



Katina Maria Clayborn

August 29, 1973 - May 14, 2017

Katina Maria Clayborn

Age 43, passed away at UPMC Shadyside, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania on May 14, 2017. Katina was a loving fiancée, a beautiful woman, a true friend, a caring sister, a reliable confidante, and a beautiful spirit. Katina influenced the lives of everyone around her in positive ways. She was a "Bobbsey Twin" to her brother Marvin and a kindred soul to many. She will be missed and will always be loved.

On August 29, 1973, Katina's life began humbly in Portsmouth, Virginia where she was born to Marvin L. Clayborn Sr. and Bridgett D. Clayborn. She graduated from Penn Hills High School in 1992 and attended Slippery Rock University where she attained a BA in Communications and a BS in English. She later attended Drexel University where she attained an MS in Project Management. She was engaged to Murasikwa Matambanadzo, a life-long friend of more than 20 years.

In her career, Katina was a Communication Director, a Technical Writer, a Journalist, an Editor, and a Project Manager. Katina was courageous, creative, funny, happy, and loving. She strived to improve the world by helping others to achieve more. Katina put her family and friends first. Many who knew her regarded her as a student of life, a writer, a planner, a teacher, a dreamer, an artist, and a friend.

Surviving her is her fiancé Murasikwa Matambanadzo; her father Marvin L. Clayborn Sr.; and her brothers Marvin L. Clayborn II and Courtney A.

(Stephanie) Clayborn. Also, surviving her are her nieces Taylor D. Clayborn and Angelina M. Clayborn of Penn Hills, Pennsylvania; and a host of relatives and friends.

Her sister, Jennifer R. Clayborn; her brother, Adam T. Clayborn; and her mother, Bridgette D. Clayborn, preceded her in death.

The family is planning a private memorial ceremony; but asks that in lieu of flowers, memorial donations in her honor be given to the American Cancer Society at <https://donate3.cancer.org> or the Breast Cancer Research Foundation at <https://www.bcrfcure.org>

Tribute Wall



“ *Katina Maria Clayborn*

October 09, 2023 at 09:55 AM



“ *Katina Maria Clayborn*

October 06, 2023 at 11:36 AM



“ *Jordan Godfrey sent a virtual gift in memory of
Katina Maria Clayborn*



Jordan Godfrey - January 21, 2020 at 02:15 PM



“ *Please visit <https://give.bcrfcure.org/katinaclayborn> to make a
donation to the Breast Cancer Research Foundation in Memory of
Katina.*

Murasikwa Matambanadzo - August 29, 2017 at 11:56 AM

“ (continued - part 2 of 2)

Amused, Katina listened to my spiel, and agreed to allow me to sketch her. Her composure changed noticeably, as she took on what I imagine she considered her “model look.” Complete with a ‘bedroom eyes’ accessory, she did a great job in my humble opinion. Whatever little rudimentary crush I had developed by that time was now a raging fire of head-over-heels super crush.

I drew several sketches of her over about 12 pages in the next hour. She provided the same disappointed feedback of my previous beautiful victims, and I had to remind her of the whole reason for this late night drawing assignment in the first place. She conceded with a smile and an apology, and then a remarkable thing happened. We spent the next three hours of her shift talking... wait, was it just “talking?” No. We CONJURED up a magical friendship that lasted until the end of her life. That night I was so inspired by her intelligence, the expressed assurance of career plans for her future, and everything about her. It was obvious to me that on that night, I was in the presence of true greatness. As I became her closest confidant all the way until 2009, when circumstances necessarily required boundaries on our precious friendship, I genuinely looked forward to seeing her in her fully-realized state of awesome. I wasn’t the only one who felt that way about Katina, as she shared the details of the praise her other dear friends heaped upon her, especially her Slippery Rock University alma mater crew. In the end though, I’m not sure she really felt that way about herself.

Beyond the pain of her death, there was also the pain of witnessing her beat up on herself, and paralyze herself into inactivity based on a desperate over-analysis of her plans. She spent the majority of her adult life fretting and pessimistic, in shocking contrast to the confident and self-assured superstar I met at Cedar Point. Perhaps she was TOO good at selling people on her talents and capabilities, to the point that our expectations of her had become a form of idolatry? If so, then this was of course a situation that she could not

possibly live up to, which quickly broke her from the supernatural pressure.

I truly love Katina Clayborn with all my heart – and in addition to many other things – I wish she could have lived the life she wanted to live in her ultimate vision before she passed away. Her story is a lesson for us all. Fretting, second guessing oneself, not taking chances based on what MIGHT happen, etc., isn't worth playing with since none of us is promised tomorrow. Go hard and burn bright while we are here. Otherwise, what are we doing? Fear is just a tool, not a road block.

Rest in peace, my beloved “Babyhead.” May God have mercy upon your sweet soul.

Your friend for eternity,

M. Rasheed, PMP®

Graphic Novel Serialist

Tales of Sinanju: The Destroyer & Monsters 101

Second Sight Graphix

www.mrasheed.com

Muhammad Rasheed - June 15, 2017 at 11:07 PM

MR

“ In early June of 1997, in what now seems like a forever ago, I remember actively solving a problem. In my first, humble but official ‘art job’ after college I found myself struggling to capture the likeness of beautiful women.

As a new Kaman’s Art Shoppes caricature artist working at Cedar Point Amusement park in Sandusky, Ohio, I had already completed the 2-week orientation/training, and was actually doing pretty well pulling customers and getting back positive feedback. Except for that one thing.

