

# **Donnie Ray Wade**

January 23, 1950 - October 27, 2018

Celebrating the Life of  
**Donnie Ray Wade**

Tuesday, October 30, 2018 9:30 a.m.

Calder Baptist Church

Beaumont, Texas

Reverend James R. Fuller

Soloist: Fred Simon

Pianist: Rob Clark

Prelude

*“What a Wonderful World”*

Opening Sentences and Prayer

For Daddy – Eulogy  
Alexandra Wade Nielsen, Daughter

*“Somewhere over the Rainbow”*

*“Kindness”* by Naomi Nye

Message

Prayer

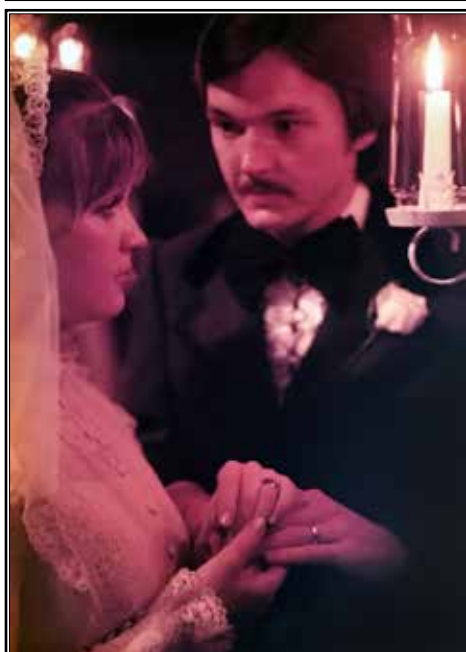
*“The Old Rugged Cross”*

Postlude

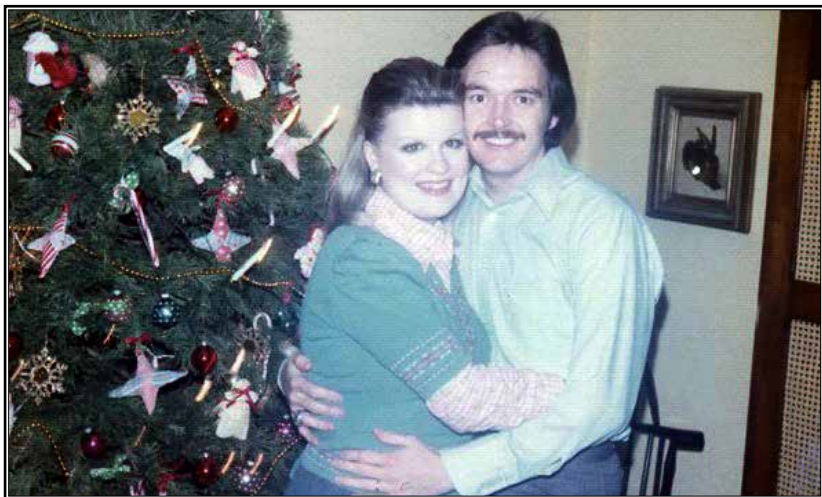
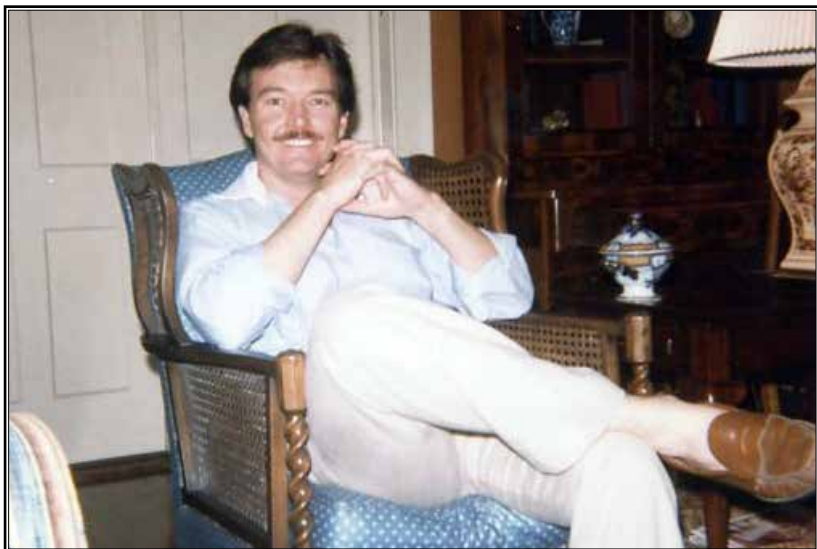
*Do not stand at my grave and weep  
I am not there. I do not sleep.  
I am a thousand winds that blow.  
I am the diamond glints on snow.  
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.  
I am the gentle autumn rain.  
When you awaken in the morning's hush  
I am the swift uplifting rush  
Of quiet birds in circled flight.  
I am the soft stars that shine at night.  
Do not stand at my grave and cry;  
I am not there. I did not die.*

