Celebration of Life



April 26, 1960 - August 29, 2026

MICHAEL LANG GREAVES

September 12, 2026 at 2:00 pm

FIRST CHURCH OF GOD NORTH SHORE
INTERMENT: CHRIST CHURCH DEVONSHIRE

Order of Service

PROCESSIONAL – CLERGY & FAMILY

PRAYER	BISHOP LAMB
HYMN	GOING UP YONDER
SCRIPTURE READING	1 CORINTHIANS 15: 51-52 & REVELATIONS 21:4 ERNA DEGRAFF
SOLO/SELECTION	RICKEESHA BINNS
THOUGHTFUL WORDS	MIKEALA MORRISON (DAUGHTER)
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS/CONDOLENCES	BISHOP LAMB
OBITUARY	ROBIN RICHARDSON

SONG SELECTION & VIDEO

EULOGY	PASTOR LEROY BEAN

RECESSIONAL

In lieu of flowers, the family kindly requests that donations be made in memory of Michael Greaves to the Lady Cubitt Compassionate Association (LCCA). Your generosity in his honour is greatly appreciated.

Obituary

MICHAEL LANG GREAVES

April 26, 1960 - Augist 29, 2026

Michael Lang Greaves was born to Gloria and the late Leonard Greaves on April 26, 1960. He was the second of four children: Wayne, Michael, Gina, and Kevin. Like any child growing up, Michael was full of energy and enthusiasm. As a young child, Michael was very gifted. His family recalls that he could fix anything—especially bikes—without even following the instructions in a manual. For Michael, this was normal; even when others struggled, he knew he could do it, and he did. He just had it that way.

Michael was known in his younger years for his inherent athletic talent. He loved the thrill of a challenge when it came to competition. Michael loved football and cricket; his favorite football team was Arsenal. So, when Arsenal won the 2026 Premier League, he was over the moon. We would be remiss not to mention motocross, which he loved dearly. If you knew Michael, speed was his downfall—he liked anything fast. At the age of eleven, Michael was involved in a serious hit-and-run accident that left him with one leg. For many, this would have slowed them down, but for Michael, it was just another obstacle to overcome. Amazingly, he never allowed his physical disability to deter him from reaching his goals or cause him to sit on the sidelines. His fierce determination, adventurous spirit, courage, and tenacity allowed him to excel when others would have given up.

In 1984, Michael married Cheri Bean, and from that union, they had one daughter, Mikeala. Unfortunately, as life would have it, this was not to be, but they remained the best of friends, he would fondly refer to her as his boss. He would often say, “She still thinks she’s the boss.” Ten and eleven years later, he had Miesha and Naomi with their mom, the late Melinda Carr. Michael loved being a father, spoiling them when he could and never giving them licks when they needed it. There was nothing he loved more than his children and grandchildren. He would refer to Mikeala as his backbone, and if there were any decisions to be made he would say, “Check Mikeala.” His deep love for Miesha and Naomi was evident as well. He would often joke, saying Miesha was his headache. While unknown to Miesha and Naomi, he would put his secret tentacles out there to make sure that they had what they needed and were taken care of. You both were his precious babies.

Although he had his girls, the apples of his eyes were still his three grandchildren: Brayden, Mies, and Aasani. Brayden and Mies were always with their Papa, and he would do anything for them. Their Papa always attended their activities—school sports, netball games, football games—and he loved to watch them both tear up the track. One thing they understood about their Papa was that he had little to no tolerance for nonsense. Whenever they got on his nerves, they would chase him home, or they would be kicked out of his house. That didn't stop him from calling a few minutes later to ask what they were doing

