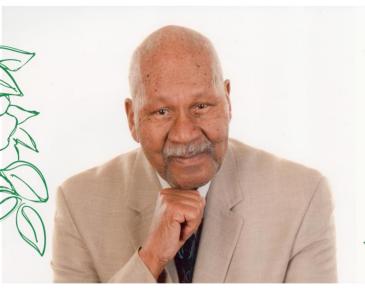
# HOMEGOING CELEBRATION

for

**Plater Thomas Campbell** 



April 18, 1928 - May 21, 2024

Holy Comforter-Saint Cyprian Catholic Church 1357 East Capitol Street, Southeast Washington, D.C.

Wednesday, May 29, 2024 Viewing: 9:00 am - Service: 11:00 am

Reverend Monsignor Charles Pope, Pastor Reverend Michael Bryant Reverend Monsignor Eddie Tolentino

## ORDER OF MASS

Entrance Hymn
Opening Rites, including placing of the pall

# Liturgy of the Word

Old Testament Reading: Revelations 21: 1-7
Responsorial Psalm: Psalm 23

"The Lord is my shepherd, there is nothing I shall want"

New Testament Reading: Romans 8: 14-23 Gospel Reading: John 14: 1-6

Homily

General Intercessions Response: Lord, hear our prayer.

Liturgy of the Eucharist

Preparation of Altar and Gifts
Offertory Song
Holy, Holy, Holy
Memorial Acclamation
Great Amen
The Lord's Prayer
Lamb of God
Reception of Holy Communion
Communion Song
Meditation Hymn
Prayer after Communion

# **Final Commendation and Farewell**

Prayer of Final Commendation Recessional Hymn

## Plater Thomas Campbell - In his own words\*\*

"My name is Plater Campbell and I am the son of Thomas Leroy and Flossie Plater Campbell." This Is how Plater would always begin a speech so people would understand that even though he was being celebrated, that he was the product of a community of people.



"I was born in DC and baptized at the old St. Cyprian's Church (established in 1893 at 13th and C Sts. SE and named for St.Thaddeus Cyprian [210-258 AD], an African bishop and martyr). My mother and father were both good Catholics and my father went to Mass there every day. As soon as I was able, I did too –just running one and a half blocks through the alley from home. I went to the parish school there and I was an altar boy."

Plater was the oldest of 4 siblings and is predeceased by Burdette James, Alvado Francis and Phyllis Mary Toliver. "Our parents told us there was nothing we couldn't do if we worked hard and followed the rules, and we

did. We did not look on our race or any situation as a handicap. I went to Haynes School and Lovejoy-Brown Middle School, walking back and forth every day, and then to St. Emma's Military Academy in Virginia. That was a private academy for Black students, the only one of its kind in the US, run by the Oblate Sisters of Providence with Benedictine priests."

"I loved spending summers on the farm with my grandpa, a farmer who grew tobacco and other crops. He was also the Deputy Sheriff of Charles County. (There was one sheriff for Blacks and one for Whites.) The farm next to him had white owners. We visited them when they got sick and they did the same for us. We went to their back door and they came to our front door, but we got along. We worked in the fields together, and when we finished we'd go down to the creek together. Later on I listened to Martin Luther King, Jr. and followed the Civil Rights struggle and I admired it, but I don't think racism seriously limited me"



"In college at Penn State I majored in Soil Agronomy, the study of soils and field crops. I played football for Penn, with Rip Engle and Joe Paterno as coaches. I was a back-up to Rosie Greer."

"I had great teachers and a great education all the way through, and I kept up with daily Mass all through those years -and until very recently, with the pandemic."



\*\* includes excerpts from a February, 2022 interview with Mary Leopold from the Secular Franciscans



"After graduation I joined the Marines and trained on Parris Island. Because I was a college graduate, I was made a section leader, and I took first place at graduation. I served for three years, all in peacetime, based at Camp Lejeune. I did mapmaking and landscaping and was able to travel extensively. "

"Once out of the military in 1955, I met Joannie, when my sister Phyllis introduced us. She was a graduate of Dunbarton College –one of very few Blacks to go there at that time –and a brilliant mathematician. She was one of the 'Hidden Figures' the movie is about!

