

Celebration of Life

George Morgan

Sunrise: September 19, 1940- Sunset: August 7, 2026

Friday, August 21, 2026 - 11:00am

Christ the King Roman Catholic Church

145- 39 Farmers Boulevard, Rochdale, NY 11434

Obituary

Lessons My Father Taught Me

George Ignatius Morgan was born in Kingston, Jamaica to the parents of Aston Morgan and Thelma Charles on September 19, 1940. His primary and secondary school education was centered in Jamaica, West Indies. He worked with various companies while in Jamaica and attended both St. Anne's and St. Benedict the Moor Catholic Church. He met Yvonne Pratt and they got married on May 8, 1965. He became the father of three children – Mark Knibb, Charlene Nurse (nee Morgan) and Colin Morgan. He migrated to the United States of America in 1988 for the last leg of his journey of life.

Normally, in an obituary, we talk about the work, the achievements, the places, and the things the person accomplished in their lifetime. I want to do my father's obituary differently. Today I want to share seven things my father taught me.

My father taught me the importance of church. As children growing up, it was my father who went to church every Sunday. I watched him, and through watching him, I came to appreciate and love the assembling of believers in Christ Jesus together. Church was not simply a place my father attended; it was a place he valued, and his example helped shape my own love for the body of Christ.

My father taught me the importance of ministry. "Ministry" was not a word I heard as a child growing up in the Catholic Church, but my father lived it. He served tirelessly. For as long as I can remember, he gave oversight to the St. Vincent de Paul Ministry at St. Benedict's Church in Jamaica and in the US, he was one of the leaders of that ministry at Christ the King. My father cared about the people—young and old—whom he served.

I remember Saturday nights when he would carefully pack grocery bags in the back room of our home. Food for the Poor would deliver food boxes to our house, and from there, the packages would be

prepared and distributed to those in need on Sunday after Mass.

My father kept the food that had been delivered for others separate from the food that belonged to our family. He was not the kind of person who would take food from any of the boxes to cook dinner for his family. He understood his assignment and took it seriously.

I remember him telling us many times about arriving at the homes only to find women with pots on coal fires, filled with water, waiting patiently for him to bring the food that would provide a meal for their families that day and perhaps for the week.

That was my father. He understood that ministry was not simply about giving something away. It was about seeing people, caring about people, and honoring their dignity.

My father taught me the importance of friendship. I was talking to one of his friends within the last three weeks, and he told me that although he and my dad did not start out as friends -- with tears in his eyes he said my dad became his friend. My father did not have a lot of friends, but he invested in the friendships he formed. He would visit his friends at home or in the hospital. He would call to check on them, whether they were near or far. He was not much of a talker, but his presence was known.

He taught me that friendship is not necessarily about how many people you know. It is about how faithfully you show up for the people you call your friends.

My father taught me the importance of prayer. During the last two years of his life, I cannot tell you how many nights I would hear my father praying. He would pray for hours. Sometimes the words were not clear, but if you listened intently, you could recognize that he was praying the Our Father or the Glory Be to the Father, among other prayers. There was something powerful about hearing my father pray. Even when his words became difficult to understand, he continued to turn toward God.

He taught me that prayer is not dependent on perfect words. Prayer is simply continuing to reach for God.

My father taught me the importance of making amends. I watched my father work to repair his relationship with Colin, his youngest son. My father shared events from his life and some of the experiences that had shaped him and this was the closest I had ever seen my father come to being vulnerable and transparent. And that vulnerability created space for Colin to tell him that he forgave him for the events that had taken place between them as father and son. My father taught me that it is never too late to try to make things right.

My father taught me the importance of being faithful. My dad was married to my mom for more than 61 years. And although they had their many ups and downs, my parents remained committed to their relationship until death separated them. In the hospital, as my father lay in that bed laboring to breathe, my parents held hands. With the little strength he had left, my father would squeeze my mom's hand. When they parted, they expressed their love for one another. After more than 61 years of marriage, even in that final moment, their love was still there.

