

CELEBRATING

The Life *of*



August 24, 1976 ~ September 24, 2025

Michael J. Howard, Sr.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 13, 2025

Viewing: 10:00 a.m. | Service: 11:00 a.m.

FROM THE HEART CHURCH MINISTRIES •

4949 ALLENTOWN ROAD | SUITLAND, MARYLAND 20746

BISHOP JOHN A. CHERRY, II - PASTOR

Obituary

On August 24, 1976, **Michael Jenaro Howard, Sr.**, was born to Reverend Chet Howard, Jr., and Barbara Ann Jones in Flint, Michigan. He entered into eternal rest on September 24, 2025.

Michael, the eldest of three siblings, Patrice and Alisa, had a strong bond with his father. In fact, he was his best friend, the one who took him under his wing and introduced him to business and politics. They were like two peas in a pod—watching sports together, especially football, basketball, and boxing. In 1983, he was the ring bearer at his father's wedding and was thrilled to make his stepmother, Patricia Howard, his new mommy.

Michael and his family lived in the Washington metropolitan area prior to moving to Wilmington, North Carolina, for his father's call to pastor in the 1980s. Several years later, they relocated to Temple Hills, Maryland, where Michael attended From the Heart Christian School and graduated with the first class in 1994. After that, he attended Virginia State University from 1994 through 1999, and majored in Business Management.

In the early 2000s, he was a project manager employed with Configuration, Incorporated. Michael was thorough in his work and liked to oversee a project from inception to completion. He subsequently became a marketing manager in Washington, D.C. Lastly, he was a carpenter up until 2021, when his health challenges began to worsen.

Over the years, he became fluent in Spanish and enjoyed conversing with others in that language, especially his brother-in-law, Scott. The two men would have endless conversations, and to Michael's amusement, his sister, Patrice, had absolutely no idea what they were talking about. Moreover, he had a passion for music—as a child, he played the piano; as an adult, he taught himself to play the guitar. He loved playing at venues, for friends, or even just by himself.

Michael was an extraordinarily proud father who welcomed his firstborn son, Michael J. Howard, Jr., in September 2004. The next year, in October 2005, he welcomed his second son, Mychael J.C. Howard. He loved his sons dearly; they were his biggest accomplishments. Furthermore, he was ecstatic with the birth of his niece, Laila Freeman, in November 2005. Family was particularly important to Michael. He enjoyed holidays and birthdays at his grandparents' home with his uncles, aunt, and cousins throughout the years.

Michael, a man of faith, accepted Jesus Christ as his Savior at an early age. He joined From the Heart Church Ministries on June 7, 1981, and often witnessed Jesus to others by sharing how important He was in his life.

Much like his dad, Michael had an unassuming presence about him. You did not realize how much he processed his surroundings or his inquisitiveness until you began to talk with him and understood just how bright he was. He will be remembered for his wit, his sense of humor, and his fervent desire to see his children and his niece succeed—just like his father wanted for him.

Michael will be dearly missed by all who knew and loved him. He leaves to cherish his memory his sons, Michael Howard, Jr. and Mychael Howard; sisters, Patrice (Scott) Byrams and Alisa Howard; niece, Laila Freeman; uncles: Bill (Donald) Payne, Ronald Payne, and Stephen (Jewel) Payne; cousins: Jasmine, Jocelyn, Angela, Jalen, Bailey, Ma'donnie, and Zara; godbrother, James Q. Davis, Jr.; and godmother, Annise (Wilbert) Muschette.

Michael was preceded in death by his parents, Reverend Chet (Patricia) Howard, Jr.; paternal grandmother, Mary Hamilton; and maternal grandparents, Dr. William (Autholia) V. Payne, Sr.

Order of Service

Invocation

Congregational Hymn “It Is Well”

Scripture Reading

Old Testament: Psalm 23
New Testament: John 14:1-6

Prayer of Comfort

Selection FTH Psalmist

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Stephen Payne, Uncle
James Q. Davis, Jr., Godbrother
Patrice Byrams, Sister

Poem Laila Freeman

Obituary (*Read Silently*)

Song of Preparation FTH Psalmist

Message of Hope Reverend Justin K. Young

Call to Christ

Committal

Benediction

Family Sentiments

Michael,

Sitting here, it's hard for me to wrap my brain around the fact that you're no longer with us. I keep wanting to pick up the phone and tell you what's going on only to be hit with the loss of your shining presence. Words can't express my devastation. You have been my hero since I can remember. I saw value in you that some never were able to see. Our bond remained strong through all of life's ups and downs. You were my protector, my teacher, and one of my closest friends. I knew the real you... unconditionally loving, hilarious, non-judgmental, just to name a few. I will miss you every day for the rest of my life. I will honor your memory by looking out for your sons and your niece, making sure they're okay. I love you, Big Brother, with all of my heart.

