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Joseph Edward Moore

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Flower Bearers
Ushers, Lane Grove Baptist Church
Mount Carmel Baptist Church

Pall Bearers
Nephews

Appreciations
Perhaps you sent a lovely card, or sat quietly in a chair.
Perhaps you sent a floral piece, if so we saw it there.
Perhaps you spoke the kindest words, as any friend could say.
Perhaps you were not there at all, just thought of us this day.

Whatever you did to console our hearts:
a listening ear, a thought, a prayer, a hug
We thank you so very much.

Interment
Lane Grove Baptist Church Cemetery

Repast
Immediately following the burial
Lane Grove Baptist Church

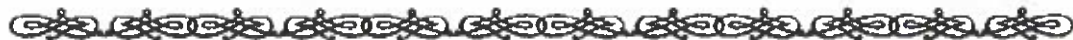
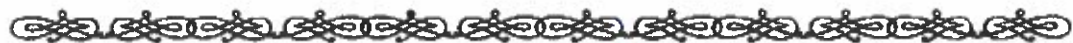
Service by Professionals
Dwight's Funeral Home
326 Old Waynesboro Road
Millen, Georgia 30442
(478) 982-1667

Celebration of Life and Love
of
Joseph Edward Moore



Saturday, June 27, 2009
12:00 pm
Lane Grove Baptist Church
Highway 121
Millen, Georgia 30442

Reverend Robert Owens, Pastor
Reverend David Lee Reese, Officiating



The Praying Hands

Back in the fifteenth century, in a tiny village near Nuremberg, lived a family with eighteen children. Eighteen! In order merely to keep food on the table for this big family, the father and head of the household, a goldsmith by profession, worked almost eighteen hours a day at his trade and any other paying chore he could find in the neighbourhood.

Despite their seemingly hopeless condition, two of Albrecht Durer the Elder's children had a dream. They both wanted to pursue their talent for art, but they knew full well that their father would never be financially able to send either of them to Nuremberg to study at the Academy.

After many long discussions at night in their crowded bed, the two boys finally worked out a pact. They would toss a coin. The loser would go down into the nearby mines and, with his earnings, support his brother while he attended the academy. Then, when that brother who won the toss completed his studies, in four years, he would support the other brother at the academy, either with sales of his artwork or, if necessary, also by labouring in the mines.

They tossed a coin on a Sunday morning after church. Albrecht Durer won the toss and went off to Nuremberg.

Albert went down into the dangerous mines and, for the next four years, financed his brother, whose work at the academy was almost an immediate sensation. Albrecht's etchings, his woodcuts, and his oils were far better than those of most of his professors, and by the time he graduated, he was beginning to earn considerable fees for his commissioned works.

When the young artist returned to his village, the Durer family held a festive dinner on their lawn to celebrate Albrecht's triumphant homecoming. After a long and memorable meal, punctuated with music and laughter, Albrecht rose from his honoured position at the head of the table to drink a toast to his beloved brother for the years of sacrifice that had enabled Albrecht to fulfil his ambition. His closing words were, "And now, Albert, blessed brother of mine, now it is your turn. Now you can go to Nuremberg to pursue your dream, and I will take care of you."

All heads turned in eager expectation to the far end of the table where Albert sat, tears streaming down his pale face, shaking his lowered head from side to side while he sobbed and repeated, over and over, "No ...no ...no ...no."

Finally, Albert rose and wiped the tears from his cheeks. He glanced down the long table at the faces he loved, and then, holding his hands close to his right cheek, he said softly, "No, brother I cannot go to Nuremberg. It is too late for me. Look ... look what four years in the mines have done to my hands! The bones in every finger have been smashed at least once, and lately I have been suffering from arthritis so badly in my right hand that I cannot even hold a glass to return your toast, much less make delicate lines on parchment or canvas with a pen or a brush. No, brother ... for me it is too late."

More than 450 years have passed. By now, Albrecht Durer's hundreds of masterful portraits, pen and silver point sketches, water-colours, charcoals, woodcuts, and copper engravings hang in every great museum in the world, but the odds are great that you, like most people, are familiar with only one of Albrecht Durer's works. More than merely being familiar with it, you very well may have a reproduction hanging in your home or office.

