

To “Frankie”

You were a light in so many lives,
A loving heart, a soul so kind.
You protected those you loved,
And left a warmth we'll never leave behind.

Losing you has left a pain
That words could never truly express,
But we are grateful beyond measure
For every moment, every memory,
Every happiness.

You were loved more than you knew,
And you will be missed more than words can say.

Those blessed to have known you
Will carry a piece of you every day.
Though our hearts may ache to have you back,
We know we must find the strength to go on,
Because we know that's what you would want-
For us to hold onto love, not only the sorrow.
So we'll remember your smile, your laughter,
The love you gave and the moment we shared.

And when we miss you most,
We'll be thankful that, for a while,
We were lucky enough to have you here.

~Love, The Family

Floral Bearers

Family and Friends

Casket Bearers

Family and Friends

Repast Location

Following the service, family and friends are invited to gather
for fellowship and refreshment: 1420 Oliver James Road, Summerton, SC 29148

Memorial Contributions

In lieu of flowers, the family asks those wishing to honor Frankie's memory to consider making a donation to St. Jude Children's Research Hospital, reflecting Frankie's profound love for children and his lifelong desire to help others.

Expressions of Thanks

The family of **Frankie Rafaffi Conyers** wishes to express their heartfelt appreciation for the many acts of kindness, prayers, messages, and love shown during this time. Your support has been a source of strength and comfort.

~The Conyers Family

~ Services Entrusted To ~

SAMUELS FUNERAL HOME, LLC., MANNING, SC

Hayes F. Samuels, Jr., Past Owner and Mortician

Yvonne J. Samuels, Owner

Charles H. Jackson, Business Manager/ Mortician

(803) 435-2297 or (803) 435-2483 - Fax (803) 435-4757

E-mail: samuelsfuneralhome@yahoo.com

Website: www.samuelsfuneralhome.com



Order of Service
Reverend Marie Harvin, Presiding

Prelude	Musician
Processional	Clergy and Family
Final Viewing	
Hymn of Praise	Congregation
Prayer of Comfort	Reverend Marie Harvin
Holy Scriptures:	
Old Testament	Sister Rebecca Conyers
New Testament	Brother James Van Conyers
Solo	Evangelist Dr. Sharon Mellette
Reflections (Two minutes, please):	
Cousins Tribute	Carol Kellum Adsonia Lewis Addranna Montgomery Stacy Glover LaTasha Conyers Courtney Conyers
Family and Friends	
Reading of Obituary	Silently
Acknowledgements	Sister Rebecca Conyers
Solo	Evangelist Dr. Sharon Mellette
Words of Comfort	Reverend Dr. Harold Conyers
Directions of Funeral Director	Samuels Funeral Home
Recessional	Soloist and Musician
Medley of Songs	
Committal	
Benediction	
Interment	Spring Hill Cemetery

Precious Memories



Frankie, you always dreamed of writing a book. So, with love, laughter, memories, and stories from the people who knew you best, here it is.

The Book Of Frankie

Chapter One

Brooklyn Beginnings - Every great story has a beginning. Frankie's started in Brooklyn.

Born in Brooklyn, New York, Frankie’s earliest chapters were filled with family, school, friendships, and the city that helped shape the man he would become.

Chapter Two

Family First - If Frankie loved you, he looked out for you. Period.

Frankie loved his family fiercely. He was a devoted son, grandson, Godfather, Godbrother, nephew, cousin, and so much more. He celebrated the people he loved, protected them, encouraged them, checked on them, and found ways, big and small, to let them know they mattered. Family wasn't simply part of Frankie's life; family was at the heart of it.

Chapter Three

Finding His Rhythm - Before there was “The Mayor”, there was a Brooklyn kid with a beat.

From playing drums in his high school band to his lifelong love of old-school hip-hop, music was always part of Frankie's story. It wasn't just something he listened to; it was part of who he was.

Chapter Four

“The Mayor” - He never met a stranger—just someone who didn’t know Frankie yet.

At Bloomberg, they called him “The Mayor” because Frankie seemed to know everybody. But that nickname represented something much bigger. Wherever Frankie went, he connected with people. And somehow, people remembered him.

Chapter Five

Friends Who Became Family - Some friendships last for a season. Frankie's lasted a lifetime.

Frankie valued friendship deeply. From childhood friends to coworkers who became friends and friends who became family, Frankie built relationships that lasted through the years. There are stories only his friends can tell. And we're pretty sure some of those stories should probably remain between them.

Chapter Six

A Heart for the Next Generation - He didn’t just love kids. He encouraged them, guided them, and showed up for them.

Frankie had a special place in his heart for children and young people. Whether mentoring youth, encouraging someone who needed direction, dreaming about writing a children's book, or simply taking time to make a child feel special, Frankie understood that sometimes the greatest impact we can make is in the life of a young person.

Chapter 7

That's So Frankie - Some stories need no explanation. You just had to know Frankie.

The clothes. The jokes. The personality. The old-school hip-hop. The connections. The things he said. The things he did. Our family has plenty of stories that begin with, “Let me tell you what Frankie did...” The ones that make us shake our heads. The ones that make us laugh out loud. The ones we'll probably be telling for years to come.

Chapter Eight

The Lives He Touched - He had a way of making people feel seen, remembered, and cared for.

Family. Friends. Coworkers. Young people he mentored. People he met along the way. Frankie's life reached farther than he probably ever realized. Every person carries a different piece of his story. Together, those pieces show us just how much one life can touch so many others.

