

Acknowledgements

Acknowledgement: We have been strengthened and uplifted by your loving comfort and all the many expressions of love shown us in the transition of our loved one. It is with heartfelt gratitude that we acknowledge your sympathetic care. May God bless you and forever keep you in our prayers.

— The Family



Final Arrangements Entrusted To:

Young Funeral Home

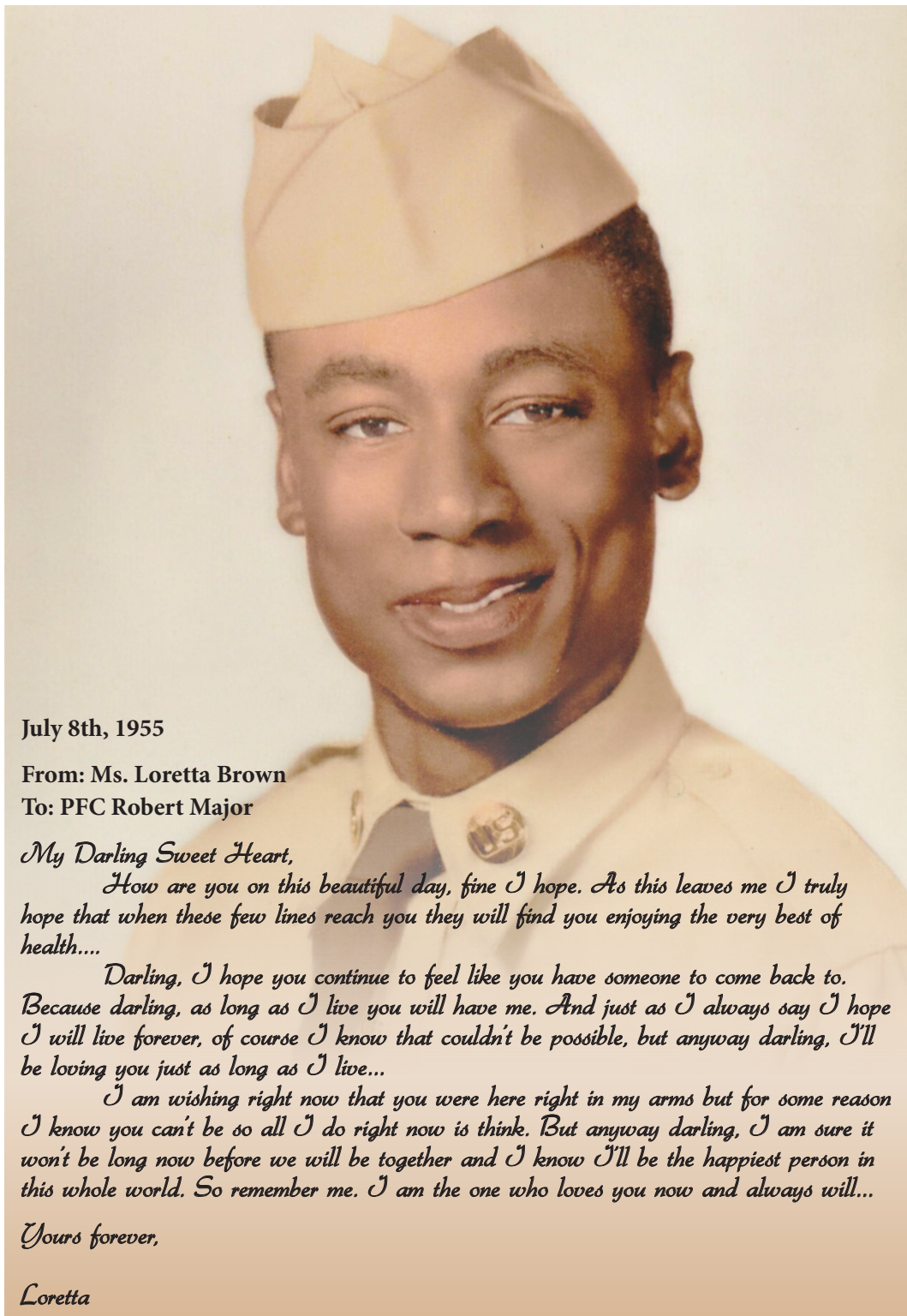
109 Yemassee Hwy | Yemassee, SC 29945
Phone: 843-589-2555 Fax: 843-589-2124
www.youngfuneralhomesc.com

