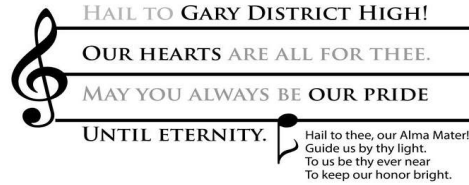


GDHAA QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER

July 1, 2022



Gary District High School



The WV McDowell County Board of Education allowed for voluntary integration based upon the individual district. By 1957, the number of blacks Hi students attending integrated schools in the county was four times greater than the entire state of West Virginia in 1959. At the beginning of the fall term in 1958, Black students were given the option of remaining at Gary District High School or transfer to the all-white Gary High School. Many of the students chose to remain at Gary District

High School. In 1961, the West Virginia Human Rights Commission was formed after the West Virginia League of Women Voters, the NAACP, the Federal Civil Rights Advisory Committee, and the AFL-CIO lobbied the state legislature successfully. The Commission discovered that in 1963, there were eighty-eight all-Black schools still operating in the state. A meeting held in June 1964 by the State Board of Education found that only five counties still maintained all-Black schools, including McDowell.

Gary High School



By early 1965, it had become obvious that McDowell County would need to do more than allow voluntary integration to previously all-white schools. Shortly after a consultant had published a scathing remark against McDowell's controversial and discriminatory policies against Black students,

the county adopted a plan to merge its segregated school systems. Black students at Gary District High School would attend Gary High School. The building would be repurposed as an integrated elementary school. The segregated school systems were merged by the spring of 1966. By the fall, all Black students in the county attended integrated schools. The repurposed Gary District High School remained open for elementary students until it merged with a school in Welch in 1975.

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A Word from The President



Greetings, Garyites!

I hope that everyone is staying safe and well. Despite all that is occurring around us (high gas prices, inflation, covid, inclement weather, etc.), God is still good!! We are still here!!

The Board is making plans once again for an in-person reunion in July 2023 in Charleston, WV. You will hear more about that as the year goes on. We may have to mask up but hopefully we can get together.

The Board is planning to have a virtual Annual Meeting on Saturday, July 9, 2022. All financial members will receive a Zoom link to join us. We will also recognize our 2023 GDHAA scholarship winner in a Virtual Awards Program.

This year's winner is Kiana Alford. You will read more about her in an upcoming Newsletter.

As always, many thanks to Bill Madison for putting together this newsletter. You can really help Bill by sending news about yourself and your family. If Bill does not have any news, then he cannot produce a newsletter. Please send him news at any time, (wfmadison1@gmail.com).

Lastly, please stay tuned to the Gary website. We have made arrangements to keep it up to date, so please check it out at this link: <https://www.gghsaa-national.org>.

Take care, my brothers, and sisters, and I will look forward to seeing you on July 9th. Pease, love, and blessings.

Sandra

July 1, 2022

Tarryl Fred Madison

Tarryl Fred Madison, born February 18, 1976, the youngest of 4 boys, to Fred and Joyce Madison in Washington, D.C. Raised in Fort Washington, MD and attended Indian Queen Elementary, Henry G. Ferguson Elementary, Oxon Hill Middle and Oxon Hill High Schools of the Prince George's County Public Schools system, where I was selected to the Talented and Gifted (TAG) and Science and Technology programs and played Junior Varsity Baseball and Football and Varsity Baseball, graduating with honors in 1994.

I enrolled that fall at THE Southern University and A&M College, Baton Rouge, LA with academic scholarships from the Southern University Honors College and the Louisiana Alliance for Minority Participation (LAMP) where I met the future Ms. Janet L. Shields-Madison.

Graduated in December 1999 with honors with a Bachelor of Science degree in Mechanical Engineering while working summer internships with Pratt and Whitney - Government Engines and Space Propulsion and General Motors' Fort Wayne Assembly Plant.

