



William Gabriel Heacox

September 30, 2019 - September 30, 2019

William Gabriel Heacox, infant son of William Gregory Heacox & Hannah Elizabeth Wright Heacox, was born unto earth and heaven on Monday, September 30, 2019, at Spartanburg Medical Center. He was of the Christian faith.

In addition to his parents, he is survived by grandparents, Barry & Brenda Wright of Round Rock, TX and William "Bill" & Kathy Heacox of Spartanburg, SC; great-grandparents, Roy "Mac" & Linda Smith of Spartanburg, SC and Rose Wright Cook of Fort Worth, TX; and uncles, Joel Wright of Coppell, TX, Matthew & MaryNell Heacox of Spartanburg, SC, and Daniel Heacox of Spartanburg, SC. He was predeceased by great-grandparents, William "Bill" & Bonnie Heacox, Robert Jackson Wright, and Nemesio & Virginia Gonzalez.

Funeral services will be conducted at 5:30 PM Saturday, October 5, 2019, at Church at the Mill, 4455 Anderson Mill Rd., Moore, SC 29369, by The Rev. Philip Vander Ploeg.

We are so very thankful for all of the love and support we have received in the last week. This is a heartache we never expected to endure, but the Lord, in His wisdom, has given us an opportunity to draw near to Him and bless others through our pain. In lieu of flowers and gifts, we ask that donations be made to Priceless Grace Ministries in Port-Au-Prince, Haiti. The Price family is working to spread the gospel and, ultimately, foster life in Port-Au-Prince through their malnutrition clinic, medical clinic, and evangelism efforts. Your donation to Priceless Grace would not only bless us, but would be a blessing to many in Haiti who may not yet have life in Christ.

"For with you in the fountain of life; in your light do we see light."

Psalm 36:9

Make checks payable to:
Priceless Grace Ministries
2512 Zebulon Road
Zebulon, NC 27597

Or give online at:
PricelessGrace.com

An online guest register is available at www.floydmortuary.com

Floyd's North Church Street Chapel

To my son, William "Gabriel" Heacox. Born at 9:09 pm on September 30th, 2019.

My son, my son, I love you with all my heart. I love you in a way that was beyond my power just a short while ago. I love you more than I knew it was possible to love. Your mother and I are shattered at your loss. Our hearts bleed at the thought of facing this new reality that we find ourselves in. I cannot fathom the thought of continuing to exist on this earth without you growing and walking along beside me. For the past nine months I have dreamed of holding you in my arms and how I might feel at that moment. I have imagined what it would be like to hold you, to kiss you, to change your diaper, to clean myself off when you've made a mess on me. I often found myself drawn to the time when you would be a toddler and you would follow me around the yard with your toy mower as I mowed the lawn. I looked towards the times when you would drive nails into scrap wood—or our deck—as you learned to use your own little hammer. When I finally held you in my arms, I was overcome with emotions that I struggle to put into words. Holding your sweet, perfect, little lifeless body was my greatest moment and the most difficult thing I've ever done all at once. In all my dreams for what life would be with you in it I could have never prepared myself for the love and longing that filled my heart at the moment you were placed in my arms.

You were so wanted. You were so prayed for. You were asked for on bended, tired, sometimes faithless, knees. You were longed for by me and your mother over a year before we knew you were growing inside your mother. We tried so hard to bring you into our lives. We went through much anguish and many medical procedures to be your parents. We pled. We cried. We despaired. Our hearts mourned each time the test was not in our favor. When your mother came to me on that joyful morning and told me we were pregnant, something leapt within me that I did not know was there. From that moment I became a different man without noticing the change. We had our first ultrasound when your little body was just .46 centimeters long but, from that moment on I knew you would be perfect and more special than I could ever imagine.

