



PALLBEARERS

Christian Rainey Siris Manning Dontee Dodson
Dion Dodson Jordan Rainey James Jamal Mourning

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

George Morris Jeremiah Rainey Dunlap John Morris
Antonio Mourning Arthur Foster Steffon Rainey

FLOWER BEARERS

Breanna Dodson, Unique Schiele & Granddaughters

WITH SINCERE GRATITUDE

The family of Mr. Tyrone Mourning wishes to express our deepest appreciation for the overwhelming outpouring of love and support during this difficult time. Your kindness has been a source of great comfort and strength. We would like to extend a special thank you to: United Believers Community Church, Pastor Darron Edwards, Sis. Diccie Brenson & the A/V Ministry, Mr. Chris - C Note - Nickens - Saxophonist, Mr. Thomas Wadley: for creating such a beautiful tribute video. It captured special moments and memories in a way words never could, and it brought so much comfort to our family during an incredibly difficult time. We are deeply grateful for the love and care you put into it. Shelby County Sheriff's Department: For the love and grace shown to our loved one, "Mourning," for over 20 years. For friendships and very special bonds formed. For being his second family. We will be eternally grateful. To "D" - Thank you for stepping in and being the little brother that he loved as if you were born from the same parents. Thank you for being a good friend that he could always count on. Serenity Funeral Home: For your compassionate care, professionalism, and for guiding us through every detail with grace. To those who sent flowers, traveled from afar to visit, made phone calls, or simply kept us in your prayers—please know that every gesture, no matter how small, has touched our hearts deeply. May God continue to bless each of you.

The Mourning/Walker Family

**"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race,
I have kept the faith" - 2 Timothy 4:7 (NIV)**



SERENITY
FUNERAL HOME



CELEBRATING
THE LIFE *of*

TYRONE
LEE *Mourning*

JANUARY 17, 1963 — APRIL 28, 2026

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 2026
VISITATION 10:00AM SERVICE: 11:00AM

UNITED BELIEVERS
5600 E. 112th Terr | Kansas City, Missouri 64134



TYRONE

LEE Mourning

A Legacy of Strength and Leadership

Mr. Tyrone Lee Mourning, a man of unwavering discipline, immense heart, and a legendary "First Born" spirit, peacefully transitioned from his earthly home to eternal rest on April 28, 2026, at the age of 63. Born on January 17, 1963, Tyrone accepted Christ at an early age, embarking on a life defined by his role as a protector—of his country, his community, and his family.

Tyrone's journey of excellence began on the athletic fields of Kansas City. From the 3&2 little league diamonds with his little brother "Lee" (coached by his dad), to the 49th & Euclid neighborhood where he was raised. His competitive spirit was evident. A standout athlete at Paseo High School, he dominated the football field, earning a scholarship to Northwest Missouri State University.

A Distinguished Career of Service

Following college, Tyrone enlisted in the United States Army. A career soldier, he served with honor through our nation's most pivotal moments, including Operation Desert Storm and the War in Afghanistan. During his military tenure, he sought further brotherhood as a Prince Hall Mason, joining Cyrus Forbes Lodge No. 640 (Jurisdiction of Texas) and Goosed Bond No. 40 Bad Kreuznach, Germany.

Upon retiring from the military, Tyrone began working at the Shelby County Sheriff's Department "201." As a Sergeant, he was a mentor and was known to be humble and fair. Never raised his voice but was able to get his point across; he left a lasting impact amongst staff as well as inmates. He took pride in working at the Shelby County Sheriff's Department. The pride and passion he had working with such a wonderful group of people at 201 are immeasurable. They were more than just coworkers; they were considered his 2nd family that he would speak of often.

The "First Born" and the Mourning Name

Affectionately known as "Ronnie" by those who knew him as a child, Tyrone took immense pride in his family. As the oldest, he playfully reminded his siblings of his "First Born" status every time they would talk or get together for family gatherings. A cherished tradition stood for decades: every year on January 17, at exactly 7:36 AM, his mother would call to celebrate the moment he entered the world—a tradition that continued until his final birthday in 2026.

In nature, a straight line does not exist naturally. Mountains rise with jagged peaks, trees bend with gusts of wind, and rivers flow with the winding paths of banks covered in angled stones and pebbles. Similar to those stones, our mother is our rock, but Poppi was a boulder! -stationed, significant, and strong- Life without our mother would be hard to bear, and Poppi, not only saved her life that day, but he saved ours as well. The union of our mother and Poppi was a perfect linear alignment that could only exist through divine forces of a higher power. Only God could line things up this way. Sometimes the natural curve of life calls for something Supernatural, sometimes more than a Hero is needed, and Poppi was a Superhero! An Advisor, Protector, A Teacher, Father-in-law, Grandpa-in-law, A Provider, A Confidant with hands only made for love. So, with heavy hearts we say goodbye and we feel very gracious to have had the privilege of knowing and loving such a great man.

