



Kent Elliott

September 23, 1960 - September 11, 2023

Kent Floyd Elliott (62) of Conyers, GA was surrounded by his wife, Cindy, daughter, Sammi, and his pets, Pancho, Lefty, and Lady when he went home to be with Jesus on Monday, September 11, 2023.

He is preceded in death by his father, Judge Floyd Elliott, Jr. and son, Daniel Guy Elliott. He is survived by his mother, Barbara Elliott; wife, Cindy Elliott; daughter, Sammi (Matt) Adamo; siblings, Mitch (Terri) Elliott, Leslie (Jimmy) Whitaker, Jeff (Karen) Elliott; first cousins, Randy (Dale) Bolton, Chris Bolton, Todd Bolton; numerous nieces, nephews, and cousins.

Kent spent his childhood years on Farris Drive where he could be found playing with his siblings, cousins and friends from dawn until the streetlights came on and caring for various stray animals that "followed him home."

Kent's work ethic was unparalleled to most, from being a paper boy at 12 years old, contributing over 40 years to the workforce and to tending to his beautifully landscaped yard until one month before his passing.

Always the jokester, he will be remembered for his unique style of entertainment (storytelling, making up his own games, creating skits and playing pranks) by the Woodlawn Baptist Church Youth group, fellow BioLab employees and his friends and family.

Kent and his extended family enjoyed weeklong trips to Tanners Beach each summer for over 50 years, a tradition started by his beloved grandfather, Pop. After Pop's passing in 1988, Kent was a driving force in continuing this family tradition.

He married his high school sweetheart in 1981 and went on to cherish and celebrate 42 years together. Kent was a doting and proud father to their 2 children and could often be heard telling stories about them to his friends, family and co-workers.

Kent was a captain on the BioLab emergency response team. In 2004, he was instrumental in fighting and containing one of the largest warehouse fires in Georgia's history. He was also a valuable member in training and other emergencies and described as the "glue and funny bone of BioLab."

Kent, always being up for a challenge, decided he wanted to run a marathon before he turned 50. So, he personally trained for and completed the Marine Corps Marathon, running 26.2 miles in 4:23:58 at the age of 47. Running this marathon would later serve as the backbone to his page-turning novella, *Running for Your Life - Marathon Memories*. Writing a book is a feat most would not dream of, yet alone achieve, but he did, all after receiving his Alzheimer's diagnosis.

Being diagnosed with Early Onset Alzheimer's at the age of 55 did not slow Kent down in the least. He was no stranger to overcoming and facing difficult trials and tribulations. After losing his father at the tender age of 19, being laid off from a company to which he dedicated nearly 30 years, and losing his 25 year old son to suicide, he tackled ALZ as he did all other challenges in his life, determined to live through the confusion, pain and suffering; he did this with faith, always trusting in God's all-encompassing promises.

Friends and family will remember Kent for his impeccable talent for storytelling and creative writing, his steadfast devotion to God and his church, and his indubitable love for his family and friends.

Funeral Services will be held Thursday, September 14, 2023 at 11 a.m. at Rockdale Community Church with Pastor Butch Rumble officiating; interment will follow at Green Meadow Memorial Gardens. Family will receive friends after the interment back at the church.

The service will be livestreamed and available on YouTube, Rockdale Community Church channel.

Memories and condolences may be submitted on-line at www.scotward.com. <<http://www.scotward.com>.In> In lieu of flowers, please consider donating to your local animal shelter. Scot Ward Funeral Services, 699 American Legion Road, Conyers, GA 30012, 770-483-7216.

Cemetery Details

Green Meadow Memorial Gardens

677 American Legion Rd.
Conyers, GA 30012

Previous Events

Service

SEP 14. 11:00 AM (ET)

Rockdale Community Church
2455 Old Salem Road SE
Conyers, GA 30013

Visitation

SEP 14 (ET)

Rockdale Community Church
2455 Old Salem Road SE
Conyers, GA 30013

Tribute Wall

CI

“ 3 files added to the tribute wall



Cindy - September 23, 2023 at 09:26 AM

CI

“ Our dear friend, Mary, crocheted this gorgeous flag afghan for Kent and surprised him when she gave it to him on his birthday in 2017. The afghan was beautifully displayed on the casket at Kent's funeral.



Cindy - September 21, 2023 at 09:44 PM

KC

“ Cindy I am so sorry for your lost, I knew little about Kent but my wife Susan Cason knew him very well as he hired her at Bio-Lab, She would mention him almost daily so I got to know him thru her. I recall Kent coming to out home several times to pick Susan up when we had car trouble and would bring her home as well . I remember Susan had surgery one time and a couple days later someone was at the door and it was Kent with a bouquet of flowers and her pay check . They sit and talk forever and had the best visit as I was cooking dinner. They had a special relationship and he was always so good to her and she never had a bad thing to say about Kent . The memory that will forever be etched in my mind forever is when the two of you came to visit Susan at the hospital so Kent could say his final good by to her, that visit is what told me the kind of man he was and how special her friendship was to him. I will never forget that day it was so special for me to see the love he had in his heart for his friend. That visit was so special for us all. What a great lost for the world but I bet he and Susan are talking about plant 4 by now . Thank you sharing Kent with the rest of us he made our lives better and I have so much respect for him . Kent you will be missed forever but never forgotten .

