

<u>Obituary</u>

Elsa Hodge nee Marcus was born in Port of Spain Trinidad on November 22nd / 23rd 1948. She was the first of nine children born to Nathaniel Marcus and Sybil Marcus nee Gordon.

She married Keith Hodge in 1971. Elsa was first a registered nurse in Trinidad and migrated to the US in 1988 to further her nursing career. Elsa was a daughter, sister, wife, friend and most important of all a mother. She lived for her children Alicia and Damian and devoted her life to making them happy. She was a strong advocate for her children and could always be relied on to be there. This was never more apparent than when her son was out to sea for months at a time, and would call at anytime of the day or night knowing that his mom would be there to answer. Always with words of encouragement and love for her children.

Anyone who knew Elsa knew she was one of a kind. She was Trini to the bone or as she would say, Trini to the marrow. She loved her pan, her soca/calypso soca music and her Carnival. Boy did she love her Carnival.

She was a wonderful person with a fiery personality and she was loved by all.

She is survived by her children, Alicia (Stanley Gerald) and Damian (Yukiko) Hodge, sister, Gemma Marcus, brothers, Ernest, Hubert, Winston, Aldwyn, Irvin and Mervyn Marcus; grandchildren, Damani and Dillon Hodge; nieces, Kandice, Karissa, Iana, Chelsea, Chelsea, Jordan and Megan Marcus; nephew, Keagan Marcus.

Elsa will always be remembered for her zest for life, her strong will, her stubbornness, her love for her faith, her family and most of all her children.

She did it her way.

Order of Service

Organ Prelude
Processional
Hymn of Consolation"Blessed Assurance"
Prayer of Comfort
Scripture Reading Old Testament - Psalm 90:1-6, 12Aldwyn Marcus New Testament - 1 Thessalonians 4:13-18
The Eulogy Tribute
Musical Selection
Acknowledgments/Her Journey In Life
Moments of Reflections
Musical Selection
Message of Comfort Pastor Kyshon Mitchell
Recessional

<u>Cremation</u>
Rosedale & Rosehill Crematory Linden, New Jersey

Miss Me, But Let Me Go

I have come to the end of the road and the sun has set for me, I want no rites in a gloom filled room, Do not cry for a soul set free Miss me a little-but not too long, and not with your head bowed low. Remember the love that we once shared. Miss me-but let me go. For this is a journey that we all must take, And each must go alone. It's all part of the Master's plan, A step on the road to home. When you are lonely and sick at heart, Go to the friends we know. Laugh at the things we use to do Miss me-but let me go. -author unknown

<u> Heknowledgement</u>

The family wishes to acknowledge with deep appreciation the many expressions of love, concern and kindness shown to their family during this hour of bereavement.

May God Bless and Keep You!

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