

We believe that all the ties of friendship
and affection which knit us as one
throughout our lives
do not unravel
with death.

+



Prince Michael Ugonna Obodo

January 20, 2000 + January 21, 2024

GATHERING RITE

GREETING AND BLESSING OF THE BODY

As a reminder of Michael's Baptism, his casket has been sprinkled with Baptismal water. Then, a pall, recalling the white garment of his Baptism, is placed on the casket.

"If we have died with Christ, we are also to live with Christ in glory."

Processional

"Here I Am, Lord"

We Celebrate #834

Opening Prayer

LITURGY OF THE WORD

First Reading

Lamentations 3:17-26

Responsorial Psalm

Psalm #23

Response: *"The Lord is my shepherd; there is nothing I shall want."*

Second Reading

Romans 5:5-11

Gospel Acclamation

Gospel Reading

John 11:21-27

Homily

Prayer of the Faithful

Response: *"Lord, hear our prayer."*

LITURGY OF THE EUCHARIST

Preparation of the Gifts	<i>“Gift of Finest Wheat”</i> We Celebrate #665
Eucharistic Acclamations	Holy, Holy, Holy Mystery of Faith Great Amen
Communion Rite	The Lord’s Prayer Sign of Peace Lamb of God
Communion	<i>“I Am the Bread of Life”</i> We Celebrate #699
Meditation	
Prayer After Communion	

FINAL COMMENDATION

Invitation of Prayer

Song of Farewell:

PRESIDER: Saints of God, come to his aid. Hasten to meet him, angels of the Lord.

ASSEMBLY: RECEIVE HIS SOUL AND PRESENT HIM TO GOD THE MOST HIGH.

PRESIDER: May Christ, who called you, take you to Himself, and may the angels lead you to the bosom of Abraham.

ASSEMBLY: RECEIVE HIS SOUL AND PRESENT HIM TO GOD THE MOST HIGH.

PRESIDER: Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him.

ASSEMBLY: RECEIVE HIS SOUL AND PRESENT HIM TO GOD THE MOST HIGH.

Prayer of Commendation

PROCESSION TO PLACE OF COMMITAL

Recessional



Michael was one of those people that you cannot help but notice when they enter a room - loving, brilliant, and determined. Michael was born in Juliet, Illinois, and from day one, was a very loving child. He attended elementary and middle school in Brentwood, California. From then on, he absolutely loved California. After middle school, much to Michael's dismay, we moved to Beaumont where he attended Kelly High in Beaumont (he was a member of the Kelly High Basketball team). After high school he decided to attend Prairie View A&M University and pursued a career in real estate.

One memory that will always stick with me is his dramatic departure from his high school graduation. Immediately after the ceremony, we - his entire family - were waiting for him and the rest of school mates. We were eager take pictures and then head to the party we had planned for him. But, we couldn't find Michael anywhere. The entire family was looking for him, asking anyone around if they had seen him. No one seemed to know where he was. Finally, someone said "I think Michael went to airport..." I nearly pee'd on myself right then and there. It turns out, immediately after the graduation ceremony, Michael went to the airport, got on a flight, and headed straight to California. Michael was determined to celebrate his graduation with his middle school friends from California (who are graduating from high school the following day). Michael was determined and, no matter what, he went for what he wanted.

There is another moment from high school that speaks to this determination. It also speaks to how he seemed determined to make me pee on myself throughout his adolescence/childhood. I remember going to work one day and receiving a call from his school that they had not seen Michael all day. Again, I am calling all overlooking for him. I am wondering if he overslept and desperate to find out where he was. We searched everywhere and no luck. As I'm panicking, pacing back and forth, he suddenly appears. And, very calmly he said, "I just didn't feel like going to school today." In response, I told him that Kelly High School loves him, his friends love him, his family loves him, and that is why we were looking for him.

Michael was fiercely independent, focused, and was also deeply loving. He loved his friends. He loved his brothers and sister. He loved his family. And, we loved. We loved him more than words can ever, ever convey. – **Ike Obodo**

Michael Ugonna Obodo was my little brother, and I was in charge of keeping him safe and out of trouble. I had to make sure that he followed the rules and was strong enough to solve any of his problems. I was so proud when figured out his own path in the world and was happy to see him thrive anywhere he went. He asked me once how do to deal with people telling you how to live your life, and I told him to ignore anyone who doesn't think your way of being happy is the right one. Anywhere he went and anything he did he was happy knowing he did it himself. We fought over petty things like brothers do, but I told him anything if he needed help all he had to do was ask. He was smart enough to know he could find ways nobody else thought of doing it. He had a vision of what his life was going to be and was never going to let anyone stop him. He was smart enough to solve his own problems, he was brave enough to do new things and he was stubborn enough to not let anyone stop him from being the best he could be. He loved his family and never let them forget it. – **Clifford Obodo**

