



James "Donnie" Jenkins

March 18, 1965 - January 10, 2021

James Don "Donnie" Jenkins, 55, passed away January 10, 2021.

A native of Greer, he was a son of the late Mack Deloy and Ruby Loftis Jenkins.

Surviving is his wife, Sherry Jenkins of the home and nephew, Richard Jenkins.

A celebration of life service will be held 4:00 p.m. Sunday, March 27, 2022, at The Wood Mortuary conducted by Rev. Keith Kelly. All friends are welcome to attend the service.

Online condolences may be made at www.thewoodmortuary.com

Previous Events

Memorial Service

MAR 27. 4:00 PM (ET)

THE WOOD MORTUARY CHAPEL
300 West Poinsett Street
Greer, SC 29650
(864) 877-3351
woodmortuary@bellsouth.net

Tribute Wall



“ *The Wood Mortuary created a Webcast in memory of James "Donnie" Jenkins*



The Wood Mortuary - March 27, 2022 at 02:06 PM

RJ

*Thank you, Rev. Kelly. Sherry, the service was lovely.
May you all be comforted.
Love from CT.*

Richard Jenkins - March 27, 2022 at 04:36 PM



Donnie was a good old boy---always liked him---may he rest in peace

Davy Wynn - March 29, 2022 at 12:08 AM

RJ

“ My grandparents lived simple lives of faith. They had many challenges and surprises. Their first son, an amazing swimmer, died in the lake in front of their home in his early 20’s. When their next son, my dad, was a junior in high school, my grandmother went to the doctor and found out she was pregnant. I have a pic of my dad, in his cap and gown, holding his newborn baby brother.

My grandparents are gone. My dad died at the age of 35. Leukemia, how you robbed us.

It was just my uncle and myself for a long time to carry our name. He had no biological children. He was blessed with adult children through his marriage to Sherry, later in life. He was also great Pop to their grands.

There was a lot of pressure on me to keep the lineage going. Call me, Mr. Clutch. My son keeps the Jenkins legacy moving forward.

My uncle, Don Jenkins, was clutch in other ways. He followed in the family profession. He was a mechanic. Cut hands, grease stains, and bad feet and back. He didn’t always “fall in line.” The older I get, the more I have learned that the line is not necessarily the place for me.

My uncle, five years my senior, died from Covid-19 last night, as he slept.

I was reminded of him telling me when I was little that there were monsters under the bed that would eat my toes if I got down.

Because we were close in age, I got to read all the best comics, listen to the best 45’s, and even find a nudie mag or twelve.

Life comes at us quickly. We worry a lot. We fear the things that are on the news, around the corner, and under the bed.

We fear death. Nobody gets out alive. Death awaits and eventually comes.

It doesn’t have the last word, but the next to the last word.

I am more rational than emotional. But, I couldn’t hold back the tears when I thought of a great reunion.

A dad.

A mom.

A brother that he had never met.

*My father.
and now the youngest.
Together.
I know Heaven is talked about as a place with great banquets. This
country boy sees a table with sweet tea, crappie and bream, hush
puppies, pork and beans, slaw and cantaloupe.
For dessert, a strawberry cake with an ice cold glass of milk.
Tell them all that the Prince and I will keep it rolling. Give them all
my love.
May they forgive me for moving North.
Pass the biscuits.
Laughter.
Tears.
Joy.
Oneness.
Thanks be to God.*

Richard Jenkins - March 27, 2022 at 01:24 PM

AK

What a wonderful tribute.

Angie Ashmore Kruse - March 27, 2022 at 11:51 PM

AK

“ I’m sorry to hear about Donnie. We were childhood friends from Tryon Street through Greer High School and I have so many great memories of him. He was so funny and loved to make others laugh. More than that, Donnie was a friend to me in many times, he would listen, share his thoughts but was always a gentle giant. As we became FB friends again, I saw another side of him that I knew that he was a good man, a friend to others, a family man who loved his wife and nephew. He was never ashamed of who he was or where he came from. May you feel Gods grace, mercy and love during this difficult time.



Love, Angie Ashmore Kruse

Angie Ashmore Kruse - March 22, 2022 at 04:29 PM

JH

I knew him, Richard, Mack and Ruby from Barton’s Chapel. So sorry for your loss.

Jo Ann Gosnell Howell - March 23, 2022 at 02:26 PM