

William Fuller
Steven Calico
Eddie Robert Calico
Hector Gernado

Active Pallbearers

Ken Wesley

Robert Calico
Wayne Thibodeaux
Treyvone Walters
Dantrell Wooten

William Calico, Sr.
Robert E. Calico
William Fuller, Sr.

Honorary Pallbearers

David Fuller

William Calico, Jr.
Allen Calico
Eric Nickerson

Flower Bearers - Cousins

Theresa Johnson
Jaclyn Norris
Christy Calico
Shelia Fuller
Roslynd Hopson
Katrina Nickerson

Bridget Harnage
DeAnn Harnage
Keanna Rossum
Hillary Hopson
Niesha Calico
Tonya Fuller

Acknowledgement

We The Family of Rayland Earl Fuller would like to thank each of you that have called, visited, texted, brought food, prayed for us or just had us in your thoughts. Whatever you did to help ease the pain has not gone unnoticed.

We would like to Thank the ICU staff at Baylor Hospital on Gaston Ave for all you did to take care of Rayland. Also, a special thanks to the Tha Truth MC/SC for escorting.

Your hard efforts did not go unnoticed.
We Love you and thank you abundantly.

The Fuller Family

Interment

Lakeview Memorial Garden
Longview, Texas

Please turn your Flashers on for Safety while driving in the Procession!



"No Service Can Compare"

CUNNINGHAM FUNERAL HOME, LLC

600 E. MAIN ST. KILGORE, TX 75662

903-984-2072

RENEE' CUNNINGHAM, C.F.S.P. & JESSICA CUNNINGHAM-JAMES, C.F.S.P.

LICENSED FUNERAL DIRECTORS

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HONORING THE LIFE AND LEGACY

OF

Rayland Earl
FULLER

JUNE 30, 1975 - MARCH 6, 2025



SERVICES

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 2025 | 1:00 P.M.

RESTORATION MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH

317 W. METHVIN ST.

LONGVIEW, TX 75601



REMEMBERING RAYLAND EARL FULLER



Rayland Earl Fuller was born on June 30, 1975, at TriCity Hospital in Dallas, TX, to Raymond and Sherrion Fuller. He attended school in Dallas and graduated from Samuel High School in 1993. He then attended Stephen F. Austin State University in Nacogdoches, TX.

After college, Rayland moved back to Dallas and worked for Fry’s Electronics for 10 years as a Supervisor. Seeking new opportunities in management, he transitioned to Rent-A-Center, where he dedicated 16 years of his career. He started as a Sales Clerk, was promoted to Assistant Manager after eight months, and became a Store Manager within three years, a position he held for the last 10 years until his health declined.

As a child, Rayland was surrounded by love and support. His Aunt Rose cared for him during his first two summers, while his Aunt Ruth stepped in during the fall and winter months. When his Aunt Mary visited Texas, she doted on him as if he were her own. Throughout his early years, Rayland had three special playmates—Theresa, Wayne, and Jared. The four of them spent their summers together at their grandparents’ house, creating lifelong bonds that lasted well into adulthood. If only the walls could talk, they would have endless stories to tell about their adventures.

Rayland was a man of faith. He joined The Church of the Living God PGT in Dallas and was baptized by Bishop C. C. Berry, Jr.

Rayland was preceded in death by his grandparents, Luther and Pearlie Fuller of Cushing, TX, and A.W. and Armie Dean Calico of Longview, TX, as well as his brother, Tory Fuller Dallas, TX.

