

**IN LOVING MEMORY**

**ANTON E. MCCALL, II**

APRIL 23, 1982 – DEC 24, 2024

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 2025

WAKE: 12:30 – FUNERAL: 2:30 PM

COVENANT COMMUNITY CHURCH OF CLEVELAND  
3342 EAST 119TH STREET, CLEVELAND, OH 44120

# Order of Service

Family Visitation.....	12:30 PM – 1:00 PM
Words Of Welcome.....	
Old Testament .....	Kiena Hughley
New Testament.....	Jackie Williams
Prayer.....	Evangelist Jones
Musical Selections.....	Dexter
Praise Dance.....	Anarie
Reflection & Remarks.....	PLEASE LIMIT TO 2 MINUTES
Words Of Encouragement.....	Guy
Selection.....	Shirley
Reading Of Obituary.....	Yolanda
Poems.....	Anarie, Twin, Anthony
Eulogy.....	Anton III

## INTERMENT

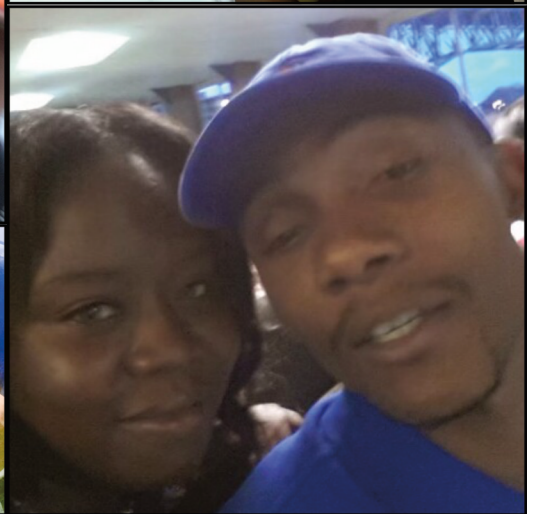
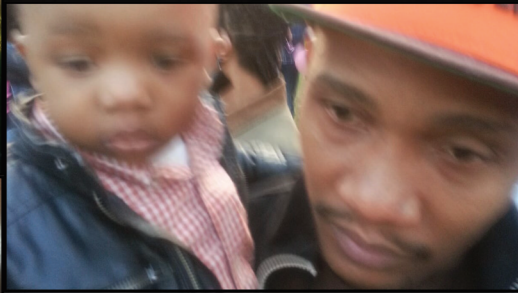
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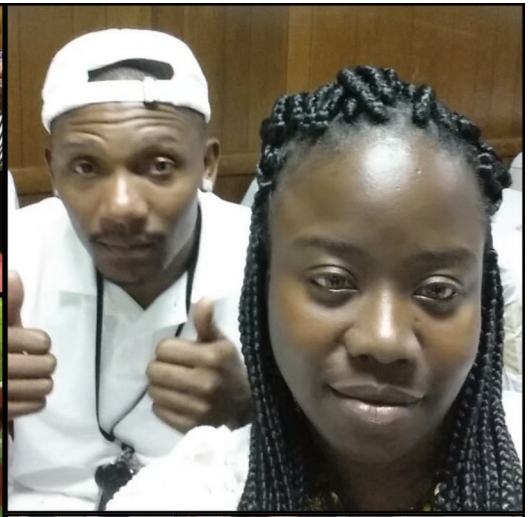
## PALLBEARERS

Jihada	Jay	Red
Roy	Brandon	Magness

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The family of AnTon McCall would like to express their thanks for the many prayers calls cards love kind gestures and support during our time of Bereavement and we also want to thank Watsons Funeral Home, Rose of Sharon Church of God, and lastly, Covenant Community Church of Cleveland Thank you to you all and God Bless.









## *In Loving Memory of AnTon E. McCall II ("Tank")*

*APRIL 23, 1982 – DECEMBER 24, 2024*

*AnTon E. McCall II, affectionately known as "Tank," was born on April 23, 1982, in Cleveland, Ohio, to parents AnTon McCall and Jocelyn McCane. Tank was one of eight siblings, a cherished member of a large and loving family. He pursued his education with determination, earning his GED as an adult. In 2006, he married the love of his life, Tanesha McCall, a union that began in 2002 and blossomed into a beautiful journey of love and partnership. Together, they built a family filled with joy and purpose, raising three amazing children: Anarie McCall (20), currently pursuing a nursing degree; AnTon McCall III (18), a barber college student and budding entrepreneur; and Anthony McCall (11), who dreams of becoming a firefighter.*

