Acknowledgments from the family

The family of the late Henry Douglas Evans is grateful for all the acts of love, kindness, and sympathy shown to them during this time of bereavement. Your thoughtfulness, sympathetic smiles, silent embraces, prayers, and loving words have all helped to sustain us during this grief period. May God continue to bless each of you for your kind expressions of love. May God Bless you all.

The Family of Henry Douglas Evans

Interment

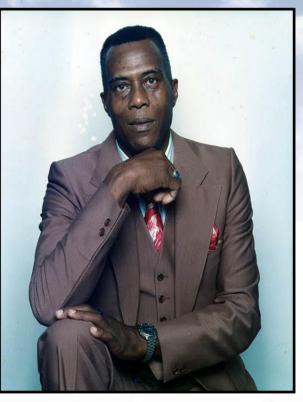
Douglas City Cemetery 1623 North Gaskin Avenue Douglas, Georgia, 31533

Final Arrangements Entrusted To:

HARRELL'S FUNERAL HOME
400 E. CHERRY STREET ~ DOUGLAS, GEORGIA 31533
LICENSED DIRECTOR/EMBALMER, SIDNEY K. HARRELL
OFFICE: (912) 384-2251
WWW.HARRELLSFUNERALHOME.COM

Home Going Celebration

For



Mr. Henry Douglas Evans

SUNRISE: December 21, 1942 • **SUNSET:** July 17,2020

Friday, July 24, 2020 10:00 AM

Douglas City Cemetery 1623 North Gaskin Avenue Douglas, Georgia, 31533

Reverend Dr. Lewis Logan II, Eulogist Gaines Chapel AME Church 1008 South Coffee Avenue Douglas, Georgia, 31533

About Him

Henry Evans was born on December 21, 1942, in Cairo, Georgia, to the union of the late Monroe and Arletha Evans. In addition to his parents, four brothers and one sister preceded him in death: Monroe Evans Jr., Jimmy Evans, Charles Evans, Willie Lee Evans, and Shirley Evans.

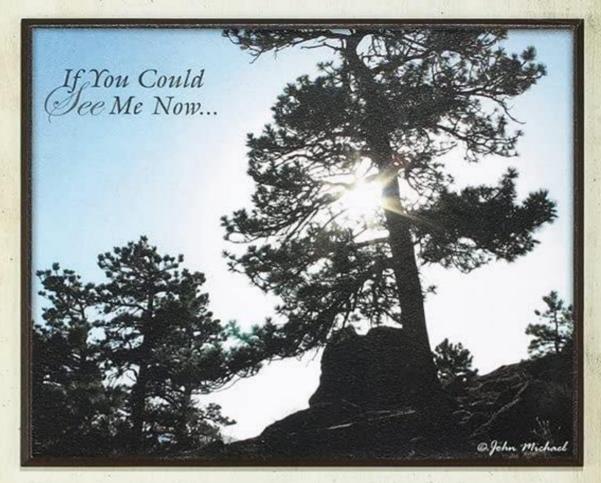
At an early age, Henry accepted his Lord and Savior Jesus Christ and joined Hopewell AME Church in Havana, Florida. After relocating from Florida to Douglas, Georgia, he attended and later joined Gaines Chapel AME Church under the leadership of Reverend Johnny Mathis, Sr. Mr. Henry loved working in his church. He enjoyed working with the Sons of Allen. Every Sunday, he would prepare and serve breakfast for the youth, members, and visitors of the church. Henry was a Jack-of-all-trades regarding electronics. This was one of the ways he serviced his church and community. He had many gifts; among them were his love for classic hot rod antique cars and drawing.

Henry received his formal education in the Gadsden County School system in Florida. His time was spent with his childhood friends Moses, Gene, Chambers, Junebug, and George.

November 27, 1993, Henry married the love of his life, Cheryl Fernandez. On this day, they officially became a blended family. Not only did they nurture their own children, but they also welcomed many children into the family.

Henry worked for approximately forty years as a Cable Technician, including his time at Charter Communication until he retired in 2002. Initially, in Coffee County, he was the only African American working in that capacity. He was locally known as "The Cable Man."

