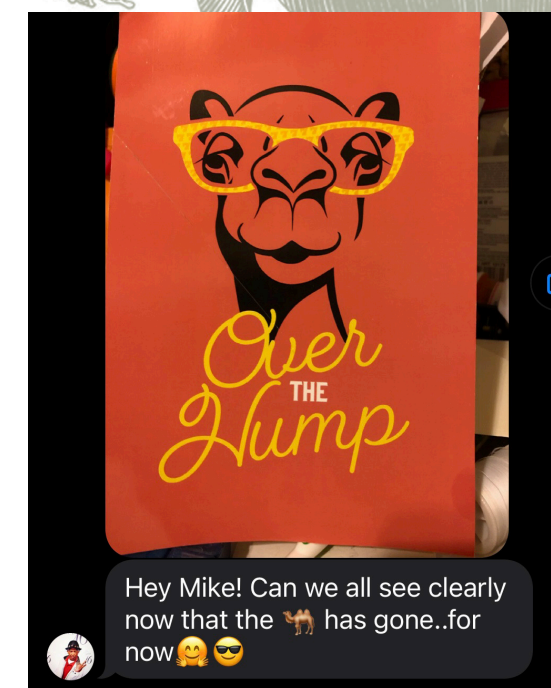
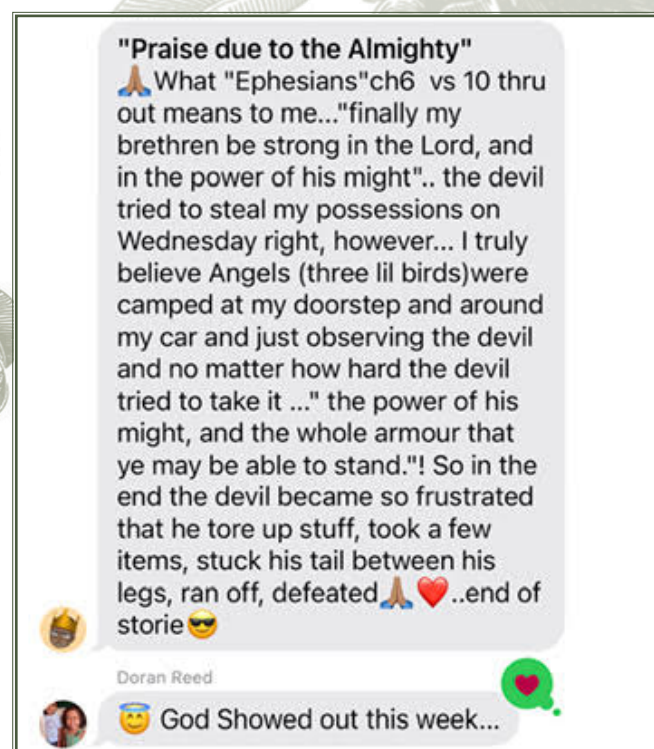
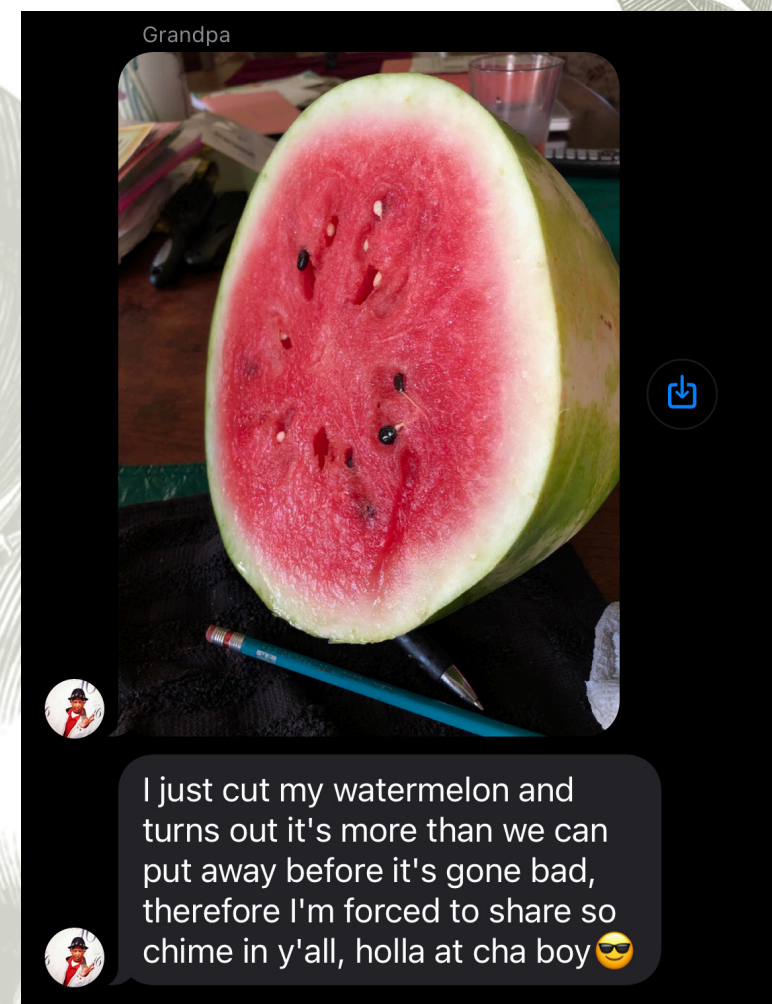