Your Bonus Family

To Our Favorite Uncle Tyrone,

We can't find the words to fully say how much love and respect we have for you. You were one who saw the potential in us before we could see it in ourselves, speaking life into us from the time we were kids until the last day we talked. You didn't just tell us how to be better people; you showed us. You taught us that character speaks volumes. Every time you would see me or talk to me you would say thank you for taking care of your Mother. You taught me how to smoke my first cigar. We would hang out and talk and laugh when me and Dad would do boy trips to Memphis. You could never pronounce my name right, but I always knew that you were talking to me. You would always be the first to like my pictures on Facebook and tell me how proud you were of me and my accomplishments. That meant the world to me. I looked forward to celebrating my 21st birthday with you, my Uncle Tyrone so many years ago. You smoked a cigar with me and gave me sound advice at my wedding. You stepped in and filled a void that we had when our dad died. We shared a special Thanksgiving together just hanging out because you knew I missed my Dad. You would always call me and tell me that I better always respect my grandma and my Aunt Trina and Aunt Tonya or you were gonna get me when you come to Kansas City. You always made me feel special when I visited Memphis or when I would call just for Uncle Tyrone time. The list could go on and on. For all these times and more, we thank you for those memories. We will cherish them forever. Our hearts are heavy, but they are also full. Thank you for being such a great Uncle. You have left a special mark in our lives, and we all promise to carry your legacy of goodness forward in everything we do. We love you more than words can ever say.

Unique, Siris, Tia, Dion, Breanna, Antonio, Brittany





Son, You carried our family name, Mourning, with dignity that turned it into a symbol of resilience and honor. Words can't describe the pain that comes with burying your own son. It is a weight no father should have to bear. The world feels smaller today without your presence. Even though you were taken from us too soon, the impact you made on our lives is permanent. You will be missed beyond measure, loved beyond words, and always remembered.

**Rest easy, son. You made me proud.
Daddy**

To our Big Brother Tyrone,
Writing these words feels impossible because it means acknowledging a world where you aren't just a phone call or a flight away. They say that when you lose someone suddenly, the heart struggles to keep up with the clock. For us, time has simply stopped. It doesn't seem real. We don't want this to be real, but we know that God makes no mistakes. You were our first protector, our first hero, and the one who paved the way for everything we did. Being your "little sisters" wasn't just a title; it was a place of safety you built for us. We were proud to be your little sisters, regardless of how old we got – you still called us your LITTLE sisters. You carried the weight of being the oldest with such pride, always making sure we were looked after, even when we didn't realize we needed it. Even when you were in other countries when we were little girls, you would call and check on us. When you would come home on leave from the Army you would always have the coolest gifts for us. We would cry every time you would have to leave and go back but you told us that you would be back and you did. Our tears are heavier now. It's a different type of leave, this is a different type of goodbye. But in our hearts, we know the next time we see you, our shenanigans will pick up where they left off, we will laugh and love and we will all be together. You will remind Trina of how big her head still is and how I will always be the baby girl like you did every time we got together. The laughs and fun will be unstoppable. You kept us laughing. No one could tease us, quite like you, and no one could make us laugh harder. Those are memories now. Memories that we cherish and that we will hold on to when our days feel dark and your presence is missed. Thank you for being the kind of big brother who showed us what it meant to be strong but kind. You always taught us to be the bigger person even after someone wrongs us. You would remind us "two wrongs don't make a right". We never had to wonder if someone had our backs. Knowing our big brother Tyrone was the only security we ever needed. Just know that you will forever be missed Big Brother. We both pray that we continue to make you proud. We are glad that our conversations always ended with I love you. We knew and you knew how much we loved each other.

**Trina and Tonya,
Your LITTLE Sisters**

To his sisters, Trina and Tonya, he was the ultimate "Big Brother." Whether he was teaching them self-defense, "rough housing" as if they were his brothers instead of his little sisters or perfecting their ability to cook an over-easy egg without breaking the yolk and omelets as little girls, he was preparing them for the world. He taught all his siblings that the Mourning name carried weight and respect; wherever Tyrone walked, the path was paved with honor for those who followed. He would always take time to tell them how proud he was of them. How much he loved them, and a call would never end without an I love you.

A Perfect Completion

In September 2024, Tyrone's life found its perfect completion when he married his soulmate, Lanette Rainey-Mourning. Theirs was a rare and beautiful "true love." They were rarely apart, traveling the world, attending church, and sharing a bond that inspired all. Tyrone expressed his devotion through weekly roses, handwritten notes left on whiteboards around the house, and a daily 4:00 AM prayer of gratitude for the woman he called "the right one," and his family and friends before starting his day.

Tyrone always bragged about being the master of the grill and the kitchen, always doing things "his way" which he swore was always the best way. He and his brother Lee and sister Trina would often have "grill offs" for years. All grilling on the same day and sending pictures to each other about whose food looked the best. He and Lanette enjoyed feeding anyone who came to their home, ensuring no one left their home with an empty stomach.

