



Grant Evans

November 29, 2012

Grant Evans

Age 87, of Jupiter, FL, Grant Evans passed away on Thursday, November 29, 2012 surrounded by his loving family.

Grant Evans was born on October 21, 1925 in Etowah, TN to Newton and Sadie Evans. Two weeks later, they returned to Jacksonville, FL where he spent the majority of his youth. He was second born of five children. He was preceded in death by his brother, Joe, and sisters, Sadie and Ann. He is survived by his sister, Marjorie.

At the youthful age of 17, he joined the Navy where he served his term during World War II. He received several honors, including Victory Medal, American Theatre, Asiatic-Pacific, and Navy Expert Pistol Shot. He stood number two out of his class of 241 men in his Aircrewmen Gunners Course. Following his Honorable Discharge, he attended Johnson Bible College for one year. While working his way through college as a logger, he then graduated from Northwest Christian College with a degree in Theology. Just before he graduated, he wrote a letter to Pratt & Whitney Aircraft telling them how much he admired the engines in the planes he flew in the war. They responded by offering him a job in West Palm Beach, FL where he stayed for 33 years until he retired in 1990.

He raised and is survived by four children, Michelle, Steven, Angela and Robin. He is survived by his wife, Sue of nearly 25 years, with whom he also helped raise two children, David and Christopher, as well as two grandchildren, David and Andrew.

Grant is also blessed with and survived by 16 grandchildren: April, Matthew, Shawna, Jennifer, Courtney, Jessica, Nicholas, David, Andrew, Paul, Zachery, Cally Jo, Ethan, Cami, Darren, and Cara. Logan is his only great-grandchild so far.

Besides his love for his family, Grant also enjoyed camping, swimming, wind-surfing, fishing, archery and working with wood. His family is especially proud of his swimming medals and trophies. He was a top swimmer in the state of FL for the age 50-60 group. His memorial service will be held at Taylor and Modeen Funeral Home on Thursday, December 6, 2012 at 11:00 am. If you prefer, in lieu of flowers, you may send donations to St. Jude's Children's Hospital (www.stjude.org). For family members, there will be a Naval Memorial Service at the South FL National Cemetery on Friday.

He was a devout Christian and planted the seed of faith in all his family and to anyone who would listen. He was deeply loved and will be greatly missed by all those who knew him.

Tribute Wall



“ Grant Evans

October 22, 2023 at 10:17 AM



“ This is the poem I wrote after granddaddy passed away that expresses in part the influence he had on my life. My husband, Cliff Boyd read it aloud for me during the funeral. *God Keeps His Promises* By Shawna Boyd Granddaddy was sick for quite a while Memories of him, I tried to stockpile. Never gone, was his thirst for life By fighting he taught me to overcome strife. To Earth and its treasures he wasn't a slave With laboring hands he provided and gave. So many hardships through life he endured His resolve is a gift that in me is secured. I look over and see that old rocking chair, My heart is saddened, Granddaddy's not there. Gone is the strongest man I've ever known I left his house and felt so alone. On my way home, a reminder was there. I saw four different rainbows, no more despair. God's sweet message across a stormy sky, It's HIM, my LORD on whom I rely. GOD keeps His promises, it really is true, That's how I know again I'll see you. The last words I heard my granddaddy say To our family on Thanksgiving Day: Always remember how much I love you We will granddaddy, we will.

Shawna Boyd - Orlando, FL - Granddaughter - January 10, 2013 at 12:00 AM

“ On daddy's last birthday (87th) one month before he died
I didn't get to come down... but I wrote this at that time.
I didn't send it as it felt too much like a eulogy..
but it is relevant now...

Dear Daddy,

As I think about you and all I love about you...

On your 87th birthday... I remember you ...

*In a Volkswagen on the way to Oregon
with all seats filled and even one passenger
in the back window.*

*I remember leaning first one way on siblings to sleep
and then we'd all lean the other way on each other to
sleep some more.*

Vienna sausage sandwiches.

