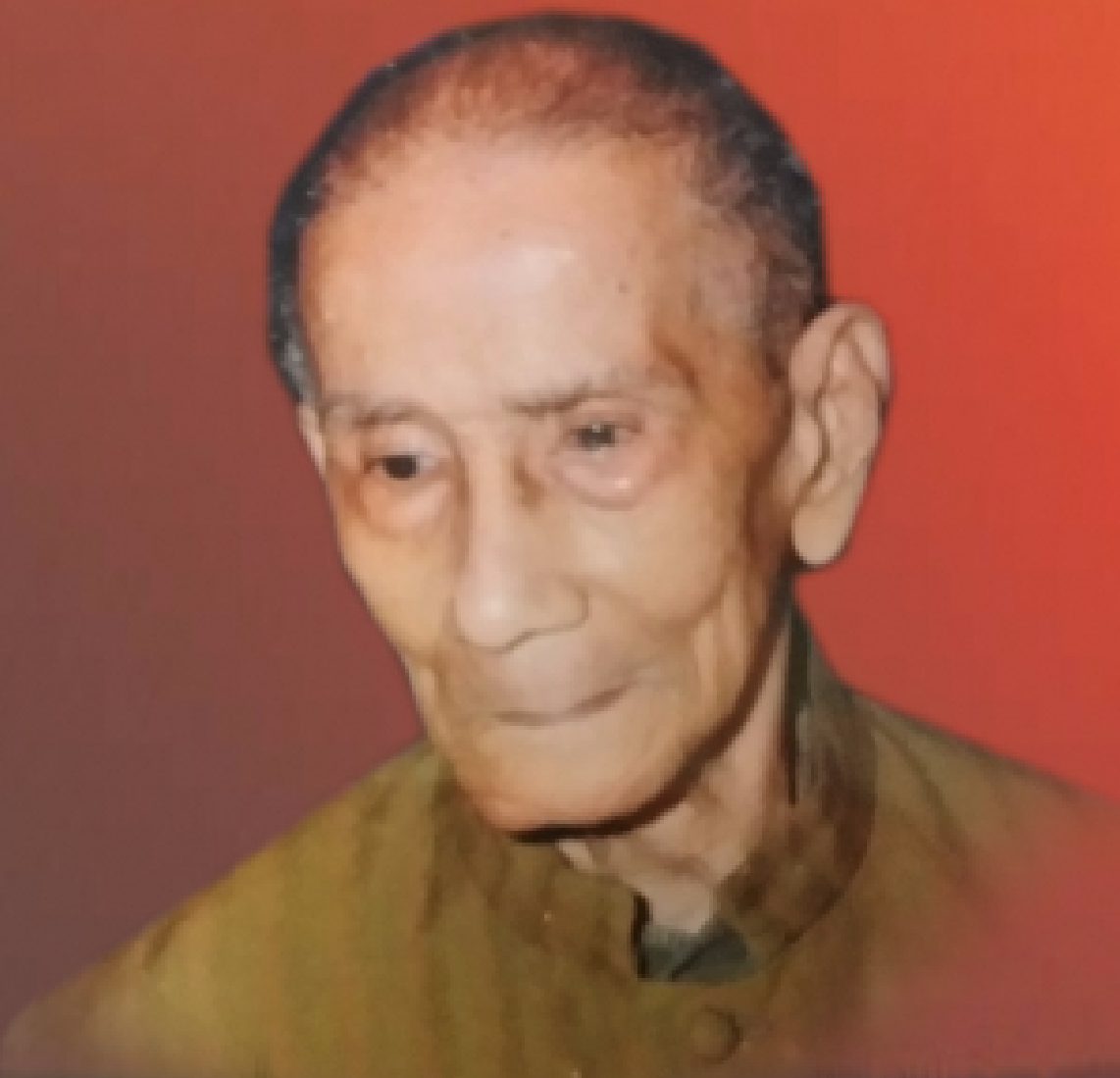


Celebration of the Life of
John Reginald Marques
September 9, 1920 - March 21, 2017



Funeral Service

Saturday, April 1, 2017

ELMWOOD UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Pastor Maria Crompton, Officiating



Obituary

Known to many as “Uncle Reggie” **John Reginald Marques** was a go-getter, a man of can-do spirit, a bit of a Renaissance man and a maverick with an unpredictable bent. Few can forget seeing him riding around the village, ladder or gutters balanced on one arm as he steadied and navigated his bicycle with the other free arm; or moved around on roofs, fixing gutters without the benefit of any safety equipment, or pitching in on the construction of family members’ homes. Everyone in the village knew where Uncle Reggie lived and they came to seek help with their water pipes, gutters or carpentry needs.

He was a man of many moods, skills and many interests. He always gave a sympathetic ear to those who needed to be heard, and was willing to lend a helpful hand. He did not suffer fools gladly, however, and anyone who fell afoul of him was likely to be treated to an alternative vocabulary of adjectives and nouns.

When he was not on his full-time job with the Department of Water Works, guttersmithing/plumbing or doing carpentry on the side, he was tinkering with tools or appliances he was inventing or developing. Many may remember the time lunch was being prepared in his invented pressure cooker and ended up on the ceiling because the top blew off. Thankfully, no one was injured, but the pressure cooker affair didn’t slow his zeal for inventions.

He liked to read, and in his spare time he could be seen pedaling down to the Georgetown library, his home away from home. He read voraciously, borrowing the maximum number of books allowed at one time. His interests were wideranging and his reading lists allowed him to discuss diverse topics and converse knowledgeably about distant parts of the world as though he was a World Ambassador. As young children we were convinced that some of the animals of his story-telling were figments of his imagination. As we grew older and wiser, we realized that he was more knowledgeable than we imagined.