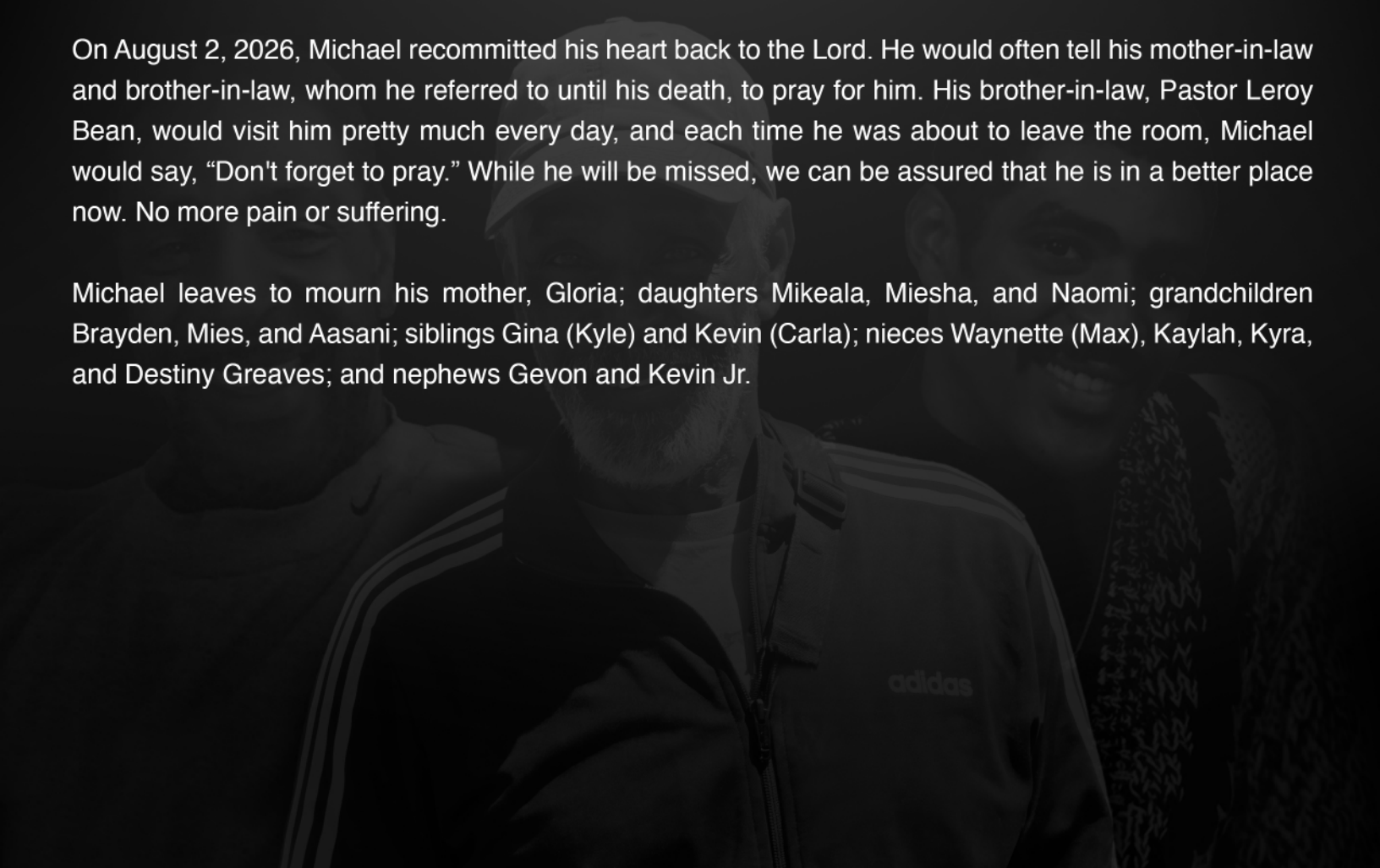
and if they were okay. He would call Mikeala before 8:00 AM every morning, before the children were even ready for school, to find out, “What did they do wrong today?” Some days she had to ignore him because he would hold up the morning routine while she was trying to get the kids out the door on time.

Michael had a heart that was bigger than life. His loyalty and protective spirit were inevitable, especially when it came to his mother, children, grandchildren, siblings, and family members, or if he deemed you as family. His mom would often say that he was a special child who would regularly check on her. When she would call him, he would answer the phone by saying, “Mother.” When it came to his siblings, Wayne, Gina, and Kevin, as well as his nieces and nephews, he was a devoted protector, even when they didn’t know it. If you were connected to him, you were under his lifetime warranty. He would move mountains for them—and heaven help the person who thought about crossing them. His family meant everything to him, and he would do almost anything to protect them.

