

Eldridge Romeo Rogers

★ Engine Started: August 3rd 1962

† Engine Rested: April 4th 2026

#Mr. 2

CELEBRATION OF LIFE

First Baptist Church,
Welches, Anguilla B.W.I.

OFFICIATING MINISTER

Pastor Rodwell Grant

INTERMENT

Sandy Ground Cemetery

Loving Brother & Uncle

Devoted Friend

Hard Worker

FRIDAY
MAY 29TH
2026

🕒 **Tributes:** 1:00 pm

Service: 2:00 pm



A life well lived. A legacy that will always remain.

Order Of Service

Opening Sentences	Pastor Rodwell Grant
The Lord's Prayer	
Hymn.....	Hath Everlasting Life
Scripture Reading	Ecclesiastes 3: 1-14
Hymn.....	I'll Fly Away
Eulogy.....	Malcolm Webster
Scripture Reading.....	Luke 16: 19-31
Sermon	Pastor Rodwell Grant
Hymn	Blessed Assurance
Prayer.....	Pastor Rodwell Grant

Hymns At The Church

Hath Everlasting Life

Verse 1

Oh, what a Saviour that He died for me!
From condemnation He hath made me free;
"He that believeth on the Son," said He,
"Hath everlasting life."

Verse 3

Though poor and needy, I can trust my Lord;
Though weak and sinful, I believe His Word;
O glad message! Ev'ry child of God
"Hath everlasting life."

Refrain

"Verily, verily, I say unto you;
Verily, verily," message ever new!
"He that believeth on the Son," 'tis true!
"Hath everlasting life!"

Verse 2

All my iniquities on Him were laid,
All my indebtedness by Him was paid;
All who believe on Him, the Lord hath said,
"Hath everlasting life."

Verse 4

Though all unworthy, yet I will not doubt;
For him that cometh He will not cast out;
"He that believeth," oh, the good news shout!
"Hath everlasting life."

Hymns At The Church

I'll Fly Away

Verse 1

Some glad morning when this life is over
I'll fly away
To a home on God's celestial shore
I'll fly away

Chorus

I'll fly away, o Glory
I'll fly away (In the morning)
When I die, Hallelujah, bye and bye
I'll fly away

Verse 2

When the shadows of this life are gone
I'll fly away
Like a bird from prison bars has flown
I'll fly away

Verse 3

Just a few more weary days and then
I'll fly away
To a land where joy shall never end
I'll fly away

Blessed Assurance

Verse 1

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.

Refrain

This is my story, this is my song,
praising my Savior all the day long;
this is my story, this is my song,
praising my Savior all the day long.

Verse 2

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
visions of rapture now burst on my sight;
angels descending, bring from above
echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Verse 3

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Savior am happy and blest;
watching and waiting, looking above,
filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

Photo Memories



Photo Memories



Photo Memories



IN LOVING
Memory
OF MY BROTHER

He walked his own path,
in his own way and
in his own time.

He was my brother,
the only one given to me
by our father and he has
always held a special place
in my heart.

No matter our challenges,
I loved him then and
still love him now.

The memories we shared,
and the bond of family
will remain with me
forever.

*Take your rest,
my brother.*

Your dear sister,

Iantha





In Memory of Romez

Romez was a good man,
quiet with his kindness,
quick to help,
and never looking for praise.

He showed up for people,
not to be noticed,
but because that was him,
steady, caring, and real.

He gave his time freely,
even when he had his own worries,
and when we needed a hand,
Romez was there.

He was ready to help,
whether the problem was big or small,
he always had a solution
in his way of making life a little easier.

We will carry him with us,
in the way we speak his name,
in the way we care for one another,
and in the bond we hope to protect.

~ Eveth 'Bengee' Webster-Vialet

Tributes

They say there is a reason,
They say time will heal,
Neither time or reason
Will change the way I feel
Gone are the days we used to share,
But in my heart, you are always there.
The gates of memories will never close;
I miss you more than anybody knows.
Love and miss you everyday till we meet again.
Always and Forever!

Your Brother Tom and Family

MY BROTHER, ROMEZ:

A LIFE OF LAUGHTER, LOVE AND SERVICE

My Mr. Two. Where do I even begin?

People called you Mr. Two like it was a title of honour, and it truly was. But I knew you before the nickname and before the community came to depend on you. I knew the boy who grew up beside me, and I watched you become a man so many people loved and needed.

You had oil on your hands for as long as I can remember. Engines seemed to speak to you in a language only you understood. People came from near and far with broken-down cars and problems no one else wanted to touch, and you always found a way.

But I will miss more than your skill. I will miss your voice, your humour, and the way you could make people laugh until they forgot their troubles. You were medicine for the heart.

You never looked for praise. You helped because helping was part of who you were.
You saw a need and filled it with kindness, generosity, and love.
That is rare, and that is a life well lived.