KENNETH CASON - September 18, 2023 at 07:54 PM

SB

“ Kent ended up being as big as his Dad. But when he was a little guy, he was popular with the big kids because when the baseball went down the sewer, Kent would squeeze down there and get it. Not sure Barbara ever knew that.

Steve Burrell - September 18, 2023 at 06:36 PM

“As we got word that my uncle Kent was progressing into a worse state, I started reminiscing on the uncle of my childhood. Losing someone to dementia is different because in a way you lose them twice.

We've not had the Kent of my childhood in several years, and I would have thought that I would have processed and dealt with losing him before now, even though he was physically still with us, but that was not the case. So I'm finally processing his passing and recalling what an impact he had on my life.

Kent was fearless, creative, hilarious, and intentional. He cared for his family in a way that most don't, but should. He was a performer and a storyteller. He was a leader. He was a writer. He was a lover of animals and all of God's creatures. And he loved his family with a tremendous passion.

For 55+ years our family vacationed each year at a little old state park in no-where-ville Georgia. This vacation and yearly tradition is what kept our growing family so close for all these years, and it was spearheaded by my great grandfather Pop (my Memaw's father). Pop was a man I never met but truly admire. His daughters (my great aunt Pebbe and my Memaw) raved about him, and his 7 grandchildren (my father, his 3 siblings, and 3 first cousins) admired and adored him. My entire life, I've heard nothing but endearing and revering stories about the man my Pop was.

When Pop passed away in the 80s, Kent took over planning and essentially hosting our family vacation each year. My entire life, the family has consistently compared Kent to his grandfather Pop. From the stories I've heard, Pop was a performer, as was uncle Kent.

Pop worked for the railroad, and Kent did for a time as well. Pop took care of his grandkids, much like uncle Kent took care of his nieces and nephews. One way Kent showed his love and care for us was on the last day of our annual vacation, he would gather us all and would walk with us down to the ice cream shop where he would buy us all an ice cream of our choice. He did this yearly.

Another way he cared for us was when my cousins and I would turn 16, Kent would give each of us a signed \$20 dollar bill to use only in case of an emergency. And for years, as different family members weren't able to make the annual vacation trip, Kent and his wife Cindy would take various nieces and nephews under their care on this vacation, making sure they were fed, and being stand-in parents for the week.

Our generation of cousins never really knew my great grandfather Pop, as he passed before many of us were born, nor did any of us get to meet our grandfather Judge, but we did know uncle Kent. And from what I've heard, he emulated those two great men incredibly well.

Just like Pop's grandchildren, who speak with such respect and admiration for their grandfather, Uncle Kent's nieces and nephews speak, and will continue to speak, with nothing but love, respect, and endearment for the great man our uncle Kent was.

*"Will the circle be unbroken
By and by, Lord, by and by
There's a better home a-waiting
In the sky, Lord, in the sky"*

Moriah Elliott Cantrell - September 18, 2023 at 02:08 PM

CI

“ I just came across these pics from mom's 80th Birthday in 2018 - Great reminder of conversations with a lot of laughter, which was "normal" up until just a few years ago.



Cindy - September 17, 2023 at 08:01 PM

“ My uncle Kent and I had special bond, bond formed when I was just 10 years old. With my family living in Tennessee, we didn't get to see family that much so we made regular trips to Georgia to visit family. I can't remember why we were down in Georgia but we were there for the weekend staying with memaw. (This is when memaw was living in Kent and Cindy's basement) Kent had come downstairs and asked myself, Jordan, and Moriah if we wanted to come help feed Moses (the outside dog) with him. Moriah and Jordan both said no, I on the other said yes. So Kent and I set out down the path to where Moses was. Moses had jumped up and had his two front paws on the top of the gate and was waiting for us to bring him his food. Kent walks up and starts to pet him, Kent looks to me and say "don't worry, he won't bite" I then trusting Kent, reach up to pet Moses and Moses bit down on my hand. I don't remember screaming or crying, probably just in shock, Kent then prided Moses mouth open and release my hand. I looked down at my hand and could see blood pouring out and I started to panic. Kent grabbed a napkin he had in this pocket and picked me up and starting running back to the house. I remember Kent being so calm and assuming me that I was okay. I ended up having to get 4 stitches in my hand. But since that day Kent and I shared this bond.

Years later when I was in college, and I was home for the holidays and my birthday is right around Christmas, which sometimes meant it got overlooked. But Kent remembered and send me a package for my birthday.