He leaves behind a legacy of love and cherished memories with his devoted wife of three years, Angel Douglas Fuller of Forney, TX; his parents, Raymond and Sherrion Fuller of Dallas, TX; and his children, Raelin Fuller and Jazauria Fuller, both of Dallas, TX, and Angelic Ross of Arlington, TX. He also leaves behind three bonus children: Chelsa Douglas, Diarielle (Ralph) McShane of Dallas, TX, and Cherish Jones of Forney, TX. Rayland was a proud grandfather to one grandson and nine bonus grandchildren, with two more grandchildren expected in June and July 2025. Rayland is survived by his nieces, Shatoria Fuller and Cotoria Fuller, as well as his bonus niece, Keandie Caro, and a great-niece and beloved god child, Hailey Fuller, all of Dallas. His sister-in-law, Courtney Crawford, and mother-in-law, Roberta Douglas, both of Dallas, will also cherish his memory. He is further survived by a host of loving aunts, uncles, cousins, and extended family members who loved him dearly, including: William (Laura) Fuller of Rusk, TX; Ruth (Frank) Nickerson of Dallas, TX; Ella Mae Davis of Houston, TX; Bessie Dixon of Cushing, TX; Sandra (Arthur) Hodges of Dallas, TX; David Fuller of Cushing, TX; Glenda Fuller and Shebra Fuller of Cushing, TX; William Calico (Alma, deceased) of Kilgore, TX; Mary L. Jones (L.A., deceased) of Longview, TX; Alice (Jerald) Thibodeaux of Garland, TX; Robert Calico of Kilgore, TX; Sandy Calico (James, deceased) of Longview, TX; Rosemary (Hermann) Hopson of Baytown, TX; LaJoyce (Keri) Davis of Longview, TX; Allen Calico of Longview, TX; sister-in-law Marion Blaylock (Cedric) of Dallas, TX and brother-in-law Marlene Edwards of Dallas, TX. Rayland will be deeply missed by all who knew and loved him.

To Our Dear Rayland,

As your aunts and uncles, we had the joy of watching you grow into the wonderful person you became. From the time you were young, you had a light about you—one that could bring laughter in any room, comfort in tough times, and a sense of togetherness wherever you went. Your kindness, your humor, and your big heart left an impact on every one of us.

Uncle William - I will miss your bright and happy smile you always had every time I saw you. Rayland you brought a massive joy to my little sister Sherry Ann and her husband Raymond when you were born into their lives.

Aunt Mary - Rayland you are my child. From the time you were a baby, I would keep you when I came down for the summer, and I claimed you. It was my desire to bless you and I pray that I was able to help unburden you. Uncle LA, Eugene and I love you with our whole hearts. Tell them hello for me when you see them up in heaven. I will miss you tremendously.

Aunt Alice - Rayland we will all miss your antics. When you were small, if you did not get your way, you would tell your mama to get the other kids in trouble. Then, you grew up. Lol. We were sitting on the sofa, you leaned over and said this is my queen’s spot (Angel). I said where and you tried to push me off the sofa. Oh, did we laugh! Also, we will forever remember how masterfully you DJ’ed Jackie’s wedding. You are forever loved!

Uncle Pete - “Ray Ray Ray I Can’t Say”, you were always showing all 32 pearly whites saying “Heyyyy Uncle Pete”. You took care of your ‘ol unc: a new ac, you brought it. A new tv, no problem. You would say “I gotcha Uncle” and I didn’t have to meet you at the highway. You came all the way to the house and stayed for a spell. Man, I love you.

Aunt Sandy - Rayland, when you walked into the room, you never failed to give the adults and our grandkids hugs & kisses. You were an encourager. Rayland it was fun to shop for your Christmas presents because you always loved it and wore or use it. Yep, that Dallas Cowboys gear. I know you’re rooting for them from heaven.

Aunt Rose - Rayland, you were always my boy, from the time you were born a week after my birthday. We have such special moments like all the times you walked around with baby Roslynd up on your shoulders, to thumping sports rival Hillary on the head. The life changing moments when Uncle Hermann led you to Christ and salvation are written in heaven. You were our baby and you had a special way of bringing joy through the simplest moments to all of our lives.

Aunt LaJoyce - Rayland, you were a jewel to each one of us. From a boy, I enjoyed watching you play soccer and baseball. Rayland, you always came when I called you. You always carried a smile, but you could let us know when you meant business. Rayland, you had a kind hearted spirit, always wanting to cook and invite everyone over. We miss you.

Uncle Allen - Man, you were my Bro from a young man. It took me moving back to Longview to rekindle that strong bond. I loved our Oklahoma trip. Bro, you were the life of the party. I will never forget our time in LaJoyce’s carport or you at my birthday party. All I can say is I still don’t believe it. I just knew you were gonna make it. You are forever in my heart. Tell all the family hello up there starting with Mom and Dad.

