



Min. John Eric Davenport

May 29, 1966 - July 20, 2023

In the beginning, my beloved mother, Mildred Yarbrough Davenport, gave birth on May 29, 1966 in Louisville, Mississippi to a handsome baby boy. My wonderful daddy, James Davenport, was so proud of his baby boy, John Eric! They were so excited to introduce me to my grandparents, my brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, and cousins. Let me introduce them to you. Be patient, this may take a while. Some of them are here in the spiritual realm with me and the rest are sitting here among you. Now, I have to brag a little bit. You will notice that we are a really good-looking family, but most importantly, we have kind hearts.

My beloved siblings that preceded me in death are James "Pap" Davenport, Johnnie B. Davenport, David "Buba" Davenport, Mary "Judy" Wells, Louise Triplett, Erlene "Tina" Davenport, Willene Morrow, Kenneth Davenport, and Safronia Knowles.

My beloved siblings that are still fighting the good fight here in the earthly realm are Dixie Davenport, Frankie Davenport, Rita Renae Clay, Ernette Yarbrough, Melvin Banks, Paula Davenport, Deborah "Ann" Mitchell (Henry), our baby brother, Joshua Davenport (Kristan), and our brother-in-law, Kenneth Knowles.

One of the things that my siblings and I unfortunately share is the tragic loss

of our beloved daddy, James. I was only four years old when he left this earth and this loss tore a gapping whole in our hearts and souls. This experience was so painful for our mom and us that we struggled to even talk about that terrible night. But no matter how hard the enemy tried to erase daddy from our memories and our hearts, we never forgot about him. Most of us inherited many of his good traits such as being kind-hearted, loving, and caring.

Now, I can't talk about me without telling you about our beloved momma, Mildred. Momma is one of the strongest women that I know. She could have crumbled on that tragic night that we lost daddy, but she put her hand in the Lord's hand and allowed him to strengthen her so she could take care of us. I know this was not easy and I must say, I probably was her biggest headache. I may have tried to act up, but she always would shut that down. If you know my momma, you know she does not play. I have always loved and respected her and all she has done for us. She loves us dearly. She is still here fighting the good fight by faith at 91 years old.

What a blessing! Thank you, momma!

We lived right down the road from our beloved grandparents, Earnest and Alma Yarbrough. They were the backbone of the Yarbrough clan and we loved spending time with them. After my dad passed away, I stayed with them. I really didn't understand everything that happened that awful night, but it really scared me. I acted tough, but I was afraid of bad things happening while I was asleep. I knew Poppa would keep me safe while I slept.

I looked forward to my aunts, uncles, and cousins from out of state coming to Mississippi to visit. I want to thank them all for loving me and praying for me. Oh, what a time we had! We share so many special memories. They were such a blessing to all of us. Our grandparents lived a long life and got to see so many of their children and grandchildren grow and thrive before they passed away. I was so happy to see so many of my loved ones again here in

Heaven!

We were so fortunate that our grandfather made sure we had plenty of land and taught us how to farm and raise cattle. My first cousins that lived right down the road, the Greer family, were like our brothers and sisters. We played together every day. There may have been a few scuffles here and there, but it was all in love. My cousin, Julian "Keith" and I were inseparable and followed my grandfather everywhere. We hunted, fished, hung out at the Winston County Co-op and Courthouse and got in plenty of trouble every day. Bless my grandmother's heart, I know she was tired of us getting into trouble, but she never rejected us or withheld her love.

During my spring season, I was well fed and well-loved by my family, but that invisible spirit of fear followed me everywhere. At the age of four, the internal battle (war for my soul) began through no fault of my family or myself. I ended up in a spiritual city in the middle of nowhere called Lo DeBar (See 2 Samuel 9). I grew taller (not that much) and stronger physically and kept my secret. I wasn't going to be labeled as weak so I was afraid to let anyone know about this internal struggle.

I am so grateful that my momma took us to church with her. I joined Wesley United Methodist Church at the age of nine and was taught about God and His Son, Jesus Christ. I was very active and thankful for my Biblical foundation. Unfortunately, that spirit of fear followed me right on to church and sat down on the church pew with me. At this age, I didn't know that God does not give us a spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind (See 2 Timothy 1:7).

