

*This poem was written in August, 2003, by Brother Crouch's youngest son, Clinton. However, it reflects the feelings of all three of his sons today – Eric, John, and Clinton.*

*They say a boy must see a man in order to be a man,  
To see him love, nurture, coach, and hold his hand.*

*They say a real man practices what he preaches.  
A real man is accessible, not beyond his family's reaches.*

*They say a real man provides and brings home the bacon;  
He makes sure his family's never hungry or cold, shivering and shaking.*

*They say it takes a real man to be head of the house.  
That man keeps happy, the one who wears the blouse.*

*They say that real men don't cry; that's a lie.  
Real men have emotions and a heart that they don't need to hide.*

*They say a real man stands true, tall, and fights for what he loves.  
A real man loves nothing more than his family and God above.*

*They say a good man is so hard to find,  
That all the men are locked up or they've lost their mind.*

*They say if you're looking for a real man, don't even bother.  
I say if you believe this, you haven't met my father.*

*I say my Dad is a REAL MAN, the realest of the real.  
That's why I keep on striving; I've got some big shoes to fill.*

*Thank you for everything. Dad, I love you so much.*

## **Flower Bearers**

*Family and Friends*

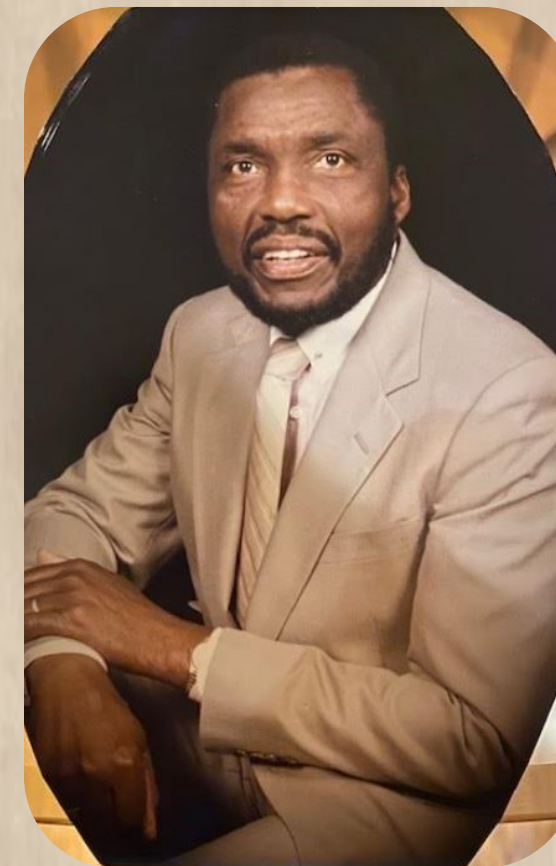
## **Acknowledgement**

*Our family wishes to express deep gratitude and appreciation to each of you for your kind words of comfort, and for your many other expressions of love and concern during this time of our bereavement, but most especially, for your prayers. They have helped to sustain us through these days. A special thanks to our From the Heart family who reached out to assure that all of our needs and concerns were resolved. May God continue to richly bless each of your lives. We love you all.*

# ***Celebrating the Life of Cornelius "Neil" Crouch***

**Sunrise: October 21, 1929**

**Sunset: October 24, 2020**



***Monday, November 9, 2020***

Family Hour: 10:00 a.m.  
Service: 11:00 a.m.

*From the Heart Church Ministries®  
Annex at 5055 Allentown Road  
Suitland, MD 20746*

*Bishop John A. Cherry, II – Pastor*



# Obituary



Born in Washington, D.C., on October 21, 1929, Cornelius Crouch, Jr., was reared in a household of three siblings and four cousins. He often spoke lovingly of his maternal grandmother who taught all of them of the Lord Jesus Christ. Cornelius, affectionately known as Neil, was educated in the District of Columbia Public Schools. Immediately after high school graduation, he was drafted into the U.S. Army and served a tour of duty in Korea during the Korean War.

After leaving the military, Neil lived in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where he was trained as a brick mason. He worked diligently to develop his skills in that area and began a long career as a master journeyman. He often pointed out buildings throughout the Washington metropolitan area that he helped to build. Laying bricks to construct outstanding buildings was the beginning of his journey as a man who would help to construct outstanding young men as he taught them the skills that he had mastered, including U.S. Army servicemen stationed at Fort Belvoir in the Army Corps of Engineers, and scores of students at the Career Center in the Arlington Public School System.

Neil, a man of faith, was ordained as a deacon at the First Baptist Church of Camp Springs, Maryland, prior to the family moving their membership in 1986 to From the Heart Church Ministries. As a result of the teachings at From the Heart, he began to take his walk with Christ very seriously, systematically changing the way he responded to the issues of life. With his wife, he served as Ministry Head of the Christian Education Department, was a member of the Membership Care and Financial Stewardship ministries, and served on the Board of Directors for the None Suffer Lack Federal Credit Union. He also served as Director of the Extended Care and Summer Camp Programs at From the Heart Christian School.

Though he was a devoted season ticket holder of the Washington Football Team, Neil found great joy in playing games that allowed him to outthink his opponents. He was a nearly unbeatable ping-pong player and a very clever billiards player. However, his first athletic love was tennis and he was excellent, well-known as the guy on the court whose movements were so fluid that he reached and returned shots that had been seen as unreturnable by his opponents.

