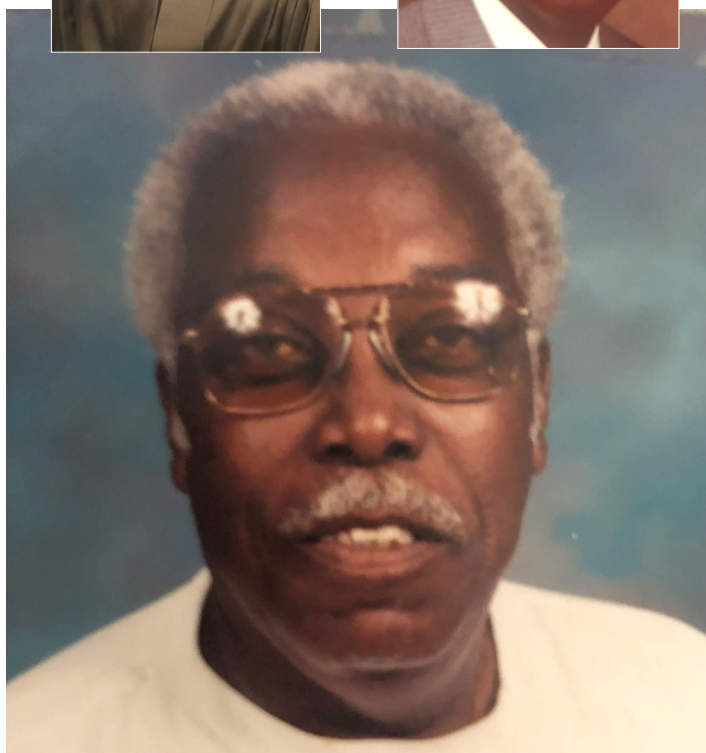
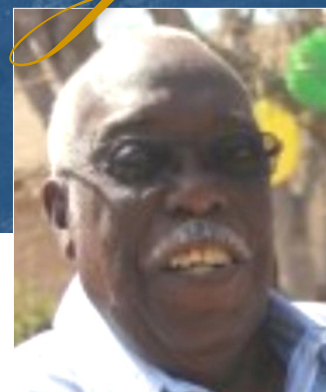
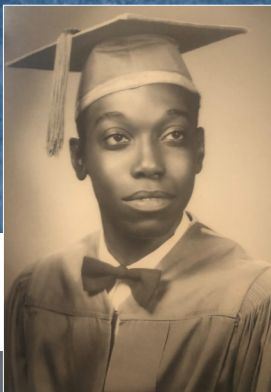
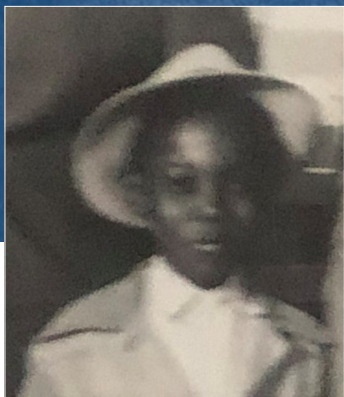


*Celebrating*



*The life of*  
**OTHA ALONZO DENSON**

**JULY 30, 1940 - OCTOBER 12, 2020**

**Friday, October 30, 2020 • 2:30 PM**

Eternal Valley Memorial Park, Court of Love  
23287 North Sierra Highway, Newhall, CA 91321

Pastor Anthony L. Sanders, Officiant  
Pastor George McIntyre

# Obituary

## Reflection of the Life of Otha Alonzo Denson

Otha Alonzo Denson passed from this life Monday, October 12, 2020.

Otha was born July 30, 1940, in Honey Grove, Texas to Felix and Maggie Denson. Although he sadly lost his father at age six, he was later blessed with another caring father, Artie Roberts who loved Otha as his own. The family later moved to Denison, Texas where Otha graduated with Silver Honors from Terrell High School in 1959.



Otha immediately relocated to Denver, Colorado, entered the workforce as a Forklift Driver at Denver Brick and Pipe, and soon thereafter met and fell in love with Joe Ellen Culton. They recited vows on June 23, 1960. (To this day she says he was her first and last everything...the love of her life



who could never be replaced.) He consistently commented on her beauty, how she spoiled him, and his regard for her advice and aspirations for their family. To their union were born two children, Derrick Byron and Tricia Joyette. In 1965 he brought his family to California, where he loved living. They settled in the San Fernando Valley where Otha successfully provided a good life for his family throughout the years working as a Butcher at Globe Packing Company.

Even after retiring as a Custodian from Los Angeles Unified School District in 2002, one of his greatest joys was helping his wife, children and grandchildren...including buying gifts. On special days and holidays, Otha gained greater joy giving to the family than receiving for himself; being most excited to see his family's expressions as they opened his heartfelt offerings.

