



James Lee Sadler Sr.

April 9, 1938 - February 5, 2023

James “Jimmy” Lee Sadler went to be with his Lord and Savior on February 5, 2023, exactly two years to the day after the passing of the love of his life and wife of 52 years, Henrietta “Penny” Sadler.

Jimmy was born in West Point, VA on April 9, 1938. He was a lifelong resident of the Virginia Peninsula, an area he loved to call home.

Jimmy had a heart for public service and served briefly in the military before embarking on a career in law enforcement. He attended the Hampton Roads Criminal Justice Training Academy and worked for several years at the Middle Peninsula Regional Jail. At the forefront of Jimmy’s life was his love of his family.

Jimmy is preceded in death by his parents, Christopher Lee and Mozelle Sadler; his wife Penny; his son James Lee Sadler, Jr.; and is survived by his son, David (Mary Lou), grandchildren Nancy Carswell (Robert), Courtney Holt (Jon) and Shannon Hartig (Chris), and great grandchildren Bella, John, Eli, Will and Sarah.

A funeral service will be held at 1:00pm on Monday, February 13 at Vincent Funeral Home; 417 11th St. West Point, Va. The family will receive friends for one hour prior to the service.

Previous Events

Receive Friends

FEB 13. 12:00 PM - 1:00 PM (ET)

Vincent Funeral Home, West Point Chapel
417 11th St
West Point, VA 23181
(804) 843-2550

Funeral Service

FEB 13. 1:00 PM (ET)

Vincent Funeral Home, West Point Chapel
417 11th St
West Point, VA 23181
(804) 843-2550

Interment

FEB 13 (ET)

Sunny Slope Cemetery
King William Avenue
West Point, VA 23181

Tribute Wall

RG

“ *David & family,
We were saddened to hear of Jimmy's passing. We have many fond memories of the trips we took with Jimmy and Penny. They were constantly up to something, not to mention the stories they would share with us. They always kept us laughing about one thing or another. He will be missed. May God give you all the strength to make it through this difficult time. RIP, "Old Man". God Bless You.
Rick and Lillian Gay*

Rick & Lillian Gay - February 10, 2023 at 12:35 PM

NA

“ I was lucky enough to have Jimmy in my life for 41 years... but looking back now, it still wasn't enough. Growing up with a man like Jimmy meant being strong, always lending a helping hand to someone that needed it, having a laugh whenever possible, sharing any free time you had available with friends and family because there was no better time than a good time, being tough when you needed to be but fair when it counted, always having good music available, always having a fresh haircut, a good strong drink after a long days work, a clean car and always standing up for what you thought was right even if it wasn't what everyone else thought.

My grandfather was the type of man that you could never imagine life stealing his joy or his fire... His personality was just so big that it encompassed you but a heart just a large when he loved you.

His reputation was that of a hell raising, motorcycle driving tough guy... but to me he was the kindest, burly teddy bear of a grandpa that adored me. He and my grandmother selflessly gave up their weekends to drive over 3 hours both ways just to spend time with me every chance they got and I loved every minute of it... From watching Alfred Hitchcock after grandma went to bed to the way too early Saturday morning trips up to Zooms to hang out with the guys and drink coffee. Grandpa took me everywhere like I was his little sidekick... Just me and him windows down, music blaring and not a care in the world except our next adventure, lots of laughs and all of the hilarious stories about my dad and uncle growing up.

Grandpa taught me many lessons that I'll never forget... How to drive, how to change a tire, cut hair, change the oil in my car, rummy, poker, how to go toe to toe with any man that tried me and most of all... how to love hard.

Having a grandfather like Jimmy made you feel invincible... but it also fooled you into believing that he was invincible and that our time would never run out. When the brain injury stole the light from his eyes it broke me in a way I was all too familiar with. I could

barely stand to see this lesser version of him... now looking back it makes me angry that I spent far too much time away when I should have been there with him stealing as much of his time as I could. Just so that he knew that he still mattered to me.

I'm forever grateful for being the lucky one that was chosen to be his granddaughter and for the opportunity to share his joy. I'm grateful that I got to be HIS girl right up until the very end, but selfishly so sad that I have to do the rest of this life without him.

Every girl should be so lucky to have herself a grandfather like Jimmy.



Nancy - February 08, 2023 at 05:01 PM