Michael was also a joker and a self-appointed, professional “nickname distributor.” Absolutely no one escaped his labeling system. He could look at you out of the blue and instantly come up with a custom name that stuck for life. Some of his legendary favorites included Animal, Kitty (Mikeala), Mo (Miesha), Spots (Waynette), Scooter/Scoot (Gevon), Betty Boop, Brittany Johnson (Kaylah), My Buddy (Mies), Boop (Brayden), Zuri I Don't Care Douglas (Zuri), Basel (Kevin), Laslo (KJ), Destinineee (Destiny), and Sis (Carla)—alongside a million other names he handed out just because he could.

On August 2, 2026, Michael recommitted his heart back to the Lord. He would often tell his mother-in-law and brother-in-law, whom he referred to until his death, to pray for him. His brother-in-law, Pastor Leroy Bean, would visit him pretty much every day, and each time he was about to leave the room, Michael would say, “Don't forget to pray.” While he will be missed, we can be assured that he is in a better place now. No more pain or suffering.

Michael leaves to mourn his mother, Gloria; daughters Mikeala, Miesha, and Naomi; grandchildren Brayden, Mies, and Aasani; siblings Gina (Kyle) and Kevin (Carla); nieces Waynette (Max), Kaylah, Kyra, and Destiny Greaves; and nephews Gevon and Kevin Jr.

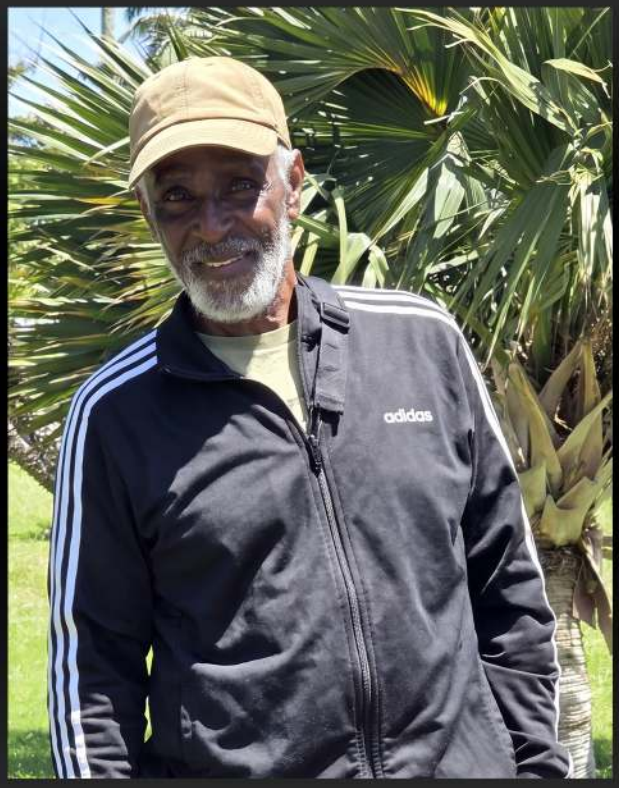








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UNIVERSITY









A Message from Michael

To all my children Mikeala, Miesha, Naomi, Brayden, Mies and Aasani.

“One day, I will only be a memory”

Now that day has come I hope you carry the truth close to your hearts.

My greatest legacy was never anything that I’ve done it was simply being your daddy and papa.

Loving you didn't just give my life purpose; it gave my soul a home.

Every hidden sacrifice, and every laugh we shared became the most priceless treasures of my existence.

My only concern was how is Brayden and Mies going to live without me. And Aasani will not know me.

On the days you miss me, just pause and remember: you were loved beyond words, beyond limits, and beyond time itself each and every single day.

Of all the gifts this life could have ever given me, being your Daddy & Papa will always be my greatest gift and my deepest blessing.

