

**Revelation 21:4**

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes;  
And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow,  
nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain:  
For the former things are passed away.

Flower Bearers  
Family and Friends

Pallbearers  
Family and Friends

**Acknowledgements:**

Your comforting expressions of sympathy will always be remembered with deep gratitude. We appreciate your thoughtfulness and thank you most sincerely.

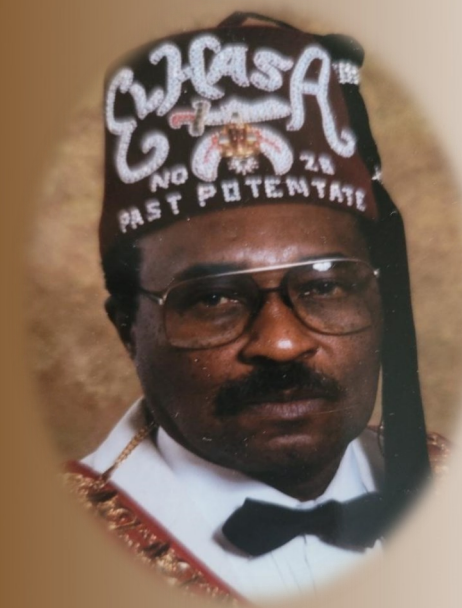
Arrangements Entrusted To:  
R. A. Prince Funeral Services  
16222 Broadway Avenue  
Maple Heights, OH 44137

Phone: 216-518-1777 Fax: 216-518-1975

[raprince.com](http://raprince.com)



*Celebrating the Life  
Of  
Willie D. Tate*



**Sunrise:**  
**November 21, 1931**

**Sunset:**  
**October 23, 2022**

**Wednesday, November 2, 2022**

**Wake: 10:30 AM**

**Funeral: 11:00 AM**

**Lee Road Baptist Church  
3970 Lee Road  
Cleveland, Ohio 44128**

**Rev. Dr. James P. Quincy III, Pastor**

## *Order of Service*

Musical Prelude

Processional  
Minister & Family

Family Visitation

Introduction to Celebration  
Rev. Dr. James P. Quincy, III

Solo

Scripture  
Old Testament Psalm 23  
New Testament: Philippians 4:4-7

Special Remarks  
Lillian Ingram , sister  
Michael Tate, son

Acknowledgements/Resolutions

Obituary  
Read silently

Solo

Words of Comfort  
Rev. Dr. James P. Quincy III

Recessional  
The Family

Interment:  
Hillcrest Cemetery  
26700 Aurora Rod  
Bedford Heights, Oh 44146

(Those driving in the funeral procession turn your headlights on, then off before entering the cemetery gates.)

## Obituary

**Willie D. Tate**, was born on November 21, 1931, in Obion, Tennessee, the fourth of eight children of the late Isom and Mattie Pearl Tate. Willie accepted Christ as a young man and was member of Lee Road Baptist Church for more than 30 years. He was married to Doris M. Tate and they remained friends until her passing in 2007.

As a young adult, Willie moved to Cleveland, Ohio where he resided until his passing. For more than four decades, Willie was the owner of Mt. Pleasant Carpet providing thousands of homeowners and business in Northeastern Ohio with top-notch customer service with his unique Southern charm. In this position, he had the opportunity to mentor his nephews Melvin and Michael Smith with whom he remained especially close to until his passing. In 1979, Willie joined Eureka Lodge #52, one of the four Prince Hall Masonic Lodges of Cleveland. As a dedicated member, he climbed through the ranks becoming a nobleman and, eventually Potentate of El Hasa Temple #28. He also served with honor and humility on the Lee Road Baptist Church Board as president of the Men's Club.

Willie was called to rest from his earthly labor on Sunday, October 23, 2022, at Montefiore Nursing Home after a valiant five-year battle with Lewy body dementia. He leaves to cherish and honor his precious memory, his sons: D. Michael Tate (Simon O'Mahony), and Willie Swift (Gloria), granddaughters; De Onne Garner and Adriana Swift, grandsons: Donnelle Roe and Willie Swift Jr., great-granddaughter, Savannah Payne, two sisters; Lillian Ingram and Dorothy Taylor, one brother, William Tate and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins and beloved friends.

He was preceded in death by sisters, Georgia M. Marshall, Annie Daniels, and Roberta Smith, brother, Isom Tate, Jr., and daughter, Antoinette Tate-Angel.



## When All Is Done

When all is done, and my last word is said  
and ye who loved me murmur, "He is dead"  
let no one weep, for fear that I should know  
and sorrow too that ye should sorrow so.

When all is done and in the oozing clay,  
ye lay this cast-off hull of mine away,  
pray not for me, for after long despair,  
The quiet of the grave will be a prayer.

For I have suffered loss and grievous pain,  
The hurts of hatred and the world's disdain,  
and wound so deep that love, well-tried and pure,  
had not the pow'r to ease them or to cure.

When all is done, say not my day is o'er,  
and that thru night I seek a dimmer shore:  
Say rather that my morn has just begun,  
I greet the dawn and not a setting sun,  
when all is done

**By: Paul Laurence Dunbar**