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FLOWER BEARERS

Do Something-About-It-Club, Grace Church  
Bluebird Social Club - Charlotte  
Charlotte Links, Incorporated

CASKET BEARERS

Trustees, Grace AME Zion Church



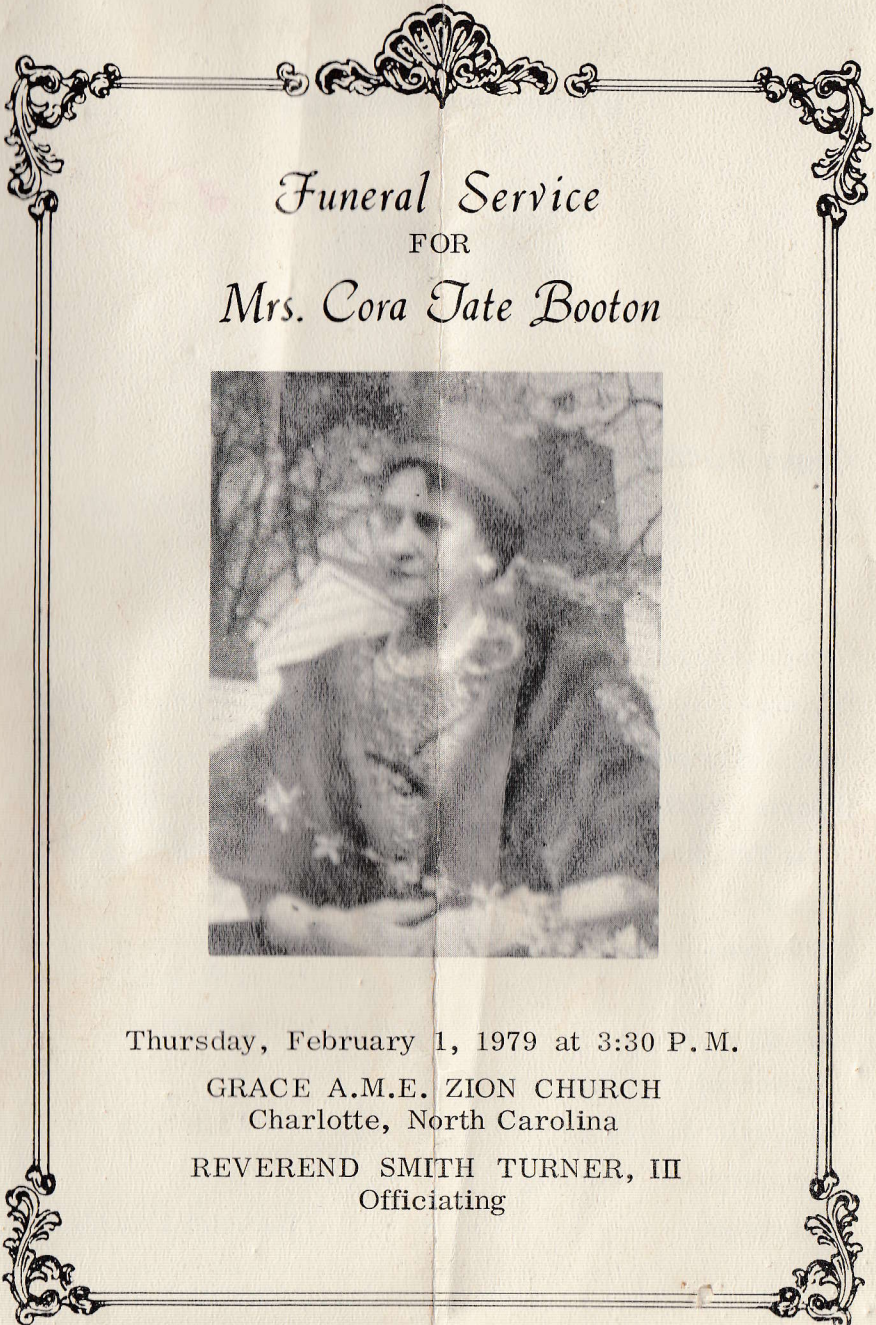
The family deeply appreciates the many kindnesses and expressions shown the deceased during her illness, and to the family during it's bereavement.



