A portrait of an elderly man with a white beard, wearing a red hat and a red patterned jacket, set against a dark background.

*Celebrating*

*The Life*

*Of*

*Anthony  
Bernard Cook*

Sunrise: April 10, 1964    Sunset: July 2, 2025

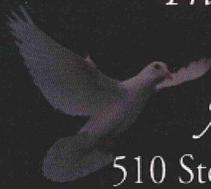
*Friday, July 25, 2025 - 2:00 pm*

*Service Held At*

*Adams Funeral Services*

*510 Stephenson Avenue - Savannah, Georgia*

*Pastor Charles O'Berry, Officiating*

A white dove in flight, symbolizing peace, positioned to the left of the service information.



## *"Until We Meet Again"*

**From: Your Wife Emelin**

My love, the world feels still and bare,  
Since you're no longer standing there.

Your laughter used to light my day,  
Now silence sweeps the joy away.

I reach for you in empty space,  
Still feel the warmth of your embrace.

I wear your ring, I speak your name,  
But life without you's not the same.

You were my rock, my heart, my home,  
Now I must face this path alone.

But oh, my dear, how deeply true—  
Every beat still calls for you.

I miss the way you'd say my name,  
The little things that stayed the same.  
The coffee shared, the morning light,  
Your steady hand that held me tight.

Each memory is bittersweet—

A joy, a wound, a soft heartbeat.

But love like ours won't fade away,

It lives in me, come what may.

So wait for me, just past the stars,

No pain, no time, no prison bars.

I'll hold you in my dreams until  
The world grows quiet, soft, and still.

And when I take that final breath,  
I'll walk through love, not into death.

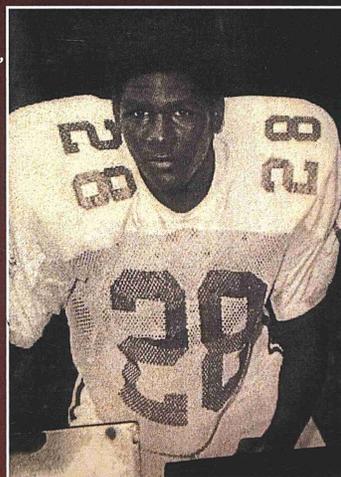
For where you are is where I'll be—

Together, whole, eternally.

# Obituary

## *Anthony Bernard Cook*

affectionately known as Cookie Man, was born in Chattam County on April 10, 1964. He was the fourth of nine children, born to the late Mr. Leroy Cook and Mrs. Mary L Cook. He was a proud product of the Savannah- Chatham County Public School System and a graduate of Jenkins High School, where he excelled as both a track athlete and a football player.



A lifelong resident of Carver Village, Anthony was deeply rooted in his community. He was an alumnus of the Carver Heights Stallions Football program and generously gave back as a recreation volunteer, mentoring and encouraging the youth in the same neighborhood that shaped him.

Anthony held various jobs throughout his life, but found his true calling in his work with the International Longshoremens Association Local 1414. He dedicated many years to the union and retired in 2021, leaving behind a lasting legacy of hard work and brotherhood.

The nickname "Cookie Man" was passed down from his beloved father, and it became a name that everyone in the community recognized and respected. Anthony will be remembered for his sense of humor, his loyalty to family and friends, and enduring love for Carver Village.

Anthony was preceded in death by his loving father, Leroy Cook; loving mother, Mary Lee Cook; caring step son Shaheed Williams, caring brother, Leroy Cook Jr.; caring sister, Ramona Cook and caring, brother, Sean Cook.

He leaves to cherish his memory: his devoted wife, Mrs. Emelin Cook who he married May 07, 2022; his sons, Leonard Bates and Anthony Cook Jr.; daughter, DiAndra "Dee" Cook; step children, Dwayne, Kyale, and Naytaera Williams; brothers, Lionel Cook, Eric Cook; sisters, Sidonna Cook Ruth (Napoleon), Sabrina Clemmons (Christopher), and Natascha Stokes (Terrence); thirteen beloved grandchildren, five loved step grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. He is also fondly remembered by a host of uncles, aunts, nieces, nephews, cousins, and close friends both in Savannah and Detroit, Michigan, who will continue to carry his legacy in their hearts.

