

### Pallbearers

Fenos Judd, Sr. (brother)  
Phillip Judd, Sr. (brother)  
Vaughn Judd (brother)  
Alvin Judd (brother)  
Armand Judd (nephew)  
Bernard Judd (nephew)  
Raymond Judd (nephew)

### In Remembrance



### Flowers

Lee Flower & Card Shop  
1026 U Street, NW Washington, DC 20001

### Interment

Glenwood Cemetery  
2219 Lincoln Road, NE Washington, DC 20002

### Service Entrusted to:

Robinson Funeral Home  
1313 6th Street, NW Washington, DC 20001

## Celebrating the Life of Michael Artemus Judd



June 19, 1963 - September 11, 2020

Saturday, October 3, 2020

Viewing: 9:30am

Service: 11:00

Holy Redeemer Church  
206 New York Avenue, NW  
Washington, DC 20001  
Father David Bava, Officiant





## Order of Service

### Opening Hymn

Musical Selection

### First Reading

Book of Prophet Daniel 12:1-3

### Responsorial Psalm

Musical Selection

### Second Reading

Paul to the Romans 14:7-9

### Gospel

Father David Bava

### Offertory Song

Musical Selection

### Communion Song

Musical Selection

### Family Words

April Brown

### Sending Forth

Musical Selection

Due to Social Distancing a Repast will not follow



# Michael Artemus Judd

**Friends called him “Mike”; Family called him “Uncle Mike”  
His kids called him Dad**

Michael was born on June 19, 1963 in Washington, DC to the late Mary and Sylvester Judd. On September 11, 2020, at the age of 57 he transitioned into eternal rest at Medstar Washington Hospital Center surrounded by his family.

Michael received his education through the DC Public School system before moving on to attend high school at St. Anthony's Catholic School where he received his high school diploma.

The youngest boy of 14 children, Michael would have a lot of guidance from his older siblings but would ultimately stand his own ground and live life on his own terms. As a child he was an altar boy at St Aloysius Catholic Church, as a teen he played basketball and was a member of the National Children's Choir alongside his baby sister and two nieces. It was in the choir that Michael would meet people of different cultures and ethnicity, and travel around the world. As he grew into adulthood Michael laid the ground for the way he wanted to live. He started drawing realizing that he was an artist at heart. He could draw anything and turn it into a masterpiece. It was his passion for drawing that would lead him to becoming a tattoo artist. His family would be his clients which would ultimately turn into his business. There would be people lining up at the back gate for a tattoo, it was something he was good at and that he loved to do. With drawing being his first passion, Michael had another passion that we all were familiar with “CARS”, and like tattoos he would have people lined up at the gate looking for his help, never turning anyone away. If you pulled up and needed a tire fixed, brakes changed, a battery replaced or a part for your car, he would be willing to help; and if for any reason he did not have the parts in stock in his shop (the backyard), he would find it for you. Michael was definitely a “JACK OF ALL TRADES”,

aside from his passion for art and cars he worked as a glass installer for many years with Albert Glass Company, but it was the love of art and cars that he will eventually turn back to. He was a true go-getter, and a true “SURVIVOR”.

Michael had a heart of gold, a gentle spirit and a smile that would light up a room. He enjoyed family gatherings, cracking jokes, talking smack, and watching sports, he was an avid Redskin fan. Michael had a love for music, no matter the sound, the color or background of the singer, whether Go-Go, R&B, Country, or Rock, it was the beat of the music that he enjoyed (Bennie and the Jets by Elton John was a favorite of his). Michael was smart, articulate and intelligent. He had a love for history and culture and like his father he could give you a history lesson on anything. He was incredibly special and versatile in every way. He was a friend to most, a brother to many and his friendships were genuine and long lasting. He loved his family unconditionally, but his three children were everything to him, good or bad, wrong or right, no matter his situation he was DAD first. He was there for them and at times when he could not be, it never changed the connection between he and his kids. HE WAS DAD and will ALWAYS BE DAD.

Michael leaves his memories and unconditional love to his children Shannya Judd, Sumetra Richardson, and Michael (Lil' Mike) Judd Jr; he leaves memories to his wife Tashema Harris Judd; stepson Jobani Cruz and mother in law, Diane Harris; brothers, Anthony (Anita), Sylvester (Geneya), Vaughn (Michelle), Fenos (Marie), Alvin, and Phillip; sisters, Margo, Audrey and Alfreda; and a host of family and close friends. Michael was preceded in death by his parents Mary and Sylvester Judd; sisters Barbara Jean, Mary Alice, and Erma; brother Marcellus Sr.; nephew and godson Robert (Rob), and nephew Marcellus Jr.



## To Dad

Dad I know I was loved by you and I am thankful for your help making me. You named me after you, Sumetra which is Artemus spelled backwards. Thank you for leaving me with the gift of art!

From Sumetra



## To Dad

I do not know what I should say or how to say it properly, so I will just say what comes from my heart. Dad, I love you and I am so proud to have had you as my father. I cannot even put into words how much I love you. So many people looked up to you because you were always there when they needed you, always willing to help.

You taught me and Mikey so many important lessons. You are the reason I am so passionate about drawing. You always motivated me and supported me, even when I could not motivate myself. Talking to you always made my day better. You were the most understanding and caring person that I know. I always looked up to you dad, and I still do because you worked so hard for us. Your main goal was to always make sure your family was doing okay. You would wake up bright and early and come home late at night after working all day, rarely taking any days off (maybe to watch the redskins play). I am happy to know that you were equally proud of me as I was of you. Always showing off my accomplishments to everyone. I sometimes think some people can have a bad argument with someone and that would be they're last exchange, never being able to say what they really feel, but I am so grateful that wasn't the case for us.

Mikey and I are so happy you were our dad, we are so proud of you, we are always thinking about you, and we will always love you.

Shannaya and Mike Jr.