As an only child, Otha aspired to build a tight family unit. For him family came first and foremost, and through the years each new addition was treasured greatly. His eldest child filled his life with pure excitement. He enjoyed being with his son; experiencing new adventures and creating irreplaceable memories...be it a new entrepreneurial adventure, advising during a test drive in a race car Derrick was having built, or making a daily trek to Derrick's home to make sure his ill son took a doctor prescribed walk. They were tight through thick and thin. His baby Tricia was his heart, always wanting to make her happy. In his last months, even as she cared for him, he continued as much as his health would permit, protecting and nurturing her. He was her hero, as reflected in the many likes and personality traits she gleaned from him.



The first grandchild, Trishton dubbed him Poppy, a name he loved to hear. He burst with pride at his grandson DJ's birth, because for Otha it meant a new male to carry the Denson name. Like Trishton, Jade's scholarly accomplishments filled him with pride, but he equally valued her abilities as a consultant. To him Jade was the ultimate reference...particularly with mobile phone advice. As each additional child was added, he grew more proud of his family.

In 2012 the next generation started a new era in his life. When asked regarding his boys Dallas and Dayton, he was quick to correct that he was not their grandfather, but their GREAT-grandfather. They were his joy and he delighted in a unique bond with each. He looked forward with anticipation to their Sunday visits, (always sending them home with excessive amounts of lunch money.) He did not consider health, distance or convenience when it came to supporting them for any and all events. After Layla, he said, "We now have Densons around the world." By the grace of God, DJ and Aida brought her to visit from Sweden less than a month before he left us. If you asked Otha, his greatest accomplishment was being a husband, father, grandfather, and great-grandfather; a family man.

An avid car enthusiast, Otha often attended car shows with his son and/or daughter. He loved to look at cars, study them, and talk about them. In fact, one of his fondest memories involves the 1940 Buick he received at the tender age of 13. Some years later he bought another 'beauty ride' and created new memories with his wife, friends and children in his 1964 split window Corvette. However, in his heart no vehicle ever superseded "Pop's Toy," the 1974 Chevy truck purchased, customized and presented as a surprise by his children on his 51st birthday. He treasured it until the day he departed this earth.



Otha was a simple man with a big, outgoing personality. Sometimes referred to as Pops, he was well known in the community and touched many lives. For this reason, we know he will be missed.

Otha was preceded in death by his parents and beloved son Derrick Byron Denson, Sr. He is survived by his wife Joe Ellen; daughter Tricia and daughter-in-law Acquanetta; grandchildren Trishton (Ronnie) Doughty, Derrick (Aida) Denson, Jr., Jade Denson; great-grandchildren Dallas and Dayton Doughty, Layla Denson; three brothers-in-law Valgene Culton, Ronald Adams, Keith (Nicole) Craven; god-sons Terry (Michale) Samuels, Steven (Delisa) Randolph; and a host of cousins, friends, and neighbors.

# Order of Service

Pastor Anthony L. Sanders, Officiate

Pastor George McIntyre

Eternal Valley Memorial Park, Court of Love

*Processional* ..... *Clergy and Family*

*Prayer* ..... *Pastor George McIntyre*

*Scripture Reading*

*Old Testament* ..... *Psalm 23*

*New Testament* ..... *John 14:1-6*

*Remarks*

*Dallas Doughty*

*Terry Samuels*

*Family and Friends* (We respectfully ask that you limit remarks to 2 minutes)

*The Obituary* ..... *Winifred "Terrie" Bryant*

*Eulogy* ..... *Pastor Anthony L. Sanders*

*Committal* .....

## Thank You

A great comfort during this time were the expressions of sympathy conveyed to us in many ways. We deeply appreciate your thoughtfulness and thank you most sincerely.

It is a blessing to know that our friends our community care.

## *Blessed*

I am blessed that we spent over 50 years with you. I was seventeen and you were nineteen...we met at the Cowboys Dragstrip in Denver. We both liked fast cars and you won a race with your black and white '56 Chevy. We dated then married June 23, 1960. We had two kids and a beautiful life together.

I remember when we first came to California, I was afraid to drive on the freeway and you took me everywhere I needed to go. I didn't like L.A. and then we moved to the Valley. It was small like Muskogee where I was from, so I liked it here. We bought the house you did not want to buy, but I had talked you into. Then we were both glad that we did.