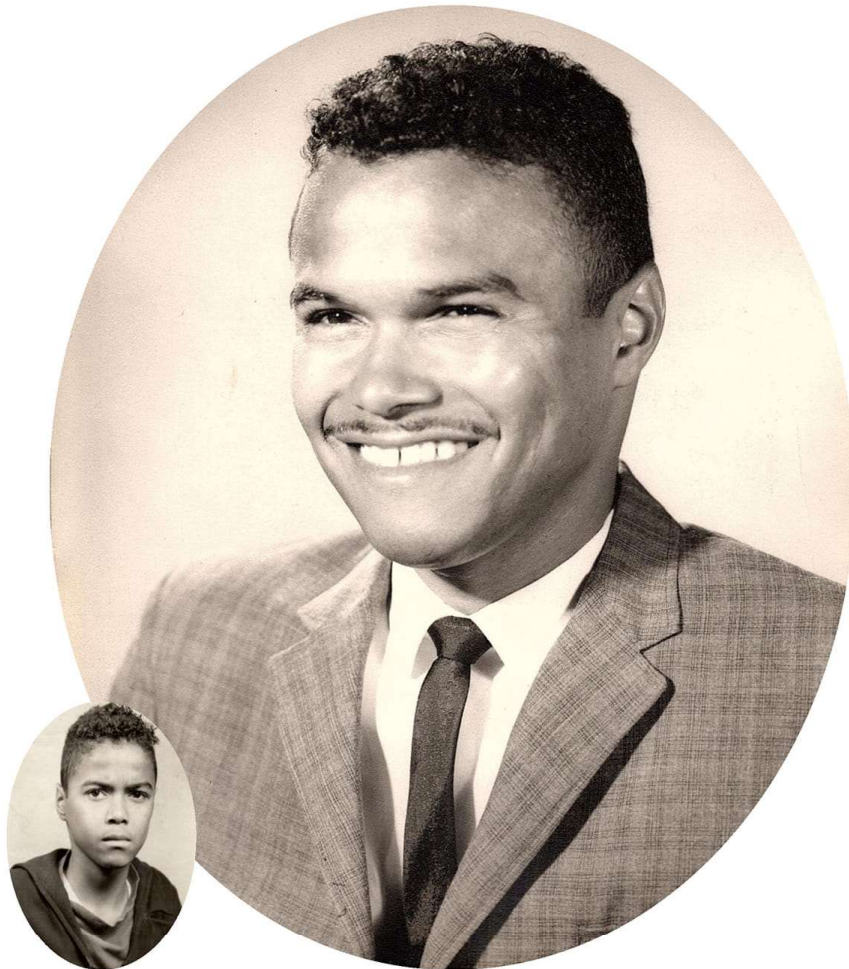
In 2000, I began working full time at GM Fort Wayne and have had assignments in Facilities Maintenance, Paint Maintenance, Paint Production and currently a production supervisor in the Body Shop where we build GM's full-size pick-up trucks, the Chevrolet Silverado and GMC Sierra models. Some of my job responsibilities include the overall surface quality and proper surface repairs of our vehicles, fit and finish gaps meeting tolerance specs and resolving throughput constraints to meet customer demand of 472 trucks each shift.

I am a proud Spring 2001 initiate of the Fort Wayne (IN) Alumni Chapter of Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity, Incorporated where I have held the offices of chapter Board Member, Keeper of Records (recording secretary) and Polemarch (president). Married to Janet in April 2002 in her hometown of Baldwin, Louisiana and just celebrated our 20th wedding anniversary with a week-long trip to San Diego and Carlsbad, California, highlighted by the opportunity to play the North and South Courses at the world-renowned Torrey Pines Municipal Golf Complex on Easter Sunday. We have two sons, Xavier Ellis, a first-year student at Homestead High School, who plays violin in the orchestra and Miles Thompson, finishing Kindergarten at Whispering Meadows Elementary who recently began lessons for Tae-Kwon-Do.

We are members of Trinity Episcopal Church – Fort Wayne where I serve as Lay Reader, Usher, Eucharistic Minister, and former search committee member for our 19th Rector.

In my spare time I like to play, but not so great at, golf, an avid bike rider, grilling/smoking/barbecuing, watching movies and spending time with my family.

ONE OF THE MOST LOVE GENTLEMEN FROM GARY, WV



JAMES FONDA SHOATES

Born: June 11, 1937 – DOD: April 25, 1970

July 1, 2022

Recently, Dallas Jones, a Garyite, sent this picture to Louise Shoates Cunningham indicating that he, after all these years, remains heartbroken over the death of her brother, and his friend, Fonda. Dallas said how he genuinely enjoyed helping the family take care of him as if he was a blood relative.

