IN MEMORY OF

Charles Columbus Cater
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CHARLES COLUMBUS CATER
1857—1919
LIFE SKETCH.

Charles Columbus Cater was born February 8th, 1857, in Twiggs county, near Macon, Ga. For seventeen years he worked on the farm at his home place, after which he came to Atlanta, spending a short time in the preparatory school at Atlanta University. From 1881 to 1886 he was a mail carrier in the Atlanta post office. While serving as a mail carrier in 1884 he married his first wife, Mary Olivia Tate, by whom he had eight children. Five of these survive him. In 1886 he opened a retail grocery store in Atlanta, remaining in that business for twenty-seven years. He married his second wife, Clara Holmes Maxwell, widow of Rev. Leigh B. Maxwell in 1908. She and three of her children survive him. In 1912 the board of directors of the Atlanta State Savings Bank elected him cashier, a position he held continuously with the exception of a few weeks, until his death.

For twenty years Mr. Cater was treasurer of the First Congregational church. After resigning this position he became deacon of the church. He was chairman of the Building Committee when the present structure was erected. For years prior to his death, he served as treasurer of the Carrie Steele Orphanage, and also was a president of several fraternal organizations.

For the past two years Mr. Cater was not in good health, and after a short illness of one week, he passed away on December 1.
FOREWORD.

When The Atlanta Constitution carried in its morning columns the notice of the death of Mr. Cater, it was the first tidings to many that he had even been ill. A distinct shock was given to the city as a whole. Only recently he was seen on the streets, busily engaged, as was his wont, in his many duties of love.

On the day of his funeral all stores, white as well as colored, on the street in which he had done business so long, closed at the noon hour in his honor. There were tears in many eyes as his body was borne along the crowded thoroughfare where for so many years he had been a familiar figure.

Promptly at high noon his body was laid in state in the First Congregational Church. He himself had been the chairman of the Building Committee when this stately building was erected, and in a sense he built his own monument.

Here at the hour of the funeral service there gathered a host of friends that would have been a tribute to any man. As they entered the building they found his bier and the altar covered with banks of flowers. Indeed, there were so many floral tributes ordered that the florist was unable to fill all the orders.

Close by the bier sat his beloved family. It was the remark of all that the family itself was a tribute to the father. Every member of this family was making good in some important avenue of life.

Interspersed with songs he loved, many strong tributes were paid to the man. Not one of them did any of the hearers think undeserving. The most deserved of all was that of his wide and loyal friendship. Every one present counted him a friend.

At the close of the service the long line of the funeral procession began its way to Oakland. It was pronounced the longest seen in Atlanta for years. On a beautiful spot beneath the trees his body rests, after many busy years. But he himself is still with us.
ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Wednesday, December 3, 1919.

Body to lie in state at noon.
Music on the Organ from 12 to 1, by Miss Muriel Proctor.
Processional at 1 p. m.
Opening hymn—"Jesus Lover of My Soul."
Song by Carrie Steele Orphanage children.
Prayer by Rev. G. T. Thomas.
Choir—"Sweet Hour of Prayer."
Sketch of Life, read by Rev. M. Thompson.
Solo—By Secretary W. J. Trent.
Remarks:
  Rev. E. R. Carter, Friendship Baptist Church.
  Rev. M. W. Adams, Atlanta University.
  Secretary W. J. Trent, Y. M. C. A.
  Rev. P. J. Bryant, Wheat Street Baptist Church.
  Resolutions—Dr. H. R. Butler.
Exercises by the Masonic fraternity.
Song—"I Would Not Live Always."
Recessional.
For twenty-five years the pastor of Mr. Cater, who a short time before his death expressed publicly the desire that Dr. Proctor should preach his funeral.
THE SERMON.


"Jesus knowing that his hour had come that he should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved his own that were in the world, he loved them unto the end." John 13:1.

Charles Columbus Cater has entered upon his permanent spiritual relations, and in accordance with his publicly expressed wish not many nights ago on this pulpit, I have the privilege and the honor of interpreting his life to his friends on this, his coronation day in this community.

It is my custom to associate persons with texts, and I know of no passage in the whole Scripture that is more significant of the life of our good friend than these words concerning the Master—"having loved his own that were in this world, he loved them unto the end."

