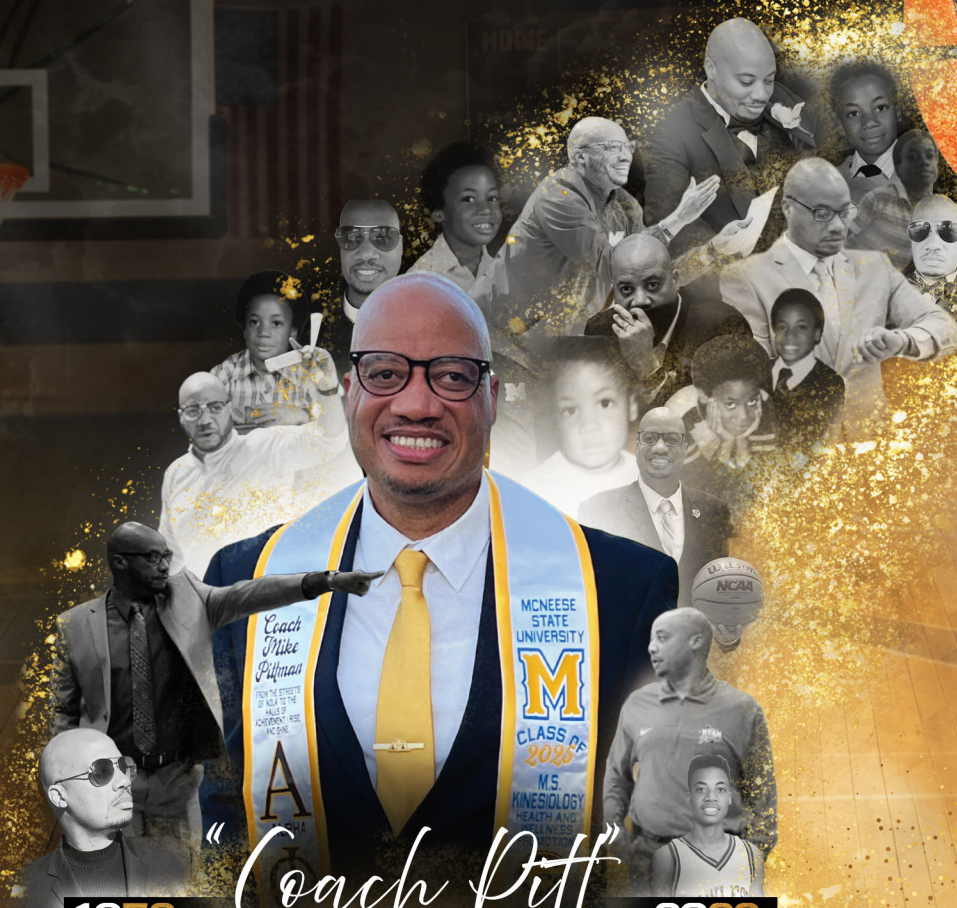


CELEBRATION OF LIFE

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 2026

11:00 A.M.



Coach Pitt

1972 **MICHAEL JEROME** 2026
PITTMAN JR

AWAY
7.2.1972

HOME
2.15.2026

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH HAUGHTON
105 EAST WASHINGTON STREET
HAUGHTON, LA

HIS STORY

HIS STORY

HIS STORY

HIS STORY

HIS STORY

HIS STORY



On July 2, 1972, the game clock started. **Michael Jerome Pittman, Jr.** stepped onto the court of life in New Orleans, Louisiana, as the only child born to the union of Ruby Gibbs (Pittman) and Michael Pittman Sr. Mike may have looked like an underdog, having been born to a teenage married couple in the Lower Ninth Ward, but he was positioned for purpose. To those in the huddle with him, he was an asset. He considered his young uncle, Herbert, and cousin Dwayne as his brothers and his cousin Brandy as his sister. He spent his younger years at Thomas Edison Elementary and on the court of Sam Bonart Park, in the Lower 9th Ward. Mike loved sports... but he loved people even more. Everyone knew his name. To every friend and family member, Mike was a light. A motivator. A deacon. An educator. A beacon of hope and, most importantly, A Christian brother.

