



Harry James Sowers

February 8, 1936 - March 23, 2020

Harry James Sowers Sr., better known by his nickname H.J., was born on February 8, 1936 in Lynchburg, South Carolina. He was the son of the late Doc James Sowers and Louise Weaver McGill Sowers.

He was one of fourteen siblings, each preceding him in death: Sarah McGill, Doc James Sowers, Jr., Louise McGill, Alonzo McGill, Ivy McGill, Ernest Sowers, Daniel Sowers, Johnny Sowers, George Sowers, William McGill, Lillie Mae Jones, Willie James Sowers Sr., and Lillie Mae Wilson.

H.J. was educated at St. John's Community School in Sumter County, South Carolina. He was married to the late Lettie Keels Sowers and from this union had three children: Harry James Sowers Jr., Stanley J. Sowers, and Sabrina Sowers. His oldest child, Timothy Burroughs, was from a previous relationship.

He lived in Washington, D.C. and was employed by the District of Columbia Public Schools Transportation for at least 30 years until he retired. He was a member of Simpson Hamline United Methodist Church, Teamsters, and Freemasonry. When he relocated to his place of birth, he became a member of St. John United Methodist Church.

H.J. was dedicated to his family, friends, and to his work. He enjoyed farming and it never appeared to be hard work for him. H.J. was committed to maintaining his land and sharing the fruits of his "hard work" with others. He will be greatly missed.

On March 23, 2020, God in his infinite wisdom saw fit to call Harry "H.J." James Sowers, Sr. home from labor to reward.

Memories of his life will be shared by his four children, four grandchildren: Vance, Jasmine, Joshua, and Jeremiah, a daughter-in-law, Stephanie Whitaker-Sowers, and a host of nieces, nephews, relatives, and friends.

Cemetery

Events

**Chandler
Cemetery**

Lynchburg, SC,

MAR 30 Funeral Service

10:00AM - 11:00AM

Bacote-Eaddy Funeral Home
209 N Brockington St P.O. Box 370, Timmonsville, SC, US,
29161

Comments



“ Harry James Sowers Sr. a.k.a. “H. J.” was the one the Lord chose to be my father. He was the husband of my late mother Lettie Jeanette and they raised me and my siblings in a little row-house on Buchanan Street Washington D.C. My dad always went to work to supply for our needs and we always had food, clothing, and shelter. When we would sometimes complain about the food my dad would remind us that “you may not always like what we have to eat but you always had something to eat”. I remember all the fun we had preparing for family reunion trips to South Carolina. Packing clothes and mom cooking fried chicken to eat on the road. I remember the excitement of getting up early with dad to get on the road because his thing was “leave early so you won’t get caught in rush hour traffic”. I remember how he would take us all over the areas he grew up in the country and meeting various relatives and friends. I remember the adventure of staying on the farm with all kinds of wildlife running around that you normally don’t see in the city. It was some of the best times of my life with dad. Dad showed us how to toil in the soil which I know my brother Harry hated because of the “gnats! gnats! and more gnats!” I loved playing with the insects so the country was an insect paradise for me. My dad was a gifted musician that played the piano for bands. He loved the blues and jazz and would spend long hours just listening to his favorite tunes that he would record on his tape recorder. My dad had his flaws but he was still my dad and he did his best for us. I had long talks with him about his life and he summed up his entire life with the statement “I had a lot of fun...”. My dad told us that he loved us and we loved him.

Stanley Sowers - March 26 at 01:21 AM