



Wilkie Mae Moore-Campbell

September 18, 1918 - June 8, 2002

My earliest recollection of home was sitting on the kitchen floor at 452 Belmont Avenue. I was pulling out every pot and pan from the pantry while my grandmother hopelessly watched. Turning to the back door I saw a beautiful lady with long, black wavy hair and camel colored coat enter. That beautiful lady was my mother. Little did I know then that she would become my best friend. My mom, Wilkie Mae Moore was born in Dothan, Alabama on September 18, 1918. She was the only surviving child of three infants born to the late Wilkie Solomon and Mary Gertrude Baker. At a young age, her parents migrated North to Newark, New Jersey where her father obtained a good position as a Pullman Porter in 1923. My mother attended Robert Treat Elementary school in Newark, while her high school years were spent at Barringer High. As a child she was very outgoing. She participated in many athletic activities. Momma always had a dream of attending Oakwood College in Huntsville, Alabama. However, because of her parents' illness this dream was deferred, sending her off into the work world. She became employed at the St. Barnabas Medical Center where she served for 35 years caring for others. This job brought her great fulfillment. Under the leadership of the late Elder H. Kibble, she and her mother became members of the Bergen Street Seventh-day Adventist Church, which later became known as Trinity Temple. There she met and married Abraham Campbell. My mother loved Trinity Temple. It was near and dear to her heart and ever remained that way. It was here that she drew close to God and formed lasting friendships. She held

many positions in the Church. She served as MV Leader, Leader of the Early Morning Prayer Service, Nursing Team member, Sabbath School Pianist, Sabbath schoolteacher and wherever else her services were needed. Many times she would sing solos or duets with Sister Frances Hardy, her singing buddy. In later years, she was blessed with a little shadow that she nicknamed "Cookie," and boy did we have great times together! She was my piano teacher when I didn't want to practice. She was my schoolteacher when I needed to master certain difficult assignments. She was my counselor when I needed the guidance of someone who would listen and understand. She was my compass as she continuously pointed me to God. She was my example showing me how to be kind and loving to others. My mother taught me by example the importance of having a strong sense of duty and commitment to family. It was through her that I learned to care for her as she took care of her parents, never leaving them until their dying day. I am so thankful to God for allowing me to express my love and gratitude toward Mother by caring for her as her strength waned. One of the greatest joys Mom had was being able to send me to Oakwood College. She worked long hours, sometimes taking on extra jobs, but God blessed her to get me through. In her later years she became very excited when I received a call to teach at Baltimore Junior Academy, which ranked very high among the schools in the Allegheny east Conference. That along with the prompting of Elder and Mrs. Leon and Blanche Cox thoroughly convinced Mom and me that I should accept this teaching position. I really wanted to further my education in Music at Ohio State University, but my mother said, "Take the job! Take the job!" (Smiles) During my third year as teacher, Mother retired and moved to Baltimore as one of my greatest supporters. She eventually became a member of Berea Temple and embraced the members as a part of her family. She especially enjoyed singing with the Celebration Choir and always said she would go to hear Gloria (whom she loved dearly) in heaven. In 1996, Mother's health began to fail which caused her to remain home from church. It did not take long for the both of us to fully understand the text that says, "Where two or

three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them” (Matthew 18:20). We shared many wonderful Sabbaths together. We used that time to reflect, pray, sing and recognize the goodness of God despite any situation. On June 8, 2002, we were able to share once more in the early hours of the Sabbath before she fell asleep in the loving arms of Jesus. His mercy and His kindness endureth forever. I will miss her greatly. She leaves to mourn deeply: her beloved daughter, Donna Marie Moore-Green and a faithful and dedicated son, Raymond Green; Raymond’s mother, Annie; brothers, Jeffrey and Alvin Jr. and his wife, Margo and their daughter, Laurie Green; the Green Family, Exum Family, Shaye and Darryl McDaniel, Lane Family of East Orange, New Jersey and Herbie and Victoria Lane of Los Angeles, California; adopted daughters, Deborah Thomas, Prencella, Gwen Lankford, Dorine, Paula, Donna and Niecy; first cousin, William Russell of Detroit, Michigan; Mr. & Mrs. Kirk Nelson and family of Newark, New Jersey; Shirley and Joe Lewis of North Carolina; Catherine Strause and Annie Smith of Martinsburg, West Virginia; best friends, Edna Showers of Murdock, Florida, Mr. & Mrs. David Byrd; Mr. & Mrs. Ralph and Rayetta Dawkins and Mrs. Maxine Brown; and especially sweet little Marie and Arvin Turner and all the boys and girls of Baltimore Junior academy, who prayed for her faithfully; a great host of extended family; both the Trinity Temple and Berea Temple Church families, and one who loved her most dearly with dedicated service whom my mother, Raymond and I owe much gratitude, Mama Bailey Sneed.

Tribute Wall



“ *Wilkie Mae Moore-Campbell*

October 13, 2022 at 08:33 AM



“ *In the time of loss, know that we're thinking of you.##imported-begin##Brenda Holmes##imported-end##*

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM



“ *To Donna and family, I only met your mother once and since her illness, but I knew even then that she must've been something special because of the amount of love for her that shone all over your face. May the Lord watch over and comfort all of you as you await your reunion in heaven. Please take comfort in knowing that I am joining your other countless family and friends in prayer for each of you. May He continue to bless you real good.##imported-begin##Carol R. Brown##imported-end##*

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM



“ *The richness of the human experience is in what is handed down from one life to the next –not simple things of mortar and stone, but memories of what one said or felt or did. Live with your good memories, as they will add to your comfort, which comes from knowing that your grief is shared and understood.##imported-begin##The March Family and Staff##imported-end##*

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM