



Nazaire Kebreau

July 17, 1965 - April 10, 2020

Nazaire Kebreau 54, recently of Newburgh, NY died Friday April 10, 2020 at Columbia Memorial Hospital. Born in Hinche, Haiti he was the son of Hypolite and Emily (Celicourt) Kebreau. Nazaire was a Cook for NYSCOES in Hudson, for several years. He is survived by his daughters: Nadege, Emile, Angelina, Angelica and Ann Kebreau, one brother Yves Kebreau and sister Paulette Kebreau. There will be a memorial service announced at a later date.

Tribute Wall

DC

“ My friend, we will miss you dearly.

Your extended family at Columbia Girls Secure Center will forever cherish what you brought to us every day.

We will miss your warmful greetings EVERY day that you walked into work. The cafeteria is now without your echoing voice, laughter and love. The young residents already miss your self-proclaimed “Haitian Creations” that only you could masterfully prepare. You not only filled their appetites, you filled the void of parental love that they missed from home. We will miss that sheepish grin after a great meal served when you would state, “THEY LUUUVVED IT”!!!

It is not only Columbia Girls’ loss.

As a “man of the cloth” you leave behind your preaching to your parishioners in Newburgh.

As a humanitarian, you can no longer make your yearly pilgrimage to the roots of your native land and feed a community for a week with your hard earned American paychecks.

As a caring member of the Newburgh community, you can’t buy another vacant building to renovate into a home for the less fortunate.

AND most importantly, as a caring father, you can’t work two jobs to support your four youngest daughters with the help of your BEST FRIEND, and eldest daughter Nadage.

I know that your loss has devastated her the most. I also know that she is as resilient as you were. Not to worry, your youngest daughters are in good hands.

All we can hope for in life is - Have you left a positive mark? Without question, my dear friend, YOU HAVE - ten times over.

*Missing you,
Your grilling buddy,*

Don C.

Dominic Conte - April 16, 2020 at 12:37 PM

CL

Keeby, I still cannot believe you are gone. Every day at work I turn the corner and expect to see you hard at work in your kitchen, waiting for you to loudly greet me. You would teach me Haitian words, talk about the state of the country, and show me the latest herbal creation you had concocted and how it had some benefit to the human body. I would always tell people inside and outside of work of the hardest working man I knew. And I'm sure I only knew the half of it because that was the type of man you were. There was always somebody or some group of people that you would be helping, or working for. Even though you put in 40 plus at work every week, that was never "work" for you. You always said you "did it for the people," and every chance you would get to help a youth you jumped at the occasion, regardless of how vulnerable that youth was or how chaotic the environment may have been in the moment. You never stopped helping people. Well I'm sad you are gone, and I know you know we will take care of your daughter Nadege, so you can rest easy my friend. L&R

Chris L. - April 22, 2020 at 01:32 AM

JM

Kebreau work will not be the same without you my friend. My mornings will never be the same without you yelling out Johnny BOYYYY. You were truly one in a billion. I can honestly say I have never met anyone like you. The light you carried with you that brought joy and happiness to people all over the world. I know you'll be practicing your motto Feed The People with the angels in heaven.

Do not go gentle into that good night

Dylan Thomas

Do not go gentle into that good night,

Old age should burn and rave at close of day;

Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,

Because their words had forked no lightning they

Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright

Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,

Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,

And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,

Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight

Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,

Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,

Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.

Do not go gentle into that good night.

Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

John Mehleisen - April 25, 2020 at 08:46 AM