Though we will miss you more than words can express, we will hold on to the memories, the laughter, and the love you shared so freely. Rayland, you had a way of making people feel special, and of reminding us all how important it is to cherish the time we have together. Rest peacefully and watch over us as we carry your spirit forward, knowing that you will always be in our hearts.

With love,
Your Calico Aunts & Uncles



Order of Service



I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing. **2 Timothy 4:7-8**

Prelude

Processional

New Testament.....Dr. Deborah Hopes
Church of Living God P.G.T. Tyler, TX

Old Testament.....Dr. Deborah Hopes
Church of Living God P.G.T. Tyler, TX

Prayer.....Rev. Hinton

Solo.....B. J. Dillard- "I'm Free"

Remarks (Five).....Limit Two Minutes

Solo.....B. J. Dillard- "Walk Around Heaven"

Acknowledgement.....Roslynd Hopson

Eulogy.....Rev. Harvel Davis
Restoration M.B. Church

Presentation.....Cunningham Directors

Crowning.....Keri Davis

Viewing.....Cunningham Directors

Recessional

HE ONLY TAKES THE BEST

God saw you getting tired,
And a cure was not to be;
So he put his arms around you,
And whispered, "Come to me".
With tearful eyes we watched you,
And saw you pass away;
Although we loved you dearly,
We could not make you stay.
A golden heart stopped beating,
Hard working hands to rest.
God broke our hearts to prove to us,
He only takes the best.

We Love You Uncle to The Moon and Back
Love,
Shatoria, Cotoria, & Hailey (Stinka)



Rayland,

You were so much more than a cousin, you were a brother to both of us. You were more than a nephew to Ruth and Frank, they loved you like a son.

You took your first steps, left your pacifier and gave the bottle up under our roof—the home we shared with you. The king-size bed in Aunt Ruth and Uncle Frank's room was yours, not theirs. Frank had to leave his own bed because you insisted on watching The Dukes of Hazzard every Friday night.

You were organized and kept things in line. You managed Katrena's dates like a pro—telling her where to go, what to eat, and when to come home. And you made sure her boyfriend knew his role: the driver, the third wheel, and the ATM!

Eric would carry you to Kroger for cupcakes—he'd eat the icing, and you'd eat the cake. What a perfect match.

You could do no wrong in Aunt Ruth's eyes. One time, while traveling on the church bus to the National Church Convention in Peoria, Illinois, a church member told Aunt Ruth your nephew is gambling hard and rolling dice in the back. Ruth didn't hesitate to defend you—she said: "He can roll dice from here to Peoria and back if he wants to." (Of course, you were just playing the Monopoly board game.)

You had an undeniable love for Aunt Ruth and Uncle Frank, and it showed in everything you did. When our father was diagnosed with Alzheimer's, you cared for Ruth and Frank with the love and devotion of a true son. So many delicious meals were prepared for them by you, especially on the days Aunt Ruth was too tired to cook. You knew when to show up, the meals were on time and you were there like a son would be—no questions asked. Aunt Ruth and Uncle Frank adored you.

Rayland, you are deeply missed, but your love and the way you brought us closer together in life and during this difficult time will always remain with us forever.

Rest in peace, we love you and miss you dearly.

With love,

Katrina and Eric Nickerson

Cousins,

From the domino table to the spades game, you always knew how to bring the fun. Your laughter, your jokes, and your competitive spirit made every gathering unforgettable. Whether you were firing up the grill/pit, turnin' up, being silly and dancing around, or cheering on your beloved Cowboys and Rangers, you did it all with passion and love.

You had a way of making every moment with each of us special, whether we were on a trip, at the casino, or just sitting around, cuttin up, sharing stories.

It's hard to imagine our world without you, but we know you'd want us to keep playing, keep laughing, and keep loving life the way you did. Don't cut up too much with Jared, Tory, James, and Eugene up there—we know y'all are having a time. Keep an eye on us, we'll all make sure Angel, your kids, and your parents are good. And if you can, go ahead and send us those lotto numbers—we know you got the inside scoop now.

