



**To Dennis from Us!**

**Dennis**, we loved you so much because you were the first **Baby Boy**.

Those big eyes, beautiful lips and fat legs made us pull on you like **a toy!**

But you were the **new Baby Boy**.

So how does a Baby Boy fit in with 5 older sisters? He came with a tender heart, a loving smile and a willingness to be a part of the **trend**...that's how Dennis learned to really **fit in**.

**To Reflect on His Life, I will recall how we all had a childhood ball!**

As for me Honeybunch, I needed you **so**, because all of my big sisters had let me **go!**

I had someone to play with only 2 years **apart**, so I held this baby brother close to my **heart**.

Dennis played school, church, and dress up with me **every day**,

but that was as long as I had my biscuit coming **his way!**

Now Dennis loved biscuits, scrambled eggs with cheese **too**,

but for the most part he ate what he wanted **to**. If you tried to make him do something he didn't want **to do**,

he would go crying and whining until someone said, "**What's wrong with you?**"

One while we called him 'cry baby', because it was what **he did**,

later in life we learned he had manipulated all of us **as a kid!**

When Donald came **along**, Dennis let it be **known**,

Mama and Daddy got me that Baby Brother to play with, **so leave him alone!**

You see he loved his baby brother and they did **play**,

but there was the "Little Somebody-Joyce" in between them, so that meant,

**"O Happy Day!"**


When Dennis became a **man**, we saw his Godly talents were at **hand**.

He was organized and neat as a **pen**, but being the son of Richard and Nancy Curtis,

that was **always in!**

We can tell so many stories about the Cutlass, Trans Am, long leather **coat**, and

speakers in his car he built that rocked it like **a boat!**





**To Dennis from Us!**

He had a fish tank that he cared for over the **years**, it was part of his quiet side where he could manage his **fears**.

When Donald pulled out the keyboard just for holiday **fun**,  
Dennis would be the bass or baritone as long as the sopranos did not  
make him **run!**

During his recent illness, everyone pitched in. We had Nurse **Ernestine**, Assistant Nurse **Joan**,  
Caretaker **Mildred**, Publicist **Joyce**, Prayer Partner **Betty**,  
Provider **Honeybunch**, and Brother **Donald** who held the hope.

Dennis was the best patient to be cared for; Mildred cooked for a **King everyday!**  
Ernestine cared for his wounds with Nurse Joan in a  
**special way!**

Now Joan carried snacks to the doctor appointments to feed the team during the **wait**,  
and she kept them laughing with her giggles as they **ate!**

They had long days going **in and out**,  
sometimes when you called, all you heard was **a shout!**  
We will not forget all of you who were supportive **friends**  
and we thank you for being here to celebrate this **End**.

Our Memories will go on and on to be passed down through **the years**,  
but Mama and Daddy is waiting to welcome you

**Dennis, so we have no FEARS!!**



**Written By**

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