Thanksgiving Service in Celebration of the Life of

Carl Christopher Godet  Cert. Hon.
November 1, 1932 - May 11, 2015

“For it is the Lord your God who goes with you; He will not leave you or forsake you.”
Deuteronomy 31:6

Elmslie Memorial United Church
George Town, Grand Cayman
Saturday, May 16, 2015  10:00am
Viewing 9:00 - 10:00am

Officiating Minister:
Rev. Dr. Yvette Noble-Bloomfield

Piano & Organ Accompaniment:
Cathy Gomez and Garth Webster

Interment at Dixie Cemetery

The Family of the late Carl Christopher Godet wishes to extend heartfelt appreciation to our family and friends for their support during this difficult time. The patient and loving care provided by caregivers Lisa Harris-Davis and Marvia Williams up until Carl’s passing must also be commended. Thanks also to all those who helped to pull the funeral service together on a tight schedule and those who did such a fine job in their various roles at the funeral and interment. Special thanks also to those doctors and nurses who gave him the best care they could at the George Town Hospital, at Health City and in the past at the Chrissie Tomlinson Memorial Hospital. Rev. Yvette Noble-Bloomfield has also been invaluable in providing support to the family after the death of our beloved father and grandfather and we are truly grateful for her thoughtful care.
These are my reflections on Mr. Carl Godet’s life and legacy.

I cannot forget his most kind and generous hospitality whenever I visited his home, and I am glad for the times that we shared life, telecommunications and amateur radio. When he could no longer attend the Amateur Radio Society meetings because of declining health, he extended his hospitality and became the generous host for several meetings at his home.

Mr. Carl Godet was at the forefront of many developments in Cayman both in Aviation and the telecommunications industry in general, and his indelible mark and legacy should not be underestimated or forgotten. He was not afraid to share his wealth of knowledge and experience and many in the telecommunications community owe their formative training to this fine gentlemen.

He has been a true pioneer in the development of these islands, and may his soul rest in peace.

Prepared by Kernilson Owens
TRIBUTE FROM THE TELECOMMUNICATIONS & AMATEUR RADIO COMMUNITY

The Telecommunications and Amateur Radio Community mourns the loss of Mr. Carl Christopher Godet, a pioneer, leader, entrepreneur and stalwart in the community where his life and work touched many areas of technology and telecommunications in particular.

A native of the Turks and Caicos Islands, he originally trained and worked with Cable & Wireless at the Grand Turk station in submarine telegraph cable and radio technologies, but decided to pursue Aeradio Communications with International Aeradio Ltd. in Jamaica. There he became regarded as a very skilled first class commercial telegraph operator and communications technician.

Like the Cayman Islands, the Turks & Caicos was also a dependency of Jamaica at the time. As a young man, he told me that he enjoyed his time in Jamaica since in those days it was the place to be. In Jamaica he was assigned to work at Palisadoes Airport where he often had shift duties, and gained much experience before he was transferred to Grand Cayman in the early 1950s upon the opening of Owen Roberts International Airport. He spoke of his early days in Grand Cayman which was difficult mainly because of the mosquitoes. He was required to be on site for the duration of an aircraft expected arrival, and later after to provide communications.

My first encounter with this jovial, larger than life personality was in the late 1960s when as a little boy, I knocked on his office door at the airport, where my father also had the vending machine concession. He greeted me with his big smile and listened when I stuttered that he enjoyed his time in Jamaica since in those days it was the place to be. In Jamaica he was assigned to work at Palisadoes Airport where he often had shift duties, and gained much experience before he was transferred to Grand Cayman in the early 1950s upon the opening of Owen Roberts International Airport. He spoke of his early days in Grand Cayman which was difficult mainly because of the mosquitoes. He was required to be on site for the duration of an aircraft expected arrival, and later after to provide communications.

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In 2000 when I decided to move to the aviation sector, I was invited to a local conference and he and I sat together, and I began to see firsthand this local telecommunications pioneer’s still considerable mental prowess for a man approaching an advanced age, and could only imagine what he was like as a younger man. He made it a point to show me the ropes so to speak, and what to watch out for, and personally gave me a tour of the facilities on both islands, describing in detail the technology and any issues he had experienced. He told me that when the Director had consulted with him as the service provider about the suitability of my appointment, he advised him that “he is the best you are going to get, and is someone we can work with.” Such was his forthrightness, a man to his word, and a true advocate for his convictions.