After about two years, I had to return home so Momma could get me ready to go to big school. I didn't want to leave Poppa, but Momma was not going to

negotiate this with me. I didn't like school because I liked being free to roam around the fields and pastures with Poppa. I was smart, but I hated being confined inside of a school building every week. Eventually, I learned that getting my education was very important. I made lifelong friends and there were pretty girls everywhere. Unfortunately, as I got older I would sometimes experience rejection from people that would not take the time to get to know me. Middle school and high school can be tough to navigate. I was well-known, popular, and hurting on the inside as I continued to battle the spirit of fear and now the spirit of rejection. I know that I am not the only one that has faced these giants. At the time, I didn't know how to fight them or be delivered from these unclean spirits, so I soldiered on.

In high school, I was introduced to what would become my favorite poem, "The Road not Taken" by Robert Frost and I could recite it on demand. If you knew me well, you knew that I was always going to take the road less traveled by even though that road may be lonely and scary. I was a member of the Louisville High School and we had great times and made wonderful memories. I loved sports, history, and English. I loved to write and express myself. I was a great communicator and enjoyed gaining knowledge. When I was 16, I decided to become friends with this young lady named Kimberly Sherrod. This was a decision that would impact the rest of my life in a positive manner. She thought I was handsome, cool, smart, caring, and fearless. After becoming best friends, we officially began dating when she was 14 and I was 17, embarking on a new journey together.

My older brother, Melvin, and cousin, Jeffrey, would take me to Mississippi State University to spend the weekend on campus with them. I loved going to sporting events with them! We had a great time and my love for MSU began. HailState! After I graduated from Louisville High School in 1984, I attended Jackson State University. Go Tigers!

As I grew and changed, so did my season of life. Now, I found myself in my summer season. So many wonderful things happened during this season of my life.

Ecclesiastes 3 says that there is a time to plant, a time to build up, a time to laugh, a time to dance, a time to gather stones, a time to embrace, a time to gain, a time to keep, and a time to love. I experienced all of these things during my summer season.

I became engaged to Kim, my high school sweetheart and forever love. She graduated from Mississippi State University in 1991 and we began to plan our wedding. We were united in Holy Matrimony on July 18, 1992 and we were so excited for our new journey to begin! We had committed to becoming one flesh for better or worse and to let nothing separate us. We thought this would be easy and filled with nothing but marital bliss because of how much we loved each other. We laughed about our naivety as we got older.

Through this union, I gained a wonderful and loving mother-in-law, Bettye Sherrod, a father-in-law, Horace Sherrod (Jennifer), a sister-in-law, Kineta "Cristie" Sherrod, and a brother-in-law, Horace Lamar Sherrod. Thank you for accepting me into your family.

Kim and I went on to build successful careers and have a beautiful family and home in Brandon, Mississippi. We have two beautiful daughters, Lauren and Lyndsey. We are truly blessed. Anyone that knows me, knows that these three ladies have a stronghold on my heart. We spent time as a family traveling across the country and going to MSU sporting events and rooting for the Pittsburgh Steelers. All four of us had a tremendous love for the sport of softball. Kim and I were fortunate to coach several successful girls' softball teams for our daughters. We made many special memories on those fields. We had lots of fun together and life was great! Kim and I had great friends and

we loved going to Louisville to see our extended families. I had everything that I had dreamed of and was so thankful to God. One day, the Lord told me to get up and take my family to church. I obeyed and we began faithfully serving the Lord as a family. I thought that I had overcome those spirits of fear and rejection because I had two little girls that adored me and a faithful and loving wife. I thought my heart was finally safe and now I could relax and breathe. I still was not going to sleep throughout the night because the four-year old little boy in me still knew that bad things can happen while you are asleep. So every night, I would wake up and walk through my house to ensure that my daughters were safe. The thought of losing my family tormented me, but I only shared this fear with my wife and those loved ones that I could trust. I knew that I was responsible for protecting them.

The most unexpected and amazing thing happened to me during my summer season. The Lord called me to preach the Gospel. I tried to resist Him because I felt so unworthy, but He relentlessly pursued me. I surrendered to His call and obeyed His command. I stopped drinking socially with family and friends and fully committed to serving the Lord.