GRIER FUNERAL SERVICE  
2310 Statesville Avenue  
Charlotte, North Carolina  
— DIRECTORS —

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*Funeral Service*  
FOR  
*Mrs. Cora Tate Booton*



Thursday, February 1, 1979 at 3:30 P.M.

GRACE A.M.E. ZION CHURCH  
Charlotte, North Carolina

REVEREND SMITH TURNER, III  
Officiating



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## Order of Service



### Organ Prelude

Immortal, Invisible, God only wise for all  
these saints from whom their labors rest  
Thine is the glory  
Joyful, joyful, we adore Thee!!

### \*Processional

\*Hymn ----- All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

Old Testament Scripture-----Psalm 90

\*Gloria Patri----- The Congregation and Choir

New Testament Scripture-----I Corinthians 15:12-28

### Prayer

Tributes----- Mrs. Mary Lee Henderson  
Dr. J. W. Smith, Sr.

Eulogy----- Reverend Smith Turner, III

### Prayer of Comfort

\*Recessional Hymn:---O Master Let Us Walk With Thee

### \*Congregation Standing

Interment-----Pinewood Cemetery

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## Obituary



### CORA

Mrs. Tate Booton, the third eldest child and daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thad L. Tate was born into eternity on Monday, January 29, 1979 after an extended illness which she bore with courage, conviction, faith and prayer.

Mrs. Booton, born and reared in Charlotte, N. C., received her early education in the public schools. Then to Scotia Seminary and Hampton Institute, completing graduate work at Columbia University. She was employed in the Charlotte Public School System for thirty-two years, retiring in 1959.

At an early age she joined Grace AME Zion Church and was an active faithful member through the years, being a functional member of several strong organizations of the church during her long years of membership, with visible loyal support.

She was well known in Charlotte and the state and was active in several organizations of a social nature, such as the Bluebird Club which is the oldest negro female social club in the city, The Charlotte Links, Inc. of which she was a charter member and The Chip and Dip Bridge Club.

Those who cherish her memories are: son and daughter-in-law, Rev. and Mrs. Ray A. Booton of Charlotte; brother, Mr. Guion D. Tate of Sacramento, Calif.; sisters, Mrs. Mildred T. Pettis of Richmond, Va. and Mrs. Aurelia T. Henderson of Charlotte, N. C.; nephews, Mr. William J. Trent, Jr. of Greensboro, N. C., Mr. Talmadge D. Tate of Berkeley, Calif. and Mr. Willis J. Pettis of Richmond, Va.; nieces, Mrs. Natalie T. Scurlock, and Mrs. Maye T. Jackson of Washington, D. C. and Mrs. Jocelyn T. Booker of Cleveland, Ohio and many, many devoted friends in Charlotte and Southeastern U. S.

### TRIBUTE TO MY DEAR FRIEND

As I walked into the orchard among the many trees I picked the one named Friendship. Co-Bert was that tree. The tree I could associate with my choicest thoughts. Of all felicities the most charming is the firm gentle friendship we shared.

She understood my many moods, was always there with a word of encouragement and a pleasant smile, she gave me the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe. I never had to weigh my thoughts or measure words, could just pour them out knowing they were safe. She was able to multiply your joys, divide your griefs and her honesty was invaluable. Her friendship to me was:

Like music heard on the waters,  
Like Pines where the wind passeth by,  
Like pearls in the depths of the ocean,  
Like June and the odor of roses,  
Like dew and the freshness of morn,  
Like sunshine that kisseth the clover,  
Like tassels of silk on the corn,  
Like mountains that arch the blue heavens,  
Like clouds when the sun dippeth low,  
Like songs of birds in the forest,  
Like brooks where the sweet waters flow,  
Like dreams of Arcadian pleasures,  
Like everything breathing of kindness and  
Co-Bert was that Friend.

To me the tree is not dead and will not die, but will be standing to continue to sweeten my cares, dispel my sorrows and counsel my extremities.

By: Mrs. Elizabeth Frazier Moore...Jan., 1979

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