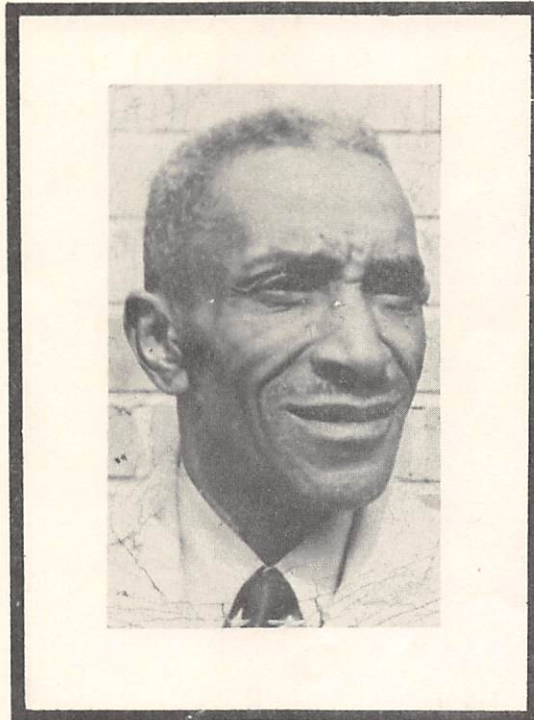


FUNERAL SERVICE
IN CELEBRATION OF THE COMPLETED LIFE OF
MR. TOM WASHINGTON
AUGUST 6, 1912 - APRIL 18, 1973



This day I make you a fortified city,
a pillar of iron, a wall of bronze,
to stand fast against the whole land,
against the kings and princes of Judah,
its priests and its people.
They will make war on you but shall not overcome you,
for I am with you and will keep you safe.
This is the very word of the Lord.

Jeremiah 1: 18-19

Friday, April 20, 1973 - 8:00PM
The Chapel of the Religious House
The Ecumenical Institute: Chicago
3444 West Van Buren Street
Chicago, Illinois

OBITUARY

Mr. Tom Washington was born to Angie and Turner Washington in Madison County, Mississippi on August 6, 1912. He was their second child.

At an early age he was converted and united with Pleasant Gift Missionary Baptist Church under the pastorate of Rev. M. B. Parnell.

On November 20, 1942, at the age of 30, he entered the Army at Camp Shelby, Mississippi. He served as a sergeant until January 7, 1944 at which time he left Camp Clairborne, Louisiana with an honourable discharge.

In later years he migrated to Florence, Alabama and was united in holy matrimony to Miss Elnora Johnson. To this union three children were born.

After moving to Chicago and remembering the Baptist Covenant, he joined the Tabernacle Baptist Church under the pastorate of Dr. Louis Rawls. There he served as a faithful member. As a churchman he committed his life to local and global community reformulation with the 5th City Community and the Ecumenical Institute.

He departed this life Wednesday, April 18, 1973 at 8:00 AM

He is survived by a loyal wife, Elnora, four daughters and three sons; Mrs. Mary Price, Mrs. Carolyn Jones, Phyllistine and Joyce Ann Washington, Mr. Percy Washington, Thomas Washington Jr., all of Chicago, and Mr. Herbert Washington of Milwaukee, Wisconsin; two loving sisters, Mrs. Clara Hayes, of Chicago, and Mrs. Josephine Dixon of Canton, Mississippi; seven devoted brothers, Mr. Sam Washington, Mr. Turner Washington Jr., Mr. Harry Washington, Canton, Mississippi, Mr. Walter Washington of Jackson, Mississippi, Mr. Peter Washington, Mr. Ail Washington, and Mr. Floyd Washington of Chicago; five grandchildren, a host of nieces, nephews, and many relatives and friends.

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star
And one clear Call for me!
And may there be no moaning
When I put out to sea.

Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness
Of farewell when I embark.

And tho' I'm worn of time and place
The flood may bear me far
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

THE RESOLUTION

Today we gather to celebrate the journey through life of Tom Washington, born August 6, 1912, and died April 18, 1973. His death came in the sixty-first year of his life.

