



Mrs. Juanita Freeman Dyar

January 28, 2014

Dyar, Juanita Freeman, 90, of Dover, Florida entered into eternal rest on January 28, 2014. She was preceded in death by her husband James E. Freeman, Sr. She is survived by children Jimmy (Marsha), Tommy (Mary), and Billy (Lynn); 2 sisters; and many loving grandchildren, great-grandchildren, nieces, nephews, and friends. She owned and operated Nita's Drapery shop for 16 years. A Celebration of life will be held on Fri., Jan. 31 at 3:00 P.M. at Turkey Creek First Baptist Church, 4915 W. Trapnell Rd., Plant City, where the family will receive friends beginning at 2:00 P.M. Interment in Turkey Creek Cemetery, Plant City. Expressions of condolence at www.wecare.io

Cemetery Details

Turkey Creek Cemetery

4915 W Trapnell Rd
Plant City, FL 33566

Previous Events

Visitation

JAN 31. 2:00 PM - 3:00 PM (ET)

Turkey Creek Baptist Church
4915 W. Trapnell Road
Plant City, FL

Celebration of Life

JAN 31. 3:00 PM - 4:00 PM (ET)

Turkey Creek Baptist Church
4915 W. Trapnell Road
Plant City, FL

Tribute Wall



“ Hopewell Funeral Home created a Tribute Video in memory of Mrs. Juanita Freeman Dyar



Hopewell Funeral Home - January 28, 2014 at 12:00 AM

“ When I received the news that Nanna had left us I immediately got caught up in tying loose ends up at work, planning my travel, packing and setting up my family for the days I would be gone. It was hectic. It was not until I actually checked in at the airport, made it through security, and began the waiting process for my delayed flight that everything started sinking in and I finally stopped long enough to feel the pain of the loss. I shopped around for something to lift my spirits and purchased a book called *heaven is real*. It is a book about a 3-year-old boy who is at the brink of death who goes out of his body and to heaven and back. It is a true story written by the family. I ended up reading the entire book instead of taking the nap I desperately needed. One thing the boy mentions is that no one is old in heaven. That thought makes me smile since Nanna did not look very much like herself near the end. I remember when I was little Nanna always looked so classy and well put together. She was the image of a traditional southern woman. I remember she used to go tanning and was always a golden brown and had all these bottles of interesting and yummy smelling post tanning lotions. Her hair was always perfect along with her nails and she always dressed with a polished style. Nanna was always good to me and always had time to teach me fun crafty things. Nanna also always brought me to church. If it wasn't for her I wouldn't be the person I am today. I was saved in this church and baptized in this church. In truth she gave me some of the greatest gifts she could; her time and her faith. When you loose someone you start thinking about life, how we are living it and what really matters. For me what matters is family, family, family. Making family a priority can be so hard in this fast paced world. I live all the way across the country in Oregon so I did not see Nanna very much once I was an adult and my children did not get to spend much time with her. I don't even spend the time I want with my own kids because of the responsibilities of everyday life. It is time we will never get back again. Yet still I am comforted by the innocent and honest message of a young boy that no one is old in heaven and that we get to see everyone again. I just smile to myself and think of Nanna all tan with her perfect hair and nails taking me to church and know I will see

her that way again one day.

Sandra brownridge - January 31, 2014 at 12:23 AM