(Side note: Kent once said that getting Coke at a Mexican restaurant tasted better than getting it anywhere else. I don't believe him so the whole family went out to eat at a Mexican restaurant and all got coke to drink and of course kent was right and it did taste better.) When I got this package from Kent it was a coca-Cola bear and a glass bottle of coke with reindeer antlers on them. On the outside of the box it said "Happy Birthday, Love Uncle Floyd". I still have that bear and coke bottle. Those are just a few of the many memories I had with Kent and feel honored to have so many. He was an incredible uncle and I feel at peace with knowing that I will get to see him again!

Faith Elliott - September 17, 2023 at 05:12 PM

JE

Wow! Thanks for sharing Faith.

Jeff - September 18, 2023 at 05:02 PM

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Faith Willott - September 17, 2023 at 05:11 PM



“ I’ve traveled out of state many times with Kent for Tech football games. We’ve gone to Jacksonville (twice), Winston Salem and Chapel Hill. But my favorite road trip was, no doubt, when Chris, Kent, Daniel and I made the last minute decision to watch the Jackets take on Mississippi State in 2009 in Starkville, MS. It was a 5+ hour drive so we met at my house at noon and headed out for the 7pm kickoff. We arrived in plenty of time so we decided to go to a local sports bar to eat before the game. Georgia happened to be playing LSU in the coveted 3:30 CBS game so we watched the end of the game at the bar. Georgia scored a TD with just over a minute left in the game to take a 1 point lead. With the game seemingly over, we began making our way out of the bar so as not to see the hated Dawgs celebrate on the field. Kent, Daniel and I waited outside the bar while we waited on Chris to go to the bathroom. While outside, we could still see the TV inside so we reluctantly watched as we waited on Chris. LSU had a long return on the ensuing kickoff deep into Georgia territory. We yelled and screamed as they were now in field goal range to win the game. Chris came out and we watched as LSU scored the winning TD with only seconds left. The four of us were jumping up and down screaming “TO HELL WITH GEORGIA!” at the top of our lungs outside a bar on the empty streets of Starkville. A police officer pulled up, no doubt assuming we were inebriated. “No,” we told him. “We’re Georgia Tech fans and Georgia just lost.” He seemed to understand completely.

The Tech game ended with a 42-31 Tech victory. We finally got out of the parking lot at midnight and had a 5 hour drive back to Atlanta ahead of us. We stopped at a gas station at 5am in a small town just west of the Alabama - Georgia line. The four of us all got out to go to the bathroom and the only other people getting gas also had Tech flags flying. One of the highlights of my life was starting a “YEL-LOW!” ... “JACK-ETS!” chant with random strangers at 5am in a gas station parking lot in small town Alabama.

Bryan Bolton - September 16, 2023 at 05:39 PM

BS

“ *Cindy- I am so sorry for your loss - I am glad that you let me know. I miss you and think of you often. You are in my prayers during the days ahead. Thinking of you*
Brenda Stewart

BRenda Stewart - September 16, 2023 at 05:23 PM

KE

“ I married into the Elliott/Bolton family in 1989, a year after their grandfather, Pop, passed away, so I never got to meet him. Kent had stepped up and taken on the responsibility of spending a week every summer at John Tanner State Park, aka Tanner’s Beach, with the entire family. I began attending with Jeff and as they were born, we took our children almost every year. We had moved out of state but made the effort to be there if at all possible.

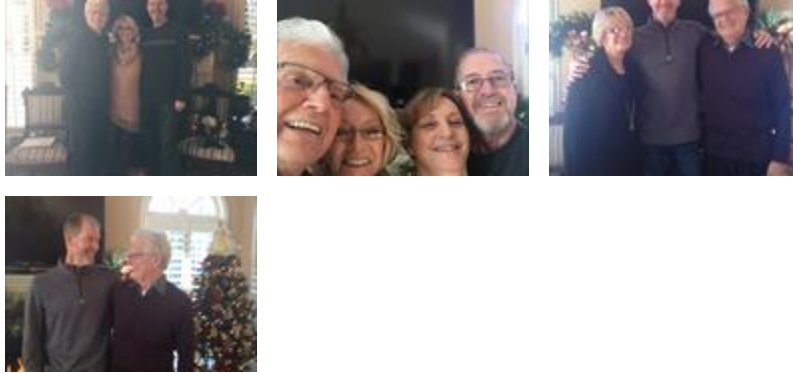
Many people, over the years, have voiced amazement at the close relationships between the members of the Elliott/Bolton family. I always tell them the time spent together at Tanner’s beach each year established and strengthened those bonds. Kent always seemed to be in his happy place when we were there and the lodge was filled with conversation, laughter, and the sound of cousins playing games together. Kent often made up games such as “sock golf” that everyone could play regardless of age or athletic ability. He also filled the mantle of the fireplace in the lodge with photos of family members who had passed away. So many stories of them have been shared that I forget sometimes that I didn’t actually know them all. As the years went by, the collection of framed pictures increased as well as the memories and stories.

