SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING
FOR THE LIFE OF

JOYCE NELDA WILSON
28th September 1927 - 5th October 2017

Calvary Baptist Church
Walkers Road, Grand Cayman

Sunday, 29th October 2017
Service at 2:00 p.m.

Officiating Ministers
Pastor Michael Jeremiah
Pastor Genie Dickerson
Pastor Martin Royer

Interment at Prospect Cemetery
ORDER OF SERVICE

Opening Remarks ................................................................. Pastor Michael Jeremiah
Scripture Reading ................................................................. Pastor Genie Dickerson
Prayer ................................................................................ Bro. Martin Royer
Congregational Hymn “He Touched Me” ............................. Bro. Phillip Bodden

Tributes:
Children ............................................................................ Mrs. Julie Hunter
Grand & Great-grandchildren ........................................... Mrs. Sasha Espeut
Special Song ....................................................................... Mr. Roy Bodden
Slideshow Presentation .................................................... Mrs. Sasha Espeut
Special Song ....................................................................... Mr. George Chollette
Her Life Story ...................................................................... Hon. W. McKeeva Bush, OBE, JP
Message of Inspiration ...................................................... Pastor Michael Jeremiah
Closing Prayer .................................................................... Pastor Michael Jeremiah

PALL BEARERS
Andre Ricardo Espeut
Jerry Hunter
Clint Hunter
Terrance Choudhury
Roshaun Frederick
Bobby Bodden

HONOURARY PALL BEARERS
Tracey Hunter
Terry Choudhury
Zach Choudhury
Dolan Hunter
Roy Bodden
Dorian Hunter
Robert Hunter
Martinez Frederick
Adrian Menzies

SPECIAL FRIENDS
Ms. Pamela McFarlane

GUEST BOOK ATTENDANT
Amanda Frederick

USHERS
Mr. Kirlew Watson
Mr. Ian Goddard
Tribute To Our Mama, Mrs. Joyce Nelda Wilson

Mama, we never thought we would be doing our tribute this soon, as you always seemed so invincible and strong. So able to conquer anything you set out to do, so determined to make sure what you wanted for us got done, not matter how hard the financial, physical or mental struggle was for you to make it happen. When it came to your children, nothing was too hard for you, and considering that for most of our lives you were both mother and father, the struggles to raise us were very real and it would take the hardworking, dedicated, loving and selfless mother like you to get us through those early years of the 50s and 60s in Harbovview Jamaica.

On a typical day in Jamaica you would always wake up around 4:00 am because your days were so very full. This was during the era when most Caymanians would travel to Jamaica for medical, school, work or even to buy the necessities of life. Being the smart woman that you were, you saw this as an opportunity to help raise your children, so you began running a boarding home for Caymanians who travelled to Jamaica. This involved fixing early morning breakfast for your guests, taking them on errands to get what they had come to Jamaica for, then coming home in time for your children’s return from school and then to fix dinner to sometimes 10-15 people each night.

As if that wasn’t enough of a challenge while trying to raise 4 children, you also took in sewing to again provide what we needed. We can still remember you by that old sewing machine in the wee hours of the morning; in fact we often wondered when did you find the time to sleep?

With so much going on, the ordinary person would find little time to spend disciplining, mentoring and caring for children, but it wasn’t so with you. We couldn’t get away with anything and being the strict disciplinarian that you were, we all remember many a beating when we disobeyed your rules, which we all thought were too strict, but that was how you raised us. Robert especially liked to have his own way and you were determined to make him know who was the boss; so we can all remember who got lots of beatings… But despite it all, those were beautiful days and you were an amazing mother in every way.

Moving to the Cayman Islands in the 70’s also had its challenges, but here again you stepped up to the plate. It would be in selfless acts of love like being the designated driver to all of us, and don’t forget this is the era when we all started to work, so different drop offs to work, different lunch hours to juggle and after picking up everyone from work and you thought you were finished for the day on the road, Robert would say “Mama I’m taking the car cause I’m going to the movies”, and you would say, “No I’ll drop you cause I have to take Carol somewhere too.”

