

FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS

INTERMENT

FOREST LAWN MEMORIAL GARDENS

5600 E. Broad St.
Columbus, OH 43213

REPAST

Immediately following Interment
FIRST CHURCH OF GOD
3480 Refugee Rd., Columbus, OH 43232

PALLBEARERS

Michael Grace Jr. ~ Deacon Ted Murdaugh ~ Elder Marcus Grace Sr.
Randal Gaddis ~ Keinan Stewart ~ Deacon Dwayne Washington

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Tim Swanson ~ Paul Banks
Bishop Steve Tucker ~ Michael Tyler Grace ~ Marcus Grace Jr.
Braxton Grace ~ Donavon Price ~ Jeremiah Stewart

FLOWERBEARERS

First Church of God Ushers
Zion Chandler ~ Olivia Stewart ~ Kaila Stewart
Kennedy Grace ~ Taylor Stewart

A WORD OF THANKS

The family of the late Harry Lee Miller Jr. wishes to acknowledge with deep appreciation the many prayers, comforting messages, floral tributes, and other expressions of love and kindness evidenced at this time, both in thought and deed. We especially want to thank; First Church of God and Meredith Temple COGIC for your expressions of sympathy. Your caring and sharing have meant so much and have helped us through this difficult time. We are sincerely grateful and appreciative for whatever your contribution was during this hour of bereavement. A more personal acknowledgement will be made at a later date. May God bless you.

With Love, The Miller Family

Harry Lee Miller Jr.
"Butterball"

MAY 28, 1947 — NOVEMBER 7, 2025



MARLAN GARY
FUNERAL HOME

1 FUNERAL HOME | 5 LOCATIONS

MINISTRY OF COMFORT ENTRUSTED TO:

NORTH CHAPEL
2500 CLEVELAND AVE.,
COLUMBUS, OH 43211
614-267-8310

EAST CHAPEL
5456 LIVINGSTON AVE.,
COLUMBUS, OH 43232
614-604-8774

MANSFIELD CHAPEL
753 MCPHERSON ST.,
MANSFIELD, OH 44903
419-524-6999

SPRINGFIELD CHAPEL
823 SOUTH YELLOW SPRINGS ST.,
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO 45506
937-325-1447

CINCINNATI CHAPEL
674 FOREST AVE.,
CINCINNATI OH 45229
513-221-4812

WWW.THECHAPELOFPEACE.COM

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 2025

VISITATION: 10:00AM | CELEBRATION OF LIFE: 11:00AM

FIRST CHURCH OF GOD

3480 REFUGEE ROAD, COLUMBUS, OH 43232

Obituary

Harry Lee Miller Jr., affectionately known as “Butterball”, was born May 28, 1947 in Roanoke, Virginia to the late Mr. Harry Miller Sr. and Mrs. Ernestine (Thornhill) Miller.

Growing up, he was a faithful member of High Street Baptist Church where he was active in the youth department. He loved this church wholeheartedly.

He graduated from Lucy Addison High School in 1966 and relocated to Columbus, Ohio in 1972. Upon arriving, he stayed with his cousin Renee and her family as he got settled. He went on to work for the Franklin County Board of MRDD for 20 years and continued serving the developmentally disabled community through the Columbus Developmental Center and in the private sector. He later worked as security at First Church of God until entering full retirement.

In December 1994, he married Cheryl Miller, his devoted wife of 30 years. Together they raised three beautiful daughters: Courtney Ann, Chelsea Renee, and Cassie Oyamma. He loved his girls deeply and cherished them wholeheartedly- always eager to brag about them and support them in every way.

He joined the First Church of God in 1991 under the leadership of Bishop Timothy J. Clarke. He often spoke fondly of his Sunday School classes lead by Mother Essie Bowman and the singles events hosted by the church (until he was married). He thoroughly enjoyed serving as security at the church and treasured the camaraderie he found among the Men of Valor.

Harry had a strong entrepreneurial spirit and loved selling suits, ties, and other clothing items and accessories at events throughout Columbus. He was a proud fan of the Dallas Cowboys and the Ohio State Buckeyes and enjoyed action movies, seafood, going to the gym, and spending time with his family.

Throughout his eight-year battle with illness and the many treatments he endured, he remained in good spirits and continued to be his playful, lighthearted self with the doctors and nurses who cared for him.