The cost of renting the lodge was split by those who came. I remember one year when finances were especially tight for our family so I had emailed Kent & Cindy that our family would not be able to be there more than a couple of nights. Kent called me to try to persuade me to change my mind. He explained to me that this was the only vacation he takes every year and it was very important to him to spend the week with his family whom he loved so much. I understood how he felt but we simply could not afford it. Kent told me that it was so important to him that he offered to pay our way that year. I don’t remember if we took him up on that offer or not, but we were there the whole week that year and continued to attend nearly every year after that.

Karen Elliott - September 16, 2023 at 02:02 PM

CI

“ Kent remembered his annual tradition of visiting Mr. and Mrs. Waddle even years after living with ALZ.



Cindy - September 16, 2023 at 08:29 AM

CI

“ Kent received a package from Chuck Longino on his birthday in 2018. Inside were 3 Pink Floyd T shirts, one for him, one for Sammi and one for me.



Cindy - September 16, 2023 at 12:14 AM

GB

“ This's little bit better known as shortie from Bio Lab. Kent was a great person to work with. He understood everybody and would do anything to help you if he could. Rest in peace, Kent we'll miss you 🙏

Gwendolyn Babb - September 15, 2023 at 01:43 PM

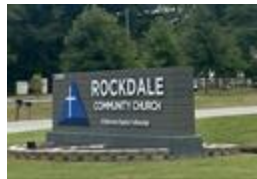
MI



Michelle - September 18, 2023 at 07:33 PM

MI

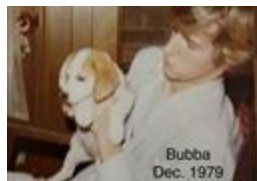
“ *Kent Elliott ❤️ He was a big part of my work life. He always encouraged me to push through all of of rougher times such as bumping at work due to being lower on seniority, convincing me to continue no matter what jobs or how tough (stacking off production lines) or even going to different plants where I felt like a stranger. Kent loved to help animals. If you like to consider donating to your local animal shelter or rescue group, that would be awesome!!!*



Michelle - September 15, 2023 at 09:18 AM

CI

“ *1 file added to the tribute wall*



Cindy - September 14, 2023 at 11:16 PM

CI

This is the dog, Bubba, described in Tom Doran's memory of Kent.

Cindy - September 14, 2023 at 11:25 PM

JE

Love this pic!

jeff - September 15, 2023 at 07:07 PM


CI

“ *Here’s the pic of what Amanda described in her memory of Kent.*




Cindy - September 14, 2023 at 11:11 PM

AM

“ As we celebrated the life of my Uncle Kent Elliott today, people were able to share stories of how he impacted their lives. There were definitely moments of sadness but I'm so thankful that I will forever be able to carry this special memory of him with me daily 

Back in college, my parents moved to TN so Kent and Cindy C Elliott told my sister and I we were welcome to stay with them anytime we wanted if we needed a place to come home to. On Sundays before we would head back to campus, Cindy would load us up with food and Kent would make sure we had cash for emergencies.

Of course, Brittany Hubbell, Sammi Adamo, and I never did so one Sunday Kent gave all 3 of us a \$20 and told it was for emergencies only. He also said he would check in with us to see if we still had it the next time we came to visit.

A few weeks after, we all went to leave on a Sunday and I was the only one left with a \$20 so Kent gave me another \$20. To this day, I still have my original \$20 in my wallet marked for emergencies only and it will stay there forever 

Amanda - September 14, 2023 at 05:02 PM

CI

I just posted a pic I took just last week of Amanda when she visited Kent. She's holding THE twenty dollar bill that Kent gave her. You can see where he wrote his name on it when he gave it to her.

Cindy - September 14, 2023 at 11:08 PM

P@

“ *It's with a heavy heart and tears of joy that my heart feel as I attend the best supervisor I ever had at Biolab a friend a role model, a young man that all ways wanted to have fun and a lot of laughter. His celebration of life, the word of God was clear. The word of God is our home because we grieve not like the world but those that know .I will see my brother in Christ again .Hallelujah .*



Patty @BioLab - September 14, 2023 at 01:26 PM

KW

“ *Cindy & Sammi, both Roger and I have prayed for you guys so often over they past few years. Kents life had such an impact on so many people, and stray animals. He had a heart made for loving and dedication and he did that to and for his people every day of his life. It was so clear how much he loved his family. What a blessing to be a typist for his book; I feel like I ran that Marine's marathon with him. I'm praying for you in the days ahead.*

Kathy Ward - September 13, 2023 at 08:52 PM

TD

“ Kent was my best friend at our high school. From the time I met him at 15 until Cindy socialized him (somewhat), he was a force of nature. The statute of limitations has expired, so I look forward to sharing many stories with you all on Thursday. Here's maybe my favorite, as it highlights Kent's amazing heart (and his father's ... and God's):

This was December 1979. I was cutting through some woods near my home and came across a stray dog who'd just had a litter of puppies. They were completely helpless, but I had no idea what to do. But I knew the guy who would - Kent.

