



Acknowledgement

The family of **Mr. Egbert Cuffy** would like to send a heartfelt thank you to everyone who sent a card or greetings during their time of bereavement.

Mass of Christian Burial



Egbert Cornelius Cuffy

aka Borrows

Sunrise: 17th September, 1937 - Sunset: 15^h August, 2020



Roseau Cathedral Chapel

Friday, 11th September, 2020

9:30am Viewing | 10:00am Mass

Interment:

Roseau Catholic Cemetery



Lyndhurst
Funeral Home
Tel: (767) 449-1800|2100
275-1800|275-7564|235-2100

Order of Mass

| | |
|---------------------|---|
| Entrance hymn: | Canticle of the sun |
| First Reading: | Wisdom 4:7-15 (Eleanora Cuffy) |
| Responsorial Psalm: | The Lord is my Shepherd |
| Second Reading: | 2 Thessalonians 4:13-18 (Ursula Serevin) |
| Alleluia | |
| Gospel | |
| Homily | |
| Offertory: | Less of me |
| Communion: | The beatitudes |
| Thanksgiving: | In the sweet by and by |
| Recessional: | God gives his people strength |

Graveside Hymns:

Because He lives
Blessed assurance
Softly and tenderly
Precious Lord
What a friend

Tributes to a Dad Egbert Cornelius Cuffy (from his children)

My Dear Father,

“Even though I am saying my goodbyes from a distance because of Covid-19, I will always love you and I will definitely miss you. I will continue to cherish those memories that have been built over those years. Rest in perfect peace, dear father, until we meet again.” **Your dear daughter- Justinia Cuffy- Joseph**

I thank you dear father, for giving me life; As I know, that your calling by the Lord is one of great stride. Some may have thought that you should have gone later; But I know that you are in peace with your maker. I assure you that the seeds you sow, will grow to honor the good work that you show. Rest in peace dear dad, as you will be so ever glad. **Your Son-Glenroy Cuffy**

Dear Daddy,

Due to Covid-19, I felt so sad that my presence could not be there to see you for the last time. Rest peacefully Daddy. During the years, even to the last day we spoke from your hospital bed, you told me to take care of myself. That’s a blessing indeed, of which I always and will continue to do. Peaceful Death is any minute. The Almighty is in control. You will surely be missed. God loves you and unconditionally, I do. Rest peacefully Daddy. **Your daughter, Carlyn Cuffy JnoBaptiste**

To my Dearest Father,

I’m deeply saddened by the loss that I have encountered; just want to say rest in peace Paps; gone but will never be forgotten; you will always remain in my memories. Love Always; **Your loving Son, Victor Johnathan Cuffy**

EULOGY of EGBERT CORNELIUS CUFFY

Egbert Cornelius Cuffy, affectionately known as “Borroes”, was born on September 17th 1937 in Roseau, the Commonwealth of Dominica. He was the son of Irene Sergenton and Ruskin Cuffy. He was the husband of Marjorie Cuffy (Ma Cuffy). He was the Father of Edward and Ellie (who preceded his death) Carlyn, Justinia, Glenroy and Jonathan, and the grandfather of four. He grew up with his five siblings in the village of Giraudel with whom he had a unified relationship up till his death.

After leaving school, Egbert was determined to learn a profession which he loved so dearly, that of auto-mechanic. He ventured out into the world of work seeking that passion and was fortunate to get a job as a mechanic helper at Astaphan’s Garage on Bath Road. He worked there till he became skilled enough to seek employment at the Roseau Fire Service both as a Mechanic and a Heavy-Duty Driver. He gained so much success at what he was doing that he was sent to Trinidad and England to further his learning in that field. He also worked at the Fire Department in Melville Hall for a short time. He later returned to the Roseau Fire Service and retired after twenty-five years.

After retiring, he decided to do something that would lessen his boredom so he bought a bus that he could run as taxi whenever a cruise ship was in port. This helped to put extra cash in his pocket. When there were no ships in port he would drive to his property in Giraudel and visit his family members. This went on for a long time until his illness.

Egbert’s favourite drink was lime squash and the hardest drink he would have occasionally was a little table wine. His refrigerator never lacked coke and a few beers just in case someone would stop by so he could offer. He also loved pork which was often prepared by Ma Cuffy. You would also never be hungry around him as the first thing he would ask when one comes around was, “Did you have anything to eat?” He was also a strong supporter of the Dominica Labor Party.

The steps leading downstairs to his house was his ideal spot where he often relaxed, mostly shirtless, to enjoy the breeze while tuning in to his transistor radio. He was an avid cricket enthusiast and during the cricket season the radio stuck to his ears so he would not miss the excitement when his favourite team (The West Indies of course) scored a 4 or a 6.

Egbert lived life the best way that he could and will be missed by many.

***He is gone but will never be forgotten.
Continue to rest in perfect peace.***

Canticle of the Sun

The Heavens are telling the glory of God,
and all creation is shouting for joy.
Come, dance in the forest, come play in the field,
And sing, sing to the Glory of the Lord.

Praise for the sun, the bringer of day,
he carries the light of the Lord in his rays;
the moon and the stars
who light up the way unto your throne.

Praise to the wind that blows through the trees,
the seas, mighty storms, the gentlest breeze;
they blow where they will, they blow where they please,
to please the Lord.

Praise for the rain that waters our fields,
and blesses our crops so all the earth yields;
from death unto life her myst’ry revealed
springs forth in joy.

