

CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF



GREGORY
JONAS ROBERSON

NOVEMBER 28, 1947 — SEPTEMBER 1, 2025

OCTOBER 20, 2025

11:00 A.M. MILITARY HONORS | 11:30 A.M. SERVICE

FROM THE HEART CHURCH MINISTRIES®
4949 ALLENTOWN ROAD | SUITLAND, MD 20746
BISHOP JOHN A. CHERRY, II - PASTOR

OBITUARY

Gregory Jonas Roberson was born on November 28, 1947, in Atlanta, Georgia, to the late Zebedee and Eva Dawson Roberson. He entered into eternal rest on September 1, 2025.

Greg and his family moved from Georgia to the Washington metropolitan area in the early 1950s, where he attended the District of Columbia Public Schools. After graduating from McKinley High School, he studied business at the District of Columbia Teachers College.

In 1972, Greg became a commissioned officer in the U.S. Army Reserve and over time attended military schools that ultimately prepared him to take command. Army Major Gregory Roberson retired with over 22 years of dedicated service. He went on to work for Riggs Bank (now known as PNC Bank) as a Merchant Services Vice-President and retired after 26 years of working in the banking industry.

Greg, a person of service in his professional career, was also a person of service in his personal life. He joined From the Heart Church Ministries (FTH) in 1992, where he consistently received the uncompromised Word of God. Over the years, he was active in the life of the church through several ministries, including the FTH Adult Choir, where he ministered in song for over 10 years. He loved to sing and serve, which is where he was most happy.

Greg's hobbies were mainly tinkering with everything and anything electronic. He was a television and Fire Stick setup wizard who loved to play baseball and football video games. However, he most loved spending time with his family and friends—attending games, family gatherings, school graduations, military promotions and ceremonies, and traveling to Georgia and North Carolina to be with family. He loved to travel just to give his family love, and yes, he took care of their television needs as well.

Lastly, and more importantly, he was an encourager, a man of honesty and dedication, and a loving husband, father, uncle, cousin, and best friend. Those who knew him and loved him will dearly miss his hearty laugh and beautiful smile.

Greg leaves to cherish his memory, his wife of 17 years, Anitra Roberson; stepdaughters, Tracy (Craig) Anderson and Leslie (David) Anderson; stepsons, Marcus Long and Andrew (Kerry) Long; son-in-love, Josef (Demirah) Thrash; grandchildren: Lauryn Anderson, Camryn Anderson, Kendall Anderson, Alexandra Anderson, Christian David Justin Anderson, Tiffanee Thrash, Todd Thrash, and C. Junior Thrash; mother-in-law, Loretta Coleman; three sisters-in-law; two brothers-in-law; and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, and best friends.

Greg was preceded in death by his brothers, Harry C. Goodwin and Ricky Roberson.

ORDER OF SERVICE

Invocation

Congregational Hymn“When We All Get To Heaven”

Scripture Reading

Old Testament: Psalm 26
New Testament: John 13:34-35

Prayer of Comfort

Selection.....FTH Adult Choir

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Josef Thrash, Son-in-Love
Gregory Proctor, Close Friend
Marcus Long, Stepson
Tracy and Leslie Anderson, Daughters

Obituary *(Read Silently)*

Song of PreparationFTH Adult Choir

Message of HopeMinister Vance Page

Call to Christ

Committal

Benediction

Recessional

FAMILY SENTIMENTS

This is US

Good-Morning Kisses, Easy chats. Dividing chores.

Crazy chats...of cracking jokes on each other with loud laughing.

Intellect chats...talking about history and politics and other folks we Love.

Sometimes, not so good times that taught us how to have the best times.

Not only am I glad we found each other.... but, I'm surely glad we decided not to let go of each other!

Thank you, baby, for grinning at me during choir rehearsals in the North location. At first, I didn't realize it was for me, but I'm so glad I woke up and noticed. The first time we hung out as friends, we had a candid talk, then it was ALL GOOD SINCE!

You were the Bestest Husband this woman could have ever had!

