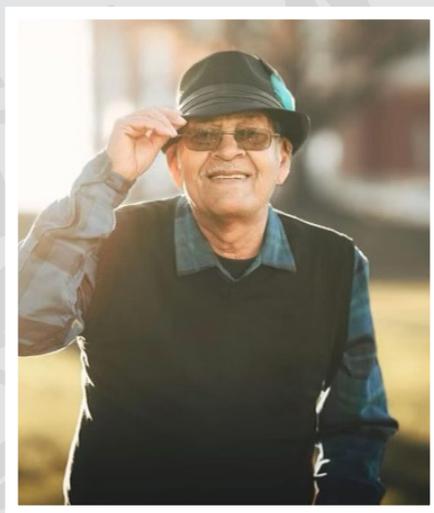


IN LOVING MEMORY

Errol Wilson



CELEBRATION OF LIFE

11:00 am Saturday, May 14, 2022

Freeman Chapel

Jefferson City, Missouri

The Reverend James Mahaney, Sr.

Remembering Errol

Errol Lyddon Wilson, age 92 years, of Jefferson City, Mo., passed away Thursday, May 5, 2022 at Capital Region Medical Center.

He was born on December 14, 1929 in Retreat, St. Mary, Jamaica the son of Ernest Errol and Adassa (Rose) Wilson. He was married on August 1, 1959 in London, England to Joyce Valentine who preceded him in death on June 12, 2017.

Errol attended Dinthill Technical High School in Jamaica where he became an electrician. After high school, he migrated to London, England where he worked for the Hoover Company. After several years he moved to Cascade, Jamaica where he worked for Jamaica Public Service. In 1983 Errol moved to Jefferson City, Mo. and became employed with Westinghouse Electric Corporation and its successor, ABB, Inc. until his retirement.

Errol enjoyed working with his hands and paid strong attention to detail. His work ethic and ability to problem solve is a legacy passed on to his daughters. When he wasn't working, you could find him watching sports, especially tennis or reading.

He will be remembered for his giving heart and dedication to helping others. The old saying "a true gentleman" was absolutely true of Errol; he greeted all with a smile and was willing to do anything he could for others. He had a good sense of humor and was a bit of a jokester. He enjoyed sharing his life experiences, especially with his daughters. He was always there to lend his time, a friendly conversation, or just to make family and friends feel special. Most of all, Errol loved spending time with his family and his grandchildren were the light of his life. He had a passion for life and enjoyed every moment.

Survivors include: his three daughters; Carole Wilson-Tyus (George) of Jefferson City, Ann McSwain of Jefferson City, and Jennifer Carpenter (James) of Davenport, Iowa; 11 grandchildren, Brandi McSwain of Virginia Beach, George Tyus, Jr. (Veronica) of El Paso, Texas; Tyrone Austin (Erica), Lamar Tyus, Amanda Matteson (Tommy), and Matthew McSwain all of Jefferson City; Keesha, Kirsten, TJ, and Brice Carpenter all of Davenport, Iowa; Chloe Asbell (Mark) of Duluth, Georgia; seven great-grandchildren; several nieces and nephews; two sisters, Alva Dawkins and Lola Smith both of Kingston, Jamaica.

He was preceded in death by his parents; his loving wife of 57 years, Joyce; two brothers, Hugh and Edward Wilson; and two sisters, Dorothy Lobban and Faustine Sharp.

Order of Service

Processional

Music Selection “Amazing Grace”
(Leann Rimes)

Scripture

Old Testament: Ecclesiastes 3:1-5..... Marcia Wilson

New Testament: John 14:1-6..... Vickie Keleher

New Testament: John 14:27 Andrew George

Prayer..... Rev. James Mahaney Sr.

Music Selection “Fathers and Daughters”
(Michael Bolton)

Reading of Obituary..... Ann McSwain

Condolences..... Marcia Wilson

Remembrances

Music Selection “Well Done”
(The Afters)

Eulogy..... Carole Wilson-Tyus

Message..... Leana Mahaney

Recessional

GRAVESIDE SERVICES

Hawthorn Memorial Gardens

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Tyrone Austin, Amanda Matteson, TJ Carpenter,

Brice Carpenter, Matthew McSwain

WHEN I LOST YOU

I wish I could see you one more time,
Come walking through the door...

But I know that is impossible,
I will hear your voice no more.

I know you can feel my tears
And you don't want me to cry,
Yet my heart is broken because
I can't understand why someone
So precious had to die.

I pray that God will give me strength
And somehow get me through...
As I struggle with the heartache
That came *When I Lost You*.

IN APPRECIATION

The family express their sincere appreciation for the many comforting thoughts and prayers, floral tributes, food and acts of kindness extended to each of them during this time.

Freeman
MORTUARY



REMEMBERING OUR *Daddy*



THE DASH

By Linda Ellis

I read of a man who stood to speak
At the funeral of a friend
He referred to the dates on the tombstone
From the beginning...to the end

He noted that first came the date of birth
And spoke the following date with tears,
But he said what mattered most of all
Was the dash between those years

For that dash represents all the time
That they spent alive on earth.
And now only those who loved them
Know what that little line is worth

For it matters not, how much we own,
The cars...the house...the cash.
What matters is how we live and love
And how we spend our dash.

So, think about this long and hard.
Are there things you'd like to change?
For you never know how much time is left
That can still be rearranged.

If we could just slow down enough
To consider what's true and real
And always try to understand
The way other people feel.

And be less quick to anger
And show appreciation more
And love the people in our lives
Like we've never loved before.

If we treat each other with respect
And more often wear a smile,
Remembering this special dash
Might only last a little while

So, when your eulogy is being read
With your life's actions to rehash...
Would you be proud of the things they say
About how you spent YOUR dash?

