



IN LOVING MEMORY

*Ivey Anderson Scott*  
*"Andy"*

FEBRUARY 9, 1960 - AUGUST 10, 2025

# Ivey Anderson "Andy" Scott

FEBRUARY 9, 1960 - AUGUST 10, 2025



## *Funeral Service*

2 p.m., Friday, August 15, 2025

Harkers Island Methodist Church, Harkers Island, NC

Officiated by Rev. Billy Joe Willis

---

### READING OF THE OBITUARY

#### PRAYER

#### WELCOME

#### "AMAZING GRACE"

Recording by Judy Collins

#### MESSAGE

#### "THE ANCHOR HOLDS"

Recording by Ray Boltz

#### BENEDICTION

*The service will conclude at Vergie Mae Cemetery.*  
Please turn on bright lights and hazards in procession to the Cemetery.

#### Pallbearers

Alex Chadwick  
Bobby Martin III

Randy Guthrie  
Ronald Sanders

Bobby Martin Jr.  
Kevin Taylor

ARRANGEMENTS BY MUNDEN FUNERAL HOME, MOREHEAD CITY, NC

Ivey Anderson "Andy" Scott, 65, of Harkers Island, North Carolina, passed away on Sunday, August 10, 2025.

Andy was born on February 9, 1960, to Ivey Elliot Scott and Ida Paylor Davis. He was the younger of two siblings to bless Elliot and Ida. Andy grew up on the west end (the westerd) of Harkers Island and enjoyed spending his youth playing sports and riding bikes with his cousins and other boys in the community.

Like many other Harkers Island natives, Andy grew up working on the water. He began shrimping with his father at 9 years old and eventually left school at 16 to begin working full time. During Andy's early days working as a shrimper, he worked alongside Billy Howard Gaskill on his boat.

When Andy was 21, he began dating his wife, Angela Moore Scott. In the pair's early days, Angela's parents were concerned about the 5-year age gap between the two. However, Angela's parents soon saw Andy's character and changed their minds about the relationship, bringing him into their family and considering him one of their own. Many of Andy's fondest memories were made during the time he and Angela were dating. At age 24, Andy and Angela were married. Soon after, Angela gave birth to their daughter Tara. The young family then moved to Florida for a short while where Andy worked on the Frieda Marie scallop boat. When Andy and his family moved back to their home on Harkers Island, he resumed his work as a shrimper on the Frieda Marie until he acquired his own boat, "Miss Angela". Andy also worked in Marshallberg with Keith Willis for several years as a boatbuilder. Soon after their move home, Andy and Angela welcomed their second child, Kenneth.

While shrimping was Andy's passion in life, necessity called him to his other job, welding. For 10 years Andy worked as a welder for Hancock and Grandson. During his tenure as a welder, Andy worked alongside his best friend Randy Guthrie. Andy and Randy spent most of their days together, working or not. On the few days the pair were not physically together, they still would connect over the phone to check up on each other, a testament to their deep, lasting friendship. Friendship and a strong work ethic were not the only pillars important in Andy's moral composition. Community and helping others were also very important to Andy. For example, when Billy Willis's boat burned, Andy invited him to come along and work on his boat. When William Earl Nelson's boat capsized, Andy turned his boat around to look for and rescue him. These events show Andy's character and the value he placed in helping others. If someone needed him, Andy would always make sure he did what he could to help, marking him as an anchor in his community.

Community, family, and work were not the only things which anchored Andy. Andy was deeply connected to his lord and guiding light Jesus Christ. Through many hours of deep conversation with God on his boat, Andy knew where his faith layed, carrying him through his life and informing every other aspect of his character.

Initially intended as a vessel for the “Bring Back the Lights” organization, Andy welded anchors for community members to light and hang outside of their homes. However, these anchors quickly transformed from a vessel for light into a beacon of all the things Andy stood for. The anchors represent how Andy was anchored in his community through his work, his family, his dedication to helping others, and his devotion to his faith. Now, Andy’s anchors can be found across the country. His memory will live on in the thousands of anchors he welded, especially in those that hang on the homes of his own community members on Harkers Island and the greater Down East area. His legacy will also be continued through his son and grandson, who with the lessons Andy taught them, will honor what Andy started.

Andy was a devoted husband, father, and pop-pop. He loved his wife, especially her cooking. His dogs were his babies, he believed that a person’s character was greatly reflected in how they treated their pets. He loved Dale Earnhardt and hunting any animal he could. Andy also loved being at home with his family and hated being the center of attention, a testament to his character and strong sense of morality and ethic. Above all else Andy loved his shrimp boat, “Miss Angela”. His boat was his sanctuary, his safe-haven, his solace. With salt on his lips and wind on his face he felt at peace. Now, Andy will spend his eternal life doing what he loved in his mortal life. On the water, endless blue reflected in his eyes, a warm meal made by his wife waiting at home.

Andy is survived by his wife, Angela Moore Scott of the home; his two children, Tara Louise Scott and Ivey Kenneth Scott, both of Harkers Island; sister-in-law, Sheri Lowe (Glenn) of Havelock, NC; grandchildren, Savannah, Gage, Emily, and Everleigh, of Harkers Island; along with numerous nieces and nephews.

Andy was preceded in death by his parents Ivey Elliot Scott and Ida Paylor Davis; step-father, Panny Davis; sister, Nancy Leigh Rose; and father and mother-in-law, Frank and Rachel Moore.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to Bring Back the Lights to Harkers Island, P.O. Box 3, Harkers Island, NC 28531.



**MUNDEN**  
FUNERAL HOME  
*Family Owned & Operated Since 1955*

# *Crossing the Bar*

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have cross'd the bar.