

In Loving Memory



Services Entrusted To:

NEUBLE MONUMENT

FUNERAL HOME LLC

Lebanon, Tennessee 37087

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James L. Neuble Jr., *Funeral Director/Owner*

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Sharonda Nichole Malone

June 5, 1974 – April 4, 2020

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Sharonda Nicole Malone was born in Murfreesboro, Tennessee on June 5, 1974 to the late Larry Roper and Donna Malone Bullock. She departed this earthly life April 4, 2020 at her residence. She is a graduate of Riverdale High School. She also obtained a Bachelor of Science degree in Social work from Tennessee State University.

Nichole was a very social person. She loved to help people. She was lovingly known as the community social worker. She would give and give...and help and help until her last dime. She had such a heart for people. She was an amazing mother and grandmother. Nichole loved to shine! She loved glittery nails and flashy things.

She had a big personality.

Once you met Nichole, you never forgot her.

She was preceded in death by her parents.

Nichole leaves to cherish her precious memory, a very devoted daughter Artesha Gordon and inseparable son, Michael Horton, Jr., granddaughter Aurie Campbell, sisters Lanika Malone and Shantika Roper, brother Marcus Malone Sr., step father Andrew Bullock, loving nieces and nephews, devoted cousins, and many many friends and longtime neighbors.



Heart to Heart

Growing up in the hood I thought life was all happy, Til I got old enough to realize where the hell is my Pappy? My Mama broke her back in to take care of her kids. I can count on one hand how many times that nigga did...my daddy did.

But it was all good though, we came up straight.

Even though we made out good with the lil bit that we had While everybody else was outside playing hide and go seek, I'm so fresh and so clean cleaned up like a China doll waiting on my Pappy to come rescue me for a week. Imagine my face as the clock struck nine...I know what made my Mama think he was telling the truth this time.

She Usually didn't fall for it, I guess she needed a break. This nigga didn't even care he had made a huge mistake. All he did was lie. Imma do this...Imma do that. My ma got fed up and grabbed that baseball bat. That nigga livin his life without a care in the world. He ain't never gave a fuck about his three baby girls. No holidays, no phone calls, no checking to see if we being molested. He the reason I'm hard to deal with cus my gangsta been tested by the one and only man who suppose to love and protect me.

He did his own thang, all I feel is neglect. My Mama said don't worry, long as she breathing, we good. How that sound when this nigga livin in a nice house on a street name Hollywood??!!