Harry passed away peacefully at home, surrounded by his family, on Friday, November 7, 2025.

He leaves to cherish his memory: his loving wife, Cheryl Miller; three daughters, Courtney (Keinan) Stewart of Savannah, Georgia, and Chelsea and Cassie Miller, both of Columbus, Ohio; his 6 grandchildren; and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, and friends, including special cousin Rev. Dr. Renee Wormack-Keels; special sister-in-law Sheila Harris; special nephews and niece Andre Wingfield, James Ford, Michael Jr., Marcus Sr., and Shayla Grace; and close friends Paul Banks, Bishop Steve Tucker, and Hazel Martin.

He was preceded in death by his parents, Harry and Ernestine Miller; his sister, Lovesta Ford, and brother-in-law, Paul Ford; his grandmother, Cassie Clara McNorton; and close friends Ray Lipscomb and Louis “Jungle” Brown.

God's Garden

God looked around his garden

And found an empty place,

He then looked down upon the earth

And saw your tired face.

He put his arms around you

And lifted you to rest.

God's garden must be beautiful

He always takes the best.

He saw the road was getting rough

And the hills were hard to climb.

So he closed your weary eyelids

And whispered, 'Peace be thine'.

It broke our hearts to lose you

But you didn't go alone,

For part of us went with you

The day God called you home.

Loving Tributes

Papa Harry

So many memories.... I remember riding with you to pick out your winter church hats from Lee's on Mt. Vernon, and you'd always say "The suits in there were sharp! And that they had Stacy Adams too! -LOL. You would always give us(our cousin's too) a ride to school, school activities, the bus stop or take us to the next bus stop.

You enjoyed watching action-packed movies, and when I was a kid we'd watch Texas Ranger together after we watched Dr. Quinn & Touched by an Angel(my favorite's). And of course you loved watching those Dallas Cowboys, especially when Emmitt Smith & Michael Irving were playing. You always laughed at me doing Tae-Bo, even though you only went to Bally's to sit in the Hot Tub & Sauna.

As a grandfather, you gave Taylor her first Jr. Bacon cheeseburger from Wendy's as a toddler and kept your tradition of watching crime shows with the kids, and we will all miss seeing you sitting in your spot!

We Will Miss You,
Courtney & Family

Order Of Service

PROCESSIONAL
Clergy

OFFICIANT
Pastor Joshua C. Kelly

HYMN OF FAITH
"Blessed Assurance"

READING OF THE WORD
Old Testament ~ Elder Marcus Grace Sr.
Psalms 23
New Testament ~ FCOG Clergy
John 14:1-6

PRAYER OF COMFORT AND PASTORAL REMARKS
Pastor William Meredith Sr.

MINISTRY OF MUSIC
"It Is Well"

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

REMARKS
.Rev. Dr. Renee Wormack-Keels
Deacon Berdies Davis

PIANO SELECTION
Sis. Linda Williams
"Total Praise"

Proclamation of the Word
BISHOP TIMOTHY J. CLARKE

BENEDICTION
Bishop Timothy J. Clarke

RECESSIONAL
Clergy, Family, & Friends

Loving Tributes

My Harry

Thank you for loving our daughters, raising Courtney as your own, and loving our grandchildren and my extended family. You never quite really knew how to be a father but your love for them made up for it. You always, always worried about them, asking me if I'd talked to them or knew where they were. You were always outnumbered by girls and trying to understand all of us, our playful screaming, and our manipulation into getting what we wanted. You transported the girls, their cousins and their friends wherever they needed to go, including all their sports activities. You trusted me to know what they needed even if you didn't always agree or understand. You loved me, our girls, my family and my church family without wavering.

For some reason, everyone has always loved and been concerned about Harry. There was hardly a time when we went out that he didn't see someone that knew him, including when we went all the way to California. In the last 6-8 months, as your health declined, you still tried to look out for me. You continued to joke (and/or fuss about driving) with your doctors as you complained about going to the appointments. You cherished family gatherings and always wished the girls could stay longer when they were at the house.

Thanks to my girls for their support, especially this past month. Our oldest Courtney, you called, prayed, and flew into town on several occasions to help me make the best decisions for your dad's care. Chelsea, for taking it upon yourself to make sure you were home to help me get him into bed and for remaining home to help keep him calm those last few days. Cassie, you've done so much- took him to doctor's appointments, picked up food for him, and watched Buckeye games with him. You were out of town for your job and when I called you, you immediately changed your plans to come back home, and despite the airline delays, God helped you to get back just before he passed.

