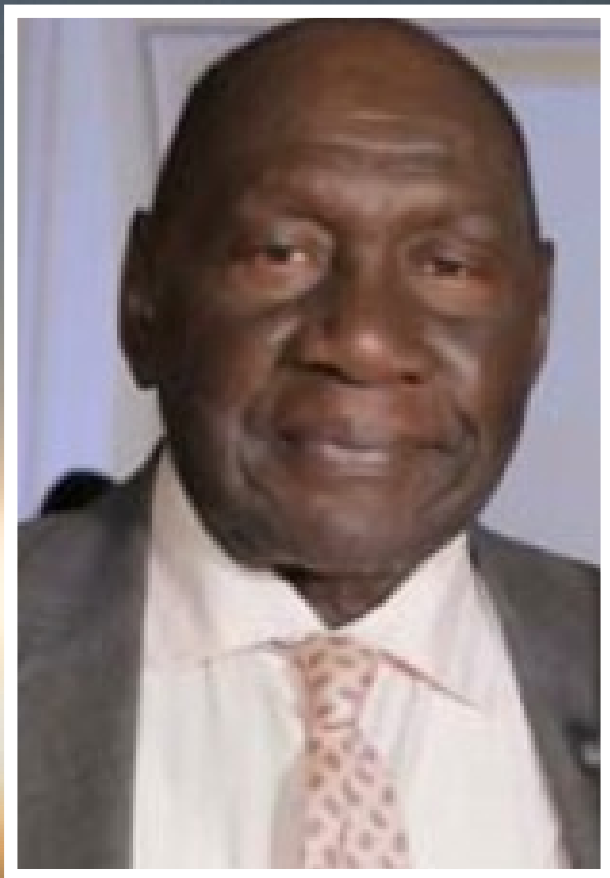


In Loving Memory of



Michael M. Hyde

January 14, 1932 - December 30, 2019

Friday, January 10, 2020

Viewing - 4:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.

Saturday, January 11, 2020

Service - 10:00 a.m.

Eternity Funeral Services, LLC

725 East Gun Hill Road

Bronx, NY 10467

Officiating:

Bishop Carl Edwards

Pastor Carlene Edwards

Organist:

Min. Mark Stewart

Order of Service

Organ Prelude

Processional Hymn..... "How Great Thou Art"

Invocation..... Bishop Carl Edwards

Scripture Readings:

Old Testament Psalm 27 (Merlene Plummer)

New Testament.....John 14:1-6

Hymn....."Blessed Assurance"

Resolutions/ Acknowledgements

Obituary.....Susan Gardener

Open Tributes..... (Family & Friends)

Selection.....Kerry Ann Bailey

EulogyPastor Carlene Edwards

Benediction.....Pastor Carlene Edwards

Final Viewing.....Eternity Funeral Services Director

Recessional Selection....."Take Me to The King"
Minister Mark Stewart

Entombment

*Woodlawn Cemetery
Bronx, New York*

Obituary

Michael Mendrove Hyde was born on January 14th, 1932 in Kingston, Jamaica to the proud parents of Amus Hyde and Emily Hyde (Palmer). Michael, better known as **Poppa**, left his profession as a dentist in Jamaica, at 37, and moved to America.

Michael moved to America, with his eight children, to be with his wife who had moved to the country six-months prior.

He left behind his brothers Dizel, Larry, Ray, Lynn, Shiquita and his last living sibling, Esmie.

After moving to America, **Poppa** held numerous jobs to provide for his family.

Michael was an amazing, ever-present father and is survived by his seven children, thirty-five grandchildren, and twenty-five great grandchildren. He is also survived by his nieces: Merline Plummer and Dahlia Bell; his nephews: Eric Bell, Patrick Brown and grand nieces: Carleen Edwards, Susan Garden, Karry Ann Bailey; and grandnephews: Sean Plummer and Oniel Simmon. He has also left behind his wife, Maria Flores.

Poppa will always be missed. May he rest in peace.



