



*Celebrating the life of*  
**Aimy Mary Mhoon**

AUGUST 12TH 1957 - FEBRUARY 3RD 2024



*Beloved mother, grandmother, daughter, sister, aunt, cousin, friend, and artist.*

**Friday, March 8th**

*A memorial service will be held in her loving memory at*  
Trinity United Church of Christ  
400 W 95th St, Chicago, IL

2:00pm Visitation with Family  
2:30-3:30pm Service  
3:30pm Dove Release w/ Najwa Dance Corps

5:00-8:00pm Repast & Cultural Celebration  
Gallery Guichard  
436 E 47th St, Chicago, IL



# Mama Mhoon

by Ayesha Jaco



I call out the names of those  
Who knew her before  
She knew herself.  
Hershell.  
Juanita.  
The last of 5  
Born  
Under a Leo sun  
& Pisces Mhoon  
Her name meaning  
Beloved or well loved.  
Born  
A mother  
Because  
We arrive with our children  
In our wombs  
Before we give birth.  
You got to be a Queen  
To give birth to a  
Prince & Princess  
She prepared both of you  
For this moment  
When you received your names.  
Prince Anubis  
Born as the God of funeral rites  
The protector of graves  
Guide to the underworld.  
Also a regenerator of  
The Nile's fertile soil  
Princess Nefer Kamura  
Meaning  
Spirit of the mother and father  
beautiful, pleasant and good  
The base from which temples  
And other buildings  
Arose.  
praise, auspicious, excellent  
She knew these traits  
would  
precede

all that you've done and will do...  
You are the sum  
of  
the musical genius  
from 7 instruments  
your father mastered  
you are walking museums  
of  
dance  
visual art.  
jewelry.  
intellect.  
your bodies sculpted in  
god design  
with your father's signature.  
Her voice  
a compilation of trillions of words  
from books she read  
to guide you before and after your  
birth.  
Her legacy is a reflection  
Of  
What happens when the  
Mhoon meets a Sun Drummer.  
There was thunder  
that rolled  
from  
under the feet of the ancestors  
from  
Tennessee  
To the  
West Side of Chicago  
from  
Whipple St  
to Harrison High School  
to the halls of Columbia College  
to the stages and studios  
of  
Najwa Dance Corps  
To 8123 S. Vernon  
Muntu Dance Theater  
To the ETA Theater  
To the movie sets  
Of  
Barbershop  
Soul Food  
Meteor Man  
the Women of Brewster Place  
To classrooms, scripts & seminars  
She was a colored girl who never  
considered suicide  
because her children were enough.  
A gentle breeze  
caressing the genius  
Of her babies.  
Shining light amongst the darkness.  
Braiding and crocheting webs  
for her children  
To navigate  
Scriptures, hieroglyphs, subways, CTA  
buses, Kenwood and underground  
railroads  
That led to Washington D.C.  
other places across the world.

A black lioness  
Whose fists  
gave  
Power to flowers  
Who blossomed from seeds and trees  
With deep roots named  
Tashi  
Akili Jr.  
Amari  
Amira  
Thandi.  
The next generation of Mhoon children  
Who will dance for 2000 seasons.  
Who will build pyramids  
and artistic institutions  
advancing blackness.  
who will carry traditions and  
technologies  
to the end of the earth  
and new galaxies  
because AI  
are the first letters in their grandmother's  
name.  
You've gotta be a queen  
To give birth to  
A  
Prince and Princess  
You both graduated  
As your mother ascended to the next  
level  
That transcends  
The stage, sound and sight...  
A level that is evident of what happens  
When  
A Sun Drummer reunites with the  
Mhoon  
And guides those who will carry  
their legacy.  
she is standing next to God's disciples of  
the black arts movement.  
Alyo  
Twaku Raaton  
Baba Chuck Davis  
Gwendolyn Brooks  
Aisha  
Mama Ann  
Nahgerhee  
Meshach  
Baba Hannibal Afrik  
Thabiti  
Julian Swain  
Abena Joan Brown  
Okoro Harold Johnson  
Useni Perkins  
Margaret Burroughs  
Atiba  
Joan  
And many more.  
Each night she will take her place  
In the sky  
And we will prayerfully say  
There goes Mama Mhoon.