I called Kent and he said we needed to gather the dogs and take them to the humane society. So I jumped in my car, picked up Kent, who brought a large cardboard box, and off we went to gather up the dogs - five puppies and the momma. We then headed off for the shelter, which was off Northside Drive, near Ga. Tech.

Kent put the puppies in the box but held one of the more pitiful pups in his lap for the drive. In the 30 minutes it took to drive downtown, he fell in love with his new best friend, Bubba. We only dropped four puppies off that day.

Well, Mrs. Elliott was not happy. She let Kent know in a hurry there was no room at the Elliott's for Bubba. Back in those days, we had landlines for phones - one line with multiple handsets throughout the house. If you were somewhat of a juvenile delinquent (and Kent and I were), you could pick up a handset and listen in on a family member's phone call.

Well, Kent was in deep trouble with Mom, heard the phone ring, and then heard Barbara talking to Dad, who was on a business trip. Kent decided to listen in. As Kent told the story to me, Barbara was really fired up. She was ready to drop Kent off at the Humane Society along with Bubba. She gave poor Judge an earful and he quietly answered, "Barbara, he's a great kid with an amazing heart. Let him

keep the dog."

Mr. Elliott never made it home from that business trip. He died on December 7, 1979. The last words Kent heard from his Father were "he's a great kid with an amazing heart."

I've often considered how kind God was to allow Kent's last memory of his father to be the sharing of his blessing. Only God could manage that. The blessing of the Father is a powerful thing and this touched Kent deeply. RIP my dear friend - I love you like the brother you are to me.

Tom Doran - September 13, 2023 at 06:24 PM

CI

I found a picture of Kent with Bubba from December 1979 that I just posted.

Cindy - September 14, 2023 at 11:16 PM

KC

“ I am so sorry to hear of Mr. Kent's passing! My thoughts and love are being sent to you (Cindy) and Sammie! I am sad that I won't be able to attend the celebration of life tomorrow, but I know he is watching over you all and hugging his son. Much love, Keely (Farmer) Chalk

Keely (Farmer) Chalk - September 13, 2023 at 05:16 PM

JB

“ Here’s a Kent story that I fondly remember despite only having learned of it after the fact. It’s all the more funny since Kent the prankster got pranked.

Kent and his buddy Tom Doran began regularly jogging together late nights. They had a set routine for arranging their runs despite having no set days or time frames. If one of them wanted to jog, he would call the other’s landline phone (no cell phones back in the 70’s) and let it ring one time and hangup. If the other one was in agreement to go for a run together, he would likewise call allowing one ring before ending the call. There was no need for verbal communication. If one partner was asleep, unavailable, or disinterested, then it was an easy way to decline.

One cold, rainy night the phone rang one time at 2388 Henderson Mill Ct. Kent looked at the clock and it was ridiculously late and the weather outside was miserable. But Tom had issued a challenge and Kent returned the one ring call to accept it. So, Kent jogged in the rain and cold to their meeting spot and waited for Tom. He no-showed. Kent finished his jog and later confronted Tom who played ignorant about the whole matter.

The following weekend Leslie (our sister) had a date with her boyfriend Jimmy. As Jimmy was waiting for her, he chuckled and asked Kent “Did you have a nice jog the other night?”

Jeff aka Bubba - September 13, 2023 at 02:36 PM

TD

Also ... Kent and I went to see the Outlaw Josey Wales at the Briarcliff Village theater. We were both very impressed with Clint Eastwood's command of his chewing tobacco. So ... on the way home we bought some - every American male should be as Clint-like as possible, right? We had to hide it from our parents, so we decided to combine a run that night with our first experience with chewing tobacco. As you would expect, the fact that we were able to get home that night was a miracle. I have never been as sick in my life. It was I am relatively certain, the last time either he or I chewed tobacco.

Tom Doran - September 13, 2023 at 03:26 PM

JB



Jeff aka Bubba - September 13, 2023 at 04:01 PM



“ *Emerald Garden Basket was purchased for the family of Kent Elliott.*



September 13, 2023 at 02:19 PM



“ *Simply Elegant Spathiphyllum was purchased for the family of Kent Elliott.*



September 13, 2023 at 10:07 AM

ME

“ To quote Tom Petty; 'oh the stories we could tell.' I shared lots of laughs with my 'little' brother over the years - they could fill a book.

Which one to share? The first Halloween that I lived in Conyers when Kent showed up in full vampire makeup and regalia with a casket and one (or both) of his ball pythons and set up a haunted house in my garage?

Or one of the numerous camping trips...the coldest I have ever been in the mountains of north Georgia where the only time I was warm was when Daniel spilled hot chocolate on me? Or one of the trips to the Okefenokee where Kent befriended the countless racoons and armadillos that laid siege to our campsite?

