

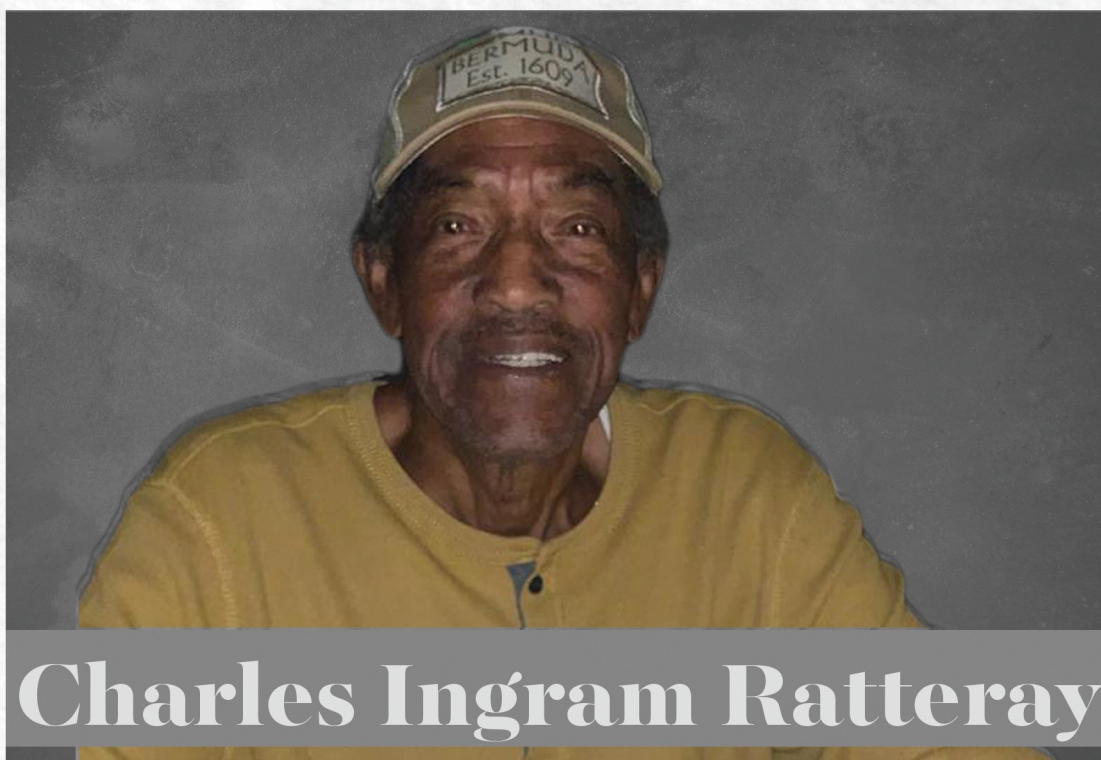
The Charlie Times

Saturday 17th May 2025 1pm

Loving Memory

a life well lived

A
Man
of
Rhythm,
Reason,
and
Resilience:



Charles Ingram Ratteray

MacGyver, Satch, Waldorf, Charlie, Bonzai

Join Us for a Celebration of Life

February 9, 1942 - April 24, 2025

Loving Wife:
Joan

Children:
the late Charles Kenneth Lavann, Davina, Omar, Pahn-ya

Grandchildren:
Dakeisha, Tajae, Jahnai, Yanayah, Namaste
Great Grandchildren: Aamari, Zori

St. John's Church



127 St John's Rd

Order of Service

Procession to Grave

Prayer - Bishop Lynn Landy

Scripture Reading Psalms 23 - Dawnika Ebbin

Poem & Tributes - Waverley Minors

Obituary - Andrea Dill

Song: "Take Me to the King" - Olivia Hamilton

Eulogy - Elder Stephen Ebbin

Song: - "Three Little Birds" - Live Wires

Final Committal

Scripture

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil; For You are with me; Your rod and Your staff, they
comfort me. Psalms 23:4 (NKJV)

His Walk, His Rhythm

In Memory of Charles Ratteray
(Inspired by Psalm 23)

The Lord was his Shepherd,
and Charles didn't just follow.
He walked with confidence because he knew
where he came from and who walked with him.