Dolan remembers those days in Cayman Brac when he started a family and he could call on your for anything. He remembers how you showed your love when he got in the accident. Your care and love was wonderful!

Carol remembers the many good times you and her shared together when it was just the two of you from 1980 until when you died. She will never forget the endless hours of talking, reminiscing, cooking, watching TV and just being there for each other.

One would easily think that with all the hard work described above that the last thing you would want to do was to go out and work outside the home, but that’s exactly what you did in the 80’s when you decided it was time for you to go and run a taxi, so you could help care for your grandchildren. You did this until your failing eyesight caused you to stop driving in 2004. Mama, we could go on for much longer, and with much more stories, but we must close as we are sure that all those who knew you, can attest for the hardworking, dedicated mother that you were. So for now, rest in peace after all your labour, and we will never forget you.

Your children, Tracy, Dolan, Robert & Carol

My Mother, My Angel

You look back on memories you forgot you had, 
And at times you’ll smile even though it hurts so bad.

My mother is a special woman and no one can take her place, 
You’ll find a piece of mind when you remember her smiling face.

My mother is an angel now she flies high above the rest, and in your hearts always and forever she will be the best.

She has earned her wings and it’s time for her to fly, 
I know it hurts no one is ever ready to say good-bye.

She knows you do not understand and that you cry at night, 
But as you finally drift of to sleep let her memory hold you tight.

She will be your guardian angel through the rest of your life, 
Helping lead you on the path between what’s wrong and right.

She will be there through your good times, 
she will be there through your bad, 
She’ll be there when you are happy, 
she’ll be there when your sad.

My mother has become an angel now, it is her time to fly, 
And you will never know how bad it hurt me to watch you have to say good-bye.

Your Son: Tracey Hunter
Carol’s Tribute

Mama, This lady was my rock, my best friend. I really don’t know where to start, there’s so much to write about you, I could write a book.

Mama was always there for me, in good times and bad. I have lived most of my life with her and now that she are gone I feel empty. When I was married to Andre, we all lived together, then when Ricardo was born, you practically took him and raised him like he was your own.

You would come into my room, late at night, and “steal” him from his crib and take him back to your room. I would wake up and find him in your arms, and hugging him so tight with his face pressed against yours, because you couldn’t stop kissing him. Mama you stood by my side and help me raise Ricardo after my first marriage ended. Many days I wanted to give up, but you were a fighter and encouraged me to never give up.

Then a few years went by and I met Terrence. We were married and you were by my side then too. I had two more boys, Terrence Jr. and Zachary and you loved them just as much as you loved Ricardo. No matter how busy you were driving your taxi, you always found the time to spend with them. You would take them something for lunch, pick them up from school and took them to buy things they wanted.

Mama, for you to see them happy and laughing brought happiness to you. You would always pop in to check on them when they were with the helper just to make sure they were okay but mostly just to kiss and hold them. Cause that’s who you were, caring and loving. That love only grew stronger between my three boys and you, they all loved you the same.

In January 2006 when I was airlifted to Miami due to serious complications, I didn't know if I was going to survive. You cried your eyes out and was so worried, but you were so strong, and were there again for my boys. You prayed with them, cooked for them and told them not to stop praying for me because god is going to heal me. You encouraged them not to worry too much and them laugh to try to take away the sadness of knowing I was ill. Although it was tearing you apart, your heart worried about me, but you never showed your feelings. You were so strong. No one ever knew your problems, as you were very independent and wanted to fix things yourself. You never complained and always had this pretty smile on your face, no one knew if you had any problems or if you were feeling sick.

You were such a great daughter to grannie and grandpa and you were always there for them. You have left us to be with them and I am sure they have been waiting for you, God bless you mama.

When you were in the hospital, it was so hard for me to see you sick, because I have never seen you sick. You wanted to come home and I knew how much you hated being there. It really hurt me that I couldn’t take you home. The Doctor had said you could go home in a few days but sadly you never left. You grew weaker and weaker by the day. They ran so many tests, and finally told us there was nothing they could do for you any longer. Your heart grew weaker. I would often tell you to hold on and I kissed your hand. That evening I spoke to you about your soul. I said Mama, would you like to accept Jesus as your savior and you shook your head yes. I prayed the sinners’ prayer with you and I told you to repeat it after me. I know I couldn’t hear you say it out loud but I asked you if you prayed and asked Jesus to forgive you of your sins, and you said yes. You cried and I cried with you. I know you are in God’s hands and out of your suffering. When Julie came by to visit and told her the news, she also asked to pray with her and you shook your head yes.