One day, to pay homage to Albert for all that he had sacrificed, Albrecht Durer painstakingly drew his brother's abused hands with palms together and thin fingers stretched skyward. He called his powerful drawing simply "Hands," but the entire world almost immediately opened their hearts to his great masterpiece and renamed his tribute of love "The Praying Hands."

The next time you see a copy of that touching creation, take a second look. Let it be your reminder, if you still need one, that no one - no one - - ever makes it alone!



Psalm 48: 1

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.

Shed No Tears For Me

*Shed no tears, he would say
For I am not dead, I'm just away.
I called on the Lord, so He answered and came
To take me away to a place where I'd feel no pain
My heart is at ease and I am at rest
God took me home because He knew what was best.
He knew Heaven was where I needed to be.
Don't worry about me, I am just fine
Because victory is mine.
I've fought my battle and I've won
I've made it home to see my savior . . . The Holy One.*



Obituary

Joseph Edward Moore, a resident of Millen, Georgia, entered into eternal rest on Sunday, June 21, 2009 while a patient at the Aiken Regional Medical Center. He was born in Millen, Georgia on December 4, 1940, and was the eldest son of the late Greene Franklin Moore, Sr. and Estella Jackson Moore.

He joined Lane Grove Baptist Church and was baptized at the early age of 9. He regularly attended church services, Sunday school and Baptist Training Union.

Joseph graduated from Burgess Landrum High School in 1957 and relocated to Brunswick, Georgia where he began working at the Jekyll Island Estate on Jekyll Island. In 1962, he married Eva Yvonne Hill. This union was blessed with four children. Later, he relocated his family to Chicago, Illinois where he spent the majority of his adult life. In 1981, Joseph married Gwendolyn Treadwell and this union was blessed with two children. Joseph worked with Alden's as a shipping and receiving clerk. Later, he bought his own cab and pursued his passion for driving. Upon returning to Georgia in 1998, Joseph joined Salem Bible Church under the pastor ship of Rev. Jasper Williams, while living in the Atlanta area. He returned home to Millen and renewed his membership at Lane Grove Baptist Church. He enjoyed attending church and hearing the word of God. As a child and as an adult, Joseph always strived to avoid troublesome situations. He was liked and loved by most people who knew him. Joseph was a man who did not often display public affection but he loved his family. He was not the most loquacious of his siblings but always managed to get his points across.

He was preceded in death by his parents, four sisters (Don Rue Lloyd, Ida Lou Moore, Alice Louise Wallace, and Mildred Swinson) and two brothers (Willie Lee Moore and Greene Franklin Moore, Jr.) He is survived by his children Joseph E. Moore Jr. (Letteria), Herman L. Moore, Lisa R. Moore, Sherry L. Moore, George Wright, Eric Moore, Joni Moore, and Joseph I. Moore; 14 grandchildren, three great grand children, one step daughter, Tia Daniels, one stepson, Keith Treadwell, four sisters; Margaret McIntyre, Catherine Whitfield (Samuel), Mary J. Williams (Willie) and Deborah Butler (Alfonzo); two brothers, Samuel Moore (Marie), and Leamon Moore, brother in law Robert Swinson, one aunt, Jimmie Lee Smalls (Eugene), one uncle, Joseph Moore (Mae), several nieces, nephews, cousins and friends and church family.

*To God be the glory!
Lovingly submitted by the family*

Order Of Service

Presiding	Reverend David Lee Reese	
Processional		
Invocation		
Selection	Lane Grove Baptist Church Choir	
Scripture		
	Old Testament	
	New Testament	
Solo	Keary Williams (Nephew)	
Obituary	(Read Silently)	
Words of Comfort		
	As a Neighbor	Annette Reddick
	As a Church Member	Deacon Willie Lee Jones
Instrumental Selection	Ormond Moore (Nephew)	
Eulogy	Reverend David Lee Reese	
Acknowledgments		
Final Viewing		
Recessional		
Interment		