Henry leaves to tell the story of his season to a loving devoted wife, Cheryl Evans. Three sons: Mario Evans (Shanteka), Henry Evans II (Emma), and Jawari Fernandez (Shamika). Three daughters: LaGenia Washington (Victor), Jenelle McDuffie (Michael), Ayanna Gordon (Clarence). Two brothers: Otis Evans (Cindy) and Bobby Evans. Three sisters: Doris Enzor, Carolyn Harris, and Gloria Mickens (Ronnie). Three special daughters: Charnita Anderson, Shakeema Jackson, and Shameeka Jackson. Sixteen grandchildren: Victor Jr., Levon, Quinlin, Mario, Raetrecia, Co-Nesha, Zakiya, Shaylyse, Jasmine, Malik, Nyla, Jordan, Tyriq, Romelo, Saniya, and Sari. Five special grandchildren: Jamahri, Armori, Armoni, Armoura, and Kaliyah. Three Godchildren: Jasmine, Dontavious, and Teyonna. And a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, and friends.



If you could see me now, you wouldn't shed a tear.

Though you may not understand why I'm no longer here.

Remember my spirit, that's the real me.

I'm still very much alive, oh, if you could only see!

I've beheld our Father's face. I've touched my Savior's hand.

The angels all rejoiced as I entered the Promised Land.

Beyond the gates of pearl, I walk on golden streets.

I've touched the walls of jasper, dipped my foot in the crystal sea.

The beauty is beyond words, nothing can compare.

I've even seen your mansion; someday I will meet you there.

Allow Jesus to be your guide, His word will show you the way.

So, please, don't cry! We will meet again someday!

© Patsy Stambaugh Deskins

Reflections...as a Friend, Class Leader, Neighbor

Hey Henry,

Philippians 1:3 says "Everytime I think of you, I give thanks to my God."

Someone once said "The true measure of a man is how he treats others." When I think of you Henry, I think of a quiet, strong, and humorous man who loves his family, his God, and his church.

I know that you have always been a good friend and neighbor to me, Fred and our family. Anytime we call on you and Cheryl you two are always there for us. I am blessed that God put you all in our lives as friends and neighbors.

I am reminded of your service to our Gaines Chapel family and the many times that you got out of your bed to prepare a warm meal for our children and church members. Even when your health was failing you continued to press on out of love and commitment to the children and the church. In addition, your gifts of electronics and media were priceless to our services and special programs. We appreciate all that you do and all that you are to us.

The Bible says, "When a man finds a wife he finds a good thing." That is true, no doubt. But God couldn't have put my friend Cheryl with a more compatible person to deal with her personality than he did with you! Lol. Gaines Chapel truly thanks you for always being understanding and supportive of her gifts and anointing when it comes to her work with our children and youth. It takes a special man to do that. You supported her love of children and people in general. As Cheryl became adoptive Mama to many (and Nana too), you became their Pop Pop! We both know that she has more children than Abraham! Lol. You are the Ying to her Yang. Blessings to you both!

Now, don't even get me started about the many times Irene, Rosemary and myself invaded your home and your quiet atmosphere with constant chatter, Phase 10 and Canasta games. We ate up all the snacks, laughed loud, argued a little and even got you involved in our shenanigans. But you tolerated us and our foolishness. We thank you Henry for always welcoming us into your home and making us feel comfortable. Because of this Covid-19 pandemic, we may not be able to visit you at this time, but please know that you are in our hearts and in our thoughts.

As Class leader of the Class #3, please know that Gaines Chapel AME Church misses, loves you and appreciates your faithful service.

As your friend, please know that I miss you, I appreciate you many years of friendship and I love you.

Take care Big Henry!

Sharon Jones

ORDER OF SERVICE

Processional/Final Glimpse
Invocation
The Selection
The Scripture Reading:
The Old TestamentReverend Johnny Grady
The New TestamentMinister Rhonda Grady
The Solo
The Resolution
The SoloJamahri Anderson
The Obituary ReadingRead Silently
The SelectionSister Yvonne H. Clay "I Am Free"
The Words of ComfortReverend Dr. Lewis Logan II
The SoloArmoni Anderson
The Acknowledgements
The Committal Service
The Benediction

Reflections of Brother Henry Evans

"The righteous man walks in his integrity; his children are blessed after him"- Proverbs 20:7

This verse unanimously describes the patriarch of this family and his impact on many. Henry Evans went by many names in this family such as Pop-Pop, Big Henry, grandpa, Henry, Da, Shots, and so much more but it didn't matter what people called him; it was the impact he had on them. Whether you walked the halls of the home hearing "in terms" and "you know what I mean" or you had his famous sausage/pancake combo, people were touched by his love. He was prized as a godfather, father, grandfather, and so much more. The impact of his life resounds through the numerous stories told about his unselfish love for people and his fatherly efforts.

