



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Mainor Family wishes to express sincere gratitude and thanks, to all who have shown love and devotion to our brother and uncle, during his lifetime. Whatever you have done to help make him happy and comfortable through the years, it may have been with food, conversation or simply giving him a ride, we say thank you! Your compassion, calls, texts, flowers and visits have pleased our hearts. Your outpouring expressions of love, support and generosity shown to us during our hours of bereavement did not go unnoticed. God bless you all!



ROSE HILL FUNERAL HOME, INC.

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Celebration of Life

James W. Mainor, Jr.

Sunrise
1940

Sunset
2023



Friday, May 19, 2023
12 noon

New Christian Chapel Baptist Church
2283 NC Hwy 11
Rose Hill., North Carolina

Reverend Cameron Hankins, Pastor/President

Order of Service

Prelude.....Musician

Processional.....Clergy and Family

Hymn of Praise.....Brother Archie McLeod

Scripture Readings:

Old Testament.....Apostle Davelon Carr
Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

New Testament.....Bishop Dr. Kevin L. Allen
St. John 14:1-6

Prayer of Comfort.....Reverend Eric Monroe

Instrumental.....Brother Ramon Kenan

Reflections: (Respectfully 2 minutes)

Sister Alberta Newkirk Bannerman
Reverend Gregory Carr
Dr. Clifton Kenan
Dr. Reginald Wells

Acknowledgements.....Sister Sharon Fennell Bryant

Solo.....Brother Archie McLeod

Eulogy.....Reverend Gregory Hardy

Mortician's Brief.....Brother Terry C. Lamb

Recessional



ENTOMBMENT

(To be announced at a later date)
The Mainor Family Cemetery
Magnolia, North Carolina

A Life Well Lived

Our beloved uncle, James Washington Mainor, Jr was born at 6:30pm on Monday, April 8, 1940 in Duplin County, in the Betholite community of Magnolia, North Carolina. He was born to the late James Washington Mainor and Etlar Louise Monk Mainor. Since he is named after his father, everybody called him "JW" and it has stuck with him until this day. He was the oldest of three siblings born to his parents and was able to spend time with his grandmother, Idella Mainor, before her demise in the 40's. These two had a special bond. She and JW would read the Sears and Roebuck catalog together everyday. As a child, he was reared in a hard-working family. His father had him milking cows, feeding chickens, turkeys and hogs before he went to school and driving tractors, mules, and various other jobs after school. He attended P.E. Williams School grades (1-8) where he encountered a few mischievous events.... He has told us several wild stories, in which, he told us to take it to our graves! We also found out that he drove the school bus for three of his four years in high school. Those kids could probably write a book called the adventures or the misadventures of bus 137!! He graduated from E.E. Smith High School, in Kenansville, North Carolina in 1958.

When JW was around eight years old, his Uncle Bud, (Mr. Edd Dudley Monk), his father and a couple others, formed Rose Hill Funeral Home. So of course, he had to assist in whatever his elders wanted him to do working around the funeral home. So..... after graduation he relocated to Brooklyn, New York under the care of his Aunt Delilah Mae Mainor Gibson, and attended Embalming School at the American Academy of Funeral Service. He received his Funeral Service License in 1963 and worked a few years in Brooklyn with various funeral homes. While in New York in the 1960's, this country boy learned the city life and enjoyed the bright lights in the place that never went to sleep. Many people can attest that he could get up early and stay up late when the rest of us are at home dragging around, as he called it. He worked various jobs in New York, but most of his friends knew him for his country store. While in New York, he met many people from down south, Duplin County and surrounding areas. They would eat, drink and fellowship together and recall all the old times and people back home.

In the seventies, JW returned home and became the embalmer for Rose Hill Funeral Home until his demise. He also helped his brother George with the family farm. Picking up field hands in

the morning, bringing drinks and nabs at break-time, taking the workers to lunch and then taking them home after all the work was finished for the day. If you worked with the Mainor family during the 70's, then you remember his white van. Even when the windows were out, he just boarded them up and kept on going. He ate with us on a lot of days when we were working in tobacco. He loved vegetables, cooked and raw! As children, we would be so amazed that he would go to the garden and pick raw butter beans, peas, cabbage, cucumbers, peppers, okra, potatoes and tomatoes, wipe them off and eat them. He told us eating them raw was good for us and would keep us healthy! All we could say was Yuck!! Some of our uncle's favorites: reading the newspaper, eating skins and drinking coca cola, eating peanuts and cracking pecans, talking junk with his family and friends, listening to the news, watching Meet the Press, black and ancient history shows on PBS channel 39.

Uncle Jay was a jack of all trades: a farmer, licensed insurance agent, real estate broker, rest home owner, store manager, politician, consultant, and funeral service provider. He believed in God; he believed in doing right by people especially the elderly and he cheered for the underdog. He loved his family and friends and the community in which he grew up, Sandy Cross Way, Betholite, Magnolia, Rose Hill, Duplin County

We have been so extremely lucky to have Uncle Jay. We worked well together and he was our link to the past.... learning about our family and how things have come to pass down through the years. He told us he had already lived over the time God had promised, so every day after that is a gift and tomorrow is not promised.

His saying at the funeral home office is, "Yesterday is a cancelled check, today is ready cash, and tomorrow is yet to be seen, so it's a promissory note!" Our uncle lived his life to the fullest of what he wanted to do and he lived it HIS way!

On Tuesday morning, May 16, 2023, our beloved uncle transitioned to his eternal home from labor to reward in Magnolia, North Carolina. He was reared in a loving home with three siblings; one foster brother, Hubert Branch and his beloved sister, Etlar Lounell Mainor preceded him in death. Left to carry on his legacy: one brother, George Davis Mainor and wife Carolyn, nieces, nephews, God-children, special friends, and cousins. There is consolation in knowing that God Almighty has granted his soul eternal rest. We humbly submit to God's will.

~Lovingly Submitted, Your Nieces