

PALLBEARERS
Prince Hall Masons

FLOWER BEARERS
Nieces and Cousins



This Is Not Goodbye

I did not want to leave you
It was just my time to go
I know your heart is breaking
So, I need to let you know
That although you can no longer see me
I'll be forever by your side
I promise time will numb the pain
And help dry the tears you've cried
You can reach me in your memories
Just think of me, I will be there
In your dreams, we can visit yesteryear
Where we didn't have a care
Please carry on and live your life
I beg of you to try
Just know we'll meet again one day
As this is not goodbye



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

The family wishes to acknowledge with deep appreciation every expression of love, concern, and kindness shown to them during their time of bereavement. May God Bless and Keep You!

Special Thank You: The family would like to express sincere gratitude to the caregivers; South Carolina House Calls, Agape Hospice, Amedisys Home Health and Palliative Care, Margaret Able, Martha Cockrell, Joyce Woods, and Regina Robinson.

FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS ENTRUSTED TO:



534 Hampton Street
Rock Hill, South Carolina
(803)327-4245

CELEBRATION OF LIFE AND FAITH OF
Mr. Jessie Lee McMoore

August 15, 1928 - March 21, 2026



SERVICE

Sunday, March 29, 2026 ~ 2:00 PM

UNION BAPTIST CHURCH

1195 Hands Mill Highway, Rock Hill, South Carolina

Pastor Edward Francis, III

Eulogist - Rev. J. Thomas Barber

Boyd Hill Baptist Church

A Poem for Granddaddy

by Catherine D. Killian

A century nearly, in the making, A life of quiet, steady grace,
Through nine decades of world-shaking, He kept a calm and gentle pace.
He saw the seasons turn and wander, the sapling grow into the oak,
With ninety seven years of days to ponder, and wisdom in the words he spoke.
His hands, rough with time and labor, had held the new, and weathered old,
A sturdy friend, a trusted neighbor, with stories left but mostly told.
Though ninety-seven years have faded like sunset on a summer hill,
The legacy of love he braided remains to guide and warm us still
He read the land like an open book, from his garden to the forest deep,
He knew the secrets of how to catch fish with a hook,
The waking crow of the rooster while others were still asleep
Whether possum, rabbit, coon, or cooter stew, cabbage, corn, okra, and tomatoes were vegetables in his crops
Picking blackberries and muscadines too. You never knew what was cooking in his pots.
A patriarch of steady hand, the firm protector of his fold,
A hardworking family man, with a fearless heart of gold
He never met a stranger's face, just friends he hadn't greeted yet
And on the floor, he moved with what he thought was grace, In a dance we shall never forget.
Though ninety-seven years have run, the harvest of his life is clear
In every seed and rising sun, the strength of Pops is always near.
A country boy with country roots he tilled the earth for more than grain,
He sought a path in worn work boots to spare his legacy from toil and pain.
That easy grin, a calming light, could settle any stormy heart,
A man who'd drive the Gospel Choir through day and night to play his dedicated part.
At Union Baptist Church, until the memories started to slip away,
Deacon McMoore gave his hands and time
The soul of Skeet was there to stay. even as he neared his prime,
He lived the lay of the land he loved, a fisherman, hunter, a guide,
With eyes on heaven up above and a family's love as his greatest pride.
Ninety-seven years of grace a life well-lived, a job well-done
We see him in each familiar face and every harvest of the sun.
Whether Mr. Jessie Lee to some or, Skeet to those who knew,
To us, he was the steady strength from which his family grew
He was Daddy, Pops, and Pop Pop-the patriarch and guide,
The Granda and Granddaddy who looked upon his offspring with love and pride.
For Shorty, Carolyn, Tootie, and Mae, he stood solid and tall,
The husband Cat Leaned in the loss of three children, The protector of us all.
He'd drive the miles to Ohio to witness the eldest grandchild's master's cap and gown,
And hurried up to Michigan to help mend a broken heart
when that same grandchild's world was turned upside down.
Never any judgment or I told you so's
Just packed up his first grandchild and first great grandchild and said come on, let's go.
From the garden to the fishing hole, he looked at life anew,
Until the church pews missed the man that everybody knew.
The harvest of his labor is in every seed he set,
The country boy who gave us more than we could ever forget
And now though the seasons will continue to turn without him, his light will always shine,
Through the lives of loved ones and the legacy he left behind.
Now reunited with Grandma, his children, siblings and grandson,
I'm certain y'all are having a time and regrets, I'm sure there are none.
Ninety-seven years of resilience and faith, a life that's now complete,
Granddaddy now you can finally get your rest and sit at the savior's feet.

