



Jacob Mitchell Harper

November 25, 1988 - May 1, 2025

Jacob Harper, 36, of Jacksonville, Florida, passed away on May 1, 2025. He was born in Palatka, Florida.

Jake was a gifted musician who played in many local bands throughout the area. Through his art and music, he expressed a unique and thoughtful spirit that touched the lives of those around him.

He was preceded in death by his mother, Dawn Baldwin Harper, whose memory he held close throughout his life.

He is survived by his beloved children, Elias Harper (Tracy) and Norah Edmondson (Ashley); his sister, Emily Jackett (John); and his nephew, Connor. He also leaves behind many other cherished family members who loved him dearly and will miss him deeply.

Jake will be remembered not only for his artistic gifts, but also for his kindness, sense of humor, and his love of his family and friends. Above all, he cherished his role as a father, offering unconditional love, guidance, and support to his children. His legacy lives on through his family, his art, and the music he shared with the world.

A private memorial will be held by the family at a later date.

Tribute Wall



“ *He got my brother killed. I'm glad he's dead.*

J - November 17, 2025 at 01:46 PM



Your brother was an addict most of his life. I promise his death was his own fault. Please don't get caught slacking in public. I know exactly who this is and will retaliate. I'd hate to post all the messages and pictures I have of your brothers and show you who he really was. Actually let me send them to your mom for Christmas.

Karma - December 19, 2025 at 09:57 AM

TN

“ Jake was hands down my best friend, my brother. He was always in my life from the time I met him at the Orange Park mall. I thought he was the coolest person and this was at sort of a transitional period in my life, a shift from not having many friends and essentially being lame as hell, he welcomed me into this group of people that all became like brothers and sisters to me, his own blood family even. His mom was my second mom and Emily was like another sister, except she was nice to me. He was there when I got my license and my truck and the first night out driving he was in my passenger seat, or perhaps in the middle since it was a bench seat in a pickup truck that I never thought in a million years I would be packing the cab and bed with as many people as possible. He was always down for an adventure and there would be times where we would look at each other when he attended Fleming Island High School, just a glance and we knew that it wasn't a school day anymore: It was an adventure. I lived vicariously through Jake whether it was the way he talked or his actions, the music I know love and have a great amount of respect for. He introduced me to playing music and I know it was because he didn't want me to feel left out. Suddenly I'm handed a bass guitar and I practice, without an amp or effects. Just an electric bass with strings laying on my bed and in time I learned guitar and drums. I loved jamming with him because it made me better as a musician and also opened up this creative process that I didn't think I would ever have. I had a band of my own at one time and I would invite him over to jam with us, but he would play bass to songs I wrote. I felt so great and was so thankful he said to me "you're going to learn bass", and I did and then everything else. I still imagine him in my passenger seat of my car just putting some music on or directing me because he was indeed better than any GPS system and I take pride in my abilities but he's a step beyond. He wouldn't even be paying attention and tell you that you missed a turn. I'll never forget the adventures we've had together or with our friends or the times we just hungout and sat around; I'll never forget them. As I write this, full of grammatical mistakes and bad punctuation, I just end up at the place we've most recently been having fun at, Wawa. We would come here after

riding around to grab a milkshake and people watch. I just want to see him one last time but I know that will never happen as long as I'm in earthly body, and it makes me so sad as the days get farther away from the last time I saw him a little over 2 weeks ago and the last time I talked to him which was two weeks ago as of the day I wrote this. No one has been in my car since Jake, but there's a message here that I missed the first few days: He was there from day one until the day he passed on. I hope to see him in the afterlife I imagine him in and that his vicissitudes that plagued him in recent years can no longer follow him. My best friend is gone and no longer here and he is no longer suffering. THX 1138 We are 138.



Trey Nabors - May 14, 2025 at 09:20 PM