



*Remembering a time when an angel held our hand;
She wiped our tears and helped us to understand
our time on earth is brief, there are lessons to be learned
‘Each precious day God gives us, another Page is turned
These pages make chapters filled with memories*

*Some joys, some tears, some fears, some triumphs and some defeats
‘Through prayer sorrows and unhappy times were seldom. repeats
We were accompanied by an angel who loved us unconditionally, and
One who never Left our side*

*When no one else would listen; in her we could confide
with gentle, quiet words of wisdom, she led us on our way
Taught us right from wrong so down the paths of righteousness we
would never stray*

*She saw the “good in” everyone and gave freely with no regret
Always from her heart and we will never forget.
Angels come in many forms, for us it was : Mommy, (Grammy named
Hattie Mae*

*In all honesty and truth we can’t put into words what she means to us
this day.*

*While turning life’s pages her deeply instilled spiritual lessons in our
hearts will remain*

*And will always our guide as we travel down memory.
Thank you God for giving us the most precious of all treasures
A place in our souls where her life will be cherished forever
We pray that someday we will be everything she hoped we would be
That’s she smiling down from heaven proud of her earthly story
Beginning the final chapter. Taking up her occupancy in her home
Granted by our father through His Grace, His Mercy and His Glory!
“Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee, since God was
thy ransom, thy
guardian, thy guide. He gave thee, He took thee, He will restore thee, for
death has no sting because Jesus died and rose from the dead.*

‘Dona, Yasmine and Brent

Pallbearers

Squire Allen
Telvin Butler

Ray Sean Lockhart
Herbert Bynes

If Roses Grow in Heaven

If Roses grow in Heaven, Lord, please pick a bunch for me.

Place them in my Mother’s arms

and tell her they’re from me. Tell her that I love her and miss
her, and when she turns to smile, place a kiss upon her cheek
and hold her for a while. Because remembering her is easy, I
do it every day, but there’s an ache within my heart that will

never go away.

Dona

Acknowledgements

The family of Hattie Foster Pratt extends heartfelt gratitude to
everyone for your many acts of Kindness, love and sympathy
shown to us during the transitioning of our loved one. You
were so generous in sharing with us your comforting prayers,
floral tributes telephone calls, visitation letter, cards and other
gifts that we shall always cherish.

Interment

Sunset Memorial Gardens
3201 North West 19th Street
Fort Lauderdale, FL



Funeral Arrangement’s Entrusted To:

MCWHITE’S FUNERAL HOME

*“Satisfaction Is Our Business” * “Because Families Deserve The Best!”*

3501 West Broward Boulevard
Lauderhill, FL 33312
(954) 584-0047

1215 North Tamarind Avenue
West Palm Beach, FL 33401
(561) 225-1141

A Celebration of Life for



Hattie Mae Foster Pratt

Born into time
SEPTEMBER 10, 1942

Born into Eternity
JULY 10, 2020

Friday, July 24, 2020
1:00 P.M.

*Williams Memorial Christian
Methodist Episcopal Church
646 NW 13th Terrace
Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33311
Elder/Pastor Calvin Hopkins, Officiant*

A MCWHITE’S FUNERAL HOME SERVICE

Precious Memories

“Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight,
Oh Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.” Psalms 19:14

Hattie Mae Foster Pratt was born the second of three children to Cal and Ophlee Foster on September 10, 1942. She is a replica of a time in Fort Lauderdale when babies took their first breath by looking in the face of Mrs. Viola Davenport, a renowned retired starlet and midwife from the traveling Silas Green Minstrel Production from New Orleans, Louisiana. She was the second oldest of eight siblings .Two brothers, Isaac Foster and Thomas Alan Rutland, preceded her in death.