In January 2006, I preached my first sermon at Antioch M.B. Church in Louisville, MS under the tremendous leadership of our pastor, Reverend E. L. Logan. Later, my family began attending Rock Star M.B. Church in Brandon, MS and we were greatly impacted by the pastoral leadership of Reverend Stanley James and Doctor/Reverend Clifton Boggans. I was committed to being the best preacher and servant for my Heavenly Father. I did not want Him to be disappointed in me. My family was so proud of me! My little girl Lyndsey, proclaimed, " want to be a preacher just like my daddy!" My heart beamed with joy!

Over time, I started to notice a familiar pattern of behavior directed toward me

Even though, I was trying my best to live a life that would be pleasing to the Lord, I began to be subtly rejected by some men at church and I couldn't figure out why I was not truly accepted. This really hurt because I wasn't expecting this. Those old unhealed wounds began to resurface My thoughts began to race. My battle with insomnia became more frequent. Things were beginning to change and I did not know how to stop them.

One day the Lord clearly spoke to me and said, John, "You are going to be crucified." Those words shook me to my core! Tears rolled down my face as I shared this message with my wife. Neither one of us knew what that meant. That spirit of fear began tormenting me. Both of those unclean spirits began waging a war against me. Their plan was kill my body, steal my identity, and to destroy my soul because I was made in the image of God and was spreading the Gospel. They were sent on assignment by Satan himself to silence me and weaken my ministry because I had become a threat to the agenda of the kingdom of darkness. The battle for my soul was relentless. I had never been under attack like this and did not know who to confide in or who could help me. I feared that I would be rejected and shunned.

if I asked for help, so I decided to try to handle this alone. If I just put my head down, isolate myself, I could defeat them or at least manage them. Because I didn't have any consistent training on how to engage in spiritual warfare, these strongmen (unclean spirits) became stronger as I became weaker spiritually. I found myself hiding in Lo Debar, remember the city in the middle of nowhere where everyone is considered a "nothing". I couldn't understand how I got back there. I could not understand what was happening to me. My wife and daughters wanted to help me, but didn't know how. My flesh and soul were bound and I desperately wanted to be free. My prayers didn't seem to be working. My happy life was slipping away and I couldn't believe that I was disappointing the very people that I loved the most. None of this made any sense. I cried so many tears. I never wanted to hurt my family and certainly

didn't want to lose them. I was losing this battle and feared losing my life.

One Sunday, the Holy Spirit prompted my wife to cry out for help at our church because I was struggling and depression was trying to overtake me. I was so grateful and relieved that someone was going to come help us. She couldn't stay silent. She had to ask for help or I would die. We waited for the calvary to come, but only man showed up. Reverend Johnnie Pack, one of my best friends, stood by my side through these last two seasons of my life. I knew that I was being talked about and shunned by many. My heart was crushed and I didn't know where to turn if the church didn't really know how to help me. They prayed for me, but I understood that they may have not known how to help me and others who were struggling with other internal battles. I figured that God was probably through with me and Lo Debar was where I belonged. I believed that it was only a matter of time before my wife and daughters gave up on me and I couldn't blame them.

One day my beloved wife returned from work and told me she had to tell me something very important. These words saved my life and the lukewarm souls of my family and me from the pits of hell. She explained that while she was driving to work and worshipping the Lord, He began telling her that we were going to have to leave our church to save our family. We didn't understand this at the time, but we understood it better by and by. She shared this with our pastor and he understood.

Because my wife obeyed the voice of the Lord, we found a home at The Pointe Church under the leadership of the Holy Spirit and Pastor Jim Taylor. I was finally able to be in spaces where I was no longer shunned, judged, afraid, or rejected. We were surrounded by others that were also honest about there invisible and visible battles. They knew about Lo Debar, but most importantly they knew how to escape because once you know your true identity in Jesus Christ, you know you don't belong there. You finally realize

that you are royalty because your Heavenly Father is the King.

During this season our oldest daughter, Lauren, gave birth to my twin granddaughters, Karsyn and Kamryn. They stole my heart! Oh, how I love them! They never saw my battle wounds, they just loved me so purely. That's the kind of love that heals. That's the kind of love that Jesus has for each one of us.

