



A Beautiful Soul

She lived with beauty
in her soul and art in her hands.
She saw the world in color,
and left it brighter than she found it.

A dreamer. A creator.
A woman who turned
ordinary moments into masterpieces
and everyday people into family.

She gave love without condition,
laughed without limits,
and loved without end.

Though her presence
is no longer here,
her spirit continues to inspire,
her love continues to surround us,
and her legacy will live on
in every brushstroke,
every memory,
and every heart she touched.

*Forever in our hearts.
Forever in our art.*



ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The family of Sheryl Lynn Watson extends our deepest gratitude to all who have shown love, support, and kindness during this time of loss. Your prayers, comforting words, and acts of compassion have been a source of strength and healing.

We are truly grateful for your presence, whether near or far,
and for honoring Sheryl's life and legacy.

Thank you from the bottom of our hearts.

Heartfelt thanks to Cypress Hospice and Prosper at Wickliffe for surrounding our mother with love and comfort.

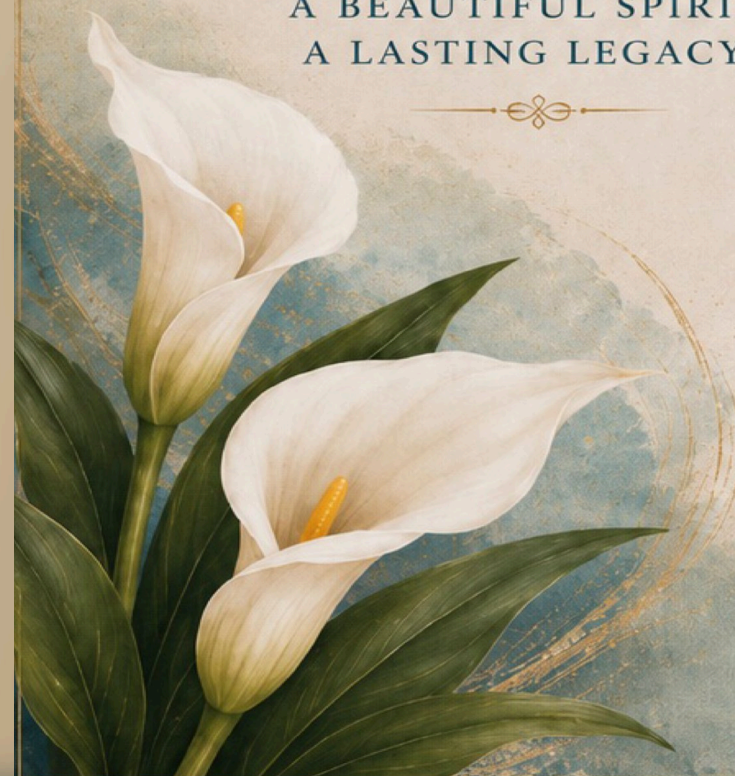
We will always remember the kindness and support you showed her and our family.

CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF

Sheryl Lynn WATSON

Artist. Stylist. Visionary.

A BEAUTIFUL SPIRIT.
A LASTING LEGACY.



*Her legacy is love.
Her art is eternal.*

SERVICE OF CELEBRATION
SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 2026

11:00 AM VISITATION

12:00 PM FUNERAL SERVICE

EAST MOUNT ZION BAPTIST CHURCH
9990 EUCLID AVE.
CLEVELAND, OH 44106

REV. BRIAN CASH, OFFICIANT

Order of Service

MUSICAL SELECTION – WORSHIP MEDLEY

Karen King
Accompanied by Tim Halton

SCRIPTURE READING

Rev. Dr. Brian A. Cash

PRAYER OF COMFORT

Rev. Dr. Brian A. Cash

SELECTION

Karen King
Accompanied by Tim Halton

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS & RESOLUTIONS

OBITUARY READING

Please Read Silently

REMARKS

Please Limit to 2 Minutes

SPECIAL REMARKS

Linda Williams - Blake Gordon - Hallie Watson-Gordon

TRUMPET SOLO

John Bohlen
Con te Partiro

EULOGY

Rev. Dr. Brian A. Cash

LEGACY PORTRAIT DRAWING VIDEO

Jesse Ruffin III

RECESSIONAL

Rev. Dr. Brian A. Cash

*A Journey Defined by Courage,
Creativity and Adventure.*



Obituary

Sheryl Lynn Watson was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on June 18, 1952, to the late Joel T. and June B. Jackson. Sheryl was the second-born of the Jacksons' four daughters.