As a father, "Big Henry", was hardworking, laidback, consistent, a great listener, and my #1 cheerleader. He was someone I could count on and knew without a doubt that he loved me. My father worked hard every day and came home every day consistently. I would wait for him to arrive and as soon as he entered the house I would bombard him with a giant hug. My father instilled in all of us to "strive for excellence", which was our family motto. He truly believed the verse, "As a man thinks of himself, so he is." He was resilient and taught us to be resilient as well. He was a servant of God but showing hospitality to all children and adults as he would prepare and serve breakfast for those who attended Sunday school on Sunday mornings at the church.

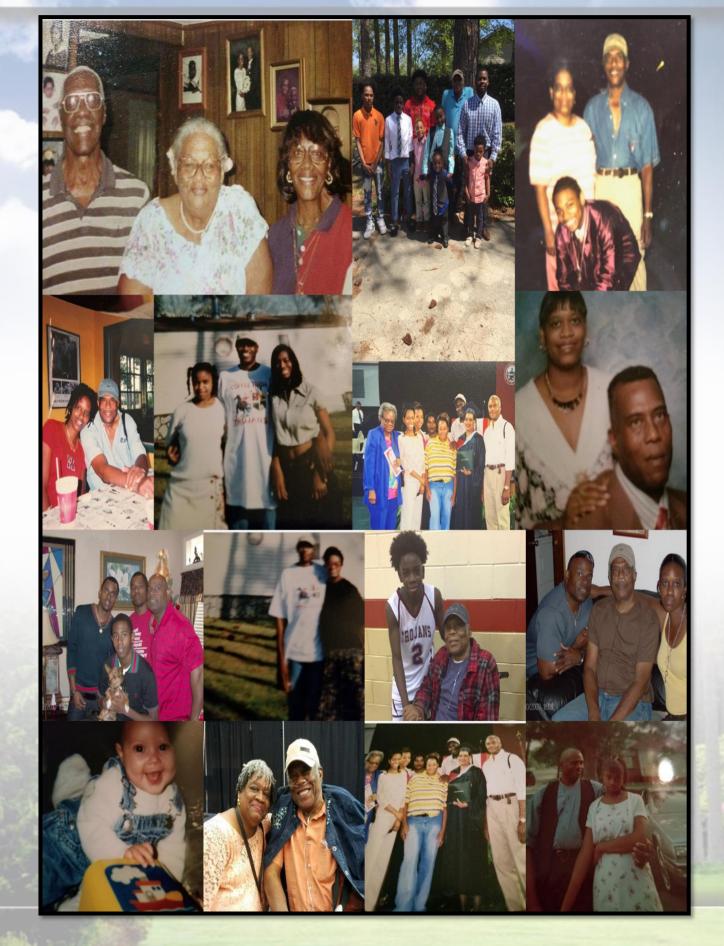
As a father, his smile always made everyone else smile, his laugh made everyone else laugh, his gentle and kind spirit was felt by all who knew him, and his incredible mind helped him to master his profession. His essence was always present as he told us to "strive for excellence." Though he's gone from earth, he will live forever in our hearts and in the bosom of God. He made it!

As a father, it's an honor to share a name with you. He always pushed me to "strive for excellence" and that one quote will stay with me forever. My father was the glue that bonded our family together with love.

As a father, Big Henry, meant so much to me. He taught me many life lessons that will have a lasting imprint on my life forever. He was strong, wise, and gentle at heart. When he smiled and laughed, his presence filled the room. He was always there for me when I needed him. I will always treasure the special moments throughout the years we've had. I will always love him!

As a father, "Daddy", always said more with his heart than any person I've ever known. Whenever I have needed his guidance he always had the right words. He is the reason that I have always been a "Daddy's Girl." He carried me before I was able to walk and he supported me when I needed stability. I am the woman today that the Lord intended and I have done all that I know to be a daughter that made him proud. I will cherish all of the fond memories of our times together and know he will be with me forever.

Precious Memories



Precious Memories



Reflections of Brother Henry Evans

As a father, He wasn't one to give you direct advice he would make you think so you would make your own decision. At the end of some of our conversations, I would come to understand how things worked. He encouraged me and gave me many words of wisdom. His words gave me strength and self-determination to complete many goals in my life.

As a father, I remember all the good times and not so good times we had. He raised me and instilled in me how a man is supposed to be. I miss and respect him. I know he is in Paradise.

Whether he was taking someone to daycare (or picking them up extremely early), showing someone how to fix a computer in his garage(where you could always find him), watching an animal show with the little ones, hunting with his boys, holding a deep conversation about life and business; Henry Evans was present for the ones he loved.