Louise said to Dallas, yes, he was my lovely brother.” His Nick Name was "TIP" because when he could walk, he would tip on his toes with his hands in his pocket for balance. I can remember how all the people in Gary, WV, and the neighboring towns, and Gary District High School mates love and cared for him.

Unbelievably, he played the drums in the marching band, graduated from high school. Anywhere Fonda wanted to go or do, there was always someone to carry him on their back(s).

I can also remember the nights that I had to carry him up the steps to go to bed. He took so much pride in the way that he dressed and made sure that every strain of his curly hair was in place.

The community rallied together with the leadership of Leidos Claude and brought him a Wheelchair. I could go on and on about the love and kindness that was given to him over the years. So many good memories of my hometown and how every - body looked out for each other. Sometimes I wish we had those GOOD OLE DAYS back.

Fonda had Muscular Dystrophy but that was not the cause of his death. His Wheelchair battery was not locked in place, and he fell out, hit his head and it caused brain bleeding that could not be controlled.

Fonda was such a smart, kind, and loving person. It is hard to believe that it has been 52 years since his death. Continue to rest in peace my brother.

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Bill and Norma Madison's Adopted Great God Son, Noah Walker



Every day I am reminded of my Blackness. Some days this is positive, in being proud of who I am. Being creative, brilliant, dedicated & resilient. Other days, like the past few, have been negative, making me feel like I am seen as a useless, lazy, stupid thug. Being Black is not inherently exhausting. Fighting against the expectations and prejudices people have put on me on top of just trying to live my life is. Whether it is the way I might be followed while shopping in CVS, the way I get nervous even seeing police cars, or the way people see me and get scared to the point of jogging away or crossing to the other side of the street.

You might read this and start trying to rationalize it or think I am exaggerating. A couple of years ago I probably would have agreed with you. But every Black person has a moment where, whether they like it or not, they realize they are Black. This can happen whenever and wherever. It could be when a

young white child calls you "Chocolate" while you are picking up your Chipotle. It could be when, even after paying for your food at 7-11, the cashier singles you out in your group of white friends and accuses you of stealing. But it is inevitable.

I want to show you two pictures. The first one is me at 13 years old, walking around in DC at night with some friends. The second one is me at my college graduation from the University of Richmond last year. Now, I am in graduate school at Wake Forest University, a year into my journey to get a Ph.D. in Pharmacology with the goal of one day being able to make drugs to cure diseases and help people in need.



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These pictures do not seem to match up, but there is only one difference between the Noah in these two moments. The difference was me fully understanding Blackness in America. The first picture was taken in 2011, exactly a year before my previously mentioned moment: the murder of Trayvon Martin. After seeing the subsequent acquittal of the cold-blooded killer of an innocent 17-year-old with some Skittles and an Arizona, I began thinking twice about how I represented myself online and everything else that I did. While that event let me know that there was a target on my back, I figured I would be safe until I grew up a little more and became an adult. No one would fear a 13-year-old kid, right?

In 2014, Tamir Rice, a 12-year-old boy, was murdered by officers after police responded to a call about a Black man pulling a weapon from his hip and pointing it around. It was an airsoft gun. As a child, I had to come to terms with the fact that it did not matter who I was or what I was doing. It did not matter that I loved watching football with my dad or that I wanted to be a good role model for my little sister. They would only see the color of my skin. My father never let me play around fake guns or even act like I was shooting. It took the killing of a 12-year-old boy for me to see why.

Fast-forward to 2020, and what has changed? Nothing. Even with laws mandating police to wear body cameras after the murder of Michael Brown in 2014, American culture and the media have found ways to come to the defense of killers. This is typically seen in the vilification of Black people, most recently seen in the case of Ahmaud Arbery. Arbery, a young, unarmed Black man on a jog, was hunted by two white men with shotguns and then shot. The shooters claimed that they were trying to make a citizen's arrest of a man who "was acting like he was armed." (Wiley, 2020) How did the media respond? Pulling up footage of him shoplifting in 2017. Oh wonderful. Another criminal off the streets. He took something from a Walmart once, so it is okay if he dies.