Along the way he explained to me that the first navigational aid which he was involved in Grand Cayman was constructed manually, and the concrete was mixed by hand using sea-shells/gravel as the aggregate before there was a local concrete batching plant or a crane. That particular 120 ft. mast for the beacon lasted from the 1950s until Hurricane Ivan arrived and toppled the structure. He also told me that when Cable & Wireless began their feasibility studies in the early 1960s for the international Tropospheric Scatter radio-link to Montego Bay via the Brae, they consulted with him and he freely provided the VHF radio propagation data that he had researched and studied over the years.

I recalled him saying how he used to track aircraft throughout the region by Morse Code using HF Radios, and the equipment was housed in wooden huts opposite where Fosters Food Fair is presently located, and they had to provide their own mains power supply. He rose to become the Station Manager of International Aeradio Ltd in Cayman, and during my sojourn in aviation, I remember reading a letter of reference from a former British Director of Civil Aviation who lauded Mr. Godet’s attributes and ability to work under difficult conditions with unfailing humour.

Whenever I travelled on aviation business, I knew that I could expect a call from him upon my return, enquiring about my trip and how it went in a most caring way, but always interspersed with a humorous quip. As a person of great foresight as he had predicted, we worked well together and hand in hand to address the auditor’s recommendations and we frequently met to discuss any issues. With my team and his team at AVCOM, we were audited as having built in four short years, the best CNS Dept. in the British Overseas Territories, while simultaneously introducing new technologies.

After his retirement, I was happy to arrange with his family and a few of the local Amateur Radio Operators including the late Gurney Paxton to set him up with a station at Mr. Carl operated his Amateur Radio Station for several hurricane seasons and he would contact me whenever he heard of an approaching storm, and frequently was on the air once again enjoying his hobby.
The Comfort of His Love

When I'm in need of courage,
On Him I can rely
I merely need to ask His help,
For He is standing by
He fortifies my waning strength
When pressured take their toll,
And little heartaches make it hard
To keep tears in control.

Carl grew up in a small tightly knit community with family and good neighbours all around. His fondest memories include visiting the lighthouse (where his father was the keeper after retiring as a Sea Captain), hunting wild birds that hid in the rocks along the shore, and fishing with his brothers and friends. Carl was a member of the Boys Brigade and also helped with the younger members when he got older. He was an avid athlete and excelled in long jump, high jump, hurdles and other track and field events. He also went on to play cricket and football and later became a footballer of renown in Cayman.

Work and Career

Carl attended primary and secondary school and after sitting his Senior Cambridge examinations enthusiastically pursued a variety of jobs. He was an ambitious young man and held posts including government postman, cook at the Grand Turk US Naval Base, and lighthouse tender. After these jobs he began to work for Cable and Wireless and did this for three years before his life took a very different turn.

In his late teens, Carl had to be taken to Jamaica for medical treatment. While there he stayed with his cousin Sally Dunbar and her family and took employment at International Aeradio (Caribbean) Ltd, a British Aeronautical firm. He worked as an Aeronautical and Telegraph Operator. This involved tracking aeroplanes and providing that information to the Air Traffic Control Centre. With the first airport being built in Cayman, IAL needed to send someone here. Unfortunately no one in the company wanted to relocate to Cayman as it was seen as out-of-the-way and reputed to be infested with mosquitoes. However, as there was not much room for movement in the company in Jamaica, Carl volunteered to take up the post.

He arrived in December 1952. Carl said that if there had been a flight returning to Jamaica that night, he would have been on it - the mosquitoes were ferocious among other things. Fortunately or unfortunately, there was only one flight per week - BWIA flying Kingston-Cayman-Belize and back. There was hardly a car to be seen, he knew no one and he used a bicycle for transport. The first four weeks were especially hard for him.

In those days IAL ran all the aeronautical operations in Cayman and the tiny staff did everything that needed to be done. Carl worked shifts with Alvin Hanlan from Belize who was in charge of operations. Carl did technical work including setting up and repairing equipment, sending weather reports via Morse code to Kingston, and taking care of airline reservations for passengers from Cayman, for BWIA and later for LACSA. LACSA’s route was Costa Rica-Cayman-Havana-Miami. Carl and Hanlan were also the air traffic controllers and weather reporters. Weather reports for the region came in from Jamaica. There were also instruments to measure local wind direction and speed and barometric pressure and this information was passed on to pilots in the local area.

