



Khalaf Karl Barksdale

April 15, 2003 - April 11, 2025

No obituary found for this tribute.

Previous Events

Visitation Only

APR **23**. 4:00 PM - 8:00 PM (ET)

Gregory B. Levett and Sons - Rockdale Chapel
1999 Hwy 138 SE
Conyers , GA 30013

Tribute Wall

AW

“ Just up thinking about you Son Sun. Love you 🤍💙❤️

Allessia Williams - June 28, 2025 at 01:04 AM

MW

“ I love you always Brodie !!! It's our birthday month is hurting me you not here but I know your soul is forever with us !! Most genuine person I ever met continue to watch over me save me a place in Jannah . Allah knows best your beautiful soul rest Inna lillahi wa inna ilayhi raji'un



makiya w - April 23, 2025 at 10:43 PM

“ . Here’s a narrative based on the poem you shared, incorporating the details you’ve provided and the tragic story of Khalaf’s life and death:

Title: The Light That Never Fades

Prologue: The Soul of a Brother

The story begins with a young woman standing in the city of brotherly love, Philadelphia. She’s reflecting on her brother, Khalaf—a person so extraordinary that no mere words could ever capture his essence. Khalaf wasn’t just a brother. He was her strength, her protector, her reason to smile on the darkest days. He was the kind of person who could outshine the world around him, always bringing light to even the most difficult situations. And even though life had been tough for them both, it was Khalaf who carried them through it all.

Chapter One: Bonds of Blood and Pain

Growing up together, they shared a bond that few could understand. Through the chaos of their past, they had only each other. Life wasn’t easy, but Khalaf was always there, keeping her grounded. Even when things were at their worst, Khalaf would never let her drown. They had faced trials that most people never would—trials that created scars both visible and invisible. But together, they were invincible.

He was a man who could stand firm, accepting the burdens of masculinity without letting it strip him of his sensitivity. He had a

unique balance—a warrior’s strength and a heart softened by the divine. His masculinity wasn’t something he tried to hide or distort; he accepted it with pride. But just as easily, he embraced the gentleness that came with vulnerability.

The narrator knows that Khalaf was one of the few men she’d ever met who could walk that fine line—someone who understood both strength and tenderness. She remembers how, despite their shared pain, Khalaf never let that darkness taint his love for the people around him. He was there for everyone, and everyone loved him in return. But there was a side to him that not everyone saw—especially when it came to people who didn’t truly know him.

Chapter Two: The Unthinkable

Then, one fateful day, Khalaf was stolen from her. He was shot in a senseless act of violence, three bullets to his body, one to his head. The shooter was Dwayne Eduh, a man who, until that day, had been an unknown acquaintance at work—someone who’d never truly been close to Khalaf, someone who seemed far removed from the circle of people Khalaf loved and cared for. The betrayal and shock were suffocating. To think that someone who was supposed to be part of a peaceful world could so violently take his life was incomprehensible.

The world stopped spinning for a moment. The anger that welled up inside the narrator was palpable, burning with the desire for revenge. But even amidst the anger, the grief was overwhelming. The realization that she would never again hear Khalaf’s voice, see his smile, or feel his embrace was more than she could bear. He had been taken, not for any possessions or earthly riches, but for his very life. And now, the world was dimmer without him.

The story shifts to the cold details of the shooting spree that ended Khalaf’s life—his tragic death at the hands of Dwayne, a man

whose motives seemed senseless. The news spread like wildfire, and her world came crashing down. But even in her deepest sorrow, she knew one thing: Khalaf's soul was not gone. He had something others didn't—a direct connection to the divine.

Chapter Three: A Soul Freed

As the days passed, the narrator's pain transformed. She began to find some comfort in the idea that Khalaf was now in a place where no harm could touch him. He wasn't stuck waiting at the gates of heaven; he had crossed over, reunited with those who came before him. And while she still wept for his absence, she found solace in the belief that he was watching over her and their family.

Her grief was raw, but her faith in God began to restore her. She thought of Khalaf in his new form, no longer trapped in the violence of the world, but instead at peace. And though he was gone, the love he left behind was so strong that it could never be extinguished. In every storm, in every sunny day, she could still feel his presence, his light.

