



Tarrance J Battle

August 4, 1982 - December 10, 2024

Tarrance James Battle was born on August 4, 1982, in Indianapolis, Indiana, to his loving parents, Terry James Battle and Vickie Michelle Jordan.

At the age of five, Tarrance accepted Christ as his Lord and Savior at Psalms Missionary Baptist Church.

Shortly thereafter, he was baptized for the remission of his sins. Later in life, he rekindled his relationship with Christ fellowshipping with Indiana Missionary Baptist Church under the leadership of his uncle, Reverend Lenell Jordan Sr.

Tarrance was an inquisitive and intelligent young man, always eager to learn. By the time he reached first grade, he could read the entire King James Bible, Webster's Dictionary, the Indianapolis Star and News, and various encyclopedias—all while sitting at the kitchen table in his white t-shirt and tighty-whities.

Tarrance loved sharing what he learned with anyone who would listen, and even those who weren't interested couldn't deter him from sharing his discoveries.

Tarrance loved working in the garden with his Grandma Jordan. While she tended to the garden, he often bent down and chewed on sticks. To discourage him from this behavior, she

would talk to him about the Bible and their family history. Though she understood he was just curious, she would say, "Are you, hungry man? You can't be eating sticks; you're going to get sick, and Grandma doesn't want her baby to get sick." Then, she would take him to the kitchen to wash out his mouth and prevent him from getting ill.

His grandfather would chime in, saying that the boy must be hungry, he eating sticks, did Vickie feed him? Grandma would reply, "Son, hush. He's just a kid—you probably ate sticks too!" Everyone knows that there is nothing like a grandmother's love, and Tarrance felt that love deeply.

Tarrance also shared a deep and loving bond with his parental grandparents, who played a significant role in his life. He frequently expressed his concern for his Grandma, saying, "I need to call my Grandma and go check on her. I have to ensure she's alright; my daddy isn't here anymore, so I must look after her."

This sense of responsibility weighed heavily on him, especially since he wanted to ensure she felt supported, loved, and cared for in his father's absence. Tarrance treasured the moments spent on vacations with his grandparents and father, where they created lasting memories filled with laughter and warmth. To keep his father close to him, Tarrance always carried a small picture of him in his wallet. It served as a reminder of the love they shared and the guidance his father had provided. Little did Tarrance realize just how many traits and habits he had inherited from his father, reflecting the same spirited

nature and kindness. Now, with time passing and memories cherished, Tarrance can reunite with his father once again.

Tarrance enjoyed playing video games when his mother went to sleep. He would turn the sound off and dim the brightness hoping and praying she wouldn't hear him. His Aunt Brenda often warned him, "Boy, Vickie is going to get you," but Tarrance had his timing down perfectly. He would turn off the game just before his mother woke up to get ready for work, pretending to be asleep or starting a conversation about cars to divert her attention. He would take a hanger and drive it around the house, making sounds as if he were driving a luxury or race car.

Tarrance attended Wanamaker Elementary, Garden City Middle School, Ben Davis High School, and the University of Indianapolis. His mother ensured he never missed a day of school; Tarrance was always a high honor student with perfect attendance, as his mother was determined that he would succeed.

Tarrance was inseparable from his mother, as he was her only child for fifteen years. She kept him engaged in various activities, including church, baseball, basketball, and football. Tarrance often declared that he would never crease his pants when he grew up. His mother, however, ironed and creased everything he owned, including his jogging outfits. Tarrance's pants would stand out with sharp creases, perfectly complemented by his low faded haircut, which led him to dislike getting his hair cut. One thing

was certain: Tarrance would never go to church without his three-piece suit on, and his mother wouldn't let him go anywhere else unless he was impeccably dressed, bathed, lotion down, and wearing cologne.

