

Friends' Memorials (continued) ←

God and to understand God's will. It is a time not only for a sharing of loss, but also a time of thankfulness for the life of the person for whom the memorial service is held. We reflect on the value of that life as it relates to the lives of all of us.

All present share equally in this service. We sit quietly; at times, an individual may be moved to speak, to offer prayer or a message that has come out of the silence.

All are welcome to do this. The meeting is closed with handshakes.

The responsibility for the spiritual depth of the meeting rests with each attender. Those who keep silence, as well as those who give a vocal message, do their part when they yield their minds and hearts to the guidance of the spirit.

Friends hope that in the Meeting for Worship a consciousness of the Divine Presence will come to every attender, to be a source of direction and of strength after leaving the meeting.

From Wooster (Ohio) Monthly Meeting

Friends Meeting of San Antonio (Quakers)

About Us

FMSA was founded in the late 1960s as a small Quaker presence in South Texas. We built this meetinghouse in stages, beginning in 2000. It is a quiet, welcoming sanctuary where we invite people to experience the spiritual depths that surround us all.

Quakers have no pastors or paid clergy. Every member or attender brings Light to us all.

All persons are always welcome here.

Contact Us

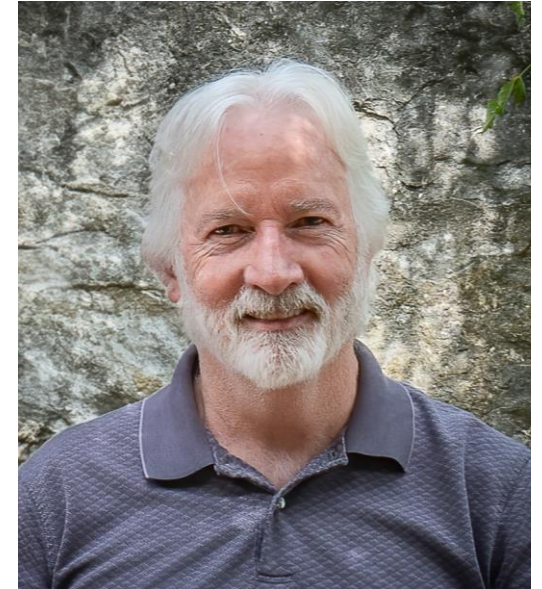
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About Friends' Memorials

The Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) holds, as the basis of its faith, the belief that God endows every human being with a measure of the Divine Spirit.

Our manner of worship is an outgrowth of this belief. We gather in quiet assemblies, mindful of the words: "Be still, and know that I am God"

A Friends memorial service is similar in many ways to a Meeting for Worship. We come together in reverent silence, with the desire to draw nearer to
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JAMES MIZE

***October 29, 1954 –
June 26, 2024***

***Memorial Service
Friends Meetinghouse
September 21, 2024
10am***

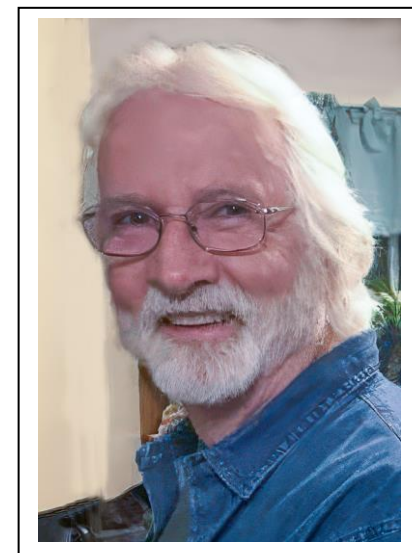
Remembering James

James Steven Mize passed away peacefully in Asheville NC after open heart surgery. He grew up on a farm near Byron GA. An old-school free-range kid, he spent hours roaming the woods and fields and places all around him. With that exploration came a love and appreciation for the natural world that he held close all his life. James loved to tell folks he was raised by an Airedale named Rex, a constant companion. As testament to this, in his wallet to the end, James carried a 60-year-old photograph of himself and Rex together on the front porch.

What held equal fascination for him? Engines and machines of course. As a youngster too short to see over and under the hood, James would climb up and stand on the front fender to watch his father work on a car. He “fixed” his bike, disassembled and reassembled lawn mowers, drove a tractor at 14, and when he was 15 worked part time at a filling station, pumping gas and fixing flats. His dream was to build engines for NASCAR, but early marriage and fatherhood led him to apprentice with his father as a Tool and Die Maker. Over a work career that spanned 45 years and that took him from coast to coast, he adapted and reinvented himself, becoming a 3D Laser Coordinate Measurement System specialist and instructor. Hands-on expertise shaped his approach to training. Doing good work mattered to him.

Overcoming undiagnosed dyslexia, James read voraciously – history, science, philosophy, psychology, black studies, world civilizations, case and field studies, biographies – you name the subject, he probably read about it. His reading list is eclectic and informative.

James studied astronomy and was an amateur stargazer. He took his son to watch sunrises and go on adventures fishing and camping and he coached Little League for a time. As a young man, James played basketball and volleyball, batted left-handed in baseball, and ran marathons. He loved music and motorcycles, travel and art. He was an incredible photographer, capturing moments in stillness that sometimes even surprised him. And he was a good hugger, a really good hugger.



James loved his family and friends, his dogs, his work and his coworkers, and ultimately, he loved his life, appreciating the technology that extended his life twice. He sometimes spoke about how artificial valves and a pacemaker allowed him time to become a Quaker and experience true beloved community.

He is survived by his wife Joni, two brothers, numerous in-laws, his son and a stepdaughter, grandchildren and a great grandchild, nieces and nephews, and many friends.