Or one of the concerts we attended over the years like the Eagles concert that Kent took Leslie, Jeff and I to as a Christmas present?

No, the memory that comes to mind was from a football game around 1980. Not a Tech game, but a pickup tackle football game. Between Kent, Jeff, brother in law, Jimmy, and I; we had enough friends to always field 2 solid teams for a game. And it had to be tackle - not flag, and no pads. This particular fall morning, Kent and I were on the same team. I don't remember who all the combatants were but there were some legit ball players - guys who had played high school, and in some cases, college ball. On one particular play, Kent caught a pass and immediately got hit by the biggest guy on the other team (Randy Holcomb, maybe?). It was a solid hit and it even sounded painful. But...Kent did not go down. He kept going and got hit again and again. It took several guys to tackle him. I was amazed. And I started paying attention anytime Kent had the ball. He always got the 'yards after catch.' It was something to see. Kent was not the biggest or the fastest player on the field. But he was the most determined.

And that is the way he fought this dreaded disease. He took hit after hit and he kept going. He epitomized 2 Timothy 4:7 'I have fought

the good fight, I have finished the race, and I have remained faithful'.

Mitch Elliott - September 13, 2023 at 09:26 AM

PJ

Phyllis Waddle

I have known and loved Kent and enjoyed his many joyful personalities since he was five years old. He was a tender hearted young boy who cared for all our neighborhoods stray "critters", the strangest of which was his one legged chicken, and the fiercest of which was the huge snake who resided in the living room of his and Cindy's first house. (I think this may have been a premarital agreement.)

A fiercely loyal friend—if he was your friend, it was for life. He never forgot us, nor failed to stay in touch even after we moved across town and were into our 80s. He and Cindy would bring joy and laughter into our home with their many visits even as he was in declining health, he wanted to visit Jim one last time in the spring of 2022 before he also graduated to heaven.

We have beautifully written and encouraging letters, as only Kent could write. He was a literary genius, and should be published.—a fact few people know about him. He was a quiet person that could express himself with the written word in an unbelievable way.

I will miss the young man , who meant so much to me through the years, but I rejoice in the fact that I will see him again as he awaits us in his strong and healed body, mind, and spirit—you were a delight to know and love Kent for these 58 years.

Phyllis Waddle (Mrs. Jim) - September 13, 2023 at 02:44 PM

CI

Our traditional annual visits to see you and Mr. Waddle at Christmas were so important to Kent, dating back to before the 1986 visit when we told you I was pregnant (with Sammi) until his ALZ had advanced to the point he was unable to drive and he let me drive the hour plus route to your house so he could see y'all. I just posted some pics from recent years.

Cindy - September 16, 2023 at 07:41 AM

TB

“ When I was nineteen and Kent was fifteen, for some reason, he and I and our mutual grandparents and my grandmother, Momoo, were the only ones left at our families’ yearly vacation spot, Tanner’s Beach. I was to take Kent and Momoo home the next day. Our last night there, the three of us played a card game, Fan-Tan, that Momoo knew and that we really didn’t. She beat us and Kent, jokingly, accused her of cheating. Momoo, while probably not “getting” the humor, was used to her smart-aleck son and smart-aleck grandsons, and took it all in stride. I think we realized that the fun was pretty much used up in that one card game, so we headed back into Atlanta that night. But, for the first time, during those hours, I realized what a funny guy Kent promised to become. He did not disappoint.

Certainly, there is much more I could say about Kent than that he was a funny guy, but those things I mostly hold close to my heart and am incapable of expressing. I’ll never forget the twenty-minute rides we took into work, several years ago, when he’d pick me up and we got to know each other in a way that we’d never done before, despite the many opportunities.

But to think of Kent in relation to his humor seems fitting, when my relation to his son, Daniel, was intensely close in his last years, and though we shared much in terms of sorrow and grief, the central bond that we had always seemed to be in trying to outdo each other in outrageous humor. Daniel always won, except one time, which had to do with chickens and thus Daniel made chickens into the symbol of our friendship.

Their humor was different, but father and son were equally funny and, both, profoundly wonderful people.

Todd Bolton - September 13, 2023 at 05:08 AM

MI

“ 2 files added to the tribute wall



michelle - September 13, 2023 at 04:57 AM

RH

“ Hey everyone. I'm a early and always friend of Sport. I say Sport instead of kent because he had that nickname. There are numerous beyond measure the stories I could give. I'll give one and hopefully it will give a glimpse of Sport (kent). We were on the Woodlawn Baptist Church softball team, playing in a league. Sport and I are probably 20? Years old. We made it to the championship game and played Avondale First Baptist Church. I went Avondale high school and knew all these guys. I had played hs ball with probably 8 or 9 of their roster. On our team we had 2 or 3 that played a sport in his. Sport pitched, we won!! And he struck out in a big moment one of their best players. I have been blessed to have had " sports moments ". In high school or college. But Sport (kent) gave me my best! I have told kent and Cindy that story thru the years and I will always tell it and know it. Kent was a GOOD MAN. He was solid in every way. RIP Sport. God bless you Cindy and family.