Rest easy, cousin. Your seat at the table will always be saved, and your memory will always be with us and best believe, we will always pour one out for you! We love you dearly.

P.s Maybe while you're up there you can see if you can help them cowboys out so they can make it to the Super Bowl like you always wanted.

Love you so much!

My Dearest Husband,

They say there is a reason, they say time will heal. Neither time nor reason will change the way I feel. Gone are the days we use to share, but in my heart, you are always there. The gates of memories will never close. I miss you more than anybody knows. Words feel inadequate to capture the depth of what you mean to me, but I want to try to pay tribute to the man who has woven himself into the very fabric of my life. I miss you so much. I constantly think about you. My man, my man. Oh, how I love you. You are my anchor, my steady presence in a world that often feels chaotic. You've held my hand through storms and celebrated with me in sunshine, always with unwavering support and a gentle strength that I admire deeply.

I remember your quiet strength and how safe you made me feel. We have had some great times together. You would have me smiling. "The way you looked at me and would tell me to leave crazy at the bus stop." The times we had mini concerts on our late-night trips to the casino. The times we laughed until our sides ached. All of the times that you would cook for me. All of the times that you would dance. Those moments, and countless others, are etched into my heart, a testament to the beautiful life we built together.

You have a kindness that radiates, a brilliant mind, and contagious sense of humor. You loved being happy. You loved life. You loved family. You loved cooking. You always found time to help a friend in need. You could solve any problem with patience and grace. You could make even the most mundane task an adventure.

You are my confidant, my man, my greatest supporter. I could always count on you for a listening ear, a silly joke to lift my spirits, and the encouragement I need to chase my dreams. You make me feel loved, cherished, and truly happy. You've shown me what it means to have a partner, a teammate, and a soulmate. I am profoundly grateful for every moment we've shared. It was an honor to be your wife and to have served you.

Thank you for being you, for being my husband, my man, my lover, my friend, and for filling my life with so much love. You are, and always will be, my man, my love. Love and miss you every day till we meet again. Save a place for me because you will always be my husband.

With all my love, your forever wife.

Angel Fuller



Our Son, Our Boy, Our Firstborn

“May my son be strong and courageous and not fear or be in dread, for it is You, Lord, our God, who goes with him.”
—Deuteronomy 31:6

Rayland, your loss is so hard. We never really believed you would leave us. It broke our hearts in ways we can't describe. You were a part of our soul, and losing you left an emptiness that can't be filled. No matter how hard we try to refocus our minds, we still miss you every moment of the day.

Mem:

Rayland, my sweet boy, my firstborn, my heart. From the minute I saw you, I knew my heart would never be my own again. Holding you in my arms, I knew you were special. You carried a strength in you, a quiet determination, and a heart that was bigger than you ever let on. From the beginning, you were such a wonderful child—always a happy baby, then an excellent student. Your teachers adored you, and I was so proud of you. It was easy changing my life to run to every softball, baseball, and soccer game you had. Then we became sports buddies—you were my game-day partner, always there to watch the Cowboys, Mavericks, and Rangers with me. You were a great big brother, always looking out for Tory. Oh, how he loved and looked up to you. And you stepped in whenever he needed you—for his girls, Shatoria, Cotoria, and Hailey. You were there every time we had to move Shatoria, and the times you took Cotoria to the Father-Daughter dance were so beautiful. The nights Stanka spent with you and Angel will be memories Hailey carries for a lifetime. I was so proud of you—not just for the man you became, but for the love you had in you, especially for your daughters. You were working so hard to mend those relationships, to be the father you wanted to be for them. I saw it. I knew it was in you. And I can't help but ask God why He didn't allow you to stay longer, to build that everlasting bond with them all. You had so much more love to give. Rayland, you have three beautiful daughters Raelin, Angelique and Jazauria, a grandson, and two more on the way. They are your legacy. And I pray they always know how much you loved them, how much you wanted to be there for them. My heart aches, my son. I miss you beyond words. But I know you are at peace, and I will hold onto that until we meet again.

As we all grew older, you were still our steady presence. You came by almost every day—checking in, raiding the refrigerator, borrowing a few dollars. You took care of us, cutting the lawn, putting up the Christmas decorations, handling whatever needed to be done. You were our rock. I don't know what we're going to do without you.