Those who are left to embrace their fondest memories of Neil are his wife, Amenta W. Crouch; his only daughter, Allison C. Crouch; three sons, John F. Smith, Jr. (Errin), Eric J. Crouch, and Clinton C. Crouch (Yodit); seven grandchildren: Taryn Ford (Johnathan), Tyler Smith, Cydney Wallace (Daniel), Chandler Smith, Mason N. Crouch, Anthony C. Crouch, and Roman G. Crouch; and a host of nieces and nephews.







# Order of Service

*Invocation*

*Scripture Reading*

*Old Testament: Psalm 121  
New Testament: II Corinthians 4:6-14*

*Prayer of Comfort*

*Selection ..... FTH Psalmist*

*Acknowledgements*

*Mr. Jerome “Duke” Miller  
Pastor Lorenzo Lyons,  
(Congregational Methodist Episcopal Church)  
Mr. Melvin Turner  
Mr. Clinton Crouch*

*Obituary (Read Silently)*

*Song of Preparation ..... FTH Psalmist*

*Message of Hope ..... Bishop John A. Cherry, II*

*Call to Christ*

*Benediction*

*Recessional*



Dear Neil,

I have loved you for more than half my life, and today I am so proud to bear your name. Nearly fifty years ago on a hot and humid August day, I walked into a large conference room in Arlington, Virginia. Seated across the room from where I had chosen to sit was a man dressed in all white and wearing a neatly cropped “Afro.” It was somewhat obvious then, but I would learn over the years that one of your traits was fastidious care in the way you groomed and dressed. That was just one of the areas where attention to detail and precision would be manifested.

They say that opposites attract, and perhaps that is true, for we were different in many ways. Where you thoroughly read through all of the written instructions for assembling something BEFORE you began, I followed the illustrations and read ONLY when I ran into a glitch. You always used a measuring tool, even a level, when placing a wall hanging; I just “eye-balled” it. Those are just two examples of how you approached life, and I am the benefactor of this, for I learned so much. Many of what I dubbed a “Neil-ism” remain with me today and will continue to help me navigate my days without your steady hand. Your deliberate style, though sometimes frustrating, was a good thing. You were slow to make decisions, always counting the cost. The beauty of this was that once you decided, I always knew that it would come to pass.

Though we did not always see “eye-to-eye,” you were the one who I learned to rely on for direction. You see, there was no one’s opinion of me that mattered to me but yours. It gave me so much joy to witness your embracing the teaching at From the Heart (then Full Gospel AMEZ). Though you had accepted Jesus Christ as Savior as a child, I can attest to your genuine desire to seek after and to please the heart of God . . . to allow Jesus Christ to be Lord of your life.

Neil, you viewed the world through very serious lenses, so when I saw you smile or allow yourself a hearty laugh, it made my heart glad. Though you were not communicative in your last days, I sat with you, sang to you, and read your favorite Scriptures. On your very last day, and I will carry this memory with me always...I wiped a tear from your eye as I thanked you for our years together.

You were my advisor...and I knew that my best interest was your concern.  
You were my confidante...with you, I shared my innermost thoughts.  
You were my teacher...through you, I learned to fight for that which I believe.  
You were the father to my children...protecting them, guiding them, being present for them.  
You were my lover...with you, I shared my deepest and highest emotions.  
You were my friend . . you proved over and over just how much you care.  
You were my faithful husband.

Thank you, Neil

Always yours,  
Amenta

Daddy, Thank you.

I have said those two little words so many times in my lifetime, but they have never carried the weight they do now. To attempt to put into words what you have meant in my life as well as the life of the family is an impossible feat.

From my birth to your earthly death, you remained consistent. As we sat and reminisced as a family on October 24<sup>th</sup> it was evident that Cornelius Crouch, Jr. was unwavering in who he was. While the stories were different, the outcomes were the same...and for that consistency, I thank you.

Thank you for helping curb my impulsive nature by teaching me patience. Sitting through your life lesson talks, learning how to ask for something and wait 2 – 3 weeks for a response, or making me walk away from bad deals because something better would come along, although, in my head, that was the last item on earth, were just some of your lessons in patience. These lessons have translated beyond just patience, but they have taught me to be thankful and a wise steward of the things I have. The lessons have taught me to be content in the state in which I am and to be content if nothing ever changes. Thank you.

Thank you for keeping watch over the family. There is not much, if anything, which you did not know about that happened under your watch, even when as children with all our infinite wisdom, tried to skirt your protection. Wendy Dupree reminded me of the time when you literally led the Maryland crew home from Pensacola, FL., ensuring that as I drove, I stayed behind you the entire course. I am sure at the time, I thought you were “doing too much,” but it is indicative of the way you led us our entire lives, being sure you went first to protect us from hurt, harm or danger. Thank you.

Thank you for your vision beyond now. Your instilling the importance of having our own personal relationship with Christ has been passed to the next generation. Your provision for the family will ensure that generations to come will be well cared for. Thank you.

Thank you for caring for me EVERYDAY for the past 42 years. At times, I took for granted what you did because it was normal in my life; however, in your passing, I understand the gravity of the task you accepted. For your sacrifice, I am eternally grateful. Thank you.

I love you, Allison