At Lawless High School, Mike began his organized basketball journey, but this was just a warm-up. Little did he know that he was gearing up to mentor, coach, and influence more young lives than any of us could ever count. Basketball was his platform. Ministry was his calling.

After graduation, Mike attended Southern University in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, where he joined the renowned Human Jukebox. Then, on campus in 1991, while kicking it at Delta Express with friends, he met the love of his life, Felecia (Racquel). That sweet introduction over Rocky Road ice cream was the pre-game meal that set the stage for the rest of his life.

Mike and Racquel were the kind of teammates who faced every challenge head-on, hand-in-hand. As a young father, Mike stepped up and took a job as a sheriff's deputy in the Orleans Parish Sheriff's jail. He rose to the occasion, and his three children can attest to his unrelenting love and unwavering presence to this day.



Mike and Racquel later established their home court in North Louisiana, where Mike continued raising his family and ultimately completed his studies at Grambling State University. Years later, in 2025, at McNeese State University, he fulfilled a proud personal goal: earning his master's degree. Mike proudly served alongside his brothers of Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity, Incorporated in Lorman, Mississippi, and Lake Charles, Louisiana.

He began his career at North DeSoto High School before moving to Grambling Lab School, where he served as head coach of the Grambling Lab Girls Basketball team and assistant coach for football. He celebrated many wins as an assistant with the Minden Lady Tiders Basketball team while also assisting with football, softball, and track programs.

When his family relocated to Texas in 2004, Coach Pitt became an integral part of the Denton Ryan Raiders Girls Basketball staff, serving faithfully for more than a decade. He later became the head coach of the Kimball High School Girls Basketball team in 2017 before transitioning to the collegiate level in 2018.

He coached women's basketball at Paul Quinn College (2018), Alcorn State University (2019), Northwestern State University (2020-23), McNeese State University (2024), and recently part-time with Grambling State University (2026) From high school gyms to Division I arenas, he poured into young women not only as athletes, but as people. He challenged them like leaders and cared for them like daughters.

Mike accepted Jesus Christ as his Savior at an early age. But it was when he matured into manhood, husbandhood, and fatherhood that his faith became the firm foundation upon which he built everything else. He made a deliberate and unbroken commitment to fully dedicate every bit of his life: his family, his work, his heart, his focus... his ALL to Christ.

Mike served faithfully as a church deacon, stewarding both people and principles with complete integrity. He led finance teams wisely and held others accountable to a job well done. Alongside his wife, Dr. Felecia Pittman, he mentored couples, led small groups, and invested in marriages.

Mike was a go-to rock for so many people behind the scenes. Whether he was on the court or in your home, Mike was always the same. He would meet you where you are, and then coach you to where God called you to be. Mike was unapologetically himself. He could light up a room with a smile and make anyone feel like family. He was the life of the party, the grill master at cookouts, the encourager in private conversations, and the steady presence people leaned on. He never met a stranger and always put others before himself. He made every moment meaningful. Coach Pitt was a true lover of Christ and the game.

While many knew him as Coach, Frat, or Big Bro, the titles he guarded most proudly were Dad, Papa Pitt, Big Brother, Mike, and Bae. His greatest legacy was his family.

He is preceded in death by his grandparents, Hines and Henrietta, Martha and Enoch; his uncles, Hines Jr., Tyrone, and Albert; and his granddaughter, Farrah. He is lovingly remembered by his wife and best friend, Dr. Felecia Pittman; his children, Michael "MJ", III (Amanda), Xavier (Deborah), Faith; his grandchildren, Elijah, Lily, Angelo, Shya, and Iris; his parents, Ruby Gibbs, Michael Sr., David and Esther Rabb; his siblings, Micah Bachemin (Corey) Mikeela Woods (Barriel), Desmond Pittman, David Rabb, III (Alaina) Michelle Cooper (Anthony Sr.); and his nieces and nephews, Jacilyn, Amiyah, David, Akheem, Anthony Jr., Miah, Barriel Jr., Amari, Meilani, and Naomi. He was blessed to have many godchildren and adopted children throughout the years.

On Sunday, February 15, 2026, after years of service, sacrifice, and steadfast faith, Mike answered the Lord's call and entered into eternal rest, a job well done. When the final buzzer sounded, heaven welcomed him home.

