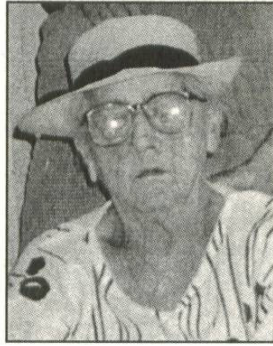




In Memoriam



Lucie Nulcia Quetel
1910-1998

Viewing: 8:30- 9:00
John Thomas Memorial Chapel
Service: 9:30
St. Anne's Chapel
Friday, February 20, 1998
Interment: Western Cemetery # 1



Survivors

SONS

Edwin Quetel, Rene Quetel, Ralph Quetel

DAUGHTERS

Lena Quetel, Lillian Magras, Eleanor Magras

BROTHER

Amor Quetel

DAUGHTERS-IN-LAW

Cecilia Quetel, Elizabeth Quetel, Priscilla Quetel

SONS-IN-LAW

Sebastien Greaux, Clement Magras

24 Grandchildren, 24 Great-Grandchildren,
1 Great-Great Grandchild

GODCHILD

Juliana Greaux

Special Friends: Louise Yarrington, Dr. Maria Juelle, Helen Danet,

Dr. Sylvester O. Mc Donald

Many nieces, nephews, relatives and friends

Pallbearers

Ralph Quetel, Rene Quetel, Edwin Quetel, Clement A. Magras,
Julian Quetel, Axel Magras, Patrick Greaux, Augustin Quetel

Honorary Pallbearers

Stanley Greaux, Steven Magras, Jean Greaux, Jr., Mark Quetel,
Matthew Quetel, Christopher Quetel, Jason Quetel, Jeffrey Magras,
Jean Turbe, Samuel Charles, Kenneth Querrard, Bernard Gibs,
Christopher Olive, Steve Campbell, Julien Magras,
Duane Holland, Robert Picayo, Michael Greaux, John Greaux,
William "Bill" Quetel, Frank Quetel, Dr. Thomas Quetel



Lucie Nulcia Quetel

Lucie Nulcia Quetel was born on November 4, 1910 in Carenage on St. Thomas, Danish West Indies. She was the fifth of six children of Louis "Ste. Rose" and Elizabeth Uirgine (nee Olive) Quetel. Her parents were immigrants from the French-speaking island of St. Barthelemy, and had settled with their families in the small fishing unit on the outskirts of Charlotte Amalie.

Her father was a fisherman by trade, but he also had odd jobs at some of the local hotels. Her mother was primarily a homemaker, and she also practiced the art of straw weaving, which formed the basis of basket and hat making. This craft was taught to the children, especially the females, and was handed down for generations. It was also another way of supplementing the family's meager income from fishing.

Nulcia attended grade school, and went as far as the sixth grade. At that time, she was forced to quit because of the family's increasing financial burdens. There were many mouths to feed, and young Nulcia had to assist her mother in caring for her youngest brother, and in maintaining the household.

In spite of her short academic career, she never forgot her multiplication tables and had a beautiful, copperplate handwriting. It was during these years that she developed her culinary skills and learned the straw craft, which she in turn would one day teach to her own daughters.

On April 18, 1926, when she was just fifteen years old, Nulcia was united in marriage to Jean Gustave Quetel. This union produced ten children: Lena, Rita, Lillian, Edwin, Ralph, Eleanor, Lydia, and Rene; Christine and Rudolph both died in infancy.

During the early years of her marriage, she would walk to town to sell her straw hats, baskets, and placemats to tourists, while her husband fished and worked on various ships and boats. She enjoyed her straw work and worked very hard to augment the family income,



but her faith and her family were always her top priority.

In the early 1970's, her life changed profoundly when she was diagnosed with diabetes, but she managed to accept it and move on. In time she would learn to administer her own insulin, and reminded us all of exactly what she was made of. She took control of the disease and decided that it would never control her.

During the ensuing years, she enjoyed the company of her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, and eagerly looked forward to their visits. She knew exactly how much time had elapsed between each visit and phone call, and never hesitated to remind anyone of their particular time frame.

In June of 1991, tragedy struck and after sixty-four years of marriage, it would take death to separate her from her beloved husband, Gus. She never recovered from that stunning blow, and her health began to fail.

In December of that same year, she suffered another loss that of her youngest daughter, Lydia. Five years later would bring another tragedy - the loss of another daughter, Rita. By the end of 1997, she had lost both sons-in-law as well, and her heart and spirit were now broken by grief.

At times she still showed faint glimmers of the strong, tough, no-nonsense personality that was her hallmark, but it was clear that she was not long for this world. In the early morning hours of February 17, 1998, she succumbed to her ailing heart and slipped quietly away from us. She has left a void that can never be filled, and we will miss her always.