Saying Goodbye was so hard for me, my brothers, my children and my entire family. Honestly, I felt it the most as you were my rock. Mama, for you to see them happy and laughing brought happiness to you. You would always pop in to check on them when they were with the helper just to make sure they were okay but mostly just to kiss and hold them. Cause that’s who you were, caring and loving. That love only grew stronger between my three boys and you, they all loved you the same.

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Saying Goodbye was so hard for me, my brothers, my children and my entire family. Honestly, I felt it the most as you have been right by my side and I have lived with you my entire life. When I returned home, it was empty, too silent! Oh Mama, how I missed you already but I know you are with the Lord now, and grannie and grandpa and pain free.

You were and will always be the best mother I could ask for in this world. Thank you for being there for us no matter what we were going through. You were my strength, my rock, my everything!

I love you so much and I always will. Rest in Peace Mama. Your Daughter, Carol Choudhury

My Beautiful cousin, I will never forget our days growing up in Little Cayman. You were not only my cousin but the sister I never had. We did our ABC's together at Miss. Katie's little school. You shared your lunch with me when I had none. We did everything together - you, me and junior. You taught me how to fish for yellow Jacks and how to dig out turtle eggs from the nest. I made my first rosemary broom under your direction and used it to earn my first three pence.

Sweeping Ms. Lulu's yard, I got a penny worth of hard crackers and a bottle of coca cola. The three of us you, me and junior had fun!!! One thing I never could handle was to manage a boat. You got in the family catboat to go sailing. You could handle a boat better than a man you would sail to the Brac alone and I was crying because I thought you were not coming back. But sure enough, you were back in time for choir practice that evening. I can hear you now singing. Mr. Bragon, our minister had always thought you had a great voice.

Nellie, I shall miss coming to see you and will miss our talks on your front porch. I am not just losing a cousin, but my childhood sister and my last link with Little Cayman. I can hear you singing when the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there. Keep on singing and take your rest one day, we'll be singing together till we meet again my dear cousin.

Jewel Banks - Smalldon
Andre Ricardo’s Tribute To Nanny

Nanny Nelda, my favorite person in the world has left me to be in heaven. Nanny I love you so much and it is just so hard to say good bye.

Nanny, you and mommy were both my mom and my dad. After my dad left when I was just 4 years old. You stepped in and took control. You not only nurtured me, but gave me everything I needed and wanted. I recall all of the fun times we had together when I was a little boy.

You played a big part in my childhood and I can remember so many times sitting on your swing and talking about everything. You taught me a lot about love and the meaning of family. You have never been just ‘my nanny’, but my guardian, my friend and my inspiration.

I remember when you used to take me on your taxi trips every night at the Marriot. We would wait in line for our turn, and I would get out and open the door for the tourist. I would also assist by letting them know what the fare would be by using your taxi rates book. I would get tips from them, and I remember how you saved that money for me in a little box. You showed me from then, you had to work hard for what you wanted in life.

Every Sunday you made these delicious Salt Fish Fritters that engulfed the house with an incredible smell. I couldn’t wait to eat them. You always made extra for me because you knew I would eat them all if I could. Your Fish run down was incredible, even though we didn’t get it very often, but when you did, it was the best!

Every Saturday, you would take me to all the garage sales bright and early and no matter what I wanted you always found the money to get it for me.

Every night, you would scratch my head and my back to help me fall asleep. Even as I grew older you would still do this for me. I will never forget our special talks we had how you encouraged me every day.

Growing up with you was so cool Nanny. You would bring me Burger King for lunch all the time when I was at school, and I would always remember hearing your keys jingling and my friends saying, Ricardo your granny is coming. Oh how I miss hearing those keys! I also remember, whenever, someone picked on me at school, you were right there to defend me!

