

ERICK T. TROTTER

MAY 21, 1976 - APRIL 27, 2025



MEMORIAL SERVICE

Friday, May 2, 2025 | 12:00 pm

Hairston Funeral Home

301 Fayette Street, Martinsville, VA.





On Sunday, April 27, 2025, Erick Trotter, 48, of Browns Summit, NC, transitioned peacefully to sleep in death at his residence.

He was born in Martinsville, VA, on May 21, 1976, to Frances Moore Trotter and the late Tyrone Trotter. In addition to his father, Erick was preceded in death by his paternal grandparents, Luther and Dora Trotter, and his maternal grandparents, Joseph and Pearlle Moore, and his brother-in-law, Freddie Crawford.

Erick was a graduate of the Martinsville High School class of 1995. He later studied to be one of Jehovah's Witnesses.

Erick leaves to cherish his memory his loving wife, Cartina Adams Trotter of the home; his mother, Frances M. Trotter of Martinsville, VA; children, Isaiah Baker of Martinsville, VA, Erica Trotter Farris (Jamie), Eriyanna Trotter, Erick M. Trotter, Eriyielle Trotter all of Greensboro, NC and Edrick Trotter of Washington, DC; eight grandchildren, Jaiden, Jailen, Jamier, Jamie "BJ", Jamell, Mikaiya, Errow, and Jailani; two sisters, Tamika Trotter of Martinsville, VA and Tosha Trotter Crawford of Washington, DC; his twin brother, Derrick Trotter (Glenda) of Baltimore, MD; three nephews, Hakeem Trotter (Brittany), Shymell Trotter (Gloria) and Anthony Trotter (Katelin); one aunt, Patricia Holland; three uncles, Lynwood Trotter, Larry Moore and Kenneth Moore; and a host of other relatives, and friends.

ORDER OF SERVICE

Song

No. 3 Our Strength, Our Hope,
Our Confidence

Prayer

Albert Price

Reading of the obituary

Albert Price

Discourse

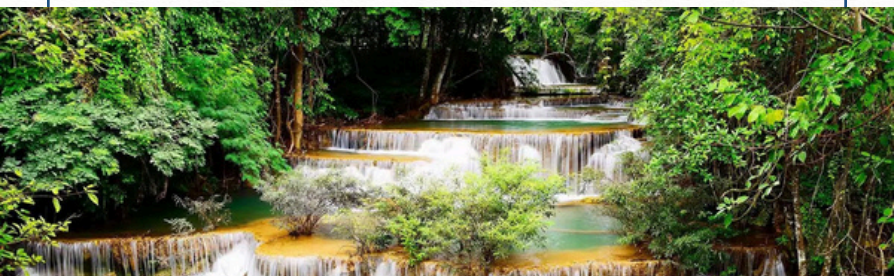
Derrick Trotter

Song

No. 139 See Yourself
When All Is New

Prayer

Ron Morris



The Other Flame

(For My Twin Brother)

Two sons of the same sun, different hues of the same
fire. We arrived together—not just into the world,
but into being.

He was the echo in the hallway, the other laugh in
the room before I'd even made the joke. My
counterpart—not in face, but in rhythm, in instinct,
in the way we understood without explaining. He
carried half of our story—the half I never had to tell.

We were twin storms, twin shoulders, twin grins
across the room. He was my brother—not just by
birth, but by blueprint.

And now... I feel like a page torn from a book—not
the end, not the beginning, but the middle that made
it make sense. It's not just that he's gone. It's that
I'm not whole.

The world didn't get the memo. The clocks still tick.
The sun still rises. He left the stage in the middle of
a duet.

He was part of a two-piece set—not a copy, not a
clone, but a matched force, cut from the same cloth,
stitched in silence before either of us could speak.

I lost the only person who ever arrived when I did—
not just in time, but in soul. Not just my brother.
But my witness. My other flame.

Now I walk through life half-lit... but I will see you
again, because Jehovah says I will. A flame rekindled
by love.

Love,
Erick's little brother



The Trotter family would like to express
their heartfelt thanks to all who shared
expressions of love and comfort.

*“Rejoice with those who rejoice; Weep with
those who weep.” —Romans 12:15*

The family will receive friends at the home
of Erick’s mother, Frances Trotter,
8 Aaron St., Martinsville, VA.