Romez, you kept this community moving. Now it is time to rest, put down the tools, and let God take the wheel. You have earned your peace.

Sleep well, my dear brother. The road ahead is smooth,
and there are no engines to fix, only peace.

Your Loving Sister, Olive Rogers
#RememberingMrTwo | #2stroke

We thank God for the years He gave to you and for the many lives that you have touched.

We thank God for lending you to our family. You were not only my brother but a part of my entire family. You always had a loving caring nature towards the children that warmed our hearts, especially when you gave us advice with a smile and gentle action.

We will not hear your sweet voice again but will treasure the moments we spent and shared with you. They will always be etched in our minds with quiet reflections, as your memories live on in our hearts.

Rest in peace, my dear brother.

Thomas Monroe Webster and Family

Tributes

My beloved brother, Romez, meant a lot to me.

His moments were a treasure and will be missed beyond measure. Losing him is one of the hardest thing I ever had to face. It was a honor being a friend so close, but much more, being a brother to him. If I needed a wrench, he had one; if I needed a hammer, he had one; If I needed help with something, whether mechanical or not, he was there and always willing to get right at it. At times he would even give me advice based on his experiences and knowledge, and if he did not know what to do, he definitely knew someone who could guide me. He made sure I got the job done right. Everyday there is a grieving spirit within me just knowing I won't ever see him walk this earth again or walk close to me. I will never forget the merry, cheerful and amusing laughter we shared just the day before he died. Those moments were outstanding and will stay within my memory forever. He's now gone, but will never be forgotten.

Brother & Friend, Philip Webster

To my family back home in Anguilla, I wish more than anything that I could be there with you today. I'm writing this from the UK, and my heart is heavy that I can't be in that room, standing beside you, holding you, grieving with you and celebrating him the way he deserves. Please know I am with you in spirit.

I called him Uncle Mr. Two. My father called him Skipper. Whatever name we used, he was always unmistakably himself. That's the thing I loved most about him. He beat to his own drum and never once asked permission to be who he was. He just was. And being around him, you felt like maybe you could be too.

One of the things he said to me that I've carried my whole life is, you've got to find the guts to be who you want to be. I think about that often. I don't know if he knew how much those words shaped me, but they did.

I remember him always working on a car. Sometimes late into the night, just him and whatever he was building or fixing. I remember the music he played. I remember the way he slicked his hair back when he was dressing up, the shirt slightly open, ready to go dance. He loved dancing. He had this old-gentleman kindness about him that I honestly thought only existed on television, like something from the 50s or 60s. I don't think he actually lived through that time, but he carried it with him somehow. He embodied it.

I was 9 years old when Mammi passed in 1998, and I'll never forget how he was with me then. He had so many kind things to say. He told me it was time to be strong, and that I had to be there for my father. I told him I loved her and that she loved me too. He had this aura about him in that moment that I'd never seen before.

A softness and a steadiness. I was just a child but I felt it, and it stayed with me.

So much of what I remember about him is laughter. I remember laughing around him so much. He was funny, he was free, he was kind. He treated me with a tenderness I didn't always know I needed. He's woven into so much of my childhood that I can't picture those years without him in them.

Sitting here writing this, I feel so torn that I'm not able to be there to pay my respects in person. I wish I could be with my family right now. I wish I could grieve with the people I love, and celebrate his life the way he should be celebrated. He will forever be part of who I am.

Rest easy, Uncle Mr. Two. I love you. Thank you for being you, and for showing me it was okay to be me.

Love Always, Shawn Webster

Tributes

Two, I never in my life called you Romez. We grew up together and all I knew you by was Mr. 2. Don't know who gave you that name but it fit in my heart just as well as Romez would have. You were special in your own way and that too fit right in my heart. You would have never seen me somewhere and not ask me if I was okay. You were one of a kind and I will miss you, my cousin.

Love, Ruth Smith

Many knew you as the life of the party and loved you for your unique humour and ability to lighten any mood. While these things made you special, it was your subtle wisdom, masked in loud humour, that stood out to me most. I'll remember you for your selfless nature, your undying love for life and family, and the way you always showed up for those around you. As the community mourns the loss of the famed Mr. 2, I say goodbye to my Uncle Romez.

Rest well! P.S. I'm still too lazy to spit out the bones.

Jasentha

My dear Uncle Mr. Two,
You were the life of any party. If anyone was having a bad day your jokes made it better.
Take your rest, my uncle.

Your Niece, Angela

You were more than just an uncle, you were a man whose presence always left a mark.
Every encounter came with a joke, a word of advice, or one of your famous parables.
Whether we understood them or not, you demanded our undivided attention,
no questions asked, we simply had to listen.

Though another one of our branches have fallen, we are grateful for the years you spent building memories with us that time can never erase.

