



Jim Abernathy

November 23, 1933 - February 28, 2016

Abernathy- Jim Abernathy, 82 of Conyers, passed away on Sunday February 28, 2016. Funeral services will be held at 11AM on Thursday March 3, 2016 in the Chapel of Tim Stewart Funeral Home, Loganville. Rev. Jeff Clegg will officiate. Interment will follow at Lawnwood Memorial Park. Mr. Abernathy is survived by his loving wife Shelby Baker Abernathy, Conyers; son & fiancée: Clay & Tina (Maddox) Abernathy, Snellville; daughter & son-in-law: Amy & Dan Petulla, Chattanooga, TN; grandchildren: Rachel Abernathy Thompson; Paula & Justin Hartley; Melody Petulla; Chris Petulla; Angela Petulla; great grandchildren: Abby, Nathan, J.J; and a host of family & friends. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to: Abbey Hospice: 215 Azalea Circle, Social Circle, GA 30025 in Jim's name. The family will receive friends from 10AM - 11AM before the service at Tim Stewart Funeral Home: 670 Tom Brewer Rd. Loganville 30052 770-466-1544. Please leave online condolences at www.stewartfh.com.

Cemetery Details

Lawnwood Memorial Park

Covington, GA

Previous Events

Visitation

MAR 3. 10:00 AM - 11:00 AM (ET)

Tim Stewart Funeral Home Loganville
670 Tom Brewer Road
Loganville, GA 30052
(770) 466-1544

Service

MAR 3. 11:00 AM (ET)

Chapel of Tim Stewart Funeral Home Loganville
670 Tom Brewer Rd.
Loganville, GA

Tribute Wall



“ *Tim Stewart Funeral Home created a Tribute Video in memory of Jim Abernathy*



Tim Stewart Funeral Home - March 01, 2016 at 08:39 AM



“ *Jim Abernathy*

October 08, 2022 at 11:31 AM

AM

“ Thank you for coming to celebrate Daddy’s life with us today.
My Daddy didn’t like waiting in line, or long to-dos, so this will be short

Not a service whose purpose is to make you cry. Rather, we are here to remember and celebrate Jim Abernathy.

Poem from Brenda by Henry Scott Holland - Death is nothing at all. I have only slipped away into the next room. I am I, and you are you. Whatever we were to each other, that we still are. Call me by my old familiar name, speak to me in the easy way which you always used. Put no difference in your tone, wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow, laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together. Play, smile, think of me, pray for me. Let my name be ever the household word that it always was. Let it be spoken without effort, without the trace of a shadow on it. Life means all that it ever meant. It is the same as it ever was; there is unbroken continuity. Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight? I am waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near, just round the corner. All is well.

And that is really how I feel. I told Daddy as he lay there to say hi to Mawmaw and Pawpaw & Uncle Dave, & we would see him when we got there. And most of those accounts you hear of people heading toward the light say that they were first able to look down and see their body there, so I looked up and smiled at him. Because he is at last free of the shackles of infirmity that plagued him in his later years. For several years, he has been leaving, bit by bit, so that the man who laid there in that bed wasn’t my daddy, but just the pale shadow left behind. My daddy is the man who put the PA system in his car so he could play jokes on the passersby. “Hey you. Yes, you. I’m talking to you.” While they looked around trying to see who was talking. It was some time before I realized that wasn’t an option you could just order up when you bought a new car, and many’s the time I wished I had one of those. Although it’s probably a good thing I did not, because I would have likely told some people what I thought of their driving. But daddy didn’t do that, he just had fun with it.

My daddy is the man who loved building his stills and other artistic

items. You'll see out there a picture of some of the grandkids with the cupola that he built. He's the one who installed the rope swing on a pulley and wire in our old house in Tucker, and a swing at the Conyers house too. He's the one who put so many hours into creating the perfect boat. He's the one who helped my mom create an indoor garden jungle in our old basement, complete with hanging baskets and potted plants and bark mulch and a walking path. He's also the one who recently told Mama he didn't want to be buried in the Woodlands meadow at the monastery because he didn't want deer walking across his grave. We were surprised at that, but I guess we shouldn't have been, because while Daddy loved the deer from a distance, they still caused him some headaches eating some of the scuppernongs and such. Though they were not the pests that the squirrels were. As long as I can remember, my daddy and the squirrels fought over the bird feeders. He did everything he could to keep them out, and they always found a way in. If he put it on a pole, they found a way up. If he hung it from a wire, they shimmed their way down. He even put a metal plate on top of the feeder hanging from a wire, that would tip to the side so they ought to slide off, but they somehow found a way to balance. I think he finally decided to give up and enjoy them, but I could see him not wanting them playing where he lay.