One of the hardest things about these cases is that each time, I am reminded of how easily this could have been me. Much like many Americans, I have been spending some of my free time buying things on Amazon. Last week, they delivered my package to the wrong house and my neighbors were kind enough to leave a note telling me to come pick it up. So, there I was taking a package from someone else's porch and loading it into my car in the middle of the day as a young Black man in a white neighborhood. While I realize how that could have looked, just like that, I was almost a target. That could have been the end of my story.

But what about George Floyd? What criminal activity was he involved in to warrant his arrest?

The police were called on Floyd for suspected forgery, paying with what a deli cashier thought was a fake \$20. Officers claimed Floyd was resisting arrest so, while two of them cuffed him and held him down on the ground, a third placed his knee on the back of his neck and sat there for 9 minutes with his hands in his pockets. During this 9-minute period, Floyd can be seen and heard on video saying things like "I can't breathe" and "Don't kill me", while crying out for his mother, until he becomes unresponsive.

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As if this was not a big enough slap in the face, the autopsy attributed his death not to traumatic asphyxia or strangulation, but to “underlying health conditions and any potential intoxicants in his system.” (Reyes & Hughes, 2020) And you can’t forget the recently released footage which not only shows that Floyd was complying with the officers, but that he was placed in a cop car and beat while another officer acted as a lookout. All before being shoved on the ground where his life would end. I still cannot understand how, after seeing a video of a grown man kneeling on his neck for 9 minutes, a claim is made that that action is not what killed Floyd, but whatever drugs he might have been on. Killing us and then calling us idiots.

Some Americans live lives blessed enough that they will never understand our struggle. They have never had and might never have any fear of the police. They will not have a reason to. And because of this, they will not try to understand us. They have never had a horrific experience with the police so that means that they never happen. Unfortunately, that is not my reality.

How many more times will this happen? Putting aside America’s extensive history of abuse of Black people and other people of color, we have literally been seeing videos of Black people dying for no reason for the better part of a decade. I do not understand how people can watch a man die and refuse to acknowledge the reality of this issue. So, I want to tell you what I see when I see America.

When you see America, you might see a country that has always been great. The leaders of the free world. A place where people go to make their dreams come true. When I see America, I see a monument built from the backs of Black, Asian, and Latinx people. I see a society thriving because of institutionalized racism, where people are fine with inequality if they benefit from it.

Where saying “well my family didn’t own slaves” is an excuse for benefitting from and not seeing an issue with a system that puts others down for your convenience.

Where a group of armed white people can shout in the face of police officers over their right to go eat sandwiches and get haircuts, but Black people get shot at with rubber bullets for standing on their porch past curfew. Or arrested for eating a sandwich on a metro platform. Or threatened with a bow & arrow, a sword, or a knife by regular people while protesting. Or hit with riot shields and tear-gassed for sitting on the ground, protesting peacefully. Or get their car windows smashed and tires slashed while getting tased and yanked from their cars while trying to go home. Do you get my point?

There are only two sides here. Racism and Justice. In 1954 when the Supreme Court announced the end of segregation in their decision for *Brown vs. Board of Education*, many staunch segregationists were infuriated. The response for some in Richmond, VA was a plan known as Massive Resistance. Massive Resistance was started by US Senator Harry Byrd, who felt that the only way to keep Black students out of white schools was to threaten to shut down the schools entirely. While these staunch segregationists drove this idea, it was fueled by the people James Ryan, author of *Five Miles Away: One World Apart*, refers to as Metropolitan Whites, more commonly known as middle-class whites (Ryan, 2011).

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They functioned as bystanders in this movement, in that they only supported Massive Resistance because they directly benefitted from it.

Right now, just like in the 50s and 60s, silence is complicity with the way that things are. By refusing to post something on your social media or neglecting to check up on your Black friends, you show that you are fine if they are next.

Whether you are a politician, rapper, athlete, actor, scientist, president of a university, or if you are just a regular young adult like me, **you have a responsibility to speak up**. This is not a political issue.

This is about human rights and the blatant disrespect and disregard for Black life. I am sorry if using your platform on social media to advocate for basic human rights messes up your carefully crafted aesthetic. I cannot fathom how inconvenienced you must feel. By being silent, you're siding with people who say things like "maybe we need more oppression," claim that it isn't your responsibility to advocate for human rights, or are more infuriated about the looting of a single location of a multi-billion dollar business than about a man who died with his face being shoved in the asphalt.

