

*In Loving Memory of  
Michaelus H. Magras*



*Sunrise*

*March 15, 1959*

*Sunset*

*March 19, 2011*

*Saturday, March 26, 2011 - 9:00 a.m.*

**ST. FRANCIS CHURCH**

*1081 Nostrand Ave. • Brooklyn, NY 11225*

*Father Juan Gonzalez, Officiating  
Pierre Romain, Organist*

# Obituary

*"It is in dying that we are born to eternal life."*

**Michaelus Magras**, known affectionately to all as 'Specks,' was born to Florence and Edmund Magras on March 15, 1959 at Victoria Hospital and was baptized at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, in Castries, St. Lucia, West Indies.

Mike spent most of his formative years in St. Lucia and grew up in the Broglie Street/Riverside Road, Marchand and MaryAnn Street areas. He attended the Roman Catholic (RC) Boys School where he excelled in math. Mike also loved all sports, but his greatest passion was for the game of soccer. He often joked about the trouble he got into for abandoning his school homework and his chores to go to the field to practice football (soccer.) Rain or shine, Mike was on the Marchand Field playing ball. Inevitably, his sisters would have to run to the field and practically drag him off so that he could complete his chores before mom got home.

Mike also loved music and learned to play and tune the steel pan under the tutelage of his uncle Lennard (Scrub) and Birch Williams who taught him to play both tenor and guitar pans. He played for the North Stars Steel Orchestra competitively for Panorama, and for "Band of the Year" at Carnival. He also played at various hotels and tourist venues in St. Lucia.

In the summer of 1979, Mike immigrated to America to join his family. He immediately went to work in New Jersey for 8 years. He transitioned to Ney Metals where he worked for 19 years. Later, he transferred to Belmont Metals where he worked for the past 5 years until his illness.

Mike had a zest for life and had a great passion for sports and music. He was a member of Iyanola Sports Club, and Foreign Base Sports Club where he played competitive soccer. Mike loved to party and was always the life of the fete. In his opinion, he could out-dance anyone with his fancy footwork. Mike was boisterous, argumentative and it was with a sense of humor he would recount his boyish escapades. Most of all, he was a loving husband, a devoted father who doted on his children. He was not only a caring and loving son and brother, but also a fiercely loyal friend. Mike was adored by his nieces and nephews and God-children, who could always count on Uncle Mike to take them to the movies, and on yearly excursions to the circus. Birthdays and Holidays were also special treats for them. Mike was a generous soul and always went the extra mile to help anyone in need. He was caring and compassionate, and always tried to console those who came to visit him at the hospital. He was also a fighter, and up until his death, he had the strong conviction that he could beat his illness. Despite his pain and suffering, Mike showed great empathy for others. He was concerned about his mom knowing his true condition and for his sisters taking time off from work to be with him at the hospital, because he feared that too much time off would cost them their jobs. However, his greatest concerns were for his devoted wife Edna, and the stress she was undergoing, dealing with his illness and caring for their children. He always articulated to all who listened how blessed and lucky he was to have a wife like Edna – In Edna he had hit the jackpot and there is no doubt that he loved her.

Mike touched the lives of all those who knew him in a special way and will be missed by all those who knew and loved him. His 5 year old son, Anthony said it best in his special speech to daddy. "When daddy passed out, he went to heaven and is an angel with wings. Daddy will take care of all of us from heaven."

Mike is survived by: his loving and devoted wife, Edna; his loving mother, Florence; his children, Katrina, Shaneka, Michelle, Monique, Michaelus Jr. and Anthony Magras; sisters, Catherine Edmona Magras, Andrea (Andy) Magras-Knight, Leslie Magras-Rosemond, Samantha Magras-Gavin, Dawn Magras and Melinda Barnfield; brothers, Lesmond and Edmund Junior Magras, and Dean Brouet; aunts, Eulalie Wellington and Mrs. Philippa Fedee (his special aunty who always brought a smile to his face when he heard her voice) and Lera Joseph (Affectionately known as his Second Mother); uncles, Cornelius Magras, Charles (Charlo) Dubussion, Gregory Dibuissou, Felix Dubuissou (Ti Charlo) Lennard (Scrub) Wellington; nephews, Jermaine, Gerard, Jamal, Stephen, and Nyeem; nieces, Shakoya, Tiana, Tea and Diamond; cousins, Kingston, Jennifer, Albert, JoseAnn, Richard, Ivan, Felicity, Paul, Joseph, Merlin, Catherine, Susanne, Lisa, Anna, Theresa, Deborah, Sonia, Lawrence, Robert, Nigel, Claude, Kenneth, Michael and David, Androy, Birdette, Ianth, Sharon, Norman, Norma, Brenda, Senette and Abbie; in-laws, Merline and Peter Edmund, Tesse Gilbert, Charles Gilbert, Sheila Jacobs, Shawn Rosemond, Alvin, Knight and Leon Gavin; best friends, Martin Daniel, Venantius (Chiney) and Angela Poyotte and Terry Gibson, Rita Gabriel, Anthony and Marisa; special family friends, Mirian Hoffman and family, Merissa and Anthony, Althea Salvator, Modestus Bell and family, Samson DeSilva, Maggie Januairi, and Gregory Fletcher and Jennifer; all his co-workers at Belmont Metals; also, a host of other relatives and friends both here and abroad, too numerous to mention.

# *Funeral Mass*

## ***Outline of the Rite***

### ***Introductory Rites***

*Greeting*

*Sprinkling with Holy Water*

*(Placing of the Pall)*

*Entrance Procession*

*(Placing of Christian Symbols)*

*Opening Prayer*

### ***Liturgy of the Word***

*Readings*

*Homily*

*General Intercessions*

### ***Liturgy of the Eucharist***

#### ***Final Commendation***

*Invitation to Prayer*

*Silence*

*(Signs of Farewell)*

*Song of Farewell*

*Prayer of Commendation*


### ***Procession to the Place of Committal***

#### **Interment**


*Rosedale Cemetery*

*Linden, New Jersey*

# *The Master Called*



*I'm sorry I had to leave you.  
My loved ones, oh so dear.  
But you see, the Master called me,  
His voice was very clear!  
I had made my reservation  
A heaven bound ticket for one,  
And I knew that He would call me  
When He felt my work was done.  
I know that your hearts are heavy  
Because I have gone away,  
But when the Master called me,  
I knew that I could not stay.  
Yes, I'm sorry I had to leave you  
My loved ones, oh so dear,  
But, you see, the Master called me  
And, now I'm resting here.  
Yes, I've crossed on over to glory  
And to you all I say  
Just stay in the hands of Jesus  
And we'll meet again someday.*



*-Author unknown*

## *Acknowledgement*

*The family acknowledges with deep appreciation all acts of kindness extended to them during this bereavement hour.  
God bless you for all your thoughtfulness and concern.*

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