# Order of Service

*Call to Worship*

*Invocation*

*Musical Selection*

I Can Only Imagine performed by Victoria Hunter

*The Holy Scripture*

The Old Testament by Deacon Lawrence Wilson  
The New Testament by Deacon Felicia M. Perkins

*Dance Solo*

Take Me to the King performed by Emani Drake  
of Black Girls Dance & Deeply Rooted Dance Theatre

*Tributes*

Remembering Aimy by Runako Jahi  
A Tribute to our Grandmother by Amari Mhoon & Akili Cooper, Jr.  
Egypt Shut Up in My Bones by Denise Joy, Read by Tashi Mhoon Cooper  
My First Teacher by Princess Mhoon  
Mama Mhoon by Ayesha Jaco

*Resolutions*

*Obituary*

To be read silently

*Acknowledgements*

*Musical Selection*

Nobody Greater performed by Ellison K  
of Howard University Musical Theatre Program

*Words of Comfort*

Reverend Dr. Regena Glenn-Caldwell

*Benediction*

*Recessional*

Led by Najwa Dance Corps

*Dove Release*

Uche Omonyi & Jose Rico



# Obituary

## *Aimy Mary Mhoon*

a cherished artist, beloved mother, grandmother, sister, aunt, and friend, passed away peacefully on February 3, 2024, surrounded by her loving family. She was 66 years old.

Born on August 12, 1957, in Chicago, Illinois, Aimy was the daughter of Hershell and Juanita Mhoon. From a young age, she displayed an innate talent and passion for the arts. Her creativity knew no bounds, and she expressed herself through various mediums, including acting, theater, film, dance, storytelling, crocheting, and intricate hair braiding.

Aimy graduated from Harrison High School in 1974, where she excelled both academically and in the arts. She went on to obtain a B.A. in Arts Entertainment Management from Columbia College in 1983. She was actively involved in the film and theater industries in Chicago, working on such notable films/television shows as "Barbershop," "Soul Food," "Brewster Place," "Family Matters," "The Mary Thomas Story," and "Stepping At Club 7." She also was an actress with Katherine Dunham, ETA, Getz, and Oak Park Theatres. In addition, she held a variety of positions in production, from Director to Stage Manager. One of her most memorable highlights was traveling nationally as the lead role in the play "Sty of the Blind Pig" with the Katherine Dunham Theatre. She also worked closely with Muntu Dance Theatre of Chicago in a multitude of roles (Dancer, Costumer and Stage Manager). Aimy was also a teacher and theater instructor with the Chicago Public Schools.

While Aimy found immense joy and fulfillment in her artistic pursuits, her greatest role in life was that of a loving mother and caretaker for her parents, Hershell and Juanita Mhoon. She poured her heart and soul into nurturing and guiding her children, Princess and Prince, instilling in them the values of creativity, compassion, and resilience.

In addition to her artistic talents and dedication to her family, Aimy was known for her kind heart and generous spirit. She touched the lives of many with her warmth, empathy, and willingness to help others in need. Her presence illuminated the lives of all who had the privilege of knowing her.

Aimy was a member of Trinity United Church of Christ, serving on the Healing/Prayer and Dance Ministries. In addition, she was a Minister in Training.

Aimy is survived by her mother Juanita, daughter Princess, and son Prince; granddaughters Tashi, Thandi, and Amira; and grandsons Akili Jr. and Amari, who will forever cherish her memory and continue to be inspired by her legacy of creativity, love, and kindness.

She is also survived by her sister Glo Demetria and brothers Hershell Jr. and Gerald.

Sister-in-laws Diana, Gloria (Cookie) and Celia; nieces and nephews: Yolonda Sheree, Gerald B, Sheniquia (Nyki) Mhoon, Willie, Quiana, Erica, Santricia, Krystal, Kimberly, Dominiquez and Mariangel survive Auntie Aimy. We all cherish her memory along with a host of loving cousins, great nieces, great nephews.

Friends and extended family have traveled near and far to celebrate the life of Aimy. May she rest in paradise.









# Dear Mother

*From Son*

As I ponder what to write to you in this moment and reflect on the life we shared together, filled with so many memorable moments and memories, I simply want to say THANK YOU, I LOVE YOU, and I MISS YOU dearly. May the ancestors welcome you with a warm embrace as you enter GOD's Kingdom. I THANK YOU for always loving me and being a guiding force throughout my life, while simultaneously giving me the space to grow and develop as a man in this unpredictable world and the changing fortunes of time.

I will always cherish the time we spent together, our mother/son conversations, and dates. The laughs, the smiles, and the challenges we experienced together. I am eternally grateful for all these experiences I've had with you. This isn't a goodbye letter; your spirit and energy will live through me and countless others that you have touched for eternity. Mother, simply put, JOB WELL DONE! Your Little Prince will be okay, for you have prepared me.

"Rest in peace, Mother; your light will continue to shine brightly through your art and the hearts of those you touched. You will be deeply missed and forever remembered."

Love,

Your Son, Prince Anubis Mhoon  
2.27.24

*From Daughter*

During the last 2 weeks of January I knew her time was coming. How? A premonition I suppose. Besides the fact that one just knows... in December of 2023, in the middle of the night, I woke up with the same symptoms my mother had been having for weeks. In that 30 second episode I knew. It was like a movie where 2 people who are connected have the same pain.