Obituary

Mr. Jessie Lee McMoore, a pillar of his community and a devoted servant of God, peacefully transitioned from this life on March 21, 2026, at the age of 97. His life was a testament to his unwavering faith, humble service, and steadfast devotion to both his church and his family.

Mr. McMoore was a lifelong and faithful member of Union Baptist Church, where he served diligently in numerous capacities throughout the years. His roles included: Acting Superintendent of Sunday School, Sunday School Teacher, Deacon, custodian, bus driver, member of the Brotherhood, Willing Workers, Silver Eagles Senior Ministry and caretaker of the church grounds and cemetery. No task was too small or too great when it came to serving the Lord and his church family.

A lover of gospel music, Mr. McMoore sang in a quartet group for many years and was an active member of both the hymn choir and mass choir. One of his greatest joys in ministry was organizing the Union Gospel Singers. He devoted countless hours to this ministry, faithfully transporting the choir to gospel programs across South Carolina and North Carolina. Whether on Friday nights, Saturdays, or Sundays, he found true joy in spreading God's message through music and fellowship.

Mr. McMoore also found joy in the outdoors. He was an avid hunter who often hunted rabbits, squirrels, raccoons, possums, and deer alongside his beloved hunting dogs, generously sharing his harvest with the community. He enjoyed fishing, both alone and deep-sea fishing with his sisters. His favorite pastime, however, was gardening. What began as a small backyard garden grew into a large field that became a community garden, enjoyed and appreciated by many.

He was also a devoted and lifelong member of the following masonic houses. Four Cross Lodge 109, Prince of Peace No. 25, Lancaster Consistory 254, and Menzel Temple 35. He got involved in the prison ministry where he would go every Sunday Morning before church to spread the word of God which initiated the prison ministry at Union Baptist Church.

He attended Rock Hill Public Schools and later worked as a skilled concrete finisher at Metromont Concrete Company until his retirement. In addition, he was self-employed as a contractor in the concrete industry and also worked with Johnson Funeral Home. He was widely known for his strong work ethic, humility, and quiet strength.

Mr. McMoore was preceded in death by his beloved wife, Catherine Boyd McMoore; his sons, Arthur Charles McMoore and Gregory McMoore; his daughter, Carolyn McMoore (James, deceased); and his great-grandchild, Zuri A. Norman. He was also preceded in death by his mother, Ammie McMoore Simpson; his brothers, Jerry McMoore and Joe McMoore; and his sisters, Mary Stroud, Martha Jackson, Helen Hemphill, and Sally Shaw.

He leaves to cherish his memory, his loving daughter, Jessica McMoore of Columbia, SC; his nephew, whom he raised as a son, Winslow McMoore (Phyllis), Waxhaw, NC; his grandson, whom he also helped raise, Jeston L. McMoore (Tiffany), Columbia, SC; James Locke, grandson of the home; Shelisha Locke, granddaughter of the home; two loving daughter in laws, Roberta McMoore and Shelia McMoore. He is also survived by his sisters, Betty Johnson, Barbara Smith, New Jersey and Margie Sutton, California, his brother, John T. Simpson; nine grandchildren: Catherine D. Killian, Detroit, MI, Taiwain L. Taylor (Shanari), Columbia, SC, Tomeka M. Ratchford (Lamont), Jeston L. McMoore (Tiffany), Columbia, SC, LaToya McMoore, Shekisha McMoore Lea (Donald), Duluth, GA, Grelonda D. McMoore, Shelisha Y. Locke, James Lamarick Locke and an honorary granddaughter Lakeia Killian.

He also leaves fifteen great-grandchildren: Tyson Kimani Taylor; D'Arthur M. Ratchford, Gregory Z. McMoore, Tychelle Kimaya Taylor, Alexavier C. McMoore; Ariel S. Ratchford, Jeston L. McMoore II, Jakenzie L. Locke, Jestic L. McMoore, Jada L. Locke, Comari Aoussou, Melanie Taylor, DeMarcus Lea, Chantel Lea, and Keandre Hogue; one great-great-grandchild, Million A. Norman; a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, other loving relatives and dear friends.

Mr. McMoore's favorite song was "May the Work I've Done Speak for Me." Indeed, his life's work speaks volumes. He will be remembered for his steadfast faith, his servant's heart, and the love he shared so freely with all who knew him. His legacy of service and devotion will continue to inspire generations to come.

