

If I Could Speak TO YOU ONCE MORE

A Tribute in the Spirit of Deacon J.D. James

To my beloved wife, my daughter, my granddaughters,
and all of my family—

If I could speak to you once more, I would tell you, don't let your hearts
be troubled. The God I trusted, served, and sang about all these years has
carried me safely home.

To my loving wife, Gwendolyn, thank you for 31 blessed years of walking
beside me. Through sunshine and rain, joy and sorrow, you were there.
Our love was one of God's greatest gifts to me. Hold close the memories
we made, and when you miss me most, keep holding to God's unchanging
hand.

To my daughter, Tamirah, and my precious granddaughters, A'Niyah
and Ja'Mesia, always remember how deeply I loved you. Take care of one
another. Keep God first. Be kind. Help somebody. Share what you have,
and never forget that a little love can make a great difference in someone's
life.

And to all my family, when you see a garden growing, smell something
good cooking in the kitchen, or hear one of those old songs of Zion—smile
and think of me. Don't remember me only for the day I left; remember all
the days God allowed us to have together.

I have sung my songs.
I have served my church.
I have loved my family.
I have sent up my timber.

Now, my work on this side is complete.

Keep loving each other. Keep praying for each other.
Keep serving God. And whenever life becomes difficult,
remember what I tried to remind you—

"Jesus Is Love."

Until we meet again, know that I loved you dearly, and I carried that love
with me all the way home.

The timber has been sent.
The work is complete.
And I am resting in the hands of God.

— A commemorative tribute inspired by the life,
faith, and love of Deacon J.D. James

ACTIVE PALLBEARERS

Creon Arnold
Bryant Cobb, Jr.
Frederick Arnold

Greg Ray
Javonte Arnold
Joshua Bradley

ACTIVE FLORAL BEARERS

Family & Friends

EARTHLY BED OF SLUMBER

Concord Cemetery
787 Northwest Concord Church Road
Greenville, Florida 32331

THE FAMILY'S MESSAGE OF GRATITUDE

The Family of Deacon J.D. James would like to express
our deepest appreciation to those who have offered their prayers,
support, and words of comfort to our family during our time of
bereavement. THANK YOU for your loving condolences, for each
spoken word has given us strength to make it through each passing
day.

A Special Thanks to the Compassionate Health Providers who
cared for J.D. with the utmost professionalism, and for keeping
him comfortable while in their care...

DaVita of Madison

Medical Teams at Tallahassee Memorial Healthcare
Select Medical Rehabilitation Hospital
May God continue to bless each of you is our prayer.
- The James Family

We would like to take this opportunity to express our gratitude for the
trust you have placed upon us during the Homegoing Service of your
loved one. Our fervent hope is that all measures of assistance rendered to
your family have been completed in detail. For all your confidence placed
in our staff and me, we will be forever grateful.

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A LIFE OF Faith A Legacy OF SERVICE HONORING THE Life OF



Deacon J.D. JAMES

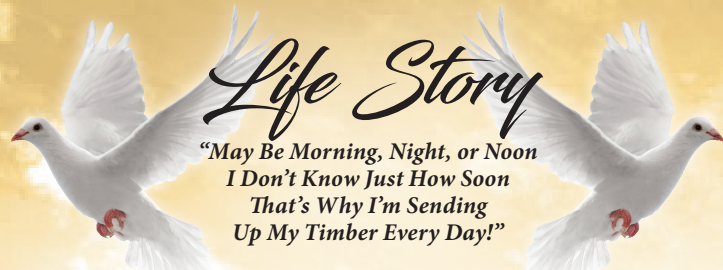
Deacon • Servant • Husband • Father • Grandfather • Friend

EARTHLY SERVICE BEGAN CALLED TO ETERNAL REST
May 28, 1952 September 2, 2026

Saturday, September 12, 2026
3:00 Post Meridien

New Canaan Missionary Baptist Church
9710 Northwest Lovett Road
Greenville, Florida 32331
Reverend Ernest Bruton, Gracious Host | Eulogist

J.P. Moore Undertaking Company, Directing



DEACON J.D. JAMES, the beloved son of Valley and Easter Bell James, was born on May 28, 1952. He grew up under the guidance of his parents, his sisters, older brothers, and the watchful eyes of his village. He learned valuable skills and life lessons from them all. Their influence positively impacted his life.

