



ERNEST KNOX III

Sunrise

08 SEPTEMBER
1970

Sunset

27 MARCH
2026

A life of strength, independence, and intelligence.
Deeply loved and forever remembered.

IN the **LOVING** *M*EMORY of
ERNEST
KNOX III

SEPTEMBER 8, 1970

MARCH 27, 2026



“

“Those we *love* don't go away.
They *walk beside* us *every day.*”

CELEBRATION of LIFE for
**ERNEST
KNOX III**

Saturday, April 25, 2026
CONTINENTAL FUNERAL HOME
5500 Foothill Blvd Oakland, CA 94605

MEMORIAL
SCHEDULE

- 12:00 PM Opening Prayer ----- Malaika Johnson
12:10 PM Scripture Reading & Reflection ----- Malaika Johnson
12:15 PM Obituary Reading ----- Edward Johnson II
12:30 PM Final Remarks from Loved Ones ---- A-Nisha Knox,
----- Ja'Mesha Knox, James
----- Knox II, Chanel Dimmer
12:55 PM Poem Reading ----- A-Nisha Knox
1:05 PM Closing Prayer ----- Clarence Bland Jr
1:15 PM Fellowship -----

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The family of Ernest Knox III wishes to thank you for your prayers, calls, presence, and support during this time of loss.
Your love and kindness mean more than words can express.

SCRIPTURE & REFLECTION

PROVERBS 4:7

“Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding.”

Reflection: Ernest moved through life with a mind that reached beyond the obvious. He didn't settle for surface-level answers. He questioned, explored, and searched for meaning with intention. Curiosity wasn't something he practiced, it was something he embodied.

Romans 8:28

“And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.”

Reflection: His life held both light and weight, clarity and contradiction. There were moments that built him and moments that tested him, but none of it was without meaning. His journey tells the truth of a man who lived, endured, and kept moving forward on his own terms.

Matthew 11:28

“Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

Reflection: Now, the striving has ended. The weight he carried is no longer his to bear. What remains is peace, steady and complete, holding him in a way this world no longer could.



Obituary

Ernest Knox III was born on September 8, 1970, to Donna Knox and Ernest Knox II. He passed away on March 27, 2026 due to natural health complications. Affectionately known by some as "Little Butch," Ernest carried his father's name and legacy while forging his own spirit throughout his life.

From a young age, he was deeply curious. He asked questions and sought to understand things for himself. His father encouraged this, instilling in him the importance of learning and acquiring knowledge, a trait that remained with him throughout his life.

Ernest was a man of depth, marked by intelligence, introspection, and quiet complexity. He had a mind of his own and was drawn to ideas that invited deeper understanding and a broader way of seeing life.

He loved poetry and was drawn to words that carried meaning, emotion, and truth. He appreciated expression that made people pause, reflect, and feel something deeper. That same curiosity led to his fascination with ancient Egypt, its symbolism, its history, and the timeless questions it raised about life and legacy. He loved to read and was always searching for understanding in his own way.

Early in his life, Ernest was rooted in faith, attending Kingdom Hall of Jehovah's Witnesses with his grandmother, Hazel Johnson, and carrying an awareness of God in his heart. His mother, Donna Knox, instilled in him a sense of individuality and inner knowing that stayed with him throughout his life. Ernest carried a deep pride for his hometown of Oakland and often wore Raiders gear as a reflection of the city he loved.

In his earlier years, Ernest was strong, both physically and mentally. He enjoyed working out, cared about his health, and carried himself with confidence and presence. And if you knew Ernest, you knew about his eyes. They were striking and unforgettable, sometimes gray, sometimes green, almost like a mood ring. You never quite knew what you were going to get, but they always left an impression.

Around others, Ernest had a light, approachable nature and brought a sense of ease into any space. He had a way of naturally drawing people in. He was known to many as a bit of a ladies' man, effortlessly charming, and he knew it too.

Ernest's life reflected real resilience. After surviving a gunshot injury, he had to relearn how to walk. He did not seek pity, but remained determined to keep moving forward and live life on his own terms. That sense of independence stayed with him, even as he faced additional physical challenges later in life.

Ernest's journey was not without hardship. He faced struggles with incarceration and addiction that shaped parts of his life and created distance at times. Yet even within those experiences, he continued seeking his way forward.