At this point, if you are not with us, then you are against us. You cannot deny the blatant disrespect constantly shown towards us. In this new age, **#BlackLivesMatter** and other movements have been using their platform in an attempt to show the world what we go through. In bombarding your Facebook or Twitter or Instagram feeds, we, as your friends who just so happen to be Black, hope to give you who are not, a small taste of what it is like. As difficult as it might be to hide from this is online, imagine how it feels for us. We do not get the opportunity to log off or turn away. We do not get to choose. Neglecting to say or do anything about the injustices we have to face every day is an embarrassing act of cowardice.

Personally, I am nonviolent. Whether it be in the name of altruism, peace, or Christianity, people have varied reasons for condemning violence and riots. But this is not just a riot. This is a rebellion. I would like to give three short counterarguments for these perspectives. For altruists, is condoning racism truly practicing selflessness? For those promoting peace, can peace really exist without justice? For my fellow Christians, is it Christ-like to turn your back on people in desperate need of help? Please feel free to also read [this article](#) to learn more about the benefits of violent protests.

And at the end of the day, what will you be saying a year from now? If these rebellions work and the police officers are arrested and held accountable for their crimes, both setting an example and starting America on a road to legitimate improvement? Worth it? But if these rebellions do not achieve their purpose, what will you say then? Will it be "Gosh they should not have looted. All that violence for nothing" or "I will not let the cries of countless Americans continue to go unheard. I will take steps to hold our officers and elected officials accountable and actively work to make America a better place so no one else must experience this pain"?

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Are you okay with living in a country where news reporters get arrested before men who are caught on camera murdering another person?

Getting back on the topic, did you notice a trend in all the names mentioned before? Yes. All African American men. Does this mean that this only affects Black men? Not even close. Breonna Taylor is just one of many. She was murdered when three police officers broke into her home, shooting her eight times. Or Atatiana Jefferson, killed by police in her own home after a non-emergency call alerted officers that her front door was left open. So where are we safe? Not the grocery store, not exercising, and not in our homes. The media primarily focuses on Black men.

Why? Because women face the double discrimination of being both female & being Black. Twice the burden. And that is not anything compared to the struggles of the LGBTQ community. Sandra Bland's story at least received some attention. In 2020 alone, at least four Black trans men & women have been murdered. This includes Tony McDade, an African American transgender man who was just killed by police on May 27th. Will you allow him to be forgotten as well? This is an epidemic that kills members of our community, as well as our hopes and dreams for a better future. We all need to be better at drawing attention to these cases.

Do something about it. If you say you are an ally, then prove it. As much as liking or sharing this post does help, there is so much more you can do and should do. Talk to your friends who do not understand what is going on. Make donations. Find new ways to support. Say their names. Talk to your representatives. Vote. Protest. Something. We cannot change this country for the better if we do not help one another.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Noah Walker is the oldest of two siblings, his younger sister Mikah Walker is a 2022 graduate from Howard University, Washington, DC with a major in Communications, and a concentration on Television and Film. Their parents are Alex and Patricia Walker who reside in Laurel, MD.

Noah is either in the lab, class, or bed. He is a 24-year-old enthusiastic young Black scientist pursuing his Ph.D. and loves talking about serious issues like race, but also food, football, horror flicks, and music. He spends his free time either pestering his friends about songs they should listen to, making nonsensical comments aimed at making the entire room laugh, and taking hours to tell the simplest stories. He moonlights as the leader of the Official Patrice Cavanaugh Fan Club.

He is an advocate for sing his voice for equality and encouraging others to do the same. He wants to be able to use his degree to make new drugs to cure diseases, showing other minorities that they can succeed in higher education and/or whatever else they set their minds too.

Bill and Norma Madison adopted Alex 40 years ago. He also has his own parents.

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Bill and Norma Madison Celebrated 63 Years of Marriage on June 27, 2022



THE WELCH DAILY

NEWS

Welch, West Virginia

September 12, 1959

The Rockhill Baptist Church of Gary was the setting Saturday, June 27, at 5:00 o'clock for the wedding of Ms. Norma L. Allen and William Madison. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Ms. George Henry Allen of Gary, and Mr. Madison is the son of Mr. and Ms. Fred J. Madison of Filbert.

