

Celebration of Life In Memory Of



Alvin Chauncey Frost

October 18, 1947 – October 15, 2020

McGuire Funeral Service
7400 Georgia Avenue, Northwest
Washington, DC 20012

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*The family will share information at a later date for  
a private service once  
Covid-19 restrictions have been lifted.*

# *Obituary of Alvin Chauncey Frost*

*A*lvin Chauncey Frost was born on October 18, 1947 to the late Orea Francis Leftridge Frost and Alphonso Augustus Frost, Sr. One of five sons, he was also preceded in death by his brothers Donald and LeBaron Frost.

When he was a child he hid under his covers with a flashlight after bedtime. He read any book that he could find late into the night. He read the dictionary and encyclopedias like novels. He liked Charles Dickens and Mark Twain and, he enjoyed science fiction. He thought that once you get beyond the rocket ships in something like Frank Herbert's 'Dune' trilogy, you get to how different creatures from alien backgrounds deal with each other, and, what it takes for them to see beyond their differences to common interests and understandings. He did not think we're sensitized enough to that in our society.

Alvin earned a Bachelor of Science in Industrial Management from The University of Massachusetts at Lowell and then attended the Harvard Business School from 1971 until 1973, graduating with a Master's Degree in Business Administration. His studies focused on Finance and Control, Marketing, Managerial Economics and Organizational Development.

He met Cheryl Verney Lyons in 1971 at Roy Littlejohn & Associates. She was intrigued by him because he spoke softly, but with authority. They flirted but, did not start dating until she went to work for another organization. He worked well with all though he did not suffer fools gladly. He would often tell female colleagues to own their suggestions and ideas. They married on July 13, 1974. Together they have one daughter, Chaun Aisha Frost.

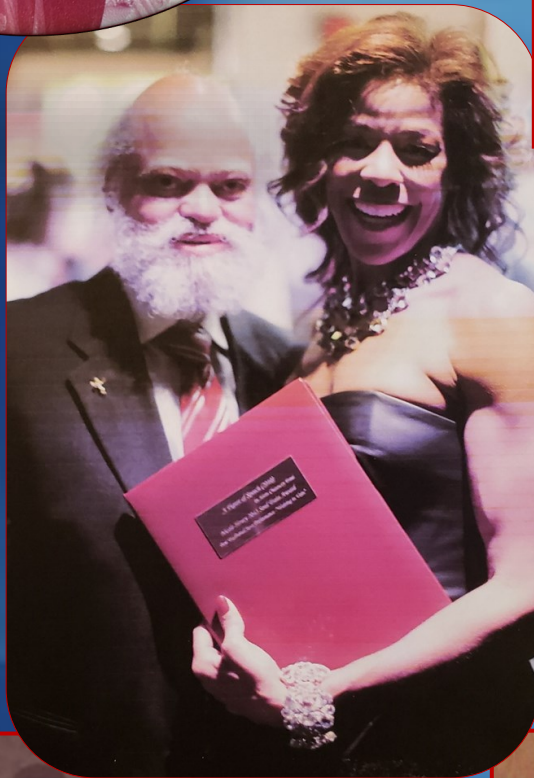
His mother was the heart and soul of the family. She was warm, had a beautiful spirit and happened to be Alvin's first sweetheart. He hosted numerous family gatherings that were filled with love, laughter and great stories. Though his father -- nicknamed "Jack" -- was considered to be the Master of Ceremonies, Alvin -- nicknamed "Jackie" -- was considered to be the Master Chef. He was the central figure in backyard barbeques. Alvin, like his father, had a quick wit and friendly demeanor and rapid repartee. He was self-described as an XO Chef, Master Poet & Financial Services Wizard. He was intelligent, kind, funny, fair and, fought for what was right. He believed that anything worth having was worth working for. He was enthusiastic about Blues and Jazz, Chess, Cartoons, Science Fiction and -- Nature programs/movies and, traveling. Buying and discussing art was a passion and, he loved his family. He found that writing poetry became a calling. He won several awards in various Barbeque Battles throughout the DMV. He enjoyed a good steak prepared medium rare of course and, quenched his thirst with a glass of Macallan Whiskey.

He worked for DC Government from 1982 until he retired in 2015. He was most proud of his work as a Senior Financial Policy & Procedures Analyst and, he served in this capacity for 7 years. He was a political activist and was once the Statehood Party's candidate for Mayor of the District of Columbia.