Though our hearts ache...Earth was left with a legacy, and heaven gained our coach.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

2 Timothy 4:7 KJV

His number is retired. But his impact is eternal.



BROTHER

Michael Jerome Pittman, Jr.

Phranchi2e Player #2



CELEBRATION OF LIFE

PROGRAM ANNOUNCER- MRS. TA'NEISHA KEMP

SOFT MUSIC

PROCESSIONAL

SUPERINTENDENT WOODROW DAVIS

OPENING PRAYER

PASTOR DERRICK KEYS

SCRIPTURE READING

OLD TESTAMENT - ELDER JOHN SAMPSON

NEW TESTAMENT - PASTOR DERRICK GALLIEN, SR.

MUSICAL SELECTION

REFLECTIONS FROM FORMER PLAYERS

MINDEN LADY TIDERS

RYAN LADY RAIDERS - MIATTA WILLIAMS

TEAMMATES IN LIFE

WESLEY CHARLES

SANTORIA BLACK, II

AARON BALLARD

CHARLES SMITH

DANISE PRUITT AND LAWLESS HS CLASS OF 1990

KEVIN KEMP

MUSICAL SELECTION

FAMILY TRIBUTES

UNCLE - GARY HYATT

COUSIN - DWAYNE JOHNSON

SISTER - DR. MICAH BACHEMIN

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS AND RESOLUTIONS

SHAYLA WILLIAMS

CELEBRATION OF LIFE

PROGRAM ANNOUNCER- MRS. TA'NEISHA KEMP

PRESENTATION

MEMORIAL FUNERAL HOME

THE GREAT ASSIST

DR. JESSICA DAVIS

MUSICAL SELECTION

WORDS OF COMFORT

ELDER DAVID RABB, III

LEGACY TRIBUTE

PITTMAN KIDS

THE LEGACY ADDRESS

MICHAEL "MJ" PITTMAN

THE OMEGA SERVICE

ALPHA PHI ALPHA FRATERNITY, INC.

RECESSIONAL



REPAST

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH HAUGHTON
FAMILY LIFE CENTER



Your Wife

What can I possibly say that captures even a fraction of my love for you? How can I fit a lifetime in a few paragraphs... I recently told you that I needed to get out more because I depended on you too much to be my best friend. You laughed and said that was why you were looking forward to us moving back to my community in the Dallas area. That was so you.

I have no regrets. We were perfectly flawed. We truly grew up together. I was 18 and you were 19 when we met at Delta Express. Just a bunch of young guys and girls hanging out led to our lifetime together. We used to tease about who pursued who. You would say I pursued you, and I know good, and well you pursued me. But I must admit, I am thankful we learned to pursue each other. Not just then, but for years. Through hard times. Through struggles.

Your glass-half-full approach helped us work together to weather every storm. Somewhere in our early years, I remember making an agreement with you. If you agreed to learn more about the Lord, I would learn more about sports. It was not that you did not know God, but we both know you needed that agreement. I didn't know I needed it too. That shift in your life changed how you did everything. Your kindness became even more evident. You led differently. You loved differently.

I fell in love with you because of the way you unashamedly loved me.

I love that we became empty nesters and truly got to know each other. We learned that you have to get to know each other in every season of life. We talked about our future, our plans, our dreams. I recently told you that we still had to do our strategic goals for the year...you didn't even groan or sigh. LOL. You told me you'd be responsible for making sure we got it done. I never imagined I would be fast-forwarding, instead, to conversations we had about burial and graveside wishes so soon.

Mike, my heart is broken. I keep looking around for you to be the one to hug me and console me like you always did. I know you would never let me hurt like this but you must have seen the beauty of paradise ahead. That lets me know that the pain I feel now will not compare to the joy of when we meet again.



It hurts to realize there will be no new memories with you, only the millions we were blessed to create together these last 34 years and 6 months. I'll laugh when I hear "Poison" and I will continue to quote "Bella Noche" and "Color Purple" at every opportunity I get. I MIGHT even pull a quote from one of the many Martin episodes you made me watch... might!