He moved with quiet confidence,
feet firmly in the soil of his story;
heart steady with discipline, memory,
and that fire that only true family men carry.

His strength was the kind that held firm,
but warm and lasting.
A strength that showed up in hard work,
in high standards, in love that looked like showing up
again and again.

He laid the table full, not just with food, but with legacy.
Every seat, a witness to his presence, every visit - a lesson, and
every silence filled with meaning.

Charles was not a man who moved small.
He expected and demonstrated.
He taught and worked.
He remembered and made sure we will too.

Even in life's valleys, he walked upright.
He didn't complain, he completed.
Still waters were in his discipline, and green pastures in the
peace he made with doing things the "right" way.

He planted seeds, deep ones, in his children and theirs, roots strong enough to outlive
a storm. And now, we trust, as he did, because the Shepherd was always near.
When life rose high, and shadows fell low, Charles walked in rhythm with grace and
truth.

He chose reason over noise. He stood in resilience that carried generations.
And when the time came, he feared no evil. The valley bowed to his faith, and the
Shepherd led him home.

We are grateful that God's goodness and mercy still walk with us,
because Charles walked with them.

And now, he dwells in the house of the Lord, not just remembered...but forever kept
safe. So don't worry about a thing because every little thing is going to be alright when
we walk with God.

The baton has been passed, keeping us running in rhythm, with reason, and Charles'
resilient spirit beside us along the way.

Sleep in Peace Charles, Daddy, Papa.
Lovingly submitted by the family
Written by Cha'Von Clarke-Joell

Tributes

A Tribute to Pa Ratteray

I first met Ma and Pa Ratteray in the early 1980s through my high school best friend, Omar. From that moment on, the Ratteray family became a permanent part of my life. Over the years, my connection to them only deepened, and I've remained close to the Ratteray's ever since.

As I reflect on Pa Ratteray's life, I see a man who could do just about anything. To me, he was something like Superman—he was a devoted husband, a loving father, a deep thinker, a generous giver, a skilled engineer who could fix anything, and a passionate advocate for justice. I could go on and on, but what stands out most is the kind of man he was to me.

His influence was so profound that, truthfully, I always wanted to be a Ratteray myself—to be recognized as one of Charles and Joan's boys. Their home was more than just a place to visit; it was where I encountered wisdom, love, and the kind of guidance that left a lasting impact on my life.

One thing Pa told me that has stayed with me all these years was, "Stand up... and never give up the fight." Those words became a foundation for me, something I held onto during the hard times. I thank God for Pa's life—for the sense of purpose and belonging he helped shape in me. He was a shining example of how a strong family can uplift not only their own but also those around them.

To Pa Ratteray: Thank you for your humanity, your compassion, and for seeing something in a kid who was often lost and misguided. You helped steer me in the right direction. My wife, children, and I are forever grateful for the guidance you gave me. I'm so glad you lived to see me become a man—standing tall and never giving up the fight.

May God's peace and comfort be with the entire Ratteray family. Thank you for sharing Pa with us all.

Love

Keanya Francis (Special son)

Charles was closer to me than most people, including family, knew. I spent many holidays with the family on Curving Avenue and because Charles was the youngest child, we bonded. Over the years, no matter where I lived, we stayed in touch. His passing has hit me hard, but I believe that all of us, including Joan (my Central School classmate), will celebrate his life as we knew it. Know that you are surrounded by those you cannot see.

Love

Dr. Ewart Brown (Cousin)

I am here today to remember my Papa, THE BEST PAPA IN THE WORLD. And I emphasize that because there is simply no other way to describe him. He always had such a positive aura that followed him around. In his presence you always felt a sense of strength, love, warmth, and genuine happiness. And boy oh boy was he always overjoyed and excited to see me. Every single time! And oh, did he have such a special way of just making you feel loved and complete. He expressed his love mostly through passing on his knowledge! He was extremely intelligent and resilient! He was the best listener, was strong headed, and always gave great genuine advice. He had a shelf full of books and a brain full of wisdom that left a big footprint in many people's lives. He stood up for equal rights and justice and I learned to always educate myself. He loved being around all his girls and he thoroughly enjoyed every last moment. I have learned and grown from his sense of integrity, morals, and his values. I will forever hold that in my heart. I genuinely loved being in my Papa's presence, and I appreciated his time, encouragement, advice, support, and most of all his love. We had some good times and the best hugs. I will truly miss him. He was truly one in a million and the wind beneath my wings. I am truly blessed and thankful for having a Papa like him. I LOVE YOU ALWAYS AND FOREVER PAPA! Until we meet again.

