

We, the family of Willie James Orr, Sr., would like to express our sincere gratitude to those of you who so kindly celebrated his life with us. Your kindness and support will always remain in our hearts. Thank You and God Bless You.









Professional Services Entrusted to:



Martin Funeral Home and Cremation LLC

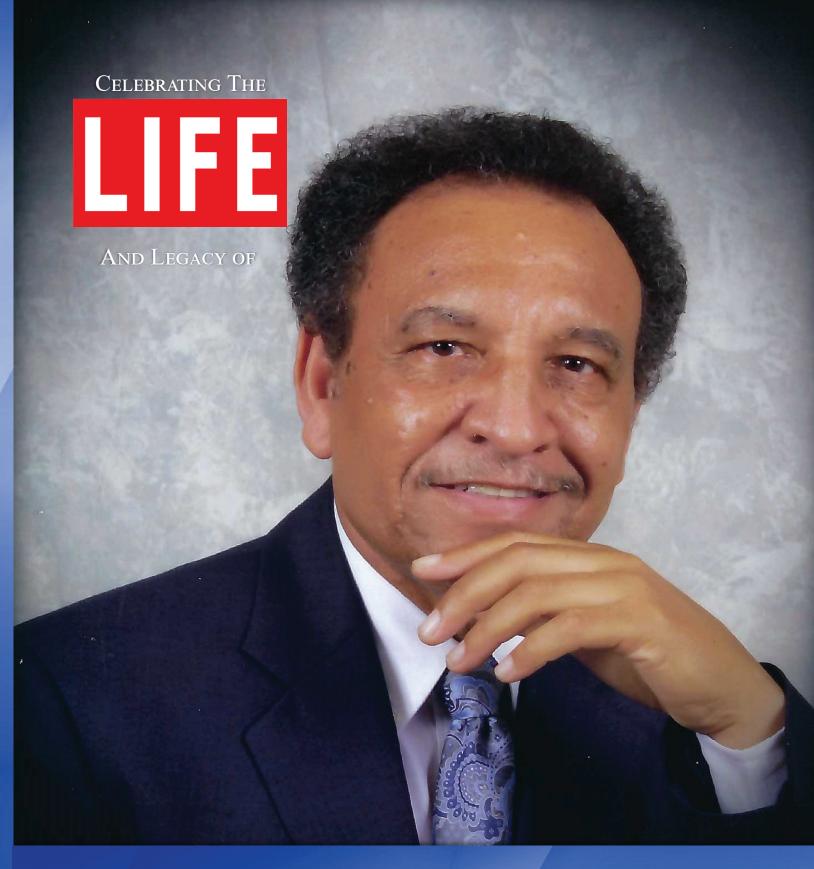
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(Second Location)

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Program Design By: Epsilon Service Plus 678.673.6278



Willie James Orr

MARCH 20, 1947 - FEBRUARY 27, 2022

HIS STORY

To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven...

A Time to Be Born: We enter this world from "The Great Unknown" and God gives each spirit a form of its own. He endows this form with a heart and a soul to spur man on to his ultimate goal. Willie James Orr Sr. was born March 20, 1947, in Hampton County to the late Isaiah and the late Bessie Jenkins Orr.

A Time to Live: "WJ" attended the public schools of Hampton County and graduated from Estill Training School in 1964. He later attended Orangeburg Technical College and received an Associate Degree in Business. He then went to the University of South Carolina and received his Bachelor's Degree in Interdisciplinary Studies. "WJ" was married to Sara Owens Orr for over 52 years and this union was blessed with five sons.

A Time to Serve: ""WJ" service to his country began when he joined the United States Army during the Vietnam War earning the rank of Sergeant. He continued his service by becoming a member of Sweetrose Baptist Church and serving as a Trustee and Sunday School Teacher until his health failed. "WJ" would serve his community throughout his life in varies capacities: Chairman of the First Elected African American Board of Trustees for Hampton School District 2, where he received numerous awards; as well as the construction of Estill High School. He served as campaign manager for Hampton County's First Elected African American Sheriff, Rudy Loadholt and SC House of Representative, Doug McTeer. He also served on the Technical College of the Lowcountry Board. "WJ" was employed for forty four years at Westinghouse, Hampton, SC, which later became International Paper, Nevamar, and Panalam industries.

A Time to Die: For all men are born to return as they came, and birth and death are in essence the same. He departed this life on Sunday, February 27, 2022, at his home.

A Time to Mourn: He leaves to Cherish his fond memories and carry on his legacy: a devoted wife of the home, Sara Owens Orr; five sons, Willie "JJ" (Patrice) Orr, Cotherious Orr, Stacy (Shameka) Orr, Timothy (Altresia) Orr, and Jonathan Orr; granddaughters, Timonika, Princess, Amara, and Amber; grandsons, Kysim, Altravian, Timothy Jr, Cotherious Jr, Shamon, Jeremy, and Stacy Jr.; great-grandchildren, Karson, Layla, Ryan, and Jayden; two brothers, Ben (Vera) Orr and Glenn (Deborah) Orr; two sisters, Dr. Lillie Rose (David) Walker and Vivian (Jerry) Gordan; sister-in-law, Loran (Johnny) Wright; a host of loving nieces and nephews, cousins and caring friends.

A Time to Rejoice: "Far beyond this world in beauty there lives the purpose of death, which is but to gain life everlasting in God's great domain... and no one makes this journey alone, because God has promised to take care of His own. Death bursts our chrysalis of clay, "so that our soul is free to soar toward eternity to dwell in peace with thee."

ORDER OF SERVICE

REV. DARRYL BROWN, OFFICIATING

Sunday, March 6, 2022 12:00 Noon Cypress Creek Cemetery Pineland, South Carolina

Processional Viewing	
Military Honors	O
Invocation	R
	D
Scripture: Old Testament	1
New Testament	E
Solo	R
Expressions of Love: As His Deacon Deacon Harold Youmans	
As His Childhood Friend Bro. Rufus (Gator) Gordon As a Coworker Bishop Calvin Hamilton	O
Special Tribute	F
Resolution	1
Solo	S
Eulogy	
Service of Commendation	R
Committal	
Mortician's Brief	V
Recessional	1
CROSSING THE BAR Sunset and evening star, and one clear call for me!	C

And may there be no moaning of the bar, when I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep, too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep, turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell, and after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell, when I embark;
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place the flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face, when I have cross'd the bar.