

Order of Service

Opening Prayer..... Pastor Petty
 Hymn.....Blessed Assurance
 ScripturePsalm 91.....
 EULOGY.....
 SermonPastor Petty
 RecessionalWhen we all get to heaven

Blessed Assurance

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
 Oh, 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.
 Perfect communion, perfect delight,
 visions of rapture now burst on my sight.
 Angels descending bring from above
 echoes of mercy, whispers of love. [Refrain]

Perfect submission, all is at rest.
 I in my Savior am happy and bless'd,
 watching and waiting, looking above,
 filled with his goodness, lost in his love.
 [Refrain]

When We All Get To Heaven

Sing the wondrous love of Jesus, Sing His
 mercy and His grace; In the
 mansions bright and blessed He'll
 prepare for us a place.

When we all get to heaven,
 What a day of rejoicing that will be! When e
 all see Jesus,
 We'll sing and shout the victory!

While we walk the pilgrim pathway, Clouds
 will overspread the sky; But when trav'ling
 days are over, Not a
 shadow, not a sigh.

Let us then be true and faithful, Trusting,
 serving every day;
 Just one glimpse of Him in glory Will the
 toils of life repay.
 Onward to the prize before us!
 Soon His beauty we'll behold Soon the
 pearly gates will open; We shall tread the
 streets of gold

Mother: Family Brothers:

Cecile Blyden

Father:

Luciano Warrell Sr
 (deceased)

Daughters:

Makeysha K.N. War-
 rell

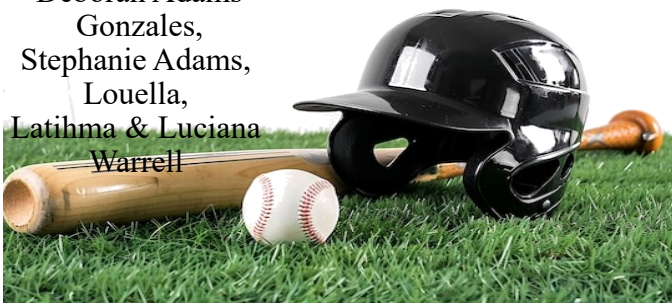
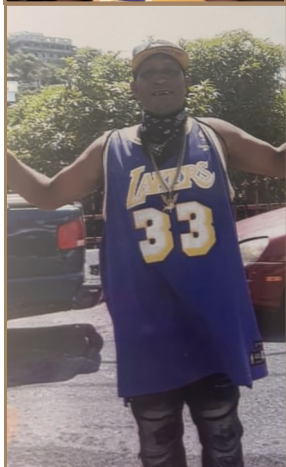
& Makaeda Warrell

Sisters:

Deborah Adams
 Gonzales,
 Stephanie Adams,
 Louella,
 Latihma & Luciana
 Warrell

Delvin "Marcus
 Richards (deceased) ,
 Kelvin Richards,
 Lezcano, Lariano &
 Linares Warrell
 (deceased)

*Many other Relatives
 and friends too nu-
 merous to mention.*



In Loving Memory of Our Beloved Luciano Warrell Jr.



Funeral Service

September 4th, 2026

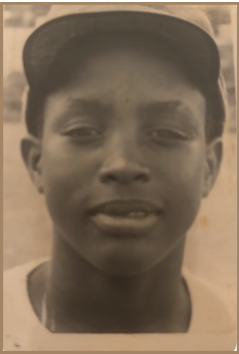
Turnbull's Funeral Home

Service: 10:00 a.m.

March 19, 1972 –May 16, 2026

Celebrating the Life of Luciano “Masha” Warrell, Jr.

Today, we gather to remember and celebrate the life of Luciano Warrell, Jr., affectionately known to his family, friends, and many throughout the community simply as “Masha.” Masha was born on March 19, 1972, to Cecile Blyden and the late Luciano Warrell, Sr. From the very beginning, Masha held a unique place within his family. He was the youngest of six children born to his mother and the first child born to his father. Being the baby of his mother’s six children naturally came with a little extra attention. His older siblings looked out for their baby brother, and depending on which one you ask, they might even tell you that Masha wasn’t just the youngest. He was the spoiled child. Although Masha was his father’s firstborn, he would later become the eldest among a number of siblings on his father’s side. Between both sides, Masha belonged to a large family of brothers, sisters, nieces, nephews, cousins, and extended relatives, with connections that stretched across generations and throughout the community. Also holding a special place in his life was his beloved godmother, the late June Leona Testamark. **Early Years and Education:** Masha was born and raised on St. Thomas, where his early years were shaped by family, school, friendships, and the community around him. He received his early education at Lockhart Elementary School and later attended Bertha C. Boschulte Junior High School. He continued his education at Ivanna Eudora Kean High School, where he was a member of the Class of 1990. Those school years helped shape the personality so many would come to know and gave Masha friendships and connections that would remain familiar throughout his life. But outside of the classroom, Masha discovered something that would become one of his greatest passions. Baseball! **Lifelong Love of Baseball:** Masha’s love for baseball began as a little boy with the Alvin McBean East Little League, where he played primarily center field and catcher. This wasn’t simply a childhood activity that faded with time. Masha continued playing with numerous baseball teams throughout the island well into adulthood. The game brought competition, camaraderie, teammates who became friends, and countless memories. And baseball even left its permanent mark on him. For anyone who ever wondered about that missing tooth, yes, baseball gets the credit for that too. Masha had his tooth knocked out while playing catcher. So, quite literally, Masha gave a little piece of himself to the game he loved. As childhood gave way to adulthood, life naturally brought new responsibilities, and Masha entered the working world. **Work and Adulthood:** Over the years, Masha worked for a number of agencies and organizations throughout St. Thomas, including St. Thomas Gas and the Virgin Islands Housing Authority. There were also times when he held more than one job as he worked to provide for himself and his family. His employment journey took him in different