Nanny, you were always there for me. I remember you taking me, Alex and Kires to Taco Bell for our graduation gift from George Hicks, we had so much fun.

I remember, when my son Andre was born, and you came to the hospital to hold him and said how much he looked like me. When he came home from the hospital, you would always come and check on Sasha and Andre in the room just to make sure they were okay. When my second child was born, Alexis, you were so excited that we gave her part of your name (Joy). When I told you, we were naming our last baby Sky, you said what kind of stupid name is that, I will call her tootsie you would say! You loved my babies as much as you loved me, you cared and comforted them just as you did for me. I will forever be grateful for everything Nanny!

Over the years, when I got married, moved out with the kids. You would call me every night to check on me and the kids to make sure we had something to eat, no one was sick and we were all okay. I will miss your calls Nanny! Every day for the rest of my life!

Nanny, taking you to the hospital that night was the hardest thing I had to do, but I knew it was for the best because you needed help. You pleaded with me to take you home and I am sorry I didn’t. You were okay at first and talking and making jokes, but your illness gained strength so quickly. Your 90th birthday I will always hold close to my heart, because I did not know this would be your last birthday on earth. You did not eat your birthday cake, but don’t worry Nanny I ate some for you! We prayed and I stayed by your side. The night before you died. Mommy called at 2am and said you didn’t look good, I quickly got up and rushed to your side to sit and be with you. You died hours later and I felt hurt but also relief that you were no longer in pain.

I will miss you Nanny, but your spirit and strength, lives on in each of us and in the lives that you touched. You live on in me and in all those who have been touched by the love, strength, conviction, wisdom, and beauty of your soul.

Love you Nanny - You truly were a special, special woman! Thank you for your sacrifices, your care and concern, your love and everything that you have done for me. I know you are in a much better place. I will be forever grateful and thankful that you are my ‘nanny’.

Rest in Peace Nanny...we will never forget you and we will always love you forever...

Love Your Grandson Andre Ricardo Espeut
Graveside Service

Opening Remarks & Prayer................................................................. Pastor Michael Jeremiah
Scripture Reading…1 Corinthians 15 51:57........................................... Pastor Michael Jeremiah
Family floral tribute “You Raise Me Up”.................................................. Pre-Recorded
Committal.......................................................................................... Pastor Michael Jeremiah
Hymn......................................................................................................

Safe In the Arms of Jesus

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
safe on His gentle breast,
there by His love o’ershaded,
sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! ‘tis the voice of angels,
borne in a song to me,
over the fields of glory,
over the jasper sea.
Refrain: Safe in the arms of Jesus,
safe on His gentle breast
there by His love o’ershaded,
sweetly my soul shall rest.
Safe in the arms of Jesus,
safe from corroding care,
safe from the world’s temptations,
sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
free from my doubts and fears;
only a few more trials,
only a few more tears!
Jesus, my heart’s dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
firm on the Rock of ages,
ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
wait till the night is o’er;
wait till I see the morning
break on the golden shore.

When We All Get To Heaven

Sing the wondrous love of Jesus,
Sing His mercy and His grace
In the mansions bright and blessed,
He’ll prepare for us a place.
Refrain: When we all get to Heaven,
What a day of rejoicing that will be
When we all see Jesus,
We’ll sing and shout the victory!

While we walk the pilgrim pathway,
Clouds will over-spread the sky
But when traveling days are over,
Not a shadow, not a sigh.

Let us then be true and faithful,
Trusting, serving every day
Just one glimpse of Him in glory,
Will the toils of life repay.

Onward to the prize before us!
Soon His beauty we’ll behold;
Soon the pearly gates will open;
We shall tread the streets of gold

Acknowledgements

The family of Joyce Nelda Wilson wish to express their sincere appreciation for the prayers, concerns and expressions of sympathy during this time. Special thanks to her friend Ms. Pamela McFarlane for her unwavering dedication. Also special thanks to her Grand Daughters-in-Law Mrs. Cynia Hunter and Mrs. Sasha Espeut. The Family ask that each one of us carry forth our memories of Nelda and continue to celebrate the legacy of her life in the days, months and years to come.