These are the opening words of a new era in the earthly life of Christ. He had appealed in vain to the nation, and, finally, he called unto himself "his own," and made unto them the most precious revelation ever made to man. It was then that he stooped and washed his disciples' feet, thus acting out the great parable of democracy. In this passage we have exquisitely expressed the spirit, method and objective of the greatest life ever lived on this earth. Its spirit was love, its method was service, its objective humanity.

Mr. Cater was not a scholar, but he had achieved that which no college on earth can give—the culture that comes from contact with the crowd. He was in the crowd, but not of it! He was not an orator, but in his noblest utterances he spoke with an unction no mere orator can imitate—the unction of the spirit. Like a rounded pebble in the stream of life he moved as one sent from God. Like his Master, he was actuated by the spirit of love, was ever active, and he served his fellowmen.

His was a remarkably well-rounded life. It touched so many angles.

He was a successful business man. He served the community as a letter carrier, grocer and banker.

He belonged to a number of fraternal organizations. Among these were the Masons, the Knights of Pythias and the Odd Fellows.

He was practically interested in the Y. M. C. A. For a number of years he was the chairman of the executive committee of that organization.
He was interested in the Carrie Steele orphanage. For a number of years he was the treasurer of that organization, and these little ones here today rise up to call him blessed.

He established a beautiful home in this city. It was a center of the best social influence, and his children have all without exception done well.

For 38 years he was a member of this church. For over a score of years he served as treasurer, and during that time, though he handled thousands of dollars, not a single penny ever went astray. During the erection of this building in which his body lies today, he was chairman of the Building Committee, and was tireless in his fidelity and loyalty during these days of construction. His finest work for this church, however, was that of deacon. In this office he was faithful in all things, and at all times a comfort to his pastor. When he spoke in our gatherings he was always heard with interest and attention, because he spoke with authority. God was speaking through him.

These were the outflowerings of his life. The secret springs were in God. How beautifully this came out in his latter days. He impressed me as a ship making for the harbor. Manoeuvring for a while in front of the harbor, it finally strikes the channel and makes straight into port. I have watched his life for years, and it has been a great joy in these latter days to know how he was making the harbor. Finally he struck the channel, and under the guidance of his pilot, whom he saw face to face, made straight for the landing. "I am anchored deep," he exclaimed, the last morning he was on earth. The ship was in the harbor.

The morning the death of Theodore Roosevelt was announced people could hardly believe it. He had been such an active man that it was hard to dissociate him from life. Mr. Cater was of the Roosevelt type. People could hardly believe that he was dead when they read the tidings in the press. He was so active even to the end that he does not yet seem to be dead. Really, he is not dead. His is a double immortality.

Being a Christian he was not born to die, and today he walks with his Master, clad in white. He is neither dead, asleep or even away; he is alive, awake and around. Living in the spiritual sphere, he is closer to us than ever before.

He lives in his influence. He lives in the bank on Auburn avenue, and in all its success in the years to come he will be a part of it. He lives in the fraternal organizations of which he was a part, and will ever be present in their de-
liberations. He lives in the Y. M. C. A., and as long as that building stands he will live there, and longer. He lives in the orphanage, and as long as this house of mercy stands he will live there, and longer. He lives in his children, and his children's children to the last generation upon the earth. He lives in this church, and every day that its spire is pointed to the sky he will preach the gospel here in the heart of Atlanta. He lives in the lives of those he has made better.

In the sunlight of this sure two-fold immortality, I bid his loved ones look up and dry their tears.

I can scarcely speak of the close and tender relation we had as friend and friend. In all these years of my ministry here his fidelity has been unbroken. Sometime ago, we stole away in a dark corner in this building and had a heart to heart talk together. I cannot reveal the confidences of that hour. Among other things, he said: "I love this church and all it stands for. I shall be a member of it as long as I live. I want to be buried from this church. I want you to bury me." This same wish, as many of you know, was expressed here on this altar a few nights ago.

I have not preached much about heaven since I have been in Atlanta, save the heaven we are to make on earth. But two Sundays ago I was moved to say this in my sermon: "Heaven is a creation of the voice of God. The music of heaven is as the voice of many waters. The order of heaven is the voice out of the throne. The comfort of heaven is the voice of the Lamb."

That was the last sermon he heard. Already he has heard the choir of many voices; already he has heard the voice of God; and even now is walking with the Lamb to the fountains of the waters of life, and has realized the blessed experience of having every tear wiped from his eye by the hand of God.