Through the months that you were growing within your mother I was so hopeful and excited to be your father. I scarcely had any notion of what it meant to be a father but I

was overjoyed at the thought. I could not wait to teach you silly little things, to laugh with you, to cry with you, and even to scold you. You were a light to a lost man. One who knew the Lord, our true Father, but who had wandered and thought that I could guide my own ship through this life. Your impending arrival made me look into my heart and question everything about myself. There were times, too many times, that I was selfish. Times that I thought of myself rather than what was best for your mother and for our family. Times when my flesh was weak and sinful. Though, in the end, you were used by our great Father to bring me back to his love. In the last few months of your stay within your mother I was brought to the realization that I was not strong enough to be the father that you needed. I was not good enough to be the man you deserved. I was not kind enough to love you fully. My whole being was not enough to be everything you required. I came to the conclusion that the only way I could be the father you needed was to surrender my whole self to our Savior, Jesus Christ, and to let him work through my earthly being.

Your mother's pregnancy was gliding along peacefully. Everything was perfect and I took for granted that you would be with us in a few short days. Saturday night, the 28th of September, your mother came to me knowing something was wrong. Before I knew it, we were in the hospital—a place we never expected to be because we were planning to give birth to you at our home—and my life was forever changed. Doctors confirmed our fears that your little heart had ceased to beat and that you were with your greater Father who has none of my faults. That was only the beginning of the most horrific and surreal three days in our lives. We—mostly your sweet mother—were in for a terrible ordeal that no human should ever be expected to experience. Through unnumbered tears, wordless prayers, and indescribable physical and emotional pain we wrestled with the idea that our sweet, wonderful little miracle of a boy was no longer with us. Through strength that I could never muster and could not be understood by anyone who has not experienced it, your mother delivered your earthly vessel unto this earth demonstrating the amazing love she has for you.

In a moment, all of the hopes and dreams we had for you, little Gabriel, were dashed. Despite the news from the doctors, my heart held out some hope that it was all a bad dream and I would hear your perfect cry. Your mother and I still hold out hope that this is just a nightmare and we'll wake up back on that fateful Saturday when we believed you were still healthy. When it became real that I was a father, but that you were not here on this earth with me, everything within me was destroyed. Your mother and I knew what it meant to be truly empty. I felt like a cup poured out and left in the sun for the remnants of my heart and soul to be burned from within me. I knew a loss that I cannot explain and that I pray no person would ever have to know. The sorrow that is within me makes me sick. I struggle to breathe with the weight of knowing that I must carry on in this life without

you, my son. I felt as though my soul was ripped from within me. Holding you still, little body and kissing your soft little nose broke me. Everything that is within my human heart that longs for love, acceptance, comfort, nurturing, and the plans I had for my life was annihilated in an instant.

That was the worst moment in my life. But then, I am filled with life. I am filled with hope. I am filled with praise even though I am filled with anger, hurt, questions, and fear. In that moment, my God, your God, the great and powerful Lord Almighty came alongside me and your mother. He lifted us up from our suffering and he has given us hope. Not just hope that we will see you again—which I know we will—but hope that we can continue living. He gives us hope that this is not the end. We do not have to pick up the pieces of our lives and stumble forward into the darkness. We do not have to rely on substances and a shallow existence. We do not even have to rely on having another child to heal the hurt of losing you, perfect son. He gives us hope that our lives on this world will continue on vibrantly in the light of his love. He gives us hope that things will be alright—not because we forget our suffering, but because we can lean on his power through that suffering. He gives us hope that we must not forget this experience but that our pain was not for nothing.

My gracious mother-in-love told me on the night you were born that God had given me and your mother a new ministry through this anguish. At first, I bristled at this statement, but it turns out she was right, little one. In Christ, our misery is not wasted. My prayer over the days since your birth have not only been that our God would heal us, but that our great Father would be glorified through the lives that your mother and I live from this moment forward. I plead with him that he would give us the strength to one day minister to others who experience this same pain and help them draw closer to their one and only Savior. He is a good Father. He is the Father that I could never be to you. He will not fail you or forsake you. He will not lie to you or ever disappoint you. He will love you with a depth of love that I could not ever give you. I selfishly longed, and still long, to raise you up in my home and go through this life beside you. I long to watch you learn to walk. I wish to take you to your first day of school. I plead with the Lord to be able to watch you walk across the graduation stage and stand beside you on your wedding day. It is with powerful sorrow that I come to grips with the reality that I'll never get to do those things with you, Gabriel.