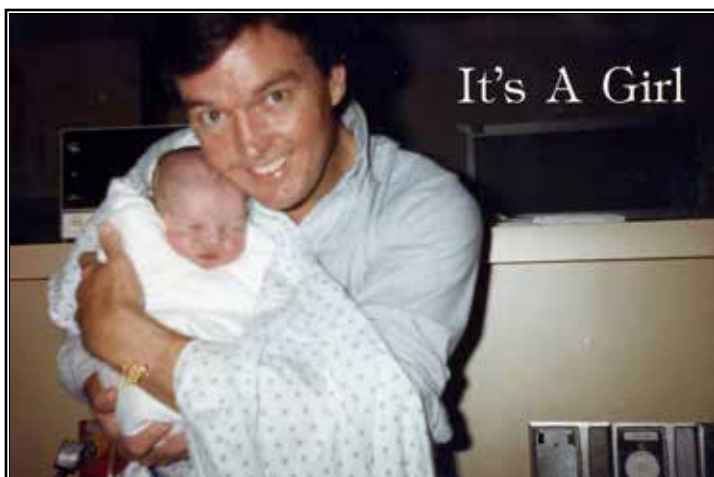
Donnie is survived by his wife, Margaret; daughter, Alexandra; granddaughter, Georgia and five siblings. He passed away at home from complications of Parkinson's disease.





