



Harry Wilson Crockett

January 9, 1950 - September 6, 2019

Harry's Journey

We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord. 2 Corinthians 5:8

Harry Wilson Crockett, affectionately known as “Boone”, was a resident of Salisbury, Maryland who went to be with the Lord on Friday, September 6, 2019 at Wicomico Nursing Home in Salisbury, Maryland at the age of sixty-nine (69). Born on January 9, 1950 in Salisbury, Maryland, he was the son of the late Sedonia Boone and Ira Roach, Sr.

Educated in the Wicomico County public school system, he served in the Armed Forces of the United States from January 1984 to January 1987. Harry retired from Shore Transit in 2012. He enjoyed his family and loved to travel.

Surviving to cherish precious memories are: his wife Norma Crockett of twenty-eight (28) years; two daughters, Belinda Parsons (Alan) and Brittany Holden; two sons, William Smith (Latoya) and Brandon Smith (Shanta); nine grandchildren, Tashana Phillips, India Marshall, Matthew Bowden, William Travis Smith, Lanya, Derrick, Destiny, Daeja and Devon Milton; three brothers, Floyd Boone (Laverne), Ira Roach, Sr. (Carolyn) and Frank Roach (Tanya); three sisters, Sharon Boone (Mike), Brenda Shockley (Lionel) and Valorie Roach; two very special friends with whom he grew up, Dewey Blake and

Mary Conway and a host of nieces and nephews.

Lovingly Submitted,
The Family

Our Story

Both of our lives were turned upside down due to past relationships. My prayer was, "Lord, send me someone to love me just for me. God answered my prayers.

I met Harry Crockett while moving from Fruitland to Salisbury.

We had one date and he said he was looking for a wife. Well, I was that wife and so on September 21, 1990, we took our vows to one another. Now 28 years later our love is still special and blessed by God. He took me places I had only dreamed about. I was his center and he was mine.

We enjoyed each other no matter what even if it was something as simple as playing Rummy sitting on the bed (you know he would beat me). My life was a joy because of Harry. He was a father to my children, a great grandfather and their friend. Family meant the world to Him. He would not mind telling them right from wrong.

Harry, this is not the end. I will see you again, my love. You are the wind beneath my wings.

Love always,
Norma Crockett