One of my wife's closest friends, Donna Walls, came to her and said the Lord told me to tell John that it's time to come out of Lo DeBar. Did that mean that my battle became easier? Absolutely not! Satan sent more fiery darts my way. He began to attack my health. We knew that he did not want me to ever preach again. Now my physical body began to get weaker from diabetes. It was tough, but I kept fighting. I had come too far to give up now and Jesus was on my side! My family's strength was being renewed supernaturally because we were surrounded by encouragement, support, unconditional love, and acceptance. My wife and daughters were being trained by the Holy Spirit and our church on how to effectively engage in spiritual warfare and fight back against the relentless attacks of the enemy. We refused to let him have my soul. We began reading and praying the Word of God consistently, pleading the blood of Jesus over us, fasting, forgiving those that hurt us, repenting and seeking forgiveness from God and from those that I'd hurt, and interceding for others. We had to keep our eyes on Jesus. If one of us fell, we would help each other get back up. No one would fight alone. We positioned ourselves behind the Lord. We had to fully surrender, be humble, allow the Lord to fight for us, deny self, take up our cross and follow Jesus. Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through Him. (See John 14:6)

Over the last two months, as I recovered from my leg injury, God gave me the

opportunity to help my immediate and extended family heal as I healed. We were able to break generational curses! I was able to share the Gospel with my family and friends. I was able to encourage others. The peace of God that surpasses all understanding guarded by heart and mind in Christ Jesus. Fear was replaced with faith. Rejection was replaced with acceptance. My physical body was healing and my spiritual strength was renewed. I was being restored. I finally realized that the battle was never mine. It's the Lord's. (See 2 Chronicles 20:15). I put my faith in Him and trusted in the Lord with all my heart and stopped leaning on my understanding. In all my ways, I acknowledged Him and He directed my paths. I feared the Lord and was in awe of Him (See Proverbs 3:5-7). My Heavenly Father's grace and mercy remained steadfast in my life. Through it all, my family and I will praise Him.

Please know that my heart harbored no evil, nor was it wicked. Those that truly took the time to get to know me discovered that I am a loyal friend. I want to thank my family, my friends, and colleagues for loving me, praying for me, encouraging me, and cheering me on as I limped out of Lo Debar and sat down at the King's table where I always belonged. By Jesus stripes I was healed.

I fought the good fight. No, it was definitely not easy, but Jesus already gave us the victory when He sacrificed His life and shed His precious blood for each one of us. Through the good and the bad, I never denied Jesus. I never became angry with God. I always knew that He loved me and would never leave me nor forsake me. He cannot lie and He keeps His promises. During my winter season, I took off my running shoes and left them behind. I kept the faith. Finally, I was welcomed Home and received the crown of righteousness that had been laid up for me (2 Timothy 4:6-8). I finally heard Him say, "Well done, my good and faithful servant, well done." (Matthew 25:21)

Revelations 12:11 teaches us that we are overcomers by the blood of the

Lamb, the word of our testimony, and not loving this life to the death. I pray that my testimony about my battles will help set you free from bondage. Each one of you are engaged in some type of battle because the war is between God and Satan for your soul. Love one another and allow to God to judge others because His judgments are righteous.

I encourage you to refuse to be silent any longer. Please don't suffer in silence. That is a trick of the enemy so he can keep you spiritually bound. Reveal your invisible/visible spiritual battles to those that are filled and led by the Holy Spirit. Reject shame and guilt, it's not from God. I promise you that they will not judge you or reject you. They will point you to Jesus so that you can be delivered from these strongholds and set free. I implore you to come out of Lo Debar! You don't belong there. God's children have a seat at His banquet table. When you seek Him, repent and sincerely ask for forgiveness for your sins. He will open the door and wrap His loving arms around you. He is the only one that can heal your internal wounds and give you peace and eternal life.

Will you come to the King's table today? There is plenty of room. You have the free will to choose.

I love you all and hope to see you again one day! John E. Daienport a.k.a. "A Warrior"

Precious Memories with Family and Friends

I was blessed with many nieces, nephews, cousins, and friends. Thank you for loving me. I love all of you so much! I encourage you to love God, follow Jesus, and love one another through life. You never have to fight alone. Remember that the battle is not yours, it's the Lord's.