**Love
Yanayah**

MacGyver, as we called him, was the best Papa anyone in the world could ask for. He stuck with us through thick and thin. He always seemed to have the answers for everything and could fix anything around the house as well. He and our Nana helped raise us from young, showering us with love and compassion, guiding us along the straight path. For that we are forever indebted. The memories we share going fishing and walking through the railroad trails will forever stay with me. He used to always say "I've got your six" as in I've got your back, and I'd reply, "I've got your 12". Papa lived a long full life, and he was a strong man. He was always reading and encouraging us to grab a book from his library. "Three score and ten", he'd always say, "that's what the good Lord promised us". Well, he lived a lot longer, which says a lot. One of his famous sayings to us was "see you later alligator, after while crocodile.

**Till we meet again pops.
Tajae**

**McGyver... McGyver... McGyver,
Every high and every low Papa was there. Never judged, complained or said NO. He stood by my side through it all. He played SO many roles in my life Papa, Father, Friend and Therapist. One thing I will NEVER forget is the 5 P's: Proper Planning Prevents Poor Performance**

I never took you for granted but that saying "you don't know what you've got until it's gone" is SO true. I miss you SO much.

This is a new level of pain unlocked but I thank you for loving me unconditionally and teaching me so many life lessons that will get me through this difficult time.

I love you endlessly McGyver, and I take comfort in knowing that you are no longer in pain. You fought to the very end.

I know God called you home because he needed some help up there. He needed the original Mr. Fit It.

See you later alligator, after while crocodile!!!

**Love you Papa
Dakeisha**

My daddy has always been my number one cheerleader. He always made me believe that I could do anything! Allowing daddy to transition at home was something a year ago...shoot a month ago... I never thought I could handle emotionally but it was the best decision we could have made. The time allowed me to realize the strength he exuded during the entire journey, and it was such the closure needed to accept that daddy didn't have any fight left in him and for him to know it was okay to let go and surrender. On April 20th, Resurrection Sunday, I prayed with my daddy, and he made his calling and election sure. So, he is among the great crowd of witnesses cheering us on, that our faith will not fail. I now recognize that God is not taking away from us but adding to us – adding a new strength, new trust and new surrender.

**Love You Forever
Pahn-ya “Little One”**

**TRIBUTE TO NANA
To MY Joanie,**

I know today is Papa's day, but without you he wouldn't have been the man he was. I appreciate you beyond words and I'm forever grateful for the man YOU molded Papa to be, MY McGyver.

Only a PHENOMENAL woman has the power, grace, patience and more patience to do such a thing. Especially with McGyver.

You taught my Mama, Auntie and I how to love and spoil Papa unconditionally and in turn we saw the rewards of mutual love from him DAILY. A love and understanding he gave freely.

Nana, I LOVE you DEEP... Thank YOU!!!

Dakeisha



Obituary

**A Man of Rhythm, Reason,
and Resilience: Charles
Ingram Ratteray**

**Nicknames: MacGyver,
Satch, Waldorf, Charlie,
Bonzai**

**DOB: February 9, 1942
DOD: April 24, 2025**

**Mother: Gwyneth Grace
Ratteray (nee Brown)
Father: Frederick Ratteray
Siblings: Oda Mallory,
Kerwin Ratteray**

LOVE OF HIS LIFE AND FAMILY

Charles met Joan in 1960 at a Howard Academy Hop (aka Dance) where she was pretending to be a 'wallflower', waiting for him to make the first move. Charles' gentle and caring nature wooed Joan to him and they began courting shortly after. They married on October 24, 1963, and their union

blessed them with four children: Lavann "Selly", Davina "Dee-Dee", Omar and Pahn-ya, later followed by five grandchildren: Dakeisha, Tajae, Jahnai, Yanayah and Namaste, and two great grandchildren: Aamari and Zori.