Eating juicy Georgia Peaches in the back seat.

A man young and handsome.

A father strong and true.

Bouncing biceps.

*Being tickled til it hurt and
a pile of children on your back.*

A ready laugh.

A smile and face to outshine any on TV.

A punching bag with a long running rhythm.

How you'd always find humor in everything.

*I remember all the wonderful things you showed us
from the oceans to the mountains.*

*I remember painting a house all weekend,
picking weeds out of the yard every Saturday...
and learning the value of work.*

A Ford in the garage. Custom 500.

*You, holding back the sliding window as it walked across
the floor, putting in back in place during a hurricane.*

Corny jokes and laughter.

I remember the boat motor churning in the garbage can full of water.

I remember 110 degrees in Death Valley

and a station wagon stopped and in distress on the side of the road.

I remember breakfast was a fun "meal out" going across country.

I remember you always came home at 5:15.

And you always went to work.

*I remember watching the men land on the moon in black and white on our tv
as you told us that you weren't really allow to talk about it much...*

but that Pratt & Whitney built that engine.

I remember being so proud of you.

I remember being saved from the ocean waves in a rip tide by your strong hands.

I remember long talks about all things wise and wonderful.

I remember a yard with no stickers to run barefoot in.

I remember a sturdy swing set built like no other out of telephone poles.

I remember bikes and radios on Christmas morning.

I remember joyful song and brilliant smile that you always carry with you.

Lots of long talks where everything you told me made sense and seemed so very wise.

*I remember the place of honor your heart kept for your mother
and all the bits of wisdom you shared and passed on from her.*

*I remember watching you swim a race and slice through the water like it was
nothing.*

I remember how you taught me to talk with the Lord.

To climb into his palm, be covered and be safe.

*I remember you stand for integrity and honesty
and goodness.*

*As I remember my childhood and all that made me
who I am,*

One thing is very clear to me.

I didn't have to look far

to find my hero...

that has always been You.

I love you dearly, Daddy.

Hope your birthday was happy.

Hope you had a nice time with the family.

Wish I could have been there to hug your neck.

But just know ...

You are loved.

Your eldest daughter,

Michelle

RD

“Daddy, I miss you. I loved you so much and have often lately wondered how I will ever live without your kind and gentle hugs, your wise words, and your unconditional love. I will go on...and make you proud. I will spread the word of hope and faith you instilled in me. Your legacy will live forever and your example will be known and emulated for years to come. I am so grateful that God blessed me with such an incredible father. No words can completely attest to just how much I admired you. Lord willing, I will see you in heaven and spend the rest of eternity bragging to our Creator about your adherence and devotion to His word. Until then I will strive to be a fraction of the remarkable person you have been. Goodbye to the best daddy a little girl could ever hope for..

Robin L. Evans - Ocala, FL - Daughter - December 12, 2012 at 12:00 AM

RF

“Perhaps they are not stars, but rather openings in heaven where the love of our lost ones pours through and shines down upon us to let us know they are happy. Our Deepest sorrow for all that knew and loved this wonderful man... We all are all the less in his lose.

Richard Piroli and Betty Piroli - Jupiter, FL - Family - December 11, 2012 at 12:00 AM

“A Man
Like This”

So what drives a man to be like this?

A man who always put his family before himself - sometimes working two jobs in order to pay the bills

A man who in spite of working so much, always seemed to be there to pick you up when you fell

One who sometimes lectured long - but always with love and care

A man who was honest in every dealing

One who was rarely short with people - but was never short on quick witted jokes

A man who was able to express disappointment in just the right measure to make you want to do good and do right

A man who was full of adventure for boating and camping and any activity where life could be celebrated

One who was always willing to put down his paper or turn off the TV to listen to you and only you

And this is so special to me that he was a man who shared such a love with his wife Sue - that there was often a competition - a competition to see who do more for the other person

A man who shared the truth about the love of Jesus Christ many times with each of us with persistence and with patience

So as I was reading some scriptures and putting my thoughts together on what drove my Father to be like this I also thought about the 12 Disciples (11 of whom gave their lives for what they believed in) and I wondered what caused each of them, as they were spread out in disparate locations to be men like they were?

