



*Gerald*  
ANDRE AUSTIN

MARCH 25, 1961 — AUGUST 1, 2025

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 2025  
11:00 A.M.

SUNRISE MOUNTAIN MINISTRIES  
5670 S. PECOS RD , LAS VEGAS, NV 89120

THE LIFE CELEBRATION OF  
*Gerald*  
ANDRE AUSTIN

Musical Prelude.....“Kirk Whalum”

Family Processional.....“Trust in God” (Aware Worship Ft. Mark Gutierrez)

Prayer of Comfort.....Pastor Cheryl James

Scripture-Old Testament - Psalms 23.....Evangelist Emma King

Scripture- New Testament - 2 Timothy 4:7.....Minister Carla Johnson

Musical Selection.....“Angels Watching Over Me” Geneva West

Reading of Obituary & Acknowledgements.....Rashenda Anderson

Sympathy Card Reading.....Cheryl Anderson-Mendoza

Video Presentation.....Reflection of Life Slide Show

Expressions.....Suffering Bishop David Anderson  
Edward Copeland

Two-Minute Expressions.....Family and Friends

Musical Selection.....“Everything’s Going To Be Alright” Rene Anderson

Resolution Reading.....Minister Tabari Quinn

Eulogy.....Pastor Cheryl James

Parting View.....“Carefree Man” - Instrumental.....Family & Friends

Recessional.....Family & Friends

RECEPTION

Paradise Recreation Park  
4775 McLeod Drive, Las Vegas NV 89121

INTERMENT

August 25, 2025 | 10:40-11:30am  
Southern Nevada Veterans Memorial Cemetery  
1900 Veterans Memorial Drive, Boulder City NV 89005



# THE LIFE AND LEGACY OF *Gerald* ANDRE AUSTIN

Gerald Andre' Austin was born on March 25, 1961, in Chicago, Illinois, to Floyd Leon Austin Jr. and Charlene Gertrude Austin. Early in his childhood, the Austin family relocated to Kansas City, Missouri, where Gerald attended Blessed Sacrament Elementary and Junior High School, followed by Bishop Lillis High School. It was during these formative years that he discovered his deep love for music. With a keen ear and heartfelt passion, he joined the school choir, where he began shaping the voice and sound that would become uniquely his own.

While in Kansas City, Gerald also took a job at Royal Stadium, where he had the unforgettable opportunity to see some of his favorite artists perform live—a front-row experience that deepened his passion for music and performance.

The family later moved to Long Beach, California, where Gerald would meet the Anderson family and, ultimately, his future wife, Anita Anderson. He attended Lakewood High School and proudly graduated with the Class of 1979. Not long after, Gerald enlisted in the United States Navy. During his four years of honorable service, he forged lifelong bonds with fellow servicemen—most notably Edward Copeland, Jerry Coleman, Robert Gray, and Victor Williams—relationships he cherished and honored throughout his life.

On June 30, 1984, Gerald married the love of his life, Anita R. Austin. Their union was one of deep love, unwavering friendship, and mutual respect. Together, they raised three beautiful daughters—Deja, Marche', and Geneva—each of whom he adored and supported with every fiber of his being. As a father, Gerald was patient, present, and deeply devoted. He led by example, creating a home filled with warmth, music, laughter, and powerful life lessons.

Gerald took pride in his work and fulfilled many roles throughout his life. He was employed at St. Mary's Hospital, worked in construction, and later served with the United States Postal Service, from which he eventually retired. No matter the title or task, Gerald was known as a man who took care of business—with integrity, consistency, and a quiet sense of responsibility.

Though his professional life was diverse, Gerald never let go of his first love—music. A talented songwriter and producer, he spent countless hours crafting ballads that reflected his love for Anita, his views on the world, and his passion for the art itself. He often pulled his daughters away from the TV to rehearse his songs, stressing things like pronunciation, vocal control, and stage presence. With signature directives like, “Don't sing through your nose!” and the unforgettable, “Eat the mic ni\*\*a!”, Gerald's creative drive earned him the affectionate nickname “Joe Jackson 2.0” among family and friends.

Gerald was nothing if not authentic. A die-hard Kansas City Chiefs fan, he was known to watch games fully decked out in Chiefs gear—head to toe, socks included—yelling at the TV with legendary commentary, including his infamous game-day call: “Run, ni\*\*a, run!”

He was passionate, bold, and unapologetically himself—never one to sugarcoat his truth, but -always someone you could count on.

