



James A. Berry
AUGUST 9, 1936 - DECEMBER 14, 2006

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 2006 • ONE O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON
MT. CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH • 600 11th AVENUE • MERIDIAN, MS • DR. HENRY ARMINGTON, SR., OFFICIANT



A Service of
**CELEBRATION AND
THANKSGIVING**
For the Life and Legacy of

James A. Berry
AUGUST 9, 1936 - DECEMBER 14, 2006

THE WORSHIP EXPERIENCE

Processional of the Family

A Glimpse 'til Glory

Praise through Music
Voices of The Mount

Old Testament Scriptural Reading
Rev. Harold C. Young, II
Assistant to the Children's Pastor
Mount Hebron Baptist Church of Garland, TX

New Testament Scriptural Reading
Rev. Jimmy Johnson
Pastor, St. John Baptist Church

A Talk With God
Dr. William C. Brown
Pastor, Fifth Street Baptist Church

Resolutions

Reflections
A Friend – *Robert Hickman*
A Deacon – *Greenberry Ruffin*

Ministry through Music
Voices of The Mount

A Word of Encouragement
Rev. Leonard O. Leach, Senior Pastor
Mt. Hebron Baptist Church of Garland, TX

The Spoken WORD
Dr. Henry Armington, Sr.

Recessional

James A. Berry

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REFLECTIONS OF OUR DAD

Let us tell you about our Dad... It all started on the ninth day in the summer month of August in the year of '36. That Saturday the young couple, Annie Zell and Willie, was so excited as they shared the news of their bouncing baby boy, who they named James. Little James grew up in Meridian and attended St. Joseph's Catholic School. Reared in the Catholic tradition, he attended St. Joseph's Catholic Church from childhood until his mid-life. Dad was even an Altar Boy. Even after he decided not to attend Mass on a regular basis, he still held a great respect for the Catholic tradition... as kids we can remember him driving by St. Joseph's and humbly making the sign of the cross as he passed.

Dad was a hard worker. In his mid-teens he started his first "real" job working for Coca Cola. He shared with us that although he was pleased to have his own money, he wanted more out of life. This was back in the days where the delivers would 'hang' off the back of the Coca Cola truck. He was determined that his kids would not grow up saying 'that's my dad' as the Coca Cola truck passed by. He left that job and went to L. L. Major where he worked in the shop. Later he went to Robertson Hiel to work in the mechanic's department. He accepted an entry-level position and work his way up. Throughout his life he worked as a mechanic and a truck driver. Even today awards from Atlas Roofing Company hang on the wall in his home.

Life with Dad... Just a few weeks ago when we were talking with him about the ole days, Dad reflected back to when he married Mary Rackley. He worked in Birmingham and would come home on weekends. He chuckled as he told of one weekend when he returned home planning to stay at his in-law's house as normal; Mary told him to get in the car and come to the family home on 22nd Street; she had purchased an entire house of furniture and they were ready to settle into their new home. Life was interesting in the Berry household, with Jim, Mary, Toni and Frederick.



He later married Lottie Pearson. There were a lot of fun days in that little green house. We can remember Dad sitting in his spot at the kitchen table. From that chair he could see nearly everything that happened outside and hear anything that happened inside. We enjoyed late night card games of poker and black jack and let's not forget that plastic swimming pool that would come apart and flood the entire yard. We looked forward to Dad coming home for lunch and allowing us to ride down the street in that great big 18-wheeler. Family trips to Mobile and to Florida were always fun. That little house was stuffed! Dad purchased an older home and had it moved to the location on 22nd Street. It was a sight to see that big 'ole house being moved down the streets of Meridian. He remolded it and that's what we now call Dad's house. It was the biggest house in the neighborhood; so big that people thought it was a church. Dad could only laugh when folks would stop by and asked him what time Service started. Those were the days... life was interesting the Berry household with Jim, Lottie, Cheryl, Tina, James Jr., and Robin.



We all agreed that weekends at Dad's house were always enjoyable. Part of our treat was knowing that Dad was going to bring so much junk food that we could not possibly eat it all. We are talking about the GOOD STUFF that mom would not even consider! Again, it was no way possible that we could eat all of that stuff... but we tried – only to hear Dad fuss about us gaining weight. Now we watch as he would do the same



thing to our kids – Popsicles, pizzas, huge variety of beverages and anything with sugar or salt in it that they sold at the Colonial Bakery in the Clover Leaf Shopping Center.



As adults, we all laugh when Robin called Dad's house and a lady answered the phone. Robin hung up, called back again and she answered again. Truly not, so Robin hung up and called back a third time... this time demanding to speak with her daddy! Who is that answering your phone???? It is so disturbing to Robin that she got in her car and drove over to Dad's house to find out WHAT was going on. She had no idea how special Edna would be our lives. For the past eleven years Edna's been there... through the thick and thin, through health and sickness she's been there for Dad and us. Trips to Texas, all the major and minor events in our lives for the past decade we could count on seeing daddy and Ms. Edna, or as our kids call her... G-Momma. For

breakfast and dinner you could count on Ms. Edna being around and taking care of her friend, our Dad, day in and day out and him taking care of her... our third mom.