Rholcomb8718@hotmail.com - September 12, 2023 at 09:28 PM



“ Medium Dish Garden was purchased for the family of Kent Elliott.



September 12, 2023 at 08:11 PM

CI

“ 24 files added to the tribute wall



Cindy - September 12, 2023 at 06:52 PM

JB

Too techno challenged to put pics on here so far. Thanks for these!!

Jeff aka Bubba - September 13, 2023 at 04:14 PM

LI

Wonder filled collection of a life well spent with lots of love💕

Linda - September 13, 2023 at 06:10 PM



“ I have countless memories of you in my 42 years of life, a majority of which involve Tanner's Beach and Georgia Tech football games (including many out-of-state trips). But my favorite memory, the one that I will forever cherish the most, is the most recent.

I probably spent more time with you in the final three days of your earthly life than I did in the previous three years combined. Each time, I would leave telling you that I love you for the "last time." But I kept finding reasons to come back and I would have the opportunity to tell you again. The day before your passing, you were in your bed, the bed you had spent your final week of life lying in, and I laid in the bed next to you and we watched the Falcons game together. When a big play occurred, I would announce it to you. During one of the commercials, I read aloud to you something that one of your other cousins had written about you just that very morning. Part of the time, I would just watch you as your chest moved up and down from the heavy breaths you would take. Those were three of the most peaceful hours I had spent in quite some time. All of the chaos of the world seemed to be put on hold for just a bit. Truth is, I didn't want to leave. It took everything I had to get up out of that bed (even though it felt like it was 90 degrees in that room!) because I knew for certain that this time really was the last time I'd see you on this side of eternity. I told you again that I loved you, leaned over and kissed you on the forehead.

There are pictures of me from one year at Tanner's Beach where various people were napping on the couch (you being one of them) and I would maneuver my way onto the couch and snuggle with the napper long enough for Cindy to get a photo. I wanted so badly to do the same while you were lying there in bed this past Sunday, but I figured that most people would probably get offended. But you would have laughed, I would have laughed and Daniel certainly would have laughed. I regret not having done it.

I took a couple of photos of you unconscious in bed and I still look at them each day. But they don't make me sad. They will always

remind me of the bonus time that the Lord allowed me to spend with you in your final days.

I love you, Kent, my brother in Christ. (And I'd be foolish to think that that's the last time I'll tell you that.)

Bryan Bolton - September 12, 2023 at 05:43 PM

CI

Just so you know Bryan, I would've taken your picture bc if Kent was aware of it, you're right, he would've laughed and yes, Daniel certainly would've laughed.

Thanks for making me laugh just thinking about it. ❤️

Cindy - September 12, 2023 at 06:40 PM



“ *Enduring Grace was purchased for the family of Kent Elliott.*



September 12, 2023 at 03:59 PM



“ *Emerald Garden Basket was purchased for the family of Kent Elliott.*



September 12, 2023 at 03:52 PM

JE

“As brothers, we have a lifetime of beautiful memories. So much time playing games including croquet, mallet street hockey, kill the man with the ball, war with live ammunition consisting of bottle rockets and home-made gunpowder, exploring (and falling through) the hole in the loft of a barn, bicycle jumping off ramps with an unattached front wheel, and various risky ways to exterminate wasp nests in the neighborhood. Good bloody fun! Kent never backed down.

Kent tried to teach us (brothers & cousins) the joy of nature and camping. I don't know how he got any joy from the experiences due to dealing with such noobs. Examples? He took me canoeing down the Yellow River. Main thing I remember? I flipped the canoe and all its contents including Kent. He just laughed. Then there were the January mountain camping trips. I missed the most epic experience but I still chuckle over the story of how cousin Chris managed to catch the tent on fire while my brother Mitch was in it undressing.

Kent was very competitive. He was the ace pitcher on the renowned "Green Machine" Woodlawn Baptist Church modified-pitch softball team. He could throw a knuckleball and embarrass hitters. So many wins and even more laughs on the ball field together.

Kent sure knew how to test the patience of retreat counselors with all his shenanigans with Holcomb & Reny. Those guys kept things lively and fun.

Kent was in his element at Tanner's Beach loving on his family. Through the trials of life, I saw Kent strengthen in his faith. God is good. Kent is in his element now - home.

Jeff Elliott - September 12, 2023 at 03:44 PM

“ I have four maternal first cousins, but Kent was my favorite. And Mitch, Leslie and Jeff, if y’all are reading this and you go to be with the Lord before I do, which is highly unlikely, I promise to say the same about you. I learned this inconsistency from our maternal grandfather, affectionately known as “Pop,” who took each of his seven grandchildren aside to tell us that each of us was his favorite.