In the 60s Carl was promoted to station manager of IAL operations. As time passed the CI Government began to take over some of the operations at the airport including air traffic control and also brought in an airport manager from England. IAL operations moved a to a downstairs office and over the years some of the staff employed here were Olsie and Ruby Ross, Madelyn Thompson, Kathy Jackson, Halycone Watler and George Hunter.

Some years later IAL pulled out of operations here and Carl and George teamed up to form Aeradio Service Ltd. This company was contracted to Government to provide maintenance for the navigational aids, radio communications for the tower and transmit hourly weather reports during daylight hours and around the clock when the weather deteriorated. These were transmitted to the Aeronautical Fixed Telecommunications Network. Carl was a skilled wireless operator and achieved impressive sending speeds using the telegraph key called the “bug”.

After a long and beneficial partnership with George Hunter, Carl in 1982 formed a new company- Aviation Communications- along with Errol Kellyman, better known as “Kelly.” Carl was Managing Director and Kelly held the post of Director of Technical Services. AVCOM eventually provided technical expertise and services to government including installation and repairs of telegraph equipment, radio equipment, navigational aids, electronics and weather measuring equipment. The company installed the first radio beacon on Cayman Brac and was involved with the installation of the radio beacon in Cayman.

The company also installed and serviced two-way radio equipment for the Fire Services, Caribbean Utilities Company, Cayman Cab Team and for a time, the Public Works Department. Other accomplishments were the establishment of an island wide paging system, and provision of vehicular mobile phones and hand held radios. Unfortunately, Carl suffered a stroke in November 2004, shortly following Hurricane Ivan. The following year he retired as Managing Director of AVCOM.

A TRIBUTE FROM ERROL KELLYMAN AND THE STAFF OF AVIATION COMMUNICATIONS

It is with great sadness that we acknowledge the passing of Mr. Carl Godet, a former colleague and a founding partner of Aviation Communications Ltd.

Carl’s passion for telecommunications in the aviation industry led him to the Cayman Islands in 1952 where he played an integral part in the development of local aviation industry, as an employee of an International Aeradio Caribbean Limited an overseas company providing telecommunications services for The Civil Aviation Authority at that time.

In 1978 Carl’s entrepreneurial spirit blossomed when he ventured into business with another colleague to fill the gap in services left by his former employer, upon the employer’s departure from the Cayman Islands.

A few years later, in 1982, Carl became a founding partner in Aviation Communications Ltd. His vast experience in the aviation field and his direction assisted in the growth and accomplishments of Aviation Communications Ltd, who continue today to provide telecommunications and other essential services to aviation and other industries.

Carl’s passion for his field of work and his interest in Aviation Communications Ltd. continued long after his retirement in 2004 as he kept abreast of the latest developments, gave freely of his knowledge and continued to make suggestions.

Carl touched many lives and his gentle, jovial, caring but no-nonsense personality endeared him to many. The lessons of hard work, fairness, compassion, integrity and high standards he imparted to us at Aviation Communications Ltd will remain with us and we will fondly recall his many stories and sense of humour.

Our thoughts and prayers go out to Maggie, Chris, Rocky, Betty, Ian and Mikol.
In recent years Carl was recognised for his services to aviation in Cayman. In 2002 for the celebration of the 50th Anniversary of Aviation in Cayman, Carl was recognised as a Pioneer in this area. In June 2004 he received a Queen’s Birthday Honour-the “Cayman Islands Certificate and Badge of Honour” for Services to Aviation. And on Heroes Day 2011 he was recognized for his contributions to the advancement of aviation in these islands.

Carl was an ambitious and hardworking man and in addition to his work at the Airport, also made time to start a vending machine business along with the late Mr. John Elliot. This business grew into Godet and Sons Vending and still provides a wide variety of vending services to locations throughout Cayman.

Marriage, Family and Social Life

Carl was an exuberant and social man whose laugh was loud and hearty and whose slap on the back could be heavy. In the 1950s when he arrived here, the social hub of the community was often the George Town Town Hall, where dances and other events where held. It was at such an event that Mae Lillian West from the “Dixie” area of North Church Street, caught his eye. Carl says that Mae had many admirers but he humorously claims that “when the big shark came along, all the fries scattered”.

Even though Mae was in her twenties then, her mother Betsy West always escorted her to and from such dances, and Carl had to negotiate with her and her sister Aunt Rose Lee Parsons to visit the family home and see Mae. It was Aunt Rose Lee who after a certain amount of time had passed, informed him that she needed to know what his intentions were. As Carl put it: “After a while, we got married and had a couple of rebels.”