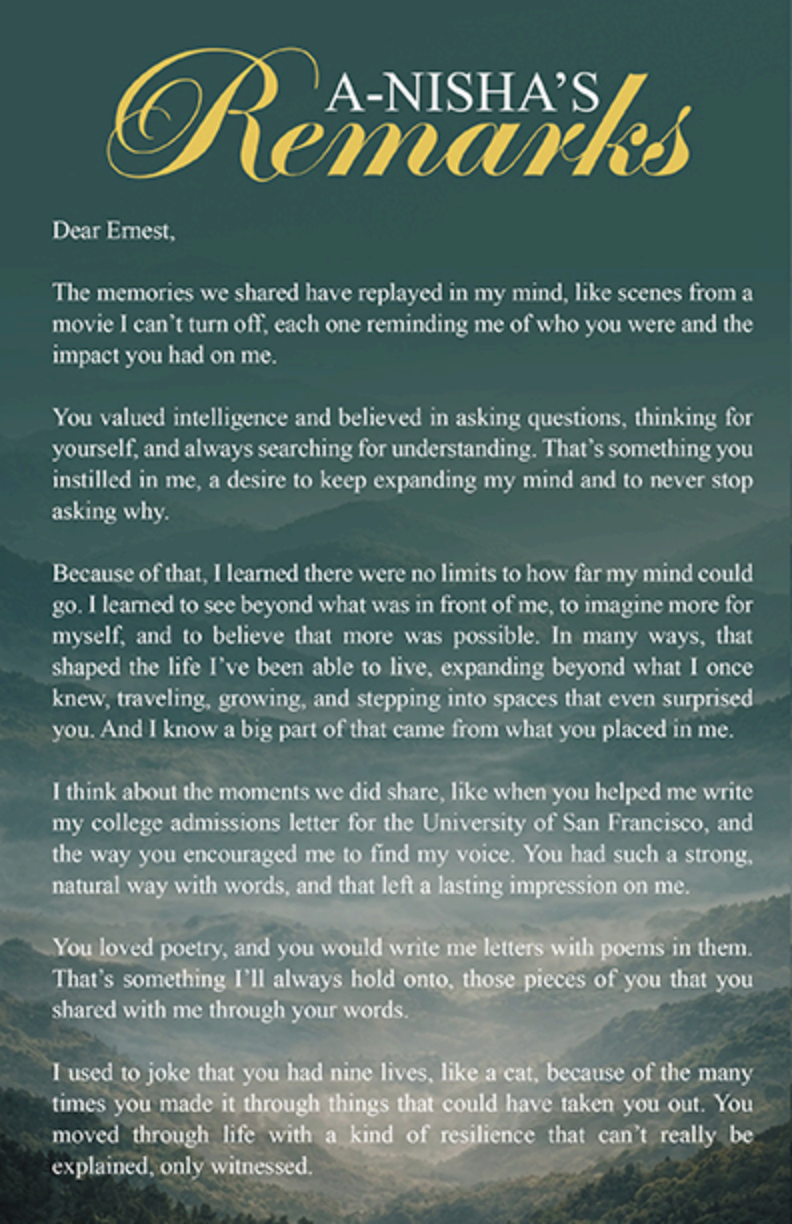
He later earned his CDL license and worked in transportation for several years, taking steps toward rebuilding his life with intention and effort. Even during periods of incarceration, he continued to pursue education through community college courses, reflecting his ongoing desire to learn and grow.

In honoring his life, we hold compassion for those walking similar paths. A person's struggles do not define their worth, and there is always room for growth, healing, and a new beginning. He is preceded in death by his parents, Donna Knox and Ernest Knox II, and his brother, James Knox I.

He is survived by his daughter, A-Nisha Knox, his only child; his sister, Dana Coleman-Dimmer; his nieces, Chanel Dimmer and Ja'Mesha Knox; his nephews, Charles Dimmer and James Knox II; and a host of extended family and friends.

Ernest Knox III will be remembered as a man of depth, curiosity, and presence. He carried both strength and sensitivity, intellect and emotion, leaving a lasting impression on those who knew and loved him. His life reflected resilience, individuality, and a spirit that continued to seek, grow, and endure.

His presence will be missed, and his life will always be remembered.



A-NISHA'S *Remarks*

Dear Ernest,

The memories we shared have replayed in my mind, like scenes from a movie I can't turn off, each one reminding me of who you were and the impact you had on me.

You valued intelligence and believed in asking questions, thinking for yourself, and always searching for understanding. That's something you instilled in me, a desire to keep expanding my mind and to never stop asking why.

Because of that, I learned there were no limits to how far my mind could go. I learned to see beyond what was in front of me, to imagine more for myself, and to believe that more was possible. In many ways, that shaped the life I've been able to live, expanding beyond what I once knew, traveling, growing, and stepping into spaces that even surprised you. And I know a big part of that came from what you placed in me.

I think about the moments we did share, like when you helped me write my college admissions letter for the University of San Francisco, and the way you encouraged me to find my voice. You had such a strong, natural way with words, and that left a lasting impression on me.