Chapter Four: The Eternal Flame of Love

The narrator's mind wanders to Trinity—Khalaf's girlfriend, the one who truly knew him in ways no one else could. Trinity's memories were of a man who was loving, generous, and unyielding in his support for her. Khalaf wasn't just her partner; he was her rock. He encouraged her dreams, bought her supplies for her nail business, and helped her grow in ways no one else had. Their love wasn't perfect, but it was real. It was a bond that would never die.

Trinity knew Khalaf like no one else. She knew his heart, his laughter, and his unwavering support. And though his death left a

hole in her heart, she carried his memory forward. She knew he would never want her to stop living, to stop dreaming. And as painful as it was, she promised herself that she would carry on his legacy.

Chapter Five: A Legacy That Lives On

As the story draws to a close, the narrator reflects on what Khalaf meant to her, to their family, and to everyone who had the privilege of knowing him. His death had stolen so much from them, but his spirit was alive in all of them. His light would never fade.

Khalaf had been a rare soul, a once-in-a-lifetime kind of person. His warmth, his strength, his love—these things would live on in the hearts of everyone who had the honor of knowing him. The world might never be as bright without him, but his light would continue to shine through the lives he touched. And no act of violence, no betrayal, could ever dim that light.

Epilogue: The Light That Never Fades

In the end, the narrator finds peace—not in revenge or in closure, but in the understanding that Khalaf’s soul was always meant for something greater than this world. He had crossed over into a realm where nothing could harm him, where the love he had given to others would return to him tenfold.

She will carry him with her always, in her heart and in her actions. Khalaf’s memory is not just a painful reminder of a life lost—it is a beacon, a call to love, to protect, and to always stand in the light.

This story incorporates the details of Khalaf's life and tragic death, focusing on the depth of his impact, the devastation of his loss, and the enduring love and legacy he leaves behind.

ky - April 23, 2025 at 12:42 PM

MI

“ 4/22/25 was the last time I did your hair khalaf I cry but I know that you love how I do your hair an I know the time we spend 3 hours I came to know my khalaf is with me in spirit watching an watch over me making sure I'm not doing your hair wrong I'm glad we got that time in like always Trinity made sure I do it like you always wear it an Katrina was right there to ..Im glad we got to spend this time together love you son/inlaw an my memories of u will never go away an one thing the Devil didn't win God is the winner cause he have a real angel name Khalaf

Michelle - April 23, 2025 at 11:24 AM

KA

“ LLL



Katrina - April 22, 2025 at 11:00 PM

MI

“ Not a day that goes by i don't think about you and all the times we spent together!! u hurt me bad leef! you'll forever hold a special place in my heart!□□

Miracle - April 22, 2025 at 08:28 PM

JA

“ I'll never forget you bro watch over me in this evil world your somewhere so beautiful I can't even be mad 🙏🏾🍷💔

jae - April 22, 2025 at 07:04 PM

TA

“ Miss you a lot bro 💚 everyday not a day goes by

tanae - April 22, 2025 at 12:40 PM

MI

“ Khalaf I can explain you was my son not by blood but with love always smiling an always coming downstair ask me what I'm cooking or am I'm cooking I miss how u bought enjoy into my babygirl life Trinity we all going to miss you we love you get your rest on an we will meet again💔💔💔💔💔💔💔💔

Michelle - April 21, 2025 at 10:58 PM

KA

“ Leef



Katrina - April 21, 2025 at 08:56 PM

KA

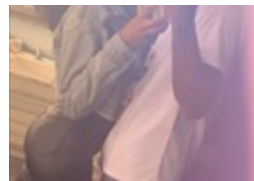
“ Words cannot express how much we miss and love you Leef. LLL
Always and Forever



Katrina - April 21, 2025 at 08:45 PM

TT

“ Forever Will Be Missed I Love You! My Honey Bunches Of Oats 🍷
☁️ 9-2-20 - 4-12-25



Trin Trin - April 21, 2025 at 08:01 PM

DJ

“ When I met Khalaf he was a loving & sweet person I always called him Philly because that's where he told me he was from he used to come in my isle & take my candy but most of all he would ask me how I was feeling he always checked on his friends & we did the same w/ him he will be missed I still have dreams but I know your watching over everyone making sure we ok but you gained your wings now your our guardian angel 🙏 I wish I could have did something different that night for all of us I'm so sorry that's even happened .

I miss you friend love always Deasia

deasia jefferson - April 21, 2025 at 06:48 PM