Also I must give a special thank you to my sister Sheila for helping me through this process with Harry for the past 2 weeks. She came over after work, stayed with me, called me and helped me get organized. Most of all she helped me care for him, make the right decisions to help him, and make him as comfortable as possible.

He loved his church, First Church of God, and his pastor Bishop Clark, making sure I turned on the service every Sunday before I left.

It was hard to see you deteriorate as you did, and I kept my promise to keep you home, surrounded by family. You held on until your baby arrived to say good-bye and God decided it was time for you to rest.

Thank you God for Harry. This was a very full journey- I hugged him, kissed his head and prayed with him. Thank you for giving him peace and rest.

Love always, Your wife, Cheryl Ann

Loving Tribute

A letter to my Father

Dear Daddy,

I miss you so much it feels like something inside me is just... gone. You're the strongest man I know. My first best friend. I keep looking for you in little moments, in things I want to tell you, in jokes you'd laugh at, in movies we'd watch together, in the way the world feels different without you in it.

You were always there for us. Always! If it had to do with your girls, you showed up- every game, every school event, every church event, every salon I worked in. I don't think I realized back then how much that meant. But now? Now it hits me so hard. You didn't just support us... you made us feel important. Loved. Chosen. And I hope you knew how deeply we felt that. You gave us the world, because we were yours. No one could get a conversation out of you without you talking about your girls.

Growing up, I always wanted to go with you everywhere. Whether it was church, sitting between you and Pop Gaddis, going to your store front on Morse Rd to help you sell your suits and ties, or simply just riding around not knowing where we'd end up- I just know we would definitely be getting something to eat. I was attached at your hip! You taught me how to be independent and how to hustle the right way. I remember coming back from college and you would take me to get breakfast from Bob Evans every Sunday after church and just sit and talk. We could literally talk about any and everything. Food was definitely our love language.

We have a running joke that you can't go anywhere without knowing someone whether in Ohio or out of state. I see now that you're the most popular one in the family!

Dad, I wish I could hear your voice one more time. I wish I could hug you and hold on longer than usual. There's so much I want to tell you, so many things I never said enough. I hope you knew how much I love you because it's so much bigger than anything I ever said out loud.

Some days I feel strong, and then some days I feel completely broken. But I'm trying, Dad. I'm trying to be someone you'd be proud of. I'm trying to carry the love you gave us and let it guide me, even when it hurts.

I hope you're at peace. I hope you're watching over us. Thank you for waking up every day and choosing to be an amazing man to everyone you came into contact with. And I hope you can somehow hear me right now because I need you to know this: I miss you. I love you. And I'll carry you with me for the rest of my life. This isn't goodbye, but I will live my life so I can see you again. See you later daddy.

Forever daddies girl 

Loving Tributes

Dad, Daddy, Father, Mi Papa, My Twin-

For some reason, I kept thinking we'd have more time... one more day, one more laugh, one more game, one more meal, one more opportunity to say "I love you."

I thank God that He gave me one more chance to see you for a few moments before He called you to be with Him. When I followed God's direction and moved back to Columbus after college to be closer to you, I had no idea what stood ahead of us. And when I moved in for a couple of months this fall, I was reluctant. Now I understand- it was all for a purpose, giving me the chance to soak up time with you and create a few more memories.

I'm so grateful for the time we had, just you and I- me working from home while you watched TV and napped on the couch, sharing your newest favorite snack chocolate-covered strawberries, grabbing Arby's or Wendy's for lunch after spending the day at your doctor's appointments, or sneaking away for an Oreo Blizzard ice cream date on a hot summer day.

I witnessed your resilience firsthand as we went to your appointments- watching you joke with the nurses and doctors who cared for you. Through all the pricks and pokes, you never changed; you never let anyone see you sweat. And somewhere in those moments, I began to see you in myself. Growing up, I never thought we looked alike, but when I found an older photo of you this year, it finally clicked. Not only do I see your features in my own, but I also carry the traits we share- our quiet strength, our playfulness, our curiosity, and our caring hearts for those we love.

I love you forever, Daddy. As you rest in God's presence, I'll keep walking with the strength and grace you showed me and continue to make you proud.

Your baby girl



Harry Miller