J.D. was a “people person” whose personality was caring, compassionate, kind, and good-natured. Because he always had the desire to do what is right, he would let his conscience be his guide. He believed everyone should live in harmony. For this reason, he would go the extra mile to help resolve disagreements peacefully. He also did whatever he could to help others in need.

Earlier in his life, **J.D.** sought to have a relationship with the Lord and was committed to honor His divine will. He obediently began his mission for his church and within the community as he grew in faith.

J.D. put his faith into action through his involvement at New Canaan Missionary Baptist Church. He willingly fulfilled his obligations as deacon, Sunday School scholar, choir member, and culinary committee member. He moved the congregation by rendering soul stirring songs of Zion. Among them were “God’s Grace” / “I’m a Poor Pilgrim of Sorrow”/ “I’ll Go If I Have to Go by Myself”/ A Change is Gonna Come,” and “I’m Sending Up My Timber.” He was also a master chef who expertly prepared his signature dishes – yellow rice and turkey, collard, mustard, and turnip greens, or whatever the committee members asked him to prepare for special events.

J.D. was a graduate from the Madison County School District and later sought employment there - first as a part-time custodian and then retiring as the District Food Warehouse Manager and delivery driver of cafeteria supplies to the five local schools. He made an impact with both the staff and students at each location.

At the end of his work busy days, **J.D.** found peace and solace in the fresh air and sunshine. His greatest joy came from the beauty and wonders of nature. He loved manicuring his yard for curb appeal and growing bountiful crops of fruits and vegetables in his seasonal gardens. He grew corn, greens, okra, tomatoes, and onions for the meals he prepared for dinner, but he always had enough to share with friends, neighbors, and other residents in the community. Because of his generosity, the more he shared, the garden produced more abundantly.

Another passion of **J.D.**’S was cooking. He planned his menus in advance, prepared specialty dishes upon request, as well as favorite holiday meals.

J.D. was resilient. His endearing love for his wife, life itself, and his faith in the Almighty all activated his hope for the future by his “Holding (firmly} to God’s Unchanging Hand.” His concert of praise that he sang for the Healthcare team and other patients was “I’m Sending Up My Timber Every Day.” However, during the personal bedside concert he sang to his wife, daughter, and granddaughters, he spoke directly to their hearts as he reminded them that in all situations, “Jesus Is Love.”

On Wednesday, September 2, 2026, **J.D.** answered the loving whisper from the Almighty that said for him to “Come on Up to Bright Glory” and become a member of His Heavenly Choir. He peacefully transitioned from this life to find sweet “Rest Beyond the River.”

Loved ones whose lives are impacted by **DEACON J.D. JAMES**’ passing are his devoted wife of 31 blessed years: Gwendolyn Haynes James; daughter: Tamirah (Greg) Ray; sisters: Gertrude (James) Kaiser and Mildred Arnold; granddaughters: A’Niyah Ray and Ja’Mesia Ray; mother-in-love: Hattie Mae Haynes; sisters-in-love: Linda Haynes and Jacqueline (Rev. Oliver) Bradley; a host of loving aunts, uncles, aunts-in-love, uncles-in-love; as well as a host of cousins, nieces, nephews, countless other sorrowing relatives, and comforting friends.

Preceding **DEACON J.D. JAMES** in death were his parents: Valley James and Easter Bell James; brothers: Elder Leroy James, Edgar James, William Floyd James; and sisters: Bessie Lee James, Eddie Mae Hall, and Inez Robinson.



Divine Order of Service

Prelude..... The *J.P. Moore* Gospel Band & Chorale

Processional Eulogist, Clergy, Mortician & Family

Parting Glimpse & Seating of the Family..... The *J.P. Moore* Staff

The Invocation..... Reverend Oliver Bradley

The Holy Scripture Reading Reverend Oliver Bradley
Old & New Testament

Selection The *J.P. Moore* Gospel Chorale

FAMILY REFLECTIONS & TRIBUTES

Two minutes each, please

Family & Friends (Limited to Three)

Acknowledgements & Resolutions The *J.P. Moore* Staff

Selection The *J.P. Moore* Gospel Chorale

Words of Comfort Reverend Ernest Bruton

Mortician’s Brief Mr. Jamarien “J.P.” Moore, LFD

Recessional Clergy & Family

“May be morning, night, or noon,
I don’t know just how soon;
that’s why I’m sending up my timber every day.”