

In Loving Memory of
Michael L. Rogers



Sunrise
June 22, 1955

Sunset
August 31, 2011

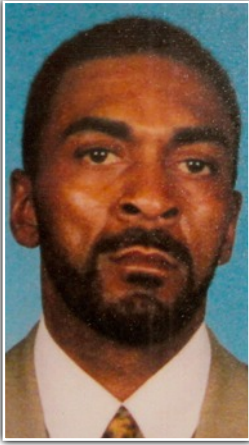
Service

Thursday, September 8, 2011 - 7:00 p.m.

CANAAN BAPTIST CHURCH
535 Rev. Dr. Gadson L. Graham Way
Paterson, New Jersey

Rev. Barry Graham, Officiating

Reflections of Life



Wednesday, August 31, 2011, was one of the saddest days ever for the family and friends of **Michael Rogers**. He ceased to live due to the complications of cancer. He passed away peacefully in the presence of long time friends.

Mike's last days were immeasurably fun and happy ones. He did things that he enjoyed doing so much before his illness. He fished, caught fish and enjoyed a small party with his friends. He ate a little of everything and PIGGED out. Oh! He danced too!

Michael Rogers was born and raised in Paterson, NJ. He was educated Kindergarten through twelfth grade in the Paterson School system, where he graduated from Eastside High School in 1973. After graduating, Mike joined the United States Armed Services. His choice of service was the Air Force which at that time was difficult for a black man to be inducted in. He served his four years assignment and exited with an Honorable discharge. After serving his country, he worked a short term for the U.S. Postal Service and Pope Chemical.

Mike had a genuine love for all music, but he favored "PFUNK" and Jazz music. He and his best friend, Brentnal Thomas listened to the FUNK incessantly. They would ask if at a private home "mind if we play funk music?" He struggled with a speech impediment. He stuttered profusely, but you would never know it when he sang his Funk music. The words came out impeccably clear. He could really sing! Mike loved "chilling with his friends at all of the local social spots around Paterson and New York. Most of all Mike loved all of us. More importantly, he really loved his entire family.

Michael is survived by his loving mother, Hilda Rogers; father, Douglas Owen; sister Pamela Owen and Annette Owen; brother, Robert Robinson, Douglas Owen, Jr. and Rodney Rogers; daughters, Capree Jackson, Latonya Foreman and Tracy Wheeler; son, Abdullah Eason; loving grandfather of grandsons, Robert Jackson, Michael Taylor, Seven Taylor, Deliah Saylor and Todd Anderson; he was the loving uncle of niece, Rhyanna Robinson and nephew Robert Robinson; friends, Yvette Eason, Wanda Brown, Brentnal Thomas, Dan Shiver, Michael Owen, Micke Foreman, Reggie (Buddah) Brown, Lorenzo, Jody, and Levi. Michael is also survived by a host of cousins, other relatives, friends and neighbors.

Dear Grandpa,

I am not saying goodbye, but a simple "see you later". The bond we shared was so real and genuine that it cannot be broken even in your departure. Our conversations were priceless. Spending countless hours with you just talking about everything with you from women, to animals and even UFO's which made me feel like I wasn't the only one that was crazy. You always told me you would meet me at the fifty yard line when I went pro. I'll still be waiting for you there. No other man can ever compare. My angel I hope heavens prepared for whenever your there.

*Love and dude,
From the Lil Don Juans*

Order of Service

Prelude

Processional

Scripture Readings

Old Testament

New Testament



Prayer of Comfort

U.S. AIR FORCE

Selection Veronica O'Neal

Acknowledgements
and Reflections

Reflections of Life Edna Brown

Selection

Eulogy Rev. Barry Graham

Recessional

Interment

William C. Doyle Veterans Cemetery
Arneytown, New Jersey

Dear Michael,

I suppose this the first letter that I have written to you since you were in the Air Force. That was a very long time ago, but it seems like yesterday. Mike you were my first born. I fell in love with you the first time that I laid my eyes on you. I loved you even then and even more now.

Am I going to miss you? Heck yes, like crazy! I am going to miss our special lunch meetings at Teddy's and Libby's. We would over indulge in the most unhealthy meals and enjoy them immensely. Then we became a little more classy, we would meet at Jacksonville. No matter where we met or what we ate we enjoyed our "together" time and I'm going to miss our meetings, conversations and the love that we shared. You played the Big Brother role to both of your brothers and you maintained a personal relationship with Robert and Rodney until the end.

I remember vividly dressing you up and you would return home with holes in your pants and shirts. They would be torn up from climbing trees and fences. Did you get a spanking, I think so.

Before I say my final good night, I want you and the world to know that I am hurting. I love you and I shall never forget you my darling son. Rest, you're out of your misery and that give me some peace.

*Love,
Your Mom, Hilda*

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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