Kent may have been the only guy on the planet more passionate about Georgia Tech football than I. Being a Tech fan in the state of Georgia is often like living in an enemy occupied territory, and through the years, I felt his comradeship deeply. Kent and I shared many ecstasies of victory and many agonies of defeat together at Grant Field, but my fondest Tech football memory was shared with him in Orlando on January 1, 1991.

I think Kent and Cindy’s first camping trip was with my wife and me. I’d like to say I taught him how to camp, but it wasn’t long before the guy made my camping finesse look like that of a Girl Scout who flunked her merit badge test. Kent made Paul Bunyan look like Pewee Herman. There was nothing more comforting than hearing Kent tell stories around a campfire full of burning wood, most of which he had chopped himself. Trying to keep up with him in producing useable firewood was a worthless endeavor. Kent was what used to be called a man’s man. The word “macho” doesn’t quite fit due to his sweet disposition. In fact no one word or phrase fits him. He was unique and I dearly loved him.

I think Kent was tied with the guy in the Dos Equis beer commercial as the “most interesting man in the world.”

As my own much lesser disease (Parkinson’s) progresses, I often think of Kent and his inspiration as he bravely fought the good fight against his brutal adversary, but I now rejoice in the fact that he has received a complete healing. My eschatology is not sophisticated enough to know whether Kent has already joined his Dad (whose smile and twinkly eye he so wonderously shared) or whether that is

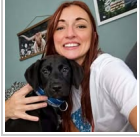
a future event as they both currently sleep in Christ, but I myself look forward to eternity with both.

Chris Bolton - September 12, 2023 at 01:13 AM



“ *I will never forget a trip that Kent and I took to move my sister, Karen, and his brother, Jeff, back to TN from Missouri. We both lived close to Atlanta so we flew out together. We were there for a few days over the weekend when Jeff preached his fair well sermon to their church there. People kept coming up to us and asking if we were married. We laughed so hard about that. Our reply was always, “yes, but not to each other”. When we started back, Kent rode with Jeff and I rode with Karen, two kids, and the dog! And I wondered why us girls always get all the responsibility!! I will never forget Kent and how funny and happy he was all the time. Go rest high on that mountain Kent!!*

Kathy Stuteville - September 11, 2023 at 07:42 PM



“ I can't begin to describe what a wonderful man he was. I always saw him as fearless aka the snake guy. Really any reptile. Some of my fondest memories was when he played Bubba, I think that was his name and made my grandmother laugh. Even though she was deaf, she could understand his humor.

We had done a commercial for my uncles carpet cleaning business and we had a blast. I don't think any of us knew what we were doing.

And I always remembered him being a runner. I feel like he was always in some sort of marathon. I admired him for that. He was just an all around good guy. He will be so missed. We love you Kent.



Jennifer Williams - September 11, 2023 at 06:13 PM

TD

Kent was my best friend at our high school. From the time I met him at 15 until Cindy socialized him (somewhat), he was a force of nature. The statute of limitations has expired, so I look forward to sharing many stories with you all on Thursday. Here's maybe my favorite, as it highlights Kent's amazing heart (and his father's ... and God's):

This was December 1979. I was cutting through some woods near my home and came across a stray dog who'd just had a litter of puppies. They were completely helpless, but I had no idea what to do. But I knew the guy who would - Kent.

I called Kent and he said we needed to gather the dogs and take them to the humane society. So I jumped in my car, picked up Kent, who brought a large cardboard box, and off we went to gather up the dogs - five puppies and the momma. We then headed off for the shelter, which was off Northside Drive, near Ga. Tech.

Kent put the puppies in the box but held one of the more pitiful pups in his lap for the drive. In the 30 minutes it took to drive downtown, he fell in love with his new best friend, Bubba. We only dropped four puppies off that day.

Well, Mrs. Elliott was not happy. She let Kent know in a hurry there was no room at the Elliott's for Bubba. Back in those days, we had landlines for phones - one line with multiple handsets throughout the house. If you were somewhat of a juvenile delinquent (and Kent and I were), you could pick up a handset and listen in on a family member's phone call.

Well, Kent was in deep trouble with Mom, heard the phone ring, and then heard Barbara talking to Dad, who was on a business trip. Kent decided to listen in. As Kent told the story to me, Barbara was really fired up. She was ready to drop Kent off at the Humane Society along with Bubba. She gave poor Judge an earful and he quietly answered, "Barbara, he's a great kid with an amazing heart. Let him keep the dog."

Mr. Elliott never made it home from that business trip. He died on December 7, 1979. The last words Kent heard from his Father were "he's a great kid with an amazing heart."

I've often considered how kind God was to allow Kent's last memory of his father to be the sharing of his blessing. Only God could manage that. The blessing of the Father is a powerful thing and this touched Kent deeply. RIP my dear friend - I love you like the brother you are to me.

Tom Doran - September 13, 2023 at 04:02 PM