My issue was that I would go into a google-eyed, quasi-drooling daze whenever a beautiful woman would sit in my customer seat, like I was a sex-starved nerd in one of those teen exploitation movies like Porkies, or American Pie. Naturally this would prevent me from focusing in on the technical structure of the face necessary for achieving anything like the “likeness” needed for a successful cartoon portrait. It was also causing a significant blow to my artistic ego.

Fortunately there was an easy fix. All I had to do was draw a lot of beautiful women until I would get used to the feeling, and eventually get past the stomach butterflies or whatever. Or better yet, target one particular beautiful woman and convince her to allow me to draw her a million times until I’d worked pass the artist’s block.

I knew just the one I wanted to ask.

Kaman’s Art Shoppes kept us in the park in company-provided housing. The dormitory I stayed in (the name of it has long since left me), had a security desk that required all who entered to scan in their employee identification card. Often manning the desk during the night shift, there was this gorgeous young woman who always took my breath away. She kept her hair in a small, ponytail/bun, was around 5’ 6”, had this smoldering, almond-eyed stare when she was annoyed, and also had the reputation as “The Mean Girl.”

I had borne witness to this so-called “mean” once or twice before. So I was not intimidated by THAT part. I had “mean” people in my circles after-all, and they have always been nice and reasonable people if you weren’t messing up their work areas and stuff. Once when tasked to keep order during the obligatory fire drill, she was extremely no-nonsense, and refused to allow tomfoolery and shenanigans on HER watch. With her arms folded and eyes flashing, she generously dispensed razor sharp retorts and humbling sarcasm to all who supplied dumb questions and pushback. I watched fascinated, and noted that though she was obviously irritated, she still kept her composure, and successfully met mission. Another time there was an unusually long line of people coming into the dorm (or maybe it was just my first time experiencing the evening rush...?) and she was one of two desk security staff making sure all those ID badges got scanned. The line was moving quickly, and I found myself straining to catch her name on her own badge... “Hey! I said, ‘Next!’” Oops! That was me. I handed her my badge and smiled at her. She smiled back and her eyes softened. I knew then that she wasn’t mean; that’s just what the immature and lazy called people who took their jobs seriously.

One day, I got up determined to ask her to be my training partner to help me work out this problem. I grabbed a pencil, my trusty sketchbook, and made my way to the lobby. On the way to the front desk I chickened out, and decided to sit off to the side and sketch her in a perfect imitation of a serial caricaturist stalker creep. Fortunately, this cowardly schemed failed, as she was too far away to get the details of her face I needed for any serious drawings, and I caught her eye often enough to regain the courage I had when I first got out of bed.

(end of part 1 of 2)

MU

“ I was heartbroken to learn that Kat went Home so early in life and have prayed for her soul and her loved ones. Kat was a most pleasant and helpful member of my team at Drexel University in the E-Tools for Project Management (PROJ 525) course during the Winter 2016/2017 quarter. She shared with our team her extraordinary talent in transforming words into graphics for our multi-media presentation in that course. I have used her work as a template for my presentations in other classes since that time. Perhaps Kat's greatest contribution to our team was her spirit of volunteerism, flexibility, maturity, and affability. Simply stated, Kat was a pleasure and will be missed. Yours, Mark Allen (student, Drexel University)

Mark Allen (Drexel University) - May 27, 2017 at 05:12 PM

WU

“ Wendy Thurman(Drexel University) purchased the Full Of Love Bouquet for the family of Katina Maria Clayborn .



Wendy Thurman(Drexel University) - May 23, 2017 at 04:26 PM

RB

“ I would like to extend my condolences to the Klayborn family and to Sikwa, may you continue to trust and lean on God to get you through this difficult time. And to Katina my friend, I will miss you forever . You were an angel here on earth to me always there when I needed you and now you have earned your wings in heaven. I can't wait til the day we meet again.



Roslin Boatright - May 22, 2017 at 10:04 PM

MR

“ 3 files added to the album New Album Name



Muhammad Rasheed - May 18, 2017 at 03:32 PM

MF

“ To my family, May the Lord give you strength and bind you with love in this time of sorrow.

Michael Clayborn & Family - May 18, 2017 at 11:13 AM

MM

“ 1 file added to the album New Album Name



Murasikwa Matambanadzo - May 17, 2017 at 05:38 PM

VI

“ My condolences to Katina's family and her partner, Sikwa. She was my older sister, my shoulder and cheerleader. I will miss her every day and hear her voice in the void she has left behind. I didn't get to say goodbye. But as we found each other in previous lifetimes, I look forward to shaking and then hugging her in the next.
Victoria

Victoria - May 17, 2017 at 02:28 PM

MM

“ *Katina my love, my angel,*

Thank you for 20 amazing years of friendship, including the past 7 years of more than friendship. Thank you for sharing your life with me. I will never forget the times we had. It was you alone who ensured that we stay in contact throughout the years we were apart. I am so glad that you did because I was able to experience true love.

Katina you were the most wonderful, caring, loyal, selfless, and devoted person I have ever had the pleasure of knowing. You were my partner, best friend, and soulmate. You truly made me a better person.

I promise I will honor you by fulfilling the dreams we never got a chance to make a reality. My new dream is that we will be united one day. Lily and I will miss you everyday and will never forget what we had.

*I shall forever love you with all of my heart,
Sikwa*

Murasikwa Matambanadzo - May 17, 2017 at 01:49 PM