directions, and along the way, he continued meeting people and building connections throughout the island. As his life continued to unfold, Masha would also take on one of his most important roles, becoming a father. **Fatherhood and Family:** Masha became the father of two daughters, Makeysha Warrell and Makeada Warrell. His daughters will forever be an important part of his life’s story. As the years passed, life brought Luciano “Masha” Warrell, Jr.

Eulogy Page 2 of 3 circumstances that created periods of distance. But time and circumstance do not erase the bonds, memories, or love that once connected people. Life has a way of taking us down roads we never expected, and Masha’s journey was no different. Through it all, there remained family members who remembered him through every stage of his life. They knew him before adulthood, before responsibilities, and before life’s more difficult chapters.

They knew the little boy.

Their brother.

The baseball player.

The clown. Simply, Masha being Masha.

And if you knew Masha, that personality is probably one of the first things you remember.

The Masha Everyone Remembers Masha was a clown! He was naturally funny, playful, happy, and full of personality. He had his own way of bringing laughter into a situation, sometimes without even trying. And then, of course, there were the chants and the raps. Masha didn’t need a microphone. He didn’t need music. And most of the time, he probably didn’t even need a reason. Give him a name, a situation, something somebody said, or sometimes absolutely nothing at all, and Masha could find a way to turn it into a chant or a rap. If you knew him, chances are, you can probably hear one in your head right now. Those little things often become some of the biggest memories after someone is gone. And for Masha, many of those memories were shared with friends who became like family. **Friends, Community, and Valley Family:** Throughout his life, Masha formed friendships that extended far beyond simple acquaintances. Among his special friends were Ivan “Ajah” Williams Jr., Keith “Kitchy” Nichol森 Jr., Roy “Royo” Hodge III, Carlos Hendrickson, and Keba Thomas. Masha also shared a special bond with his New Tutu, Valley Family. Over the years, those relationships grew into a tight knit brotherhood. They shared laughter, good times, difficult times, and years of memories together. For Masha, the Valley was more than a place, and the people there were more than friends. It was home. They were family. Many also knew where Masha could regularly be found, among familiar faces at his usual hangout spot in Paul M. Pearson Gardens, affectionately known as “Ghetto.” These people and places gave Masha a sense of friendship, brotherhood, community, and belonging that remained important to him throughout his life. Beyond those whose names we are able to mention individually, Masha leaves behind many cherished relatives, friends, and loved ones throughout the Blyden and Warrell families, his New Tutu “Tutu Valley Family”, his home circle, and the wider community, far too numerous to mention by name, but certainly not forgotten. Like every family and every circle of friends, those closest to Masha also witnessed the many different seasons of his life. **The Different Seasons of His Life:** Masha’s journey was not without difficult seasons. His later years brought personal challenges and changes that sometimes created distance from the man his family and longtime friends remembered. But those years were only part of his story. Today, we do not define Masha by his most difficult chapter, nor do we need to pretend that every chapter was perfect. We simply remember the man and the life in its entirety. Depending on when and where your path crossed his, you may have known a different side of Masha. Maybe you knew him from school. Maybe you shared a baseball field with him. Maybe you worked alongside him. Maybe you called Luciano “Masha” Warrell, Jr. Eulogy Page 3 of 3 him Dad, brother, uncle, cousin, or friend. Maybe you knew him from The Valley, or Ghetto. Or maybe you simply knew him as the man who could make you laugh. Every one of those connections became part of his 54 years of life. **Remembering Masha:** Masha was many things to many people. He was a son, a father, a brother, an uncle, a cousin, a teammate, a friend, a ballplayer, a classmate, and a familiar face throughout St. Thomas. His life had good days and difficult ones, accomplishments and struggles, closeness and distance. But through it all, he lived a life that left memories behind. Knowing Masha, some of the stories people will continue to tell about him will make us cry. Some will make us shake our heads. And quite a few will probably make us laugh. And it’s okay to laugh today. Because celebrating someone’s life isn’t only about remembering that they died. It is about remembering how they lived. So, when one of those Masha stories comes to mind months or even years from now, tell it. Say his name. Laugh again. Share the story with someone who knew him, and especially with someone who never had the opportunity. Because that is how memories continue. Masha’s earthly journey came to an end on May 16, 2026, at the age of 54. To his mother, Cecile; his daughters, Makeysha and Makeada; his brothers and sisters; his nieces and nephews; his cousins and extended family; the Blyden and Warrell families; his special friends his baseball family; his home circle; his childhood and lifelong friends; and everyone whose life crossed paths with his, we share in this loss together. We also remember those who went before him, we release Masha from the struggles of this life while holding tightly to the memories of the years that came before. We remember him with grace for the difficult chapters, gratitude for the good ones, and love for the man who lived them all. Luciano “Masha” Warrell, Jr., may your soul finally find peace. Rest peacefully, Masha. You were here.

You lived. You laughed.

You left your mark.

And you will be remembered.