



Willie Lee Askew

July 23, 1936 - December 15, 2020

Mr. Willie Askew Obituary

Willie Lee Askew 84, of Cleveland, Ohio transitioned on December 15, 2020.

He was born July 23, 1936 in Tuskegee, Alabama to Minnie and Henry Askew. He was raised by his grandparents, Marshall and Lillie Askew.

Willie worked for 31 years at Cereal Foods. He proudly served in many positions as a union officer for Local #39 Cereal Food Processors. He served in the U.S. Army and was honorably discharged.

Willie loved people and was always willing to lend a helping hand as a skilled handyman and he could fix anything. Also, he was an avid sports fan who remained loyal to all of his home teams especially the Cleveland Browns and Cleveland Cavaliers.

He loved family reunions and cookouts where he would laugh and joke with family and friends.

He is survived by his wife of 63 years Louise Askew, his daughters Jacqueline (Robert) Johnson, Sonya Askew, Monique Askew; 4 grandchildren; Jared, Darian, Billie and Kenya, his siblings Etta B (Wille deceased) Gadson and John (Laureen) Askew and many other family members.

A private ceremony will be held.

To send flowers
to the family or plant a tree
in memory of Willie Lee Askew, please visit our floral store.

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Tribute Wall

DA

“ John Askew and Family would like to express our sincere condolences on the loss of Brother/Uncle Willie. We are Praying for comfort and strength for the family. ðŸ™ðŸ™

Dione Askew - December 28, 2020 at 02:30 PM

EG

“ We wish to express our loving memories for the loss of our beloved brother and uncle. Willie was a kind and generous person that will truly be missed. He will be in our hearts forever. May his soul rest in peace until we meet again. From your bereaved sister and nephew.Â

Etta & Rickey Gadson - December 27, 2020 at 04:32 PM

RW

“ A candle was lit in remembrance

Ruthel Wilson - December 22, 2020 at 10:21 PM

“ I miss my father’s hands. I don’t know why but they seem to have never changed in appearance- thick veiny fingers with wide nails. The same when I was 10, same when I was 30 and again this year. The same hands I have now to go with those feet. Feet that my daughter now shares. Traveling feet I was told- “those are good feet for dancing.” Kitchen feet said another - “you get those from your father’s mother.” My father didn’t seem to age like others- he always had a sparkle in his eye. Always chuckling, never quite resting long enough to be still and his eyes were steady on the game. I like to think my daughter’s mastery of reading and fondness for math and baseball she got from him. And not just those feet! His dedication as a grandfather made this daughter proud to say yup his youngest (grandchild) was rightfully named after him. On their last outdoor visit together my Dad managed to play baseball, fly a kite (with a ladder), hula hoop and do stomp rockets with an exuberant adoring 5 year old. Billie could never get enough of Pops. At 84, I don’t recall if he ever sat down- or even said he was tired that day. In fact he got offended when I tried to carry the ladder on my own. That was how my father was towards me- caring, patient and worried. He managed to put all three of his daughters through college with long hours that was hard and demanding for over 30 years. He matured as a man devoted to his family and community. I couldn’t enter a store without half the staff calling out his name smiling. Those little things he did automatically for his family and others- who knew that such kindness and chivalry would be in short supply years later? Call me vain, but one of the silliest (and proud) moments I have of my father being “the man” was when he served as a grand marshal at Juneteenth. I had to help with the vendors but less than an hour after the parade I went searching for my Dad. I got to the town square and a circle of middle aged (mostly) women were gathered in awe. My father was the bullseye. I stomped my way through the crowd of teachers, administrators, and others. “DAAAADD!” He just turned and smiled at me with a chuckle. My Dad was always charming. There are other things I could share about my Dad but mostly stories for when Billie is older. The best thing is I won’t

ever forget his smile. He wore it constantly in sickness and in health, with a gentle stern heart. Iâ€™m so blessed I got to share him with my daughter. And Dad with that seed of love -my heart grows ever closer to everything good you left behind. We love you!

Monique - December 21, 2020 at 11:10 PM

RD

“ *Our deepest Sympathy to a wonderful soul. The party shall continue with Him and Gene. No more suffering. Love and blessings, Rosetta, Eleanor and Brian and the Walter Askew Family*

Rosetta Dowdell - December 20, 2020 at 04:29 PM