Charles was a supportive husband, fun-loving father and grandfather and genuine friend, who expressed his love in many ways. Charles enjoyed listening to various genres of music, playing backgammon, preaching black history, quality (and relaxing) time with his boys in "The Shed", and fishing with his grandsons. In his early days, he enjoyed playing football for the Pembroke Juniors and maintained his tall, slim frame by running and walking several miles a day. But what he enjoyed most of all was simply being present. Charles' family whistle called us to attention no matter where we were; it was a beautiful reminder that our daddy was near, and he was always there through hard times, whether for family or friends.



Davina fondly remembers when she planned a Bermuda Day fishing adventure soon after we found out Daddy was sick. We went to the Malabar Dock because we chose not to travel too far from the house. While we setup our spot, M ma sat relaxing, and Daddy baited our hooks and attempted to show us how to cast our lines. Of course, he had his fancy fishing rod and if anyone was going to catch anything, we were expecting it to be him. There was no action for a while and then Dee-Dee, after nonchalantly throwing her line over, caught the first fish. Of course, we teased him.

On that same day, Dee-Dee also remembers how daddy was determined to help her when she had scary fall on the dock that actually knocked her unconscious. Despite his frail frame and weak strength, he still tried to lift her and ensured she remained alert until emergency services arrived. It was a scary moment but when we look back it is symbolic as it demonstrates how he was always there.

Charles, lovingly called “Papa”, had a close relationship with his grandchildren. Dakeisha remembers her Mama telling her about when she went into labor. You would have thought Dee-Dee was the first and ONLY woman to give birth. Charles called KEMH to tell them they were on the way. Dee- Dee made it to the hospital, but he didn’t. Papa went out to celebrate his FIRST grandbaby! It was after Dakeisha’s arrival at some hour in the morning, and well after visiting hours, that Papa arrived at the Hospital. Of course, he wasn’t allowed to enter so he did his infamous whistle. Dee-Dee flicked her room light and Papa then knew she was okay and headed home.

Papa enrolled his grandsons, Tajae and Jahnai in martial arts when they were young boys so that they could keep active. As they rose through the belt ranking system, he nicknamed them “Crouching Tiger” and “Little Dragon” and spent many hours with them practicing their technique. Namaste, his youngest grandson, adored his Papa and enjoyed fishing with him whenever he visited Bermuda. He was also blessed with two great grandchildren, Amari and Zori, and tried his best to keep up with the busy bees when they visited. His family truly made his heart full!

LOVE OF LEARNING

Charles attended Central School and Howard Academy. He did not finish high school because he went to work at the age of 13. Most of his education was self-taught through reading and work/life experiences. His favorite topic was Black History. Though he never made it to the ‘motherland’, he lived vicariously through his daughter and proudly flew the Ugandan flag in his yard to honor the connection made between our family and Pahn-ya’s university friend from Uganda. You could always find Charles with a book in his hand, his infamous yellow highlighter and yet, no glasses. And he would look and say to Joan, “You brought my glasses, right?” He was always learning new thing through the numerous jobs he held to take care of his family, and he shared his knowledge generously.

Charles was a laborer for various construction companies and a sheet metal worker for Hicks & Ingle. When they closed, he went on to public service at the Bermuda General Post Office, starting as a humble yet keen janitor and later became a postman, eventually promoted to Postman Supervisor. He retired after 27 years of service.

A hard worker and dedicated father, Charles had various part-time jobs, including short order cook at Riddell's Bay (where he burned his eyebrows off), security officer, KFC night manager, and a cleaner at Bermuda Bakery and various private offices.

Charles had to learn yet another skill within the past two years. After years of being catered to in the kitchen by his loving wife, he decided that he had to be responsible for cooking as it became difficult for Joan to stand for long periods of time. He was a great help and particularly proud of his breadmaking skills!

That special bond with his wife and our mother (and Nana) was like a sweet glue that kept us together, no matter where we were. The support they gave to each other taught each of us the importance of partnership and humility.

LOVE OF UNIONISM

During his time at the Post Office, Charles became involved with the Bermuda Industrial Union, where he was a lifelong member. He was a dedicated Shop Steward and President for the Postal Division. He always referenced the union motto "United We Stand, Divided We Fall" when making a point to anybody about the importance of sticking together. Whether you wanted to hear it or not, Charles always had a story or proverb to share that would reinforce a life lesson he was trying to instill.