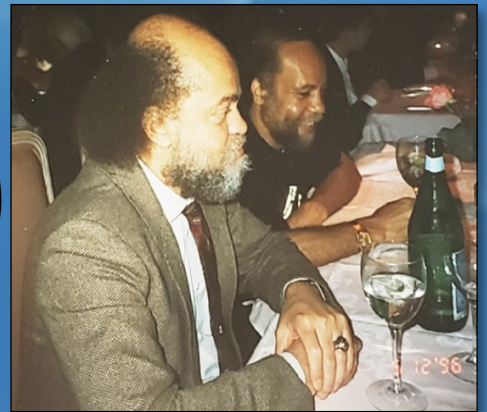
Alvin departed this life on October 15, 2020. He is survived by his daughter Chaun Aisha Frost, his grandchildren Sean Alexander Terry and Alyssa Terry, his only great grandchild, Adonis Maurice Terry, two brothers: Alphonso Augustus Frost, Jr. and Arno Frost, a paternal Aunt Bernice Turner, a very special friend Michelle Johnson; his ex-wife Cheryl Verney Lyons Frost and a host of cousins, nieces, nephews as well as numerous other relatives and friends. friends.

# *Precious Memories*





*"I am touched easily by kindness, by honesty, by sincerity."*



*“When I left Harvard Business School in 1973, I thought that America was not going to live up to its dream or promise, and that there was going to be a race war in America. I seriously thought about moving to Canada or the Caribbean, just to get away from the madness.*

*The more I thought about that, the more that I knew I could not run away because I could not escape what was in my head and heart, and the knowledge that I would have to leave everything and everybody behind that I love to suffer the fate that befell them. I stayed, and I continued fighting to make things better.”*

*~~Alvin Chauncey Frost~*

*You have to start with slavery because those abuses have never been eradicated. You know, people are not living in slums because they voted to. You know, their children are not in jail because they wanted them to. You know, these are the results of a people who have been oppressed and suffer national oppression, you know.*

*~Amiri Baraka~*



### ALVIN'S POETRY SELECTIONS

One of his favorite passages in 'Dune' by Herbert Frank was where the hero is confronted with an event which could very well destroy him, but he recites the following to calm his nerves and to allow himself to get through his ordeal: "I must not fear. Fear is the mind killer. Fear is the little-death that brings total obliteration. I will face my fear. I will permit it to pass over me and through me. And when it has gone past I will turn the inner eye to see it's path. Where the fear has gone there will be nothing. Only I will remain."

The only way to conquer your fears is to face them, but with strength, confidence, arrogance and an indomitable spirit and courage and a will to survive and to thrive, but you must not risk more than you can do without, and you must be prepared to do whatever is necessary and required to survive.

*~Alvin Chauncey Frost~*

### IF YOU SEE A DREAM WALKING (1971)

If you see a dream walking. It's me coming to you.

If you feel the presence of another, it's me touching you.

If you are filled with love, it's me loving you.

If I am not with you, then the emptiness that you feel is also me.

I cannot be fully fathomed, unless you know what it is to be without me.

I can never be completely understood, because there would then be nothing left to know.

*~Alvin Chauncey Frost~*

## POEM WRITTEN BY ALVIN

### LET MY PEOPLE GO OR, TO BE GENUINELY FREE REQUIRES THAT THERE BE NO ONE LEFT IN THE CAGE, THAT IT BE TOTALLY EMPTY

I have touched my bedrock self, and all the well springs of my ultimate beginnings and consciousness are lined up consecutively and concurrently within me, and so are all of my genetic heritages, whether they be black West African, red Native American, or white Western European, it is now a totally conscious part of my every waking moment and dream-filled sleep. Elements of reason and passion can/do coexist!

I can no longer dismiss, nor even discount, any one part of my heritage, any more that I would ever willingly sever my right arm, or cut out my tongue, or pluck out my eyes. If I remove my capacity to do useful work, or to speak the truth, or to see and know what reality and beauty is, then I have not just crippled my body, and imprisoned my mind, but I would have also destroyed my soul, just as certainly as my death will do. I do believe, however, that I may continue to live on in the genetic seed material that I set loose on the winds and seas of the reproductive pool, and in the teachings and impressions that I make and leave in the hearts and minds of the people that I have touched and who have irreducibly touched me. Ideas are the most easily reproducible essence that man yet has at his command. You can only achieve what has first been dreamt, and then imagined, and that can only then be properly implemented and brought to completion.

