

Honorary Pallbearers

Allen Reid
John Reid
Robert Johnson
Patrick Gerald
Kevin Paige
Vincent Johnson
Harry McHoney

Everett Reid
Timothy Reid
Anthony Middleton
Hamp Middleton
Alfonzo Prioleau
Jerry Hilton
Ricky Ravenell

Dan Hill

Pallbearers

JoVaughn McLendon, Sr.
Desmond Greene
Timothy Reid

Derrick Green, Jr.
Malcolm Jackson
Terrell Reid

Acknowledgement

We, the family of Mr. Larry Patrick Reid, Jr., would like to thank each of you for your prayers, love, and the support shown to us during the passing of our dear Larry. We appreciate your demonstrations of love, which provided us with a source of consolation during this time. A very special thank you to Apostle Walter Jackson, Elder McFadden and the Refuge Temple Church of Our Lord Jesus Christ, Apostle Jeremiah Ravenell and the Christ Fellowship Church, Albany International of St. Stephen, the Alvin, Bonneau, St. Stephen surrounding communities, and to the Leevy's Funeral Home and Staff. Blessings to each of you always.

A Service of Remembrance

Celebrating the Life

of

Mr. Larry Patrick Reid, Sr.



Friday, October 10, 2025
11:00 A.M.

Refuge Temple Church of Our Lord Jesus Christ
3674 N. Highway 52
St. Stephen, South Carolina

Apostle Walter L. Jackson
-Pastor-



CONTACT US:

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803-776-6922
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I. S. Leevy Johnson
-Owner-

Services Entrusted To:

Leevy's
Chris Leevy Johnson
-Managing Director-

SIGN THE ONLINE REGISTRY:



Leverette A. Williams, II
-General Manager-

A Service of Remembrance

Elder Derrick Greene, Presiding
Rhema Church International, Albany, Georgia

- Prelude
- Processional.....“I Told The Storm”
- Musical Selection.....“Resting Easy”
- Old Testament.....Psalm 23.....Elder John McFadden
Assistant Pastor, Refuge Temple COOLJC
- New Testament.....Minister Walter Taylor, Jr.
Word of God Church and Ministries, Columbia, SC
- Prayer of Comfort.....Pastor O’Tis Prioleau
Bethlehem Baptist Church, Alvin, South Carolina
- Musical Selection.....Mrs. Tiarah Ramsey, Daughter
- Remarks.....Mr Ricky Ravenell, Friend
Mr. Mitch Dickerson, Manager
Mr. Larry Patrick Reid, Jr., Son
Ms. Tierra Reid, Niece
- Acknowledgements.....Mrs. Wanda Greene Jackson
- Musical Selection.....Mrs. Tiarah Ramsey, Daughter
- Words of Comfort.....Elder Jacob Johson

Christ Fellowship Church
- Viewing.....*In the Vestibule*.....Funeral Directors
- Recessional
- Postlude



My Forever Love: A Spiritual Tribute to Larry

My Dearest Larry,

From the day God placed you in my life, I knew I had been blessed beyond measure. You weren’t just my husband — you were my protector, my comfort, my peace. You made sure I never wanted for anything. You worked hard every day, not for yourself, but for us — for our home, our children, and our family’s future.

You were the kind of man who believed that love wasn’t just spoken — it was shown. You made sure I was good, even when you were tired. You carried our burdens on your shoulders without ever complaining. If something needed to be done, you did it. If we needed something, you made a way. You were the top-tier provider, the best there ever was, and you took pride in making sure your family was cared for.

You led by example — not just for our children, but for our grandchildren too. They saw in you what real strength, patience, and love looked like. You taught our sons how to stand tall, and you showed our daughters what it means to be loved by a real man. You were their hero, their teacher, their Pawpaw — and they will carry your lessons forever.

Larry, your love was steady, your heart was pure, and your presence made every place feel like home. Even now, though I miss you more than words can say, I thank God for every day we had together. I thank Him for your laughter, your sacrifices, and your endless devotion.

You were my safe place — my blessing straight from heaven. And while my heart aches in your absence, I know you’re watching over us, making sure we’re still good, just like you always did.

Rest now, my love. You’ve done your work, you’ve run your race, and you did it with honor. Your legacy lives on in all of us — in our children, in our grandchildren, and in me.

Until we meet again, I’ll keep walking in your love, holding on to the faith we shared, and thanking God every day for the gift of you.

With all my love,
Marci



My Daddy

**My father was the greatest man I have ever known—
strong, steadfast, and full of light.
His very presence could fill a room,
and his strength made all who knew him feel safe.**

**He was my protector,
standing between me and the world's weight.
He spoke truth, even when it was hard to hear,
and his voice still lingers softly in my mind.**

**He taught me courage,
he taught me wisdom,
he taught me faith.**

**He never left my side,
and in so many ways,
I see his reflection in myself.**

**He often told me how proud he was of me,
and now, I wish I could tell him
how proud I am of him—
for standing firm in his faith,
for loving his family deeply,
for listening with compassion,
and for carrying grace wherever he went.**

**My father—
how deeply I will miss him.**

**My father,
my storyteller,
my teacher,
my guide,
my hero.
My daddy.**

**Love you always,
Ryan**

The Life and Legacy of Larry Patrick Reid, Sr.

