

"Tributes"

If I had known.... That the flowers you sent for my birthday would be my last.... That the 3-way call between us siblings would be the last time we'd share laughs, stories and promises to get together this summer.... That your Friday morning text to me just to say, "Hey Sweetheart," would be the last words I'd get from you.... My parting words would be the same... "I love you"

Big Sis Gloria

Darrell,
Although you were my uncle, you fondly called me your little sister. Our bond was strong and our friendship was everlasting. I never thought you would leave me, but God's plan was different than the plan we could see. Although I'm certain you will always be with me, the pain of not having you here is still very real. Rest well my big brother until we meet again.

Love always your lil sister Cassandra

I'll always smile when I think of my brother, Darrell. For now, tears may come before that smile. I'll miss talking to you because you always said you're "a plethora of knowledge". Memories of your smile and your laugh will brighten my days and I know you'll always be looking out for me.

I Love You, Anthony

Darrell,
Words cannot express the pain I feel right now, but I know some day it will get better. I love you and will miss you.

Your big Sister Vernita

It was 1963 and it was my 5th birthday but for some odd reason mama wasn't there. Where the heck is she? Besides – what could possibly be more important than me – her little princess! Well Darrell, apparently you were. How dare you be born on my special day? I didn't like that for a very, very, very long time. I finally got used to it and you turned out to be a lot of fun to celebrate a birthday with for 57 years. I know your spirit is somewhere with a microphone in your hand and leading the conga line.

I remember a time when you came through for me when I needed it without me even asking. You took me aside and handed me a brown paper bag filled with lots and lots of cash, (in true 'Henry Gilyard' style) and said to me "you're my sister and I love you." You gave me a big hug and a smile and we never talked about it again. Thanks for the memories.

Your Sis - Joyce

Arrangements in Care of:



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Celebrating The Life of Darrell Ramon Gilyard



Sunrise

July 31, 1963

Sunset

March 22, 2021

Service

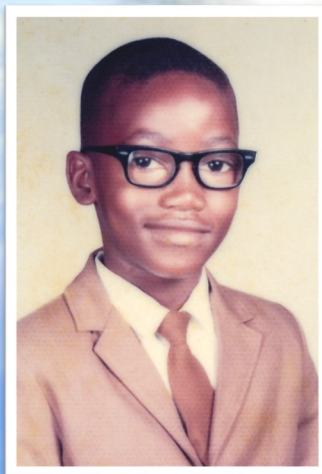
1:00 PM, Saturday, April 3, 2021

O'Neil Community Cemetery

Rev. William Goode, Jr., Officiating

Obituary

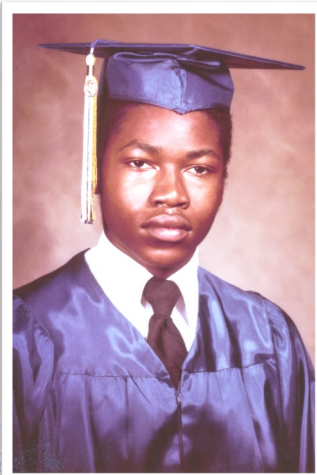
Darrell Ramon Gilyard



Darrell was born to Isabella Gilyard Chatman and the late Ed McCray of Yulee, Florida on July 31, 1963. He was educated in the Nassau County School System and was a graduate of Fernandina Beach High School of 1981. After high school, he enlisted in the United States Air Force joining the 321st Organizational Missile Maintenance Squadron at Grand Forks Air Force Base in North Dakota. There he worked as an ICBM Master Technician Minuteman III. After an honorable discharge from the military, Darrell moved to Miami, Florida where he worked for his uncle, Henry Gilyard before starting a career with AT&T. He recently retired from that career on August 29, 2020, after 22 years of service.

Darrell was preceded in death by his stepfather, Theodis Chatman; uncles, Henry Gilyard and Willie Moore and his brother, Jackie Gilyard.

Those left to cherish his memory: his mother, Isabella Chatman; sisters, Gloria McCray Greer, Vernita Sawyer and Joyce Sawyer Jones; brother, Bruce Anthony Sawyer (Mike); aunt, Juanita Moore; godmother and aunt, Mae Ella Gilyard; step-daughter, Nancy Francis; grandchildren, Unique K. Georgeon, Morgan R. Pierrot and Marvin Pierrot, Jr.; nieces, Marsha G. Maxwell (Frank), Stephanie Sessions, Cassandra Carter (Greg), Florencia Polite (Kenneth) and Christina Greer; nephews, Cedric Gilyard and Zachary Jones; great nieces, Marsha L. Maxwell, Kenadae Maxwell (god-daughter), Diva Sessions, LaTrell Williams (John) and Brittance Carter; great nephews, Jarari Gilyard, Darian Sessions, Brandon Sessions and Gregory Carter; great great-niece and nephew, Trinity Sessions and Jahsiah Burney; also his dear friend and previous wife of 11 years, Evaline Stville Gilyard; family friend, Ruth Pope; and his special cousin, Gwen White Wright along with a host of extended family and friends.