Ugonna's parents loved him dearly and made many sacrifices for him and his siblings doing all they could to give them a loving and secure childhood. This allowed Ugonna to show his brilliance, cultivate his coolness, and walk through life with confidence and independence. He was intent on getting rich and didn't let anything distract him from that. He loved California and was quite disheartened by having to move to Texas when started high school. After moving to Houston a few years ago, Texas grew on him. He forged lasting friendships wherever he went. Ugonna lived his short life on his terms and was a happy person. He was showing signs of growth and maturity, and we were all looking forward to the man he would become. Unfortunately, God called him home too soon. – **Dr. Veronica Obodo-Eckblad**



My son, Michael is a very funny, beautiful and kind person anyone will wish to have around at all time. I am so blessed to have you as a son, my baby. I still remember the day you were born, in a cold winter in Joliet Illinois your smile as infant was very contagious and loving. Michael was ambitious, very intelligent and kind. Business minded, I still remembered you charging your brothers interest for lending them money. Michael went to elementary school and middle school in California made several friends. Loved by so many people, friends and family. I love son. May your soul rest in peace. – **Rose Obodo**

Ugonna was my big brother. He was extremely headstrong and confident when it came to anything he wanted to do. He was able to make friends wherever he went and was just somebody everyone wanted to be around. When we were younger, I would follow him around wherever he went and do whatever he did. And even if got annoyed with me trailing him, he would still always take time to spend with me. He was completely fearless. If he set his mind on a goal, he was willing to do anything it took to get there. Ugonna was always ready to support me in whatever I wanted to do. You could call him at any time, and he would answer Michael wouldn't hesitate to help any one of us if we needed him. One thing we could never doubt was how much he loved all of us. He was a great big brother and I know if we did not lose him so soon, he would have gone on to be an amazing person. – **Christine Obodo**

Michael was a person with a strong sense of loyalty and justice. Like all of us, at some times, he got carried away. When he moved from California to Texas, he felt that it was unjust that he had to leave the state and his friends. Did I mention that Michael could also carry a grudge? Michael kept his sights on California and his loyalty to his friend that he had made while ignoring the new place and the people that he was living with.

One Christmas, he decided to spend the holidays in California with his friends. It did not go as he had expected. He spent a few days at one of his friend's houses, and after a few days, the friend's father, who had not been consulted, said Michael had to leave. So, Michael took refuge with a friendly neighbor who lived across the street from his family's old house.

His dad called and told us that Michael was in California and asked if we could pick him up and have him at our place for Christmas. We gathered him and his stuff and brought him to our house. Most kids wouldn't have had the nerve to do what Michael did, but he created an opportunity to learn from this experience. We allowed him to reflect on his plan and how it went. He realized that while his friend may have been pleased to have him for the holiday, that does not mean their friend's parents would also extend the same welcome. He realized he probably should have told us he was coming into town and planned a visit with us. He also acknowledged that his fierce loyalty to his friends in California was getting in the way of him meeting new friends in Beaumont. He realized it would make sense to give himself a chance to get to know the new people he was meeting, and in doing so, he may make some new friends. In the end, Michael used this fiscal of a visit to learn some crucial lessons. Michael could make bold moves and mistakes, and he was also able to learn from his experiences.

– **Todd Eckblad**

He is survived by his parents, Rose and Ike Obodo of Beaumont; brothers, Clifford Obodo of Beaumont and Isaac Obodo of Dallas; sister, Christine Obodo of Beaumont; aunt, Dr. Veronica Obodo-Eckblad and her husband, Todd, of Silver Springs, Maryland; grandfather, Dr. Felix Obodo of New Jersey; grandmother, Louisa Ajagwu of Beaumont; and numerous nieces, nephews, cousins, and other family members.



Farewell

Our Dear Son Michael,

This is not a goodbye letter; we believe that we will see you again. There are no words to use that would describe how much we have loved you since the day you were born. We will miss you dearly. Your smile, your hugs, your caring. You won't be forgotten or left behind. As a believer, the lord will guide and protect you. The light has fallen but there will be a sunrise. We will hug and jubilate. God help protect and guide you. Be the angel you were named. We will miss you; know that you just went home and someday we will meet again. Your story began in heaven and that's where you are. Goodnight, we will see you when the sun rises. We love you and will keep you in our hearts; never forgotten. Our son. Our prince.

