

Pallbearers

Roosevelt Edwards  
Chris Cannon

David Benjamin  
Jesse Turner  
Pedro Staples

Jason Colclough  
Hulee Smith

Floral Bearers

Family and Friends

Acknowledgement

We, the family of 1SG (Ret) Raymond Freeman Nelson, would like to thank each of you for the many acts of kindness shown, during our time of bereavement. May God continue to bless each of you, with His grace, love, and mercy.

Services Entrusted To:

Taylor Street Chapel

1831 Taylor Street  
Columbia, SC 29201  
(803)771-7799

I. S. Leevy Johnson  
-Owner & Director-

**Leevy's**

F U N E R A L H O M E

Chris Leevy Johnson  
-President & Managing Director-

Lower Richland Chapel

9120 Garners Ferry Road  
Hopkins, SC 29061  
(803) 776-6922

Leverette A. Williams, II  
-General Manager-

# Home Going Services

*for*



Sunrise

*September 12, 1940*

Sunset

*March 17, 2022*

**1SG (Ret)**

*Raymond*

**Freeman Nelson**

Thursday, March 31, 2022  
11:30 a.m.

Second Nazareth Baptist Church  
2300 Elmwood Avenue  
COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA

Reverend Johnny Ray Noble, PhD  
-Pastor-

*Reflections of the Life  
of  
1SG (Ret) Raymond Freeman Nelson*

1SG (Ret) Raymond Freeman Nelson was born on September 12, 1940, in Chicago, IL. He was the eldest child of Savannah Alexander and Joseph Nelson. He went on to meet his Master on Thursday, March 17, 2022. Raymond grew up in Chicago, where he attended Catholic Schools. At Corpus Christi High School, he excelled in track & field and basketball. After graduating from high school, he joined the United States Army. His first duty station was at Fort Jackson, in Columbia, South Carolina. During his service in the military, he served in many countries and states. He served for 27 years and retired as a First Sergeant.

Raymond was employed at the Dorn VA Medical Center for 25 years, where he received many accolades for his service.

He was affiliated with the many organizations throughout the years. He became a member of the Masonic Order, Scottish Rite, Shriners, and the Order of the Eastern Star Larue Chapter 110, in Kentucky. After returning to Columbia, he joined the More Light Lodge #468. He served as president of the Tri-State Bass Club and later became the first black member and board member of the South Carolina Wildlife Federation. He was elected to serve as president of his homeowner's association.

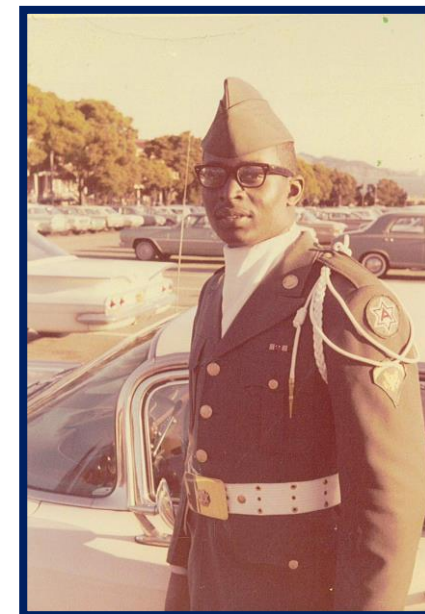
Raymond turned his hobby of photography into a profession. He captured many memories in and around the Columbia area. He loved to fish, hunt, and golf.

He was preceded in death by his parents, Savannah Alexander and Joseph Nelson; sister, Vaodora Butler; and brother, Herman Nelson.

1SG (Ret) Raymond Freeman Nelson leaves to cherish his memory: his loving wife, Shirley Thomas Nelson, of Columbia, SC; sons, Raymond (Quincy) Nelson, Jr., Michael Nelson, Orlando (Karen) Nelson, and Vans (April) Nelson, Smyrna, GA; twelve grandchildren, twenty-four great-grandchildren, and seven great-great-grandchildren; sisters, Elaine Polk, Pamela Harrell, and Debra Aimone; specially mentioned, David Benjamin, Christopher Cannon; a host of niecs, nephews, cousins; and a great number of loving friend and colleagues.

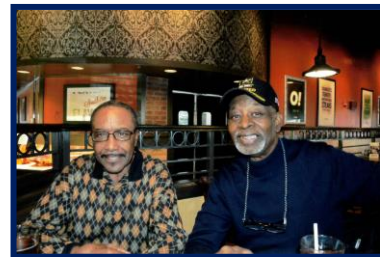
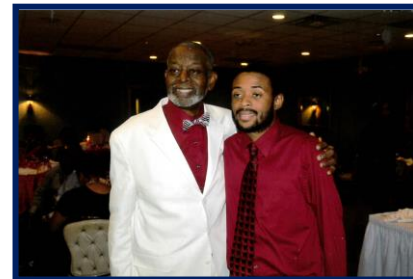
## *The Final Inspection*

*The soldier stood and faced God, which must always come to pass, He hoped his shoes were shining, Just as brightly as his brass.  
"Step forward now, you soldier, how shall I deal with you? Have you always turned the other cheek? To My Church have you been true?"  
The soldier squared his shoulders and said, "No, Lord, I guess I ain't, because those of us who carry guns, can't always be a saint.  
I've had to work most Sundays, and at times my talk was tough, and sometimes I've been violent, Because the world is awfully rough.  
but I never took a penny That wasn't mine to keep... Though I worked a lot of overtime When the bills got just too steep,  
And I never passed a cry for help, though at times I shook with fear, and sometimes, God forgive me, I've wept unmanly tears.  
I know I don't deserve a place Among the people here, they never wanted me around, except to calm their fears.  
If you've a place for me here, Lord, it needn't be so grand, I never expected or had too much, but if you don't, I'll understand."  
There was a silence all around the throne, Where the saints had often trod, As the soldier waited quietly, For the judgment of his God.  
"Step forward now, you soldier, you've borne your burdens well, walk peacefully on Heaven's streets, you've done your time in Hell."*





