

A portrait of Elisha McCall III, a Black man with a beard and mustache, wearing a black hoodie with a yellow lining. He is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background is a warm, glowing orange and red gradient. A red rope is visible in the lower-left foreground.

ELISHA MCCALL III

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 2026
11:00 A.M.

GIDDENS MEMORIAL CHAPEL
FAMILY LIFE CENTER
2610 N. MARTIN LUTHER KING BLVD
NORTH LAS VEGAS, NV 89032
REV. DR. CHARLES MCCALL, OFFICIANT



THE LIFE STORY OF ELISHA MCCALL III

Softly fades the twilight ray of the Holy Sabbath Day; Gently as life's setting sun, when a beautiful son's course is run.

Early on the morning of May 9th, 2026 the angel of silence entered into the room of Elisha McCall III, and with chilly fingers sealed the loving lips of our beloved son, father, brother, cousin, confidant, and friend. His soul winged its flight from this world of sin, sorrow and pain to a place of eternal peace and rest.

Elisha was born October 9th, 1983 in December of the same year he was lovingly placed in the arms of Elisha Jr. and Perlie Simmons McCall completing their happy family. El was their Christmas gift. They cherished and spoiled him; reveled in his milestones, and lit up with every new discovery, joke, and smile presented by their energetic handsome baby boy. Most of El's life, with the exception of time in Southern California for college was spent in Las Vegas NV.

Elisha accepted Christ in his life at an early age under the leadership of Pastor Willie Davis at Second Baptist Church, Las Vegas, Nevada. He served diligently within the Youth Department. Elisha served on the Youth/Junior Usher Ministry; attended Sunday school as well as, and Vacation Bible School. El loved being with family and friends.

El was in poor health for several years, yet never complained; so much so, that his death has come as a shock to many. He suffered in silence most days until the end. Indeed a precious flower has been plucked from our "Family Garden"; but the fragrant scent of his beautiful spirit, his jovial laugh and his silliness will always be with us. He will be missed by us all, but especially by his Mom and Dad.

Elisha was preceded in death by his beloved Grammy, Stelouise Nicholson; cousin, Randy Keys and his brother, Stephen McCall Sr.

He leaves to cherish precious memories: his loving parents Elisha Jr. and Perlie McCall (Las Vegas, Nevada). His daughters: Jayda (LV, Nevada) and Gia McCall (Monroe, LA); One sister, Elisa McCall; One brother, Felix Shelby (LV, Nevada) and two cousins who were like sisters Alex White (LV, Nevada) and GGabrielle Keys (Hudson, Wisconsin). His God-Parents Ronnie and Andria Keys (Las Vegas, Nevada), and Godmother Gwendolyn Walker-Abdullah (Las Vegas, Nevada); a very special Uncle, Alvin Simmons (Las Vegas, Nevada); numerous Nieces, Nephews, Uncles, Aunts, Cousins, Relatives, and Friends.

THE LIFE CELEBRATION
OF
ELISHA
MCCALL III

INVOCATION
Ron Keys (Uncle)

THE OLD TESTAMENT READING
Isaiah 41:10

THE NEW TESTAMENT READING
John 11:25-26

MUSIC SELECTION
Soft Music

REFLECTIONS:
Gwendolyn Walker-Abdullah
Alex White (Cousin/Sister)/
Alvin Simmons (Uncle)
Three (3) Friends
(Two Minutes, Please)