Growing up in the greater Cleveland area, Sheryl attended Shaw High School and was a member of the 1971 graduating class. Sheryl later attended the International Beauty School, where she received her license in cosmetology.

Sheryl was united in marriage to Charles Watson, Sr. To this union, her daughters, Hallie and Cory, were born.

As a talented hairstylist and make-up artist, Sheryl was given the opportunity to style on various movie sets. Her most memorable place was in Santa Fe, New Mexico. In 1999, Sheryl relocated back to Cleveland to be closer to family. Upon her return to Cleveland, Sheryl continued her career at Europa Salon at Eton Collection, as well as in the Shaker Square and Larchmere communities, where she served as a stylist to many Cleveland dignitaries.

Sheryl was a trendsetter in fashion and a talented artist with a passion for painting. Her artwork has become a much sought-after collection by friends and family alike, known for its Southwest flair and Native American inspiration.

Sheryl had an infectious and magnetic personality that was well loved by those who knew her. A woman full of adventure, Sheryl was a world traveler, marathon runner, and sports car and motorcycle enthusiast.

Sheryl leaves to cherish her memory her beloved children, Hallie Watson-Gordon (Troj) and Cory Watson, both of Cleveland, Ohio. Sheryl's legacy continues through her grandchildren, Camille Franklin, and Bryce and Blake Gordon. Also left to cherish her memory are her beloved sisters, Ann Todd, Linda Williams, and Anita Williams; brother-in-law, Robert Williams; and former husband, Charles Watson, Sr. (Manya), all of Cleveland, Ohio, along with a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, and other cherished family members and friends.

Sheryl Lynn Watson will be remembered as a truly eloquent and remarkable woman whose individuality, vibrant personality, breathtaking beauty, and unwavering love for her family left an indelible mark on all who knew her.

*Lovingly Submitted,
The Family*



The Four Seasons

There were four sisters born beneath heaven's turning wheel,
each carrying a season stitched softly into her soul.

First to arrive in April came *Ann*, with blossoms in her hands.
She laughed like morning rain, gentle enough to wake sleeping flowers,
hopeful enough to believe every broken thing could bloom again.

Then came June. *Sheryl* brought summer wrapped in golden
sunlight. She was warmth on tired shoulders, music drifting through
open windows, fireflies dancing in barefoot grass. She loved loudly,
held everyone close, and made ordinary days feel endless.

Then came October. *Linda*, autumn-winds cloaked in amber and
crimson. She carried wisdom in quiet pockets, a thoughtful soul who
understood that beauty often comes just before letting go. She was
the rustle of leaves, the scent of woodsmoke, pumpkins, harvest,
Thanksgiving, and family. The keeper of memories.

And then *Anita*—Winter's daughter. Born beneath silver skies
where silence speaks its own language. Strong as bare trees in snowfall,
steady as moonlight on frozen ground. She loved deeply but carefully,
protecting tenderness beneath layers only a few ever understood.

Together they were a year of life—four hearts turning like seasons, each
different, each necessary. But now Summer has gone quiet.

Sheryl stepped beyond the horizon like the longest day surrendering to
dusk. And the sisters remain here, listening for her laughter in warm
winds, finding her in sunsets that linger too long,
in June roses opening toward heaven.

Spring still blooms for her. Autumn still remembers her.
Winter still guards her gently. Because seasons do not truly die. They
return in different forms—in memory, in love, in the ache of missing
someone who once brought light to every room.

And somewhere beyond this earthly weather, Summer is still shining.

Linda G. Williams.