Though my heart is in pieces over the loss of my hopes and dreams, I truly rejoice that you never had to experience the sadness and pain that indwells this world. You went directly from the perfect and safe home of your mother's womb to the more perfect and safer—truly lasting—home of heaven with the true Father of us all. Your mother and I have

faith that our God's plan is greater than the plans we make for ourselves. Though we be weak, we ask the Father for strength daily to walk in his light and live a life that would make you—and more importantly, Christ—pleased with us. Though we weep and search our hearts over the loss of your companionship here on earth, your mother and I know in the deepest depths of our souls that we will see you again one day. I have never understood the longing for “the day when our faith shall be sight”—as it says in the old hymn—until today. Through your life, and earthly death, God our Father has given me an understanding beyond my wisdom. From now until the moment I take my last breath I will truly long, with deep groanings, for the day when I will see you again and get to hold you in my arms again. On that great day there will be no pain, no suffering, no hurt, no tears, and no loss. On that day, the one who is your Father, as well as mine, will wrap us both in his arms and there will be only joy and peace that passes all understanding.

So, my perfect little son, Gabriel, though your mother and I weep for the loss of your life on this earth we know this is not the true life. We have complete confidence that we will see you again and it will be a glorious reunion. That is not to say that we will not be sad or that we will not have days of doubt. What it does mean is that we have someone to rest on that is greater than all others. We have a Father that is perfect and heals all wounds. He is the Great Physician and he will make us well and make our lives have significance beyond anything we could know without him. On those days when we are weak, I beg you to pray for us to remember these words to the song, “...You strike down to bind me up, you say you do it all in love, that I might know you in your suffering. And though you slay me, yet I will praise you. Though you take from me, I will bless your name. Though you ruin me, still I will worship. Sing a song to the one who's all I need. Though tonight I'm crying out, let this cup pass from me now, you're still more than I need. You're enough for me.”

Your mother and I love you, my sweet, sweet, perfect son. We will never forget the days, weeks, and moments we shared with you. You will forever be our light and we will forever be your mother and father. I cannot wait to see you again at the end of this life.

Your earthly parents,

William G. and Hannah E. W. Heacox

October 2, 2019

Comments



“ Our Precious Gabriel, How Much we love you, and looked forward to see you grow up with your Mommy & Daddy, What precious Parents you have. We Loved you from the moment they told us you were on the way, God had a reason for taking you to be with Him
But, Our Hearts Ache for you Precious little one. Know you will Always be in Our Hearts.
Until we meet again in Heaven, Please watch over your Mommy & Daddy, and All of us
Who Ache for the loss of you.
Love you So Much Gabriel,
Great Grand Parents,
Roy & Linda Smith, Sr.

Linda Smith - October 04 at 03:32 PM



“ The Lord holds Gabriel close and each day you must hold on to Jesus. He has all of you in his tender care. Walking this life without your son will be hard but the Lord will not let you drown. Hold on tight to him and one another. Your Central Family loves you and is praying for you. Our hearts are heavy but joy will come one day. May God give you peace and hope.

Kim Ream - October 04 at 08:46 AM



“ Sweet Gabriel, you were so, so loved by your mommy and daddy, just like you are now so loved by our heavenly Father. So much love surrounds you now and forever. With our love too,
Aunt Caroline and Uncle Don

Caroline Lloyd - October 03 at 07:00 AM



“ My deepest sympathies. All my love to you all!

Deborah Young - October 03 at 01:06 PM



“ Sweet precious Gabriel , you were so loved and I'm praying now you are dancing with your dear father in heaven and know that your family and friends are missing you and so thankful for you !

erica donald - October 04 at 06:19 AM



“ Our deepest sympathies to all the family. You all are in our thoughts and prayers

Aunt Belia G. Gonzalez and Cousin Gracie Gonzalez Longoria

