

Floralbearers

Gracie Hearst Bonnie Reed
Melissa McDowell Sarah Richard
Renae Scruggs Richard Jettie Payne

Pallbearers

Randy Darby Herbert Suber
Calvin Singleton David Miller
Bryan McDowell Ken Turner

Acknowledgement

During times like this, we realize how much our friends and family really mean to us.
Your expressions of sympathy will always be remembered by our family.

Tomorrow is never guaranteed.

Don't let a day pass without telling or
showing those you love how much they mean to you.

May God bless and Keep you.

~~ The Suber Family ~~



SANDERS-THOMPSON MORTUARY, LLC

Caring for The Family

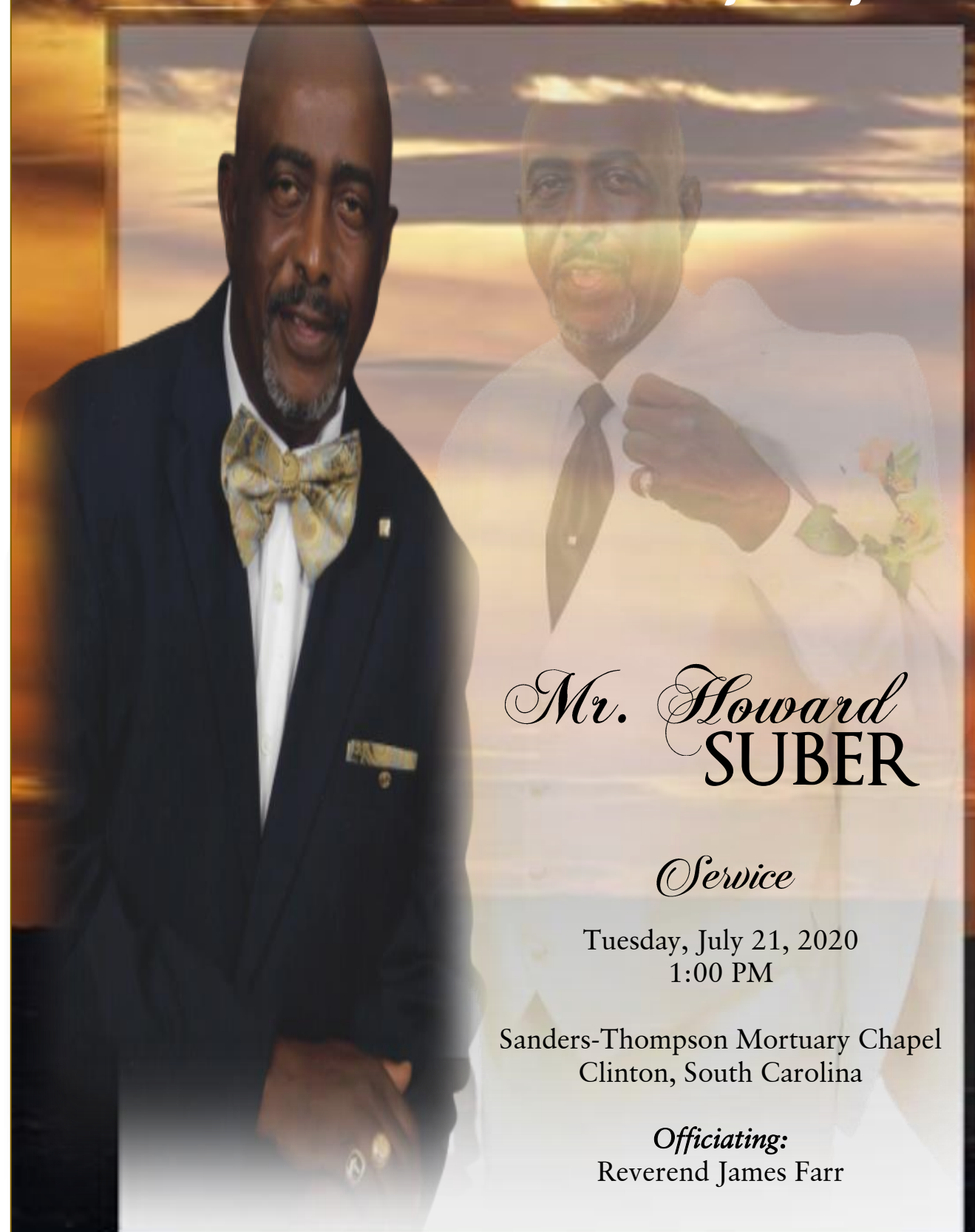
Let the Final Touch be a Gentle and Memorable One

1235 South Bell Street
Clinton, South Carolina 29325
(864) 833-0271

Online Condolences: sandersthompsonfuneralservice.com
"The choice for those who care."