*Memories*



*Order of Service*

Prelude  
 Processional.....Second Nazareth Baptist Church  
 "He Did It All"  
 Viewing ..... Funeral Directors  
 Opening Selection.....Ms. Angela Etheredge  
 "Trouble of This World"  
 Old Testament.....Psalm 30:5-12.....Bishop David Johnson  
 Progressive C.O.O.L.J.C, Hopkins, SC  
 New Testament.....Matthew 11:28-30.....Pastor Johnny Ray Noble, PhD  
 Prayer of Comfort..... Pastor Johnny Ray Noble, PhD  
 Selection.....Mrs. Sadie Lowman  
 "Lord Don't Move The Mountain"  
 Remarks.....Mr. Ben Gregg, Friend  
 Mr. Roosevelt Edwards, Family  
 Deacon Moses Felder, Church  
 Selection.....Second Nazareth Baptist Church  
 "When You Hear My Homegoing"  
 Remarks.....Mr. Wayne Gilmore, Friend  
 Mr. David Benjamin, Family  
 Mr. Orlando Nelson, Son  
 Selction.....Mr. Rashid Carter  
 "My Soul Has Benn Anchored"  
 Words of Comfort .....Mr. Vans Nelson, Son  
 Recessional  
 Postlude



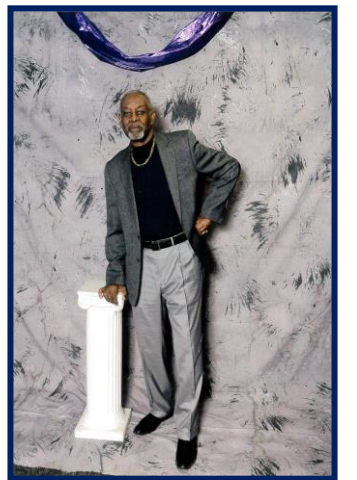
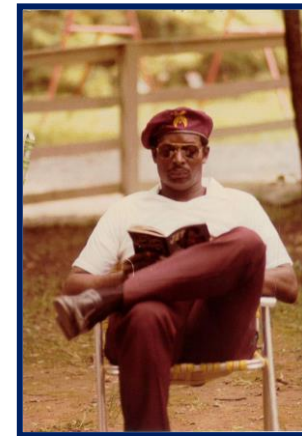
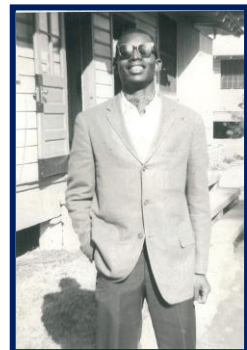
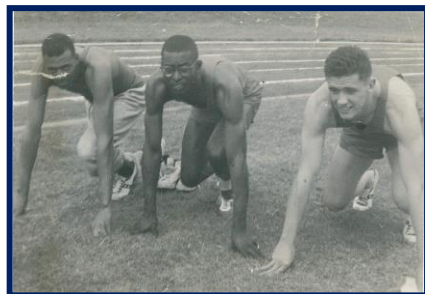
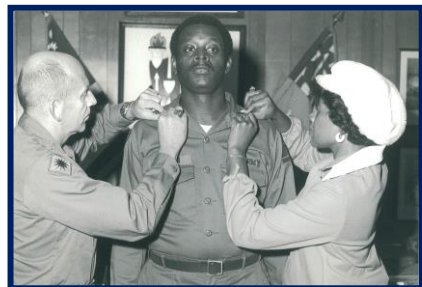
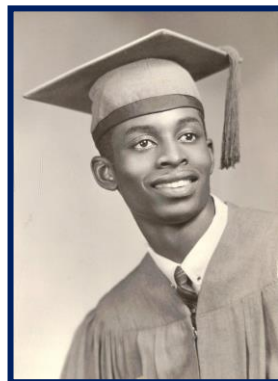
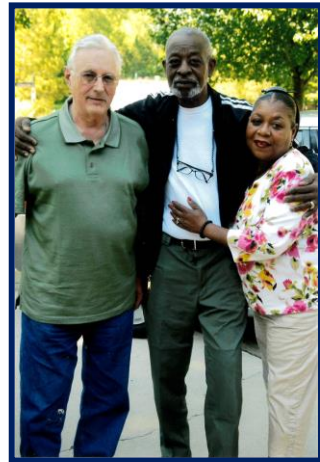
*Committal, Benediction & Interment*

Fort Jackson National Cemetery  
 4170 Percival Road  
 Columbia, South Carolina





*Memories*



*The Measure of a Man*

*Not "How did he die?" But "How did he live?"  
Not "What did he gain?" But "What did he give?"  
Not "What was his station?" But "Had he a heart?"  
and "How did he play his God-given part?"  
Not "What was his shrine?" Nor "What was his creed?"  
but "Had he befriended those really in need?"  
Not "What did the piece in the newspaper say?"  
but "How many were sorry when he passed away?"  
was he ever ready with a word of good cheer,  
to bring back a smile, to banish a tear?  
These are the units to measure the worth  
of a man as a man, regardless of birth.*