Chapter Nine

The Legacy - His chapter ended. His story didn't.

Although Frankie is no longer here with us, his story continues through the lives he touched, the memories we hold, and the love he left behind. The Book of Frankie isn't finished. It continues every time someone hears an old-school hip-hop song and thinks of him. Every time a friend tells a Frankie story. Every time his family gathers, and someone says, “Remember when Frankie...” It continues through the people he loved and the people who loved him. Because a life like Frankie's doesn't simply end on the last page, it becomes part of the stories of everyone who was blessed to know him.

The Life Story of Frankie Rafaffi Conyers

Frankie Rafaffi Conyers was born on June 18, 1969, at St. John’s Hospital in Brooklyn, New York, to his loving mother, Ophelia Conyers. From Brooklyn to every place life would take him, Frankie had a way of leaving people better than he found them. He was a gentle soul with a big heart, a love for people, and an ability to make a friend just about anywhere. To know Frankie was to love him.

Frankie grew up in Brooklyn, attending Saint Stephen’s School and Epiphany Lutheran School before attending New York Military Academy in the Hudson Valley. He later attended Bishop Loughlin Memorial High School, where his lifelong love of music was on full display as he played drums in the high school band. He continued his education at the University of Maryland in Silver Spring, Maryland.

Music remained one of **Frankie’s** great loves throughout his life, especially old-school hip-hop. But as much as he loved music, Frankie loved people even more.

Throughout his career, **Frankie** worked in several fields, including IT support at Bloomberg, customer service and IT at Verizon, youth counseling, and most recently legal support services with ProVest LLC. During his time at Bloomberg, **Frankie** earned the nickname "The Mayor" because it seemed like he knew everybody, and everybody knew Frankie. It was fitting for a man who truly never met a stranger.

Frankie's connection with people extended far beyond the workplace. He had a genuine passion for mentoring young people and a special love for children. He believed in encouraging them, guiding them, and simply being someone they could count on. Helping others came naturally to **Frankie**. If a friend needed him, he was there. If someone needed encouragement, he found a way to lift them up. He was positive, giving, loyal, and always willing to lend a helping hand.

Above all else, **Frankie** loved his family fiercely. He was protective of the people he loved and always thinking about what he could do for someone else. Some of his treasured memories were the simple ones, including the special one-on-one trips he took to South Carolina with his grandfather, Thomas "Bubba" Conyers, Sr.

Frankie also held an incredibly special place in his heart for his goddaughter, Courtney, affectionately known as "Mooch." Their bond meant so much to him that her portrait was tattooed on his arm alongside that of his beloved grandmother, Daisy Conyers, a permanent reflection of two people who held permanent places in his heart.

Friendship was another important part of **Frankie's** life. His lifelong friends James, Brian, Wayne, Shaun, and Tariq were more than friends; they were part of the family Frankie built throughout his life. His loyalty ran deep, and when Frankie loved you, you knew it.

Frankie found happiness in the simple, joyful moments spent with the people he loved. He didn't need anything extravagant to enjoy life. Good music, family, friends, laughter, and time together were enough.

Even as he faced cancer, the qualities that defined **Frankie** remained—the gentle spirit, positivity, love for others, and the ability to bring people together. His life cannot be measured by the illness that took him from us, but by the countless lives he touched while he was here.

Frankie leaves behind his beloved mother, Ophelia Conyers, and an extended circle of family and friends who will forever carry his memory with them. He was preceded in death by his grandmother, Daisy Conyers, and grandfather, Thomas Conyers, Sr.

There will never be another "Mayor." There will never be another **Frankie**.

His family will remember his protective heart. His friends will remember his loyalty. The young people he mentored will remember his encouragement. And so many others will simply remember how **Frankie** made them feel, welcomed, cared for, and loved.

To My Mom

Mom,

If love alone could have kept me here, I know I would have stayed forever.

From the very beginning of my story, there was you.

You were there for every chapter - the little boy I was, the man I became, the good days, the difficult days, the laughter, the lessons, and everything in between. Through every season of my life, one thing remained constant, your love.

There are some things a son may not always say enough because sometimes we assume the people closest to us already know. But Mom, I hope you always knew how much I loved you. I hope you knew how much your love, strength, prayers, and presence meant to me.

Thank you for being my mother. Thank you for the sacrifices you made, the lessons you taught me, the prayers you prayed, and the love you gave me throughout my life.

When life was good, you celebrated with me. When life became difficult, you stood beside me. And, when I faced the hardest chapter of my life, you were there then too, loving me, caring for me, praying for me, and walking beside me every step of the way.

I know saying goodbye to your child is something no mother should ever have to do. So, if I could tell you anything now, I would tell you not to let our final chapter overshadow all the beautiful ones that came before it.

Remember the laughter. Remember the stories. Remember the music. Remember the celebrations, the lessons, and even the moments when we probably got on each other's nerves. Remember the moments that belonged only to us.

And when you miss me, remember that no matter how many years passed or how old I became, I was always your son. And I was always proud to be.

Mom, my story began with you. Your love is written throughout every chapter of my life. And although my earthly chapter has ended, the love between a mother and her son doesn't end with the turning of a page. It remains. In the memories, the stories, and the love.

Thank you for giving me my beginning. Thank you for being there through my journey. And most of all, thank you for being my mom.

I love you, Mom. Always.

~Your Son, “**Frankie**”

Written with love by Frankie's family in honor of the beautiful bond between Frankie and his mother, Ophelia.

Memories