And then I remembered the sacrifice of a man named William Tyndale who was burned at the stake for his role in converting the Bible to what was called the 'Vulgar Language' by those who tried to prevent the translation to what we now understand as the English Language.

Then finally I thought of a current Christian artist named Jeremy Camp and how he wrote a song called 'I still believe' after he lost his young wife to Ovarian Cancer after they had only been married for 3 months. She was just 21 years of age when she died.

So just what was it that drove these Disciples, these Men, this Father to be like this?

Steve Evans - Florida, FL - Son - December 11, 2012 at 12:00 AM

DS

“ *Grant possessed an inner strength that few people had. Words he spoke had wisdom and power. He loved telling and listening to stories about anything, as long as they had a human interest. The knowledge and guidance I received from him will help carry me through the rest of my life, and I will look back and say, yeah Grant said that. It has been a true blessing to know and love such an individual. Rest well. Until we meet again.*

David Piroli - Royal Palm Beach, FL - step-son - December 10, 2012 at 12:00 AM

JG

“ *I want to tell you about a man, my grandfather (Grant Evans) who helped make me who I am today. His compassion and love for his entire family radiated from his embrace when he hugged you tight (even as he got weaker he squeezed his hardest), shined from his smile when he saw you (always happy even through the pain of old age), and humbled you from his wise words (each story, each experience, and words of advice revealing something special you could take with you always). He gave without expecting in return, loved unconditionally, and was the glue that always brought everyone together for the holidays. He is the reason I am a child of God, he passed down and shared his love for Christ so that it became engraved on all of our hearts. He was always slow to anger and quick to forgive. A man you were proud to call your husband, brother, father, grandfather, and great-grandfather. He placed high value on each and every single one of us close to him making each of us feel loved and cherished. He went home today; there is no doubt of that. He has a mansion just over the hill top with its doors wide open waiting for the day when the rest of us will come join him. I love you Grandad and although it is hard now to say goodbye I know you are somewhere no longer suffering and with our Creator where there is no pain, no tears, no sorrows. If it be God's will, I will and all his family will see you again...*

Jessica McElroy - Addison, TX - Granddaughter - December 10, 2012 at 12:00 AM

JF

“ I became good friends with his grand-daughter Jen when I was in middle school and every since then any time I saw Grant he made me feel like I was part of the family and I will never forget that. I lost both my grandpas at a young age and he was like a 3rd one to me,

jennifer cogert - Orlando, FL - friend - December 10, 2012 at 12:00 AM

SD

“ Having lost my own father at the age of nine, my adopted Dad, Grant Evans, came into my life and filled that void. He was warm and loving and I always looked forward to the real, heart-felt hugs that he would greet me with. His smile warmed my heart. Even though he was frugal and conservative (something I greatly appreciated), he was a gracious and generous host, always making sure everyone had enough. Despite his experiences of poverty, the Depression, and World War, he was not soured, but instead I could see that he knew how to allow his trials and tribulations to strengthen his character. And what a character he was! I was particularly fond of his wonderful quick wit, his sense of humor and his ability to tell stories! Although some tended to tire of his lectures, I tended to bend my ears to hear his wisdom. His children admired and respected him and would later quote his wise words. As a husband, this wise man truly understood what that seven-letter word cherish meant in his marriage vows - such a simple single word, yet so powerful in its impact in the making of a long-lasting marriage. I am confident that his wife truly felt cherished, in every sense of that word! He was a man with a beautiful, unique blend of traits a wonderful balance between a man with strength of character and a gentle giant! What I most loved and looked forward to were the trips out west with him, Sue, the kids & us. We all truly enjoyed each other's company. While Sue and I would read about and navigate to our next destination, the guys would chat away about cars or engines or something automotive! How us Sues loved, despite the many complaints from the guys, stopping for yet another Kodak moment! But sometimes we had to simply putting up with drive-by shootings because we needed to get to our next campsite before dark! So many wonderful memories and beautiful trips I'll have to cherish. I loved him so very much and he will be deeply missed.