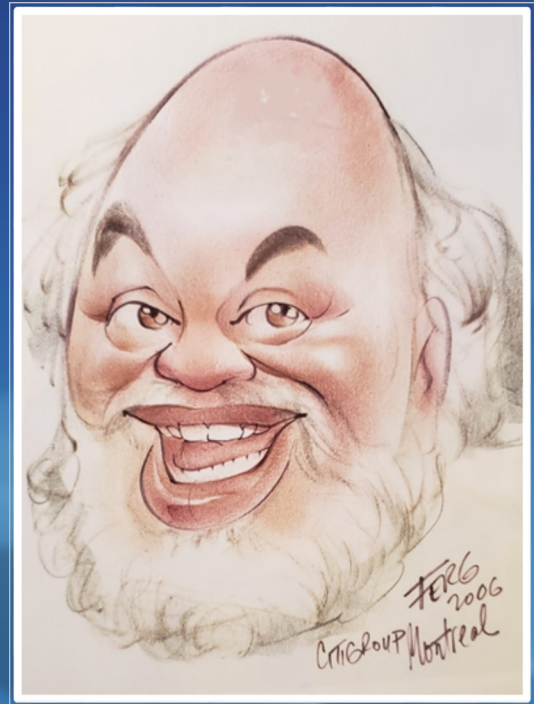
I believe that we are all inter-connected to, and with, each other, and therefore much more dependent upon the successes and failures of each other, even on our enemies and the outcast among us, than most people could even begin to imagine. And so, I firmly believe, and deeply understand, that until the last slave, the last impoverished person, the last savage among us, and within us, is free, then none of us can, or will, by rights, be truly free. I also resolutely believe that the shackles that hold even the least of us is firmly and irrevocably attached to everyone else, even those who believe that they are, in fact, free. And, that, only true freedom and equality for everyone will in essence, and in reality, unshackle those among us who only imagine their freedom, even though their sky-palaces, and country-estates, appear to be everything that they, or any one else, for that matter, may ever desire to possess in this life, or in the next, if they so choose to believe. Cages are known by their restrictions, and not by their furnishings, however lavish.

We are each known by the company that we keep, and also by the possessions that both keep and maintain us in ever-increasing splendor and royal isolation. Upon arriving at this point in the discussion, you might therefore ask, "well Mr. Frost, now that you've gotten us to this point, how can we possibly go any further without some sign, or some guiding purpose or objective? How can we become true to the principles and ideals that we thought that we either possessed, or were in the process of becoming, and find that which eludes us? How do we stand outside of ourselves, and then observe?"

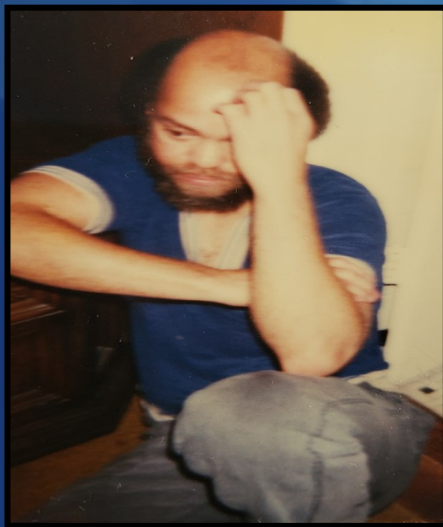
A very simple answer to these questions is that you "give no more of yourself and your possessions than you would require if you were one of the neediest amongst us and not otherwise situated in exalted privilege. You will be known by what you give of yourself, and, not by which of your possessions you may give away. If you are ever called upon to give up your life, give it up by sharing your life with and for others, and not solely for yourself. Life is always for the living!"

The artist's role is to raise the consciousness  
of the people. To make them understand life,  
the world and themselves more completely.

That's how I see it. Otherwise,  
I don't know why you do it.  
~Amiri Baraka~



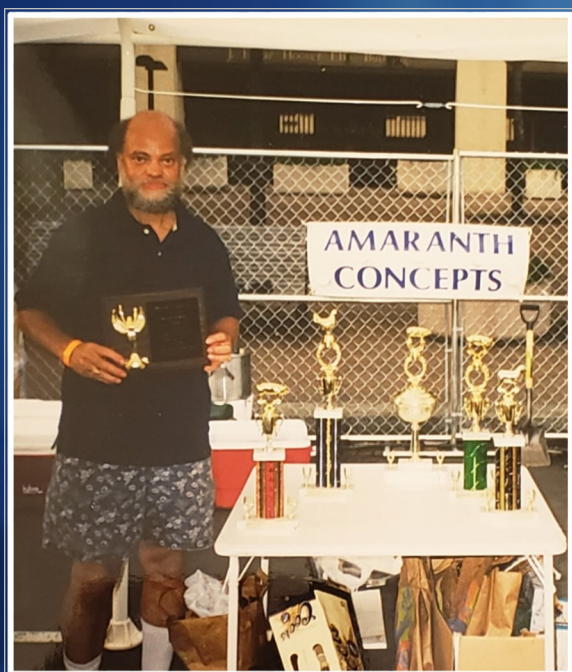
*Thought is more important than art.  
To revere art and have no understanding of  
the process that forces it into existence, is  
finally not even to understand what art is.*  
~Amiri Baraka~