~ **Patrice**

Goodbye, Dad

We didn't always see eye to eye, and the bond wasn't always easy to define—but you were our father, and that means more than words can ever explain.

You gave us life, your name, and more of yourself than anyone will ever know. Even in the distance, you were a part of us. And now, as we say our final goodbyes, we feel the weight of your absence in a way that we didn't expect. We wish things had been different. But we're grateful for what was, and for the ways you showed your love.

Rest in eternal peace, Dad. We'll carry you with us always.

With love,

~ **Your sons, Michael Jr. and Mychael**

To My Dear Uncle,

Life without you doesn't feel the same. I'm sorry I didn't call you as often as I should have, but those short phone calls meant just as much to me as they did to you. I loved hearing how excited you were whenever I called—especially if it was just to say hello. I know you had differences with others, but to me, you were always perfect. You never missed a birthday or milestone, even when you were far away. I will always cherish the gifts you made for me. You were there for me when I was at my lowest, never with shame, but always making sure I knew I was loved. I hope you knew how much I loved you too. There won't be a day I don't think of you, but I won't be sad. Instead, I will honor you by using your memory to live the life you always wanted for me. You never expected anything less than greatness, so I will live that greatness for you. I will never forget how much you believed in me and how proud you were of my accomplishments. I have to say goodbye to my earthly uncle, but I will carry your spirit always. I love you dearly, and I will do my best to make you proud.

~ **Laila**

Michael,

I remember when we first met; we connected over our goals and aspirations to rebuild your family. I admired your deep love for your sister and your family and made a commitment to do everything I could to be a support not only to her and your niece but to you as well. I'm sorry we didn't get to achieve everything we set out to do. You didn't see limitations; all you saw is your deep desire to build a foundation for the ones you loved, and you were a source of inspiration for me to never give up. I promise the goals and dreams we discussed will continue on, and I will give my all to make sure to provide the best for our family. Thank you for never giving up. Rest easy big brother.

~ Scott

Memories of My Brother

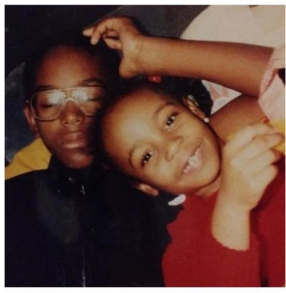
How well I do remember
All the special times we had
As we were raised side by side
Sharing good times, sharing bad
Sometimes we would disagree
But always made up in the end
And as we grew to be adults
We became the best of friends
Then you heard the voice of Jesus
Gently calling from on high
He was holding out His loving arms
But I could not say "goodbye"
So I said "see you later"
Dear brother, wait for me
In the beauty of God's Heaven
Where the best is yet to be

-Author Unknown

When I'm Gone

When I come to the end of my journey
And I travel my last weary mile,
Just forget if you can, that I ever frowned
And remember only the smile.
Forget unkind words I have spoken;
Remember some good I have done.
Forget that I ever had heartache
And remember I've had loads of fun.
Forget that I've stumbled and blundered
And sometimes fell by the way.
Remember I have fought some hard battles
And won, ere the close of the day.
Then forget to grieve for my going;
I would not have you sad for a day
But in summer just gather some flowers
And remember the place where I lay.
And come in the shade of evening
When the sun paints the sky in the west.
Stand for a few moments beside me
And remember only my best.

by Mosiah Lyman Hancock





Congregational Hymn

IT IS WELL

*When peace like a river, attendeth my way, When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul.*

Chorus

It is well, with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

*My sin, oh the bliss of this glorious thought, My sin, not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!*

Chorus

*And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound and the Lord shall descend, Even so, it is well with my soul.*

Chorus

Acknowledgement

*The family of Michael Howard, Sr. acknowledges with deep appreciation every act of kindness
and expression of love shown to us during our time of bereavement.
May God richly bless you. We love you all.*

Pallbearers

*Michael Howard, Jr., Mychael Howard, James Q. Davis, Jr.,
and Scott Byrams*

Flower Bearers

Family and Friends

Services Entrusted To:

*Hodges and Edwards Funeral Home
3910 Silver Hill Road | Suitland, Maryland 20746*