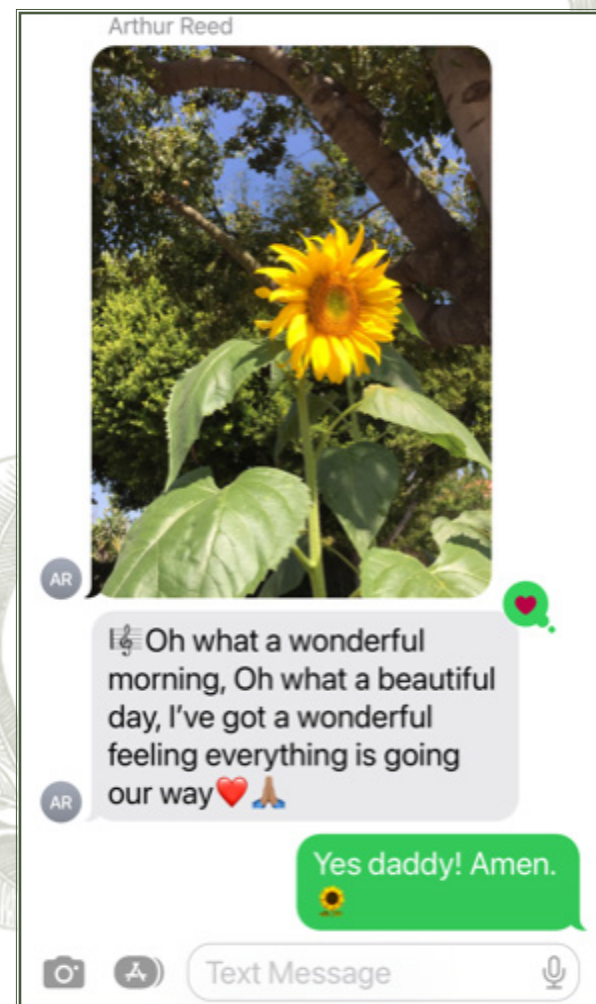
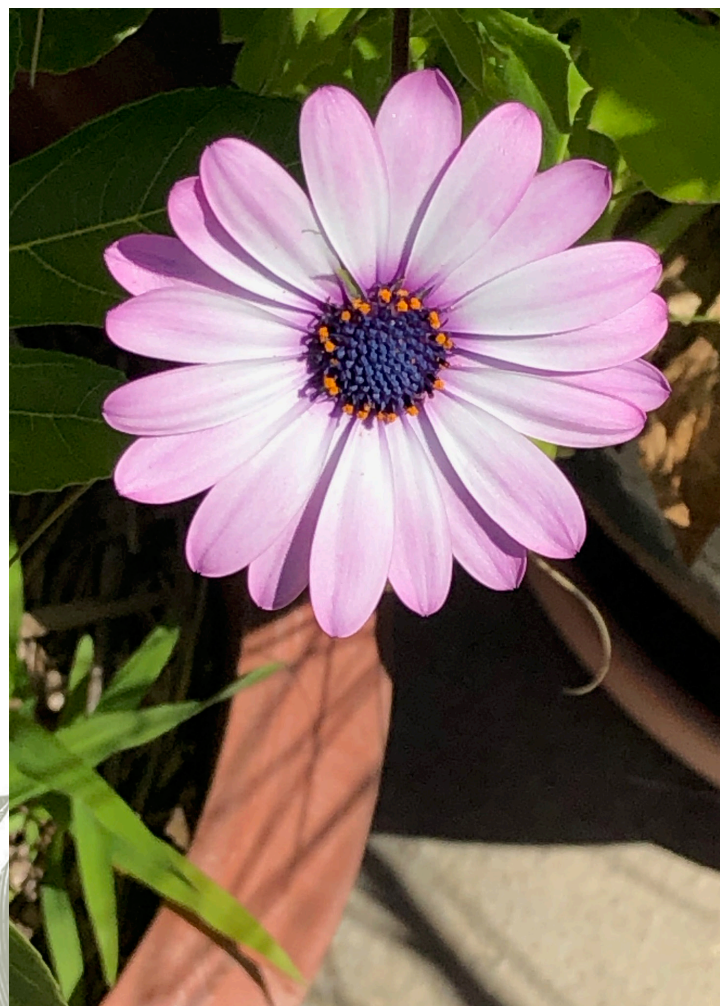