Early in 1963, Tom Washington actively participated in the initial planning and researching of the 5th City as a dream and as a practical social model. On the original board of managers, he served as Assistant Coordinator assigned to the political guild and primarily responsible for the urban services. He was one of the first board of directors for the Fifth City Citizens Redevelopment Corporation. In the recent years of 5th City expansion, he and other businessmen were instrumental in the development of a shopping center, a new sign of economic resurgence in the inner city.

Tom Washington cared for his fellow men by being the 5th City presuppositions. He was the guardian who assumed responsibility for every inch of 5th City geography. He was the first seen out on the streets each morning and the last to leave each night. His care encompassed all ages and all areas of innocent suffering within this community. He was known for his sensitivity relative to the physical care of his neighbours as well as their spiritual nurture. His participation in a world war and over half a century of living, had taught Tom Washington that the world is a more human city when local men and women assume responsibility for the quality of life in their local communities. Without a question, Tom Washington was out to build 5th City. His strong vision of the role of 5th City in creating a new world and his missional engagement transcended the barriers between male and female, youth and adult, black and white.

Tom Washington was a molder of the future and shaper of human lives. He was the elder and storyteller - a source of practical wisdom and real humour for all in the community and particularly for the youth from whom he evoked discipline and responsibility. Frequently, his stories reflected his appreciation for George Patton under whom he served and of a much older saint, Moses. His style was that of unquestioned conviction and quiet, prophetic leadership. As the invisible servant and the Iron Man, he gave all who encountered him full permission to create new life in 5th City: Chicago on behalf of the globe. His death, as his life, comes as accountability, and permission to be 5th City.

Therefore, we resolve that Tom Washington be remembered as one of the first 5th City Iron Men - one who had seen a vision and who shared his vision of hope, possibility and corporateness for this 5th City and future 5th Cities around the world.

Grace and peace be unto you,

The 5th City:Chicago Community

THE OBITUARY OF TOM WASHINGTON

We are gathered here to mark the sojourn through life of Tom Washington. Tom was sent by God to live in this world, and now he has been removed by God from his station. He was sent to be a part of the family of mankind. He was born in Madison County, Mississippi, to Turner and Angie Washington on August 6, 1912, and died his death on April 18, 1973, in 5th City, Chicago.

Tom was a husband, father, and brother. He was the husband of Elnora, and the father of three sons, Percy, Thomas, and Herbert, and four daughters, Mary, Carolyn, Phyllistine and Joyce Ann. He was a brother to Clara, Josephine, Sam, Turner, Harry, Walter, Peter, Ail and Floyd, all who survive him.

Tom was a citizen of Chicago, and a committed member of the 5th City community. He was currently assigned to the reformulating task of seeing that Urban Services were provided for the community. He was a member of Pleasant Gift Missionary Baptist Church in Mississippi, and Tabernacle Baptist Church in Chicago.

Tom served his country in World War II, enlisting at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, in 1942, and was discharged in 1944 having reached the rank of Sergeant. He bore the scars of those trials the rest of his life.

He completed one life of service in the United States Army and the U. S. Post Office, then continued to be active as part of the Board of Managers of the 5th City Community. In becoming a servant to mankind, Tom pioneered the area of Urban Services. His wisdom came from a deep intuitive knowledge of his community. He arose early each morning, and was the responsible keeper of the keys. He was a man who was known by the entire community and respected by them. People came to him when they were in deep anguish and when something small needed repairing. He befriended many youth in times of crisis, and he worked steadily, faithfully towards a better future for his family, his neighbors and all men.

Tom was one who insisted on holding the long-range view, and in that context was patient and willing to keep working when immediate results were not available. He was a man of integrity, and in his constant presence held that integrity for the community. Tom embodied steadfast responsibility for the place where he was at any given moment. His particular concern for the physical care of 5th City symbolized the necessity of dealing with all the problems at one time. Above all else, Tom was a spirit man and constantly insisted that the deeps of human resources be released. Being a symbol of these fundamental principles of 5th City, Tom's life was an instrument for renewal within 5th City.

In Tom's departure from this life, he leaves behind a world that has been altered by his faithful labor. That alteration is not yet fully visible and few will ever know his full role. But local

communities across the globe will arise to bless his name by building upon the principles and methods that he forged here by the expenditure of his life. First hundreds, then thousands, then millions of communities will feast off his life.

