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.

Pallheavers

Three Sons Four Grandsons Two Sons-in-law

Flower Attendants

Ushers

Committal Services & Interment

Wesley Cemetery Stanton, Tennessee

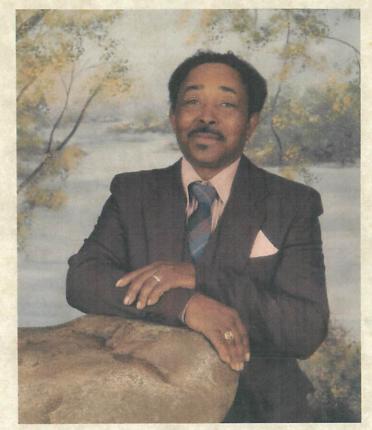
Programs Ms. Edith Giles Williams

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

The Two of Us











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.



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 (<i>Psalm 34</i>) Min. Darren White New Testament (<i>John 14: 1-15</i>) Rev. Maggie Cole
Prayer Deacon Willie L. Jackson
Solo
Reflections Bro. John A. Bond A Dear Friend
Selection Allison Hardaway Alice White
Resolutions
Obituary & Acknowledgements Sis. Linda Smith
Selection Mt. Zion Male Chorus
Eulogy Pastor Timothy Bowers
Solo
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. <u>To You, God Almighty, we give All the Glory.</u>

We Are Family





Those Boys







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Those Boys