I have seen the sun rise on the ocean, and as the great ball of fire rises above the waste of waters, I have said: "Beautiful." I have seen the sun set on Mt. Lookout. And as the sun cast his billowy glories over the seven states, I have exclaimed: "Beautiful." I have seen a rose bursting into fullness, and as I have looked upon that which was more glorious than Solomon. I have said "Beautiful." But the most beautiful thing in this world is a Christian's death. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

I knelt beside my friend here as he was passing through the gates. At first he was restless, but as we sang Ray Palmer's great hymn, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," he became as quiet as a child. Then we prayed together, and at
the close of the prayer he gave a fervent "Amen." The sun was setting then, and soon all was peace with him. He was in the harbor. He had met his pilot face to face, and he stood all aglow in the eternal sunrise of God. Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

THE MAN WHO BUILT HIS OWN MONUMENT.

Charles Columbus Cater entered upon his permanent spiritual relations Monday afternoon, December 1st, in the glow of the setting sun. The news ran like an electric shock throughout the city. His life had touched every helpful phrase of community life, culminating in the home and the church. A great concourse gathered Wednesday at noon on his coronation day, as his body lay in state in the church building in which he had led as a builder. Many beautiful floral tributes were piled high on the altar in his memory. In fact, there were so many the florist could not fill all the orders, and they are to be filled later and the church will share in their beauty Sabbath by Sabbath. In this hour of their trial the large family of which he was the head has our deepest sense of fellowship. A great man has gone up to God. And yet he is with us still!—From the Weekly Calendar of the Church.
FLORAL TRIBUTES.

Officers and members of First Congregational Church.
Missionary Society of First Congregational Church.
Deaconess Board of First Congregational Church.
Atlanta State Savings Bank.
Officers and Directors Fulton National Bank.
Rising Sun lodge.
Matrons and Past Matrons The Eastern Star.
Committee Manager Y. M. C. A.
Carrie Steele Orphan Home.
Grand Chapter O. E. Star of Georgia.
Standard Life Insurance Company.
Associated Charities, Staff and Volunteers.
Twentieth Century Club.
The Monday Club.
Ladies’ Auxiliary of Postal Employees.
The Chautauqua Circle.
Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Ross.
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Shaw.
Mr. H. E. Perry.
Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Pace and Mrs. Bibb.
Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Williams and family.
Dr. and Mrs. Barber.
Mr. and Mrs. Truman Gibson.
The Atlanta Medical Association.
Kimball House Bell Boys and Porters.
Mr. and Mrs. L. Harris and Miss Griffin.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wimberly.
Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Betts.
Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Cox.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cox.
Mr. Sol Johnson.
Miss Alice Miller.
Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Madison.
Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Cooper.
Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Porter.
Mr. H. W. Pitts.
Dr. and Mrs. M. Amos.
Mrs. Carrie Johnson.
Mr. and Mrs. William Shaw.
Mr. C. R. Yates.
Mr. T. Taylor.
Mr. C. H. Haynes.
Dr. and Mrs. T. H. Slater.
Mrs. John Tate.
Mr. and Mrs. James Tate.
Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Tate.
Rev. and Mrs. Singleton.
Mrs. Lula Daniel.
Miss Johnson and mother.
Mr. and Mrs. Goosby.
Mr. and Mrs. Walton.
Mr. R. Black.
Mr. and Mrs. Richardson.
Mr. and Mrs. Downs.
Mrs. C. A. Williams and sister.
Mr. and Mrs. John Bell.
Mrs. Eva Neal.
Mrs. Wm. Westmoreland.
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McHenry.
Mr. McNair and daughters.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Reeves.
Mr. and Mrs. Turner.
Atlanta University Boys:
   Mr. H. L. Thompson.
   Mr. Holder.
   Mr. C. Elder.
   Mr. A. Elder.
   Mr. Stinson.
   Mr. A. Edwards.
   Mr. Cornell.
   Mr. Harper.
   Mr. Cade.
Business Men.
Fireside Mutual Insurance Company.
Guaranty Mutual Insurance Company.
Atlanta Mutual Insurance Company.
Standard Loan and Realty Company.
Union Publishing Company.
Robinson Hamilton Printing Company.
Auditorium Theatre.
Shellman Bakery.

And many others whose orders could not be filled.

GRATITUDE.

The family wishes to express to the many friends its deep appreciation for their many expressions of sympathy during its recent bereavement.