We married here in DC. I applied for a job as a soil scientist with the US Department of Agriculture, and they told me they weren't hiring many Blacks on the East Coast. I told them I'd go anywhere, and they offered Arizona, which didn't sound good, then Fargo, North Dakota. I went ahead to Fargo and Joanie followed a few weeks later. "

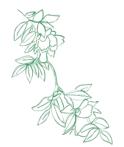




"Fargo is where we became Secular Franciscans, I think Joanie heard about the Third Order first, from people she met at church. We were professed together and the Franciscan Rule became the rule for our lives, for our family. We followed the Rule and the life of St. Francis and found the discipline very advantageous."



Plater and Joan shared 45 years of life together before Joan was called home in February, 2000. Together they raised 6 beautiful children - he is survived by Stephen Anthony, Gregory Francis and his wife Darlene, Celeste Anne, Maureen Joan, Christine Margaret and Patrick Thomas.







"I have been very fortunate, and very blessed to have two wonderful women in my life. Joanie and I were married for 45 years, then Faye found me somewhere, and she and I have been married for 18 years now. She is a good cook and a good scheduler and she takes good care of me"

Plater married Faye Kate Hall on February 7 2004. They they have enjoyed 20 years together with family and friends, and traveled the world including such places as China, Turkey, Lebanon, Cyprus, Dubai, India, Paris, Prague, and all around the Caribbean.





Plater retired in 1983 after 30 years with USDA. He remained a member of the Secular Franciscans and volunteered with Fr. Bryant as an Associate Minister at the DC Jail for many years. He enjoyed an active social life, speaking to various groups about the prison ministry, playing pinochle with old friends, keeping in touch with colleagues from the Soil Conservation Service, travelling, and even taking tango lessons!



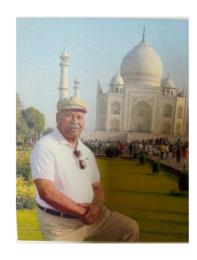
In addition to his children, Plater has been blessed with five grandchildren - Francis Laverne Michael King III, Marvina Penny Campbell, Shanay Jackson Campbell, Francoise Hall, and Violette Hall



When people asked him the secret of living such a long life – he was 96 when he passed – his response was "I tell them the Third Order is a big part of it: staying up with The Rule and staying up with the fraternity." To the very end, he would still say the morning and evening prayers and very seldom missed a day of mass.

Plater Campbell was a man of faith who didn't know the meaning of the word no – each obstacle was not only an opportunity for him to learn and grow, but for the person saying "no" as well to learn to broaden their horizons as to what is possible He never had a harsh word to say about anybody and was always able to see the good in people. Everyone who was fortunate enough to come into his circle was left with a unique connection and feeling of being in the presence of overwhelming peace.

Well done good and faithful servant. Well done.





#### **Pall Bearers**

Walter Street Friends

### Thanks and Acknowledgement

The family of Plater Campbell would like to thank each of you for your prayers, gifts, support, visits and cards during this time of loss. Words are inadequate to express our appreciation and thanks for the concern you have shown us during this time of bereavement. May God bless you for your kindness.

## **Internment at Mount Olivet Cemetary**

1300 Bladensburg Road, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002

## Repast at St. Lukes Catholic Church

4925 E Capitol St SE, Washington, DC 2001

Services rendered by Reese Funeral Professionals.



If there is no struggle, there is no progress. Those who profess to favor freedom and yet deprecate agitation are men who want crops without plowing the ground. They want rain without thunder and lightning. They want the ocean without the roar of its mighty waters.

## -- Frederick Douglass



I thank you for the music and your stories of the road
I thank you for the freedom when it came my time to go
I thank you for the kindness and the times that you got tough
And papa I don't think I said "I love you" near enough

The Leader of the Band is tired and his eyes are growing old
But his blood runs through my instrument and his song is in my soul
My life has been a poor attempt to imitate the man
I'm just a living legacy to the Leader of the Band
"The Leader of the Band" - Dan Fogelberg