My father taught me that faithfulness is not about having a perfect relationship. It is about remaining committed through the difficult seasons and continuing to love.

My father taught me the importance of family. Over this last week, I was encouraged by some of the text messages and the conversations I had with family members about my father's impact on their lives. Some were heartfelt – some were informational and some were hilarious but in all our communications, my father strived to be there for his family. He did his best with what he had, and his kindness landed on the good soil of the hearts of those who shared because the memories that were shared were fruitful.

His life mattered to his family. His presence and his love mattered. All the memories he leaves with us matter.

And there is one more thing my father taught me—perhaps the lesson that brings all the others together.

My father taught me about my Heavenly Father. One of the challenges we face is that our earthly father can sometimes distort the way we see our Heavenly Father. My father, through his weaknesses, his failures, and his successes, shaped how I see my Heavenly Father. And because of that, I have come to know that my Heavenly Father is my Provider. He is my Friend. He is faithful to me. He brings reconciliation into my life. And He loves me.

My father's life was not perfect. None of our lives are. His family and friends, if given the opportunity to share about him, would tell stories that range from not so nice to absolutely wonderful. But the thing that blesses me most is this: regardless of anyone's encounter with my father, the encounter that ultimately mattered the most was his encounter with Jesus Christ. I had the privilege of seeing my dad surrendered his life to Christ.

That is why, even in our grief, there is hope. And my prayer is that every person present in this service—and every person who will watch this service through the livestream, even sometime in the future—will come to realize that the encounter with Jesus Christ is the only encounter that ultimately matters. It is the only encounter that can truly change your life.

My father took his last breath on August 7, 2026, and leaves to mourn and celebrate his life - his wife Yvonne; his daughter, Charlene. His sons have gone home to glory. He also leaves his brothers, Beres and Trevor; his sisters, Dolly, Shirley, Sandra, Yvonne, Dawn, and Michelle; along with nieces, nephews, cousins, grandchildren, great grandchildren, friends, and all those whose lives he touched.

Daddy, thank you for the lessons. Thank you for the example. And until we meet again, rest in the presence of your Heavenly Father.

Funeral Mass

Entrance Hymn “He Lives”

Scripture Readings

Old Testament - Lamentations 3:17-26 Trevor Campbell

New Testament - 1 Corinthians 15:51-57 Paul Cornwall

Gospel Reading

Prayer of the Faithful

Presentation of the Gifts

Offertory Hymn..... “Yahweh I Know You Are Near”

Offertory..... Yvonne Campbell
Ann Campbell

Obituary

Communion Hymn “Blessed Assurance”

Communion

Eulogy

Recessional Hymn “I’ll Fly Away”

Interment

Pinelawn Cemetery
2030 Wellwood Avenue,
Farmingdale, New York



I'm Free

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free
I'm following the path God laid for me
I took his hand when I heard Him call
I turned my back and left it all.

I could not stay another day.

To laugh, to love, to work or play.
Tasks left undone must stay that way,
I found that peace at the close of day.

If my parting has left a void,
Then fill it up with remembered joy.
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss,
Oh, yes these things I too will miss.
Be not burdened with times of sorrow,
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.

My life's been full, I savored much.
Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch.
Perhaps my time seemed all too brief,
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.
Lift up your heart and share with me,
God wanted me now, He set me free!
-author unknown

Acknowledgement

We sincerely appreciate Platinum Home Care and Alpha Care Management for helping my dad get enrolled in the Waiver Program, which allowed him to be comfortable and well cared for during the final years of his life.

We would also like to express our heartfelt gratitude to E.L. George Funeral Services Inc. for their kindness, compassion, and professionalism in caring for my father and supporting our family during such a difficult time.

Thank you all for the care, dignity, and compassion you showed my dad and our family. Your support will always be deeply appreciated.

Professional Services Provided By:

E.L. George Funeral Services

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