Those Who Cherish His Memory

Tyrone's vibrant and humble spirit will be deeply missed by:

- *His Devoted Wife: Lanette Rainey-Mourning*
- *His Parents: Arthur Lee Mourning Sr. and Wilma J. Walker (Pastor Albert H.)*
- *His Daughters: Constance Mourning-Rayner, Angelica Mourning, and Kiara Mourning*
- *His Siblings: Tonya Mourning, Trina Mourning-Dodson (Hollis), Twyla Jackson, Tia Walker, and sister-in-law, Christina Rainey*
- *His Bonus Children: Jordan (Jasmine), Christian, Steffon, Keisha, and Micelle Rainey*
- *Special Niece & Nephews: Unique Schiele, Antonio Mourning, Dion Dodson (Brittany), Siris Manning (Kaitlyn), Breanna Dodson*

He also leaves behind a host of maternal aunts and uncles, grandchildren, nieces, nephews, cousins, and friends.

Reunited in Peace

Tyrone was preceded in death by his maternal grandmother, Dorothy Rapp; paternal grandmother, Eddie Mae Mourning; Laura Walker; two brothers, Anthony Lewis Mourning and Arthur "Lee" Mourning Jr.; a sister, Felicia Hill; bonus son, Brandon Rainey; bonus daughter, Elaysha Gilliam; mother-in-law, Wunetta Smith; and two nephews, Antoine Lee Mourning and Rico Lynn Rumph.

"The love he showed while he was here will never be forgotten. His reputation preceded him, and his legacy will continue through the name he wore so proudly."

— THE MOURNING/WALKER FAMILY

ORDER OF SERVICE

TRIBUTES OF LOVE

Officiant:
Pastor Albert H. Walker
Galilee Missionary Baptist Church

Processional
Clergy & Family
"Stand" - Donnie McClurkin

Scripture Readings - Old & New Testament
Dr. Markquatt Ford

Prayer
Dr. Eric D. Morrison
Kingdom Word Ministries

Musical Selection - Chris "C Note" Nickens

Acknowledgments and Condolences - Carmen Mason

Remarks (2 minutes ONLY please)
Stefanie Beasley
Alvin Brown - Paseo High School Class of '81
John Morris
Shelby County Sheriff's Department
Trina Mourning-Dodson & Tonya Mourning (Sisters)

Obituary
(To be read in silence)
"I'm Free"

Video Tribute

Musical Selection
"Amazing Grace"

Words of Comfort
Pastor Albert H. Walker

Recessional
"Precious Lord"

Benediction



In the quiet spaces where your laughter used to be, it's hard to find the words to describe a love that felt like destiny finally catching up to us. They say three is a divine number, and for us, it was the charm that changed my world forever. You entered my life not once, not twice, but three times—as if the universe kept nudging us together. That third time, the stars aligned, and I finally got to call you, my husband. Though our time as man and wife was short, it was the greatest honor of my life.

To have known you was a gift; to have loved you was a privilege; but to be loved by you was a miracle I will carry in my soul forever. The dedication we shared was effortless and absolute. We didn't just build a home; we built a sanctuary of mutual respect and love so deep it felt like it had existed long before we ever met.

My heart breaks for the "somedays" we won't get to see. We had a lifetime of plans written in our hearts—trips to take, mornings to share, and a thousand small celebrations of the love we were destined to find. I was looking forward to every sunrise and sunset by your side. The suddenness of your departure from those you loved leaves a void that feels impossible to fill, but I try to find my peace in the gratitude of what we had. I am a better woman because you chose me. You often reminded me and thanked me that you finally found true love, an unconditional love, your soulmate when we met.

So, I will hold onto our promises and keep our plans tucked away for later. I find comfort knowing that this isn't a final goodbye, but a "see you soon." I look forward to the day I reach the gates of heaven and see you standing there, just as you always were—with your arms open wide, a smile on your face, ready to start our lives anew in a place where time can never take you from me again. I love you Papi, always. Until we meet again.

Mrs. Lanette Mourning

A Love That First Began With You
To my Firstborn, My Son, My Heart.

Sixty-three years ago, you were the one who made me a mother. You were the first heartbeat I felt against mine, the first face I memorized, and the first great love of my life. They say a mother teaches her child everything, but the truth is, you taught me who I was meant to be as I nurtured and poured love into you. For over six decades, our lives were woven together by a thread that never frayed regardless of how far away you were. Every single day, without fail, my phone would ring. I never had to wonder if you were thinking of me, because you told me. You'd call just to say, "I love you, Mother," and we would laugh about the same old things. You wore the title "Firstborn" like a badge of honor. You never let a conversation end without reminding me how lucky you felt to be the one who started it all for us. And before our conversation ended, you would always say, "I'm just so glad I was the first one. I'm so glad I've got a praying mother." And we never failed to tell each other how much love we cared for one another. Our mother/first born bond meant everything to me. My Tyrone, my Ronnie, my first born: your respect for me was a gift I never took for granted. You honored me not just with your words, but with the way you lived your life—with kindness, strength, and a faith that mirrored the prayers I whispered many nights as I prayed for my children. Watch over us Son as we try to move forward. It won't be easy, but I know that's what you would have us do.

Mother