**EULOGY**

**WRITTEN FOR**

**GLENDENE HYLTON**

**REVISED**

Hello everyone. Although we're gathered today to observe the passing of my brother, Dion Hylton, and I will miss him terribly. I've spent my entire life as my big brother's greatest cheerleader and I will honor that very special position forever. He was taken from us physically way too soon and too young, but he will always be right here with me... in my heart, in my prayers, and in all the hearts and memories of the people to whom he meant so much.

So many thoughts and moments have been coming back to me over the past several days. He was my big brother and now as I think back, those simple times when we were kids.... they didn't seem like much when we were younger, but with each new spark I recall, I realize how precious life is **every single day** and how special and joyful it has been to have an older brother like Dion.

Dion Richard Hylton was born on October 21, 1963 in Kingston General Hospital to Beverly and Frank Hylton. They called him "Dee's Mini Me." (**Is this correct? This is what the instructions said in the email**) He lived a life filled with love, commitment, and dedication to those he knew. As the oldest of two children, he was the pioneer.... he led the way. We left Jamaica in 1972 for the USA. Growing up we were always together and we had our regular "traditions." On Fridays we watched Disney movies. Nothing made us happier than seeing "Lady and the Tramp," "Peter Pan," "101 Dalmatians...." we loved all of them...we laughed together, we dreamed together, and we watched in awe and delight as Peter would fly or those puppies slid all over the place. On Saturday's, Dion would do karate until he started playing football, and like I said, I was his biggest cheerleader.... I tried to think of ways to show my love and respect, and when I was seven years old and he was nine, I thought of the perfect tribute. I made my great, powerful big brother...... **pancakes**. Okay. The truth is, they didn't turn out too well. Actually, now that I think of it, they were pretty bad... and they must have left a **lasting** impression on Dion.... he **never** ate pancakes again.. (**if you want to make this a little funny, say it with some exaggerated feeling and wait for the laugh**).

As we grew up and grew older, Dion showed a real passion for sports. He focused on football and track and field (**Do you want to make a little joke and say**) ...I guess he just kept running from the memory of those pancakes (**and wait for the laugh**). But then he had a fateful encounter in his senior year of high school... he met his wonderful wife, Veronica. They met in 1983, married on July 4, 1987, and their son, my nephew, Robert, was born on October 29, 1993. Robert honors his dad by being like him in so many ways. In fact, he's **JUST** like him... He loves sports and especially football and track and field, and he reminds me so much of Dion. Robert, I think it's time we watch some Disney together....(**If you want to make another little joke, keeping the theme you can say**).... but have I ever made **YOU** pancakes? Maybe I should try! (**And wait for the laugh**).

Dion's adult life really took off after high school. He joined the army in October 1984. He attended John C. Smith University for one year, and true to his love of sports, he coached basketball and soccer while stationed on base. He was a medic in the army and received a medical discharge.

In the next phase of his life, he began his professional career. He started to drive and operate his own truck and he was dedicated to that until his health got worse. He spent his time once out of the army by going back to his roots... which, of course, was track and field. His love for the sport was evident because he even started his own track team, the Baltimore Atlantic Track Club. He also coached at St. Joe High, Towson Catholic, and was a football coach at Cockeysville Recreation. At Bowie State University and Delaney High School, he coached track and field and football from 2008 to 2014. He was set to coach track at Milford High in 2017, and I am sure right now he his watching over all of us, especially his athletes.

No matter what might have been going on around him, my brother Dion loved life and lived it to celebrate, serve, and be a true "sport" with all of us that cared so much about him. Dion worked hard, played hard, and accomplished his goals in life, yet it was always the little things... the family time... that meant the most to him. He loved his sports and really loved to play golf for fun with Veronica.

Dion is loved fiercely, missed tremendously, and survived by his mother Beverly Hylton, his wife Veronica Hylton, his son Robert Hylton, me, his sister, Glendene Hylton, his two half-sisters, Doris and Andrea, his nephews Jason and Jeremey, his mother-in-law Agnes Robinson, his fathers-in-law Blasson Robinson and Alton Lettman (**Is this correct? 2 fathers were noted for Veronica. Please adjust as necessary**). His legacy will inspire the future... in his godchildren Terri Ann Gray, Zalayah Hendricks, Bobby Taylor, and even his **GREAT** goddaughters Kalyse and Kay. To all of Dion's aunts, uncles, cousins, and great friends, remember this. A wise man once wrote, "I am part of all that I have met." Dion Hylton will **ALWAYS** be an irreplaceable part of our lives, our hearts, and our memories, and he will live within, laugh, and inspire all of us. This world is a much better place for having someone like Dion Hylton grace all of us. I will miss him a lot but I am so grateful to be his sister. May (**Do you want to mention your father here? If so you can say this in bold... or leave it out**) he be joined with our father Frank and Rest In Peace.... wait a minute... let's fix that a little.... May he find peace and joy and an abundance of all of the sports that await him... that would be his **true Heaven.** Thank you.