

FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS



HONORARY PALLBEARERS
Ivan Whitney Carl Boller Carl Busby
George Randolph Alphonso Boone Phil Willis

PALLBEARERS
Cleven Brown Eddie Talbert Stuart Whitney
Ronald Boller Keith Busby Ronald Tucker

FLORAL BEARERS
Epiphany ECW
Alston Highschool Class of 1962



- IN APPRECIATION -

The family of the late **Chalmers Edwin Duncan** wishes to extend sincere gratitude for all expressions of kindness and comfort shown during their period of bereavement.

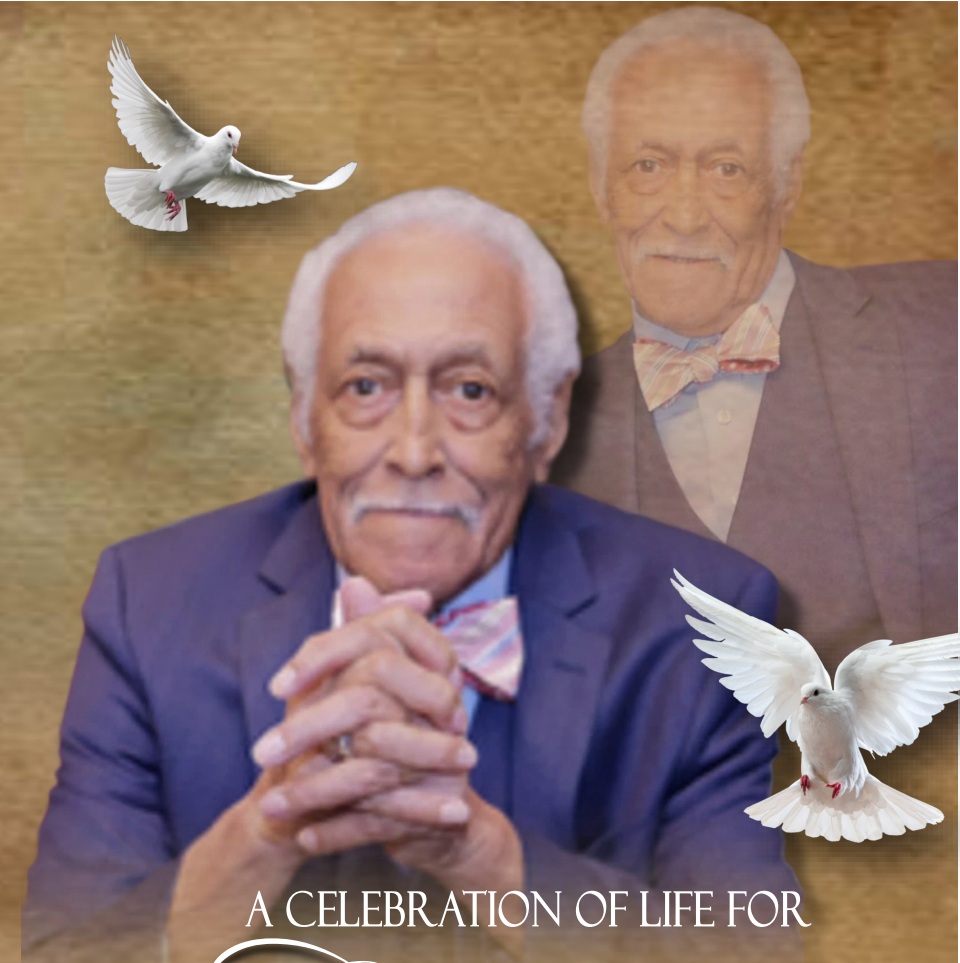


ALBERT A. GLOVER FUNERAL HOME
"Dedicated and Sympathetic To The Bereaved"

Monroe D. Fields, Jr., Owner
Licensed Funeral Director & Embalmer
Reverend James Ross, Manager
Licensed Funeral Director