Hat- fire hydrant (unfortunately, Fire Dept was not amused), so instead mailbox, bird feeder

Probably my fondest memory of Daddy was the hot air balloon ride we did one year. Like, I suspect, most men, he was hard to buy for. "Don't get me anything for my birthday."

Amy - March 06, 2016 at 10:30 AM

CW

Amy, I was away when your Father passed and I am sorry. My sister Cynthia stood in for me and attended the service. My sister loves your Mother as much as I do. (She attends functions with me and worked at the H.D for a short period.) I met your father once and commended to your Mother," "how handsome he was. Of course she laughed it off. They were a "beautiful couple." I will miss his kindness in chatting with me on the phone when I called to speak with your Mother. Nothing long, just kindness in saying he would be sure to say to her that I called. I don't know if he knew me, but he reassured me as the caller, that he would be sure that she got the call.

I will visit with your Mother as soon as I can. I will call her often, but most of all, I will pray for her!! For her grief at losing her "best, long time friend," her husband. For her loneliness, her sadness, though she didn't want to see him suffer. And I will pray for comfort for all of you. You will all miss your Father, but he left you all such beautiful memories. So, he is always with you.

*Thank you for sharing with us all of the things he did with the family. May the GOD of peace, comfort and love be with you always.
Claudette J. Williams.*

Claudette J. Williams - March 06, 2016 at 08:37 PM

AM

“ Eulogy part 2:

“Just get me some socks and underwear for Christmas.” I don’t remember if it was Daddy or Mama that told me he had always wanted to go on a hot air balloon ride, but I knew that was the perfect thing. That trip for two is I think the best gift I ever gave him. I initially intended it for them both to go on, but Mama set me straight right quick about that. So Daddy and I got up early on a cold morning and went ballooning near sunrise with the operator through Stone Mountain, and it was magical. Out on the table, you’ll see a picture of the mountain that Daddy took that day. On the back, he wrote, “I will never forget.” Of course he did, later. But that dementia clouding his memory, that’s gone now. When you came in, they were playing one of my favorite hymns, “Gather Us In.” I asked them to include that one specifically because of the line, “Now is the darkness vanished away.” Well, now the darkness of Daddy’s dementia is gone, and he is restored to the man he really was. You can mourn, for a while, if you wish, not for Daddy, but for yourselves, that for a time, you will not lay eyes on him, or hear his rich laugh. But as for me, I rejoice that my Daddy is flying high and free, his vision and thought clear, restored to life, perfect and eternal.

Invite Rev. Jeff Clegg, Chaplain at Abbey Hospice up to pray with us.

I love you, Daddy. We will never forget. -Amy

Amy - March 06, 2016 at 10:29 AM

GM

“ Uncle Jim

You will be dearly missed here on earth, but we will meet again! You were an amazing Uncle. I always remember you picking on us when we were kids. You always made me laugh about everything. I loved seeing your smiling face every time w/ your red & white polka dot hat on. When I was younger I always called it the choo-choo train hat. I remember all of you playing poker on the weekends @ mom & dad's house. I have lots of fine memories that I will cherish in my heart forever. I want to thank you for all those good times. Also, for being such a wonderful husband, father & grandfather to your family. You were the BEST!!!! Love you

Greta Morrill

Greta Morrill - March 05, 2016 at 09:59 AM

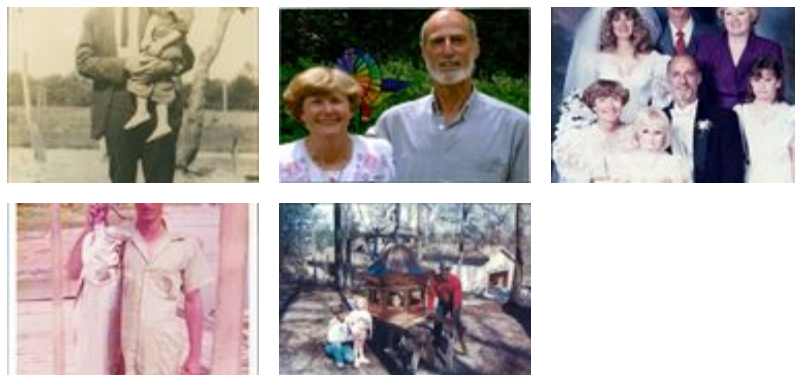
DB

“ *At a time when words are hard to find just want you all to know your in our thoughts & prayers. With Love & Sympathy Baker & Rita*

Danny E. Baker - March 01, 2016 at 05:37 PM



“ *45 files added to the album Life Tributes*



Tim Stewart Funeral Home - March 01, 2016 at 08:11 AM