Cemetery Details

Crestview Memorial Gardens Cemetery

1106 Star Road
Brandon, MS 39042

Previous Events

Visitation

JUL 27. 3:00 PM - 7:00 PM (CT)

Dean Memorial Funeral Home
745 Highway 468
Brandon, MS 39042
(601) 825-3884
<https://deanmemorialfuneralhome.com/>

Service

JUL 28. 1:00 PM (CT)

The Pointe Church
1120 Star Road
Brandon, MS 39042

Tribute Wall



“ Dean Memorial Funeral Home created a Webcast in memory of Min. John Eric Davenport



Dean Memorial Funeral Home - July 29, 2023 at 01:21 PM



“ Dean Memorial Funeral Home created a Tribute Video in memory of Min. John Eric Davenport



Dean Memorial Funeral Home - July 27, 2023 at 01:26 PM

RF

My grandmother was name sudie davenport haven't heard this name in a long time sorry for yall lost

Ruth Fairley - July 28, 2023 at 12:35 PM

RS

“ Ralph Daisy Johnson, our deepest lit a candle in memory of John Davenport



Ralph and Daisy Johnson, our deepest sym - July 30, 2023 at 01:58 PM

L)

“ Praying for the Davenport family and Sherrod family. Rest on classmate, take your rest. 🙏🙏



Lisa Mitchell (classmate of 1984) - July 28, 2023 at 09:21 PM



“ 12 files added to the album Minister John Davenport Obituary



Dean Memorial Funeral Home - July 28, 2023 at 05:56 PM

PB

“ Sending our heartfelt condolences to the entire family of Min. John Davenport. May God continue to comfort you all in this time of sorrow. Steve & Patricia Ball, Louisville, Ms



Patricia Ball - July 28, 2023 at 12:37 PM



“ Loving Lilies and Roses Bouquet was purchased for the family of Min. John Eric Davenport.



July 27, 2023 at 07:58 PM

BS

“ I am so sorry for your loss of your Husband praying for the DavenPort Family
Barbara Scott (Terry MS)

Barbara A Scott - July 27, 2023 at 04:14 PM

BJ

“ Bobbie Johnson lit a candle in memory of John Davenport



Bobbie Johnson - July 27, 2023 at 02:42 PM

BJ

“ Kim, sending much love and prayer for you and your family during this sorrowful time. I and praying for your comfort and peace as John rest in God’s beautiful hands. Bobbie Love Johnson



Bobbie Johnson - July 27, 2023 at 02:40 PM

MW

“ My friend, brother in CHRIST, long time client, and Minister, I will miss you. You would always regale me with the antics of your day when you come for your hair cut, our conversations was entertaining, full of Wisdom of the Word, and educational. John had a chuckle in his laughter like none other, especially when he spoke of the LORD, his wife, and his girls. RIP John, You will be missed. Your friend and barber, Marcia Watts💔💔

Marcia Watts - July 27, 2023 at 02:26 PM



“ A [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) was planted in honor of Min. John Eric Davenport.

July 27, 2023 at 12:25 PM



“ Beautiful Dreams was purchased for the family of Min. John Eric Davenport.



July 27, 2023 at 12:25 PM

DP

“ Dr. Swindell, & Derrick Pratt purchased the Ocean Breeze Spray for the family of Min. John Eric Davenport.



Dr. Swindell, & Derrick Pratt - July 27, 2023 at 11:26 AM

AP

“ Condolences and prayers to the Davenport Family and extended family during your time of bereavement. ~Alethea Pittman



Alethea Pittman - July 26, 2023 at 01:48 PM

EA

“ Eddie Ainsworth lit a candle in memory of John Davenport



Eddie Ainsworth - July 25, 2023 at 08:39 PM

JH

“ I have no words that will express my heartfelt sympathy for the passing of our husband, father, son. brother. cousin . minister and friend John Eric Davenport . My prayers and thoughts are with you all.



Jerry Haynes - July 25, 2023 at 01:21 AM

MH

“ *With Deepest Sympathy, my heart and prayers are with the Davenport family. RIP cousin*



MICHAEL L HAYNES - July 24, 2023 at 07:22 PM