As a grandfather, he was funny and was always laughing. He talked very low but I always knew what he was saying. He made great sandwiches when nana was gone. I'm going to miss Pop Pop.

As a grandfather, I was given his Father's middle name Monroe. My memories of him will live on forever. Rest in Paradise... I love you.

As a grandfather, I am reminded of him every time I look in the mirror at my eyes. I love him dearly.

As a grandfather, he has always been apart of my life and I will always remember his kind words, big smile, and laughter that filled a room.

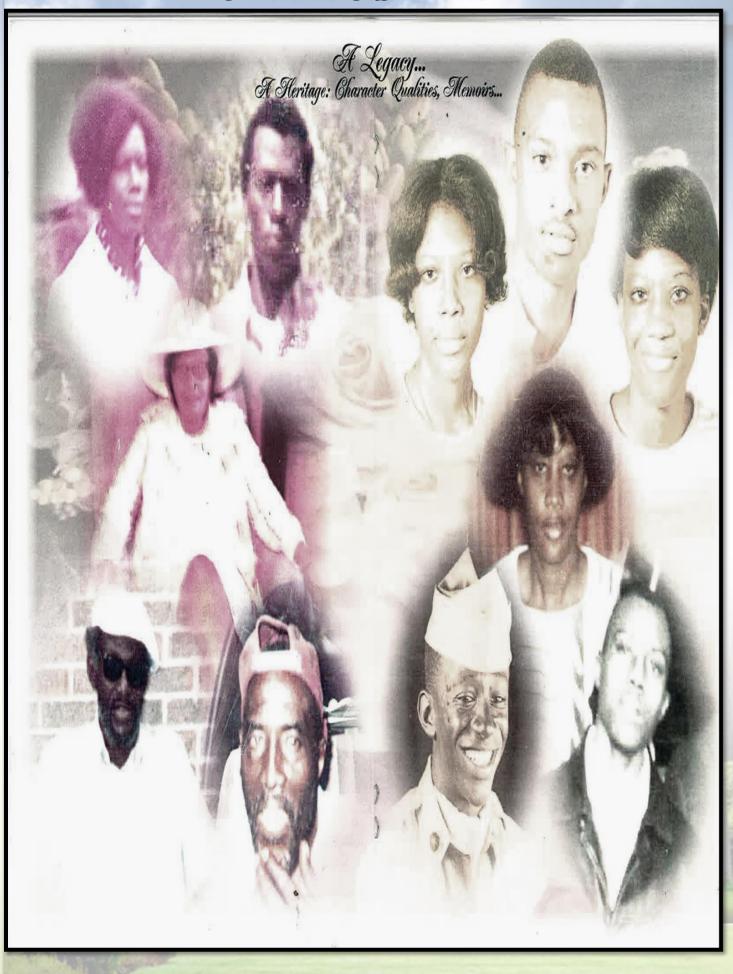
As a grandfather, I love and will miss Pop Pop. Sometimes he would shoot the ball with me if it was a good day for him. Also, he was always the first one in line to pick me up from school.

As a grandfather, I'm thankful for every second I've ever had with my Popop. He was hard on me growing up but looking back all he's ever done was teach me how to be a man. He's been there for me anytime I've ever needed him and made me family. And all I can do is thank God for putting him in my life for 20 years.

As a grandfather, I have countless memories with him but the one that stands out the most is having long conversations with him on the couch at seven talking as if I was 40. He would entertain these long discussions because he knew it made me happy. I'm going to miss seeing those hazel eyes that I always complimented him on. I love him dearly.

As a grandfather, he was the only real father figured I had. It hurts me to see you're not here anymore but I will carry you in my memory daily. I will continue to "strive for excellence" as you did so gracefully.

Precious Memories



Precious Memories



Precious Memories



Precious Memories



To My Dear Husband

God looked around his garden And found an empty place. He then looked down upon the earth, And saw your tired face.

He put His arms around you And lifted you to rest. God's garden must be beautiful, He always takes the best.

He knew that you were suffering, He knew that you were in pain. He knew that you would never Get well on earth again.

He saw the road was getting rough And the hills were hard to climb. So He closed your weary eyelids And whispered "Peace be thine."

It broke our hearts to lose you But you did not go alone... For part of us went with you The day God called you home.

To Our Father H Father is....

A Father is a man after God's own heart, created in the image and likeness of God. He takes the responsibility for bringing his children in to the world, and for preparing them to go out into the world.

A Father is a man of prayer, devoted to God, his wife, and his children.

Of all the world's greatest, wisest, good men, not one excels the eternal achievements attained by a godly father in this lives of his children.

