

“Doc”

CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF



*Pallbearers*

**Family and Friends**

*Flower Attendants*

**Family and Friends**

*Acknowledgement*

*Your help in our time of need was a great comfort to us.*

*Thank you for your kindness, unfailing sympathy, and heartfelt prayers. May God forever bless you is our prayer.*

**The Family**

*Professional Services Entrusted To*



**Q.L. DOUGLAS**  
FUNERAL HOME  
*"Professionals Serving Deseving People"*

QUINTON L. DOUGLAS, L.F.D.I.C.

MIXON TOWN CHAPEL  
2405 EDISON AVENUE  
JACKSONVILLE, FL 32204  
(904) 683-3044

SOUTHSIDE CHAPEL  
4105 ST. AUGUSTINE ROAD  
JACKSONVILLE, FL 32207  
(904) 551-2030

[WWW.QLDOUGLASFUNERALHOME.COM](http://WWW.QLDOUGLASFUNERALHOME.COM)

*Dr. John W.*  
**LEWIS, JR.**

*Sunrise*

**April 1, 1933**

*Sunset*

**September 28, 2023**

# *"A Good Man"*

JOHN W. LEWIS, JR., also affectionately known as "Doc," was born April 1, 1933, to the late John W. Lewis, Sr. and Mattie Myrick Lewis in Dawson, Georgia. Early in his childhood, his father moved the family to Jacksonville, Florida, where John enjoyed a thriving childhood, and an industrious teen life. He was a paperboy for the Florida Times-Union and Jacksonville Journal newspapers. He later found recurring work at the Maxwell House Coffee plant through his late high school and college years.

This proud graduate of "Old Stanton" next entered Florida A&M University. He decided to take some time off from FAMU to join the United States Army. He travelled to Panama, and learned military field medicine. He later married the love of his life— Ruth D. Lewis, before resuming his college career at Florida A&M. After graduating FAMU, John quickly moved on to Meharry Medical College in Nashville, Tennessee, where he earned a Doctor of Dental Surgery (DDS) degree in 1966.

John eagerly returned to Jacksonville and to his young family. He opened a dental practice in his childhood neighborhood on Davis Street in 1967. John then served and attended his beloved community for over 50 years.

"Doc" was an avid golfer, with a great number of awards and trophies to prove his prowess. He absolutely loved following professional golfing, as well as football, basketball, track and field, and boxing. John was an absolute Ali enthusiast—following all the boxer's fights at "closed-circuit" events, and then later on cable television.

His hobbies included photography, and he was a voracious reader—

# *Precious Memories*



# Precious Memories



becoming an “amateur historian” of the highest order.

As a young man, John became a deeply serious fan of jazz music. He had the great fortune to groove with and meet various classic jazz legends. The stories he told of shows and of actual encounters with jazz musicians were endless. His jazz adventures spanned from Jacksonville, to Tallahassee, Chicago, Panama, and, of course—New York City. His jazz record and CD collections are both mammoth and encyclopedic—just as his knowledge of the music was. John also loved Classic Hollywood movies. And he regularly shared a steady stream of legendary films with family and with friends. All these passions found homes amongst his children—and the memories are all the more precious for having been planted by this great father and provider.

But even beyond all this—family came first for Doc. Both his own family, and all of his extended family were of prime importance to him. This strong, supportive, caring patriarch was determined to “always be there” and to “always lend a helping hand in any way that he could”.

Dr. John W. Lewis, Jr., transitioned from sunrise to sunset on September 28, 2023. He was preceded in death by his wife Ruth D. Lewis, daughter Karen L. Lewis, grandson Kaos Felton, Jr., brother Adolphus Lewis, and sisters Pauline Lewis, Yvonne Smart, and Dorothy Hightower. Looking back, we all know that this outstanding man, father, friend, and community servant has helped, healed, and guided many during his journey here with us. To begin, we can name sons John G. Lewis and Sean L. Lewis, daughters Pamela R. Lewis and Michele C. Lewis, granddaughters Paula Lewis, Kayla Felton and Braxton Lewis, cousin Howard Myrick, and nephew Gary Lewis. But there are a host of other beautiful relatives, friends, and associates whose lives were graced by the presence of Dr. John W. Lewis, Jr.

Saturday, October 7, 2023

11:00 AM

EMANUEL MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH

2407 Susan Badger Circle

Jacksonville, Florida 32209

## Order of Service

PROCESSIONAL

OLD TESTAMENT SCRIPTURE

NEW TESTAMENT SCRIPTURE

PRAYER

SELECTION

*"His Eye Is on the Sparrow"*

REFLECTIONS

*As a courtesy to the family,  
please remember the two-minute rule.*

SELECTION

WORDS OF COMFORT

Reverend Travis A. Taylor

St. Johns Missionary Baptist Church of Jacksonville

RECESSIONAL

*"I'll Fly Away"*

## The House by the Side of the Road

by Sam Walter Foss

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn  
In the place of their self-content;  
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,  
In a fellowless firmament;  
There are pioneer souls that blaze the paths  
Where highways never ran  
But let me live by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.  
Let me live in a house by the side of the road  
Where the race of men go by  
The men who are good and the men who are bad,  
As good and as bad as I.  
I would not sit in the scorner's seat  
Nor hurl the cynic's ban  
Let me live in a house by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.  
I see from my house by the side of the road  
By the side of the highway of life,  
The men who press with the ardor of hope,  
The men who are faint with the strife,  
But I turn not away from their smiles and tears,  
Both parts of an infinite plan  
Let me live in a house by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.  
I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,  
And mountains of wearisome height;  
That the road passes on through the long afternoon  
And stretches away to the night.  
And still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice  
And weep with the strangers that moan,  
Nor live in my house by the side of the road  
Like a man who dwells alone.  
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,  
Where the race of men go by  
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,  
Wise, foolish - so am I.  
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,  
Or hurl the cynic's ban?  
Let me live in my house by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.