



Katie B. Squire

July 8, 1925 - June 14, 2002

“To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven”Katie B. Squire, the daughter of the late Fred and Velma Craddock, was born on July 8, 1925 in Red Springs, North Carolina. She departed this life on June 14, 2002. Katie spent her early years in North Carolina and was educated there in its public schools. As a young woman she moved to Baltimore where she became gainfully employed right away. One thing could always be said of her by anyone who met Katie; and that is, “ She is a very diligent and hard worker, never shirking her responsibilities.” Katie worked diligently in order to provide, and maintain a good home for her only child, Willis; often working two or three jobs as a laborer and housekeeper in the greater Baltimore area. God brought Millard Squire into her life and they were united in holy matrimony. Soon after their marriage they each accepted Jesus Christ as their Lord and Saviour. They subsequently joined this church, New Pleasant Grove Missionary Baptist, where she faithfully served as an usher. Even through illness God enabled her to remain as a dutiful member of the congregation. Members even honored her by affectionately referring to her as the “Queen” of the church. Katie loved her family very much. She helped to rear her four eldest grandsons. She loved her church family as well and gave of herself generously in anyway that she could. She, most of all, loved Christ and continued to praise Him in her sick room until her passing. Katie Squire is preceded in passing by Willie Douglas Craddock, a younger brother and grandsons Norris L. and Colin K. BookerKatie leaves to cherish her memory:

her devoted husband, Millard Squire, her only child, Willis L Booker; stepdaughter, Carolyn Brown; five grandchildren Mark A., Jerry R., Teara Q., Willis L., Jr. and Daron Booker; seven great grandchildren, Mark A. Jr., Dawan, Dawayne, Taylor, Shanequa, Tyqwell and Tyla Booker; four brothers, Jerry and Edwin Craddock of Baltimore, Albert Craddock of North Carolina and John Craddock of California; three sisters, Lizzie M. Aaron and Sheila Jones of Baltimore and Berlene McPhaul of North Carolina; stepbrothers and sisters, Ralph, Linwood, Ethel and Amelia; daughter-in-law, Trudy Booker; granddaughter-in-law, Anjanette Booker; betty Craddock and other sisters-in-law; her favorite uncle, John Craddock; aunts nieces, nephews, cousins, a host of other relatives and friends.

Tribute Wall



“ *Katie B. Squire*

March 25, 2023 at 10:25 AM



“ *Katie B. Squire*

October 13, 2022 at 08:33 AM



“ *Please accept our heartfelt sympathy in your time of great sorrow. Only those who have lost a loved one can know the depths of your feelings. We hope our caring will make your sorrow easier to bear.##imported-begin##The March Family and Staff##imported-end##*

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM



“ You never made a worldly fortune and it's definitely too late now. But you did not worry about that much, Because You were happy anyhow. And as You went along life's way, You reaped better than you sowed. You drank from your saucer, 'Cause your cup had overflowed. You did not have a lot of riches, and sometimes the going's became tough. But You had loving ones around you, and that made you rich enough. You thanked God for his blessings, and the mercies He bestowed. You drank from your saucer, 'Cause your cup had overflowed. You remembered times when things went wrong, And your faith wore somewhat thin. But all at once the dark clouds broke, and sun peeped through again. You asked the Lord, to help you not to gripe about the tough rows that you've hoed. You drank from your saucer, "Cause your cup had overflowed. God gave you strength and courage, When the way grew steep and rough. You did not ask for other blessings, Because you knew you were already blessed enough. You never were too busy, To help others bear their loads. You kept drinking from your saucer, "Cause your cup had overflowed." LOVINGLY SUBMITTED, With My Deepest Sympathy.....William##imported-begin##William Henry Wilkins##imported-end##

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