From,

Mama and Papa

Dear Ugonna,

Thank you for being my big brother. I always admired how fearless you were when it came to doing new things and pursuing what you wanted. I never imagined having to say goodbye so soon, but for the time you were here I always knew that I could always count on you to be there when I needed it. I will always be thankful for the time we were able to spend together and cherish those memories. I can't fully express how much I love you, but I will always keep you in my heart and you will never be forgotten. And I believe one day we will meet again.

With Love,

Your little sister Adaeze

Hey Ugonna,

I want to express my heartfelt apologies for not being by your side during your final moments. Although I am only saying see you later in this letter, I find comfort in knowing where you now reside, and I pray that heaven is treating you well. Thank you for gracing my life with your presence. You have been and always will be, an integral part of my world, regardless of the physical distance between us. Your role as my brother holds immeasurable significance, and I am deeply grateful for that. While it has been suggested that I hold a special place in your heart as your favorite brother, I recognize and cherish the love you extended to all of us—Clifford, Christine, our parents, and me. Our familial bond remains unbreakable, transcending earthly boundaries. Composing this letter is a surreal experience, as I never envisioned having to bid you farewell. Yet, in great sadness, I find comfort in celebrating the life you lived, Ugonna, my beloved younger brother, your impact on my life is immeasurable. For every instance in which I lent you a helping hand, you reciprocated with unwavering support and love. I am eternally grateful for your kind spirit, your protective nature, and the love you bestowed upon me. Though your physical presence may be absent, your memory will forever be cherished, and your spirit will continue to guide and inspire me. Until we meet again, dear brother.

With love and gratitude,

Ifeanyi.

Dear Ugonna,

I love you little brother and I was happy you found your way to be happy in this world. You always did what you wanted no matter what anyone else told you. I always let you know you were still my little brother no matter how tall you grew or how much you matured. You said you would always be good no matter what happened and I'm glad I got to tell you every time I saw you that I was proud of you. You will never be forgotten.

from, Chinedu

Dear Ugonna,

I cannot begin this without crying. There is so much to say that will, now, never be said. We lost you – a brilliant, brave, and powerful light – way too early. It was just way too early. I remember you as a child – so curious, so courageous, so smart, so strong, and so loving. There is one moment that sticks out in my mind and speaks to what a wonderfully bold and curious blessing you were. Auntie Veronica and I had come to watch you and your brothers for a while your Mom and Dad were traveling. You couldn't have been more than 2 years old. The house had three floors but it was clear to you that all the fun happened in the basement. Your older brothers would run, jump, kick, laugh, scream and have all sorts of adventures in that basement. But, you were little. And, I didn't want you down there alone without Auntie or me around. So, I told you to stay upstairs until I could come down there with you. You heard me and you listened. Until, you could not stand it anymore. You decided that it was time – you had to go be a part of the action. First, you hovered around the top stair. And, looked back at me. Then you took two steps down. Again, you turned back to see if I noticed and if I was going to stop you. Finally, when you realized you could make it, you ran downstairs and literally jumped into the fun. You were barely able to walk on a flat surface but you were determined to tackle those stars and be part of the action. It did not matter what I said. You were too brave, too powerful, too bold to be held back. I noticed you were gone and quickly called for you to come back upstairs. And, you did – very slowly – step by step. Always at your own pace, Ugonna. But when you reached the top stair and our eyes met, you greeted me with the most beautiful, most knowing, and warmest smile – one that covered your entire face. This is how I will remember you, Ugonna. You did it your way – bravely, boldly, beautifully – but you always came back home with the warmest and most loving smile. Thank you for sharing your unending light with us. You were such a blessing to each and every one of us. It was a gift to know you, to love you, to be your older cousin. I know – without a doubt - that when you went home to God, the angels and ancestors *greeted you* with huge smiles. How could they not? You, a gift, have returned home. Rest in peace, Ugonna. Rest. And, please, save a smile for me for when I see you again.

