## *Acknowledgement*

The family of **Earl T. Gee** gratefully acknowledges the many expressions of love, kindness, and support shown to us during this time of deep loss. Whether you sent a card, offered a prayer, brought food, or simply kept us in your thoughts, your generosity has brought us immense comfort. A special thank you to our extended family, lifelong friends, the community, St. Paul Missionary Baptist Church, and the church leadership. Your presence and support are a beautiful testament to the impact Earl had on everyone he met. May God bless each of you.

We extend our deepest gratitude to the pastor and members of New Life Baptist Fellowship Church. Thank you for your labor of love in providing the meal and ensuring our family and friends were beautifully cared for during the repast. Your kindness and comforting spirits have been a true blessing to our family during this time.

With Love; Vanessa, Hannah, Collin, Momma Gee and the entire Gee Family

### Active Pallbearers

Randolph Kennedy
Anthony Lee
James Ford
Da-Vontaye Kennedy
Randy Lynch
Rickey Lee
Rodney Walton

### Honorary Pallbearers

Royce Kennedy
Colin Wooten
Damian Wooten
Floyd Wooten
Edwin Henry
Evan Henry
Kent Gee
Kashon Gee
Warren Mays
Kaleb Gee
DeShaun Gee
DeMarcus Jones
Taylan Scott

### Interment

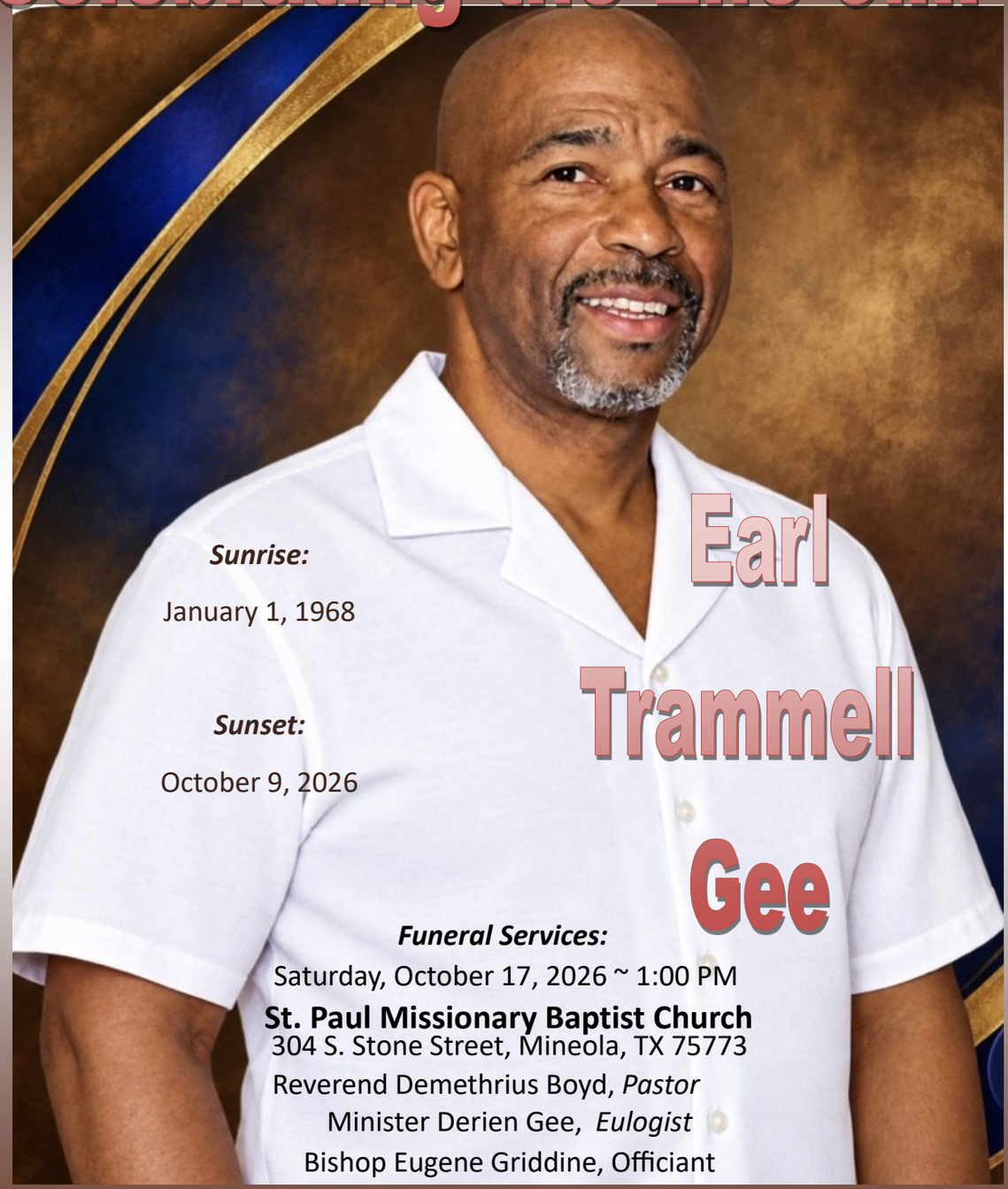
**Gee's Family Cemetery**
**18355 CR 26**
**Tyler, Tx 75707**

