

Sample Visitation Card



*Love Mommy with love
J.B. Hill*

Joseph Bobby Hill

"J.B." "Dibby"

December 27, 1937 March 20, 2020

Visitation

Friday, March 27, 2020
6:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m.

Dixon Funeral Home, Inc.
2025 E. Mulberry, Angleton, TX 77515



Interment

Peaceful Rest Cemetery ~ Brazoria, TX

Front of Card

My Uncle Dibby's Dash (-)

By Niece, Kadra Williams

In all of our lives there is a dash waiting for an ending. One day someone will have to read about your dash. Today is my Uncle Dibby's day. The dash represents the life we are living, whether it be good or bad. A dash can be seen on a head stone or on an obituary program like the one you see today. Upon receiving the news about my Uncle's death, my mind immediately went back to October 2, 1996, the day our beloved Sadie Phillips Hill passed away. As I continued to reflect back on her life, I couldn't help but think about your life and the story she shared with me three days (September 29, 1997) before her body went back to the earth.

I thought about her love for all eight of her babies as she would say. "I got eight babies Kadra". I thought about the excitement she would have every time she knew you and Aunt Frankie were coming to visit her. Kadra, "My Dibby is Coming" were the exact words she spoke. I thought about how proud of you she was especially when you went to the Army and when you purchased your brand-new home. I thought about the joy she shared, giving her best self to her family. But more than anything, I thought about a mother's love for a child who was born out of due season.

My Uncle Dibby's life was filled with a purpose and he lived it joyfully. He enjoyed his drinks, telling jokes, laughing, and doting on his family. Boy was he a character! Looking back over the dash in his life, I remember one time I called My Uncle Dibby to see how he was doing. Some way he got to talking about his childhood. He talked about my grandfather (Alfred) and the love they had for each other. He talked about how my papa didn't make a difference between how he treated him and his other siblings. He talked about how bad he was and how poor they were, how when his shoes would get too small, he would cut an opening on top of the shoe so that his toes could relax and not hurt. He talked about those teacakes, big biscuits with peanut butter, and stream syrup he used to eat at his Aunt Lille and Uncle Sam's house.

He talked about the times when he was being a mischievous teen and how he had to hide from the law and sleep in the graveyard overnight. My grandmother would send his big brother, my Uncle Tully with food so he could have something to eat. He talked about how he had to move to LaMarque, Texas (living with Uncle Chuck and Aunt Lorena) because his life was in danger.

He talked about what he witnessed as a child, the things his mother had to go through because of his conception and how others judged him because of the color of his skin. He talked about the times when they lived on People's Plantation, Little Valley, Lydia and his visits with his big bro Tully going visit family members. He talked about the time when he went to Port Arthur, Texas for Wanda's wedding how he drove down Proctor Street - he, Aunt Frankie, and my grandmother.

Family as I listened to his pain, his joy, his hurt, his tears, and the other emotions he dealt with all of his life, I finally understood why my grandmother used to cry a lot whenever she was alone. My uncle Dibby didn't just look like my grandmother. He had hands like her, he walked like her, he knew everything that went on with everybody, like her. He even shocked me when he told me something about me that I didn't know he knew!

My Uncle Dibby was born on December 27, 1937, the second child of nine including baby Selena who died shortly after birth. He was once married to Frankie Rowe and later in his life, met a special friend named Ms. Vera Harris. He was a father of three children ~ one girl, Bobby Jean and two boys, Bersharn and Joseph Carl. He had a bunch of grandchildren, four brothers Ernest, William, Leroy (deceased), Alfred Jr. (deceased), three sisters Delores, Sylvia, and Mildred, he had a host of nieces, nephews, cousins and friends. He worked in the security department at BASF and for a company called MUNDY. He will be missed and I'm so thankful to God for keeping My Uncle Dibby with the family, for the many conversations we had and for always saying "My Niece I Love You" at the end of our many phone calls.

Forever in my heart,
"My Niece" - (Your) Kadra



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