

Acknowledgements

We would like to express our sincere gratitude to our family and friends for your outpouring of love and support during this time. Please continue to pray for us.



To My Loving Husband

You were My Love. My best friend. My partner.

*We were each other's strength, and
you loved me unconditionally.*

*You taught me how to love, and the precious gift of love.
I thank you for the many times you drove the car up front
so I wouldn't have to walk to the back.*

*For all the times you carried the bags in the house because
you didn't want me to carry them. But most of all, the times
you spent with my mother, you treated her as if she was
your mother and she called you her son.*

*Also, the rest of my brothers and sisters, especially
Willie (Patsy) because you were brothers.*

I will miss you forever. I will love you forever.

Fly away home My Love.

You don't have to suffer anymore.

A precious one from us is gone,

A voice we loved is still.

A place is vacant in our home,

Which never can be filled.



PRESTON CHARLES FUNERAL HOME

400 N. Wayne Avenue • Lockland, OH 45215

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IN LOVING MEMORY OF *John H. Youmans, Jr.*

May 2, 1939 — April 26, 2023



Saturday, May 6, 2023

Visitation – 2:00 p.m. • Service – 3:00 p.m.

Preston Charles Funeral Home

400 N. Wayne Avenue • Lockland, OH 45215

Rev. Ronald Jackson, *Officiating*

Obituary

The curtain rose on May 2nd in the year 1939. Some of the world was concerned about World War II, while sports fans were concerned with baseball. However, in the city of Ogeechee, Georgia, the big news was that John Henry Youmans, Sr. and his wife, Willie Mae's excitement exploded at the birth of their firstborn son. None other than the bubbly, bouncy personality with a unique smile that could brighten any room — the man we all know and love as **John Henry Youmans, Jr.**

He was the oldest of six boys: David, Paul, George, Willie, and Mason, who all preceded him in death. He also had two bonus sisters, Laurette Bryant and Yvanne Bryant. John Henry showed his leadership qualities, beginning at age 11, when his dad passed away, leaving his mom as a widow with six young boys to raise. Making sure his brothers were in line, he became the protector and part provider after his mom decided to move back to Savannah, Georgia. John ruled his brothers as well as his cousins with an iron fist while the adults worked. After leaving Savannah and living in New York for two years, John lived in Florida for many years before making Cincinnati his home.

John believed in the powerful presence of God. He was baptized at an early age, sang with a gospel group, and his favorite scripture was Psalms 23. He was always known to be a hard worker. His pastime was boxing in the neighborhood, and he won every fight until he ran into the neighborhood champion, Richard Bradley.

He was a well-rounded man who loved life and enjoyed traveling and experiencing new things. He loved fishing and blues music. He earned a double black belt in karate and his hands were listed as registered weapons. Later, he decided to teach for many years. He was a loving husband, daredevil, protector, teacher, confidant, friend, excellent father, grandfather, great-grandfather and great-great-grandfather. He was a constant support and an incredible provider. He was a man filled with integrity whose presence made the lives of anyone around him better.

John leaves to cherish his memory: his devoted and loving wife, Evangeline; six children, Denise Flowers-Miller, Raymond Chambers, James Chambers (Karen), Rebecca (deceased), Erica Smith (Stanley) and John H. Youmans III (Monaeja); a special nephew, Joe Hadley "Joe Man"; fifteen grandchildren, twenty great-grandchildren, two great-great-grandchildren and a host of nieces, nephews, extended family and friends.

Order of Service

Musical Prelude	<i>"I Can't Give Up"</i> Lee Williams
Parting View	Family
Prayer	Rev. Dr. Camisha Chambers Granddaughter
Poem	Denise Flowers-Miller Daughter
Scripture	Psalms 23
Remarks	(2 minutes, please)
Obituary	Read Silently
Solo	Precious Miller Smart Granddaughter Song A and Song B
Eulogy	Rev. Ron Jackson
Benediction	Rev. Ron Jackson
Recessional	