Her local education began at Ruby Watson Nursery School, continued at Dillard Elementary School and ended when she graduated from Dillard High School in 1961, leaving a reputation of being one of the school’s most rhythmic and talented majorettes. After attending Miles College in Birmingham, Alabama for two years, majoring in business education, she returned to Fort Lauderdale and upon the never ceasing pursuit of the only love of her life and the encouraging from Aunt Alice McNeil, our most dominant matriarch, she and William (Stickey) Pratt were united in Holy Matrimony. This holy union lasted indeed until death did do them part (49 years). This loving couple lived in New York and spent the majority of their lives in the hustle and bustle of the big city. They were blessed almost magically when on January 24th, 1969 a beautiful little girl who was named Dona Chimene was born. What joy and happiness she brought to them as they strived to make her the happiest little girl in all the universe. She became the little princess as many weekends were spent visiting her Aunt Mary Alice, Uncle Edwin (Eckie) and Cousin. Derwin who lived in Paterson, New Jersey, just across the George Washington Bridge.

Hattie’s employment career included gainful employment at United Artist Film Industry, International Business Machine, Inc., (IBM) Marine Midland where she worked for 15 years as the top key punch operator, a position that she treasured because it necessitated going back to school again and attending Dorothy King Technical Institute from whence she obtained her certification. Upon returning to Florida, she began employment at American Express in Plantation and remained there until she moved into the educational arena and joined the faculty and staff at Westwood Heights Elementary as a teacher’s assistant. She remained there until her retirement.

Hattie was a member of Williams Memorial CME Church where she was first introduced to Christ as a child and remained a faithful servant singing in the choir and serving as a member of the Stewardess Board. She loved God, her church and was compassionate, humble, loving, dedicated, hardworking, bold, soft spoken and very proactive. She was a steady calm voice of support, always assuring others that the atmosphere of expectations is the birthplace of miracles. She was rooted by her faith and in her friendships and encouraged all she met to be the very best they could be and let “IT ALL BE “be for the glory and honor of God.

She leaves to cherish her memory: Daughter, Dona Chimene Pratt-McKenzie. Grandson: Brent Xavier McKenzie, Granddaughter: Yasmine Angelique McKenzie; Siblings: Mary A. Foster Variance. Gail Foster Hill, Trenesha Foster Tisdale (Derrick) Gregory Bernard Foster (Michelle), Cal Lamar Foster (Karon), Clinton. Maryland, Calvin Jerome Foster (Charlotte) Valdosta, Georgia, Uncle: Perry Foster (Louise) Nephews: Derwin Variance, Justin Foster, Joseph Hill, Javier Johnson, Calvin Foster, Jr. Casey Foster and Ahmad Foster Nieces: Janay Hill, Venesha Tindal, Derdreka Tindal, Charlene Foster, Calynn Foster and Karenis Foster: Many first cousins, Brenda Payoute, Akesha Bell Lee, Joseph Washington, Hyland Hickson and other devoted relatives and Tonita Beatrice Walker Poole, most treasured and oldest friend.



Order Of Celebration

Elder/Pastor Calvin Hopkins, Officiating

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| | Processional |
| | Final Viewing |
| Musical Selection | Elder Gary Thomas |
| Prayer | Ellen Lakay Nelson |
| | Scripture Reading |
| Old Testament (Psalm 91: 1-16) | Montrose Hollinger Scott |
| New Testament 2nd Corinthians 5: 6-8 | Gail Foster Hill |
| Musical Selection | Elder Gary Thomas |
| Poem | “A Tribute to our Angel” Cynthia Sherrod |
| | Reflections (2 Minutes Please) |
| As An Aunt | Annette Bouyer |
| As a Neighbor | Herbert Bynes |
| As a Stewardess | Albertha Bryant |
| As a Choir Member | Kathy Barker |
| Resolution | WMC Comfort Ministry |
| Acknowledgements | Funeral Director |
| | Obituary (Read Silently) |
| Musical Selection | Elder Gary Thomas |
| Eulogy | Pastor Cal Hopkins |
| | Recessional |