



ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The family of

Mr. Jeron Timothy Amy

wishes to express sincere appreciation to all our family and friends who gave consolation during this difficult time. Your many expressions of love shown during this time of bereavement are appreciated and may God bless and keep each of you.

THE FAMILY

Let Me Go

When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me
I want no rites in a gloom-filled room.
Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little but not too long
And not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love that we once shared,
Miss me but let me go.

For this is a journey that we all must take
And each must go alone.
It's all a part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick of heart
Go to the friends we know
And bury your sorrows in doing good
deeds.
Miss me but let me go!

Robyn Rancman



Buie Funeral Home

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Home Going Service *Mr. Jeron Timothy Amy*



Sunrise

December

27,

1

9

9

3

Sunset

July

6,

2

0

2

1

Saturday, July 17, 2021 • 2:00 PM

**Well Of Living Waters
Ministries**

117 W. Mountain Drive • Fayetteville, NC

ORDER OF SERVICE

PROCESSIONAL Clergy & Family

SELECTIONChoir

SCRIPTURES READING

Old Testament... *Trustee Antwan Whitted*

New Testament... *Trustee Serena Whitted*

PRAYER OF COMFORT .. *Min. Angela Jones*

SELECTION *Sis. Joann Wilson*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS & OBITUARY

..... *Deaconess Elect Lillie Hurky*

REFLECTIONS *(Please limit to 2 minutes)*

EULOGY *Apostle K. B. Matthews*

RECESSIONAL



THE OBITUARY

Jeron Timothy Amy was born on December 27, 1993 at Womack Medical Center in Fort Bragg, NC to the mother of Shaneika Michelle Amy. He was called home on July 6, 2021 at 4:34 pm in Fayetteville, NC.

Jeron received his education in the Cumberland County School System until he transferred to Wake County and received further education in their school system. Upon receiving education, he learned the trade on construction which insist of handy work: including home framing and building, along with roofing skills that came along the way.

Jeron was a very outgoing who loved family. It was always family before anything no matter what was going on. The love of his family was a top priority in his life and not by words but by actions, because he showed it. He was the type of person who would give you the shirt off his back if you needed anything without you having to ask for it. He also loved the outdoors, meaning he could not sit still too long. He just had to enjoy life despite what it brought his way he just enjoyed, this thing we call the Circle of Life. He kept everyone laughing no matter how he felt on the inside. He always kept a smile on his face and was always joking so he could make sure his loved ones stayed smiling just to better their day. He had dreams of traveling the world, and he might have had a few blockages that kept him from doing so at that very instant. But he kept his head high knowing one day he was going to fulfill those dreams, because the love of family motivated him to strive and do better.

When it came to clothing, that was not a problem at all. Because in his terms “I stay fly” or “I’m Lit”, he took it to a whole new level, because he really could dress hands down, but the outfit was not complete as he told anyone without his Jordans with a Guicci belt.

He knows he will be missed daily and never be forgotten EVER, because the love of his family, kids, and loved ones will make sure he lives on until the end of our last days.

He was preceded in death by his grandmother, Karen Amy; uncle, Jermaine Amy and cousin, Lanaysha Amy.

Mr. Amy is survived by his children: Paris A’Meria Underwood, Darionte Daiquan Maynor, Josiah Kyrie Amy and Harmonee Zekeria Amy; mother, Shaneika M. Amy; step-father, Kenneth Williams; sisters: Jaimeera Egerton-Amy and Kaloni Williams; grandparents: Howard and Tracie Amy; aunts: Shanay Amy, Torshell Amy, Shauna Amy, Krisheena Amy and Kayla Amy; uncles: Howard Amy, Jr. and Kwamaine Amy; a host of other relatives and friends.





The Last Request

Please don't say that I gave up,
Just say that I gave in.
Don't say I lost the battle,
For it was God's war to lose or win.
Please don't say how good I was, but that I did my best.
Just say I tried to do what's right,
To give the most I could, not less.
Please don't give me wings or halos, that's for God to do.
I want no more than I deserve,
No extras, just my due.
Please don't give flowers, or talk in real hushed tones.
Don't be concerned about me now,
I'm well with God. I have made it home.
Don't talk about what could have been, it's over and done.
Just see to all my family needs, especially the little ones.
When you draw a picture of me, don't draw me as a saint.
I've done some good, I've done some wrong.
So use all your paint, not just the bright and light tones.
Use some gray and dark, in fact, don't put me down on canvas,
But paint me in your heart.
Don't just remember all the good times,
But remember all the bad.
For life is full of many things.
Some happy and some sad.
But if you must do something,
Then I have one last request:
Forgive me for the wrongs done,
And with the love that's left.
Thank God for my soul's resting.
Thank God for I've been blessed.
Thank God for all who love me.
Praise God who loved me best.