There are countless stories to share about this incredible young man, but we must highlight his bond with his cousins they were called the three Amigos: Corey, Tiffany, and Tarrance. Together, they were a force to be reckoned with. Whether it was pulling pranks, performing dance routines, getting into mischief without permission, fighting others, or making plans for his Aunt Annette, they were always up to something. Of course, Aunt Annette would fuss but usually ended up going along with their plans. The three Amigos were fiercely loyal and always stood up for one another. If you saw one of them, you could bet you would soon see all three — and if it came to a fight, you'd have to face all of them.

One of Tarrance's greatest joys was being a father; he loved all three of his kids and wore this role as a badge of honor. He cherished family gatherings, where everyone would come together to reminisce. While he was too cool to dance, he enjoyed playing cards, which he took very seriously. He would sit back and analyze how the cards fell to predict his next move. Tarrance was strategic in everything he did, always having a purpose behind his choices. However, if you asked him about his strategies, be prepared for an hour-long conversation.

Tarrance had a heart of gold. Although he was frugal and needed a good

reason to spend his money, he deeply loved his mother, children, siblings, soulmate, and family. He was a protector who would not back down from anything or anyone, so it's best to be prepared when approaching him. His protective spirit and love will always be cherished.

There were two points on which it was nearly impossible to engage Tarrance in a debate without losing:

first, his deeply ingrained pride in his origins as a native of Haughville—a neighborhood he passionately described as having profoundly shaped his identity and worldview, despite the fact that he technically hailed from the Northside. He would often recount stories of his upbringing, emphasizing the experiences and lessons that Haughville imparted to him, as if they were the very fabric of who he was.

The second point was the undeniable significance he placed on being the older brother, a title he embraced wholeheartedly, even though Kierre, was the eldest in terms of birth order. For Tarrance, the title of 'older brother' was not just a label; it was a badge of honor that came with a sense of responsibility and pride. The relationship between Tarrance and Kierre was truly remarkable, standing as a testament to the essence of brotherhood. They were undeniably each other's keepers, navigating the complexities of life side by side. Their bond was built on a strong foundation of love, mutual support, and unwavering loyalty, which served as a comforting reminder that no matter what challenges they faced, they would always stand by one another through thick and thin.

Known to his Haughville buddies as T Loc or Tedo, Tarrance was, to his family, simply known as Tarrance, Vickie's talkative son. When God created Tarrance, He broke the mold; one might try to imitate him, but no one could ever duplicate him. He will be missed dearly. Tarrance is preceded in death by his father, Terry James Battle; his grandparents, Leroy Battle, Elijah and Margaret Jordan; Aunt Brenda Jordan; Uncle Elijah Jordan Jr.; Cousins; DeJuan, Antwan, and Corey Jordan, best friend; Aaron Lamarr Bankhead, and brother -in-love, Tony Cooper.

He leaves to cherish his precious memory his loving mother, Vickie Michelle Jordan Taylor; stepfather, John (Pops) Taylor; his children, Tarrance James (TJ) Battle Jr., Turell Battle, and Destiny Cooper; his paternal grandparents, Ronald and Dorothy Johnson; his soulmate, SavannahRe' Cooper; his siblings, Kierre Washington (Shantal), NaShaye Taylor, and Jalin Taylor; his aunts, Velma Jean, Annette, Teresa, Catina, and Shauna Jordan; his uncle, Rev. Lenell Jordan Sr. (Yvonne); his grandmother-in-love, Betty Conway; his mother-in-love, Monica Cooper; his sister-in-love, Tiesha Cooper; and his nieces and nephews, Amira Abdullah, Kierra Jr., KiMoriaye, Kyrese, and Kyndall Washington. He is also remembered by a host of other family members, friends, and his Locsville family.

Cemetery Details

Sutherland Park Cemetery

4201 Millersville Rd
Indianapolis, IN 46205

Previous Events

Visitation

DEC 21. 10:00 AM - 12:00 PM (ET)

Indiana Baptist Church
4160 Millersville Road
Indianapolis, IN 46205

Service

DEC 21. 12:00 PM (ET)

Indiana Baptist Church
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Indianapolis, IN 46205