The double-ring ceremony was performed by Rev. Paul T. Travis before an altar banked with palms, large baskets of gladiolas and carnations and lighted tiered candelabra. The family pews were marked by white satin bows.

Mr. James Robinson presented the program of nuptial music and Ms. Ann Anthony was soloist. Traditional processional and recessional marches were used.

The bride, escorted to the altar and given in marriage by her father, was attired in floor-length gown of white rose point Chantilly lace over satin, fashioned with a molded bodice and a

Sabrina neckline, heavily embroidered in sequins and seed pearls, with sleeves which extended into points over the hands. Tiers of tulle bordered with bands of scalloped lace formed side panels of the skirt which ended in a chapel train. Her fingertip veil was attached to a crown of seed pearls, sequins, and rhinestones. She carried a white Bible topped with a colonial bouquet and centered with a white orchid. Her only ornament was a pair of tiny pearl earrings. Ms. Barbara Harvey attended her sister as Matron of Honor. Margo Walker, of Brooklyn NY was maid of honor Both wore identical ice blue nylon dresses, over taffeta with matching shoes and headpieces.

Bride maids were Ms. Ruby Banks of Independence, VA, cousin of the bride. Lorraine Robinson of Gary, and Ms. Maudella Johnson of Detroit Michigan. Two maids' dresses were ice blue chiffon over satin with flying panels in back. One attendant chose an identical attire of baby pink.

Each carried a colonial bouquet of carnations of pink or blue. Carl Smith of Elbert, cousin of the bridegroom served as ring-bearer.

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His attire included a white shark-skin full-dress suit, silhouetted by an ice blue vest. He carried a white satin-heart pillow. Denise Isbell of Lenoir, NC was the flower carrier. She wore a white organdy dress and carried a white basket filled with pink rose petals.

Mr. Fred Madison, brother of the groom served as best man. Maurice Isbell, Harold Pritchett, and Henry Richardson were the Ushers. Mothers of the bride and bridegroom chose ice blue lace dresses over taffeta with white accessories. Both wore pink rosebud shoulder corsages.

Following the exchange of vows, a reception was held in the church dining hall. The bride's table was centered with a four-tiered wedding cake topped with a miniature wedding couple figurine and encircled with ivy and pink rose buds. Assisting the receiving line was Ms. Samuel Canady. Assistants at the reception were Ms. Simon Norwood, Ms. Nina Parks, Ms. Sylvester Watkins, and Ms. William Walker. Other aides included Ms. Nannie White, Ms. Hames Younger and Ms. Lillian Johnson. Ms. Zereta Madison, sister of the bridegroom, presided at the Bride's Book.

Immediately following the reception, the couple motored to Washington, DC where the bridegroom is presently employed by the United States Government. For traveling, the bride wore a navy and white suit with matching accessories, and the orchid lifted from the marital bouquet.

The couple wants to thank everyone whose name was omitted or misplaced from the gifts.

The Welch Daily News Paper authored this article, took all the pictures, free of charge and indicated that this was one of the largest and most eloquent weddings held in McDowell County, WV.



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MS. JUANITA WILKERSON TRANSITIONED TO BE WITH GOD ON JUNE 1, 2022

Garyites, you may recall that Ms. Juanita Wilkerson joined our Annual Zoom meeting a few months ago, and we sang Happy Birthday to her, and she was featured as one of our senior members. The article included the fact that during her younger days she had also been a fashion runway model.

Her family and distant relatives shared one of our Newsletters featuring an article about her and circulated it throughout the family and distant relatives. Most of whom had not seen her for many years. They contacted each other and decided to give her a Birthday Party.

The party was recently and after a joyous birthday celebration with her family, Ms. Juanita Wilkerson passed away peacefully in her sleep on June 1, 2022.

Someone named Brenda Moore, related, we are not sure, but Ron Wilkerson emailed Allison and said he got her email from the GDHAA Quarter Newsletter Allison also said she was so happy that the Association published something about Ms. Wilkerson and had her at the reunion/annual meeting.