I wasn’t the perfect Daddy & Papa but, I tried my best. One thing that is so true is that I Love you guys to the moon and back. And I want you to do the same with each other.

Love Daddy & Papa

Michael


Emirates
FLY BETTER


Emirates
FLY BETTER


SAFE IN HEAVEN


Emirates
FLY BETTER



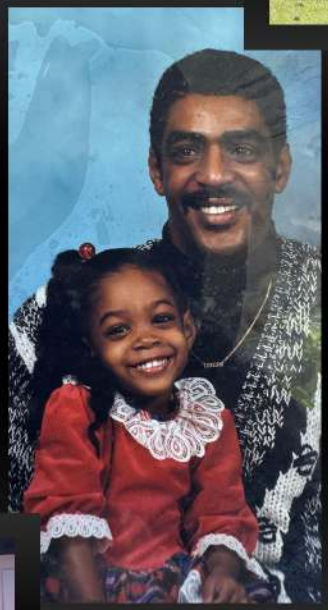









Booth






























Honoring The
Leonard
CREAVES
NOVEMBER 29, 1934 - DECEMBER 23, 2022



HAPPY

Emirates
FLY BETTER


HAPPY
Emirates
FLY BETTER

HAPPY
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HAPPY
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FLY BETTER

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HAPPY
SAFE IN HEAVEN
Emirates
FLY BETTER
DEAD



Emirates
FLY BETTER


HAPPY
Emirates
FLY BETTER

Emirates
FLY BETTER


HAPPY
Emirates
FLY BETTER

HAPPY
I GOT RESTORED
Emirates
FLY BETTER

HAPPY
Emirates
FLY BETTER

Stories

Tributes

Uncle Michael,

Thank you for the life lessons you verbally shared and showed through your actions. Thank you for laughs, for the many stories you told and retold, and for the words of encouragement that came at the right time. You showed up for us. We are going to miss you.

- GeVon

Papa we had great times. We always used to work together and do everything. And now that you passed away, I really miss you so. I love you and I miss you.

- Mies

Hey Mike this your Brother B**** (yeah that's the name we called one another) Remember the time we...Nah u all reading this thgt I'd tell, no see Mike & I had a pact never ever tell about the pack we did together. I thgt I was prepared 4 when you left, I wasn't. I cry daily not because u left , yet because hw much I Love you Bruh!! 2 weeks ago I came home 2 c u. We talked, we laughed, we held hands n we prayed n told each we wud meet again. Rest well Mike till the day we link up again.
- Love Freddy

Michael, thank you for welcoming me into your family with open arms and treating me like your own son. I'll always remember the time we shared, the conversations, and the example you set as a father and grandfather. You showed the kids what it means to lead with love, strength, and patience, and that example will guide me as I do my best to watch over and protect them now that you're gone.

Rest well, Papa. We love you and we miss you.

-Your Son Brandon

Papa, I love you and I miss you so much. I'll miss you picking me up from school, and I'll miss you coming over to the house every day. I'll never forget all our laughs and fun times together. I'll hold onto every memory we made and keep you close in my heart forever. You'll always be my Papa, and I know you're watching over me.

I love you and I miss you, Papa.

- Brayden

Tributes

My favorite guy.

Michael taught me how to fend for myself. He taught me to never depend on anyone — but to always know that he had my back.

We'd get into it sometimes, but I always knew nobody loved me as unconditionally as him.

In school, he was my biggest support. He showed up. He cared. He showed up so much that my high school, without us even knowing, gave him an award for being such an active father. An award that had never been given before. That was my daddy.

If you know Mike, he called himself "an extra-sociable drinker" and he wasn't lying. EVERYONE loved him. All of my friends loved him. He let me throw BBQs in his yard, and he always had a joke ready.

If you know me, you know I'm a daddy's girl. So losing him hasn't been easy. But the way he loved people means I didn't lose him completely. He left me with a village. People who love me just as much as they loved him, because of the joy he brought to all of us.

I'm so grateful I got to spend your last day with you. The smile on your face when I peeked in and said, "I heard you were waiting on me" — I'll carry that with me forever.
"Is that my favorite girl? Mo? That's you?"
I'm so glad I made it.

