

Floral Bearers

Nieces

Honorary Pall Bearers

Deacons

Ida Hinant
Coneldius McNeill

Silas Moore
Mary Mungo

Virgil Street

Pall Bearers

Nephews

Douglas Butler
Davy McLean
Henry McLean

Jerome McLean
Michael McLean
Lance Smith

Sincere Gratitude

The family is sincerely grateful for all acts of love, concern, and understanding extended during the illness and passing of our loved one. Each act has given us comfort and strength. We thank you. We thank God for you. May God continue to richly bless and keep you.

The Family

Interment

Lillington First Baptist Church Cemetery
Lillington, North Carolina

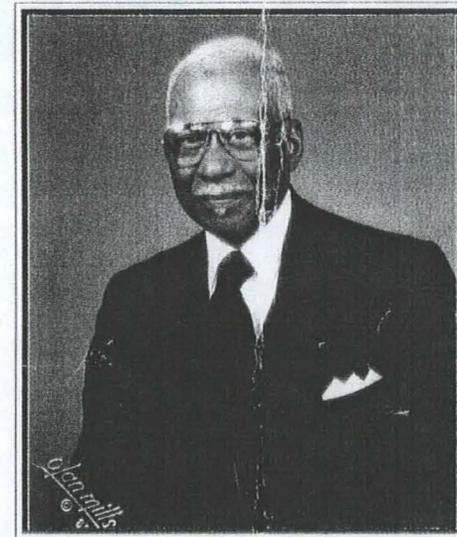
Services Entrusted To:

Wright Funeral Home, Inc.
3724 Salem Road
Oxford, North Carolina

Payton's Funeral Home
100 Irene Roberts Road
Lillington, North Carolina

Homegoing Celebration for Deacon Mack McKay, Jr.

HALLELUJAH!



June 13, 1913 - December 2, 1996

Friday, December 6, 1996
2:00 P.M.

Lillington First Baptist Church
Lillington, North Carolina
Reverend Queen Penny, Pastor

Obituary

Mack McKay, Jr.

Born: June 13, 1913 in Lillington, North Carolina to the late Nancy Douglas McKay and Mack McKay, Sr.

Reborn: During his childhood.

Married: Ethel Marshall, August 26, 1939.

Education: Shawtown High School
Harnett County Training School
Hampton Institute - 1935-1937

Occupation: Professional Tailor
Owner of McKay's Tailor Shop
Retired from Verne's Tailoring Shop,
Fort Bragg, North Carolina

Church Membership: Lillington Grove Freewill Baptist Church
(Where baptized)
Lillington First Baptist Church - 1941 until death

Accomplishments & Community: Post member of Harnett County School Board; Past President of Shawtown High School P.T.A.; Boy Scout Leader; Member of NAACP.

Church Director: Sunday School Teacher; Senior Choir member; B.T.U. Trustee and Chairman of the Deacon Board; made Pulpit and Communion Table Cloths; planted trees marking the boundary of the church property.

Survivors: Wife: Ethel Marshall McKay
Children: Janet McKay Blackmon, Towson, Maryland
Edward Randolph McKay, Washington, D.C.; Minister
Helen McKay Wright, Durham, North Carolina
Peggy M. McKay, daughter-in-law
Grandchildren: Five
Great-grandchildren: One
Sister: Alice Doris Smith, Fayetteville, NC
Sisters-in-law: Hazel Smith, New York City, New York
Dr. Helen M. Caldwell, Elizabeth City, North Carolina
Marian Marshall, Farmville, Virginia
Lucille Richards, Farmville, Virginia
Brothers-in-law: Joe Felton McLean, Sr., Lillington, NC
Harry Marshall, Rockville, Maryland
Others: Nieces, nephews, relatives and friends

Hobbies: Singing and playing with grandchildren

Order of Service

Pastor Queen Penny, Officiating

Processional "He Lives"

Scripture Readings:
Old Testament: Psalm 1 Deacon Silas Moore
New Testament: Philippians 4:4-8, 19-23 Deacon Ida Hinnant

Prayer Pastor Larry McGill
New Creation Christian Fellowship

Singspiration "Count Your Blessings"

Acknowledgment of Condolences
Resolution Sister Annie Bass
Lillington First Baptist Church

Expressions of Comfort Mrs. Beatrice Hill, County Commissioner
Mrs. Helen Beverly, Retired Principal
Belmont Elementary School
Baltimore, Maryland
Reverend Lincoln Blanding, Pastor
Carthage First Baptist Church
Carthage, North Carolina
Reverend Joseph Dempsey, Former Pastor
Reverend James Raye, Former Pastor

Singspiration "Standing On The Promises"

Tribute from the Family Helen M. Caldwell, Ph.D.
Vice Chancellor of Academic Affairs
Elizabeth City State University

Singspiration "My God Is Real"

Eulogy Pastor Queen Penny

Recessional "O I Want To See Him"

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

1794-1878

Thanatopsis

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart; —
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
Comes a still voice — Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriachs of the infant world — with kings,
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods — rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. — Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man —
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Funeral Services
for
Deacon Mack McKay, Jr

Excerpt from
one of his favorite
poems —

"Thanatopsis"

December 6, 1996

Mrs. Mrs. Kelly Bryant, Jr.
618 Bernice Street
Durham, N.C. 27703-5012

The family of
Mack McKay, Jr.

acknowledges with grateful appreciation

your kind expression of sympathy

We are sincerely grateful
for your visits, prayers,
and words of comfort.
We also thank you for
your monetary contribution.

Fraternally,
P.M. Ed McKay

Bro Edward R. McKay, Jr
5376 Chillum Place NE
Washington, DC 20011

We have a winner

P.M. Edward R. McKay Sr.
5376 Chillum Pl, N.E.
Washington, D.C. 20011

Most Worshipful Prince Hall Grand Lodge
R. Kelly Bryant, Jr.
R.W. Grand Secretary & CC FC
P.O. Box 1507
Durham, North Carolina 27702
RECEIVED
11 1996



PLEASE MAIL
EARLY FOR
CHRISTMAS