Train up a child in the way he should go and when he's old he will not depart... It brought so much joy to our hearts to watch our Dad grow spiritually. As Dad dedicated his life to the Lord he became a faithful worker at Mt. Calvary Baptist Church. What excitement it was to see our Dad baptized as a mature adult. Wow, just imagine, our Dad, a trustee. Once again, Dad's faithful services were rewarded... we watched as he became an ordained deacon. Dad loved his church family and Pastor Armington. We knew if we could not get in touch with Dad at home that it was a good possibility that he was at the church.



Precious Memories ... As adults, there are so many precious memories we have of time spent with Dad... countless trips to and from Texas; Dad taking us to his land and showing off his property and showing us off to the little ladies at the bakery (as though we were still small kids). We could hardly contain ourselves as we watch Dad's smile go from ear to ear as we marched in the church on Father's Day 2005 to surprise him... all of his kids and some of the grandkids from Texas and home were here in attendance. You could have bought him for a penny. And what a celebration he enjoyed when he turned 70! He had a ball!!! Just before Thanksgiving Dad got his wish of watching all of his children graduate for an institution of higher education.



Dad really loved his grandchildren and great-grands... How we enjoyed watching him interact with the grandchildren and great-grandchildren. We recall the time he put on his swimming trunks and took the grandchildren's dare to dive off the diving board at Toni's home.... they had no idea that he could swim! Scooter (Fred), William, Jason and Ambi were so out done when he took Scooter's electric scooter for a spin for truly they didn't realize that he could even ride a bike more less a motorized scooter. Caduris, Scooter and William were out done when he caught the biggest fish when he took them fishing. We asked ourselves why would he bring a little switch to church with Lauren... even Lauren knew he was not going to use it.



Lessons learned from Dad... There are so many lessons in life that Dad taught us. Dad taught us that a father could still be a real father even if he lives in a different house than his children. He taught us to pay our bills and to take care of our business and whatever you do don't get in over your head in debt. He encouraged us to take care of our 'stuff' and to take pride in ourselves. He inspired us to do the job right the first time and to be honest in our dealing. He taught us to be resourceful – use alternative methods to fix problems (in other words.... Rig It!) Most of all Dad taught us to be ourselves. He showed us this by example – if he felt a certain way about something YOU KNEW IT! He would NOT put on any airs – if he agreed with you then cool; but if he didn't you would know it – no faking!



There are so many memories that we have of Dad that there is no possible way of recanting them all. It goes without saying that we will miss him dearly. We weep, but not like those without hope. We know that Dad accepted Christ and loved the Lord. We will often think of him. We know that God will use these and other precious memories to help heal the pain of void that we are feeling.

Others who will often reflect on these memories include; his sisters, Roberta Berry-Price and Gloria Moore; our moms, Mary Berry, Lottie Berry and Edna Walker; his grandchildren and great-grandchildren as well as his nephews. There is an endless list of other relatives, friends, church members and associates who had the privilege of sharing in his life.



*With love,
Toni, Frederick (Patra), Cheryl, Tina, James Jr., and Robin*

James A. Berry

AUGUST 9, 1936 - DECEMBER 14, 2006

ACTIVE PALLBEARERS

Deacon Timothy Butler
Bro. James Lewis

Deacon James Moultrie
Rev. William Pitman

Deacon Greenberry Ruffin
Deacon John Smith

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Mount Calvary's Deacon Ministry
Robert Hickman
Willie "Bee" Hopson

Samuel "Dave" Close
Otis Gowdy

Obie Leggett
Otice McCarty

FLOWERS BEARERS

Mount Calvary Missionary Baptist Church Ushers Ministry

MY DEAREST JAMES

Even though I meet you ten years and ten months ago,
You are still my bright and shining rainbow.
Now that you are gone and left me alone
To join your love ones in your new home
And even though I am here I pray to my God to help me be strong.
With all this pain that I am sharing
God let me know that He was the pain bearer.
I know that I must go on and it's going to be hard,
But you were my best friend and I know we had to depart.
I will always hold on to the memories we had
And I know I will cheer up and not be sad.
So rest on my dear friend
God knew what he was doing
You were my true love all the way until the end.

Love,
Enda



A WORD OF THANKS

There is such a great comfort in knowing we are not alone at this time. This assurance is manifested by the many warm and sincere expressions of care and concern. Each kind deed brings to fruition the promise of our Savior... "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Please know that we are grateful for your many prayers to our heavenly Father on our behalf. Your incredible display of unselfish love means more than we can express. Though a void is certain, one thing is equally sure, through the guidance of the Lord and comfort from the Holy Spirit, we will endure! Our prayer for all of you is that God's matchless grace and blessings will fall richly upon you all.

~ The Family of James "Jim" Berry

RESTING UNTIL HE COMES AGAIN

Forest Lawn Memorial Gardens

ARRANGEMENTS ENTRUSTED TO

Clarks Memorial Chapel • 621 30th Avenue • Meridian, MS