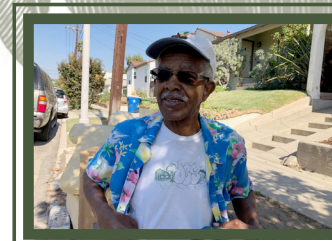
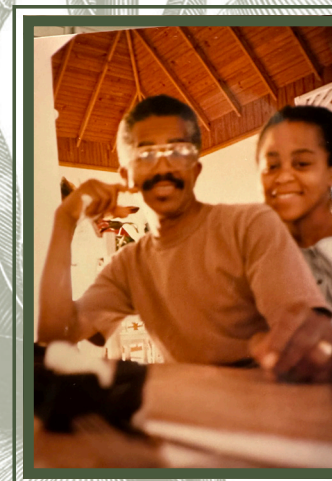


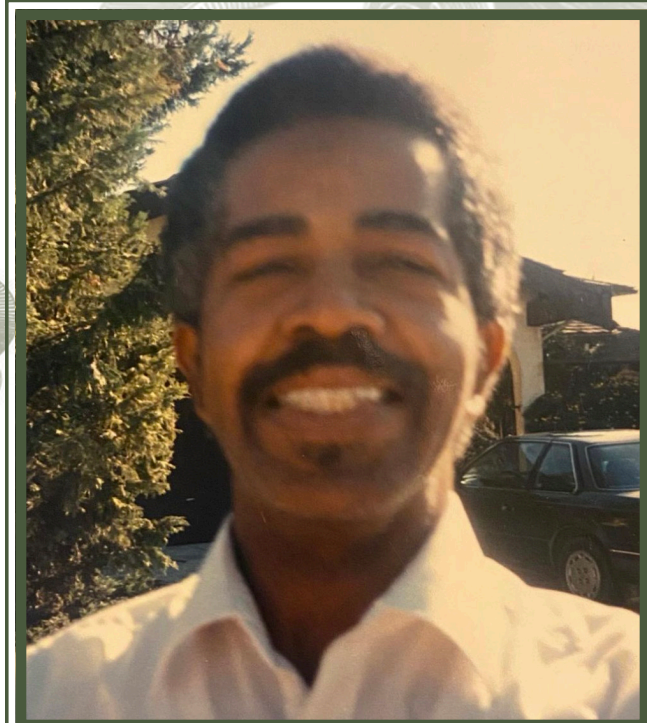
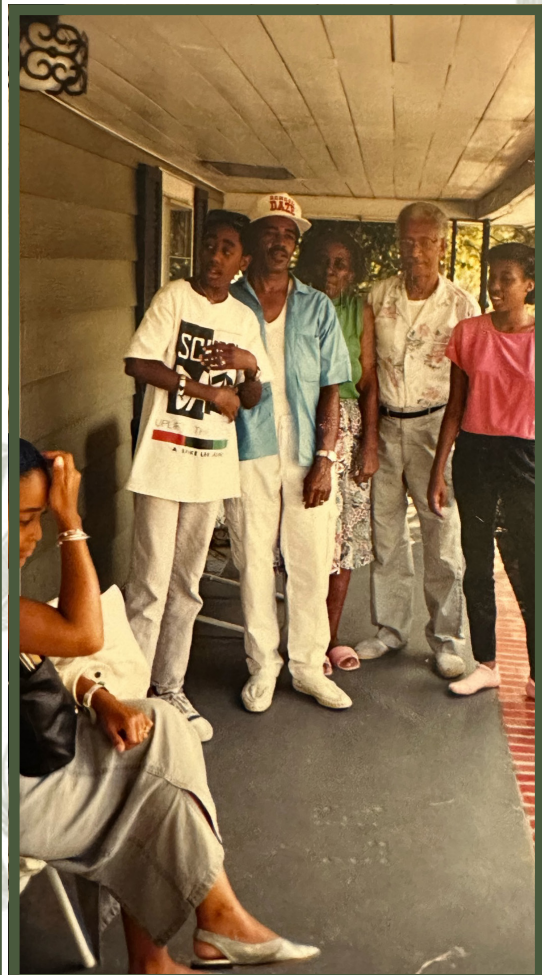




