

Order of Service

Obituary

PROCESSIONAL

HYMN OF PRAISE “How Great Thou Art”

SCRIPTURE
Old Testament Psalms 23:1-6 KJV — *Lamar Johnson*
New Testament John 14: 1-3 KJV — *Mona Plantt*

PRAYER OF COMFORT Rev. James Bradford Humphrey, III

SELECTION “I Won’t Complain” — *Aleesa Brown*

REFLECTIONS Shelton Heath & William Fults

SPECIAL TRIBUTE Grandchildren

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

SILENT READING OF OBITUARY

SELECTION “For Your Glory” — *Jasmine Plantt*

EULOGY Rev. Jacotron Potts

RECESSIONAL “I Will Always Love You”

INTERMENT Rev. Jacotron Potts

BENEDICTION Rev. Jacotron Potts

PALLBEARER Nephews

FLOWERBEARERS Nieces

There are some men whose presence feels like home—warm, steady, familiar, and always welcoming. Mitchell Elliott Walden, age 71, was one of those rare souls. Surrounded by love, he departed this life on December 3, 2025, at his home in Matthews, NC, passing gently and peacefully from natural causes. Though his earthly journey closed quietly, the echo of his life—his laughter, his wisdom, his stories, and his steadfast love—continues to ripple across every heart he touched.

Born on November 8, 1954, in Louisville, GA, to the late Yancey Styles and the late Dorothy Stevenson, Mitchell grew up deeply rooted in family, faith, and community. He graduated from Louisville High School before proudly serving three years in the United States Army, where he developed the discipline, leadership, and work ethic that shaped the man he would become.

After his military service, Mitchell built a meaningful and respected career in the field of security. He began at United Hospital in Newark, NJ, before relocating to Charlotte, NC, where he continued his service at Atrium Health – CMC Main. He retired in 2017, honored and appreciated by colleagues who knew him as a calm presence, a reliable protector, and a man who always carried both kindness and strength in equal measure. Yet it was beyond the workplace where Mitchell’s heart lived its fullest life. He loved fishing, finding peace in the quiet of the water. He loved grilling, turning every gathering into a feast that tasted like joy, laughter, and love. He was a true Carolina Panthers fan, cheering them on with the same loyalty he gave to the people he loved. But most of all, he loved being with his family—near or far, small moments or big celebrations. As long as he was with them, he had everything he needed. Memories were his favorite currency, and he spent them generously. For 43 beautiful years, he shared life with his devoted wife, Deborah Walden, the love of his life and his greatest earthly blessing. Together, they built a home full of love, legacy, and laughter. Mitchell leaves behind his beloved children: Antonio (Stephanie) Walden, Kendrick (Shawntonia) Walden, Christopher (Satonya) Walden, Terrance (Aleesha) Walden, Ebony (Anthony) Dixon, and Emmith (Martha) Snell.

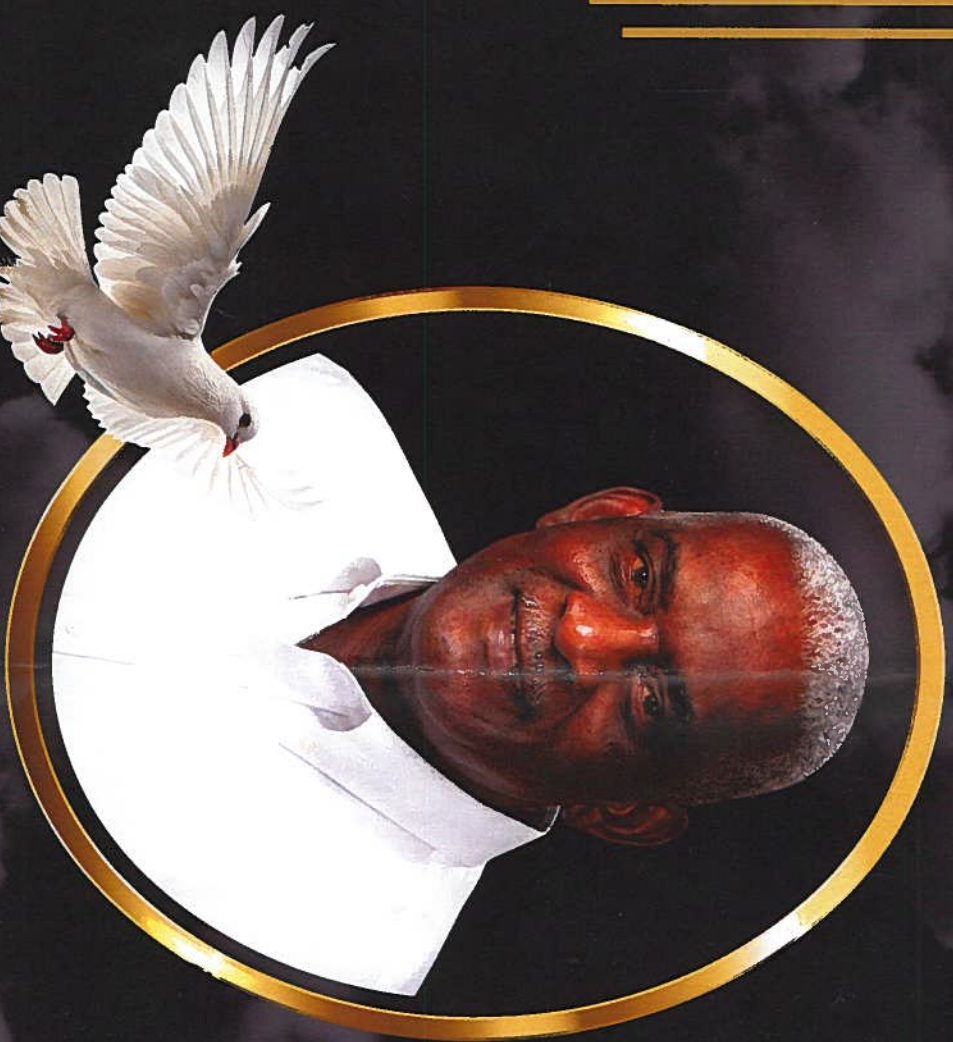
He was a proud grandfather to 9 grandchildren: Antonio Jr., Chikkiriah, Brooklyn, King, Zion, Ayden London, Lexington, Camden and 1 great-grandchild: Novah, each one holding a special place in his heart. Mitchell is survived by his loving siblings: Sandra (Lewis) Cunningham, Dorothy Stevenson, Betty Jean (Raymond) Stevenson, Riek (Olga) Styles, Kenneth (Faye) Styles, Inez (Matt) Williams, Alonzo (Trina) Styles, Mary Franklin. He was preceded in death by his infant daughter: LaShayonna Walden, brothers: Yancy Styles, Jr. and William Styles.

