

Pallbearers

Tyson Ward | Johnel Davis | Lowell Wade
Branard Lewis | Felton Ward | Demetrious Ward

Honorary Pallbearers

Brian Bowen | Link Chrysler | Terreance Plowden | Charles Williams
Deontae Laury | Leon Burns | Tim Novak, Jr. | Mike "Diezel" Ward

Flower Bearers

Friends of the Family

Repast

Corinthian Missionary Baptist Church
104 South 10th Street
Saginaw, Michigan 48601

Interment

Forest Lawn Cemetery
3210 South Washington Avenue
Saginaw, Michigan 48601

Acknowledgement

We are most grateful for the gift of friends like you, who have been so kind and thoughtful during these hours of sorrow. Your prayers, visits, calls, flowers and every act of kindness, have given us strength and inspiration to face this hour. May God continue to bless each of you.

The Family of Mr. Corey James Ward



Paradise Funeral Chapel

3100 South Washington Avenue
Saginaw, Michigan 48601
Phone (989) 754-4826 / Fax (989) 754-3740
pfcsaginaw@paradisefuneralchapel.com
Sharise Steele-Phillips, Manager
Ivan E. Phillips, President & Owner



Celebrating the Life of



Mr. Corey James

WARD

Sunrise: August 17, 1970 - Sunset: July 26, 2025

Saturday, August 2, 2025 - 10:00 AM

Corinthian Missionary Baptist Church
104 South 10th Street
Saginaw, Michigan 48601

Order of Service

Prelude
Musician

Processional
Family

Scripture Reading
Old Testament
Von Nickleberry, Jr.
New Testament
Pastor Kareem Bowen

Prayer
Minister

Selection
Corinthian Mass Choir

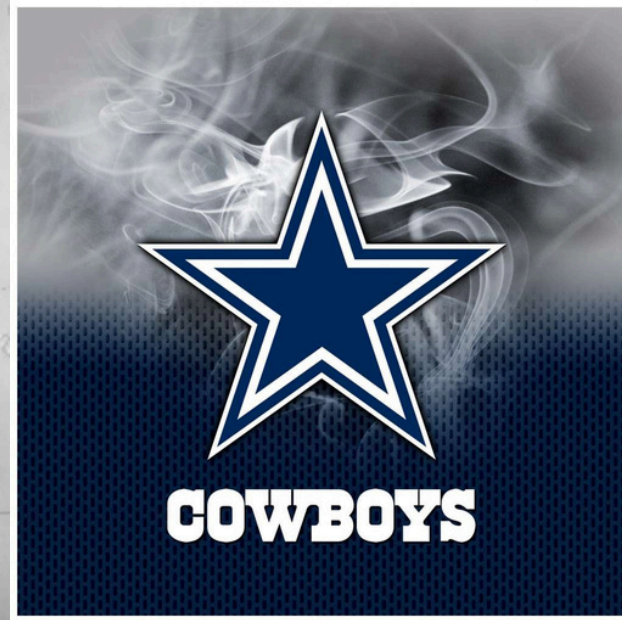
Acknowledgements &
Obituary
Yvonne Tate

Expressions
(Please Limit to 2 Minutes)
5 Friends & Family

Solo
Leon Burns, Jr.

Eulogy
Reverend Dr. Roy L. Manning

Committal
Benediction
Recessional
“Let The Church Say Amen”



A Tribute to a Remarkable Life

Mr. Corey Ward, a beloved son, father, and local basketball legend, passed away Saturday, July 26, 2025, at the age of 54. Known as much for his towering presence on the court as for his humble heart off of it, Corey left an unforgettable mark on everyone who knew him.

Born on August 17, 1970, in Saginaw, Michigan, Corey picked up a basketball at the age of 2 and never put it down. From shooting hoops at Vets Park to being a standout athlete at Nouvel High School, where he was instrumental in back-to-back championships in 1987 and 1988. Known as “Baby Barkley”, Corey was a hometown hero long before he played college ball! Though he never pursued a professional career, Corey was a fixture in city leagues, Moneyball Pro-Am, community tournaments, and games at Sexton and Pattengill, where he mentored young athletes and reminded everyone why they loved the game. When he was the announcer, he would be on the mic talking crazy about players that weren’t hooping good!!! Corey could talk some smack!

Beyond basketball, Corey was an exceptional Barber and a dedicated community advocate. He coached youth teams and always made time to encourage kids to chase their dreams—on and off the court. His charisma, warmth, humor, and integrity earned him deep respect across generations.