-Your Love and wife, Anitra

For more than 40 years, this gentle, funny, beautifully uncomplicated man stood quietly but powerfully in my life. He didn't need big displays or fancy words, just a good laugh, some baseball, a full heart, and the kind of wisdom that comes from living simply and loving deeply.

He loved his daughters, Tracy and Leslie, with his whole heart, and he never missed a chance to brag about us. Affectionately known by his grandkids as Pop-Pop, he wore that title with pride, and his love for family was steady, genuine, and true.

He taught me that family can be chosen and that love, when it's genuine, doesn't need a title or explanation. His presence in my life was a gift I never had to earn, and one I'll always carry with me.

When he passed on September 1, it left a quiet space in my life, but not an empty one. His laughter still lingers. His lessons still guide me. And his love, the kind that chose me, will never fade.

Forever grateful for the man who taught me that love doesn't need labels.

Your 'Favorite' Daughter,

Leslie

FAMILY SENTIMENTS

There's a love that can radiate so brightly; it wraps around you like a warm blanket—PopPop Greg you remind me of that blanket.

You found joy not in grand gestures, but in the simple, beautiful moments of connection. A phone call from one of us could light up your entire day. Just hearing our voices, knowing we were thinking of you, was enough to make your heart swell with happiness. That's the kind of love you gave—pure, unconditional, and deeply rooted.

Proud. Not of accolades or accomplishments, but of us—your family. You never missed a chance to remind us how much we meant to you. Making us always feel cherished.

You really appreciated being a dad. It wasn't just a role—it was your motto. Embracing your role with tenderness, humor, and appreciation. You taught us how to live in appreciation, and how to love in generosity through caring.

While no longer with us in body, your spirit lives on in laugh, my gifts and love for music, and every phone call that brings joy to everyone that welcomes my calls. We carry you with us—in our hearts, in our stories, and in the way we love each other.

Thank you, PopPop, for showing us what it means to be proud, to be present, and to be your daughters.

Forever hearing your smiles.

-Tracy

Dad,

There's no time, no moment, no space, and no phase in my life that you weren't there.

Your example, simply by being you, consistently and unwavering, taught me how to show up and be present. In those moments, whether it was teaching me to drive, you taught me responsibility and to always be aware of my environment. Head on a swivel.

Sharing stories about our days, you taught me curiosity and identity. Tough talks that never ended in anger, disappointment, or distance taught me discipline, work ethics, and agency.

Coaching me through rough patches in relationships, scholarships, careers, and faith, you imparted resilience, vulnerability, humility, and the courage to grow through every experience.

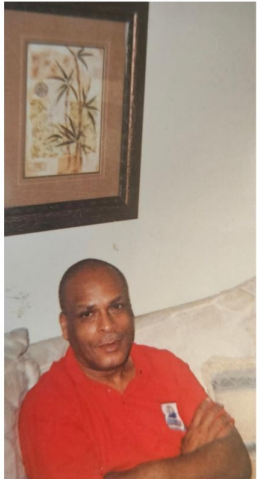
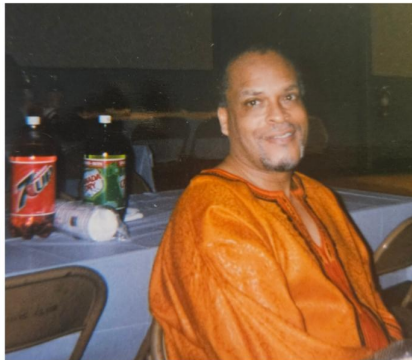
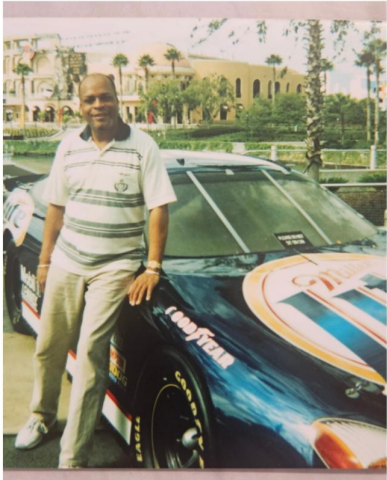
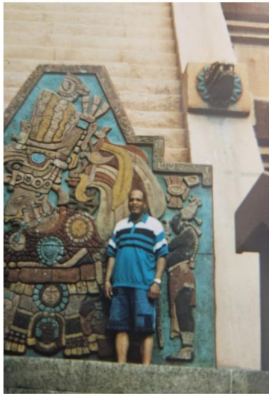
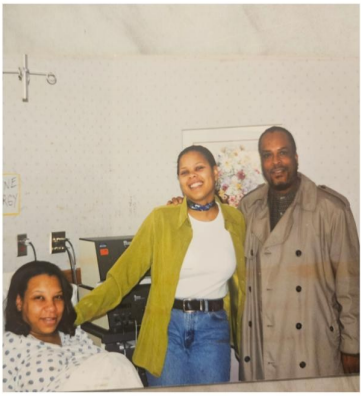
Dad, you never promised me it would be easy—our lives as Black men rarely are—but you raised me with pride in our culture, empathy in our interactions, and a persistent commitment to never be trapped or held back by external limitations.

