



## Henry Arthur Alston

December 20, 1954 - April 18, 2003

Henry Arthur Alston, Jr., the beloved son of the late Henry Arthur Sr. and Bernice Elizabeth Alston, was born on December 20, 1954 in Baltimore, Maryland. He departed this life on April 18, 2003 from a massive heart attack. He received his education in the Baltimore City Public School System. For the last years of his life he worked part-time through the Creative Alternative Program. He was baptized at All Saints Episcopal Church. He married the former Thelma Parda. That union ended in divorce. There were no children. "Pee-Wee," as he was lovingly called, made numerous friends wherever he went and will be sincerely missed by everyone who knew him. He was a true friend and was devoted to his family. He leaves to mourn: his loving and devoted sisters, Lillian S. Rowuls and Jenny D. Williams; one niece, Jacqueline B. Alston; four nephews, Anthony E. Williams Jr., Antoine E. Williams, Christopher J. Williams, Jermaine A. Williams (James F. Alston preceded him in death); six grand nephews, Patrick, Anthony III, Aaron, Antoine Jr., Brandon, and Mason; two brothers-in-law, Hillmon Rowuls Jr. and Anthony E. Williams Sr.; one aunt, Louise Johnson; one uncle, John Moore; and a host of other relatives and friends. Henry also leaves his beloved friends, Valerie and Trod; and his extended family the staff and residents of Creative Alternatives.

# Tribute Wall



“ Henry Arthur Alston

March 25, 2023 at 10:25 AM



“ Henry Arthur Alston

October 13, 2022 at 08:33 AM



“ Sorry to hear of your loss. My family and I find much comfort in the promise of John 5:28, 29: "Do not marvel at this because the hour is coming in which all those in the memorial tombs will hear his voice and come out, those who did good things to a resurrection of life." It is our hope that this comforts you to.##imported-begin##sharon hill##imported-end##

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM



“ My life is but a weaving, between God and me I do not choose the colors, He worketh steadily, Oftentimes He weaveth sorrow, and I in foolish pride, Forget He sees the upper, and I the underside. Not till the loom is silent, and shutters cease to fly, Will God unroll the canvas and explain the reason why, The dark threads are as needful in the skillful Weaver's hand, As the threads of gold and silver in the pattern He has planned##imported-begin##Jean Vaughn##imported-end##

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM



“ You have to have emptiness before it can be filled. You have to exhale before you can inhale###imported-begin###Hillmon Rowuls Jr.###imported-end##

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July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM



“ To My Brother Why did you have to leave me, when my heart is full of pain. Why did you have to go, When I needed you so. Since you had to go I'll miss you with all my heart. Tell James his mother misses him, And you will care for him. Why did you have to leave me when I miss you so much.###imported-begin###MeeMee###imported-end##

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July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM



“ Sometimes when I consider what tremendous consequences come from little things..... I am tempted to think.... there are no little things.###imported-begin###Lillian S. Rowuls###imported-end##

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July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM



“ The good Lord understands what it is you're going through, and He's the One who best knows how to comfort and care for you. So we're praying that He'll always be close, both now and in the future, too. God Bless you and Your Family###imported-begin###The March Family and Staff###imported-end##

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July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM