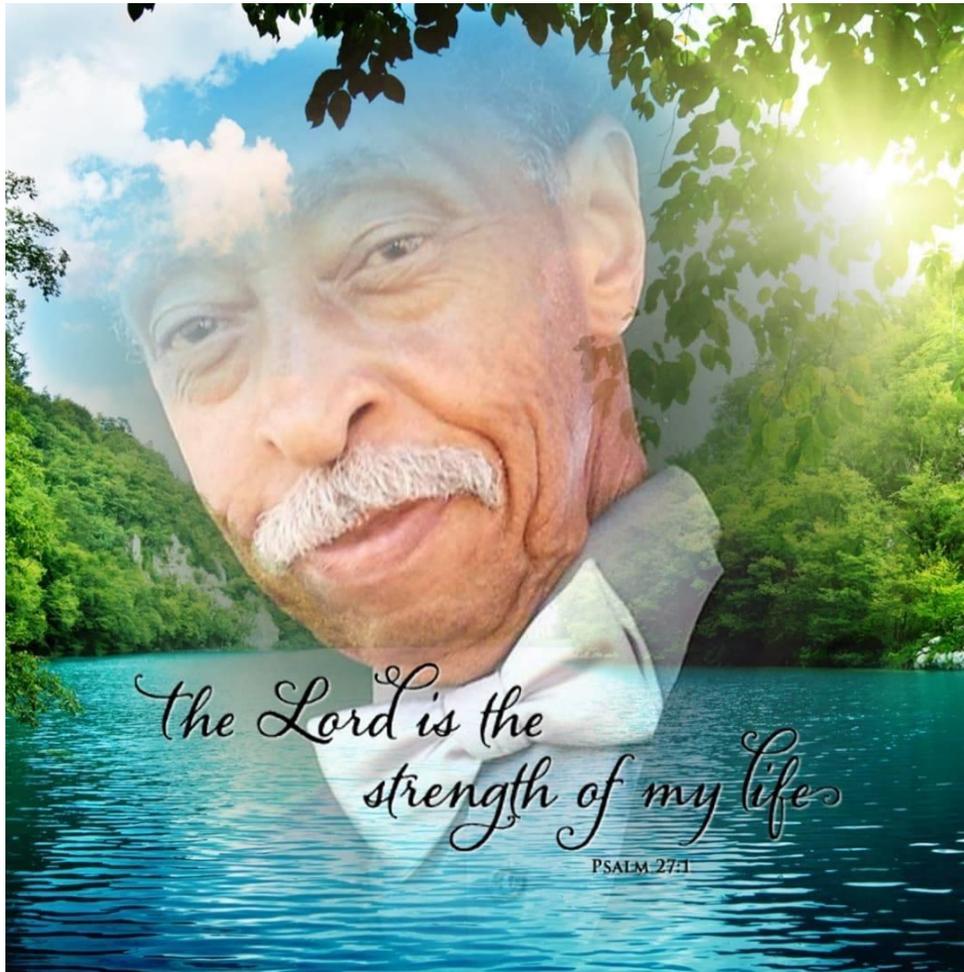


A Celebration of Life



Richard Russell Ross

Sunrise: July 9, 1944 ----- Sunset: August 10, 2020

*Monday, August 31, 2020
10:00 am*

*Greater Mount Sinai Missionary Baptist Church
12317 S. Wilmington
Compton, CA 90222*

Obituary

Richard Russell Ross was born on July 9, 1944 in New Kent County, a rural area in the state of Virginia. He was the first child born to Meredith and Georgiana Bassett Ross.

The Ross family moved to Los Angeles in the early 1950s and the city became Richard's home. He attended Miramonte Elementary, Edison Junior High, and John C. Fremont High School. Richard did well in school and excelled at sports, including track and field and gymnastics.

Richard worked many jobs throughout his life, in both the private and public sectors. In his last public sector job, he worked for Cal Trans. Years ago, he managed a local night club.

Richard had a passion for cars. In the early 1970s he owned, among others, a hopped-up black 1955 Chevy that he raced boisterously in the streets and raceways of Southern California.

Richard fathered many children, all of whom he loved dearly.

Circa Monday, August 10, 2020, at age 76, Richard passed away at home in bed – the same home his mother and father had passed away in.

Richard leaves to treasure his memory eight daughters (*Denise* and *Shawn* of **Atlanta**, Georgia; *Rochelle* of **Bakersfield**, California; *Latasha* of **Chicago**, Illinois; *Valencia* of **Compton**, California; *Alicia* of **Las Vegas**, Nevada; and *Deidre* and *Phyllis* of **Los Angeles**, California), five sons (*Anthony*, *Gerald*, and *Richard* of **Chicago**, Illinois; *Ira* of **Kinder**, Louisiana; and *Demetrius* of **Los Angeles**, California), two brothers – Mervin (Mary) and Randy of Los Angeles, California; one sister (Dorothy of Orangeburg, South Carolina), and many grandchildren, great grandchildren, cousins, nieces, nephews and other relatives and friends.