Praise for the fire who gives us his light,
the warmth of the sun to brighten our night;
he dances with joy, his spirit so bright,
he sings of you.

Praise for the earth, who makes life to grow,
the creatures you made to let your life show;
the flowers and trees that help us to know
the heart of love.

Praise for our death, that makes our life real,
the knowledge of loss that helps us to feel;
the gift of yourself, your presence revealed
to bring us home.

The Lord Is My Shepherd
(Noel Dexter)

The Lord is my Shepherd,
And I shall not want,
He makes me to lie down in green,
green pastures.
The Lord is my Shepherd,
And I shall not want,
He leads me beside the still, still waters,

He restoreth my soul,
He restoreth my soul.
He leads me in the path of
righteousness for His name Sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley,
The valley of death,
Though I walk in death's valley I'll
fear no evil,
For Lord, Thou art with me,
Thy rod and thy staff,
Thy rod and thy staff shall bring me
comfort.

Thou preparest a table in the
presence of my enemies.
Thou anointest my head with oil
And my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy,
They shall follow me,
And I will dwell in God's house for
evermore,

And I will dwell, And I will dwell,
And I will dwell in God's house for
evermore.
The Lord is my shepherd
And I shall never want.

Less of Me
Glen Campbell

Let me be a little kinder
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me
Let me praise a little more

Let me be when I am weary
Just a little bit more cheery
Think a little more of others
And a little less of me

Let me be a little braver
When temptation bids me waver
Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be

Let me be a little meeker
With the brother that is weaker
Let me think more of my neighbor
And a little less of me

Let me be when I am weary
Just a little bit more cheery
Let me serve a little better
Those that I am strivin' for

Let me be a little meeker
With the brother that is weaker
Think a little more of others
And a little less of me

What a friend we have in Jesus

What a friend we have in Jesus,
all our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
all because we do not carry
everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
take it to the Lord in prayer!
Can we find a friend so faithful
who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
take it to the Lord in prayer!

Are we weak and heavy laden,
cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge--
take it to the Lord in prayer!
Do your friends despise, forsake you?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In his arms he'll take and shield you;
you will find a solace there.

Precious Lord

When my way groweth dear,
Precious, Lord, linger near
When my life is almost gone,
Hear my cry, hear my call
Hold my hand, lest I fall,
Take my hand, precious Lord,
Lead me home.

Precious Lord, take my hands,
Lead me on, let me stand,
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn,
through the storm, through
the night, lead me on to the light,
take my hands, precious Lord,
lead me home.

When my work is all done,
and my race here is run,
Let me see by the light thou
has shown,
That there are cities so bright,
Where the lamb is the light,
take my hands precious Lord,
lead me home.

The Beatitudes

Blest are you, the poor who trust,
The father with your lives,
For within your heart is born the Kingdom of the Lord
Blest are you, the sorrowing who know your father wise,
For within, your heart is born
The kingdom of the Lord

Blest are you, the lowly ones, who know your need to share,
For within your heart is born
The kingdom of the Lord,
Blest are you whose searching souls, will draw you to God's care,
For within your heart is born
The kingdom of the Lord

Let your light shine for all the world to see
The brightness of your life within,
The peace that set you free.
Let your light shine to fill your nights and days,
Men will see the deeds you do and give your Father praise.

Blest are those whose mercy shows,
The Father's love to all.
For within your heart is born
The kingdom of the Lord.
Blest are you the pure in heart,
Who live the father's call,
For within your heart is born
The kingdom of the Lord

Blest are you who work for peace, among the Father's sons,
For within your heart is born
The kingdom of the Lord
Blest are you who suffer hate
To prepare the day to come,
For within your heart is born
The kingdom of the Lord

God gives His people strength

God gives His people strength.
If we believe in His way,
He's swift to repay
All those who bear the burden of the day
God gives His people strength.

God gives His people hope
If we but trust in His word,
our prayers are always heard
He warmly welcomes anyone who's erred.
God gives His people hope.

God gives His people love
If we but open wide our hearts,
He's sure to do His part
He's always the first to make a start.
God gives His people love.

God gives His people peace.
When sorrow fills us to the brim,
and courage grows dim
He lays to rest our restlessness in Him.
God gives His people peace.

Softly & Tenderly

Softly and tenderly, Jesus is calling;
Calling for you and for me.
Patiently Jesus is waiting and watching;
watching for you and for me.

***“Come home, Come home.
You who are weary, come home.”
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,
Calling, O sinners, “Come home.”***

Why should we tarry when Jesus
is pleading,
Pleading for you and for me
Why should we linger and heed
not His mercies,
Mercies for you and for me

Oh! For the wonderful love He
has promised,
Promised for you and for me.
Though we have sinned, He has
mercy and pardon,
Pardon for you and for me!



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.

***This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.
(repeat)***

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest;
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in his love.

Because He Lives

God sent His Son, they called Him Jesus,
He came to love, Heal and forgive:
He bled and Died to buy my pardon,
An empty grave is there to prove
My Saviour lives.

Because He lives, I can face Tomorrow;
Because He lives, All fears are gone.
Because I Know He holds the future,
And life is worth the living
Just because He lives.

How sweet to hold a new-born Baby and
feel the pride, and Joy he gives;
but greater still The calm assurance,
This child can face uncertain
Days because He lives.

And then one day, I'll cross the River
I'll fight life's final war With pain;
And then as death Gives way to victory,
I'll see the lights of Glory and
I'll know He lives.