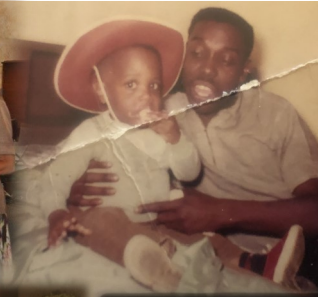
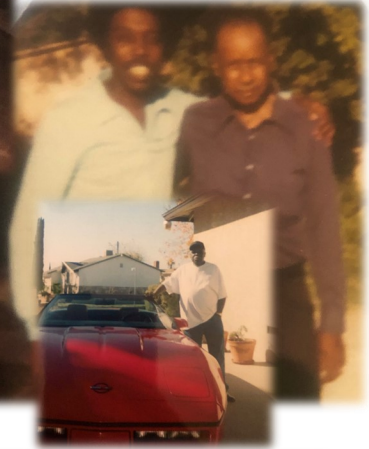
You were a person that loved to provide for family. I have never had to worry about payment of rent, lights cut off, or things that my friends had to deal with.

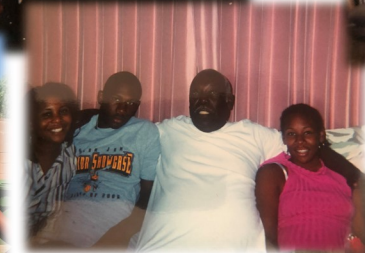
You always tried to put your money to good use. You always wanted the best and we always had the best, and I always loved that about you. I told you many times how I appreciated that. You were the best husband for fifty years and could never be replaced. I'll walk alone with all of your good memories. Me and Jesus can do the rest.

Until we meet...

*Ellen*







## *Daddy:*

On the night of Sunday, October 11, 2020, it was so late that I was not going to wake you. I am so glad you heard me in the house and came to talk to me which gave me the chance to tell you that I loved you for the last time. If it were up to me, you would have lived forever. I hope you knew that it was because I loved you that I acted as the oxygen, medication, and food police. I just wanted you to get healthy.

Derrick's personality was most like Mom's and mine like yours 😊 so we understood each other. Ever since I could remember, you would get upset when Derrick and I were younger and argued (it seemed to hurt you.) You would always say, "you have each other, after your mother and I fall dead, you have each other." You and Derrick have passed before Mom and me but, you got the pleasure of seeing us work on projects together, stick together (even against you and mom because you previously told me to not be a tattle tale and encouraged us to stick together), and support each other through thick and thin. I know you were proud of our bond.

As my father, you are my example of what a man should be, totally love your family, protector, dependable, stable, and never say we can't afford it but, would say "when do you need the money?" You always would encourage me and say you can do whatever you wish to do, just put in the work (prepare.)

### *Treasured memories ...*

- You always protected and preserved the family unit under all circumstances;
- A promise was a promise under all conditions. You made it work and always saved for a rainy day, strike, and your employer going out of business;
- I loved when you greeted me with, "Hey Stuff" or when you called me "Trisher" versus the correct pronunciation; Tricia or Tricia Joyette; which meant we were going to have a serious conversation and I would get reprimanded;



- When I was upset about something that went wrong or not my way and cried, you would let me have my moment, and later say “Are you okay?” When I said “yes”, you would say, “Okay young lady let’s talk about your responsibility in this;”
- You were the first one to greet me on every holiday and birthday my entire life;
- I enjoyed the chocolates on Valentines and bunnies on Easter from ever since I could remember through this year;
- Thank you for loving me through all of the metal jacks embedded in the carpet that you could not see and stepped in the dark while preparing to go to work;
- You forbade me to play handball with the other kids off the side of their home because it was too loud and noisy for the neighbors;
- I always knew that I was getting something you thought I really wanted for my birthday, because you would say “Do you want to open your present(s) now or when you come home from school?”;
- I like how you perfectly opened gifts without ripping the paper, no matter the size;
- One of my most favorite memories is when you did 360’s in front of the driveway in your 64 Corvette, I just loved the smoking of tires. You always said “they can shift themselves faster than you can,” I thought you were pretty good and I aspired to be like you.; and
- After you and mom spent a long evening on a Fourth of July at the Emergency Room with me for an asthma attack, we returned home and everyone had completed their fireworks. You suggested we do them the next night, and I said, “No tomorrow night is July fifth, I want to do them today.” You brought out a chair, and I sat with sparklers and selected the order of the fireworks... Derrick came home, I guess near on time from curfew, and said, “Why are you doing fireworks now? You should have just waited until tomorrow night” and you said, “She would not wait.” It warms my heart that you all indulged me so I could enjoy one of my favorite things; fireworks 😊

You have been The Best Dad for Me, I miss you tons already and am blessed to be called your daughter.