He also leaves behind his Special Uncle, Luke Walden; Sister-in-Law, Renee Styles; beloved Mother-in-Law, Anne McClendon; and his cherished in-laws: Jackie (Bob) McClendon, Mona Plantt, Bryant McClendon, Dwayne (Linda) McClendon, Rodney McClendon, Joy McClendon, Cherria (Willie) Alexander.

Mitchell’s life overflowed with friendships that felt like family, including special friends Sandra Grant and Paula Hillman, along with a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, extended relatives, and life-long friends — Tommy, Lawrence, Shelton, and Will — who deeply loved and respected him. He was a man of quiet wisdom, loyalty that could not be shaken, humor that lifted any room, and a heart that knew how to care without conditions. His strength was gentle, his presence reassuring, and his love unforgettable.



IN LOVING MEMORY



Mitchell O. Mattern

SUNRISE 11/08/1954 | SUNSET 12/03/2025

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 2025

FAMILY HOUR: 10:00 AM - HOME GOING: 11:00 PM

THE PARK CHURCH

6029 BEATTIES FORD RD. CHARLOTTE, NC 28216

Bishop Claude Richard Alexander, Jr. — Pastor

Professional Services Entrusted By: Grier Funeral Service

"A Father's Legacy — Told by His Son"

The Letter I Wrote to My "Daddy Man" Before Goodbye Was a Thought!

A lot of times, parents don't get the credit they deserve. People usually thank God for all the success they achieve in life — and rightfully so. But this is not that. I'm thankful for everything God has blessed me with in life, especially my parents.

Everyone knows how important a mother's role is in her son's life. My mom gave me life and taught me how to love. In fact, a man's mother is usually his very first love, and that holds true for me as well. But this ain't about her either. This is the moment for you, Dad. This is my time to give you your roses while you're still here. Dad, this is my letter of thanksgiving to you.

I know you aren't the emotional type — and that's one of the many things you taught me: that "men don't have room to be emotional..." That's something I still stand on to this day. Thank you for all the early Saturday morning haircuts. You taught me that a man should care about how he looks, especially a Black man, because society is going to judge him the second they see him.

Thank you for making me get up and either go to school or go to work. From that, I learned that "a man that doesn't work doesn't eat..." Thank you for working both of those jobs for all those years. Thank you for the time spent — the days at the park, making all the practices, and showing up at all the games. Thank you for showing me how to love a woman properly. I know your and Mommy's relationship wasn't perfect, but I have to thank you for choosing us and staying. I couldn't imagine my life growing up without you in it. Thank you for showing us what it means to love and fear God. You didn't talk about it much, but you showed it every night when you got down on your knees and prayed. Thank you for not only allowing me to dream, but supporting every dream I had. You never told me what I had to go to school for or what I should be doing. You just sat back and allowed me to spread my wings. Thank you for being an awesome Granddad to my kids.

I never told you this, but I never aspired to be rich or famous. I never looked to another person as a hero — because you were the one I wanted to be like. You set the bar in my life for what it means to be a dad, a husband, a son, and a brother. I reflect on my life and my relationships, and I measure how I'm doing by the example you set.

I could go on forever, but I won't. I just want to thank you for being my Daddy Man. I know we don't have forever together, but I didn't want to leave this earth — or let you leave it — without you knowing how thankful I am for you. The legacy you created with us is strong, and it will live through me, my brothers, your grandchildren, and your great-grandchildren. Job well done!

I love you to the moon and back
Your Son,

Christopher Elliott Mattern

Revelations 21:4 (KJV)

