

*In Loving Memory
Of
Mr. James Harvey Marsh*

*Sunrise
December 3, 1943*



*Sunset
August 16, 2003*

*Wednesday, August 20, 2003
Four O'clock p.m.
Mitchell Chapel A.M.E Zion Church
Pittsboro, North Carolina*

Rev. Kenneth Brooks, Pastor

Order Of Service

Processional "O How I Love Jesus"

Old Testament Brother Peacemaker
Psalm 84

New Testament Rev. Saundra Bullock
John 14: 1-7

Prayer of Comfort Rev. Ridie Headen

Solo Sandra Horton
"A Second Chance"

Acknowledgements & Resolutions
Kimberly Headen

Special Tribute Ebony, India, and Brad McRae

Obituary Reading Silently

Selection Voices of Praise

Eulogy Rev. Kenneth Brooks

Selection Voices of Praise

Recessional



Interment

Church Cemetery

Floral Bearers

*Class Members of 1962
Friends*

Pall Bearers

Mr. Donald Strickland

Mr. Michael Milliken

Mr. Richard Scurlock

Mr. Ray Stone

Mr. Danny Scurlock

Mr. Dimas Benitez

Acknowledgement

*Each prayer, visit, phone call, flower, card, thought,
and many other tangible ways in which kindness was
shown has been deeply appreciated. We shall never
forget you. May God bless each of you.*

The Family



Professional Services Entrusted To
Knotts Funeral Home
50 Masonic Street
Pittsboro, North Carolina
919-542-6180



*For Those I Love
And Those Who Loved Me*

*When I am gone, release me, let me go.
I have so many things to see and do.
You mustn't tire yourself with tears for me.
Be happy that we had so many years.*

*I gave you my love, you can only guess
How much you gave to me in happiness.
I thank you for the love you each have shown.
But, now it's time that I travel alone.*

*So grieve awhile for me, if grieve you must,
Then let your grief be comforted by trust.
It's only for a while that we must part,
So bless now the memories within your heart.*

*I will not be far away, for life goes on,
So if you need me, call and I will come.
Though you can't see me or touch me,
I'll be near and if you listen with your heart,
You'll hear all of my love around you,
Soft and clear.
And then, when you must come this way alone,
I'll greet you with a smile and say,
"Welcome Home"*

Obituary

On August 16, 2003, *James Harvey Marsh*, went peacefully to be with his Maker. He was born December 3, 1943, to Cleatis Marsh and the late Sarah Mae B. Marsh in Chatham County. His family and friends affectionately called him "Jabo" and "Uncle Harvey".

James was a proud member of Mitchell Chapel AME Zion Church. He was an active member of many organizations until his health began to decline and prevented him from participating as he desired. His heart was always to serve his church and community. He served as a member of the Senior Usher Board, Lay Council, Kitchen Committee, Evangelistic Committee, and former Trustee. He loved and respected his class leader, Rev. Juanita Milliken.

James graduated from Horton High School in 1962. He left the small town of Pittsboro to proudly protect his country in the United States Army. He was honorably discharged in 1966. Upon his return he pledged his love to Flora Lee Fearington. They were united in marriage in 1968.

James retired in 2000 from Honeywell International Specialty Materials Performance Fibers. There he met lifetime friends.

He is survived by a daughter, Teresa "Tinky" McRae (Brad); three grandchildren, Ebony, India, and Brad, all of Durham; father, Cleatis Marsh of Pittsboro; three sisters; Brenda M. Headen (Coy) of Pittsboro, Joyce M. Marsh of Austell, GA, Jacqueline D. Marsh of Pittsboro, and Nettie S. Johnson of Monaca, PA; two brothers, Brother Peacemaker of Durham, and Earl Sellars of Aliquippa, PA. He also leaves several loving nieces, nephews, aunts, uncles, and a host of dear friends. He will also be truly missed by Aunt Mable Horton of Pittsboro.



Dad,
Thank you for the love and support you've given me. I don't know where I would be today if you had not taken me under your wing. No words could ever express the way I feel. I love you and I will truly miss you. ~ Teresa "Tinky"



My Granddaddy used to ask me which car I would like to ride in. To me, Jab wasn't just my grandfather but a special friend. He used to call the house to see how my day was. He used to tell me his stories about his time spent in France. I would love to spend one more day with the Mighty Jab if I had the chance. He used to ride to Durham just so we could bond. I'm now going to remember the good times now that he's gone. I know all these events might seem somewhat small, but with my granddaddy it was the little things that stood out most of all. ~Brad.

He used to pile us in his car to go buy a hotdog or some candy. Those quick trips to the store meant so much more to me. We didn't get to see him that much so he would call every week just to check-in. I'll always remember going to visit him and feeling the heat he had going in the den from the wood stove. My memories will always be of the fun we shared together. ~India.

I loved going to stay up there with him and Grandma Flora Lee. He was so cool with all his cars, shades and jewelry. I remember riding in the Porsche and being scared out of my mind because he was driving so fast. Memories of me spending all my weekends and summers with him and Grandma Flo will always last. ~Ebony