

PALLBEARERS

Bernard Barnwell Sidney Jenkins
Antonio Parnell Curtis Lowery
Eugene Benson Sr. Remus Frazier
Keith Black Harry Frazier

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Elks Lodge #339

FLORAL BEARERS

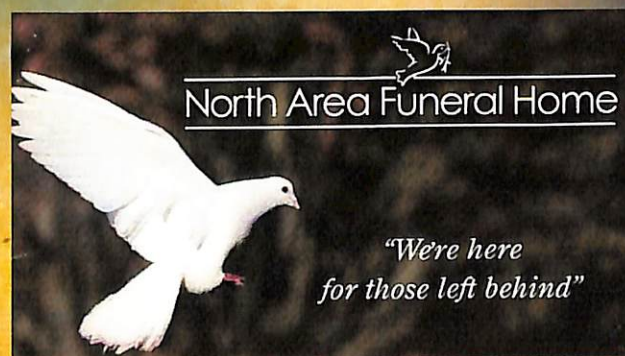
St Matthew Church and Visiting Ushers

Acknowledgements

The Saxby Family wishes to express their deepest appreciation for all of the visits, telephone calls, cards, floral arrangements, and other acts of kindness shown to them in their time of bereavement. Your thoughtfulness will always be a very special memory, and we fervently pray that God will bless each of you for every contribution you made during our time of grief.

Happy Memories

I'd like the memory of me
to be a happy one.
I'd like to leave an afterglow
of smiles when life is done.
I'd like to leave an echo
whispering softly down the ways,
of happy times and laughing times
and bright and sunny days.
I'd like the tears of those who grieve
to dry before the sun of happy memories
that I leave when life is done.



4784 Gaynor Avenue • North Charleston, South Carolina 29405

Phone: 843.744.7511 • Fax: 843.744.7599

Celebration of Life

FOR THE LATE

Robert Lee Saxby Sr.

December 22, 1962 - November 29, 2010



DECEMBER 4, 2010

11:00 AM

ST. MATTHEWS A.M.E CHURCH

1400 Main Road

Johns Island, South Carolina

Rev. Bernard Johnson

ORDER OF SERVICE

Minister Officiating

Rev. Bernard Johnson

Processional "Peace Be Still"

Hymn of Celebration

Hymn "It is well with my Soul"

Scripture Readings

New Testament Scripture..... John 11:1-15 verses

Epistle 1 Cor 15:51

Remarks

Christopher Saxby (brother)

Poem

Jasmine Barnwell

Duet

Jessica Barnwell & Jasmine Brisbane and Resolution

Words of Thanks

Thelma Simmons

Eulogy/ Words of Comfort

Rev. Bernard Johnson

Committal

Rev. Bernard Johnson

Benediction

Rev. Bernard Johnson

Parting View

Choir

Recessional

"Never could have made it"

OBITUARY

Robert Lee Saxby Sr.

December 22, 1962 - November 29, 2010

Robert Lee Saxby Sr. the son of the late Mrs. Betty Jo and the late Otis Saxby was born December 22, 1962 on Johns Island, SC. At an early age Robert became a member of St. Matthews A.M.E. Church under the care of his Grandmother the late Sis Sadie Seabrook. Robert graduated from St Johns High School and his hobby was football. He became a member of the Elks Lodge #339 in March of 1996. Robert was employed at Livingstons Antique for over twenty years and had a hobby of taking pictures for weddings, parties and night clubs. He was known around town as "Camera Man".

He leaves to cherish his memories his loving wife Crystal Barnwell Saxby, Six Children: Robin Saxby, Tiffany Saxby, Jada Saxby, Robert Lee Saxby Jr., Jessica Barnwell, Jasmine Barnwell. One Grandchild: Zy'Reem Saxby. Four Brother: Isaac (Carolyn) of Moncks Corner, Christopher (RoQuelle) of Johns Island, Otis Saxby III of Johns Island and Emanuel Jackson of Harleyville, SC. Two Sisters: Derise (Darryl) Cutchin of Virginia and Kanautica Saxby. Four Uncles: Henry Seabrook, Anderson Simmons, John Simmons and James Saxby. One Aunt: Gladys (Nathaniel) Mitchell of Adams Run, SC. Mother-In-Law: Doris (Edward) Coleman, and a host of Nieces, Nephews, relatives and friends.

HE WAS DIFFERENT

unknown Author

He was different, he was special, Unique in a thousand ways,
He was giving, he was loving, And we'll miss him all our days.

There are those who covet fame And court it like a beau,
There are those who covet wealth, Kneeling in its glow,
But he was different...

There are some who strive for praise; They yearn for world applause,
There are some who chase sweet comfort As their one and only cause,
But he was different...

His legacy was friendship, He was so giving of his time,
His bequest was his faith in God, His wife, child and grand
He knew sorrow in great measure, And was stung by illness, too,
But neither could defeat him, Nothing his faith subdue.

And when he heard death coming, He didn't cower in fear,
Instead he called out boldly, "My Lord, I'm over here."
Of course, the Lord will welcome him, With His angels magnifying
The beauty of the celestial place, Devoid of pain and crying.

And so instead of mourning As we remember him this hour,
We really should be celebrating The blooming of a flower.

For heav'n will be much richer When he puts his flowers to rhyme,
Describing golden avenues With gardens his sublime.

But forgive us, Lord, for pining, For wishing he was here,
It's hard to give up someone We have come to love so dear.

Because You see -

He was different, he was special, Unique in a thousand ways,
He was loving, he was giving, And we'll miss him,
Miss him, Miss him, all our days.

Tribute from the Family