Of all the roles he cherished in life, none brought him more joy than being a grandfather. Gerald was blessed with five beloved grandchildren—Sariyah, Dae’John, Laila, Zyra, and Fredrick III—whom he adored beyond measure. Whether it was through gifts, guidance, laughter, or just quality time, Gerald poured his heart into each of them, offering the same unconditional love and wisdom he had always given his daughters.

Gerald leaves to cherish his memory his loving wife, Anita R. Austin; his daughters, Deja Austin, Marche’ Austin-Barnes, and Geneva Austin-West; his devoted sons-in-law, Lamont Jackson, Terell Barnes, and Fredrick West Jr.; and his beloved grandchildren, Sariyah Ward, Dae’John Ward, Laila Barnes, Zyra Barnes, and Fredrick West III. He is survived by his siblings: Terrance H. Austin, Marc P. Austin, Claudette Y. Allen, Brenda Short, Charlotte Rollins, and Anita Jones. He is also survived by his mother-in-law Geneva Anderson and a host of in-laws, family and friends. He was preceded in death by his father Floyd L. Austin Jr., Mother Charlene G. Austin, and brother, Floyd L. Austin III.

Gerald Andre’ Austin was a man of deep roots, strong values, and an even stronger presence. A man of God, he was known for his honesty, generosity, playfulness, and unwavering moral compass. He lived fully, loved fiercely, and carried a heart full of loyalty and devotion to those he cared for. Gerald always “kept it real”—speaking truth with boldness, unfiltered but always grounded in sincerity and love. He leaves behind a legacy that will echo through the songs he wrote, the children he raised, and the countless stories shared by those who knew him. His voice—both literal and figurative—will be missed but never forgotten.

## A TRIBUTE TO MY HUSBAND GERALD

Gerald and I met when our mothers worked together at a Pre-School. He became a friend of the family. He took me to my high school prom. Then he went to the NAVY. We dated off and on for five years then married after his discharge from the military. To date, we have been married 41 years!

Gerald - my best friend, my husband, my children’s father, my grandchildren's grandfather, my love. He was the other half of me.

God made me for you, and you for me! Even though we were opposites, we were compatible like you couldn’t imagine. My heart is broken, but you were a strong man - My strong man! I don’t think anyone else could handle me but Gerald!

People probably thought I was the strong one spiritually, maybe, but you were the HEARTBEAT of our family! My heart is faint right now, but I know that with the help of the Lord it will beat strong again.

Babe, there will never be another man for me. I am Your ANITA forever until we meet again in heaven. The Lord has called you home to be with Him.  
So, rest My KING

Love,  
Your ANITA!





*Words Unspoken*

-Claudette "Von" Allen

It has been difficult expressing feelings today,  
So many words left today.  
You far too quickly left us,  
Doing it quietly and without a fuss.  
Words unspoken- I am sure everyone has some,  
"I love you", "Thank you"  
"I'm sorry", "I miss you"  
And many more to come.  
Saying "goodbye" was not done,  
Even though the battle was won.  
Regrets and wishes are probably there too,  
Bust lasting forever are memories of you.

*I'm Free*

-Anne Lindgren Davison

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free  
I'm following the path God laid for me.  
I took his hand when I heard him call;  
I turned my back and left it all,  
I could not stay another day,  
To laugh, to love, to work and play.  
Tasks left undone must stay that way;  
I found that place at the close of day.  
If my parting has left a void.  
Then fill it with remembered joy.  
A friendship shared a laugh, a kiss;  
Ah yes, these things, I too will miss.  
Be not burdened with times of sorrow  
I wish you sunshine of tomorrow.  
My life's been full, I savored much;  
Good friends, good time, a loved ones touch.  
Perhaps my time seems all too brief;  
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.  
Lift up your heart and share with me,  
God wanted me now.  
He set me free

*The Day the World Stopped Turning*

-Ladrina Barnes

The day he left, the sky grew still,  
As if the earth forgot to will.  
Time bent low beneath your cry,  
As hearts broke open to the sky.  
He was your strength, your truest friend,  
A love too wide to ever end.  
His laughter, now a ghost in air,  
His chair sits quiet, no longer there.  
You shared your stories, your silent tears,  
Built memories over golden years.  
And now those moments gently weep,  
For love like his runs far too deep.  
No words can hold this heavy grief,  
No gesture grants your soul relief.  
But in the hush between each breath,  
He lingers still, defying death.  
Look to the light where shadows fall,  
His love is carved in every wall.  
And though he's gone from sight, from touch,  
His spirit lives he loved that much.

