

CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF

A portrait of an elderly woman with short, dark, wavy hair, smiling gently. She is wearing a colorful, multi-colored floral top and a thin necklace. Her right hand is raised to her cheek. The background is a deep purple with a large, stylized purple flower behind her. The overall tone is celebratory and respectful.

Mother
ANNIE[®]
Maryfield

NOVEMBER 22, 1945 ~ JULY 6, 2026

Her STORY

as told by her grandson, Michael D. Ratcliff, with his sister MARRISSA RATCLIFF

On November 22, 1945, in Newton, Mississippi, a light entered the world that would go on to shine for eighty years. Annie R. Mayfield was born to J.C. and Savannah Ratcliff, the second of eight children, raised in a home where family was everything and hard work was simply a way of life. She carried her education through the tenth grade before life called her toward a bigger story, but the wisdom she gathered along the way never left her; she was, in every sense of the word, a teacher to all of us.

Sometime in the mid-1960s, Annie's path led her to Denver, Colorado, where she crossed paths with a young man named Willie James Mayfield. As the story has been told and retold at every family gathering since, Papa walked up to her and asked if she wanted a piece of candy, a Baby Ruth, her favorite. It was a simple gesture that started a lifetime. Papa went on to serve his country in Vietnam from 1968 to 1969, and when he came home, he and Annie built a family together: Linda (Mural), Garry., Rickey Sr., Derrick Sr., Katy (James), and Willie Jr.. On December 10, 1976, they made it official and became husband and wife, sealing in marriage a bond that had already made them a family in every way that mattered.

Annie was a woman of deep faith. She gave her heart to the Lord and found her spiritual home at Central Baptist Church, where her belief in God's grace carried her through every season of life, the joyful ones and the hard ones alike. That faith was the foundation underneath everything else she built.

For years, Annie poured her steady hands and her warm heart into her work at Presbyterian St. Luke's Medical Center. Those who worked alongside her remember a woman who showed up with consistency, who cared for others the way she cared for her own family, and who brought warmth into every room she walked into.

And that, more than anything, is what people remember about Annie: the way she lit up a room. She was loving, compassionate, and selfless to her core, always putting everyone else before herself. She had a way of making you feel like you were the most important person in the room, and she gave her love without condition and without limit. She had a sense of humor that could turn any hard day around, and a laugh you could hear from another room. When she wasn't busy loving her family, she was out shopping, treating herself to fresh nails and a fresh hairstyle, because Annie believed in taking care of herself too, and she did it with style.

Of all her grandchildren, and she loved every single one of them with her whole heart, there was a special closeness between Annie and her grandson Michael. He was her shadow. Wherever Mom Mom was, Michael wasn't far behind, stuck to her like glue, her sidekick, her baby among the bunch. It's a bond that shaped him, and it's a big part of why this story is being told in his voice.

On July 6, 2026, at approximately 9:20 p.m., at Rose Medical Center in Denver, Colorado, Annie R. Mayfield peacefully went home to be with the Lord. She was reunited in heaven with her sons, Garry, Rickey Sr., and Derrick Sr.; her step-son, Willie Jr.; her grandson Derrick Jr, her brother, Lewis (Elestine) Ratcliff; her parents, J.C. Ratcliff and Savannah Ratcliff; and her in-laws, Robert Mayfield, Melissa Mayfield, Clarence Mayfield, Ora Ratcliff, and Rosalind Bender.

She leaves behind to cherish her memory: her husband, Willie Mayfield; her daughter, Linda (Mural); step-daughter Kathy; her grandchildren: Shanae, Cory, Michael, Desmond, De'Shae, John, MARRISSA, Demaje, Rickey Jr., and Darrius; a beautiful host of great-grandchildren who knew her love firsthand; her siblings: Robert (Lillie Jane) Evans, J.C. (Clara) Ratcliff, Osie (Ora) Ratcliff, John (Rosalind) Bender, Lillie Bender, and Katie Dukes; and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, and friends whose lives she touched.

Annie's legacy is not measured by the things she owned, but by the love she gave and the lives she touched. She had a rare gift of making everyone feel loved, seen, accepted, and never alone. Her kindness, compassion, and selfless heart made the world a brighter place, and her love will continue to live on in the hearts of her family, friends, and everyone blessed to know her. Though we will miss her deeply, we will carry her legacy forward by loving others as she loved us, with kindness, generosity, laughter, and an open heart. That is the beautiful legacy Annie leaves behind, and it will live on in every one of us.