LOVE OF FIXING THINGS

If you knew Charles, you also knew that he was a Mr. Fix It or "McGyver" as his granddaughter nicknamed him. And Joan was the Supervisor that had to remind him where he put the screws or tools. He was counted on as the go-to person for fixing things in the neighborhood and the family, always with his trusty coveralls on. He would often turn a 30-minute fix into a 3-hour ordeal, but you knew it would be done right! His motto was "measure twice and cut once", basically do it right the first time. We fondly remember daddy fixing a broken iron, which involved the use of "grey tape" and about 10 feet of electrical cord! He and his son, Omar, spent many times together turning "one man's trash into treasure". Resourcefulness and utility were key skills that Charles embedded in his family at every level.

LOVE OF MUSIC

Our house was always filled with music of all genres. Everyone knew when we were home! In the early days, he and his oldest son, Lavann, could be heard playing conga drums together and just 'vibing'. He took great pride in playing a musical instrument called the "Kalimba" that he made from a rake, screws and a cedar box! He would practice the Happy Birthday song on the kalimba religiously, but when someone's birthday rolled around, he forgot the cords! He was also very proud of his grandsons' pursuance of music passions.

The true essence of Charles' strength and character would be seen when he faced illness head on. He maintained his upbeat spirit and didn't give up. He constantly prepared his family by frequently quoting a portion of Psalms 23 "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me".

Pahn-ya's most recent memorable time with her daddy was when they traveled to Boston. She wanted to switch their seats at the airport check-in gate and told her daddy to "act feeble" so they could get seats closer to the restroom, due to his

condition. Well...he would have won Best Supporting Actor prize that day! It was a good laugh between father and daughter, and a special memory she will hold forever in her heart.

Charles was not a man who sought applause, but rather one who showed up, every day, in ways that left a permanent mark on everyone around him. His life reminds us that greatness sometimes sounds like a whistle from across the yard, the beat of a drum, or the words “measure twice, cut once.” He was our example of patience, perseverance, and love, and his legacy will live on in the values we carry, the stories we tell, and the people we become.

He was our ROCK until the end, and he will be FOREVER missed!

Charles will be cherished forever by his: wife of 62 years: Joan; Children: Davina (Phil Ming), Omar, Pahn-ya; Grandchildren: Dakeisha, Tajae, Jahnai, Yanayah, Namaste, Sakazja; Great Grandchildren: Aamari, Zori; Nephews and Nieces: Ralph Mallory, Patrick Burgess, Deborah Hunter (US), Coltrane Ratteray, Darlene Philpott, Deborah Philpott, Doreen Philpott, Duronnie Philpott, Vincent Minors (Waverley), Valerie Lee, Linda Parris; Special Cousin: Dr. Ewart Brown; Special Great Nephew: CJ Ratteray; Special Sons: David Augustus, Keanya Francis; Special Godchild: Andrea Dill; In-Laws: Pam Pitcher, Gerald Daniels and Gilbert Daniels.

Special Family Friends: Jimsy Place, Randolph “Chalk” Hewey, Earl Brown, Carlton Bean, Oscar Rogers, Earl Bailey (Rowena), Stanton Somersall (Shelley), Cheryl Ford, Salome Stephens (US), Patty Jo Wikes and Lance Listano (US), Mark Johnson (US), Renee Raynor and “Paper Chaser”.

Special Family Groups: The Augustus Family, The Hewey Family, The Ebbin Family, The Douglas Family, The Burchall Family, The Hayward Family and The Richards Family