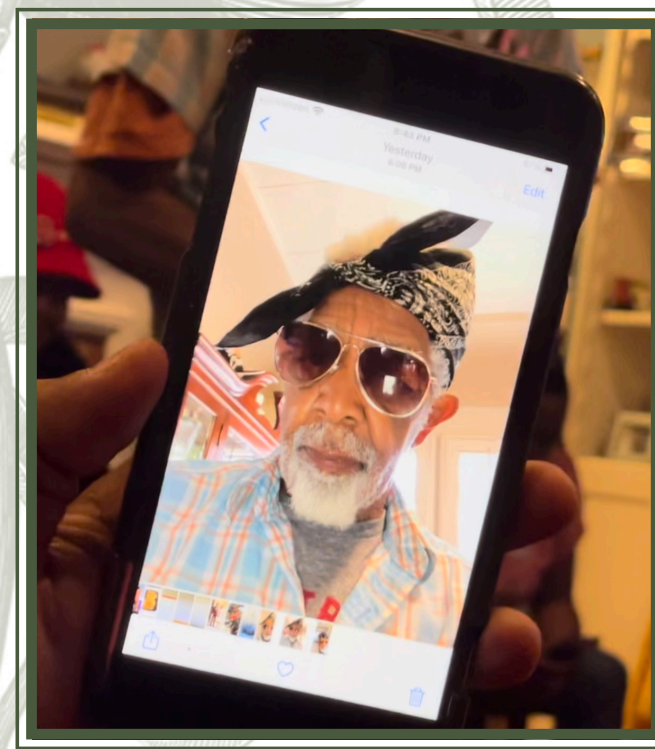












Honorary Pallbearers



Herman Anderson
Nathaniel Blaine
Terrill Cheatham
Tanell Cook
Tommy Davidson
Bruce Edwards
Johnny Gerald II
Nissim Grant
Charles Handy
James Miller
Vince Swann



Alan Elmore
Phineas Elmore
Noah Humes
Arthur Doran Reed
Caiden Reed
Nixon Reed

Staff



Mr. Reed

Obituary Design by Grandchild, Tyler A. Mornéy

Acknowledgements



The family of Arthur Reed would like to take this time to acknowledge your expressions of love and acts of sympathy during this time of bereavement.

