



Ethel M. Murria

May 29, 2016

Ethel M. Murria, 98, born August 12, 1917 in Beggs, Oklahoma passed away peacefully on May 29, 2016 at home in the presence of loved ones. She was preceded in death by parents, Mary and Sonny; Aunt Lee and many other family members and dear friends. Ethel was a long time member of Trinity Faith Tabernacle where she was fondly known as "Mother Murria." Although she held many jobs including retiring from the Toledo Public Schools there was no greater position in her life than being a "Prayer Warrior" for God. One of her greatest attributes was her love for family. She is survived by daughter, Doris Jean; grandchildren: Robin, Keith (Melinda), Kenneth, Deborah and Nicole (Dwayne); great-grandchildren: Corey, Meagan, Jessica, Michael, Joseph, Kenneth Jr., Jeremiah, Leah, Ethan and Monica; great-great grandchildren: Reilly and Reese. Special nieces: Brenda Green-Mitchell and Vickie Green-Horsley. Services will be held on Monday, June 6, 2016 at Trinity Faith Tabernacle Deliverance Center located at 1302 N. Huron St., Toledo, Ohio 43604. Visitation will begin at 10:00 a.m. and the funeral service will follow at 11:00 a.m. A private burial service for the family will be at The Woodlawn Cemetery. All arrangements provided by Dale-Riggs Funeral Home.

Comments



“ Gram has always been a part of my life.....the church events, hours of sitting to get my hair "done", home cooked meals (no one can top Gram), the lemon and honey remedy for colds, etc. Gram became my right hand in helping me to raise my children. I know the tears will cease because I know she'll always be with me. Thank you GOD for giving her to us!

Robin Riley-Casey - June 05, 2016 at 09:52 AM



“ Sundays used to be the day we would all prepare to go to church.

Everyone (4 kids and one Gram) rushes to brush their teeth and take a shower. I was either ironing a skirt or sitting in a kitchen chair while gram pressed my hair.

We are all dressed and heading out to the car and gram yells I can't find my keys (I inherited that trait--lose keys:). We all tramp around the house frantically looking for keys and after 15 mins. notice that they are hanging from the front door.

Now we are in the car and we begin to sing a choir song and my grandmother smiles.

I miss her and our traditions. Love you Gram--Robin

Robin Riley-Casey - June 05, 2016 at 08:40 AM



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