*Throughout his life, Tank was a dedicated worker, contributing to numerous organizations, including Evergreen Cooperative Laundry and MPW, and excelling in various factory roles. His entrepreneurial spirit eventually led him and his family to establish their own boutique. Tank was a man of many passions. He loved playing chess, where his strategic mind and love for learning shone brightly. He cherished time spent with his family, creating memories through shared adventures and moments of togetherness. One of his greatest joys was traveling with his son to boxing events, strengthening their bond and celebrating their shared passion.*

*Tank was a devoted husband, a loving father, and a steadfast friend. His marriage to Tanesha was a cornerstone of his life, marked by unwavering love and partnership. As a father, he was patient, supportive, and ever-present, guiding his children with wisdom and care. His integrity, kindness, and commitment to family left a lasting legacy that touched all who knew him.*

*Tank is preceded in death by his grandparents Edmond McCall, Ella-Ruth McCall, and Dennis McCane; his father, AnTon McCall; his brothers, Arron McCane and Gregory Adams Jr.; and his sister, Miranda McCane. He leaves behind his wife, Tanesha Jones-McCall; his children, Anarie McCall, AnTon McCall III, and Anthony McCall; his mother, Jocelyn McCane; his stepmother, Tina McCall; his parents-in-love, Charles Polk and Ruby Westbrook (Darnell); his grandmother, Toy McCane-Turk; his siblings, Marissa McCane, Meriah McCane, Adahm McCane, & Morelle McCane; his sibling-in-love, Brandy Porter (Damond); and a host of aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews, great-nieces, and great-nephews.*

*Tank's memory will forever be cherished by those who knew and loved him. His legacy of love, strength, and devotion lives on in the hearts of his family and friends.*

***Lovingly Submitted,  
The Family***

## FOR MY DAD, MY HERO

*Dad, you were my guide, my friend, with love that would never end. You taught me strength, how to rise and stand tall. We shared dreams, laughed, and were the perfect team. Now you're a star in the sky, but your love stays with me. I'll make you proud, and you'll always be my guiding star.*

## A DAUGHTER'S FAREWELL: THE OLDEST'S HEART

*Dad, you were the first to hold my hand, the first to show me how to stand. As your oldest child, I saw it all—your love, your strength, your gentle call. I watched you work, I saw you strive, you taught me what it means to be alive. With every sacrifice, every prayer, you showed me how to love, to care. In all my years, I've known your heart. From the very start, we were never apart. You were my guide, my mentor, my friend. In your love, I found a light that won't end. You gave me wisdom, you gave me grace, a legacy I will never replace. The lessons you taught, the words you spoke, will stay with me, through every hope. As the oldest, I take this stand to carry your love, to hold your hand. Though you're not here, I'll always see a part of you still lives in me. I say goodbye, but not in sorrow, for your love will guide me tomorrow. You'll always be my dad, my guide—forever with me, right by my side. Rest now, Dad, your work is through, but in me, your spirit lives true. The oldest daughter, standing tall, carrying your love through it all.*

*Love, your daughter.*

## A DAY WE WILL NEVER FORGET

*December 24th, a day so clear, the news we heard, we couldn't bear. "Sorry, family, this is it," the doctor said, our hearts shattered, all hope bled. We cried, we screamed, we couldn't cope, how could we let go of our hope? God makes no mistakes, they say, but you, we didn't want to slip away. How do we move on, how do we heal, when the one we loved is no longer real? The pain is deep, the ache is raw, we're left here broken, with no cure in law. The house feels empty, the silence loud, we search for comfort, but it's not allowed. Your laugh, your steady grace, are now just memories we can't replace. And yet we move forward, though it's not the same, we speak your name, we honor your flame. You taught us strength, you taught us love, now we'll carry your spirit, with guidance above. Your wife, your kids, their hearts so torn, and this girl here, just mentally worn, and will continue to be by their side while they mourn. So here we stand, still asking why, with tear-streaked faces and hearts that cry. Rest now, Tank, though we still fight to live without you, in the darkest night. We'll carry your love, though it's hard to bear, in every tear, and every prayer. Love, Twin.*

Services of Comfort entrusted to:

*Watson's Funeral Home*

[www.WatsonsFuneralHome.com](http://www.WatsonsFuneralHome.com)

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