You loved poetry, and you would write me letters with poems in them. That's something I'll always hold onto, those pieces of you that you shared with me through your words.

I used to joke that you had nine lives, like a cat, because of the many times you made it through things that could have taken you out. You moved through life with a kind of resilience that can't really be explained, only witnessed.

I saw you working to be a better man, and I want you to know that it did not go unnoticed. Even through the distance between us, I knew that you loved me.

I experienced your love in ways that were not always perfect, but it was meaningful. I see you beyond the circumstances. And if there's anything I take from your life, it's this... We are more than the things we go through, and there is always space for growth, for healing, and for becoming who we are meant to be.

And while we are still here, living and breathing, we should give each other love and grace. We should express that love openly, because we never know what tomorrow may take from us, or what opportunities to love may no longer be there.

While I'm no longer able to share my love with you in the physical, I carry the love you had for me in my heart, and I will move forward in this life with that, and with everything you instilled in me.

So I choose to remember you with compassion, with understanding, and with respect. I respect you and your journey through this life. I honor you for giving me life, and I will continue to live in a way that would make you proud. I carry you with me.

I love you. Rest peacefully.

Your daughter,
Noonie



JA'MESHA'S *Remarks*

Dear Uncle,

Words can't truly express the way I feel. Ever since I was brought into this world, you were there through it all, the good and the bad. You never missed a beat. You watched me grow into the woman I am today, and for that I will forever be grateful.

I'm going to miss everything. The phone calls, the texts, the pictures, the little things that meant so much. What we had was something special, something real, something unmatched. You never judged me, and I never judged you. Our bond was pure, and I will carry that with me for the rest of my life.

I love you, Uncle. Forever and ever.

My heart wasn't ready to let you go, but I know God had your wings prepared. You are at peace now, whole again, reunited with Granny and your little brother. That gives me comfort, even through this pain. Thank you for everything you've done, for every moment you gave, for every piece of love you poured into me. Job well done, Uncle. Until we meet again,

I love you, and I miss you more than words could ever say.

Love always,

Ja'Mesha



JAMES' *Remarks*

Dear Uncle,

It's hard for me to write this goodbye letter to you, but I found strength when I realized it's really a see you later. I'll never forget the moments we shared. All the wisdom and knowledge you instilled in me, and all the laughs we had together.

I remember you taking me to the movies, then going to spend the night at Grandma Donna's house afterwards, just being around family and enjoying that time together. Those are memories I'll always hold close.

You were always someone I looked up to, not just for what you did for me physically, but for what you instilled in my heart, mind, and soul.

You made it to the heavenly gates, where you get to be with God and all of your loved ones. Noonie, Mee-Mee, and myself will carry on the Knox legacy and make you proud.

I love you with all my heart, Uncle.
James Knox



DANA'S *Remarks*

Dear brother,

We didn't get the chance to spend a lot of time as siblings, and that's something I'll always wish had been different. Life moved quickly, and somehow time slipped past us. But even with that distance, one thing was always true. We loved one another.

You were my younger brother, and that bond never went away, no matter how much or how little we saw each other. There was always a connection there, something unspoken but real.

I wish I had more memories to share, more stories to tell. But what I do have is that love, and the knowledge that you were a part of my life, part of my family, and part of me.

I'll carry that with me. And I'll remember you not just for what we had, but for what we could have had too.

Love you.

Dana



“A man *with* questions *in* his
eyes *and* **gold** *in* his spirit.”





Poem

POETRY written **BY** his
DAUGHTER, A-NISHA KNOX

"The Man Who Kept Walking"

Oakland born, September's steady fire,
A curious mind that always reached higher.

Beautiful eyes that shifted light and shade,
You lived life your way, even when it weighed.

Questions carved through every shadowed mile,
Nine lives rising after every trial.

Though distance came, it never broke our thread,
Your strength lives in me, in every step I tread.

Through storms you walked, unshaken in your view,
Even when life gave you little, you still pushed through.

With cane in hand, your pride would not bend,
You stood as your own man, from start to end.

Through injury and loss, your steps began anew,
A quiet strength in you grew steady and true.

You stood resolute, unwavering, sincere,
Still finding your way, becoming more clear.

Now whole with Nana, Mama Hazel, your
dad, and Uncle James, at peace,
A circle restored, a love that will not cease.

Still, I feel you in ways words can't explain,
Not gone, just present on a different plane.

Ernest, your name will echo through my days,
Your fire fuels me, in everything I face.

Your daughter's love, forever strong and bold,
In every breath, your warmth I'll always hold.

by Daughter, A-Nisha Knox











“You are remembered with love, and your
life will always hold meaning in the hearts
of those who knew you.”



**FOREVER LOVED.
FOREVER REMEMBERED.**