Order of SERVICE

Processional

Song Selection | Ronnie White
Let Go and Let God
Walk around Heaven

Prayer
Pastor Lee Harris Sr.

Scripture Reading
John 14:1-6 & Psalm 23
Pastor Lee Harris Sr.

Song Selection | Ronnie White
Safe in His Arms

Video Slideshow

Tribute to MOM MOM
Tribute from grand and great-grandchildren
Stephanie Peters

Obituary Reading
Stephanie Peters

Eulogy
Pastor Lee Harris Sr.

Recessional

No burial or reception/repass after the service;
family is requesting quiet time.
No visitors, please and thank you.





If I Could Speak to You Now

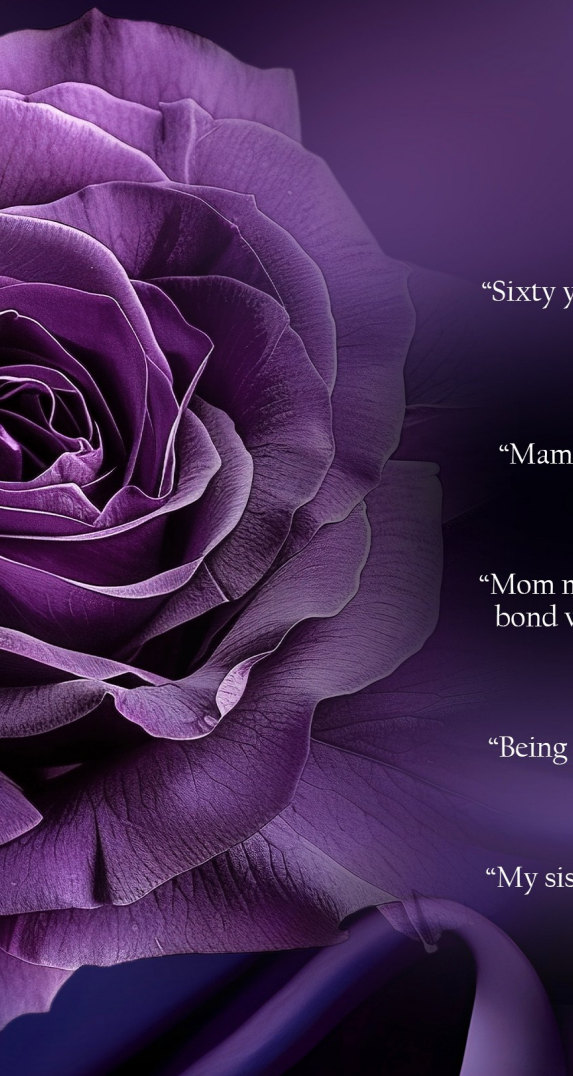
To my family, my whole heart, all of you, thank you. Thank you for every Sunday, every phone call, every hand held at my bedside. I got to live a life wrapped in love because of you, and there is no greater gift a woman could ask for.

My Willie, my husband, my hubby, from a piece of candy in Denver to a lifetime built together, you gave me a love I never had to question. You were my steady place. Watch over our children and our grandbabies for me until you get here. I'll save you a seat and keep some Baby Ruths handy; I'll be looking for you.

My Linda, my firstborn, my baby girl, you were the very beginning of everything I got to be as a mother. You watched me raise your brothers, you stayed by my side through every goodbye we had to say too soon, and you never once wavered. I am so proud of the woman you became and the strength you carried for all of us, even when no one was carrying it for you. I love you more than words could ever hold.

To every child, grandchild, and great-grandchild who carries a piece of me, keep loving loud, keep laughing often, and keep showing up for one another the way this family always has. That's the only inheritance that ever mattered to me.

With all my love, always, Annie



Tributes of Love

"Sixty years ago I offered you a piece of candy, and you gave me a lifetime in return. You were my steady place through every mile of it, and you always will be.

Save me a seat, sweetheart.."

Willie Mayfield, Husband

"Mama, you taught me what it means to keep going with grace. I carry your strength with me every single day, and I will love you forever."

Linda (Mural), Daughter

"Mom mom, I am beyond grateful for every moment, memory, and laugh we shared. Our bond was unbreakable, and our love for one another was unconditional. I will forever cherish the love we shared and carry those memories in my heart."

Marrissa Ratcliff, Granddaughter

"Being your shadow was the greatest honor of my life. Everywhere you went, I wanted to be. I'll spend the rest of mine trying to make you proud."

Michael D. Ratcliff, Grandson

"My sister, my friend, from the same eight children raised in Newton to the women we became, I will hold onto every memory we made."

Katie Dukes, Sister







