

Heaven's Fishing Hole

For years, the riverbank was where your soul felt most at peace
Your heart was most content when there with the fish and the geese
But then, your spirit came to rest where angels chose to roam
And once equipped with ten pound test you made yourself at home.

The sky became your deep blue sea, the clouds became your shore
And there, for all eternity, you sat with friends galore
Each angel was a fisherman who had traded his pole
For golden wings and a game plan at Heaven's Fishing Hole.

The tales you told about each catch, its stature and its girth
Will live in memories unmatched as days pass here on earth
Until we meet again, one day upon God's golden sand
We'll picture you, no other way, than with a pole in hand.

Acknowledgment

The family of the late Mr. Alfreddie Hunter acknowledges with sincere appreciation your understanding, your prayers and all acts of kindness shown at our time of bereavement. We thank God for each of you, for He has come to us through you. May His love and peace abide with you always.

— The Family

Services Entrusted To:

F.B. PRATT & SON FUNERAL HOME
601 South Street • Newberry, South Carolina
(803) 276-1206



Homegoing Services Celebrating the Life of Mr. Alfreddie Hunter

Sunrise
April 10, 1956

Sunset
May 19, 2018



Thursday, May 24, 2018
2:00 P.M.

Pratt Funeral Home Chapel
Newberry, South Carolina

Pastor James Boulware, Jr., Officiating

Obituary

Mr. Alfreddie Hunter passed away on Saturday, May 19, 2018, at his home. Born in Newberry County, he was the son of Munson P. Hunter, Sr., and the late Ida Mae Clark Hunter.

He attended the public schools of Newberry County, and was employed with Georgia Pacific. Mr. Hunter enjoyed fishing and hunting.

Surviving are his sisters, Elizabeth Ann Hunter (Richard) of Batesburg, SC, Geneva H. Richardson of Laurens, SC, and Dorothy Calloway (Geno) of White Plains, NY; brothers, David W. Hunter of Laurens, SC, Wallace E. Hunter (Vinnie) of Newberry, SC, and John D. Hunter of Bronx, NY; two aunts, nieces, nephews, cousins and numerous friends.



*I've finished life's chores assigned to me,
So put me on a boat headed out to sea.
Please send along my fishing pole
For I've been invited to the fishin' hole.
Where every day is a day to fish,
To fill your heart with every wish.
Don't worry, or feel sad for me,
I'm fishing' with the Master of the sea.
We will miss each other for awhile,
But you will come and bring your smile.
That won't be long you will see,
Till we're together you and me.
To all of those that think of me,
Be happy as I go out to sea.
If others wonder why I'm missin'
Just tell 'em I've gone fishin'.*

Order of Service

Prelude

Processional Clergy and Family

Final Viewing Family and Friends

Prayer

Scripture

Old Testament

New Testament

Acknowledgments

Words of Comfort Pastor James Boulware, Jr.

Committal

Recessional