



## Alvin James Williamson Jr.

September 28, 1980 - April 26, 2026

Today we gather in the quiet gravity of a life that ended far too soon, and yet left a mark far too deep to ever fade. We stand in the presence of a man who held many roles — son, brother, uncle — but lived each of them with a singular heart.

He was only forty-five, but he lived with the intensity of someone who knew time was precious. He loved fiercely, laughed loudly, and carried more than he ever let the world see. He was the kind of man who showed up — sometimes imperfectly, sometimes late, sometimes tired — but he showed up. And that matters more than most people ever realize.

As a son, he was a source of pride and worry, joy and challenge — the full spectrum that only a parent truly understands. He brought light into the world the moment he arrived, and even in adulthood, that light never left him. It simply changed shape.

As a brother, he was a companion in childhood mischief, a rival in the best ways, and a protector when it counted. Siblings know each other in a way no one else can — the shared history, the shared scars, the shared laughter that becomes family mythology. His absence leaves a silence in that story that can never be filled, only honored.

As an uncle, he was the one who could make the kids laugh, who could be playful or wild or unexpectedly wise. He had a way of making the younger ones feel seen — really seen — and that is a gift they will carry into their own lives.

He was not perfect — none of us are — but he was real. He was human. He was trying. And he loved. That is a legacy worth remembering.

What remains now is not just grief, but the imprint of his presence: the jokes he told, the lessons he taught, the warmth he gave, the moments he tried to be better, the times he succeeded, and the times he simply kept going. Forty-five years is not enough. But it was enough for him to matter.

Enough for him to change people.

Enough for him to be loved — deeply, fiercely, permanently.

And so today, we do not say goodbye to him.

We say thank you —

for the life he lived,

for the love he gave,

and for the pieces of himself he left in every heart here.

May he rest in peace, and may those who loved him carry forward the best of who he was.

Arrangements are made with Midland Cremation Society in Joplin, Missouri.