Weeks later, as she laid in the hospital bed unable to move on her own, I talked to, combed her hair, washed, and caressed her body with that knowing. Awareness of the imminent end shifts your perspective deeply, and for the first time I was in DEEP AWE of MY MOTHER. Her mind, her body, her spirit.

She was the vessel that brought me to earth. Nourished me with the milk of her breast. She loved me like only a mother would - sacrificing so I could pursue my dreams. Chasing me around the globe. Commenting on this or that. Fixing my hair backstage. Rubbing my dancing feet. Tending to me as best she could. She was my mama in the best and worst ways. I was her first born at 18 years old...and in a sense we grew up together.

During those final days I slept with her in the hospital bed. I was afraid she might need me for one final act of duty as a daughter. I needed to be close enough to catch her last breathe, or better yet, to extend her life with my faith magic.

On February 3rd, at her bedside in hospice, I held her hand as life slipped away. An era was over and a new one began.

Yes, it's my birthday. But, I feel no sense of celebration or pomp and stance. Only deep admiration for my mother and the day she gave birth to me. Her labor pains dwell in my heart.

Aimy Mary Mhoon, I salute you. One of the best to ever do it. On March 8th we will celebrate you!

Love,

PK, Princess Kamura  
2.16.24





# Family Tributes

Dear Sister In Heaven,

I thought of you with love today  
But that was nothing new

I thought about you yesterday and days before that too,

I think of you in silence  
I often speak your name  
All I have are memories  
And your picture in a frame

Your memory is my keepsake

Surrounded by laughter, love, and all the joys of family life

With which I never part  
God has you in His keeping  
I have you in my heart

Love you always,

**Your Sister, Gloria Demetria Mhoon**

Dear Aimy,

I will miss you dearly baby sister. Tell Kenny I said hello.  
I miss my baby brother too.

Love,

**Gerald Mhoon**

My aunt exposed me to the arts and culture from a young age. She was an incredibly positive influence, taking me to plays, movies, auditions, and dance rehearsals. Having that rich artistic experience and her love poured into cultivating me has been a beautiful journey. It's wonderful that she helped shape me into someone who appreciates the arts and different cultures. Her investment has left a lasting impact and aided in my personal growth in meaningful ways. Aunts can have such a special role in our lives, and how fortunate I was to have one so dedicated to expanding my horizons. I will miss you dearly, my Auntie Aimy

**Sheniquia Mhoon**

My Grandmother was always kind and comforting. I remember when she used to come to Washington, DC during the holidays to see her children and her grandchildren. I remember my first time going to New York with her to see a Broadway play. I remember taking her to the local crystal shop she loved in Takoma Park DC where she bought bracelets and crystals.

Love,

**Amari**

Aimy,

The times we shared having lunch together on a beautiful day in Chicago is what I will miss most...it's the little things that count. I'm so happy we shared those moments.

**Hershell Mhoon, Jr.**

With nimble, talented fingers, my Auntie Aimy Mhoon worked magic, strand over strand, creating braids like threaded art. Yes, she crafted beauty with her hands. Braiding kept her hands busy for years.

Her warm conversation put smiles on all faces as she braided their hair.

I will never forget those days sitting on the stool while she intricately braided my hair. Spending hours there as she transformed my hair into my favorite style. It was our special time together, a time that we spent laughing and talking. It was also a time when she offered gentle guidance.

So, Auntie Aimy, that braided love, your magical braiding hands, and your warm spirit will forever be remembered.

With Love,

Your Niece,

**Yolonda Sheree Mack**

What is a Grandmother?

A grandmother is a remarkable woman.  
She's a wonderful combination of warmth and kindness, laughter and love.  
She overlooks our faults, encourages our dreams, and praises our every success.  
A grandmother has the wisdom of a teacher, the sincerity of a true friend, and the tenderness of a mother.  
She's someone we admire, respect and love very much.  
A grandmother will always have a cherished place in our memories and in our hearts.  
She's someone for whom we want every happiness in return for the joy she always brings.  
A grandmother is all the dear and precious things in life.

We love you Foxy G.

Your grandson,

**Akili**



# Family Tributes

## Cousin Aimy:

Daughter, sister, niece, cousin, friend, artist, intellectual, lover of Black culture, and, most of all, mother and grandmother. Aimy was my cousin through marriage, yet we never acknowledged any such difference once we became friends as adults.

Aimy fiercely loved her children and grandchildren. She was artistic, always involved, and engaged her children in the arts. Hence, her daughter Princess is a brilliant dancer, choreographer, and producer, while her son Prince delighted the family as a child drummer during the Parker family Kwanzaa Open House celebrations.