You gave me the best sister and brother. And I'm so thankful we got to stand together and say our last "I love you."
Just like we said, "we got this."

Forever in my heart,
Mo



Tributes

I've known Uncle Mike pretty much my entire life. He was there through so many different chapters of my life, and when I look back now, I realize just how much of an impact he had on me and my family.

Uncle Mike was truly one of the most caring and selfless people I knew. At a time when my brother, Mar-Ti, and I had nowhere else to stay, Uncle Mike opened up his home to us. He made that sacrifice to ensure that Mar-Ti and I could stay together and have somewhere to call home. That is something I will always be grateful for and will never forget.

He was always supportive of me and consistently showed up for my mom and I. He looked out for us, cared for us, and was there during times when we truly needed someone. One of my core memories with Uncle Mike was when he taught me how to strip down a bike and repaint it using spray cans. It may seem like a simple memory, but it's one that has stayed with me and always will.

For Mar-Ti, Uncle Mike was also someone who had been there for practically his entire life and through so many different chapters. One of Mar-Ti's favorite memories will always be watching Uncle Mike build those Looxor bikes.

But beyond the memories, Uncle Mike also left Mar-Ti with a lesson that he will carry for the rest of his life: to be careful about the friends you keep, because not everyone is truly looking out for you.

Mar-Ti wants Uncle Mike to know: Thank you for looking out for me when I was young, for keeping me on the right path, and for caring about me even when I didn't fully understand it. I see it now, and I'll never forget it.

Uncle Mike, you touched both of our lives in ways that we probably didn't fully understand or appreciate when we were younger. As we've grown, we've come to understand just how much your kindness, guidance, sacrifices, and presence meant to us.

Thank you for opening your home to us, for looking out for us, and for being there for our family when we needed you most. Those are things we will carry with us forever.

Rest peacefully, Uncle Mike. You will always be remembered, appreciated, and deeply missed.

- Cashun & Mar-Ti

Tributes

Tribute to Big Bro, Brother (in-law), Uncle Mike, the Goat,

Words cannot express the loss we have felt since your passing.

You displayed tremendous strength and courage over the past few years. We felt like you were invincible having outlived the prognosis of your doctors. No matter what, you stayed optimistic, hopeful and grateful for every day that was given to you. You fought a valiant battle and now God has called you home.

The person I've observed over the past few years is who I recall as we grew up. You always thought you were the greatest of all time (GOAT) – the best footballer, cricketer and you always were the one to stick your neck and fight whenever someone disrespected your family and friends. No one would have ever known you had a disability. It never held you back or made you feel inferior.

You were the greatest painter of all time (GOAT) and you took great pride in your work. You kept #8 Slip Point Lane in tip-top good condition and if there was even a blemish you would be down to touch it up. You also had great patience teaching your nephews (the apprentices) how to clean and paint a roof and how to paint a house.

Whenever we needed you, you were there. You had a good heart.

You had your own name for everyone:

Kevin = Basel, KJ = Laslo, Destiny = Destinineee, Carla = Sis. You made it very clear that Carla was your other sister and not your sister-in-law.

You always had a laugh or a good story. You were the life of any party. We always knew when you were up to something because you'd give us that sly smile.

You loved your girls and your grandchildren and you talked about them often – especially Mies and his football skills.

We are missing you deeply and things will be different without you. Your calls, your laughter, your stories will continue to live on within us.

Love always

Kevin, Carla, KJ and Destiny

Tributes

For my Bestest Uncle…

He could do no wrong in my eyes, and somehow, I could do no wrong in his either. That was just the kind of relationship we had. There was a special love between us that I will always hold close to my heart. To him I was “Betty” if you know you know. Hearing that name will forever make me think of him, and I don’t think anyone could ever say it quite like he did.

My Uncle Michael would do anything for me. There was never a doubt in my mind about how much he loved me, because he showed it in the way he treated me, looked out for me, and was always there for me. With him, I knew I had someone in my corner no matter what.

