

Celebrating
THE LIFE & LEGACY OF

Egerton
ALPHONSO LLEWELYN
LAWRENCE

May 3, 1936 - April 13, 2025



Memorial Service

Sunday, May 4, 2025

Viewing, 12 noon - 2:00pm

Memorial, 2:00 - 3:00pm

ROY L. GILMORE'S FUNERAL HOME

191-02 Linden Blvd. • St. Albans, New York 11412

Rev. Justin Lockhart, Officiating

Obituary

Born on May 3, 1936 in St. Andrews, Jamaica, **Egerton Alphonso Llewelyn Lawrence**, known fondly as **Mickey**, passed away on April 13, 2025. He was just shy of his 89th birthday. Over the span of nine decades, he lived many lives. The eldest child of Ernest Lawrence and Muriel Lawrence, he spent his infancy and childhood adored by his doting mother, who instilled in him—her only son—a self-confidence that fueled his sense of adventure, which was both commendable and reckless. In his youth, his curiosity and ingenuity made him a tinkerer and a mischief-maker. He was a natural builder. As a little boy, he once took apart his mother's prized sewing machine just to see how it worked, then meticulously and successfully reassembled it, to his mother's relief. In adolescence, his athleticism and bravado made him take on challenges to test the limits of his endurance and to best anyone who would dare to take him on. He was a natural competitor. He could tell tales of his ability to outrun, outleap, outfight, outmaneuver, outsmart, and outlast contender after contender in all kinds of arenas—in the classroom, on the sports field, at home, and on the job. He could boast, but he was no braggard, as so many who knew him best could attest—chief among them his siblings, six on his father's side and three on his mother's. He was a beloved big brother and a natural leader.

Since leading was his default position, it was only fitting that he developed a passion for automobiles, both for their speed and their mechanics. Mickey learned to take them apart like he did his mother's sewing machine, put them back together with precision, and apply these skills in motorsports and as a professional in the field of auto repair.

Having advanced towards mastery in this vocation when he was still a teenager, Mickey was better prepared than most 17-year-olds when he took on the role of parent for the first time. He would eventually share five children with Carmen, the woman he married in 1962 and who preceded him into the arms of our Lord in 2006. It was perhaps the weight of being a spouse and a father that tested Mickey the most. But true to his nature and his nationality, this native son of Jamaica, this yardie, pursued opportunity wherever it presented itself. He left Kingston for New York City in 1968, determined to make a better life for his family. Just one year later, unbowed by the tremendous challenges a young, black, immigrant man would have faced in the United States at that time, he had won another match, having secured a good job and, with Carmen, purchased a modest but spacious home in Brooklyn to bring them to.

By 1976, when Mickey would have been 40, he had established himself as a seasoned and sought-after professional auto mechanic and a highly respected member of the American middle class. He was truly living the American dream. He had advanced from apprenticeship to business owner in just 20 years, and in that time, he managed to strengthen family ties and help open doors for loved ones to pass through; to maintain boyhood friendships and forge new ones; to employ skilled technicians, artisans, and laborers of Jamaican and West Indian descent, giving them a leg-up on achieving their own American dream; and to build a reputation as an expert mechanic, amassing a large and loyal clientele. Most importantly, he and Carmen, who would pursue a successful nursing career, raised and educated their children, each of whom would go on to achieve their own personal and professional success.

In so many ways, the promise of that mischievous and self-confident little boy was realized in the distinguished man Mickey became. But even he, a man who could boast but would never brag, had to concede that his life was not a fairy tale. He suffered great personal loss: the premature deaths of his wife, his oldest child (and only son) Claude, two of his sisters, and two of his brothers, among others. He endured professional hardship, culminating in the sale of his business, well before he felt ready to retire. And after a lifetime of working and playing hard, engaging in grueling manual labor, competing in racquetball and handball well into his 70s—suffering numerous injuries along the way—his body began to protest mightily and painfully. His physical decline presented in several, concurrent illnesses, which he tried hard to but, in the end, couldn't dismiss or hope away. And when his body began to fail him and with his cherished career behind him, he sought to regain control—the kind of control that had come so naturally to him for so long. But he did so in ways that were often ill-advised. He had regrets.

But, as so many who knew him, who know him, can best attest—chief among them his daughters, Jennifer, Marcia, Diane, and Annette; his grandchildren Shannon, Olivia, and Skylar; and his great-grandchildren Aria and Aniyala—he was fundamentally a good man, a talented man, an admirable man, flaws and all. These facts cannot be challenged.

Mickey also leaves behind his sisters Janet “Jem”, Eilene, Lorna, and Jackie; his brother Winston; their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren; the children of his departed sisters Carmen “Greta” and Beverly “Lilith” (and their spouses and offspring); the children of his departed brothers Peter and Ronnie (and their spouses and offspring); his daughter-in-law Evelyn; his son-in-law Danny; and his grandson-in-law Jerrell.

Order of Service

Scripture

Prayer of Consolation

Obituary

Eulogy

Benediction

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!*

Acknowledgements

*The family wishes to acknowledge with deep
appreciation the many expressions of love, concern and
kindness shown during this hour of bereavement.
May God Bless and Keep You!*

Professional Services Provided By:

Roy L. Gilmore's Funeral Home, Inc.



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