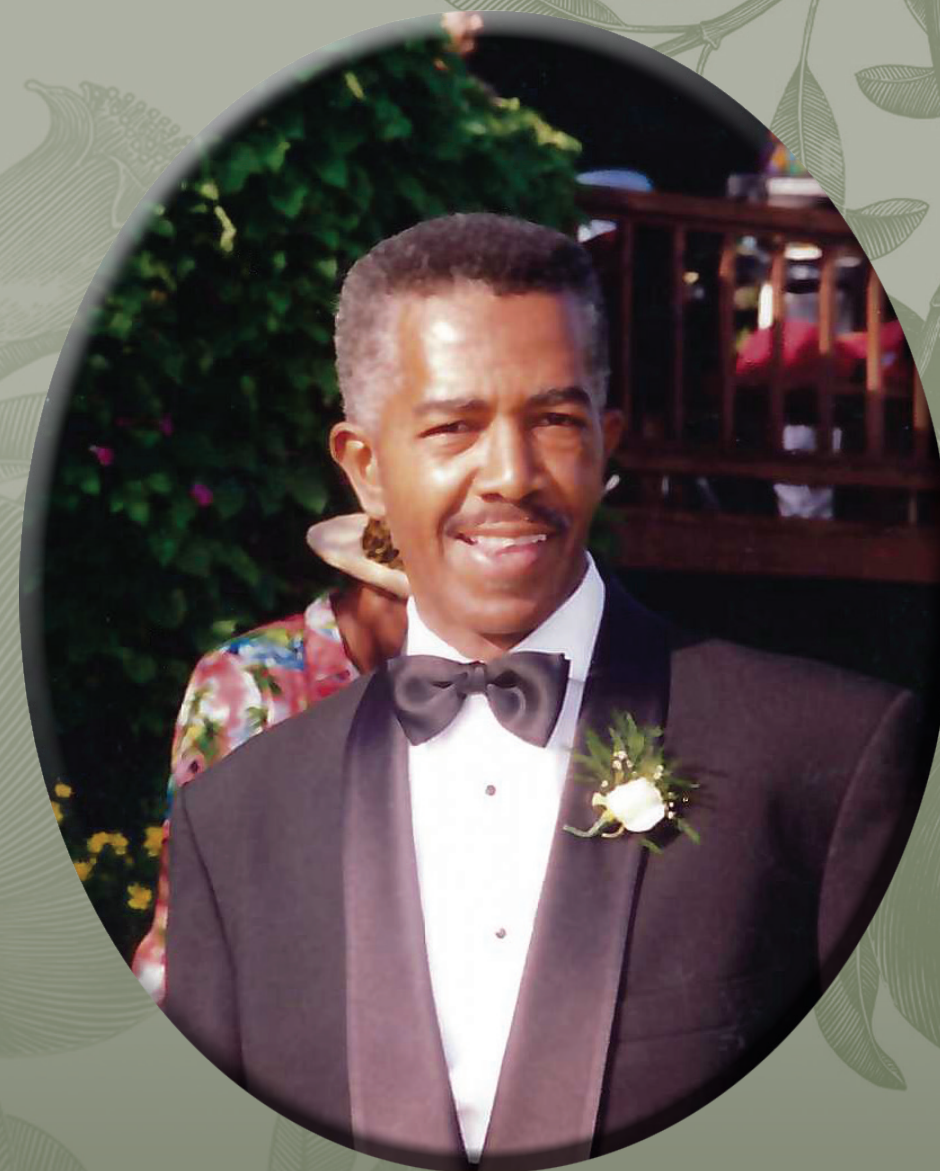
Please know that your prayers, calls, texts, cards, flowers, food, and other thoughtful gestures have been a source of consolation to us.

Thank you and may God bless you.

If you would like to continue to support the Reed Family, you can do so by visiting the following link:

<https://bluebutterfly.com/memorial/v2/arthur-reed>





Arthur Reed



A LEGACY OF LOVE: THE HOMEGOING CELEBRATION

JANUARY 20, 1938 — MARCH 01, 2023