I know I must now learn to receive your comfort in different ways until I see you again in Heaven. Grief is the consequence of deep love, and I'd do all this over again to love you and to have been loved by you.

God is sovereign, and I trust His plan, even though this is the most painful thing I have ever experienced.

You get to meet our two babies who were never born and our grandbaby Farrah, who was born sleeping. I love you too much to wish you would leave paradise and come back here with me. But I need you to know that my heart and every part of my being aches with missing you.

I LOVE YOU so, so, so much.
Until we meet again,
Your baby, your best friend,
your wifey,

Racquel



BTW, I'm keeping my eyes open for the things you said you'd show me if you got to Heaven before me. ;)

Dad

I have a lot of wonders. I wonder what it would've been like for us to go to the Super Bowl together. I wonder what it would've been like for you to see your grandkids grow up. I wonder how cool it would have been for you to finally live in Dallas now that we're back. So many wonders.

But there are some wonders I don't have to worry about. I never had to wonder how much you loved me, Amanda and your grandbabies. I never had to wonder how proud you were of the things your kids accomplished while you were here on earth. Never have to wonder how much you loved God.

Dad.. you were truly wonderful.

I will handle my business and model the love of Christ to others because that is what you taught me to do. Amanda, Elijah, Lily and I already miss you so much. This isn't goodbye. It's see you later. In your words "I'll holla" at you soon.



MJ & Amanda



Baby Girl

A life without you, so early, was something I had never imagined. Since the day I was born, I was a daddy's girl and will continue to be. You were the ear I could always express to, the warm hug that never said no, and the good time that stayed ready. I'm thankful that this life was one filled with nothing but good memories and love from you. I have so much I want to say. There are so many things I had hoped we'd experience together and see together. But, I know that it will not be long until we see each other again. Plus, you're more than likely walking the streets of gold being pulled along by Farrah, taking in all that Heaven is. You made it daddy. I'm so excited to see you up there, again.



Deb



Your influence and impact reached beyond borders or bloodlines. I don't know how it was possible for you to give so much of your heart to so many, while still outpouring all of your love over our family. You made it look effortless.

You always showed up. Whether physically or emotionally, you were always wholeheartedly present. You'd make sure that we knew you were proud of us and that you were rooting for us. You took the time to listen, ask questions, and follow up to make sure we were always taken care of.

When thinking about how you've directly impacted my life, I am filled with an overwhelming sense of gratitude.

Thank you for being an incredible example of a godly man, husband, and father. I realize that the beautiful life I live with Xavier, Angelo, and Shya is directly influenced by the present and loving father you were to him.

Its an honor to have become your daughter and bare the Pittman name. See you in heaven, Dad



DADDAY!

I miss you so much. I wish I had a recording of you saying, "Waddup, my boy!" so I could keep it forever. You were the perfect dad to me and for me. My whole life is sculpted and directly influenced by you. Out of your 3 children, you knew I became left-handed just to be like you. I teach just like you did. I coach just like you did. I go by "Coach Pitt" just like you did. I introduce myself by my first and last name in case someone asks if you're my dad. You have always instilled that the last name Pittman holds significance, influence, power, and reputation. We are never to embarrass our last name, but rather build it up. I vow to keep our name in the highest regard. I love you forever.

-Zay



Baby

When the doctor said, "It's a boy," tears rolled down my cheeks. The nurse asked if I was in any pain. I told her that I always wanted my first born to be a boy. Grace from God at the beginning.

You were the cutest baby I had ever seen (always the mom, right). Your smile was infectious. You would welcome every arm that reached for you. All I ever wanted is for you to be loved, and then you turn it around.

I love it when we would go to the Saints and Breakers game, and would be my little commentator. And the guys seated near would say, "lil man you know something." After that it would be you and them exchanging views. There you were, engaging positively with strangers.

I'm going to miss calling you baby and you calling me baby back. I'm going to miss you checking up on me and saying, "I will be there smoking if you need me." And you were true to that.

You are my forever love. I love you so much and I understood you had to go. I KNOW WHERE YOU AT.

The Pearly Gates awaits you Baby.



Michael Jerome Pittman, Jr., was the kind of son who made me feel like anything was possible. Although he was named after me, he carried the name better than I could have imagined. He forgave me for not being perfect, and I loved him even more deeply for it.