An intellectual and lover of learning, Aimy's children are both proud alumni of the prestigious Howard University in Washington D.C. Aimy and I were both members of the Escape Book club in Chicago, where her intellectual acumen was on full display.

Aimy Mhoon, as Lord Byron wrote, "She Walks In Beauty."

"We Black/woooomen have been called many things: foxes, matriarchs, whores, bougies, sweet mommas, gals, sapphires, sisters, and recently Queens. I would say that Black/woooomen have been a combination of all these words...given our past/history...but today, in spite of much vulgarity splattering us, there are many roles we can discard...I am a Black/woooOOOoMAN, my face, my brown bamboo/colored black/berry/face will spread itself over this western hemisphere and be remembered. Be SunnnNNGG, for I will be called Queen & walk/move in black/queenly/ways, and the world shaken by my Blackness will channnNNGGEE colors & be reborn. Black. Again." – from "Queens of the Universe" by Sonia Sanchez.

## Harriet Parker

I will remember Aunty Aimy as a storyteller, creative, mover, explorer, and nurturer. I'll never forget our profound conversations about religion and family and her spontaneous and unexpected jokes. I look forward to her wise guidance as an ancestor.

On several occasions, we sat across from each other as she shared with me memories of her mother. Memories of her upbringing—the nuances of how weight, appearance, education, even her family dynamic shaped the person her mother became to be. That day, I witnessed a deep, soul stirring compassion from Aunty Aimy towards her mother that every mother deserves. That day I was given the gift of compassion. As an ancestor, Aunty Aimy continues to shower me gifts as she holds my hand and offers me guidance throughout my journey.

## Kimberly Mhoon

## Dearest Amy, Dear Cousin & Mentor,

You gave me more than your knowledge of theatre. You gave me inspiration, courage, and the will to embrace the ups and downs of living life in the moment. Like many others, you saw my potential, but you did more. Whenever I sought your advice, you not only gave it but also showed me how to implement it. For that, I am eternally grateful.

Cousin Amy, your story and my story are tapestries woven together with threads of love and care. Here is my poem to you: In the depths of my heart, a sorrow now resides, A loss so profound, a mentor's guiding light now hides. You showed me the way, with wisdom and with grace, Your words a beacon, leading me to embrace. You were my cousin, friend, and earliest mentor, Showing the path to many theatrical doors.

You were a role model for all, especially your son and daughter, A gift, a treasure, a blessing beyond compare.

And though you've left this world, your legacy remains With those you've touched and the wisdom we've gained. Amy, you were so loved, now rest in peace and accomplishment.

## Season Mhoon

### My Dearest Cousin Aimy,

I'm still in disbelief that you are no longer with us physically, although I know that your sweet, sweet spirit will forever be with us, as you are now another guardian angel amongst our ancestors, looking down on our entire family.

Oh, how I miss you and the "girl talks" we used to have, starting when we were children and continuing into adulthood. Don't worry, I'll be sure to keep our "secrets" ... secret!

Aimy, you were more than a cousin... you were the sister that I never had. I fondly remember that as a child, whenever you would visit Detroit, you never wanted to spend the night at our house because you thought my mom was too strict.

Oh, how she loved you!

I also have fond memories of our times together when you and the kids journeyed to Kalamazoo to spend summers with me while I was at Western Michigan. We had so much fun!

Until we meet again "Sister Cuz," you will forever be in my heart!

Love you lots!,

## Michelle Taylor

I will always remember how Aimy welcomed me when I first moved here. It was a scary time in my life, away from my family and everything I ever knew, but she was kind, compassionate, and supportive. She used to take me to the store and visit at home sometimes. My only regret is not expressing my gratitude sooner. Aimy Mhoon, thank you, and may your soul rest in peace. Please tell Kenny he is deeply missed.

## Celia Mhoon



# Friend Tributes

People come into your life for a reason, a season, or a lifetime. I believe Aimy entered my life for a season. So many years have passed; it is difficult for me to remember how or when we met! But I will never forget the impact she made upon my life during my early years as an elementary school teacher.

In these last two weeks, so many folks have shared their "Aimy" stories with me. I've learned so much about who she is. The same words to describe her were used over and over: sweet, talented, bright-eyed, kind-hearted, freely giving of her time and energy, dependable, quiet.

In 2006, I had just taken a new position as a first-grade teacher. And it was clear to me that in order to succeed at this job, I would need some help.

It occurred to me to ask Aimy if she would be interested in coming into my classroom to assist me. She said, yes! I would go by her house to pick her up each morning. I always remember that ride as being pleasant and invigorating. When we walked in the door, we were ready to meet any challenge. Aimy was exceptionally wonderful with the children. She did all the small tasks that every teacher needs help with. This freed me up to focus on the larger tasks. At this point in my life, her presence was a true blessing.