If you want to know just how much I believed anything my Uncle Michael told me, this man basically brainwashed me into believing my name was Brittany Johnson. He had me so convinced that I went to school and confidently told my teachers on the first day or school that was my name. And because, in my eyes, he could do no wrong, why would I ever question him? If Uncle Michael said my name was Brittany Johnson, then as far as I was concerned, my name was Brittany Johnson!

Losing him leaves a space that words can’t really explain. It’s hard to imagine a world where I won’t hear him call me Betty again, but I know that the love behind that name, and all the memories we shared, will stay with me forever.

Love always, your bestest niece Kaylah… and apparently, Brittany Johnson!



Tributes

MY BROTHER MY PROTECTOR

M – Magnanimous : A brother with a giant, selfless spirit who quietly watched over everyone and took immense pride in seeing his family thrive.

I – Immeasurably Devoted : The unwavering anchor of the family who loved his PARENTS, brothers, sister, and entire village with a profound, unconditional depth.

C – Comedic Genius: A natural entertainer whose quick wit, sharp timing, and playful teasing turned ordinary family gatherings into unforgettable, joy-filled events.

H – Heroic Defender : Looking at his photograph, you can instantly see the look of a true protector in his eyes. The ultimate guardian stood like a fortress for his loved ones, ensuring they always felt safe, valued, and deeply cherished under his watch.

A – Audacious Spirit : A bold, fearless trailblazer who lived entirely on his own terms, facing life's hurdles with incredible grit and a daring sense of adventure.

E – Exuberant : His bright, unforgettable smile in this picture captures a glimpse of his lively, spirited energy. It was completely infectious, making him the brightest, most vibrant presence in any room he walked into.

L – Loyal Confidant : The brother who fiercely held your secrets, kept it completely real with you when you needed it, and always, always had your back no matter what.

~ Forever In My Heart ~

LOVE YOUR SISTER GINA

Left To Cherish His Memory

Father: The late Leonard Greaves
Mother: Gloria Greaves
Daughters: Mikeala Morrison, Miesha Greaves & Naomi Landy
Special Son: Dunn-Ya Taylor
Son-in-law: Brandon Morrison
Grand Daughter: Brayden Morrison
Grand Son: Mies Morrison & Aasani Landy-Morrissey
Brothers: Kevin Greaves (Carla) & the late Wayne Greaves
Sister: Gina John (Kyle)
Aunts: Fern Flood, Janet Burgess, Benvick (Vickie) Vickers
Uncle: Kingsley Adams (USA)
Nieces: Waynette Curtis (Max), Kaylah, Kyra John & Destiny Greaves
Nephews: Gevon & Kevin Jr. Greaves
Great Niece: Zuri Douglas
Great Nephews: Leo & Luka Greaves, Kaiyr Joyiens

Numerous special cousins too many to mention:
Godchildren: Kareem Richardson, Janae Nesbitt & Talia Robinson
Special Friends: Terry Thaomas, William, Robin Richardson, Freddy Devent, Timmy Darrell, Edward (Junior) Albuoy, Dean Cox, Leroy Bean, Cheri Moore, Latya Simmons, Kyle Dowling, the Friswell's Hill family, the Binns family & numerous other special friends too many to mention.

Pallbearers

Into/Out Church

Robin Richardson
Edward (JR) Albuoy
Dean Cox
Cashun Brangman
Sadune Raynor
Andre Nesbitt

Walk To Grave

Kevin Greaves Jr (Nephew)
Brandon Morrison (Son-In-Law)
Carlos Greaves (Cousin)
Chad Brimmer (Cousin)
Shawne Tuzo (Cousin)
Jacy Smith (Cousin)
Duane Symonds (Cousin)
Carlos Pearman (Cousin)

Message of Gratitude

The family of the late Michael Greaves wishes to express their heartfelt gratitude for every act of kindness shown during this difficult time. Your calls, cards, prayers, flowers, visits, and words of comfort have meant more than words can express.

We are deeply thankful to family, friends, neighbours, and all who supported us in so many ways. May God continue to bless each of you.