### Repast

**St. Paul Missionary B.C. Fellowship Hall**
**304 S. Stone Street**
**Mineola, TX 75773**

**SERVICES ENTRUSTED TO**
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**Robin London, Funeral Director/Embalmer/ Owner**
**Rodney London, Owner/ Manager**

# Celebrating the Life of...



# Earl Trammell Gee

***Sunrise:***

January 1, 1968

***Sunset:***

October 9, 2026

***Funeral Services:***

Saturday, October 17, 2026 ~ 1:00 PM

**St. Paul Missionary Baptist Church**
304 S. Stone Street, Mineola, TX 75773
Reverend Demethrius Boyd, *Pastor*
Minister Derien Gee, *Eulogist*
Bishop Eugene Griddine, Officiant

## In Loving Memory of Earl T. Gee

**January 1, 1968 – October 9, 2026**

## The Obituary

Earl T. Gee, a devoted husband, loving father, son, brother, and loyal friend to many, completed his earthly journey on October 9, 2026, at the age of 58.

Earl entered the world on January 1, 1968, the son of the late Rev. Albert Gee and Mary L. Gee. From his very first moments, Earl was determined to do things his own way; his mother fondly recalls him establishing his legendary, strong-willed personality at birth by trying to arrive legs-first.

That fearless spirit only grew. At just three years old, convinced he could fly like Superman, Earl famously leaped off a six-foot ledge—walking away completely unscathed and proving early on just how resilient he truly was. Throughout his life, Earl remained a formidable, steadfast man who never backed down from what he believed was right. He was, in every sense of the word, a true man's man.

He was a proud alumnus of Chapel Hill High School, Class of 1986, where he passionately played football and basketball. True to his confident nature, Earl frequently bragged that he was the best right offensive tackle in the entire East Texas area. Beyond the football field, his high school years laid the foundation for deep, lifelong friendships with his classmates, including Randolph, James, and Royce, among many others.

Growing up surrounded by a large and loving family, Earl cultivated a steadfast work ethic and possessed a profound affinity for nature and the great outdoors. He was a true hustler who took immense pride in his moving jobs, helping to move families all over the country. Known for his absolute reliability, if Earl gave a time for a job, he was there exactly on time, and he made sure every job was done right. He even mastered the heavy, precise craft of moving pianos. Whether he was relocating a household, working the land, operating heavy equipment, tending to his cattle, or simply spending hours under the open sky, Earl was always most at peace when working with his hands and enjoying the beauty of God's creation.

To know Earl was to know a man who truly never met a stranger. Guided by a profound servant's heart, he was always the first to lend a helping hand, offer a tool, or dispense advice—which he just knew was the exact wisdom needed at the exact right moment for anyone willing to listen.