POETRIC TRIBUTE TO

*Gerald*  
ANDRE AUSTIN

*A Message from Above*

Above-Eli West

To be Absent from the Body is to  
be Present with the Lord.  
I know life sometimes may seem Cruel and Hard.  
But let's not your Heart be Burden.  
For Gerald in Heaven now,  
For this I'm Certain.  
A Man of so much Faith and Love.  
God decided to bring him up Above.  
Here on Earth,  
His body made Lay,  
But up in Heaven His Spirit shall Stay.  
So, Tears now be Gone.  
For now, He's in his Father's Home.  
So, during this time  
I shall have no Regret.  
For I hear your voice telling me not to Fret.

*Shattered*

-Marche Austin-Barnes

As I sit here and write this, I'm still in disbelief—  
Can't believe I'm saying goodbye to the man who brought  
me relief.  
My heart is shattered, broken into countless pieces,  
Losing my pops? No... I could never see it.  
I trust that God does things for a reason,  
But this feeling that I'm feeling will last more than a  
season.  
I know that we will meet again,  
And when that time comes my shattered heart will mend.

# TRIBUTES FROM HIS LEGACY

To My Father,

You are one of a kind, and there is no one else like you. I'm so grateful to be your firstborn and to have you first. You were a great provider and loved us so much. I will miss watching crime shows with you and discussing different recipes. I will also miss playing Monopoly with you—that was our daily game together. My heart breaks for you. I love and miss you deeply. I am hurting so much and I just want my father back.

Love Deja,

Your Twin and First Born

I love you so much pops, this feels so unreal. You have been preparing me for this day, and I still feel lost and confused. I try not to ask God why, but I truly am lacking understanding. You have always been our ROCK! The man who always got things done and took such good care of us. With tears pouring down my eyes, I must allow God to take care of you. May you rest peacefully and know that I will miss you until I see you again!

Love you with all in me pops,

Your ni\*\*a, your middle child,

Marche Simone Austin-Barnes

Hey daddy it's Shuanny (shoo-annie). I know I won't ever be able to hear you call me that anymore, but it'll forever be in my heart. I wish you were still here, but I know you're getting the rest and peace you deserve. After all you worked so hard to keep our household afloat. We never struggled and never needed more than you gave us. Thank you for being our provider, thank you for showing me what a real man looks like, thank you for taking care of us for all these years. You are so appreciated and loved. Sleep peacefully and continue to send your songs to heart every chance you get. I love you so much daddy.

Your youngest daughter,

Shuanny

I never thought this day would come. Papa, I'm going to miss you so much. I'm forever grateful that God blessed me with the best papa I could ever have. You always went above and beyond for your grandchildren, loving and spoiling us as if we were your very own children. For all 18 years of my life, I've watched you selflessly take care of your wife, your kids, and your grandkids—always placing your family before yourself. There was never a dull moment with you. I'm going to miss your laughter, your smile, and all the times I got to prank you and hear you laugh. I just wish I could do your hair one more time... clip your nails one more time... or laugh with you just one last time.

May you rest in peace.

~ Your first grandchild,

Sariyah Varri

Poppa I'm sad that I can't see you no more and I didn't even get to say goodbye. I'm going to miss you and I'm going to remember all the memories we had, like when we used to go to the store, when you picked me up from school and we would just go do some random side quests before we got home. Our song "Just the two of us" will always play in my head and live on in my heart! I'm going to always remember those memories and I'm going to miss you so much I love you poppa!

-Dae'John

WE LOVE YOU PAPA!

- From the babies of the bunch Laila, Zyra, & Fredrick III

## PALL BEARERS

Dae'John Ward | Paris Austin | Fredrick West, Jr. | Lamont Jackson | Terell Barnes  
Alfredric Anderson Jr. | Darius Copeland | Daveon Fisher

## HONORARY PALL BEARERS

Terrance Austin | Marc Austin | Dwayne Austin | Hollis Winfrey | Larry Anderson  
Rayshaad Joseph | Terrance Allen-Sims | Edward Copeland | Cedric Anderson  
Thomas Anderson | Douglas Anderson | Elijah Anderson | Henry Birden | Jerry Coleman  
Victor Willams | Fabian King Jr. | Tabarri Quinn | Dave Becker | Carl Zinnermon | Anthony Clay | Akeem Clay

## FAMILY ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The family of Gerald Andre Austin would like to express our deepest gratitude to our family, friends, and church family for your prayers, comforting words, and unwavering support during this time of sorrow. Your love and kindness have brought us peace as we honor his life and cherish his memory. We extend a special thank you to Bishop Tommie Green and First Lady Louise Green and the Sunrise Mountain Ministries for graciously allowing us to use their facility. Lastly, we are sincerely grateful to Giddens Memorial Chapel for the compassionate care shown to our loved one and to us throughout this difficult process.

May God bless each of you.

— The Family of Gerald Andre Austin



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