Susan L. Evans - Deerfield Beach, FL - Daughter-in-Law - December 10, 2012 at 12:00 AM

“ This was what I read at the memorial service: "What My Granddaddy Means to Me" When I think of the word legacy and what it means to leave behind a part of yourself for people to remember- I am reminded again and again of the ripples our actions can have on others. Grant Henry Evans was a man of action. The ripples his life has left on this world and all who knew him are long lasting and unforgettable. Each person has a different and unique collection of experiences to remember him by, so I would like to thank you for taking a moment of time to hear some of mine. The bible tells us in Titus 3: 4-8 4 But when the goodness and loving kindness of God our Savior appeared, 5 he saved us, not because of works done by us in righteousness, but according to his own mercy, by the washing of regeneration and renewal of the Holy Spirit, 6 whom he poured out on us richly through Jesus Christ our Savior, 7 so that being justified by his grace we might become heirs according to the hope of eternal life. 8 The saying is trustworthy, and I want you to insist on these things, so that those who have believed in God may be careful to devote themselves to good works. These things are excellent and profitable for people. There are a few reasons why these verses stood out to me. Mainly because I have heard so often since Granddaddy's passing, people say, "Grant was a good man." I know his actions throughout his life have given so many of us cause to miss him. This verse reminds us, however, that it is not because of works done by us in righteousness that we are saved, but that God in his mercy saves us through the sacrifice of His Son Jesus. This is a comforting thought because I know that no matter how imperfect we all are, we are assured that we can be heirs to the hope of eternal life. It's not our good works but Gods love that redeems us, and we are reassured again in verse eight: "The saying is trustworthy, and I want you to insist on these things." So we are left without the burden of having to earn our way into heaven because God loves us so much, and then reminded to continue our good works because these things are excellent and profitable for people. When I remember my Granddaddy and all he has done for me and all he has done for this family, I can't help but think about the Values and Morals he instilled in his children and, through them, his grandchildren. His good works helped shape who I am today. He would sit me down and tell me a story about how he would keep himself on the right path. He drew a picture for me of a heart and inside it was a triangle. He told me he imagined this triangle in his heart. When he was about to do something questionable if it was wrong that triangle would spin, and the edges- which were sharp, would cut into his heart and he'd feel guilty. He warned me that over time, those edges could become dull IF we'd choose to ignore that guilty feeling. We become dead inside and over time, completely become immune to the spinning triangle. Then one day you look at your life and say, "How did I get here?" The remedy for this is to listen to your heart and to sharpen those edges of the triangle, read your bible, pray about the path your life is taking, and never ignore that pang of guilt because it's there for a reason. This man, always full of wisdom and eager to share- spent 87 years on this earth teaching and loving and molding those close to him. The impression he made in the lives of those around him is one that is keenly felt with his passing. The Void we all feel as we sit here today and remember him is brightened by a thought my cousin Jennifer

Summerlott shared with me. She said: I want to thank everyone for their thoughts and prayers for my Granddaddy. My hero took his final trip home. No more tears for him, no more pain. Nine years ago, he was diagnosed with a type of cancer that had a life expectancy of about 18 months, 24 if you're very lucky. We got NINE more years, mostly cancer free and healthy. Full of family vacations, Thanksgivings, Christmases, Birthdays. God is so good. It will feel like a long t

Courtney Bass - Ocala, FL - Granddaughter - December 10, 2012 at 12:00 AM