CELEBRATING THE LEGACY
of
Mr. Robert Major



GRAVESIDE SERVICES

Friday, January 3, 2025 | Ten O' Clock in the morning
BEAUFORT NATIONAL CEMETERY
1601 Boundary Street • Beaufort, SC 29902



July 8th, 1955

From: Ms. Loretta Brown

To: PFC Robert Major

My Darling Sweet Heart,

How are you on this beautiful day, fine I hope. As this leaves me I truly hope that when these few lines reach you they will find you enjoying the very best of health....

Darling, I hope you continue to feel like you have someone to come back to. Because darling, as long as I live you will have me. And just as I always say I hope I will live forever, of course I know that couldn't be possible, but anyway darling, I'll be loving you just as long as I live...

I am wishing right now that you were here right in my arms but for some reason I know you can't be so all I do right now is think. But anyway darling, I am sure it won't be long now before we will be together and I know I'll be the happiest person in this whole world. So remember me. I am the one who loves you now and always will...

Yours forever,

Loretta

Michelle Buggs. From those loves comes love; and today we're honored with the presence of our half-brother Wilbert Robert Major, our parent's grandchildren: Ahmad, Malik, Tommy, Dominique, Chalice, Robert, Lucien, Mia, Qua'Neshia and a host of step grands including Frantz Jr, Al, Deniece, Charles and Nakisha, beloved nieces, nephews, cousins, extended family and friends. Our father was a master builder. The reputation of his hands preceded him all over Hilton Head Island, from Bluff Apartments to Twin Oaks to Lake Forest to Sea Pines. It was with those same hands he built his Castle. And Robert's family was his kingdom.

Element Three, A Garrison

But no Castle is safe without a means to protect it. And that's where our mom comes in. She and her seven sisters and our dad's two; these are the women that defended us. Martha Loadholt, Geraldine Cohen, Lugeane Williams, Sara Jones, Alma Shaw, Mattie Mitchell, Sally Cosey, Martha Givens and Elizabeth Lester. Our Army of Aunties. Warriors in every sense of the word. As children, there was never a time when we weren't warm, watched, rested and cared for. As a child, he saw things he shouldn't. So as a man, he knew what we needed in order for us to have a thorough **"Knowledge of Self"** and therefore, a thorough understanding of how to engage with the world. Day in and day out, our general demanded us to be the absolute best version of ourselves that we could possibly be. I can still hear him saying, **"Perfect practice makes perfect."**

Element Four, A Flag

The last element of every Castle is its flag. It's banner. The colors it flies. Robert's banner was made of **"Knowledge, Wisdom and Understanding."** He walked with dignity, integrity and presence at a perpendicular erect with a deep love of Allah. At times, our father was a hard man to know. But in knowing what he loved, it allowed us to be close. Our Castle flew the flag of love. It was our mother's way. She taught our father, and it became his way. And now, it's our way. The only way.

The Master Builder Made His Way Home

Robert returned to his creator at 3:37 pm on December 28, 2024. We can't help but smile when we think of him building his new Castle to set sail on the next phase of his fantastic voyage... blazing a star filled trail of love across the universe. Please tell our Lillie we said hello.