Dad:

Rayland, before Vietnam, baseball was my love. It was such a joy inviting you into the ball world with me. We had such a connection with softball, but teaching you how to be a baseball pitcher—that gave me Father joy. The softball mound was flat, and the baseball mound was raised. Softball was pitched underhand, and baseball was thrown overhand. You made the transition so effortlessly. And then, there were the soccer games every Saturday and the sports card trade shows after. Every single day, you made me feel like the Father of the Year. You have been a wonderful son, and watching you grow into a fine young man made my heart full. You were the joy of my old age. Watching you and Angel manicure my lawn each week gave me peace—because you knew how particular I was, and you didn't want anyone else touching it. BBQ'ing for you all every weekend, waiting for you to come over—that was my happiness. How do I cut down on the trips to Kroger and Sam's now? Well, damn, Rayland, who's gonna do the chores now? I'm walking around the yard with a Coors, waiting for your answer, Son. Love and miss you.

Your Father



Dear Daughter,

I hope with all my heart that I showed you the real me that I didn't pretend I had it all together or that life was not hard. I hope I gave you the belief of you in your core that I loved you enough, albeit messily to code a blueprint for life to show you what love should look like. I hope I let you see me break so you could understand it's not an ending rather a step and it's vital.

Dear Daughter,

I could not possibly have gotten everything right and perhaps that's the best thing I have given you the knowledge that no one gets it right we are not here to be perfect we are here to grow stronger and more bright with every generation grow brighter my love, brighter than me as it very much should be and when I can no longer be here, remember my cells live within you, you cannot ever lose me, not really we are a deal, a two-for-one I won't ever be too far.

Love, “Rae Rae”

Matthew 5:3-10

3 “Blessed are the poor in spirit,
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are those who mourn,
for they will be comforted.

5 Blessed are the meek,
for they will inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness,
for they will be filled.

7 Blessed are the merciful,
for they will be shown mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart,
for they will see God.

9 Blessed are the peacemakers,
for they will be called children of God.

10 Blessed are those who are persecuted because of righteousness,
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Dad, I'm going to miss you so much. As I raise your grandchild I will instill in her all the traits you have taught me. I will miss you more than anyone will ever know. I will hold on to the bond we shared.

I Love you, Dad!!!! - Angelic

To Our Nephew,

As aunts and uncles, we gather here today to honor the life of our loved one Rayland, a truly loved and cherished member of our family. It hurts to say goodbye, we thank God for the years we had with him and the love, laughter and good times we shared. He was so small but big enough to rule everybody in the house and get everything he wanted. We enjoyed cooking the greens, hot water corn bread and strawberry cake he loved. When he was a little boy at aunt Kay Kay's he asked her to teach him how to cook greens, neck bones and hot water bread and she did. While attending Stephen F. Austin University he made the family happy by spending the weekends in Cushing where he brought lots of laughter and fun to the home, he would arrive on Friday and go from house to house everybody would have something for him. There was always a big breakfast and laundry on Saturday mornings then fun time visiting cousins, listening to music, playing 42, other games and meat on the grill. Aunt Ruth and uncle Frank enjoyed him being their baby boy going on vacations with them, Katrena and Eric as their baby brother. Aunt Ruth carried him everywhere she went. At 2 yrs old while grocery shopping he let go of her hand and ran nearly scaring her to death. She had the security guard looking for him they couldn't find him but he found them he came running to her with as many bags of gummy bears as he could carry and said “This is what I want” she was so happy to see him she bought all of them. That ended the shopping spree she took him home they ate gummy bears and she's been eating them ever since. The family always kept dill pickles, lemons and gummy bears for him. Aunt Ruth still have the baby bottle with the milk turned into powder in her cabinet that she weaned him off. We thank Rayland for all the things he contributed to the family and for being the man he was, he touched so many lives with love, kindness and generosity he truly loved his family and we loved him. He will be deeply missed but never forgotten, his legacy of love and laughter will live on in our hearts forever.

Love Your Fuller Aunts & Uncles