The entire family extended thanks for helping her get back in touch with her family. It was wonderful for Ms. Wilkerson to get back in touch with her family before she transitioned to be with The Heavenly Father.



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Deacon John Hairston Jr.

Before I formed you in the womb I knew you, before you were born I set you apart.

John M. Hairston, Jr. was honored by Imani Temple Ministry as the Chairman of the Deacon Board and Father of Imani Temple Ministry Church in Cleveland, OH for his support to all needs of the families of the Church.

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HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO OUR NATIONAL PRESIDENT



Our National President, Dr. Sandra Harris, celebrated her 70th birthday at the Marriott Hotel – Ann Arbor on June 26, 2022.

There were more than 250 people in attendance, including GDHAA Board members Bill Madison (and his lovely wife, Norma) and Tiffany Kelsey. The Detroit Chapter President, Linda Ali, was also in attendance. Sandra had guests from around the country who came to be a part of this joyous occasion.

U. S. Congresswoman Debbie Dingell appeared for a short time, but had to leave to attend to her mother, who was hospitalized because of a fall. Before leaving, she presented Sandra with a beautifully framed Proclamation. Other speakers included a church member who has known Sandra

since Sandra began attending her current church 63 years ago. One speaker spoke of Sandra's professional accomplishments. Her beloved brother spoke of Sandra's love and generosity to her family.

One highlight for Sandra was having six of her line sisters from Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, Inc. attend. She joined this illustrious sisterhood over 49 years ago. She was overwhelmed as nearly 100 members of Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, Inc. encircled her as they sang the Sweetheart Song.

She was graced with the presence of members of other sororities and fraternities. Also, her Link Sisters, National Association of Negro Business and Professional Women's Clubs members, and her Red Hat sisters helped to make this a memorable occasion.

Although this was Sandra's special day, she took time during the program to recognize and honor seven beautiful ladies who were in their 90s. These are women who have been special to Sandra down through the years.

The affair included great music by the band, "Notorious," and delicious hors d'oeuvres and dinner.

This event was special to many people because it is the first time that many have had a chance to socialize because of the pandemic. Covid protocols were implemented, such as masks, hand sanitizer, and social distancing. The event was spread over a pavilion, a large patio and lawn, and a huge restaurant area. Everyone had a great time!

Sandra is thankful to God for His blessings, grace, and mercy for being able to see one more year!

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Your Loved One(s) who transitioned and was a student or dependent of a Gary District High graduate, leaves a legacy through their walk of faith that does more than point us back to a wonderful life remembered. It also points us forward in hope to an amazing celebration that is to come. Within the last few months, the following individuals, transitioned to be with the Heavenly Father, there may have been others:

**Doris Holloway-King
 Henry Neal Richardson
 Ronnie English
 Col/Ret. Vandy L. Miller
 Cheryl (Geter) Grace
 Carmen Anderson Goode
 Peggy Cloyd
 Dorothy Lapsley
 Joanne Smith
 Roland Stephney, Jr.
 Edwin Wilkerson
 Corcoran Holt
 Charles Nathaniel Ratcluff
 Viola English
 Shelia Cunningham
 Joseph Alexander Forbes
 Jannie Marie White Burks
 Ernestine Davis Pendagrass
 James Daniels
 Henry Neal Richardson
 Eclester O'Neal
 Frank Buenrostro
 Larry Hairston, Mayor, Gary, WV**

**Evelyn Joanne (Smith) Williams
 Jordan M. Smith
 Rebecca (Becky) Smith Griffin
 Katherine (Sanders) Malone
 Brenda Maxwell
 Yvonne Maxwell Barker
 Kenneth Maxwell
 Larry Lane
 Frederick Ray Rash
 David "Mike" Smith
 Barbara Eggleston
 Carolyn Greene
 Barbara Phillips
 Pauline Hairston Smith
 Carolyn Blakely Price
 Emma Clemons
 Tamp Watkins
 Betty Jean Geter-Gatling
 William Leroy Redd
 Ballard Armstrong, Jr.
 Juanita Wilkerson
 Ann Rucker Moore
 Geraldine Harvey Alexander
 Kamara Franklin**

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J.T Horton
Velma Green Burke
Erna Carter Taylor
Frederick Ray Rash

Jannie White