Forever in our hearts!

Your Niece, Janelle and family

"Mr. Two"... now I finally know your full name. Lol....

My deepest condolences to the Webster-Vialet family. This is both a bittersweet tribute of grief and remembrance as we celebrate a man whose goodness and kindness touched the lives of many and will never be forgotten. His compassion, laughter, and the moments he shared with those he loved will forever remain in our hearts.

Mr. Two lived on his terms while touching the hearts of many in meaningful ways, even if only for a brief moment. His smile and laughter will continue to live on through the memories he leaves behind.

May we always remember his resilience, his spirit,
and the kindness he showed to others.

With compassion, understanding, and love, may he finally rest in peace.

Let's embrace his family and friends to find comfort in the cherished memories that will forever remain.

Romez "Mr. Two" Rogers, you will be deeply missed,
lovingly remembered, and never forgotten.

With Deepest Sympathy, Joyce

Tributes

My Dearest Brother Romez (Mr. Two),

There are no words that truly prepare someone for the pain of losing a brother and especially a younger brother. Growing up with a large family there are memories that will last with me forever. The laughter, the arguments, the jokes only we understood. The moments when life felt simpler because we had each other no matter the challenges during those times. No matter how much time passed or how much life changed, knowing you were here brought comfort and strength.

You had a way of leaving your mark on everyone around you. Your presence, your energy, your heart, and the love you gave to family and friends will never be forgotten. Even in difficult times, you found ways to make people smile, and that is a gift not everyone possesses. You were the one who stayed by your mother's side when we all had our own families and we thank you for being there until her passing.

It hurts the family deeply knowing we can no longer call you, laugh with you, or hear your voice again. But I hold onto the belief that love does not end when life does. Your memory will live on in every story we share, every lesson you left behind, and every person whose life you touched.

Rest peacefully, my brother. You may be gone from our sight,
but you will never be gone from my heart.
I will carry you with me always.

Your loving Brother and Family, Synric Webster (Fogle)

Uncle Two: The Man Who Kept Us Moving

Uncle Two, I have been searching for the right words, and I keep coming back to this:
every community has that one person everyone calls when things go wrong.
For our community, that person was you.

When a car broke down, when an engine gave trouble, or when money was short, people knew what to say:
"Go and find Mr. Two." You never turned anyone away. You would listen, take one careful look,
and somehow know exactly what was wrong. You had a gift, not only with engines, but with people.

It was never just about fixing cars. It was the way you made people feel. There was always a joke, always
laughter, always a reason to smile. People came to you worried and left with a lighter heart.
You repaired cars, but you also lifted spirits.

As your niece, I saw the man the community loved and the man our family cherished. You were kind, proud
of your people, present for your family, and deeply loved.

I will think of you every time I hear an engine start, every time laughter fills a room, and every time someone
helps a neighbour without asking for anything in return. That is your legacy, Uncle Two. Rest easy, Uncle.
The whole community misses you. Your Myra loves you always.

Niece, Myra Richard
#RememberingMrTwo | #2stroke

Rest in peace my 2Tastic! I love you uncle.
Will be greatly missed

Love, (Woah Woah) Kemone

Hymns At The Graveside

Abide With Me

Verse 1

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Verse 2

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see.
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

Verse 3

I need thy presence every passing hour.
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and strength can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

Verse 4

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Verse 5

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes.
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

How Great Thou Art

Verse 1

O Lord my God
When I in awesome wonder
Consider all the works
Thy hands have made,
I see the stars,
I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy pow'r throughout
The universe displayed!

Verse 2

When thru the woods
And forest glades I wander
And hear the birds
Sing sweetly in the trees,
When I look down
From lofty mountain grandeur
And hear the brook
And feel the gentle breeze,

Chorus

Then sings my soul,
My Savior God, to Thee;
How great Thou art,
How great Thou art!
Then sings my soul,
My Savior God, to Thee;
How great Thou art,
How great Thou art!

Verse 3

And when I think
That God, His Son not sparing,
Sent Him to die,
I scarce can take it in
That on the cross,
My burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died
To take away my sin!

Verse 4

When Christ shall come
With shout of acclamation
And take me home,
What joy shall fill my heart!
Then I shall bow
In humble adoration
And there proclaim,
My God, how great Thou art!

Hymns At The Graveside

Blessed Assurance

Verse 1

Amazing grace how sweet the sound
that saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
was blind, but now I see.

Verse 2

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved;
how precious did that grace appear
the hour I first believed!

Verse 3

Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come:
'tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
and grace will lead me home.

Verse 4

The Lord has promised good to me,
his word my hope secures;
he will my shield and portion be
as long as life endures.