"Memories of Our Love One"

Dear Unc,

I wish I'd told you more so, I hope somehow this reaches you, though I know I've said it before.... I love you and I thank you for all you were to me. I pray I continue to make you proud and become all you imagined I'd be. All your love and encouraging words, from my mind they will not part. Because though you aren't present in the flesh, you'll always be tucked in my heart.

Missing you, LaTrell Nichole

My memorial is: Whenever I saw you in Yulee, we would have a "Remember When" moment that made us laugh about something. And I won't forget our "red cup" shenanigans!

RIP Cuz Tami

To Cousin Darrell, thank you for the positive influence that you had on my life. You helped me to expand my world view on business, politics, and especially music! You will be missed and may God bless and keep your soul!!!!

Tyrone Moore

"There are no words to express the sorrow we feel for the loss of such a wonder classmate, cousin and friend. Darrell was an intelligent, humorous, and warm-hearted person, who loved his family and friends. He will remain in our hearts forever.

Gwen White Wright

No one will really understand why things happen the way they do. You were caring, smart and loving. You supported all of us with everything that we did, and we appreciated you for that every day. You were a great father, grandfather, and husband. What really breaks our heart is that you went through this tragedy alone. May you rest in paradise, we love you.

Evaline, Nancy, Unique, Morgan, and Marvin

I am honored to share words that would reflect on my friendship and relationship with my brother from next door. Darrell and I should have been blood brothers when you think about how much time we spent together growing up. I don't think a day went by that we didn't spend at least a little time hanging out. The most memorable thing that I can recall was his love for the "Pittsburgh Steelers". I was a "Dallas Cowboys" fan and the "Steelers" were definitely our nemesis during those days. When our mothers bought us football uniforms of our favorite teams, he got the Steelers and I got the Cowboys. Whenever they played each other, we would dress up in our uniforms, go outside and play against each other. If the Cowboys lost, I would try to take my frustrations out on him and if the Steelers lost, he would do the same.

The Steelers won most of the time so I was always the one frustrated and trying to get retribution for the cowboys lost. We would really have some fun wars that would go on all day, until Aunt Issy would call him in for lunch or dinner. But those playful wars really bonded us together and we actually looked out for each other. I think I've told this story 1000 times, because anytime someone mentions they are a Steelers fan, I tell them story. Over the last few months, we reconnected. The stories we told brought back so many memories as we reflected on the what we called..."the good old days"!! We were just talking about getting together, either in Miami, Yulee or California and believe me, I was looking forward to it. But God has called, so I will meet on the other side "my brother".

REST IN PEACE!!!

Leo Jr. – Childhood Friend

Order of Service

PROCESSIONAL

INVOCATION

SCRIPTURE Rev. Carlos Presley
Old and New Testament

SELECTION Madrina Addison
LaToya Brizele

RESOLUTION Dania Davis

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT Gwen McIntyre

WORDS OF COMFORT Rev. William Goode, Jr.

COMMITTAL & PRAYER

RECESSIONAL

Acknowledgement

The family of the late Darrell R. Gilyard wish to express our appreciation to all our family members and friends who have come together in memory of Darrell. Special thanks to Tami Autry, Linda White, Madrina Addison.

~ The Chatman, Gilyard, Sawyer Family~

Silent Warriors

~ Written by: Darrell R. Gilyard~

Below the ground in silos dark and deep lies a weapon with great destructive power. While most mortals lie in bed fast asleep it stands poised, ready to strike at anytime.

Once thought of as a symbol of world peace, of grace that most mortals only envision. But in time of war its beauty will cease for it must make a life or death decision.

Though not yet asked to destroy a nation they await the call to ascent their deep holes. Launching without thought of hesitation they seek out to destroy man's immortal soul.

And when the final bomb has hit the ground it all comes back to whom should we find to blame. But after the smoke and dust settles down all must bow their heads and cry in bloody shame.

Can we proceed on in this horrid way? For it's like a dream that never seems to end. If I unleash my power who to say Am I the enemy, or am I a friend?



Published in the 2000 edition of America

Loving Memories