Then there was his mandolin. He seemed to love it more than anything else as no-one was allowed to touch it. He was not a serious or accomplished player; he simply strummed and serenaded his lady love, Erna, whenever the mood hit him, and if he had imbibed in some spirits, he would belt out operatic tunes until he tired himself out.

There Is A Fountain Filled With Blood

There is a fountain filled with blood drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood lose all their guilty stains.

Lose all their guilty stains, lose all their guilty stains;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see that fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he, washed all my sins away.

Washed all my sins away, washed all my sins away;
And there have I, though vile as he, washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed church of God be saved, to sin no more.

Be saved, to sin no more, be saved, to sin no more;
Till all the ransomed church of God be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme, and shall be till I die.

And shall be till I die, and shall be till I die;
Redeeming love has been my theme, and shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue lies silent in the grave.

Lies silent in the grave, lies silent in the grave;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared, unworthy though I be,
For me a blood bought free reward, a golden harp for me!
'Tis strung and tuned for endless years, and formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears no other name but Thine.



Pallbearers

Charles Marques	Malcolm Swain
Collis Marques	Jason Neilsberg
Roshan Cameron	Roderick Cameron

Acknowledgement

We wish to express our deep appreciation and sincere thanks for your prayers, calls, flowers and every act of kindness during our time of sorrow.

Professional Services Provided By
Galante Funeral Home
Newark, Union, Caldwell

www.honoryou.com



Reggie was attentive to the needs of his immediate and extended family, especially his sister Lucy who assisted in his upbringing after the death of their mother. Christmas was his favorite time of year; it would not be Christmas in the Marques home without the pungent smell of “garlic pork” wafting through the house on Christmas morning. That time of year Reggie readily put away his mandolin and would instead man an empty bottle and a spoon to keep the time and rhythm of the well-known holiday drinking song --- aaahh, something about drinking ... and rum ... on a Christmas morning. You know which one I mean.

Easter got no less of his attention. Reggie would make kites and on Easter Monday, he would lead us in the exodus of parents and children heading to the sea wall to fly our kites. We stayed until we were tired, or the ginger beer and cake ran out.

Reggie reluctantly migrated to the USA in 1982 and enjoyed his golden years among his growing family of grandchildren and great-grandchildren, watching movies, singing operettas, regaling everyone with stories of the old days, and keeping in touch with a dwindling circle of friends. He was in full control of his faculties to the end and never lost his thirst for knowledge or appreciation of the nuances of life.

Some time ago, while discussing the merits of the Bible story of Methuselah, who supposedly lived for over 900 years, Reggie pondered the literal accuracy of the story realizing that had Methuselah actually lived for those many centuries he would have outlived his children, his grandchildren, great grandchildren and several generations of relatives and friends. He thought of the purpose of living such a long life, chuckled heartily and said. “What do you think Methuselah looked like when he died? He couldn’t look good.”

Born September 9, 1920; in Plantation Content, Mahaica, on the East Coast of Demerara, British Guiana, he was the youngest of four children of Lovenia Jardine Marques and Manoel Marques. He leaves to mourn him, Erna his wife of sixty-nine years; seven children: Neville, Elizabeth, Carol, Maurice (deceased), Rosalind, Charles (aka Robin) and Jacqueline, 18 grandchildren; 28 great-grandchildren and many relatives and close friends. He will be lovingly missed.

Order of Service

Musical Prelude

Call to Worship

Prayer of Comfort Prayer Rev. Maria N. Compton, Pastor

Scripture Reading

Psalm 145 V 8-21 Stacey Marques

Hymn “Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah”

Scripture Reading

1 Corinthians 13 V 1-13 Charles Marques

Hymn “Love Lifted Me”

Musical Selection Jacqueline Swain

Reflections Marlisa Marques Belay

Collis Marques

Alyssa Wall

Jason Neilsberg

Hymn “There is a Fountain Filled with Blood”

Eulogy Rev. Maria N. Compton, Pastor

Benediction

Recessional

Interment

Hollywood Memorial Park and Cemetery

1500 Stuyvesant Ave, Union, NJ 07083

Tel: 908-688-4300

*Please join us for a repast at: Elmwood United Presbyterian Church,
Name and location of place: 135 Elmwood Ave., East Orange, NJ 07018*

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah
Pilgrim through this barren land
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven
Feed me till I want no more
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through
Strong deliverer, strong deliverer
Be thou still m strength and shield
Strong deliverer, strong deliverer
Be thou still m strength and shield

When I cross the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside
Bear me through the swelling current
Land me safe on Canaan's side
Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.
Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever give to thee. Amen

Love Lifted Me (dad's favorite)

I was sinking deep in sin, far from the peaceful shore,
Very deeply stained within, sinking to rise no more,
But the Master of the sea, heard my despairing cry,
From the waters lifted me, now safe am I.

Refrain

*Love lifted me! Love lifted me!
When nothing else could help
Love lifted me!*

All my heart to Him I give, ever to Him I'll cling
In His blessed presence live, ever His praises sing,
Love so mighty and so true, merits my soul's best songs,
Faithful, loving service too, to Him belongs.

Refrain

Souls in danger look above, Jesus completely saves,
He will lift you by His love, out of the angry waves.
He's the Master of the sea, billows His will obey,
He your Savior wants to be, be saved today.

Refrain