



Abner Sorrows Jr.

The Jockey's Prayer

He walks through the tunnel, twirling his whip, the nerves have got to him, better act quick. He looks to the sky, blinded by the rain, mumbling to himself about being insane. He carries on, spying his brawny steed, the owner tells him, "Win this for me, please." He leads the grand animal, up to the gates, murmuring softly, "Now don't be afraid." He rubs the black mane, "it will be fine," saying this to the beautiful equine. He looks nervously around the racetrack, but all he sees are silks on the jockeys' backs. He looks above, with a smile on his face, "Oh, dear God, will you please give me a safe race?"

The gates are now open, it's time to use strength, the horses are now ahead of him by more than a length. He settles the dark bay along the white rail, stakes are on the line if he must fail. Now on the backstretch, the horses come closer, for once in the race, he is no longer a loner. As they reach the far turn, he flicks his black whip, signaling to his horse, they'd better go quick. With unreal speed, they pass their foes, the crowd would soon say they put on quite a show. Speechless was the announcer, when he saw the pink number, it was Mine That Bird's hooves hitting the ground like thunder.

The jockey stands in his saddle, pumping his fist, he looks to his parents with God, and sends them a kiss. It's time for a picture, to remember the day when the blanket of roses was placed on withers of bay.

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Celebrating THE LIFE OF



Abner "Jerry" Sorrows Jr.

November 1, 1955~ February 8, 2025

Abner "Jerry" Sorrows Jr., a spirited soul and a cherished family man, passed away peacefully on February 8, 2025, in Little Rock, Arkansas. Born on November 1, 1955, in Hazen, Arkansas, Abner's journey through life was marked by a fervent passion for both his career and family, making his departure a profound loss to all who knew and loved him. A respected jockey for the majority of his career, Abner became a prominent figure at Oaklawn in Hot Springs, Arkansas, and graced many other racetracks with his indomitable spirit and unwavering dedication. His prowess in the saddle was matched only by his zest for life, bringing joy and excitement to those fortunate enough to be in his presence.

Beyond the racetracks, Abner was a devoted husband to his beloved wife, Denise Sorrows. Together, they reveled in the beauty of nature, frequently hiking at Goodenow Grove in Illinois and embracing the outdoors with their children every weekend. Their affinity for adventure was also evident in their shared delight for attending air shows in Chicago, where the thrill of flight mirrored Abner's own exuberant spirit. Abner's character was as vibrant as his passions. With a larger-than-life personality, he was known for his animated storytelling and the warmth he summoned to gatherings, always finding reason to bring friends and family together. He had an overwhelming desire to see everyone happy, famously asserting, "I know what I'm talking about." True to this belief, he defined success not by accolades or wealth, but by the simple joy of happiness that filled his home.

His education was humble, having graduated from North East High School in 1974, yet he possessed a formidable common sense and instinct that guided him through life. Abner was a wild and compassionate man, whose unwavering toughness belied his small stature. His mother would often recount the stress of his spirited ways, humorously noting that she had gray hair by her early twenties as a result. At the heart of Abner's life were his family and proudest accomplishments: a close-knit clan that thrived under his hands-on parenting. He was particularly proud of his enduring marriage with Denise, celebrating over 31 years of love and companionship that served as a testament to their deep bond.

Abner leaves behind a loving family that includes his wife, Denise; daughter, Keely (Edgar); son, Austin (Rachel); brothers, Steve, Ricky (Bea), Lance (Linda), and Jimmy (Susan); sister, Dawanna; and granddaughter, Raelynn Morales. He is also survived by his mother, Velma Sorrows. His departure leaves a void that echoes in the hearts of those who knew him.

He was preceded in death by his father, Abner Sorrows Sr.; daughter, Abby Sorrows; and sister, Denise Patterson. Their memories will forever intertwine with Abner, who was a steadfast reflection of love and joy.

In the tapestry of life, Abner Sorrows Jr. was a vibrant thread, woven with the essence of joy, love, and adventure. He will be profoundly missed, yet his legacy of happiness will continue to inspire all who were fortunate enough to call him friend or family

**Hail, Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy,
our life, our sweetness and our hope.**

To thee do we cry,

poor banished children of Eve.

**To thee do we send up our sighs,
mourning and weeping in this valley of tears.**

**Turn then, most gracious advocate,
thine eyes of mercy toward us,**

and after this our exile

show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

O clement, O loving,

O sweet Virgin Mary.