Aimy and I were connected through our cultural community, through African drum and dance and Black theater. For me, Aimy was a beautiful gift.

## Mama Beverly Perkins

Aimy Mhoon, a long-time friend, Spirit Sister, co-worker, and more; I loved how we would flow. A quiet, gentle spirit with a smile that could penetrate you to your soul. For 7 years or more, she worked with Muntu Dance Theatre as a wardrobe coordinator, where she would passionately prepare the costumes. Through the laughter and tears, may your spirit be lifted and fly high as we remember the good times. You'll be missed!

Love Always,

## Amaniyea Payne

Who knew back then when we were so young starting "dance" with Julian Swain Inner City Dance Theater, that we would share so much more in Life. Although my heart is broken memories of you, us and the boyz will live forever.

## Denise Jordan

When I think of Aimy, I envision the elements of nature—genuine and organic, untouched by societal norms or negativity. Since the mid-70s, she has been a beacon of pure loveliness, exemplifying good-naturedness and honor.

In a world marred by deceptions and political criminalities, Aimy's response was always optimistic, believing in the possibility of improvement. Each person holds a unique persona and set of beliefs, much like snowflakes with diverse appearances and outlooks.

To me, Aimy embodied a sense of peace. Despite facing traumatic experiences, she handled them with grace. I never witnessed her raising her voice, cursing, or uttering an unkind word about anyone.

When recalling Aimy Mary Mhoon, I think of soft jazz, akin to Alice Coltrane's 'Journey In Satchidanada'—soulful, heartfelt, and sincere. While others may have seen different facets of her, I knew this gentle and ethereal Aimy, who had something timeless and precious about her.

Her love for the arts, a realm we both cherished, kept our friendship strong by the grace of God. Aimy's legacy lives on, remembered for her gentle fragility and enduring kindness.

## Runako Jahi

I met Aimy Mhoon around the summer of 1975 when she started taking dance classes from me at the Southside Community Arts Center (3831 S. Michigan Ave.), where my dance troupe practiced. Aimy had so much innate ability; she was flexible, and her quickness in learning dance moves and steps was exceptional. She was focused, and I wanted her to join my dance troupe. However, the brother she was dating said no, and I did not press the issue.

## Darlene Blackburn

I remember when I first met Aimy. She was a teenager. She came to me because she wanted to dance. I knew just by looking at her that she was just as sweet as she was pretty. She had the prettiest little face and the cutest smile. And dancing eyes!

Although Aimy studied and dance with me, she later focused on different aspects of the theater. Over the years, I would see her from time to time working as an actress or part of a tech crew in different venues. I realized that my first impression of her was right! Her personality never changed. She remained as sweet as always. She was as pretty on the inside as she was on the outside. The last time I saw her, that sparkle in her eyes was still there.

I will miss her quiet Spirit, her dancing eyes, and those beautiful dancing legs.....

Love you forever and beyond,

## Mzee Najwa I



# Friend Tributes

Aimy was a soft-spoken and sweet woman, professionally excelling as a great Production Team Member and a devoted lover of the performing arts. Her technical work included contributions to CTC, ETA, and many other projects. Aimy cherished opportunities in production work on the sets of "BREWSTER PLACE" and "MO' MONEY," finding both thrills and challenges while raising two young children.

Our paths intertwined in the world of dance, taking classes and enjoying the art with Alyo Tolbert and Dunham under the guidance of Lucille Ellis. Afterward, while I dashed off to MUNTU, Aimy would head to her braiding work, showcasing her skills and enjoying the convenience of working from home. Her dedication to her children, Princess Kamura and Prince Anubis, was unwavering, and for years, they and a few nieces were part of the ALYO Children's Dance Theatre arts education program performance company.

Our 40+ year friendship began around 1977, a journey that saw us assigned dance parts in MUNTU DANCE THEATRE's premiere of "Egyptian Suite" under the direction of Alyo Tolbert (1977). Aimy's graceful dance and commitment to Kemetic postures left an indelible mark, and we were both proud to contribute to the progress of African identity.

Last August, Aimy and I were filled with joy at my birthday party, blissfully unaware that it would be our last chance to share such moments. Life has its twists, and spells of absence don't diminish sisterhood where there is love. As Aimy's condition declined, many of us, including myself, sat by her side in those last days. She found comfort in these visits for a time.

Celebrating her life is a testimony to her immense value in our community. Although Aimy's sweetness has moved on to the next realm, may it be a dance of high regard and elevation.

A'SE

## Kimosha Murphy

Aimy and I met through a hair braiding session, but unbeknownst to us, it was a Divine Appointment that flipped the script from hair braiding to a spiritual journey, taking us on a path of learning.

