



Floral Bearers
Nieces

Pall Bearers
Nephews

- Acknowledgements -

The family of
ANDREW DOUGLAS HARRIS
extends our deepest gratitude and appreciation to you for the many expressions of sympathy and personal courtesies shown to us during our time of bereavement. Your kindness and thoughtfulness have been a source of comfort and strength as we prepare to say our final farewell to our dear beloved Andy. Thank you for your love, prayers, loyalty, and support. May the Lord bless you and keep you forever in His grace and mercy.
- THE HARRIS FAMILY -

Professional Services Entrusted to:



726 SW Tarboro Street | Wilson, NC 27893
(252) 237-2169 (Office) | (252) 237-0120 (Fax)

Celebration Of *Life*

March 29, 1954
October 17, 2022



Andrew
DOUGLAS HARRIS

Saturday, October 29, 2022
- 1:00PM -

Robert King, Sr. Memorial Chapel
726 Tarboro St., Wilson, NC
Apostle Mark Spell, Eulogist

- ORDER OF SERVICE -

Elder Margaret Spell, Presider

Processional.....Ministers & Family

Musical Selection.....Carrons Gospel Choir

- Scripture Readings -

Old Testament.....Rev. Emanuel Bass

New Testament.....Min. Roy Spell

Prayer of Comfort.....Elder Terry Bridgers

Solo.....Sis. Dionne Spell

Special Remarks.....Family & Friends

Musical Selection.....Carrons Gospel Choir

Acknowledgements/Obituary.....Mrs. Patrena Pettway

Musical Selection.....Carrons Gospel Choir

Eulogy.....Apostle Mark Spell

Funeral Director's Brief

- INTERMENT -
St. Delight Cemetery
Walstonburg, NC

- OBITUARY -

ANDREW DOUGLAS HARRIS

was born March 29, 1954 in Saratoga, North Carolina to Raymond Williams and Alma Gray Harris. He transitioned from his earthly life to eternal rest on Monday, October 17, 2022. Along with his parents he was preceded in death by his son, Antwan Cox; three sisters and three brothers. Andy as he was affectionately called by family and friends was reared in Wilson County where he attended the Wilson County Public Schools. Ambitious and eager, he entered the workforce at a very early age. With pride, skills, and perfection, he worked in construction for many years.

Loving, kind, and devoted, Andy had a love for life and thought his family was more than just the people who were his blood relatives. He cherished the many special times that he shared with his family and friends. He loved and held a special place in his heart for each one. Andy always showed himself friendly and never met a stranger. With his compassionate spirit, he would help anyone, anywhere, anytime. To know Andy was to love him. He had a passion for fast cars and how they worked. On any day you could find Andy doing what he loved most, "fixing cars". He would break down your car and rebuild it in one day. If Andy couldn't fix it, you should take it to the junkyard. He enjoyed life as only Andy could. Everyone who knew and loved Andy will agree that he left us too soon and that we will forever hold special memories in our minds and hearts.

Precious and lasting memories are forever cherished by his daughters, Charlotte Ellis, Jeanetta Ellis, Valencia Porter (Diamond) and Jalexus Hardy; his sons, Andrew M. Harris, Billy Speight, and Anton Hardy; sisters, JoAnn Best (James), Margaret Harris, Annette Harris, Nina Fox (Milton), Cynthia Farmer (James), Lisa Savage, Doris Shackelford and Araminta Williams; granddaughters, Jazmin Honey, Christyn Evans, Erykah Anderson, Samantha Anderson and Zia Shackelford; grandsons, Braylan Barnes, Caleb Ward, and Andrew M. Harris, Jr; great granddaughter, Kalani Honey; great grandson, Remi Honey; one brother, Garrick Williams; aunts, Diane Merritt, Mary White, Hilda Mayo and Madie Ruffin; uncles, Roosevelt Ruffin, Dan Ruffin, and Bennie Williams; one brother-in-law, J.B. Ruffin; special friend and longtime companion, Michelle Dingle, and a host of other relatives and friends.



**MISS ME,
BUT 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 for 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 part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick at heart,
Go to the friends we know.
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds,
MISS ME BUT LET ME GO.
Author: Christina Rossetti