Leaning On The Everlasting Arms

Verse 1

What a fellowship, what a joy divine,
Leaning on the everlasting arms;
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

Refrain

Leaning, leaning,
Safe and secure from all alarms;
Leaning, leaning,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

Verse 2

Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way,
Leaning on the everlasting arms;
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

Verse 3

What have I to dread, what have I to fear,
Leaning on the everlasting arms?
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

Sweet By and By

Verse 1

There's a land that is fairer than day
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

Refrain

In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

Verse 2

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

Verse 3

To our bountiful Father above
We will offer our tribute of praise;
For the glorious gift of His love
And the blessings that hallow our days.

Cherished Memories Shared By

RELATIVES WHO PRECEDED HIM:

Mother: Jane Webster (Tantie Wontie)

Father: Alceale Webster

Special Parents: John & Mildred Vanterpool

Brothers: Jesse Rogers, Roland 'Booker' Rogers

Sister: Edith Baptiste

THOSE WHO CONTINUE HIS LEGACY:

Brothers:

Clevette Rogers, Thomas Rogers; Thomas Monroe Webster, Synric Webster, Phillip Webster and Rufus Hodge

Sisters: Olive Rogers, Hyacinth 'lantha' Crawford, Eveth 'Bengee' Webster Vialet & Samantha Cate

Brother in law: Richard Vialet

Sisters in law: Jasmine Rogers, Maureen Rogers, Jennifer Rogers and Carol Webster

Aunt: Minelva Harrigan

Nieces & Nephews:

Jerome, Albertis, Sandra, Deslyn & Clarence Rogers, Myra Rogers-Richard, Danielle Richardson; Kevin, Karen and Kathleen Rogers; Roy Webster, Joseph & John Baptiste; Griffin & Marilyn Lake, Malina Hamm, Yvonne, Kentroy and Angela Rogers, Nakeita Adams; Charmaine Lake, Latoya and Devon Rogers, Rolando Nias; Malcolm, Marlin, Moriox & Marius Webster; Kerol & Edward Webster, Talitha Flavius, Elicia Millington; Anthony Francis, Venetta & Glenroy Francis, Kim, Kimmel & Daryll Rogers; Janelle Brooks, Jennifer, Juanita, Jasentha & Jerica Crawford; Shawn & Sheldon Webster; Richard Vialet Jr, Apryl Henry, Ethan, Teryn, Amoni & Corey Cate.

Special Nieces: Sandra Lake & Jade Reymond

God Child: De'leyah Sponsper

Close Friends:

Ernie & Tramayne Lake, Lanmon "Tanko" Richardson, Christine Watty, Atlee Ruan, Conrad Gumbs, Trivon Smith, Wayne & Kamal John, Danny 'Roach' Webster; Dwight Webster; Kadash Duncan, Vernon Webster, Ruth Smith, Joan Hodge, Phyllis Hodge, Salomie Rogers, Winifred Harrigan, Daphne Brooks & family, Gwen Webster & family, Sylvia & Sandra Hodge, Cephas Webster, Terrence Webster, Sam Webster, Calvin Smith, Pastor Winston Ryan, the Island Harbour & Welches Communities, staff and patrons of Round de Corner Restaurant & Bar and Greta's Bar & Grill.

Close Cousins:

Children of the late Hope, Bandon, Viera, Anderson, Clifford, Gladstone, Sydney and Ruth Webster, Eumera Harrigan, John Bryan & Suzette Rogers-Joe.

He was related to the Websters, Rogers & Harrigan Families of Island Harbour and Welches.

**PALL
BEARERS**

Ernie Lake
Trivon Smith
Conrad Gumbs
Phillip Webster
Vernon Webster
Lanmon Richardson

**HONORARY
PALL BEARERS**

Synric Webster
Thomas Rogers
Glendon Hughes
Monroe Webster

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The family of the late Eldridge Romez Rogers extends sincere thanks and appreciation to family and friends who assisted with funeral arrangements and Moran's Alternative Affordable Funeral and Cremation Services. If you visited, called, prayed or shared words of comfort in this time of bereavement, thank you!

SPECIAL THANKS TO

Klean Stream for broadcasting and production of funeral media.

~ A LIFE WELL TUNED ~

A wrench in his hand and a smile on his face,
Mr. Two could brighten the heaviest space.
With a laugh that could echo and lift up a room,
He'd tell a quick joke and just banish the gloom.
He understood engines, the gears and the grease,
How to fix what was broken and bring back the peace.
But the finest devotion his hands ever knew,
Was the love for his family, so steady and true.
He was a lover of life, running vibrant and grand,
The funniest, kindest mechanic in the land.

Though his tools are now silent, his journey complete,
The spark that he carried will never see defeat.
So hold tight to the memories, the joy, and the grace,
Keep the sound of his laughter in this sacred place.
Be comforted knowing he lived without missing a beat,
He truly loved his life, and his ride was complete.



Designed By Klean Stream

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SCAN CODE

