

### *Acknowledgement*

The **T. J. White, Sr.** family genuinely acknowledges with bountiful gratitude all of your comforting expressions of love and concern through the cards, calls, visits, prayers, and every other act of kindness shown throughout our time of great bereavement. God gives us each other to make it through tragic moments like these. You shall all be remembered forever. Please continue to pray for us.

### *Pallbearers*

Three Sons  
Four Grandsons  
Two Sons-in-law

### *Flower Attendants*

Ushers

### *Committal Services & Interment*

Wesley Cemetery  
Stanton, Tennessee

### *Programs*

Ms. Edith Giles Williams  
Mr. Cecil M. Giles

### *Final Arrangement Entrusted To*

Rawls Funeral Home  
36 South Jackson Avenue  
Brownsville, Tennessee 38012-3199  
(731) 772-1472 • Fax & Obituary Line (731) 772-5615  
E-mail: rawls@pchnet.com • www.rawlsfuneralhome.com

## *Homegoing Services Of*



*Bro. T. J. White, Sr.*

*1928 - 2004*

Saturday, August 28, 2004

11:00 a.m.

**Mt. Zion Missionary Baptist Church**

Stanton, Tennessee

**Rev. Timothy Bowers**

*Officiating*

# Prayer

We do not understand, Eternal God,  
the ways of your Spirit  
in the lives of women and men.

She comes along secret paths  
to take us unawares.

She touches us in joy and sorrow  
to make us whole.

She hides behind coincidence  
to lead us forward,  
and uses our human accidents  
as occasions for influence

We do not understand  
but we welcome her presence  
and rejoice in her power.

In Jesus Name,  
Amen.



# The Two of Us



My life is but a weaving,  
 Between my Lord and me;  
 I may not choose the colors,  
 He knows what they should be;  
 For He can view the pattern  
 Upon the upper side,  
 While I can see it only  
 On this, the under side.  
 Sometimes He weaveth sorrow,  
 Which seemeth strange to me;  
 But I will trust His judgment  
 And work on faithfully,  
 Tis He who fills the shuttle;  
 He knows just what is best;  
 So I shall weave in earnest  
 And leave with Him the rest;  
 Not till the loom is silent  
 And the shuttles cease to fly,  
 Shall God unroll the canvas  
 And explain the reason why --  
 The dark threads are as needful  
 In the weaver's skillful hand  
 As the threads of gold and silver  
 In the pattern He has planned.  
 He knows, He loves, He cares.  
 Nothing this truth can dim.  
 He gives His very best to those  
 Who leave the choice to Him.

John Bannister

## *A Celebration of Life*

### Processional

Selection . . . . . Mt. Zion Male Chorus

### Scriptures

Old Testament (*Psalms 34*) . . . . . Min. Darren White

New Testament (*John 14: 1-15*) . . . . . Rev. Maggie Cole

Prayer . . . . . Deacon Willie L. Jackson

Solo . . . . . Rev. David Holly

Reflections . . . . . Bro. John A. Bond  
*A Dear Friend*

Selection . . . . . Allison Hardaway  
Alice White

Resolutions . . . . . Sis. Betty Adams

Obituary & Acknowledgements . . . . . Sis. Linda Smith

Selection . . . . . Mt. Zion Male Chorus

Eulogy . . . . . Pastor Timothy Bowers

Solo . . . . . Sis. Mae Brown

### Recessional

# Obituary

*To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.  
A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck  
up that which is planted. Ecclesiastes 3:1-2*

For God's purpose, the fertile seed of Carrie Bowles and Edward White became a baby boy named T. J. on March 27, 1928. The years God gave this little boy were generous and when he was called on Tuesday, August 24, 2004 he peacefully answered.

Our Dad was the ninth of thirteen children, so it was no big deal that he had eleven children of his own. It was a good thing that he married the even tempered Bertha Peete because she let him be her husband for over 50 years. The years were not all easy, but many good seeds were planted.

Our father attended Douglas Elementary School. Although he did not attend high school, he graduated every time his children did. That means he has training in computer technology, bachelor's in Journalism, Communication and Nursing, Masters in Business Administration; Juris Doctorate, a doctorate in Dental Surgery and more. Not too bad for a poor farmer from across the track.

Dad transferred his membership from Douglas Chapel CME to Mt. Zion M. B. Church in 1958. He loved Douglas Chapel, but he needed to be with his family. God was in both places anyway. He worked faithfully at Mt. Zion and grew to love his wife's home church as much as she did.

Daddie loved to farm. Mommie said he was just playing in the dirt, and the boys said he just liked riding the tractor. He couldn't wait for springtime when he could plow and smell the fresh earth. It was his love to be singing spirituals out in the field. He and the animals enjoyed the music. He and God did a lot of talking in those fields. He would plow a while and work in the field with us for a minute.

Daddie also enjoyed driving the Haywood County school bus. He drove bus #33 for 33 years. He drove parent and child and sometimes even grandchild. The bus stories he would tell would have you rolling on the floor. He admitted though that he tried to be stern with the students and make them stay in line; he found them fondly amusing and couldn't be angry with the disorderly ones for long. Our Dad thought he was a comedian and jokester. On a good day, you should doubt anything he said. We laughed a lot.

Dad was preceded in death by his parents, Carrie Bowles and Edward White and all of his brothers and sisters. Our brothers, James Edward-Bubbie, T.J., Jr. - June, Greg, and Chevalier - Val are all being joined by him now.

Daddie leaves to cherish his memory a devoted wife, Bertha Peete, four sons - Michael (Susie), Durant (Gloria), Wendell (Doris), and Darren White; three daughters - Deborah (Kenneth) Moore, Clarice White-Hardaway, and Rhonda (Darryl) Myles; sixteen grandchildren, one new great grandchild, two sisters-in-law, and so many wonderful nieces, nephews, and friends.

*Dear Almighty God, in Jesus Name, we thank you and give you glory for our Dad; for your spirit of love in our family; for salvation and grace; for your mighty hand of healing again, again and again.*

*God, you did not give us a Dad who would be considered 'great' by societal standards. He was not educated at the finest university. He did not rub shoulders with men of distinction. He did not have millions (or even too many thousands). He was not one of great physical stature. But he loved you, dear Lord, his family and church with passion. He cared for his family's needs. He worked hard. He was honest. He helped his neighbors. He joked, we laughed. For this simply great life, we thank you our Heavenly Father. To You, God Almighty, we give All the Glory.*

# We Are Family





*Those Boys*



*Those Boys*