"Dear Daddy"

It seems like you left me so fast, just when you and I were reunited as father/daughter and even friends. I remember when you taught me how to roll my belly... and how to dance. You sang to me and even rap a lyric or two and now your gone so soon. But this poem I wanted to have in the program, because to me it said what I believe you wanted me and those you love to know from your heart. If you had the chance to just say: "I am Free" Don't grieve for me, for now I am free. I'm following the path "Yeap" the path God laid for me. 66 years He Gave to me. I took His hand when I heard Him call. I turned my back and left it all. Maybe my time seemed all too brief don't lengthen it now with your sadness and grief. Lift up your hearts and share with me, God wanted me now, He set me Free!

~Love you always and forever Daddy, Tabatha Ann Roberts

Acknowledgements

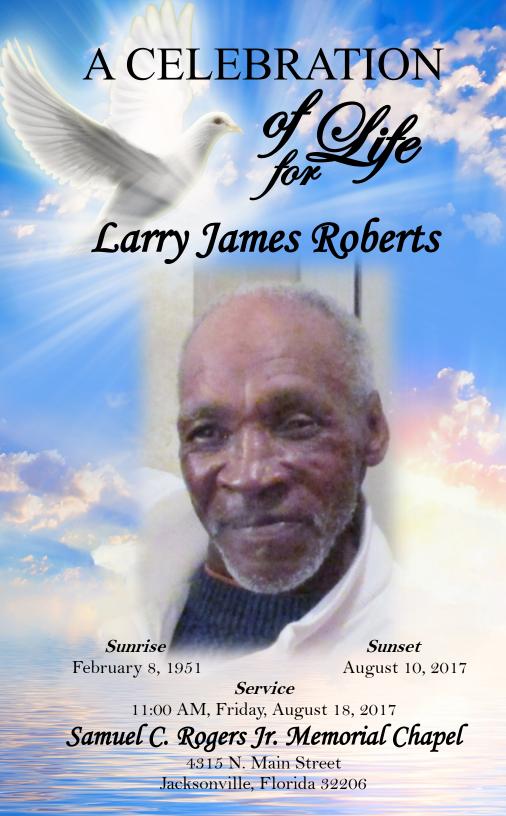
We would like to express our sincere appreciation and gratitude to our family members and friends for the many kind words, thoughts, prayers and other acts of kindness that have been extended to us during our hour of bereavement.

~The family of the late, Larry James Roberts

Arrangements in Care of:



4315 N. Main Street Jacksonville, FL 32206 904-765-1234 Tyrone S. Warden, FDIC www.tswarden.com



Obituary



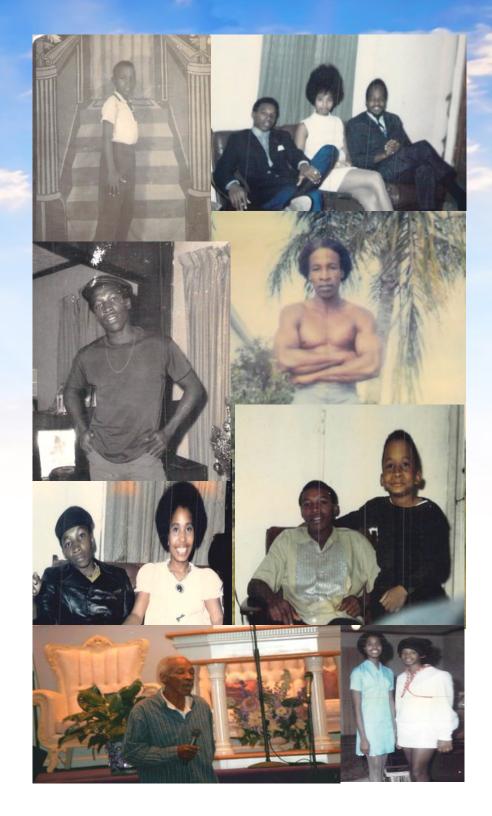
Larry James Roberts, better known as "Callahan Larry and Pop a Lock" was born in Callahan, Florida on February 8, 1951 to James and Mary Lou Roberts. He confessed Christ at an early age at Bethel AME (Methodist Church) in Callahan, Florida. Larry attended Pine Forest Community School. He never married, but had one daughter, Tabitha.

Larry departed this life on Thursday, August 10, 2017. He was preceded in death by his mother, Mary Lou Roberts in February of 1973.

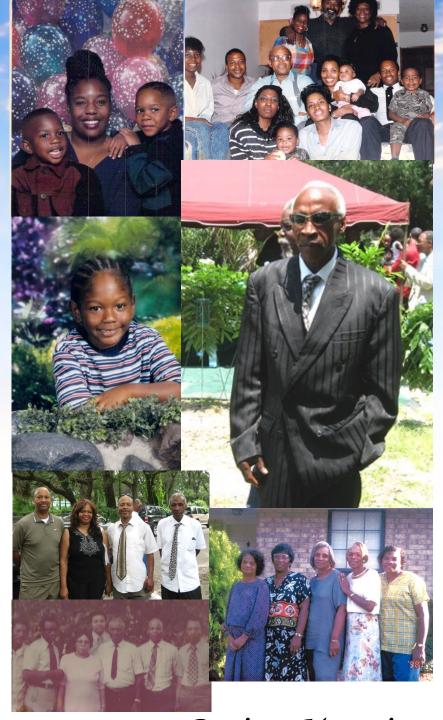
Larry leaves to mourn his passing a daughter, Tabitha Ann Roberts; grandsons, Patrick, Demancus and Dequan; siblings, Betty, Irvin, Clyde, (Becky), Terry (Spencer), Craig (Gloria), Henry (Ponto), Wendy, Eric and Tiffany; nieces and nephews, Opal, Toni, Romone, Regina, Spencer Jr., Shayla, Chad, Shanette, Lynette, Thamekia, Consetta, Trenton and Erica; special aunts, Maybelle, Ernestine, Alice and Eloise; special family members and friends, Pasty, Mary Jo and "Dirt"; a host of other relatives and friends; especially those at Trinity Mission and Sulzbacher Center.











Precious Memories



The Plan of the Master Weaver

Our lives are but fine weavings that God and we prepare, each life becomes a fabric planned and fashioned in His care. We may not always see just how the weavings intertwine, but we must trust the Master's hand and follow His design. For He can view the pattern upon the upper side, while we must look from underneath and trust in Him to guide.

Sometimes a strand of sorrow is added to His plan, and though it's difficult for us, we still must understand that it's He who fills the shuttle. It's He who knows what's best, so we must weave in patience and leave to Him the rest.

Not till the loom is silent and the shuttles cease to fly, shall God unroll the canvas and explain the reason why. The dark threads are as needed in the Weaver's skillful hand as the threads of gold and silver in the pattern He has planned.

Order of Service

Processional	
Scripture	Old Testament Psalm 23
Prayer	New Testament Matthew 6: 9-13 Bro. Tony Conard
	Callahan Community Male Group
	Deacon Fred Wakefield
	Deacon Fred Wakefield
Selection	Callahan Community Male Group
Eulogy	Brother Al Jackson
Recessional	