



## **Idella G. Duncan**

July 1, 1934 - March 26, 2026

No obituary found for this tribute.

# Previous Events

## Public Viewing

APR 11. 10:00 AM (CT)

Wesley Tabernacle Church  
902 28th Street  
Galveston, TX 77550

## A Service of Praise & Thanksgiving

APR 11. 11:00 AM (CT)

Wesley Tabernacle Church  
902 28th Street  
Galveston, TX 77550

## Interment

APR 11 (CT)

Lakeview Cemetery  
57th Street  
Galveston, TX 77550

# Tribute Wall

DH

“ Our hearts are saddened by the passing of our dear Cousin Idella, affectionately known as Tut. Praying comfort and peace for our family . Diane James Hatfield & Family. Baton Rouge, Louisiana



Diane James Hatfield - April 08 at 02:38 PM

AP

“ To the family:  
My dearest cousin will definitely be missed.  
That personal and beautiful smile. Always with kind words and thoughtful. Idella attended every Parker family reunion and every Green family reunion, a voice will be missing.  
On a humorous note, she would get my sister Diane and I confused.



Love  
Arian Parker

Arian Parker - April 02 at 09:54 AM

SS

Our dear cousin Idella is Missed and Forever Loved always loving, Smiling and helping wherever she could. This comes as a SHOCK to me to learn of her departure. HEAVEN HAS CERTAINLY GAINED AN ANGEL, Wings already attached. This is not good bye, it is see you later.  
Many Prayers and condolences to our Family.

Sarah Solomon - April 07 at 05:42 PM

BH

“ *I have admired her through the years as a Faithful member of WMC, where my early years were spent with maternal relatives, as a Zeta Amicae for many years, and tuning in on-line to MBC. RIP*

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**Billie Marshall Hoskins** - March 31 at 07:56 PM

KW

“ Hello everyone. I just received permission to post this poem by Maya Angelou. It gives me comfort, and I hope it does you, too.  
Karen

*When Great Trees Fall*

*When Great Trees Fall,  
rocks on distant hills shudder,  
lions hunker down  
in tall grasses, and even elephants  
lumber after safety.*

*When great trees fall  
in forests, small things recoil into silence,  
their senses  
eroded beyond fear.*

*When great souls die,  
the air around us becomes  
light, rare, sterile.  
We breathe, briefly.  
Our eyes, briefly,  
see with  
a hurtful clarity.  
Our memory, suddenly sharpened,  
examines,  
gnaws on kind words,  
unsaid,  
promised walks,  
never taken.*

*Great souls die, and our reality, bound to  
them, takes leave of us.  
Our souls, dependent on their nurture,  
Now shrink, wizened.  
Our minds, formed and informed by their*

*radiance, fall away.  
We are not so much maddened  
as reduced to the unutterable ignorance  
of cold, dark caves.*

*And when great souls die, after period peace blooms,  
slowly and always irregularly.  
Spaces fill with a kind of soothing electric vibration.  
Our senses, never to be the same, whisper to us.  
They existed. They existed.  
We can be. And be better.  
For they existed.*

*Maya Angelou*

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**Karen Wellborn** - March 31 at 02:58 PM