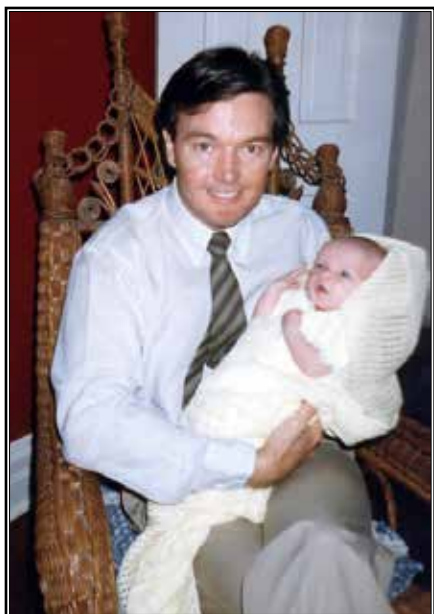








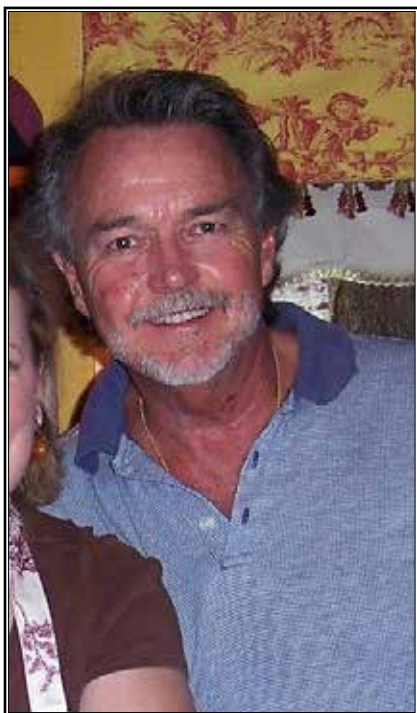






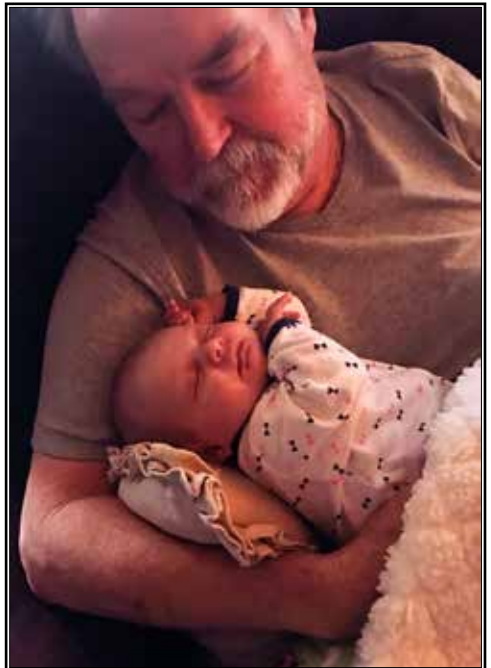
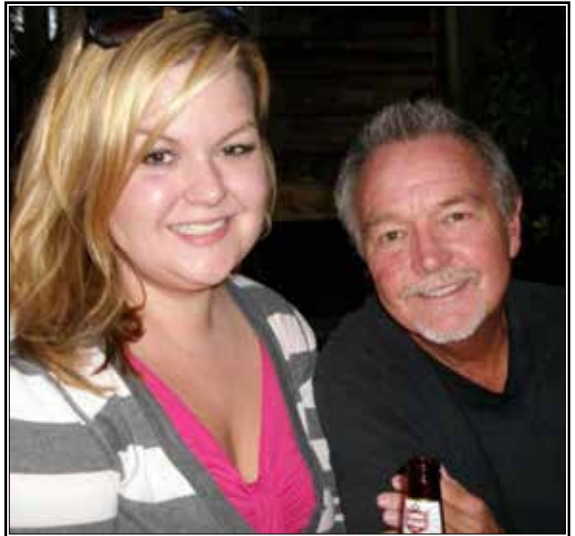


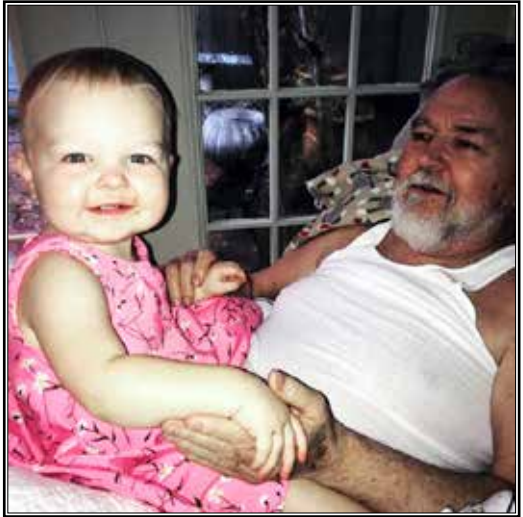












## **Kindness**

Naomi Shihab Nye, 1952

*Before you know what kindness really is  
you must lose things,  
feel the future dissolve in a moment  
like salt in a weakened broth.  
What you held in your hand,  
what you counted and carefully saved,  
all this must go so you know  
how desolate the landscape can be  
between the regions of kindness.  
How you ride and ride  
thinking the bus will never stop,  
the passengers eating maize and chicken  
will stare out the window forever.*

*Before you learn the tender gravity of kindness  
you must travel where the Indian in a white poncho  
lies dead by the side of the road.  
You must see how this could be you,  
how he too was someone  
who journeyed through the night with plans  
and the simple breath that kept him alive.*

*Before you know kindness as the deepest thing inside,  
you must know sorrow as the other deepest thing.  
You must wake up with sorrow.  
You must speak to it till your voice  
catches the thread of all sorrows  
and you see the size of the cloth.  
Then it is only kindness that makes sense anymore,  
only kindness that ties your shoes  
and sends you out into the day to gaze at bread,  
only kindness that raises its head  
from the crowd of the world to say  
It is I you have been looking for,  
and then goes with you everywhere  
like a shadow or a friend.*

### **Memorial Contributions**

Catholic Charities of Southeast Texas: Food Pantry Fund  
2780 Eastex Freeway  
Beaumont, Texas 77703



Please sign Mr. Wade's guest book and share your memories at  
[www.broussards1889.com](http://www.broussards1889.com)