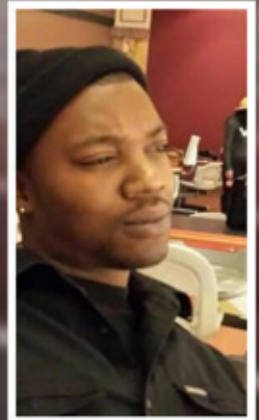
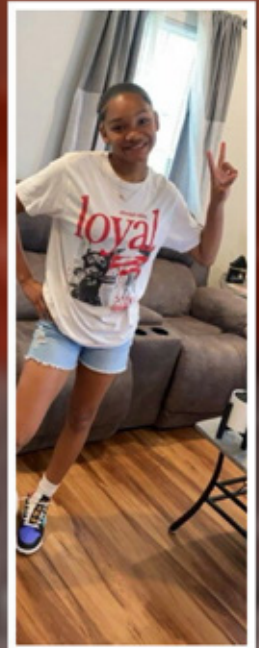
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS,
RESOLUTION(S) AND OBITUARY
Gwendolyn Walker-Abdullah

VIDEO WITH SOFT MUSIC

THE MESSAGE OF HOPE
Rev. Dr. Charles McCall,
Second Baptist Church Associate Minister

BENEDICTION

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS
We, the Parents of Elisha McCall III (El)
extend our deepest gratitude for the outpour-
ing of kindness, love and prayers during this
time of loss. May GOD continue to bless each
of you. Sincerely, Perlle and Elisha McCall Jr.



WORDS FROM ALEX

El was my first brother, my first co-conspirator, if I was pushing a stool over to get something off a tall counter, he was holding the stool, my earliest remembered friend, my first responsibility, the first being smaller than me that I needed to protect, my little guy. My mom and I moved to Vegas when I was little and spent some time living with my Nanny and Parrain while we settled in. El was the light of their lives and so deeply, deeply, loved, I watched him grow from a fanatic Michael Jackson fan (sparkle glove and all) to one of the best hurdlers in the state. I watched El go from inquisitive boy to confident man and father. I'm so happy to have spent so many nights sleeping over, holiday breaks, family reunions, cookouts, and birthdays... having my cousin close was a gift I didn't realize I'd gotten, until we were much older and I saw friends without this level of camaraderie that my brother Randy, sister Gabby and I had with their cousins. As teenagers Randy and El spent a lot of time hanging out and some of my favorite stories about them come from this time. I feel so lucky to have experienced so much of life with such a sweet, silly, cool person. As adults we saw each other less frequently than we'd all have liked but things always felt like old times, taking a walk, and making jokes, through the good times, and the hard times. This last year was rough, but through the illness and sadness, there were still so many moments of levity, whether it was him doing a hilarious gesture, cracking a joke, eating food he had me bring with such gusto and appreciation I felt like I was helping, listening to me tell him stories and dramatically rolling his eyes at the right points, and overall just being my little guy. I will see you on the other side, I'll bring dirty rice, scrambled eggs with cheese (aka a little burnt), and pecan pie for you. Make sure Randy saves me some crab legs.

WORDS FROM ALVIN

El was not just my nephew, he was a light in our family. I watched him grow from a spirited child into a driven and compassionate teen, especially in regards to sports. I remember the time our family and I drove to Southern California to watch El in a track event. He gave it his all as usual and managed to come out on top. As a man, El was charismatic. He had this unique ability to find goodness in most situations and make everyone around him feel special. He had a snarky and sometimes loud laugh that was infectious. I remember enjoying listening to him talk about the latest trends or music when he was cutting my hair. Sometimes El would say the most ridiculous things and start laughing at himself. Our conversations were often filled with me saying "what" because he loved to mumble. It didn't matter though, his eyes and facial expressions said it all.

El loved this sausage, potato and leek soup that I make, he'd always ask me to make it for him. Sometimes I'd go meet him at his last job (that he really loved) for lunch. I'd bring him 2 quarts of soup, and while I was trying to talk to him, ask him about his day/life he was busy putting down one entire quart of soup. One of my favorite memories is sitting there hearing El making delighted sounds, slurping up soup; then he would say to me, "I love you so much Uncle Alvin. This is the best soup in the world!" The last time I made this soup for him, he was in the hospital, he said he enjoyed it very much and asked when I was going to make more? I made it one more time for him. El just smiled and started eating. This made my heart so happy.

I will think of him every time I make this soup.



Giddens
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