"How Great Thou Art"

*O Lord, my God, when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the worlds thy hand hath made,
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy pow'r throughout the universe displayed;*

Refrain:

*Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to thee;
How great thou art! How great thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to thee;
How great thou art! How great thou art!*

*When through the woods and forest glades I wander,
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze;*

[Refrain]

*And when I think that God, his Son not sparing,
Sent him to die, I scarce can take it in,
That on the cross my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin;*

[Refrain]

*When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation,
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!
Then I shall bow in humble adoration
And there proclaim, "My God, how great thou art!"*

[Refrain]

"Blessed Assurance"

*Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.*

Refrain:

*This is my story, this is my song,
praising my Savior, all the day long;
this is my story, this is my song,
praising my Savior all the day long.*

*2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
visions of rapture now burst on my sight;
angels descending, bring from above
echoes of mercy, whispers of love.*

[Refrain]

*3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Savior am happy and blest,
watching and waiting, looking above,
filled with his goodness, lost in his love.*

[Refrain]

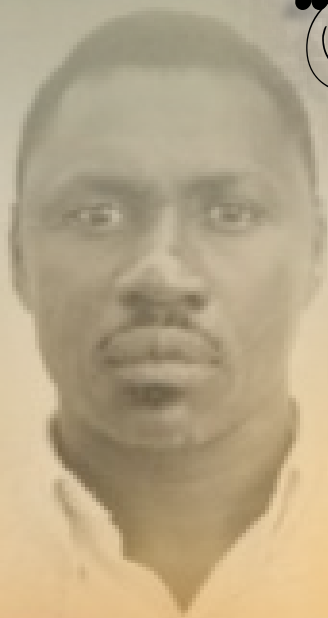
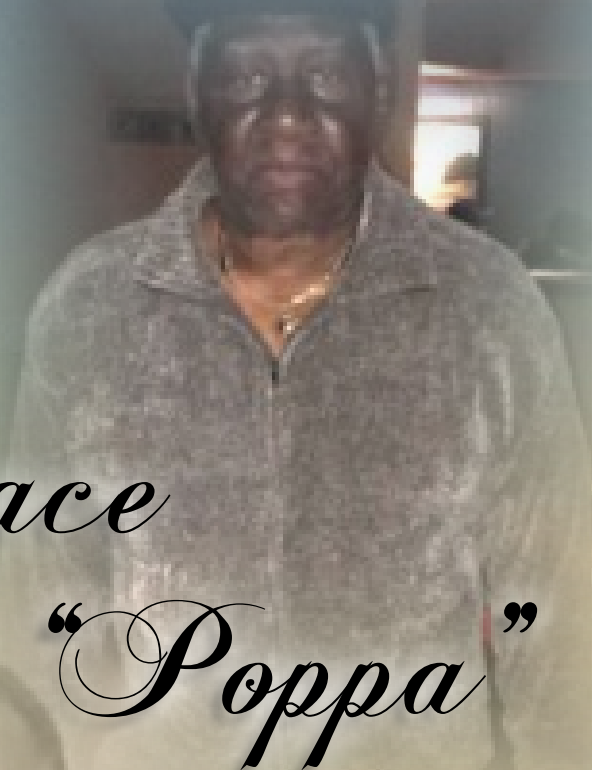


Rest

In

Peace

“Poppa”



God's Garden

God looked around his garden,
And found an empty place.
He then looked down upon the earth,
And saw your tired face.
He put his arms around you,
And lifted you to rest;
God's garden must be beautiful-He always takes the best.
He knew that you were suffering,
He knew you were in pain;
He knew you would never get well on earth again.
He saw the road was getting rough
And hills were hard to climb
So he closed your weary eyelids, and whispered,
"Peace be thine."
It broke our hearts to lose you,
But you didn't go alone,
For a part of us went with you,
The day God called you home.

By: Dr. Patricia H. Aman

Acknowledgement

*The family of **Michael M. Hyde** acknowledges with great appreciation all acts of kindness, sympathy and love extended to us during this time of bereavement.*



Eternity Funeral Services, LLC

Karrie O. Harvey-Edwards

CEO / Licensed Manager

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