He shared a life of deep love and commitment with his loving wife, Vanessa Gee. Bound by a shared passion for the Dallas Cowboys, the two never missed a chance to cheer on their favorite team together.

## *Special Tribute of Friendship*

***We extend our deepest gratitude and highest honor to Randolph Kennedy. Your friendship with Earl was extraordinary and went far beyond the norm; you were a true brother in every sense of the word. You stood fiercely by his side through thick and thin, celebrating together during the best of times-from watching football games intently from the stands or the sidelines-to sharing simple everyday laughs-and serving as an unshakeable pillar of strength through every single crisis. No matter the hour, the distance, or the need, whenever Earl called, you were there for him without hesitation. Our family is eternally grateful for the profound depth of your loyalty, your constant presence, and the boundless love you showed to Earl throughtout his life.***

***With Love: Vanessa, Hannah, Collin, Momma Gee and the entire Gee family***

*A Fallen Limb*

***A limb has fallen from the family tree.***
***I keep hearing a voice that says, "Grieve not for me. Remember the best times, the laughter, the song. The good life I lived while I was strong. Continue my heritage, I'm counting on you.***
***Keep smiling and surely the sun will shine through My mind is at ease, my soul is at rest. Remembering all, how I truly was blessed.***
***Continue traditions, no matter how small.***
***Go on with your life, don't worry about falls.***
***I miss you all dearly, so keep up your chin.***
***Until the day comes we're together again."*** *– Author Unknown*

# Tribute Continues...

Earl's heart was as big as his work ethic, and he was the one we could call on for absolutely anything. He was our go-to mover, dropping everything to load trucks and move heavy furniture for his siblings, nieces, and nephews. If any of us ever found our vehicles stuck, Earl was right there with his truck to pull our cars out of the ditches. His care for his family and neighbors extended to the very land we lived on; he spent countless hours out on his tractor, brush-hogging land for the community and his loved ones just to keep everything looking beautiful and clean. He prided himself on being able to tackle any job and fix any problem, like the time a generator kept cutting off. Earl stood and worked on it out in the freezing cold, determined to get it running. When it wouldn't start that day, he didn't give up—he went straight home, did his own research until he figured out the exact solution, and immediately called with the answer. That was simply who Earl was. He did it all without hesitation, and he never once asked for a single thing in return.

We will deeply miss his independent spirit, his love for the community, and his constant willingness to help his family whenever we called. The legacy of his generous heart and loyalty will live in our hearts forever.  We love you brother.






# The Legacy Continues...

Each year, they looked forward to taking a special trip to celebrate another milestone of marriage, creating an enduring legacy of adventure and laughter. Through every season of life, Vanessa truly stood as Earl's ultimate "ride or die." She never gave up, standing fiercely by his side through every illness and sickness, and offering her unwavering support even during the moments when his famous determination and independent spirit shone brightest.

Earl deeply cherished his father and mother, and stood as a steady anchor for his brothers and sisters. He was also known to be quite the occasional prankster within the family, leaving behind hilarious memories that his siblings will forever treasure. His family will never forget the time he meticulously placed a dead snake in front of his sister's car tires. He was laughing so hard as she ran shrieking into their mother's house yelling for help at the top of her lungs. In their younger years, he took immense joy in sneaking up on his brothers and sisters, playfully throwing firecrackers at their feet just to see how far and fast they could scatter. Beneath the mischief, Earl possessed a fierce loyalty and took immense pride in his children. His unique blend of gentle strength, , and unwavering willingness to show up for others will be profoundly missed by all who had the privilege of knowing him.

He was preceded in death by his father, Reverend Albert Gee.

Earl is survived by his beloved wife, Vanessa Gee; his loving mother, Mary L. Gee; his daughter, Hannah Byrd (Brandon); and his son, Collin Gee. He also leaves behind his siblings, Monica Randolph, Derien Gee (Corrussal), Kent Gee, Candy Gee, Kashon Gee, Kesha Raibon (David), Priscilla Scott, Dorcas Maples, and Kaleb Gee (Emerald); his mother-in-law, Ida Henry; his sister-in-law, Clarenca Wooten; along with a host of nieces, nephews, extended family members, and dear friends.