Designed by Dianna Rice/ inspiredfirst@yahoo.com

A Celebration Of Life



Mr. Howard
SUBER

Service

Tuesday, July 21, 2020
1:00 PM

Sanders-Thompson Mortuary Chapel
Clinton, South Carolina

Officiating:
Reverend James Farr

SUNRISE
February 22, 1951

SUNSET
July 15, 2020

Life Profile



Mr. Howard Suber of Clinton, South Carolina was born on February 22, 1951 in Laurens County, South Carolina to the late Eugene Suber and Rosa Suber Davis.

He attended the public schools of Laurens County, South Carolina and was a graduate of Bell Street High School in Clinton, South Carolina.

At an early age, Howard joined Flint Hill Baptist Church in Whitmire, South Carolina where he was a loyal friend to many and a faithful member. While there, he served as Chairman of the Deacon Board and was a member of the All-Male Chorus. He was also a member of the Snowflake Masonic Lodge.

He was an entrepreneur with his son, Jeffrey, of Smith Lawn Care Services and was employed with Laurens School District 55 and Sanders Thompson Mortuary. He was formerly employed with Senior Options in Laurens, South Carolina. After years of employment, he retired from South Carolina Disabilities and Special Needs at the Whitten Center Campus in Clinton, South Carolina.

In addition to his parents, he was preceded in death by a very special aunt, Henrietta Suber.

On Wednesday, July 15, 2020, Mr. Howard Suber passed away into Eternal Glory at Self Regional Hospital in Greenwood, South Carolina at the age of sixty-nine.

Howard was a loving and devoted husband, father, grandfather, brother, uncle, and friend. He leaves his legacy of love and caring to his devoted wife, Sharon Suber of the home; one daughter, Jessica C. (Ebony) Rice of Fort Jackson -Columbia, SC; three sons: Jeffrey Smith and Anthony Smith both of Clinton, SC, and Clarence Derrick Robinson of Portland, OR; one stepdaughter, Teniqua Hunter of Laurens, SC; two stepsons: Fernandez (Rebecca) of Scott Air Force Base, St. Louis, MO and Raekwon Rice of Clinton, SC; eight grandchildren: Neshabre Smith, Devyn Smith, Montell Smith, and Montasia Smith all of Clinton, SC, Alyssa Smith of Simpsonville, SC, and Jeffrey Smith, Jr., A. J. Gilliam, and Akaybria Smith all of Laurens, SC; three step-grandchildren: Adalynn and Aiden Hunter of St. Louis, MO, and Aubree Boyd of Waterloo, SC; seven great grandchildren; five sisters: Georgia (Bennie) Wilson of Joanna, SC, Helen Suber, Shirley Henderson, and Brenda (Michael) Lemon of Clinton, SC, and Fannie Boyd of Clinton, MD; two special aunts: Lillie Martin of Capital Heights, MD and Beauty Dunn of Waldorf, MD; one special uncle, James (Ola) Suber of Springfield, VA; three special nieces: Pamela (Reggie) Gaither of Charlotte, NC, Letese (Artemus) James of Waterloo, SC, and Arika (Raymond) Wells of Tucson, AR; three special nephews: Broderick (Jaquita) Wilson of Salisbury, NC, Antonio Lemon of Clinton, SC, and Christopher (Brittney) Suber of San Diego, CA; two loving mothers-in-law; Cora Jackson of Belton, SC and Peggy (Arno) Adams of Baltimore, MD; three sisters-in-law: Mya Jackson, April Wallace, and Donna Pindell; three brothers-in-law: Ervin Henderson, Michael Lemon, and Arno Adams, Jr.; and a host of other relatives and friends who will miss him dearly.

I'M FREE



PERHAPS MY TIME SEEMED ALL TOO BRIEF,
DON'T LENGTHEN IT NOW WITH UNDUE GRIEF.
LIFT UP YOUR HEART AND SHARE WITH ME,
GOD WANTED ME NOW, HE SET ME FREE.

Order of Service

Reverend Anthony Wallace, Presiding

Prelude	
Processional	Clergy and Family
Final Viewing.....	Family and Friends
Musical Selection.....	Melissa McDowell and Mary Lou Price
Prayer of Comfort.....	Reverend Wymond Wilkins
Scripture Reading	
OLD TESTAMENT.....	Reverend John Booker
NEW TESTAMENT.....	Reverend Thomas Dendy
Solo.....	Janice Williams
Reflections.....	Deacon Calvin Singleton, <i>Church Family</i> Randy Darby, <i>Friend</i> Jeffrey Smith, <i>Son</i>
Acknowledgements.....	Mortuary Staff
Solo.....	Reverend Anthony Wallace
Words of Comfort.....	Reverend James Farr, <i>Pastor</i> Flint Hill Baptist Church Whitmire, South Carolina
Closing Prayer.....	Reverend Andrevius Campbell
Recessional	
Committal Service	
Prayer, Committal, and Benediction.....	Graveside