During one of our study sessions, she surrendered her life to the Lord and was Born Again. She hungered after righteousness through our various Christian venues of studying the Word, prayer, and church fellowship.

Years later, life changes led to her focusing on caring for her parents and then later on herself. This meant our visits were few.

The Word says, "to be absent from the body is to be home with the Lord," which is far better...

I believe my friend would say, regardless of what she was going through, "I wouldn't take 'nothin' for the journey!"

I salute you, my sis!

## Shelline Harper

When I was a young girl, I lived in a world where I was a chocolate princess in my own imagination, even though the reality around me failed to recognize that. Born into a society still grappling with segregation and the legacies of slavery, colorism seeped into every aspect of our lives. I vividly recall a nursery rhyme from my childhood that echoed the sentiments of the time: "If you're white, you're all right, if you're yellow, you are mellow, but if you're black, get back." It was a harsh reminder of how society categorized and treated us based on the shades of our skin.

In 1962, we were two 5-year-old classmates at James Weldon Johnson Elementary School on the west side of Chicago. Two little girls, oblivious to the complexities of the world, united by the simple desire to play and explore. On that fateful day in 1962, as we molded mud pies and concocted imaginary feasts of greens and beans, a group of light-skinned girls with wavy hair approached Aimy with disdain, questioning her choice to play with me. In a moment that would forever be etched in my memory, Aimy bravely declared, "Because she's my friend." It was a defiance against the prevailing norms of colorism, a small act of solidarity that spoke volumes.

From that day forward, Aimy became more than just a friend; she became a beacon of hope in a world marred by prejudice. Her courage and unwavering support were a testament to the power of friendship to transcend societal divides. As life passed on with its complexities of race and identity, that moment on the playground remained a guiding light, reminding us of the strength found in standing up for what is right, regardless of the color or shade of our skin.

## Nima

From our very beginning, Aimy and I shared a sisterhood. We both were new mothers of Princesses, with Princess Kamura and Princess Jamila born just a few months apart. We navigated the challenges of motherhood together, changing diapers and supporting each other. During my time at Northeastern University, Aimy graciously babysat while I was in school, and in turn, I babysat for her while she took Dunham dance classes from Lucille Ellis.

Our friendship and sharing extended beyond those early days. Aimy was a talented braider, crafting the smallest braids with elegance, floating around with a bald head as gorgeous as a goddess.

I remember her recently standing in Hyde Park with quiet elegance, showcasing her undying desire to stay independent despite facing health challenges. Her commitment to her children, God, and the church was unwavering.

I chuckle when recalling the times we tried to lift her into the high Jeep after church, a testament to her determination. The sweet smile on her face, filled with pride, as she watched her children and grandchildren grow into strong and aspiring adults remains etched in my memory.

Aimy was a strong woman of faith and a fighter to the very end, standing with pride and joy for life.

I have fond memories of this Phenomenal Woman, Aimy Mhoon. Rest well, sister; you fought a good fight.

Love you,

## Mama Geri Williams



# Resolutions


**Najwa Dance Corps**  
**RESOLUTION OF HONOR AND RESPECT**  
**IN LOVING MEMORY**  
**AIMY MARY MHOON**

**WHEREAS** Aimy Mary Mhoon was welcomed by her ancestors on February 3, 2024. The staff and company members of Najwa Dance Corps, located in Chicago, feel with every sincerity the responsibility to express our heartfelt sympathy to the family during this very difficult time of bereavement. You have our sincere prayers.

**WHEREAS** Aimy Mary Mhoon studied and danced with Najwa Dance Corps. In addition, Aimy had developed many artistic skills and the Company members will always be reminded of Aimy as we continue to pursue our artistic endeavors. Aimy was an avid supporter of dance and Najwa Dance Corps and was an invaluable blessing to the cultural community in Chicago.

I will always remember Aimy's smiling face when I attended the Dance Center of Columbia College Chicago to see Ronald K. Brown Evidence Dance Company and Aimy's daughter would be performing.

And now, Aimy's impactful dance legacy on the dance community continues to manifest in Chicago through her daughter, Princess Mhoon Cooper.



**BE IT RESOLVED**, that we offer our sincerest condolences and ask that the family be encouraged with remembering the following poem and the knowledge that Aimy Mary Mhoon is now residing with the ancestors.

*When I must leave you for a little while  
 Please do not grieve and shed wild tears  
 and hug your sorrow to you through the years  
 Start out bravely with a gallant smile and for my  
 sake and in my name, live on and do all things the same  
 Feed not your loneliness on empty days,  
 but fill each waking hour in useful ways  
 Reach out your hand in comfort and cheer,  
 and I in turn will comfort you and hold you near  
 Never, never be afraid to die,  
 for I am waiting for you in the sky  
 Helen Steiner Rice*

Even though your loved one has passed away, the connection and bond we shared with Aimy remain eternally alive within our hearts and memories, transcending the finality of death. We extend our deepest sympathies and condolences to you and your family.