# The Order of Service

ORGAN PRELUDE

PROCESSIONAL and FINAL VIEWING

PRAYER OF INVOCATION

HYMN OF COMFORT .....

SCRIPTURE OF READING

Old Testament .....

New Testament .....

SELECTION .....

TRIBUTES .....

OBITUARY READING .....

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT and RESOLUTIONS .....

SELECTION .....

EULOGY.....Pastor Charles O'Berry

BENEDICTION

RECESSIONAL

## *From Grandkids*

*From: your grandbabies & step grandchildren*

*You were more than a granddad — You were our roots and rain,  
Our “Fat Man” with the biggest heart,  
Who’d pull us close through joy or pain.  
You gave us dollars, but gave us more —  
Courage when we felt unsure.  
You’d say, “Stand tall, don’t fold, don’t run,”  
And made us feel like we’d already won.  
You trusted us when we doubted our way,  
Taught us to grind, to grow, to pray.  
A quiet challenge in your glance,  
Like, “Go ahead, take that chance.”  
You loved us loud, you loved us deep,  
And planted dreams we’ll always keep.  
We carry your name, your laugh, your flame —  
Fat Man, life will never be the same. --*

## *"For My Father, Gone Too Soon"*

From: Your Son ANTHONY JR

I walk through life, your shadow near,  
Though I can't touch you, still you're here.  
A guiding voice inside my mind, A love so deep, so pure, so kind.  
You taught me strength, you taught me grace,  
With every challenge I now face.  
You showed me how to stand up tall, To rise again when I would fall.  
Your laugh still echoes in my soul,  
Your wisdom made the broken whole.  
Though death has silenced what we shared,  
I feel your presence—strong, prepared.  
You were my hero, still you are, My morning sun, my evening star.  
Though Heaven claimed your gentle hand, Your legacy in me will stand.  
And when I dream, you're by my side,  
In quiet woods, a calm, safe guide.  
So rest in peace, but know this truth—A part of you still lives in youth.  
Forever loved, forever missed, With every breath, your name exists.  
I'll honor you in all I do—  
Dear Dad, I hope I'm half like you.



## *Daddy's Reflection Poem*

From: Your Baby Girl Dee

You raised me rough, and loved me soft,  
Taught me to fight, to lead, to talk.  
Said, "You ain't no punk, hold your chin high,"  
And wiped my tears when I still cried.  
I wasn't your princess in lace and curls—  
I was sneakers, sass, and your whole world.  
Your tomboy shadow, your rider too—  
Still your "baby girl" when I ran errands for you.  
You taught my brothers how to be men,  
But with me, Daddy? You showed me when—  
When to speak up, when to stand back,  
When to show grace, when to clap back.  
We were so alike it made us clash,  
Two hot-heads cut from the same stash.  
But under it all, I saw your pride—  
Even when you said nothing, you never lied.  
You weren't just Daddy—you were my homie too,  
Spoiling your grands like only you do.  
Lap full of babies, heart full of jokes,  
Still the one who fixed what broke.  
Now your chair is empty, your hat untouched,  
But your voice in my head still means so much.  
And when they say I'm just like you—  
I smile and say, "Yeah... that's true."  
We love you, Daddy.



## *Pallbearers*

Family and Friends

## *Honorary Pallbearers*

Ila Local 1414

## *Flower Bearer*

Nieces, Cousins and Friends

## *Interment*

OAK GROVE CEMETERY  
Skidaway Drive  
Savannah, Georgia

## *Acknowledgement of Appreciation*

The family of the late **Anthony Bernard Cook** wishes to express our heartfelt appreciation to all who have extended themselves through kind words of encouragement, acts of kindness, telephone calls, visits and prayer during our time of bereavement.

## *Arrangements Entrusted To*

ADAMS FUNERAL SERVICES  
510 Stephenson Avenue  
Savannah, Georgia  
(912) 354-6260