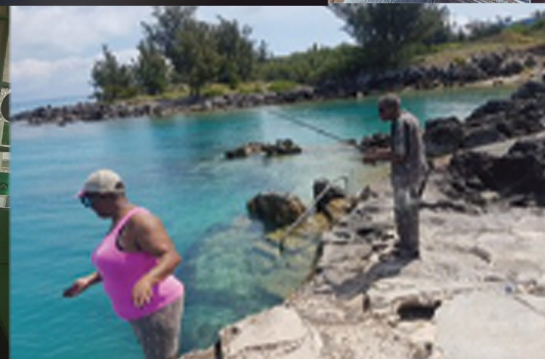
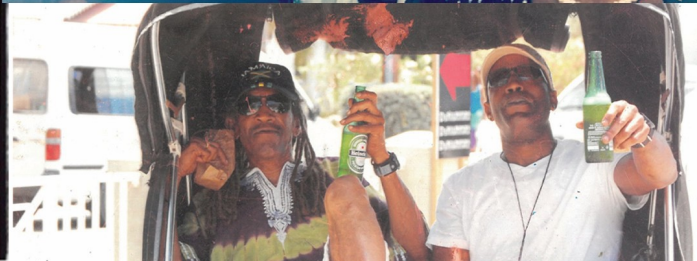
Remembered in Love: Charles is predeceased by parents Grace & Frederick Ratteray; son Charles Kenneth Lavann Ratteray; siblings Oda Mallory and Kerwin Ratteray; nephew Cyrus Ratteray and niece Beverly Lake; in-laws Maurice (“Reecie”) Philpott, Lois Minors, Llewelyn Tacklyn, George Parris, and Kenneth (“Blackie”) Parris.

Close Affiliations: Bermuda Industrial Union and Progressive Labour Party.

Special Granddog: Mulan Ratteray.

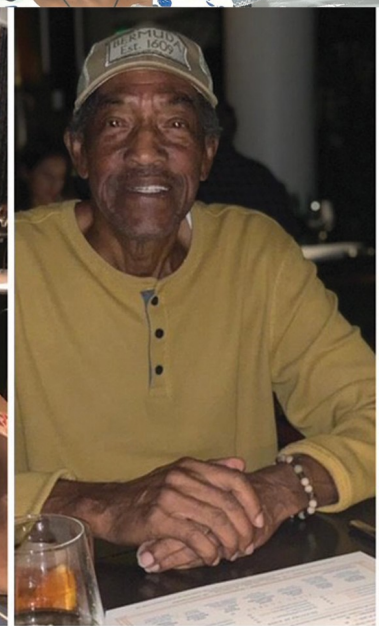
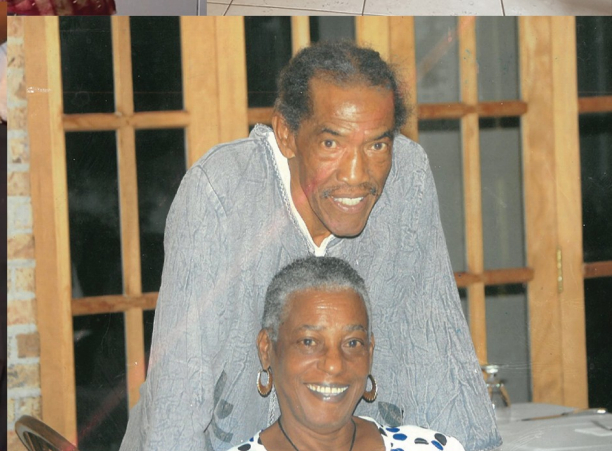
Special Thanks to: P.A.L.s Bermuda, Bermuda Cancer and Health Centre, Dr. Sharon Alikani, Kathy Fox, BZ Homecare, The Hewey Family, Restoration Fellowship, Bishop Lynn Landy and Hon. Jamahl Simmons, JP, MP.

Charles leaves numerous family and friends, too many to mention.











LOVE



Aknowledgements

The family would like to extend its sincere gratitude for your support, prayers, words of comfort, telephone calls, cards and acts of kindness that you have expressed during our time of bereavement. Special thanks to D.H. Augustus Funeral Home & Sons staff. In lieu of flowers, please consider donations in memory of Charles I. Ratteray to PALS, PO Box DV19, Devonshire DV BX, online at www.pals.bm or by direct bank transfer to Bank of Butterfield BMD account number 20 006 060 719330 100.

Hallbearers

Jahnai Ratteray
Grandson

CJ Ratteray
Great nephew

Cotori Ratteray
Great nephew

Temiko Wilson
Godson

Raphael Edwards
Special neighbor

Gareth Barrett
Special neighbor

Special Hallbearers

“Chalk” Hewey *Special Friend*

David Augustus *Special Son*



**“Don't worry about a thing, every
little thing is gonna be alright.”**

Bob Marley

There will be no wake!