

Celebrating the Life of
Our Beloved
Caleb Joseph Miller



Celebration of Life Service

Thursday, August 12, 2021
Visitation: 10:00 AM – 12:00 PM
Funeral Service: 12:00 PM

Forever Praise Ministries

International

14 Sunnybrook Drive
Cincinnati, Ohio 45237
Tyrone Spikes, Officiating
Apostle Toni Loschiavo, Pastor

An Expression of Gratitude

We want to acknowledge with deep appreciation the many expressions of Love, concern and kindness shown to us during this difficult time. The many texts, meals, hugs, prayers, and loving words of remembrance have strengthened us. Forever praise Ministries, thank you for staying with us around the clock, praying, crying, laughing, talking, worshiping, remembering, cooking, cleaning, running errands, and helping make every aspect of this special life celebration happen. May God bless and keep you all. ~The Miller Family



Active Pallbearers

Kevin Miller	Steve Neale
Derrell Black	Tyrone Spikes
Glen Vogelsang	Emanuel Watkins
Adrian Blackwell	Shantee Prather

Honorary Pallbearers

Micah Miller	Rion George
Matthew Miller	Samuel Hilton
Bruce Miller	Adam Lane
David Neale	Vincent Miller

Final Resting Place

Oak Hill Cemetery
11200 Princeton Pike
Cincinnati, Ohio 45246



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Walker Funeral Home
2625 Gilbert Avenue * Cincinnati, OH 45206
(513) 521-2434 www.herbwalker.com



Caleb Joseph Miller

Sunrise: January 19, 2005

Sunset: August 4, 2021

Order of Service

- Shofar Call..... Forever Praise Shofar Ministry
- Opening Remarks.....Tyrone Spikes
- Video Presentation.....
- Scripture..... Corinthians 13
Brianna Kelly, Tionna Spikes, Samuel Hilton
Friends
- Poem..... Grandparents Bruce and Judy Miller
- Scripture Ecclesiastes 3:1-8
Isaac Acuff
Friend
- Reflection..... Jill Lane
Lifelong Friend
- Reflection..... Micah Miller
Brother
- ScriptureRomans 8:31-35, 37-39
Maria and Adam Lane
Lifelong Friends
- Reflection.....Kevin Miller
Father
- Eulogy.....Sheri Miller
Mother
- Praise & Worship.....
Forever Praise Ministries Worship & Dance Ministries
- Closing & Benediction Prayer..... Apostle Toni Loschiavo
Pastor
- Parting View.....Family
- Recessional.....Clergy, Family & Bearers



Repast Luncheon will be at the church Forever Praise Ministries, 14 Sunnybrook Drive, Reading, Ohio 45237, following the burial at Oak Hill Cemetery.

The Life of Caleb Joseph Miller

Caleb Joseph Miller, age 16, of Fairfield Township, Ohio, passed away on Wednesday, August 4, 2021, in Fairfield Township, Ohio. He was born January 19, 2005, in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Caleb Miller a.k.a. Cabu, Cayub, CAAALLLUUBBBB!!!, The Mad Taper, waffle king, pizza king (he regularly ate an entire pizza in one sitting) son, brother, grandson, nephew, cousin, friend, buddy, was extraordinary. He woke up with a song and was a shower singer extraordinaire. He would jump over the daycare baby gates and enjoy the loud entrance he would make announcing, "I Need Food!" or "Give me sustenance!" Caleb loved good food. He ate breakfast, second breakfast, lunch, middle lunch, a snack, dinner and then right before bed he would eat buffet style so that he could endure through the night. Caleb loved to be loud. He played the trumpet and wore out his shirt that stated, "I destroy silence." We regularly reminded him, "Caleb we are right here" as he would scream his ideas in excitement towards us. He had inexhaustible energy. When he was young, we would try to think of activities that might possibly wear him out, but it never worked; he woke up at full tilt and stayed there until he fell asleep at night.

Caleb was a self-dedicated Marvel Universe expert and regularly answered questions that people would pose to him on Quora regarding the Marvel Universe. Creative does not begin to describe Caleb. He always had an idea about something; a theory about everything. When he was younger, boxes and other discarded things were taped together, painted, and made into his own entertainment. He grew to sculpt whatever his interest was in the moment, especially Mario, Luigi and Sonic figures. Caleb loved Legos so much his two brothers gave him their Legos so that he could build his ideas. He could make anything he thought of down to the minute detail of how to make it transform from one thing to another. He made YouTube videos talking about his Legos to teach himself not to stutter. He practiced and practiced until he was successful. He was persistent and determined. If he wanted to do something, he did it. He practiced until he could do it to his satisfaction.

He drew all the time; comics, landscapes, birds, his thoughts. He showed his love for others by drawing pictures. He would labor for weeks smiling at how the person would like it. He worked endlessly on drawing hands. He loved commercials and would comment on the artistic quality of them or lack thereof.

No matter what he was doing in the moment he always took the time to look up and greet whoever was walking by. He had a great sense of humor and told his first joke at 18 months old.

He was a master storyteller. He kept his two brothers entertained well into the night with "Caleb's Tall Tales." And could read a small child a book and remember all the voices. Kids would watch Caleb's antics like they were watching the TV. He was a closet lover of dramas. He would sit with his mom when she was watching a drama, declare "well there is nothing else to watch" and then thoroughly enjoy the story unfolding. He was a hard worker, always helpful and a gentleman. He had impeccable manners except when eating, he was simply too hungry at that point to care about manners. In all that he did he brought people together. He never wanted anyone to be left out. He loved everyone. He loved God; his faith was important to him. He had no problem explaining to his friends why he was or was not going to do something based on his faith. He was loving and well loved.

Underneath all of this, Caleb struggled with depression. We didn't know it. He never told us. One of the last things he wrote was "I should tell my parents." Now the joy of his life is at times clouded by the horror of his death. He kept all of this to himself, suffered alone, when he wasn't really alone. You are not alone.

YOU MATTER. YOU ARE NOT ALONE. YOU ARE LOVED.



*Forever
in our
Hearts*