Respectfully Submitted on this 03rd day of March 2024  
 Sheila Walker Wilkins, Executive Director  
 Najwa Dance Corps

1440 West Taylor Street #382 ph: 773 727 1373  
 Email: [njwancedancecorps@icloud.com](mailto:njwancedancecorps@icloud.com)  
 Website: [www.njwancedancecorps.org](http://www.njwancedancecorps.org)

**TRINITY UNITED CHURCH OF CHRIST**  



**RESOLUTION**

*"Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed ... for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."  
 I Corinthians 15:51-52 (KJV)*

**WHEREAS** God, the maker of Heaven and earth, the giver of life and love, has opened the windows of Heaven to receive unto Himself, the dear soul of our member **AIMY MHOON**, and

**WHEREAS** we are bound to the entire family through Christian love and sympathy; experiencing their sorrow as our sorrow, enfolding them in our prayers,

**BE IT THEREFORE RESOLVED** that we, the members of Trinity United Church of Christ, pause on this day with abiding sympathy, to stand in memorial tribute to the life and legacy of **AIMY MHOON** and we thank her family for sharing her so generously with her church family.

**BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED** that we are grateful to God for the blessed assurance of eternal life through Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior, as we commend the family to the loving care and keeping of the One who promises never to leave them nor forsake them.

**BE IT FINALLY RESOLVED** that one copy of this Resolution shall be emailed to the family and a copy shall be placed in the records of the Archives of Trinity United Church of Christ.

Respectfully Submitted,  
 Your Sisters and Brothers in Christ,

Deacon Ministry, Deacon Tammie Poole  
 Literary Guild  
 Ministers in Training  
 The Pastoral Staff  
 and  
 Rev. Dr. Otis Moss III, Senior Pastor  
 Rev. Dr. Jeremiah A. Wright, Jr., Pastor Emeritus  
 Trinity United Church of Christ

This 8<sup>th</sup> day of March, in the year of our Lord, 2024

Trinity United Church of Christ [www.trinitychicago.org](http://www.trinitychicago.org)  
 400 W. 99th Street Chicago, IL 60628-1120  
 Telephone (773) 962-1000 Church Office Fax (773) 962-0364  
 Rev. Dr. Otis Moss III Senior Pastor | Rev. Dr. Jeremiah A. Wright, Jr. Pastor Emeritus (1972-2008) | Rev. Dr. Ruben A. Shavers II (1972-1978)  
 Rev. Willie J. Jamerson (1966-1971) | Rev. Dr. Kenneth E. Smith Founding Pastor (1961-1966)

**DANCE AFRICA CHICAGO COUNCIL OF ELDERS**  
 1323 WEST FARGO AVE., UNIT 1W  
 Chicago, Illinois 60626  
 773-822-1591

**RESOLUTION OF RESPECT AND HONOR**  
**IN LOVING MEMORY**

**WHEREAS**, The circle of life has been completed for Sister, Aimy Mary Mhoon, beloved mother, grandmother, daughter, sister, aunt, cousin, friend and performance artist the third day of February, in the year of our Lord, two thousand and twenty four. The Dance Africa Chicago Council of Elders offers their heartfelt sympathy and continued condolences to the family during this difficult time of bereavement.


**WHEREAS**, Aimy Mhoon, as a young woman and throughout her life, served and honored her Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, her community as a technical and performance artists, her children as the mother of Princess Kamura Mhoon and Anubis Mhoon and her beloved five grandchildren.

Sister Mhoon, was the seed that was sown on solid ground which flourished into a loving and devoted family and host of loyal and caring devoted friends. AIMY was a soft spoken, talented and artistic spirit who gave to her family and community unselfishly until the will of God transitioned her to that safe resting place.

To those of us who knew AIMY personally or professionally, her spirit will surely live and be sustained in our memories and in our hearts forever.

*Be It resolved*, that we bow in humble submission to the creator who never makes a mistake as we remember AIMY as a kind woman with a generous heart who now resides with the ancestors.

