

**EXPRESSIONS OF GRATITUDE FROM THE FAMILY**

The family of the late Whitaker Norris wishes to acknowledge the many acts of kindness, cards of condolence, telegrams, visits and lovely flowers during the passing of our loved one. May God bless each of you.

**PALLBEARERS**

Melvin Glenn  
James Eatmon  
X. A. Alford

Ulysses Perkins  
James Sweeney  
Tony Brackens

**HONORARY BEARERS**

Isiah Carden  
Roosevelt Black  
Curtis Eatmon

Morris L. Mitchell  
Mack A. Hunter  
McDuffe Betts

**INTERMENT**

Rhode Island Cemetery  
Freestone County

Services Rendered By  
**KIBLER-CAPPS FUNERAL HOME**  
Fairfield, Texas  
In Charge

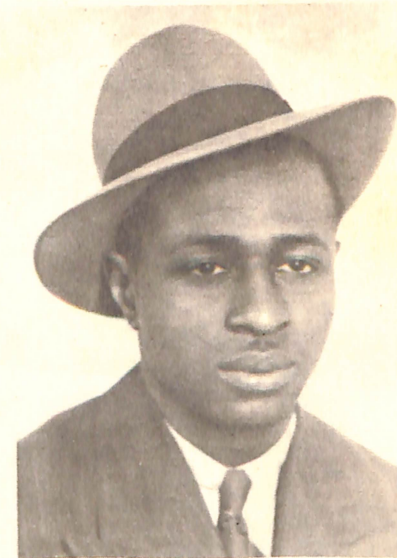
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**In Loving Memory**

—OF—

**MR. WHITAKER "Hoss" NORRIS**

*November 1, 1915*  
*December 27, 1980*



**— SERVICES —**

Friday, January 2, 1981 – 1:00 P. M.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Fairfield, Texas

Reverend W. M. Johnson, Officiating

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## MEMORIAL SERVICE

PROCESSIONAL – Minister and Family

HYMN – “What A Friend” - Choir

SCRIPTURE – Rev. A. M. Mayes

PRAYER – Elder J. I. Hemphill

HYMN – “I Need Thee Every Hour” - Choir

RESOLUTIONS – Church and Lodge

OBITUARY – Read silently (soft music)

SOLO – Mrs. Eva Lois McIlveen

WORDS OF COMFORT – Rev. W. M. Johnson

THE PARTING VIEW

RECESSIONAL

## OBITUARY

Mr. Whitaker Norris, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Norris, was born on November 1, 1915 in Fairfield, Texas. He grew up in Fairfield and attended public schools in the area.

He moved to Lubbock, Texas, in 1940. In 1943, he moved to Los Angeles, California, where he was employed by Superior Optical Company until his retirement in 1975. In 1976, he moved back to Fairfield and lived some happy retired years hunting, fishing and visiting with many of his old and new friends.

A sister, Irma Jean, and a brother, Radio, preceded him in death.

He is survived by a brother, Travis Saint Clair of Los Angeles, California, an aunt, Annie McMullen of Streetman, Texas, and a host of relatives and friends.

*“Man that is born of a woman is of a few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down. He fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.”*  
Job 14:1-2

No one hears the gates that open  
When they pass beyond our calls,  
Soft as the dropping petals of the rose  
One by one, our loved ones fall.

But the memory of each loved one  
Like the fragrance of the rose,  
God sends to linger with us,  
'Till our own life's door shall close.

The pains of death are fast  
Labor and sorrow cease  
And life's long welfare closed  
At last his soul has found peace.