



Glynn Harris

April 27, 2013

Glynn Virgle Harris, 84 of Chattanooga departed this life Saturday, April 27, 2013.

Glynn my dad was born in Dalton, Georgia completing his schooling, working in and running different businesses, serving the great United States of America in the Army, and eventually becoming a father to my brother, the late Glynn Michael Harris. My wonderful journey with Glynn began back in 1972 when he married my mother, Ruth H. Harris, and took me as his son. Glynn was the kind of dad that any kid would love to have. Glynn's generosity afforded me opportunities in which he, my mom, and I often participated in together as a family. Through these opportunities, I wasn't told how to live, I was given the opportunity to learn how to live, not always making the right decisions, but learning from my mistakes, and always having support from my parents. As my dad has touched the lives of many, including my mother, my wife Suzanne D. Harris, and myself, his kindness, compassion, and love for his fellow man will live on through all of us. As my dad will be greatly missed I know that we will meet again as he will introduce me to Jesus Christ and we will begin another wonderful journey together. Love Always, Your Son Patrick.

Arrangements are by W.L. Wilson & Sons Funeral Home-Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia.

Tribute Wall

MS

“ It seems that only yesterday Glynn and our precious mother sat together watching me graduate. They were so proud of me. They are and always will be my heroes, my North Star, and I have tried to follow their example all my life. I am left with pain of what might have been.

Glynn was an academic at heart; someone who overcame adversity, which at first I could only dimly perceive since he had graduated high school when I was born. However, his charity, charm, wit, and wisdom left a lasting impression on my life, and I think he would be proud of the woman and the writer I've become. He gave me two books, both of which I still possess, but it took twenty years before I read them, and I do believe the messages they conveyed touched me in the same way they touched him. So, Glynn, you provided a strong impetus for my future growth. It was an honor to have you as my brother, and I regret that our lives became silent for so long.

This is a poem for my brother, Glynn Virgil Harris

*In a world filled with uncertainty,
I was traveling blindly in a lonely maze,
when you emerged unexpectedly;
someone different, someone extraordinary.*

*You set my spirit aflame with
your kindness and understanding,
inundating my stoicism to resist.*

*Memories of you are like Sunday morning
softness falling all around me.*

*You are the sunshine cascading like
a bride's veil, delicate as lace.*

*You invaded my soul with the most
radiant intensity, brightening the dark places.
You touched me in that special place*

where you will always reside, my heart.

*I bid you peace where the silence of
the cosmos pervades.*

Margaret Ann Witt - Rainbow City, AL - Sister - May 12, 2013 at 12:00 AM

BB

“ *Very sad to hear that my only brother has passed and no one
contacted me.*

Billy L. Martin - Dalton, GA - Brother - May 01, 2013 at 12:00 AM