Mike loved God above all things, and that love shaped everything about him. He loved his family with that same wholehearted devotion, and those of us who were held in that love know how rare and precious a gift it was. He adored his queen, Racquel; he couldn't say enough about the amazing things MP3, Zay, and Faith were doing. He cherished the bond with his sisters and brother. My son was so perfect in so many ways.

My son started loving basketball because I loved it and he would say that I was his first coach. His becoming a respected basketball coach filled me with so much pride, more than he probably ever knew. I admired my son.

I started calling him MJP at some point and it suited him. He had grown into his own man, fully and confidently himself, while never losing the kind and gentle spirit I had always known. Fifty-three years was not enough, but the life he lived in those years was full of faith, love, and the kind of pure goodness that leaves a mark on everyone it touches.

*I am proud of you, son, and always will be. Love you, MJP.
Dad*





There are some people who make the world better just by being in it. Our brother was that person for us.

To us, he was never just "Mike." He was Brother Michael, a name that became so natural it may as well have been the one on his birth certificate. It was our way of setting him apart, of giving him his own distinct place in our world, separate from our dad and entirely his own. He wore the name perfectly.

As our big brother, Mike set a standard we will spend our lives trying to live up to — not because he demanded it, but because watching him made us want to be better. He was unfailingly kind, the type of kind that didn't waver when life was hard or when things didn't go his way. He met every difficulty with a calm and a grace that we leaned on more than he probably ever knew. Where we were sometimes the storm, Mike was always the stillness.

He never waited to be called. He showed up with a phone call, with his presence, with his steady love because that is simply who he was. Consistently being there for others was his love language, and he spoke it fluently throughout his life, without expecting others to do the same for him, but always being exceedingly grateful when they did.

Mike trusted God deeply, and it showed in the way he carried himself and the way he cared for everyone, especially family. He poured into us, always being an example of what it means to show up, to give your best, and to keep your head high even when it was difficult to do so.

We are so proud to call him our brother. And though our hearts are heavy, we are grateful for every check-in call, every word of encouragement, every moment of his love.

Rest well, Brother Michael. You were the best of us.
With all our love,



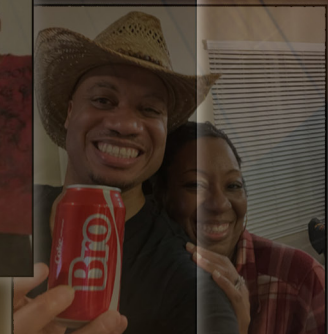
MICAH



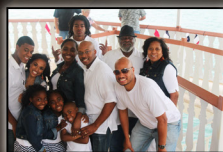
DESMOND



MIKEELA







PALLBEARERS

**KENDEN KEMP
JEFFREY KEYS
DAVID RABB, IV
BARRY (BJ) WOODS JR.**

**ANDREW HYATT
NIEMAN BURRELL, JR.
TRE GIBBS
RICARDO GREEN, JR.**

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

**DEWAYNE JOHNSON
HERBERT GIBBS
COACHES
BARRY WOODS
WESLEY CHARLES**

**COREY BACHEMIN
SANTORIA BLACK II
AARON BALLARD
GREG COOK
DILTON ANDERSON**

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

THE FAMILY WISHES TO EXPRESS OUR HEARTFELT GRATITUDE FOR EVERY ACT OF LOVE, KINDNESS, AND SUPPORT SHOWN DURING THIS DIFFICULT TIME. YOUR PRAYERS, COMFORTING WORDS, VISITS, PHONE CALLS, MESSAGES, FLORAL TRIBUTES, CARDS, AND OTHER EXPRESSIONS OF SYMPATHY HAVE BROUGHT US STRENGTH AND PEACE WHEN WE NEEDED IT MOST. MAY GOD RICHLY BLESS EACH OF YOU FOR YOUR LOVE AND THOUGHTFULNESS.

SERVICES ENTRUSTED TO

**MEMORIAL FUNERAL HOME
4043 US-79, HOMER, LA 71040**

INTERMENT

**HILL CREST MEMORIAL PARK
601 US-80,
HAUGHTON, LA 71037**