On a crisp winter morning, February 4, 1970, in Jersey City, New Jersey, the world was blessed with the life of Larry Patrick Reid, Sr., lovingly known to most as Larry and to close family as Patrick. Born to the late Albert Patrick Reid, Jr. and Nancy Margaret McCoy, Larry was the second oldest of six children — a role he carried with pride, compassion, and strength. From the very beginning, he possessed a quiet confidence and a steady spirit that would define his life's journey.

Larry's early years were filled with love, laughter, and valuable lessons that shaped the man he would become. Growing up in a family that believed in hard work and togetherness, Larry learned early on what it meant to serve others. As a young boy, he spent time working in his grandmother's beloved restaurant, Mama's Kitchen, where he developed a deep appreciation for family, community, and good food. Those early days behind the counter taught him humility, discipline, and the importance of taking pride in everything he did — lessons that would follow him throughout his life.

Larry graduated from St. Stephen High School, home of the Mighty Rams, in the Class of 1988. Even before receiving his diploma, his work ethic had already made its mark. During his senior year, he began his professional career at Albany International, where he remained faithfully employed for an incredible 37 years and 8 months. A man of commitment and excellence, Larry took great pride in his work and was eagerly preparing to retire on October 8, 2025 — just five days after God called him home.

Faith was the foundation of Larry's life. At an early age, he attended Alice Temple Church of Deliverance under the leadership of Apostle Jeremiah Ravenell, where he was baptized and later ordained as a deacon. As the ministry grew and became Refuge Temple Church of Our Lord Jesus Christ, Larry continued to serve the Lord with steadfast devotion. Even in later years, he remained spiritually grounded, faithfully joining weekly Bible Study via Zoom with Brother Ricky Ravenell and the Christ Fellowship Church. His faith never wavered; it only deepened with time.

One of the most beautiful chapters of Larry's story began when he met his beloved Marci Taylor. Even as a young man, Larry's love for her was intentional and unwavering. At just 19 years old, he purchased his first home, envisioning a future with the woman who had captured his heart. That dream became a lifelong reality when he married Marci — the love of his life — on March 31, 1990. Their wedding colors were red, black, and white, a bold and elegant reflection of their powerful love and unbreakable bond. Together, they built a beautiful life rooted in love, respect, and partnership. For 35 wonderful years, they stood side by side through every joy and challenge, creating a bond so deep that even death cannot separate it. Larry was Marci's protector, provider, and peace — her rock in every storm and her light that will forever shine.

Larry was known for his no-nonsense demeanor and his love for order. If something was out of place, he would quietly — and quickly — make it right. Beneath that disciplined exterior, however, was a man of immense warmth, humor, and loyalty. He had a way of making everyone feel seen and valued. Larry gave all his friends nicknames — each one personal, funny, or fitting — a small but lasting way he showed love. To him, nicknames were his signature, his way of saying, "You're special to me."

He found his greatest joy in the company of his family — especially his children, grandchildren, siblings, and lifelong friends. Weekends were often filled with laughter as he and his brother Everett reminisced about their childhood. They shared so many stories that Marci and Everett's wife, Martise, could recite them by heart. Larry also cherished his lifelong friendships from high school, the community, and his Albany International family. To know Larry was to know loyalty — once you were his friend, you were family for life.

Larry had a passion for the simple joys in life, especially fishing. Many of his happiest moments were spent by the river with his late father and close friends, casting lines, swapping stories, and soaking in the peace of God’s creation. Those times by the water weren’t just about catching fish — they were about connection, reflection, and love. As the years went on, he passed that same joy to his grandchildren. Larry would carefully prepare their fishing poles so they could fish in his private front yard pond, grinning as they giggled with excitement. And without fail, before the day was done, someone would “pop the line,” and Poppa would have to fix it all over again — patient, smiling, and full of love. Those were the moments that meant the most to him.

Sports were another of Larry’s great passions. He loved coaching his sons in little league football, teaching them discipline, teamwork, and heart — lessons that would carry them well beyond the field. And when game day came, you could bet he was cheering proudly for his favorite team, the Georgia Bulldogs — proudly dressed in their signature colors of red, black, and white. Those same colors carried deep meaning for Larry, symbolizing power, love, and unity. It’s no coincidence that the same colors that celebrated his marriage and his favorite team now beautifully represent his homegoing celebration — a final tribute to the vibrant life he lived and the love that will never fade.

Larry also loved cooking and baking, especially when it came to his grandmother’s famous sweet potato pie — a recipe that carried memories of Mama’s Kitchen and the family love that inspired him from childhood. He enjoyed quiet evenings watching westerns and mystery movies, his calm presence filling the home with peace. Though he was a man of few words, every word he spoke carried weight. His wisdom and guidance shaped his children’s lives, and they honored him deeply for the example he set.