Tom died as he lived, looking toward the future. His life and death is a sign calling all men to rise up and engage in building the new earth. He lived his life in radical engagement, and now in awesome peace is living his death. His life is complete and will remain forever a part of the eternal mystery that creates and shapes the world.

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.
Amen.

So Good Friday is
your life -
That style of life you
have an opportunity
to choose -

Shopping center - wouldn't
be here except for Uni.

Co. has an opportunity
to choose the style
of life that he ~~is~~
lives before Uni
crucifixion - living
that style until
death - like Jeremiah
- a pillar of iron.
God told Jeremiah
can bear the pain.

THE ACT OF OFFERING

PRAYER.....Rev. Larry Ward
PSALM 13.....The Choir

How long oh Lord wilt Thou quite forget me
How long wilt thou hide thy face from me?
How long must I suffer anguish in my soul,
grief in my heart, day and night?
How long shall my enemy lord it over me?
Look now and answer me, O Lord my God.
Give light to my eyes lest I sleep the sleep of death,
lest my adversary say, "I have overthrown him",
and my enemies rejoice at my downfall.
But for my part I trust in thy true love.
My heart shall rejoice, for thou hast set me free.
I will sing to the Lord, who has granted all my desire.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.....Mrs. Helen Eskridge
OBITUARY.....Mrs. Mildred Robinson
REMARKS.....Mr. Richard McMullen
RESOLUTIONS:
5th City.....Mrs. Lela Mosley
The Order and The Ecumenical Institute.....Mrs. Lyn Mathews
SOLO.....Mr. Willie A. Warren
GO DOWN MOSES.....The Choir

When Isreal was in Egypt Land,
Let my people go!
Oppressed so hard they could not stand,
Let my people go!

Refrain:
Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land;
Tell old Pharaoh to let my people go!

Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,
Let my people go!
If not, I'll smite your first-born dead,
Let my people go!

WITNESS.....Rev. Larry Ward
MARCHING SONG OF THE IRON MEN.....The Choir

Deep within the hearts of Black Men
Charred by bitterness and pain,
By three hundred years of slavery,
Of injustice, fear and shame,
Burns the spark of human dignity
Which history will claim
As the destiny of man.

Refrain:
Men of iron, we stand together;
Men of iron, we stand together;
Men of iron, we stand together
For the dignity of man.

Larry Ward

There was a style of life

A moment of sorrow, anguish + glory
Good Friday. How a man
runs to turn up his
death: how he lives his
life. This happening, facing
death, is a holy happening
in our lives - this is a
complete day, a perfect day.
bec. life is in history.

Good Fri. has played on
man's sense that this
world is a world of scorn,
of suffering - human history
is pure tragedy - 6 will Jews
of 20 will slaves, 40 200
murderer and in divorce.

That will never change: it's
the history of man kind + it's
the history of our own lives.

If I ever forget it, then I remember
that I don't know my parents - left
on a doorstep.

Jesus on the cross is everyone of
us on the cross.

you the pain + suff of life
itself. The crucifixion
happens every day of our lives.
reminds us that life is broken,
separated.

The crucifixion:

if Jesus didn't do it
then someone else
would have: be. else
no way of coming to turn up the
broken
Jesus - showed that life was
crucifixion, but not only that
that life comes from crucifixion.
You + I live off the crucifixion
of others - that is what shows
life can come from nowhere else,
than crucifixion.

Dying is nothing special - everybody
does that - it's the living
your life that is special.

It's only then death, pain, crucifixion
+ anguish that we have life.
Elmore knows that life
rages for her (she didn't
commit suicide)

"I've got life on my hands"
We got one great life, one
glorious moment in history
on our hands

There is a great big hole
in life that will never be
filled - up.

The pain, suffering of the whole
world is on your hands
eg. parents cut hands of children
so will be good beggars.

WERE YOU THERE?

Were you there when they crucified my Lord
were you there,
Were you there when they crucified my Lord
were you there,

Oh sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble,
Were you there when they crucified my Lord.

Were you there when: they nailed Him to the tree
they pierced Him in the side
the sun refused to shine
they laid Him in the Tomb
He rose up from the dead.