I love you with my whole heart,

*Tricia*

# *Poppy...*

God I'm going to miss calling you that, seeing your eyes light up and your smile...the most loyal, loving, hardworking man I know. I'm honored to have been born into your bloodline, Poppy. So,

I guess we're even right? Name for name...Poppy for Denson? You always initiated the 'I-love-yous'...it's my turn now. I love you, I

love you for picking me up from school in

elementary, I love you for being my first call on Christmas morning, and my birthday. I love your style. I love you for being born in Texas. I love you for your voice, your smile, your heart. I love you for loving me, I love you for being nervous to hold the new babies, for loving my boys, ... I love you for your open door... even at my Mexican fiesta themed wedding. I love you for really

seeing me. The last words I said to you were, "I love you too,

Poppy." But today I say I love you, and I want you to know I remember everything. I remember the sound of your truck pulling up, your keys dangling on that huge ring when you got off work. I remember you picking up the Christmas tree, I remember your music, I remember your advice, the smell of bacon off the cast iron no matter what time I made it over after church, I remember your essence, your presence... you were there for everything for those boys!...your laugh, your love for cars, your love of family. I promise to honor your memory and your legacy. I thank you for being the best grandpa I could have ever asked for. I miss you already.

Rest in love Poppy...

*Trishon Da'Nay*

# *Poppy,*

Thank you for loving me as your grandson and as a man. I am proud to carry the Denson name and more proud to be the one to carry it on for our family. You gave us all special memories, and they will always be with me. I am extremely thankful that you got to meet Layla before you left.

# *DJ*

# *My Poppy*

The holidays are approaching and I'm already feeling the hurt of knowing my Christmas won't begin with a phone call from you. As a child I would resent your 6:00am phone calls waking me up on days like Thanksgiving and my birthday. Now, I'll struggle not being able to say "Thank you Poppy, love you" in my crackly, half-asleep voice. But that's who you were. Family was at the center of your world. Your commitment to our family drove how you went about your days---your work ethic and drive to provide for our family is forever imprinted on me. You set the standard of having Denson dedication and I'm forever grateful for seeing that level of discipline up close. I'll forever cherish your willingness to sit in the hot car on 90-degree days as you waited to pick me up from middle school, drop me off at friends' houses, and cart me all around the Valley. You showed such an investment in making sure all my needs were met and made me feel so loved. Of all the things you taught me, I most appreciated the way you modeled living life to the fullest. You truly indulged in every aspect of life and prioritized experiencing joy. I hope to follow in your footsteps and cultivate that level of happiness throughout the rest of my days. The next time I eat a steak and potatoes I'll be thinking of your smile and the way you cracked yourself up telling jokes.

I'll always love and appreciate you.

Your granddaughter,

*Jade*



## *Special Memories with Dallas and Dayton*

Poppy was present and meticulously on time to every event involving Dallas and Dayton. If they had an event, he was there proudly to cheer them on. Whether it was a baseball or football game, school event, birthday, graduation...anything. He thought it important that they knew he was there for them no matter what. When Dallas asked Poppy if he would be in attendance, his answer was a resounding, "Yes!"

Poppy looked forward to Dallas and Dayton coming by the house on Sundays. He always sent them home with an excessive amount of lunch money. He burst with laughter hearing the recount of Dallas saying, "Poppy is rich. He says, 'Here let me buy you some lunch'" (as he mimicked how Poppy took money out of his wallet.)

Poppy violated his own "no babysitting rule" for Dayton only. Trishton needed him to care for Dayton as she ran a quick errand. Although he was alone with him for a mere 15 minutes, he anxiously held him with love each second. Tricia says he was practically hyperventilating when he shared his child care adventure.

## PALL BEARERS

Derrick Denson, Jr.

James Brown

Ronnie Doughty

Frank Silva

Steven Randolph

Arvel Jackson

To Bob Garrett, Wilton Malbrew and Tommy Logan,  
Thank you for being the best, supportive and caring friends.

## *A Special Thank You*

Our loved one expressed sincere appreciation to some, who exceeded any possible expectation caring for and extending themselves in above and beyond efforts during the latter years of his life. These people exemplify the precept of Love Thy Neighbor. Whether it was daily or weekly visits or calls (including off duty physician calls,) moments of conversation and laughter, long drives up the coast, walks to the "Prayer Rock," companionship at the park, breakfast outings, "small 'just because gifts', exclusive son haircuts, or gestures that warmed his heart and encouraged his soul...it meant much to him and us.

John Austin, Sr., James Brown, Anthony Fleming, Vaughn Grant, Arvel Jackson, James "Buddy" Johnson (posthumously,) Steven Randolph, Frank Silva, Terry Samuels, Chadron-Del Sur Neighbors, and others whom we may not have mentioned, but are certainly included.

There is no sufficient amount of words that could equal the generosity each of you showed him while he was here with us. Your selfless efforts are highly valued and will be forever remembered.