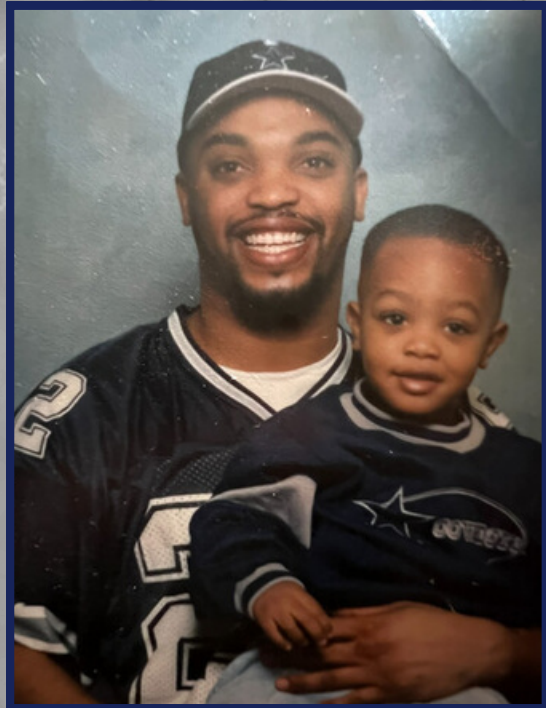
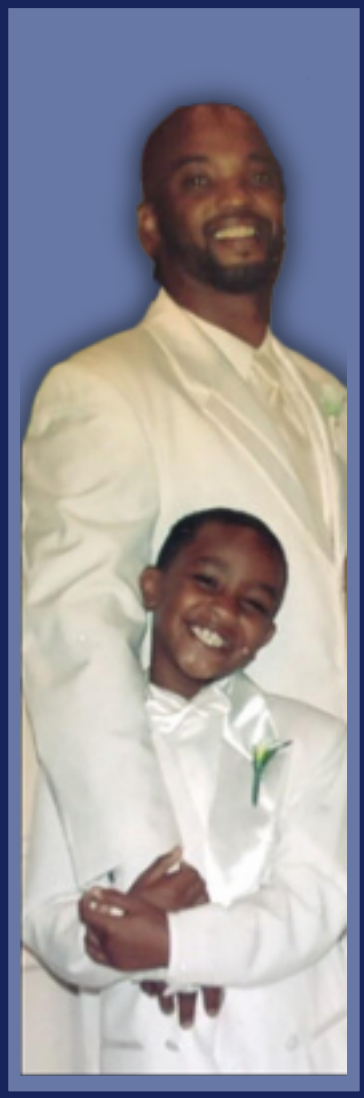
Even though Corey lived in the State of Michigan, he was a diehard Dallas Cowboys fan! Corey caught a lot of flak from the Detroit Lions fans, but he was always ready to defend his Cowboys. He was a loyal fan to the end.

Corey lived his life on his own terms, which he demonstrated by trying to pop willies on his Amigo scooter. Strolling through the streets of Saginaw, Corey felt independent, joyous, and free. (Even though he scared the hell out of his Mother!!!).

Corey is survived by his three sons, Tyson (Marisa) Ward, Branard Lewis-Dean and Brandon Walker; his loving and dedicated mother and father, Connie (Eugene) Plowden and Leroy Ward Jr.; two brothers, Felton (Dee Dee) Ward and Terreance Plowden; two sisters, Tamara (Paul) Myles and Takeisha Plowden; three beloved grandchildren, Hayze, and Tatym Ward and Demarcus Skinner; god-parents, Von (Rose) Nickleberry and Dorothy Burns; goddaughter, Jarmice Barnes Laury; godson, Deonte “Quick” Laury who affectionately called Corey “Sugga”; godsister, Margaret Layton, and countless friends including Charles Williams Jr., Terry Hodges, Raymond “Pike” Carruthers, Mike “Diezel” Ward, Rodney Bragg, Tanner Robinson, Dean Willis, Terrell Thornton, Johnel Davis, Edwin Jones, Eric Jones, Santana Daughtery, Derek Gordon, Paul Leek, Link Chrysler; many nieces, nephews, cousins and other relatives and friends which were too many to mention, who loved him dearly.

Corey was preceded in death by his grandparents, James and Betty “Grammy” Watson, and his best friends, Mike Madison and Corey Phillips (RIP).

The family would like to express special thanks to Darlean Donald and Ivan E. Phillips and the Staff of Paradise Funeral Chapel, AFC, for the loving care they have shown towards Corey throughout the years, Dr. Ashley Gardner and Staff at Gamez Community Health Center, and Pastor Roy L. Manning and the Corinthian Baptist Church Family.



If

By Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you,
 Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
 If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
 But make allowance for their doubting too;
 If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
 Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
 Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,
 And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;
 If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
 If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
 If you can meet with triumph and disaster
 And treat those two impostors just the same;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
 Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
 Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
 And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;
 If you can make one heap of all your winnings
 And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,

And lose, and start again at your beginnings
 And never breathe a word about your loss;
 If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
 To serve your turn long after they are gone,
 And so hold on when there is nothing in you
 Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on";
 If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
 Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch;
 If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
 If all men count with you, but none too much;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute
 With sixty seconds' worth of distance run—
 Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
 And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!



You'll Live Always

It's true we bring nothing into this world,
 And nothing we take when we pass. So the
 time in between we must use carefully,
 for only the memories will last.
 We hurt because you left us. We cry because
 you're gone; with sorrow we must say
 goodbye, but your memory lives on. Because
 of what you mean to us the loneliness will
 always remain. But because of all the love
 you gave, in our hearts, you'll live always.
 How far from Him, alone and lost at times I
 seem to be. Who go God's road
 a wanderer across eternity.
 And yet though I am far from Him,
 how near at hand is He.
 Sometimes I feel I need but reach
 to touch and look to see.
 By world and wild, by wood and world
 It is a mystery.
 Why must I go so round a road
 To Him who is in me.