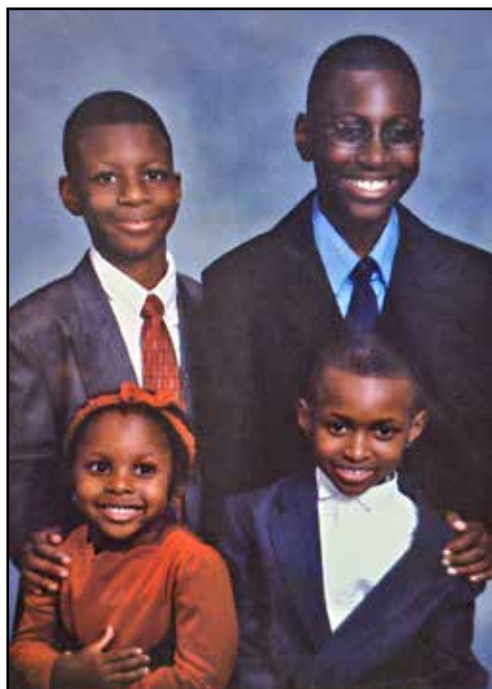
Love,

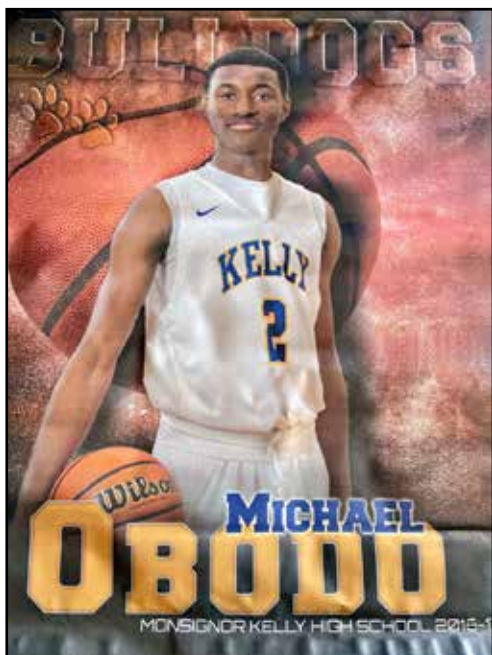
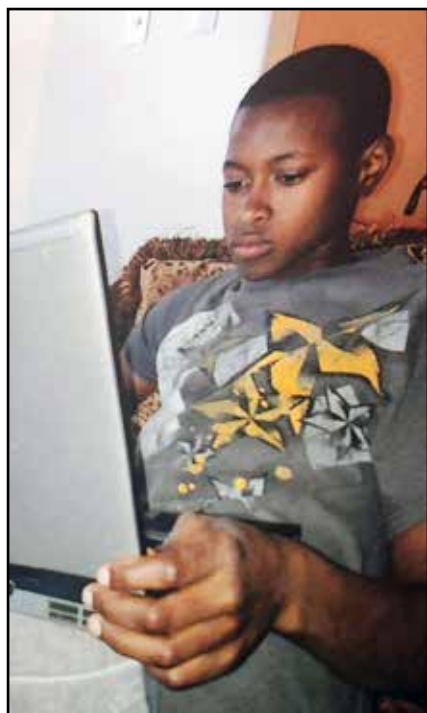
Ariel

Ugo, our hearts are broken that we will never again see your quick smile that spreads from one side of your face to the other. We will not get a chance to see how your life will unfold and what a wonderful man you would have become. We love you dearly and will cherish the memory of how you lived your life on your own terms and showed confidence and independence even from a very early age. And we forgive you for breaking many of our furniture as a young child. We hope that you were aware of how much we love and adore you. Your parents and siblings also love you and are heartbroken. May God look upon you with gladness and admit you and your friends who were taken away with you into his kingdom.

All our love,
Auntie Veronica and Uncle Todd





















In loving memory of

Michael Ugonna

January 20, 2000 – January 21, 2024



The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want. He makes me lie down in green pastures. He leads me beside still waters. He restores my soul.

Psalm 23

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Celebrant:	Reverend Valentine Mayaka – fmh
Con-Celebrant and Homilist:	Reverend Michael Eninlejie
Altar Servers:	Chiamaka Nwaobi and Chidalu Nwaobi
Placing of the Pall:	Todd Eckblad
Lectors:	Ariel Eckblad and Dr. Veronica Obodo-Eckblad
Farewell:	Clifford Chinedu Obodo and Ifeany Obodo
Gift Bearers:	Adaeze Obodo, Zion Uzoh, Chinye Nwaobi
Eucharistic Ministers:	Celebrants of the Mass
Music Ministers:	Mr. and Mrs. Cummings
Ushers:	Chibu Ezike and Tony Kashunga
Pallbearers:	Clifford Obodo, Ifeany Obodo Isaiah Eckblad, Ogorchukwu Nwaobi Darryl Patterson, Shawn Ali
Honorary Pallbearer:	Dr. Felix Obodo
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Saint Jude Thaddeus Catholic Community
 Beaumont, Texas – February 10, 2024

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**“Never let anything so fill you with sorrow that
 you forget the joy of the resurrection.”**

Mother Teresa

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Interment

Forest Lawn Memorial Park
 Beaumont, Texas

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*The family of Michael Obodo invites you to join them in Culotta Hall upon your
 return from the cemetery.*



Please sign Michael’s guest book and share your memories at
broussards1889.com