On the morning of October 3, 2025, at Trident Regional Medical Center in Charleston, South Carolina, Larry peacefully transitioned into eternal rest. His work on Earth was done — and his crown in Heaven was waiting. There, he was greeted by beloved angels who went before him: his precious son Cameron Tyler Reid, who passed on July 5, 2024; his loving parents, Albert Patrick Reid Jr. and Nancy Margaret McCoy; his loving grandparents, Albert Patrick Reid Sr. and Dorothy (Johnny) Ladson, John T. and Grace Bell McCoy; and his father-in-love Walter “Dee” Taylor, Sr.

Larry was a loving and proud father who took immense pride in raising his five children. He believed in teaching, by example — sharing life lessons that would guide them through every season of life. Whether it was through his quiet wisdom, his unwavering work ethic, or his constant reminders to “do things the right way,” Larry made sure his children knew the value of integrity, respect, and perseverance. He was their teacher, protector, and hero — a man whose strength and love will live on through each of them.

He leaves behind a legacy of devotion and strength that will continue through those who loved him most: his devoted wife, Marci Taylor Reid; his cherished children, Tiarah (Alonzo) Ramsey of Moncks Corner, SC, Essence (Derrell) Kinard of Boiling Springs, SC, Larry Patrick Reid, Jr. of Bonneau, SC, and Ryan Reid of Summerville, SC.

To his twelve beloved grandchildren, — MaKenzie, Madison, Maci, Lairra, Lariah Amari, Aaliyah, Cameron “CJ,” Dillian, Preston, Carter, and Patrick Jrusiah — he will forever be “Poppa” their guiding light from Heaven.

He is also lovingly remembered by his siblings: Allen (Gwen) Reid of Augusta, GA, Everett (Martise) Reid of McDonough, GA, John (Tamara) Reid of Baltimore, MD, Timothy (Tara) Reid of Fayetteville, NC, and his only sister, Celeste Reid of Laurinburg, NC.

Also mourning his passing are his aunts and uncles, Ora Jean Blanding, Doris Pope, Grace Dublin, Woodrow Reid, and Clarence Reid; his goddaughter/niece, Tierra Reid; his mother-in-love, Wilma “Mrs. T” Greene Taylor; his brothers and sister-in-love, Elder Derrick (Pam) Greene, Minister Walter (Twanda) Taylor, Jr., and Wanda Greene Jackson; a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, and lifelong friends, who will cherish his memory forever.

Larry Reid’s life was one of faith, family, and fulfillment. He taught by example — showing that true success isn’t measured by wealth or titles, but by how deeply you love, how faithfully you serve, and how selflessly you give. Though he is no longer with us in body, his presence will forever live in the hearts of all who knew and loved him.

---Reid All Day, Every Day, 365---

Where Do I Go From Here

Where do I go from here, my heart is broken, how do I stop shedding tears, we started out at 10 months apart, we were best friends from the start. Everywhere you went, I went. Your friends became my friends, they thought we were twins. This time it’s hard for me because, in an instant you were gone! I call then I cried out for you, it’s hard to hold on. Where did you go brother as I search high and low; I searched the fish creek and all the places we use to go. Patrick my heart is heavy, I just want to see your face and hear you voice one more time. I want to sit in the garage, watch the game, you tell me about your kids and grandkids and I tell you about mines. I remember our deal; we would meet by the pond, your house on one side mines on the other, we would have conversations about everything under the sun, this is one of the dreams never realized. So Patrick my brother this is my oath to you, I will watch over your family as a good dutiful brother is supposed to do, because FOE (Family Over Everything) is our family motto we’re all we got. I could never fill your shoes because they are too big to fill but this is my oath to you.

**Written by your Loving Brother,
Everett**

For My Daddy

My first love, my steady ground,
A voice of truth when I spun around.
You worked with hands both strong and kind,
Providing for us, peace of mind.

From grandma's kitchen to casting a line,
You followed your father, traditions divine.
Hard work, devotion, love that stayed,
A life of service, never swayed.

You loved God deeply, and showed us the way,
Reminding us gently, you couldn't always stay.
To my brothers you'd say, with wisdom complete,
"A man has to learn to stand on his feet."

"Hey Baby Girl," you'd always say,
And in that tone, fears slipped away.
"How you doing, Daddy?" always a call away
"I can't call it," you'd answer, after all.

You loved Marci through thirty-five years,
Raised us with laughter, dried our tears.
To grandkids too, your heart was wide,
A shelter, a compass, a source of pride.

You were supposed to see retirement days,
Travel with Marci, and share new ways.
To sit with your grandkids, make memories true,
And still be my voice of reason too.

We planned a game, the Bulldogs to cheer,
Though Heaven claimed you before that year.
Now with your parents, and Cam by your side,
You fish in still waters, with nothing to hide.

You were my calm storm, my guiding star,
Though Heaven feels distant, it's never too far.
For love never ends, it carries me through—
Daddy, I'm going to miss you like crazy man...
But forever and always, I'll love you Reid 24/7 365

Love You Forever
Essence

Memories



Memories



Memories