We honor you today; every book you read, every lesson you taught, every nail you hammered, every screw you turned and every sacrifice you made. We honor every day you woke at 5 am and every evening when you came home again at 6 pm. And just in case you were wondering how the math works on your **Human Machine**, you lived exactly 32,871 days and your lion's heart beat exactly 3.4 billion times. Those are **Actual Facts**. I can hear that booming voice now saying, **"That's alright! All praise is due."**

He used to say, **"History is best qualified to reward all research."** When we study our history, we can see you were a creator. A risk taker. A pioneer. A protector. And a provider. We stand here today to say, your risk paid off. In ways you couldn't possibly have imagined. But knowing you and your meticulous nature the way we do...something kind of tells us, it turned out exactly the way you imagined it would.

This is the way we will remember you, our brother, our son...our father. May peace be upon you.

Imin

The Master Builder

Take a look at a Castle, any Castle.
Now break down the key elements that make it a Castle.
They haven't changed in a thousand years.

They say a man's home is his Castle but what does that really mean? A house is where you lay your tired head. A home is where you rest your weary heart. But a Castle...every Castle, is specifically built to protect the people inside from any outside attack. The Castle where Loretta, his wife of 56 years and their seven children, Patricia Ritter, Zainab Brown, Gwame Major, Sherema Oriol, Rahsheba Major, Ishmeal Major and Saudia Major all found peace on their pillows at night was built by him, our father, Robert Wilbur Major.

Element One, location.

The Yemassee Native Americans had a saying, **“You stand your strongest when you stand on the land on which you were born.”** Our father was born on August 25, 1934, on Mackey Point Plantation in South Carolina to Katie (Green) Major, a natural healer, and Clarence Major, a fisherman and cook for that plantation. The very same plantation where our fore parents were slaves and not 30 miles from where the ship that brought us here, “The Carolina,” landed from Barbados. Robert was one of three siblings but to us he will forever be one of one. A distinction his two sisters, Martha (Major) Loadholt and Geraldine Cohen will graciously understand.

We all are born with both a dream to give our gifts to the world and the means by which to give it. Robert's dream was to be a teacher; a math professor to be exact. I imagine the exact nature of numbers appealed to his meticulous nature. But having to drop out of school in the 6th grade to help earn money, doing odd jobs on the plantation and working with his father in the fields sharecropping earning \$7 per week while his father earned \$12, didn't afford him a chance to be formally educated. So, he took matters into his own hands, quite literally, and dedicated his life to educating himself. There was never a free moment around the house when he wasn't reading a book or listening to a lecture. And there was never a conversation you walked away from without him offering you a lesson in return. Whether it was a lesson in etiquette, diction, table manners, social graces, navigating the world while being black or offering a hands-on tutorial in a new skill set; all lessons were clearly outlined in his course syllabus. And when he spoke in that booming voice, he commanded the class's full attention. He gave us the education he never had. His legacy is one of **knowledge, wisdom and understanding**. An investment that has paid off a thousand times over in ways he couldn't possibly have imagined. Or maybe he did...

Element Two, Protection

Learning and teaching is what he enjoyed doing in his spare time, after being drafted into the Army during the Korean Conflict. After moving to Brooklyn, getting married and starting a life with his love. After becoming a butcher, owning and operating a store and moonlighting as a hack cab driver. After finding Islam, the religion he would dedicate his life to. And after moving back home and perfecting his ultimate craft as a carpenter; he finally got his chance to work with numbers and math. And he took every advantage! Robert literally built the house he would raise his family in. It's the house where we loved our loves, wished our wishes and dreamed our dreams. It's the Castle, where he kept us safe. And he protected it fiercely. He would extend that protection not just to us, his children, but also to the loves his children found. Patricia found Tommie Ritter, Sherema found Frantz Oriol, Gwame found Dorothy Major and Saudia found

Order of Service

OPENING
Young Funeral Home

OPENING PRAYER
Ishmeal Major

REMARKS
Zainab Brown
Sherema Oriol
Rahsheba Major

READING OF THE OBITUARY
Ishmeal Major

CLOSING PRAYER
Saudia Major

THE MORTICIAN'S BRIEF
Young Funeral Home