Humbly Submitted this Friday, March 8, 2024  
 Dance Africa council of elders of chicago



**RESOLUTION on the ascension of Aimy Mary Mhoon Friday,**  
**March 8, 2024**

ALYO CHILDREN'S DANCE THEATRE is hereby resolved to forever honor the life and deep connections that were made with our dear Aimy Mary Mhoon since 1987. Whereas the following points express Aimy's value to Mama Kimosha and our ALYO Family at this celebration of her life today:

- her gentle and trustworthy way with our youth and adult members
- her actively loving the arts overall and especially dance
- her projection of ease, hugs and sweet temperament into her work with us
- her production leadership efforts, whether for community events or professional theater venues was stellar
- over a decade of service as an ALYO Parent Volunteer and recruiting Mhoon family folk: Gerald, Diana, Krystal and Kimberly Mhoon
- for being a great sister-friend and roadie always
- for being our beloved Mama Aimy

To the extended Mhoon family we offer loving condolences and prayers. For Princess Kamura Mhoon and Prince Anubis Mhoon, may the thoughts of your mother raise beautiful memories that bring you comfort and peace. You two will always be valued and welcomed by our ALYO family. With huge gratitude and even in deep grief for a time, we make these resolutions in honor of our beloved Mama Aimy. We will always remember you and that knowing smile.





**Thandi Olivia Cooper (b. 2012)**  
**Through the Gates of Heaven , 2024**  
Acrylic on paper

Love you and miss you. I will see you again in the afterlife.  
A dedication to grandmother, Foxy G.



# Egypt Shut Up In My Bones

by Denise Joy

In the Black Arts tradition  
we can't help but linger at the sight, sound and profundity  
of those seminal beings  
who operate from the rarified air of greatness.

This list may not be long  
but among them we find  
Aimy Mary Mhoon.

A cultural multi-hyphenate  
before the world knew we needed such a term,  
from an early age, Aimy exhibited innate creative abilities.

As a young woman, she decided  
to let her life's purpose be her guide  
and use her creative gifts

to engage and transform the Chicago Arts community.

A gesture, a smile, a knowing wink, and a nod...

With every polyrhythmic dance,  
every breath and vocal expression,  
every directive and every song

Aimy Mary Mhoon exemplified  
the prana essence of life A natural sower, her driving force  
was simple...

do good and bear good fruit.

Princess Nefer Kamura RaAton Prince Anubis RaAton

share the imprint of her essence  
nationally and globally through dance, advertising  
and a multitude of uniquely creative endeavors.

Parents, siblings, cousins,  
grandchildren, in-laws, friends, and community members  
know that no one who entered into her presence was exempt  
as she sowed the best to help produce the best  
because she believed that we, Black people,  
deserve the best.

Always.

Aimy Mary Mhoon, also known as  
Namura RaAton, rocking a shaved head with her  
Black Power fist raised high, was a gentle soul who  
stood on the frontline, willing to absorb the hard blows.

At times misunderstood, with her light dimmed,  
yet through her sacrifices, she managed to change  
the very trajectory of the Mhoon bloodline.

Encouraging all to take their place as African-centric artists  
and change-makers.

Namura understood that dreaming the impossible dream  
is the passport that matters the most for all black artists.

Her legacy in the Arts is illuminated with abundance.

She dazzled us all with her love and commitment  
to making Black Arts the transformational center of Black  
life.

Theatre. Film. Television. Dance. Education.

Dancer. Choreographer. Actress. Director.

Costumer. Stage Manager. Administrator. Teacher.

Artist.

Mesmerized by her brilliance we have been marked.

Anointed by her wisdom we are dissatisfied with sameness.

Bearing witness to her manifold gifts made manifest  
we hunger and hasten

to be the fruit Aimy would be proud of.





# Acknowledgements

Aimy's family would like to extend their heartfelt gratitude to all who have offered their condolences and support during this difficult time.

We especially want to extend heartfelt thanks to our Cultural Family Elders (Beverly Perkins, Kimosha Murphy, and Geri Williams) for launching the Aimy Mhoon Memorial Fund. The support of our colleagues and peers from around the country has been overwhelming and we extend immense gratitude.

Thank you to friends and family who supported us through this entire process and especially in the planning of this Celebration of Life. A special thanks to Rainbow Hospice, Trinity United Church of Christ, and Gallery Guichard for your institutional support.

For more information on the **Aimy Mhoon Memorial Fund** and to **share your stories and photos** on Aimy and the Mhoon Family, please visit

[www.aimymarymhoon.com](http://www.aimymarymhoon.com)



CELEBRATING  
**AIMY**

3.8.24

A CULTURAL CELEBRATION  
HONORING THE MEMORY OF  
AIMY MARY MHOON'S  
LIFELONG COMMITMENT TO  
THE ARTS IN CHICAGO

*Featuring*

DEE ALEXANDER, JAZZ VOCALIST  
AMYNA LOVE, VOCALIST  
SHANTA NURULLAH, STORYTELLER  
MUNTU DANCE THEATRE  
DJ IDRIS SHAKOOR

**GALLERY GUICHARD**  
**436 E 47TH ST, CHICAGO, IL**  
**5-8PM**



BELOVED MOTHER  
GRANDMOTHER  
DAUGHTER  
SISTER  
AUNT  
COUSIN  
FRIEND  
ARTIST



