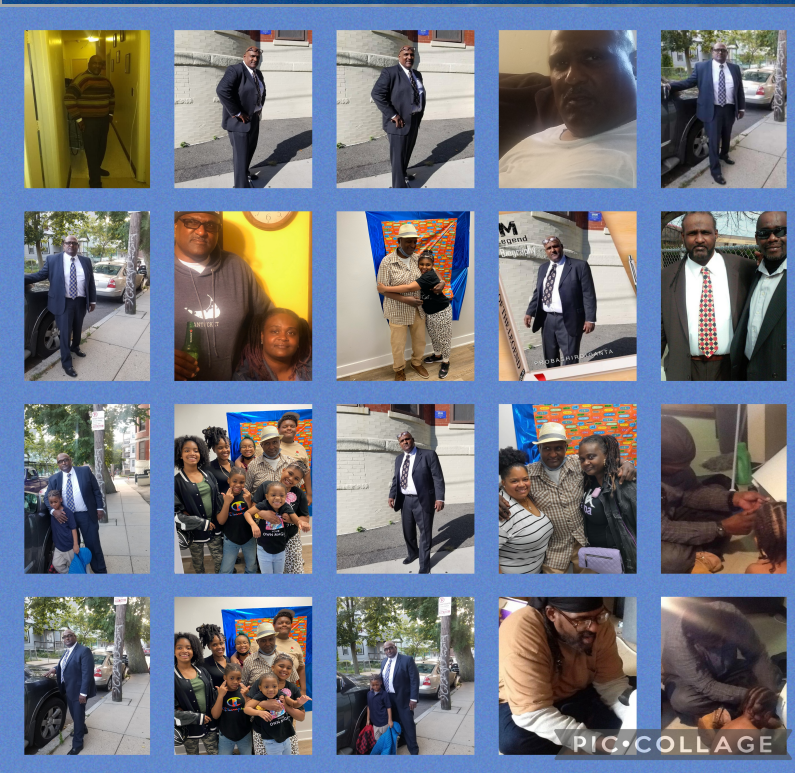


A LIFE *Well-Lived*



Ovid Leland MacKinnon

November 30, 1957 - December 13, 2021



There is a train at the station With a seat reserved just for me I'm excited about its destination As I've heard it sets you free The trials and tribulations The pain and stress we breathe Don't exist were I am going Only happiness I believe I hope that you will be there To wish me on my way It's not a journey you can join in It's not your time today There'll be many destinations Some are happy, some are sad Each one a brief reminder Of the great times that we've had Many friends I know are waiting Who took an earlier train To greet and reassure me That nothing has really changed We'll take the time together To catch up on the past To build a new beginning One that will always last One day you'll take your journey On the train just like me And i promise that I'll be there At the station and you will see That Life is just a journey Enriched by those you meet No one can take that from you It's always yours to keep' But now as no seat is vacant You will have to muddle through Make sure you fulfill your ambitions As you know I'll be watching you And if there's an occasion To mention who you knew Speak kindly of that person As one day it will be you

Obituary-Mike Doughty

Eulogy-Ricardo Santos and Friends & Family

Ovid Leland MacKinnon, 64, Boston, MA passed December 13, 2021. He was called home unexpectedly after a recent cancer diagnosis. Ovid Leland MacKinnon Jr. was born on November 30th, 1957 to Leta Mae MacKinnon and Ovid Leland MacKinnon Sr. in Boston, Massachusetts. Growing up, he was bi-coastal being raised in both Boston and California. Ovid was a man of many gifts and talents. He was an artist, an avid sculptor, a well-seasoned welder, painter, and very knowledgeable in the art of hairstyles. In Addition, he was a jack of all trades that could fix about anything without hesitation. Ovid was passionate about his family and friends. He would lend a ear and/or hand whenever needed. Ovid was well known in his community by various names O, Big O, OMack, Pops, Dad, and O.G. just to name a few. He was loved by many and will be truly missed. Ovid was preceded in death by his mother, Leta Mae MacKinnon, and his brother Troy Vidal MacKinnon. Ovid leaves to cherish his memory; his father Ovid Leland MacKinnon Sr., stepmother Gail MacKinnon, brother Claude Alexander daughter's LaTachia N. Santos & Tia M. Doughty, son-in-laws Ricardo Santos Sr., Micheal Doughty, 7 Grandchildren LaTahjanere Parker, Kamii-Nyhree Parker, Ricardo Santos Jr., Mia Doughty, Makel Doughty, Trinity Doughty, and Nequoh Parker-Santos, a Great granddaughter Kia R. Parker, and a host of family and friends. Ovid was very loved by his family and will be truly missed. He is no longer in pain and is now at peace. Always and forever Bullet Proof Love Pops.

Away

I cannot say and I will not say That he is dead, he is just away. With a cheery smile and a wave of hand He has wandered into an unknown land; And left us dreaming how very fair Its needs must be, since he lingers there. And you-oh you, who the wildest yearn From the old-time step and the glad return- Think of him faring on, as dear In the love of there, as the love of here Think of him still the same way, I say; He is not dead, he is just away.