113 BRYAN STREET, SUMMERVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA 29484

TELEPHONE: (843) 871-1528 | FAX: (843) 832-9240
WWW.AAGLOVERFH.COM



A CELEBRATION OF LIFE FOR

Chalmers
EDWIN DUNCAN

WEDNESDAY,
Sunrise FEBRUARY 4, 2026
12.14.1944 11:00 IN THE MORNING

Sunset
01.31.2026
EPIPHANY EPISCOPAL
CHURCH
212 CENTRAL AVENUE
SUMMERVILLE, SC 29483

THE REVEREND J. ROBERT
SPAINHOUR, PRIEST

LIFE REFLECTIONS

Born to Leon and Edna Duncan, Chalmers was the youngest of two children. He literally was a little rascal in his own right. He loved to play pranks with his childhood friends Phony, Johnny, Carl, Charlie, and Beverly. Oh, the mischief they would get into! Following in his father's footsteps, he began masonry as a teenager, qualifying him to be a true master of his craft. He graduated from Alston High School in 1962. On Thanksgiving Day in 1964, Chalmers married his bride of 61 years, Brenda Casandra Bennett. Together, they built a beautiful life and family. God favored their union with three children, Dionne, Edwin, and Princess. From that, they were blessed with five grandchildren, and their first great grandchild was born in May 2025. His family brought him so much joy. He really enjoyed talking to and spending time with his special niece Crystal Thornton.

Chalmers was a true master craftsman and a Jack of all trades. There was nothing he could not do. From Carpentry to Plumbing, he could do it all and do it well. He took so much pride in his work. He laid bricks for over 57 years from New York to Florida. If you ever want to see his beautiful works of art, you can just look around Downtown Summerville or Charleston, and you will see a piece of him. You can also see the brick ball, one of the last projects he was commissioned to build, at the Summerville Museum and Research Center's garden, in honor of all the master brick masons around the Summerville area. Chalmers loved to stay busy. Once he retired, you could find him tending to his yard, tinkering with something in his shop, or taking a ride with his "Sandra". He also loved his family church and was the advisor on many of the projects there. Chalmers was a mentor to so many over the years, sharing his gift and wisdom so the profession doesn't die with him.

Left to cherish his life are his loving and devoted wife, Brenda Casandra; Children, Dionne Purvis, Edwin Duncan, and Princess Crawford (Dontell); Grandchildren, Alexandra Savage (Sterling), Desmin Jones (Edward), Colby Goodson, Jalen Crawford, Alden Crawford, and one great granddaughter, Bailey Duncan Jones; one brother, George Randolph; nieces, Crystal Thornton and Adrienne Washington; a nephew, Ivan Whitney; Special Friends, Carl Busby, Carl Boller, Thomas Varner, Alphonso Boone, Beverly

Fishburne, Bruce Hill, and Rev Roosevelt Geddis; and a host of other nieces, nephews, cousins, and friends. He is preceded in death by his parents, Leon and Edna Duncan and his sister Frances Williams.

Prodigal

This earth has been my home so long,
And I have loved it well
But one day I must leave it,
Just when I cannot tell.
The hour and the minute
I am scheduled to depart,
Was long ago decided,
And is written on God's heart.

This is a great old world, and how
I wish that I could stay,
But the years keep going faster,
And the hours slip away.
But as I near the turning
Of the road, I pause to view
The yesterdays I've left behind
Me, as I journey through

One year into another,
Til they form a sliver chain,
There are things I would do over,
Some I would not do again.
Though "Old sins cast long shadows,"
However long confessed,
With all my heart I do believe

I'll find a place to rest
Within the arms of Jesus,
Where no heartache and no pain,
Will ever be allowed to touch
This prodigal again.
And throughout all eternity,
My greatest joy will be,
That the Shepherd left His ninety-nine,
...To come in search of me

-Grace E. Easley