# Order of Service

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **Musical Prelude** | | **Pianist Carlos Gilstrap** |
| **Processional** | **(Viewing)** | **Ministers and Family** |
| **Officiant** | | **Bishop Eugene Griddine** |
| **Old Testament** | | **Rev. Dr. Charles Brewster** |
| **New Testament** | | **Bishop Eugene Griddine** |
| **The Prayer of Comfort** | | |
| **Musical Selection** | **"His Eye is on the Sparrow"** | **Sis. Selma Lee** |
| **Resolution** | | **Sis. Sarah Jones** |
| **Reflections & Tributes** | | |
| **Chapel Hill Class Of 1986** | | **Kim Warren Johnson** |
| **Family Reflections** | | **Tyree Irving** |
| **Sibling Tribute** | | **Candy Gee** |
| **Solo** | | **Sis. Ida Ogueri** |
| **Acknowledgement** | | **Sis. Sarah Jones** |
| **Musical Selection** | **"I'll Fly Away"** | **Sis. Vanessia Bell** |
| **Words of Comfort** | | **Minister Derien Gee** |
| **Presentation** | | **London's Mortuary Staff** |
| **Recessional** | | **(please exit to fellowship hall)** |

## *Our Story...*

***"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith" 2 Timothy 4:7***

**My Dearest Earl,**

**We shared a beautiful love story that began 10 years before we married in 2008. You were a hardworking, strong-minded man with a stubborn streak and a heart always willing to help others.**

**Baby, I miss you more than words can say. I thank God for the years we shared and will cherish our memories forever. Until we meet again, may you rest peacefully in God's loving arms.**

**Forever my husband, forever my love, forever my Earl.**

**Your loving wife,**

**Vanessa**

## A Tribute from the Siblings

To the world, Earl was a strong, independent man, but to us, he was the definition of absolute dependability. We will forever picture him out on the farm, tending to the land with his hands and enjoying God's creation. Earl's love for his family and the community grew straight out of that soil; he took immense joy in sharing the fruits of his labor, gifting his brothers, sisters, nieces, nephews, and neighbors with beautiful fresh vegetables he raised himself, from peas and greens to watermelons and much more.

He also gave us memories that we will laugh about for generations—especially the mystery of his escaping cattle. To this day, none of us can figure out how his cows always managed to get out. Earl would spend hours repairing multiple fences, only for the herd to break out the very next day or the following week. We all share fond, chaotic memories of dropping everything to run after those cows, laughing and shouting as we helped Earl wrangle them back onto the farm.

Whenever we traveled with Earl, whether we were hitting the road for a moving job or taking trips to family reunions, visits to see other family members, or spending time with friends, we quickly learned that he had his own way of navigating. Earl would usually lead the way, fiercely believing he knew the absolute best route to take. It was rarely the traditional highway route, which often left us completely frustrated. We never could understand why he insisted on taking the long way around, but even though his unconventional shortcuts inevitably took much longer, we always reached our destination eventually.

Like any family, we had our passionate debates, but Earl always brought a legendary energy to the conversation. He had an unshakeable confidence in his own perspective, and we affectionately learned that it was best to simply listen, let him share his strong convictions completely, and then share a laugh and move forward together. We always knew that his fierce desire to be right came from a place of deep passion, and we loved him all the more for his unyielding, one-of-a-kind spirit.

Holiday gatherings were always filled with his unique sense of humor. At Christmas, Earl loved to playfully tease the family, joking that the holiday meat dish was actually a wild raccoon, squirrel, or pig he had caught himself. Many of us were deeply hesitant to take a bite, looking at the plate with suspicion, but once we gave in, we realized it was just a delicious ham—or whatever it was, it was always incredibly good.