ORDER OF SERVICE

Officiating: Pastor Calvin Cressel, Sr.

Processional.....Soft music

Prayer

Song: “Amazing Grace” Eugene Ross, III

Acknowledgments.....Mary Ross

Remarks (please limit to 2 minutes)

Obituary.....Deidre Ross

Song: “Walk Around Heaven” Eugene Ross, III

Eulogy..... Pastor Calvin Cressel, Sr.

Song: “Going Up Yonder” Eugene Ross, III

Recessional

Interment

Monday, August 31, 2020
2:00 pm
INGLEWOOD PARK CEMETERY (El Portal)

Repast

Monday, August 31, 2020
3:00 pm (Food served at 4:00 pm)
GRANDMA’S HOUSE

PALLBEARERS

Damian Ross

Lex Truly

Brian Williams

Demari Ross

Gregory Williams, Jr.

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Jerry Smith

Anthony Walker

Gregory Williams, Sr.

Bobby Blackman

Lonnie Jackson

Rayford Reader

Bobby Hart

Edward Engram

Acknowledgments

The family extends heartfelt thanks to the many family members and friends who helped to soothe our spirits and lighten our burden during this time of transition.

The family acknowledges the services of the many wonderful family, friends, neighbors, doctors, and nurses who made it possible for Richard to live out his last days at home.

Finally, the family expresses its gratitude to Pastor Calvin Cressel, Sr. for officiating Richard's "celebration of life."

MEMORIES

Alicia Ross (daughter)

Daddy, I remember that you loved your 57 Chevy (Classic). I also remember getting my right hand smashed in that car's door at 6 years old. I thought you were superman, it seemed like you flew over that car to save me. I thank you. I remember you picking me up from the dentist; I was totally out, the dentist was carrying me. My mom got in the car, you hopped out so fast to get me you didn't put the car all the way in Park. The car started to roll down the back alley and the dentist had to run and jump in to stop it. Mom didn't know how to drive. I remember my little white wooden table set and stove you got me one Xmas. I remember getting yelled at a lot for cracking real eggs on that little stove trying to cook you guys something to eat. I remember getting quarters from you, granddaddy, my uncles and all your friends. You could get a lot for a quarter back then. I remember when I wanted new shoes, I would put the play shoes on and go to granddaddy and tell him I needed new ones, that you guys didn't buy me any. He would drive me right down to Huntington Park and get me new shoes, that worked for about 3 new pairs before you spanked me for lying. I remember hanging up album covers all over my room walls and falling out of the chair, my knee swollen up so bad it looked like 2 small grapefruits. You rushed me right to the doctor, I thank you. Daddy I am so grateful for the *memories I have of you. Most of all, I remember the love I have and will always have for my father, Richard Ross. Love Daughter Alicia Ross*

Deidre Ross (daughter)

What can I say about my father that I know as facts? He knew God. He honored his mother and father. He multiplied greatly. He was well known across the nation and respected in his community. He was a wise man and he liked to test your knowledge. He worked hard and played even harder. He was definitely a ladies' man and he love-love-loved him some beer and music!! When I reflect on him now, I see that he was very free and used his freewill accordingly. He lived life how he saw fit on his own terms and God gave it to him, so I cannot be mad at that. I may never understand his actions and relationships with his offspring, but I do understand freedom!! I am most grateful for your brothers and the legacy of

people you left behind. So go be free Dad and have a cold one waiting for me when I get there! Love Always.

Lucy Bassette-Mills (cousin)

Missing my dear Cousin Rich for making me laugh so hard and remembering our growing-up years. We spent a lot of time together -- one year, one month apart. I always seemed to be the one getting the butt-whip for getting in trouble. Love and miss you. LuLu

Randy Ross, Ph.D. (brother)

When I was growing up in South Central during the 1950s-60s, I didn't worry a lot about trouble in the streets because everybody knew that Richard Ross was my big brother, and he was very well respected by his peers. Richard looked out for me big time. When the "Watts Riots/Rebellion" broke out in summer 1965, I was 14 years old. That first night I trekked up to the Florence Ave. shopping district with my fellow Slausons and got sucked into a maelstrom when, suddenly, someone snatched me from behind. I thought it was the police. But it was Richard, who insisted, "Let's go!" We got in his old hootie and he drove me home to the family's safe haven. When I graduated from Fremont High School in summer 1968, that summer Richard got me a job with him in a factory in Pico Rivera. The best part about that job was the early morning drive to work in Richard's green Bonneville listening to tunes like Dexter Gordon's "Tanya" on Richard's 8-Track player. After clocking-in and laboring that whole summer until I was bone tired, I had a clearer sense of what I did NOT want to do with my life. That summer experience had conditioned me to pursue my college education with great vigor. In 1973, when I embraced an opportunity to pursue graduate studies in New York, it was Richard who drove me to the Greyhound Station in Downtown Los Angeles to send me off on a new adventure three-thousand miles away – an adventure for which he had played a key role in clearing the path. I have already begun to miss him more than I thought possible. Rest in Peace, my brother.