Interment

Flint Hill Baptist Church Cemetery
Whitmire, South Carolina

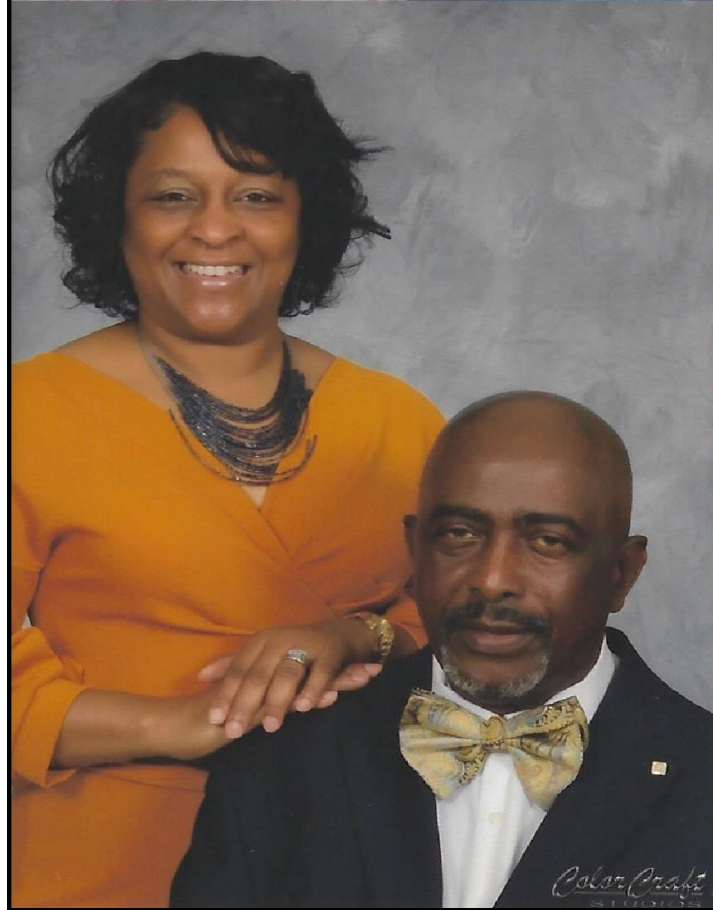
My Dearest Howard

My husband, my companion, the love of my life
Has gone on to heaven, he took that great flight.
God blessed me with him, so many years ago,
We were so full of life, alive and high- strung.
We saw plenty of sunshine; we went through much rain
Good times and bad times, laughter and pain.
Sometimes we laughed and sometimes we cried,
But whatever we went through, we stayed by each other’s side.
He always loved me; there was no doubt in my mind.
Caring and compassionate, he was one of a kind.
He took a part of me with him, but his love he left me to keep.



We will never really be parted, the bond we had was so deep.
Now, he has no more pain, some days were pretty rough
And though he endured the suffering, he stayed faithful and tough.
For now, he is safe in the presence, of our Savior and our Lord,
His battle is finally over, his body has been restored.
I will see him again; I’ll be with him someday
Because my Jesus, my Lord, my Savior has already provided the way.
Until then I thank you, dearest Howard, for all you’ve meant to my life,
I’m so grateful God made us a family,
And for the blessing of being your wife.

Your Loving Wife, Sharon Suber





THE DASH

I read of a man who stood to speak at the funeral of a friend.
He referred to the dates on the tombstone from the beginning... to the end.
He noted that first came the date of birth and spoke of the following date with tears,
But he said what mattered most of all was the dash between those years.

For that dash represents all the time they spent alive on earth,
And now only those who loved them know what that little line is worth.

For it matters not, how much we own, the cars... the house... the cash.

What matters is how we live and love and how we spend our dash.
So, think about this long and hard; are there things you'd like to change?
For you never know how much time is left that still can be rearranged.

To be less quick to anger and show appreciation more
And love the people in our lives like we've never loved before.
If we treat each other with respect and more often wear a smile...
Remembering that this special dash might only last a little while.
So, when your eulogy is being read, with your life's actions to rehash,
Would you be proud of the things they say about how you lived your dash?



OUR BROTHER

You gave no one a last farewell, nor ever said good-bye.
You were gone before we knew it and only God knows why.
We shared our dreams and plans, and some secrets, too.
All the memories we share is what bonds us now to you.
In life we loved you dearly; in death we love you still.
In our hearts you hold a place that no one else can fill.
It broke our hearts to lose you, but you didn't go alone.
For part of us went with you the day God called you home.
You were our brother not by choice, but by nature of our birth.
We could not have chosen a better one, you were the best on earth.

*Your Loving Sisters,
Georgia, Helen, Shirley, and Brenda*



DAD

He never looked for praises. He was never one to boast.
 He just goes on quietly working for those he loved the most.
 His dreams were seldom spoken. His wants were very few.
 And most of the time his worries; well, they went unspoken, too.
 He was there.... A firm foundation- through all my storms of life.
 A sturdy hand to hold to in times of stress and strife.
 A true friend I could turn to when times were good or bad.
 One of my greatest blessings, is the man I called Dad.

Lovingly Submitted by your daughter, Jessica

ALWAYS TREASURED

FOREVER LOVED

DEARLY MISSED