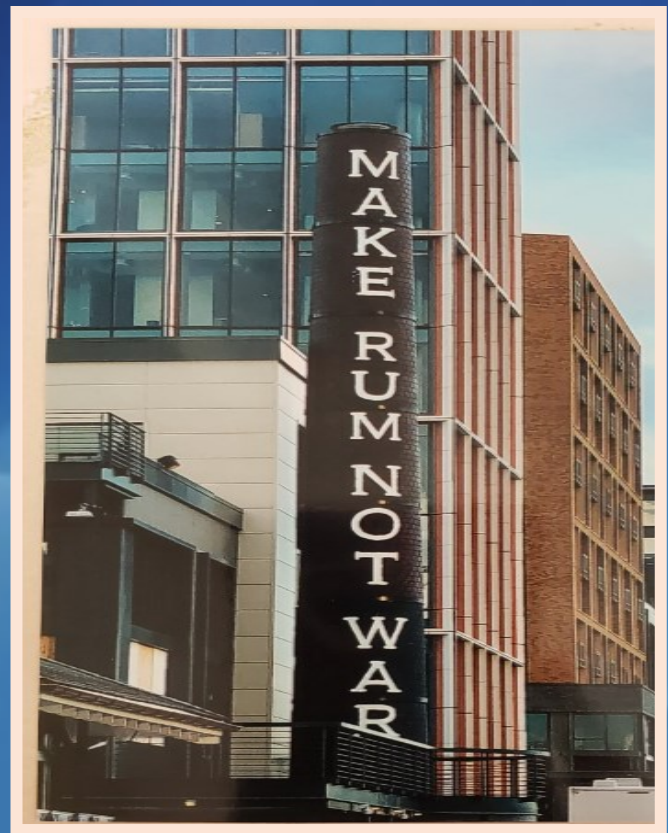
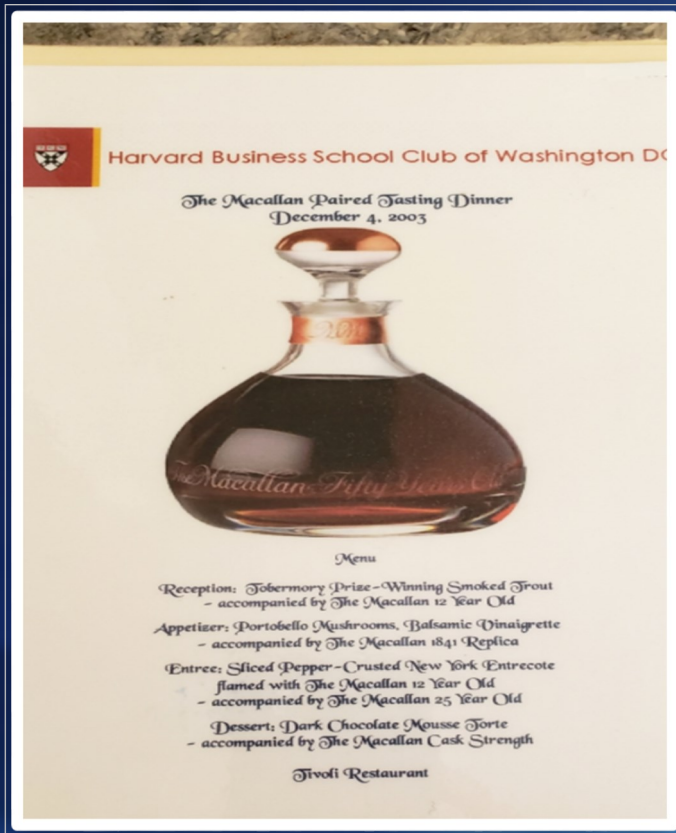


*I have an active mind,  
a restless soul and,  
a wondering spirit.*  
~Alvin Chauncey Frost~



*The "Master Chef"*





*"Forever has its limits, and even  
singularity must come to an end  
And time begins again,  
As it often does, from time to time."  
~Alvin Chauncey Frost~*





## **The Road Not Taken**

*by Robert Frost*

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had sworn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
I doubted if I should ever come back

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I---

I took the ones less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.



# Choices

*by Nikki Giovanni*

if i can't do  
what i want to do  
then my job is to not  
do what i don't want  
to do

it's not the same thing  
but it's the best i can  
do

if i can't have  
what i want then  
my job is to want  
what i've got  
and be satisfied  
that at least there  
is something more  
to want

since i can't go  
where i need  
to go then i must go  
where the signs point  
though always understanding  
parallel movement  
isn't lateral

when i can't express  
what i really feel  
i practice feeling  
what i can express  
and none of it is equal  
i know but that's why mankind  
alone among the animals  
learns to cry

