

The Order of Service

Eldress Geraldine Whitley, Presider

Processional

Selection

Carrons Choir

Scripture Readings

Old Testament ~ Elder Dennis Joyner

New Testament ~ Elder Thomas Joyner

Prayer of Comfort

Eldress Geraldine Whitley

Hymn of Praise

Carrons Choir

Remarks ~ Please limit to two minutes

Friends & Family

Solo

Eldress Geraldine Whitley

Acknowledgements & Obituary

Linda Piatt

Selection

Carrons Choir

Eulogy

Elder Ardell Farmer

Solo

Brother Kent Taylor

Funeral Director's Brief

Recessional

Interment

Bunn Cemetery

Broken Road

Bailey, North Carolina

Floral Bearers

Friends of the Family

Pall Bearers

Friends of the Family

Acknowledgements

The family of Keith Darnell Taybron acknowledge with deep appreciation and grateful hearts, all expressions of sympathy extended to our family during our time of bereavement. Your prayers, love, kind deeds and comforting words have enabled us to bear the loss of one we loved and held so dear. Thank you for your loyalty and support. May the Lord bless each of you and keep you forever in His loving care.

~The Taybron Family

To the Family

It appears that nothing surpasses

All your grief and despair

But God is a mighty refuge

And your loved one is in His care

Carrons Funeral Home Staff



Professional and Caring Services Entrusted to:

Carrons Funeral Home

726 SW Tarboro Street

Wilson, North Carolina 27893

252-237-2169 Fax: 252-237-0120

www.carronsfuneralhome.com

*In Loving Memory
of*

Keith Darnell Taybron



**Sunrise
July 15, 1960**

**Sunset
May 9, 2022**

**Saturday ~ May 14, 2022
11:00 A.M.**

**Robert King, Sr. Memorial Chapel
Carrons Funeral Home
726 Tarboro Street, SW
Wilson, North Carolina**

**Elder Ardell Farmer, Eulogist
Carrons Funeral Home, Directing**



The Obituary

Keith Darnell Taybron was born on July 15, 1960 to the late Vernell Tabron and the late Mary T. Dorsey. His earthly life ended Monday, May 9, 2022 as he was called to his eternal rest. He attended public school in the Washington, DC area. There, as a teenager, he was employed at the Star Newspaper and Marriott Hotels.

Later in life, Keith moved to Wilson County, NC to live with family. After arrival, he was employed at Flowers Slaughterhouse for several years. Keith was a very dedicated worker and went beyond the call of duty to ensure the job was done efficiently.

Family oriented, Keith loved his family and enjoyed all the special times he spent with each one. To know him was to love him. He never met a stranger. He was a character who loved to talk, joke, laugh, entertain his friends and brag about his nephew Ronald "Winky" Wright. He would laugh and talk about how he taught "Winky" how to box and fight.

Keith's brother, Byron "Weenie" Dorsey preceded him in death many years ago.

The memories of Keith will forever be cherished by his four sisters, Mary Ann Blakely and Barbara Leonard of Saint Petersburg, Florida, Athena Nelson (Owen) of Germantown, Maryland; his three brothers, Michael Taybron of Saint Petersburg, Florida, Troy Taybron and Vernell Taybron, Jr. (Sugg) of Brandywine, Maryland; his stepmother, Charlotte Taybron of Brandywine, Maryland; four aunts, Dorothy Beamon, Ruth Jones, Betty Richardson (Walter) and Hattie Johnson (Wilbert) all of North Carolina; three uncles, Crawford Few, Bobby Taybron (Beatrice) and Carl Ray Taybron (Alastene) all of North Carolina; several nieces, nephews, other relatives and friends; one devoted, loving, caring and special friend of "27 years", Janice Bynum of the home; two special cousins, Donald Eatmon and Lisa Jones (whom Keith argued with every single day) of North Carolina; three special friends, Dave Adams, Freeman Matthews, Jr. (Mandi-Boo) and Willie Dew (Toots) all of North Carolina; and the Love of his life "SCRAPPIE" ... his dog for 12 years.



"My Way"

And now the end is near, and so I face the final curtain.
My friend, I'll say it clear. I state my case, of which I'm certain.
I've lived a life that's full. I traveled each and every highway.

And more, much more than this, I did it MY WAY.
Yes, there were times, I'm sure you knew, when I bit off more
Than I could chew. But through it all, when there was doubt,
I ate it all up and spit it out. I faced it all and I stood tall and
Did it MY WAY. I've loved, I've Laughed, and yes, I've cried
I've had my fill, my share of losing. And now, as tears subside,
I find it all so amusing. To think I did all that, and may I say
Not in a shy way. Oh no, oh no, not me, I did it MY WAY.
For what is a man, what has he got, if not himself, then he has not
To say the things he truly feels, and not the words of one who kneels.

The record shows I took the blows and
I did it MY WAY.

