

*In Loving
Memory of*

John Flavel Bryan

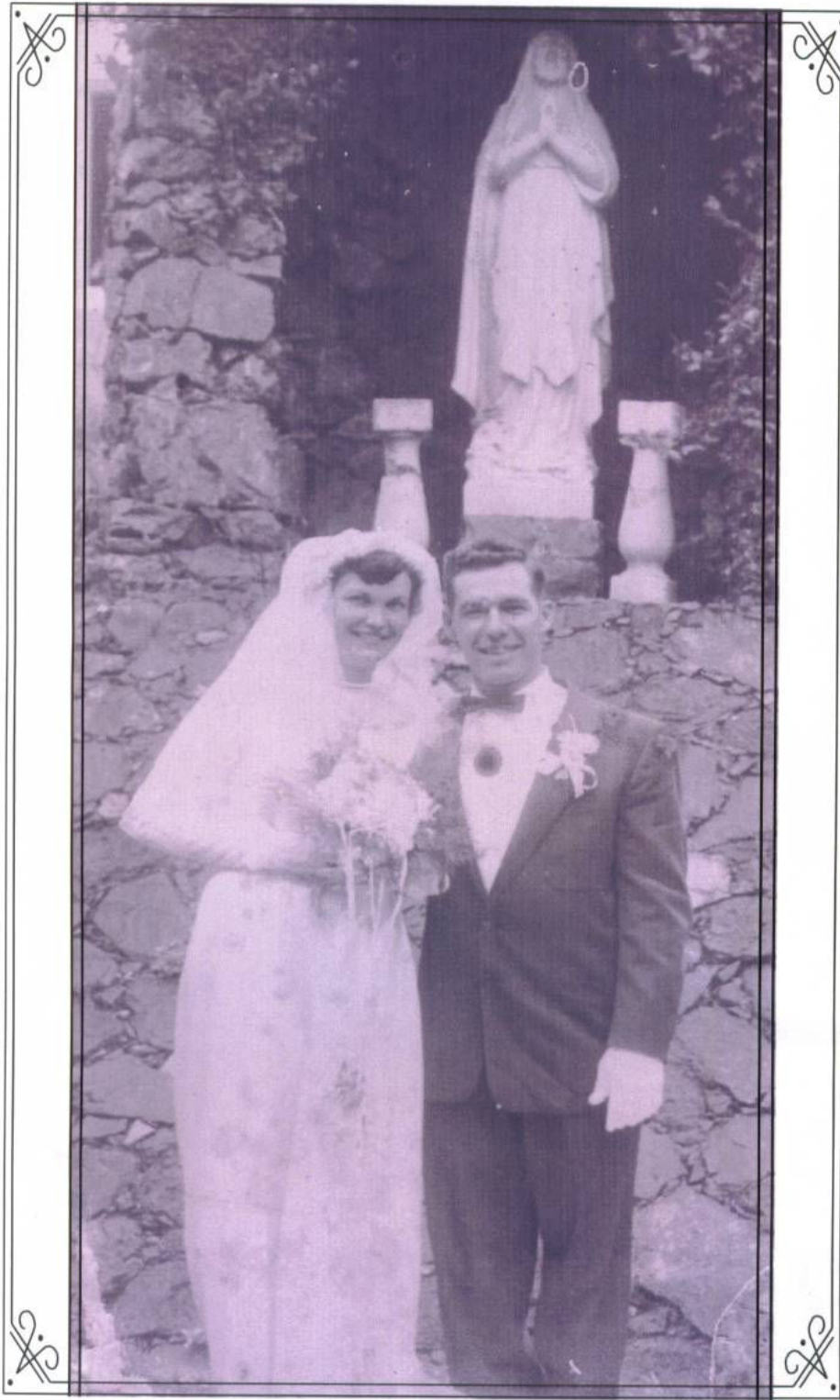
May 28, 1930 - March 20, 2011

Funeral Service

Monday, March 28, 2011
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Parish
Viewing: 9:00 a.m.
Service: 10:00 a.m.

Interment

Bryan Family Cemetery



Survivors

Wife

Marie Lolita Bryan

Sons

Roy, Jeffery, Michael and Barry Bryan

Daughters

Doris Silvagnoli, Theresa Bryan

Sisters

Rita Ryke, Gwyneth Gilhooley, Beryl Famiglietti

Brother

Carl Bryan

Grandchildren

Michael Silvagnoli, Julie Bryan, Jennifer Bryan-Stefferson,
Natalie Silvagnoli, Michael Jean Bryan, Joycelyn Bryan, Kelli
Ann Pruitt, Hannah Bryan, Dylan Bryan, Tayler Bryan, Samuel
Bryan

Great Grandchildren

Austin Stefferson, James LeCuyer, Amelia Pruitt, Leah
Stefferson

Daughters-In-Law

Evelyn Bryan, Julie Bryan, Tracie Bryan

Son-In-Law

Miguel Silvagnoli

Great Sons-In-Law

Leif Stefferson, James Pruitt

Eulogy

John Flavel Bryan, also known to many as "Sappy," was born in May of 1930 to a small seven-child French Catholic farming family on the Northside. He jumped right in, helping his father, Jerome, with everything from: clearing the land, to planting, to weeding, to picking, to carrying, to saddling the donkey, to filling the donkey box, to leading the donkey to market.

He had to work hard from early on and he worked hard all his life. He was proud of being the owner of the first truck (a Dodge) to come to Dorothea. He was proud to be a truck driver and to be able to help build the airport and the new hotel, the Hilton. It was also as a teenager that he met his future wife, she was 14, but he was sure. Like many of his brothers and sisters, cousins and friends, he moved to NYC, and ended up living there for 14 years. He was drafted into the army and he was very proud to serve in the 101st Airborne in the Korean War...as a truck driver. After the War, he returned to NYC and married his childhood sweetheart, Marie Lolita (Rita). They were married here at Mafolie Church and returned to NYC to have, and to begin to, raise their six children. When his main job (he had three) closed, he was asked to relocate to Texas, but he could not take another snowy/icy winter. He packed up his family in 1967 and moved back to St. Thomas.

Here, her picked up where he left off with his family and friends. He worked with his father on the farm; he worked with his brother, Carl, in building homes and then landscaping them. He branched out to landscaping the new condo developments on the East End like Bolongo Bay, Cowpet Bay, and others.

He was proud of his French heritage and was very happy when he could visit his small house in Grand Saline, St. Barts. There, he got a chance to speak the French he learned as a child. He was able to walk around the rock on the beach and go fishing.

His children were getting older and were able to help him on the farm. He worked hard and he played hard. He was always ready with a joke or a story, and he would start to dance anytime, even when all he heard was the sound of two empty cans being knocked together. He was full of life and was always very loud, especially when he laughed, which was often.

As his children grew up and moved away he had more time to spend with his wife. They were now able to go on trips that they had wanted to go on all their lives. They took cruises, and tours and pilgrimages to places far and wide. They not only enjoyed themselves, but made fast friends with their traveling companions and the many people that they met in different countries around the world. By now, he and Rita were the proud grandparents of eleven grandchildren and four very lively great grandchildren.

Dad loved his wife, loved his family and he loved his mountain. His wife and family are here to send him on his way with much love. His mountain is waiting to give him a place to rest eternally-long deserved. We love you Dad. You are in a better place now and we miss you. We love you. You will live forever in our many, many great memories.