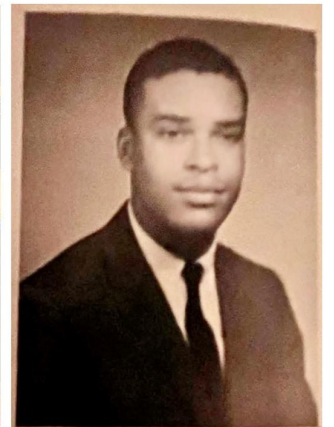
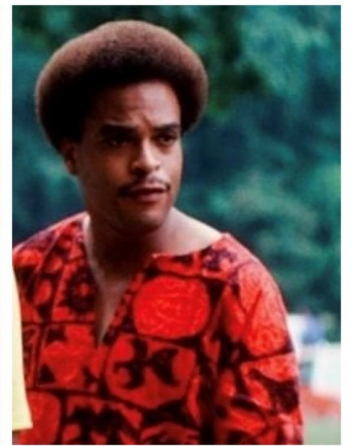
You demanded and lovingly challenged me to grow. To honor my words. To be accountable and to laugh. To have joy in life and be a joy in life.

Love life. Forgive often. Help always. Never quit. Stand on it. Smile persistently and Love Unconditionally. "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it." Proverbs 22:6.

I Love You...

-Son





Gregory J. Roberson
Drill Team: Sq. Leader—
2, 3, 4; Track—4; Span.
Club—2, 3, 4



CONGREGATIONAL HYMN

WHEN WE ALL GET TO HEAVEN

*Sing the wondrous love of Jesus,
Sing His mercy and His grace;
In the mansions bright and blessed
He'll prepare for us a place.*

Refrain

*When we all get to heaven,
What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all see Jesus,
We'll sing and shout the victory!*

*While we walk the pilgrim pathway
Clouds will overspread the sky;
But when trav'ling days are over
Not a shadow, not a sign*

Refrain

*Let us then be true and faithful,
Trusting, serving ev'ry day;
Just one glimpse of Him in glory
Will the toils of life repay.*

Refrain

*Onward to the prize before us!
Soon His beauty we'll behold;
Soon the pearly gates will open
We shall tread the streets of gold.*

Refrain

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The entire Roberson family sincerely thanks all of you for your prayers, comfort, love and support. Your many acts of kindness and expressions of sympathy have been a blessing to us. May the Lord Jesus Christ bless and keep you in perfect peace!

A special thank you and recognition to the Soldiers of the 3d Infantry Regiment (The Old Guard) for rendering Military Honors

FLOWER BEARERS

Family and Friends

SERVICES ENTRUSTED TO:

*Howell Funeral Homes
10220 Guilford Road | Jessup, Maryland 20794*