Carl was united in marriage to Mae on July 10th, 1957. To this union was born four children: Christopher, Rocklyn, Elizabeth Ann (Betty Ann) and Ian. Carl was a loving and very affectionate Daddy bestowing lots of bear hugs, kisses, tickles, air tosses, and pet names. Every year he travelled to be with his siblings in New York for thanksgiving and took letters to Santa from the children. On his return everyone was supplied with new clothes and lots of unopened suite cases were stored away/Mae must have looked forward greatly to his return as his shopping expeditions were legendary and he kept her in New York styles all year long.

Christmas was a particularly lively time in Dixie. The houses- including the Parsons, Tibbetts’ and MacMillans, with Carl’s leading the way- were brilliantly lit up and became a gathering place for friends and family. The Christmas and New Year parties in Dixie were renowned for being a place to have good clean fun and Carl’s famous dish- souse- attracted friends from all over the island. Carl was a generous and welcoming man.

In his earlier years on the island Carl came together with other sportmen to organize regular football games. He recalled Donny and Errol Bush and John Franklin Bodden piling into his older Dodge and heading to West Bay to play. They had an old football they took to the shoemaker to have patched when needed. It was so patched up that if you headed it, it would “tear your head up”. Carl remembers games with good sportsmanship and no fighting. One of his favourite stories was of a match with a team from the visiting frigate HMS Bigbury Bay when a ball from his strong right foot accidentally knocked one of the sailors out cold. The gentleman was no worse for wear apparently, and returned the next day to play. Carl chuckled that when he approached him he thought he was coming to fight but had this to say “Blimey, I thought I had run into a stone wall.”

Some years after the death in June 1989, of his beloved Mae, Carl was united in marriage with Margaret Louise Julier. The ceremony took place on December 28th, 1986 and was a small and intimate gathering at Maggie’s residence in Snug Harbour. From this union has come one son- Mikol Anthony, a source of much joy for Carl and Maggie. Carl and Maggie have many friends and family who have enjoyed the company of them both. Carl also greatly enjoyed his grandchildren and poured on them the same loving affection that he had lavished on his own children. He was affectionately called Papa or “Papa Carl” by them.

Carl attended Elmslie Memorial United Church and encouraged his family to do so as well. Although he was not often very vocal about his beliefs, it was obvious that the seeds of faith had been planted in his heart from a young boy and that he had a solid belief in God. His care and generosity to others were also a testament to the ongoing work of God in him. In February 2011, Carl made a more decided commitment to the faith when he was led in prayer by his granddaughter Brittany on her return from Bible School abroad.

Carl was preceded in death by his wife Mae and granddaughter Charlene Mae, his sister Georgina and his brothers Bertie, Harry, and George. Left to mourn are his wife Margaret, sister Rosita, daughter Betty Ann, sons Christopher C, Rocklyn, Ian and Mikol, grandchildren Christopher W, Charles, Crystal, Tessa, Dominic, Donovan, Neesah, Gabriel, Isabella, Kacey, Brett, Brittany, Amy, Amya and Alinah, eight great grandchildren, daughters-in-law Connie Godet, Martha Godet, Dorian Acosta and Ewanye Deer, son-in-law Charles Mobley, brothers-in-law Dudley Parsons and Burns, Lloyd and William Bodden, sisters-in-law Lavinia and Emma Godet and Betty Stephenson, very special caregivers Lisa Harris-Davis and Marvin Williams and also Christine Mclean and Mary Ann Andoy, nieces and nephews in Cayman and abroad and other relative and friends. Carl will be sorely missed by all, but has left behind many good memories to cheer the heavy heart.
We may also be encouraged by the words of the Apostle Paul:

I tell you this, brothers: flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, nor does the perishable inherit the imperishable. Behold! I tell you a mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet. For the trumpet will sound, and the dead will be raised imperishable, and we shall be changed. For this perishable body must put on the imperishable, and this mortal body must put on immortality. When the perishable puts on the imperishable, and the mortal puts on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written:

“Death is swallowed up in victory.”

“O death, where is your victory? O death, where is your sting?”

TRIBUTE TO MY LOVING HUSBAND

My Dear Carl,

My words cannot express the loss that I am feeling today. You have meant the world to me. You were a wonderful husband, an excellent provider and a truly loving and caring man. You were always an excellent advisor whenever things became confusing. I will dearly miss you being there to listen and to advise and discuss whatever was bothering me. This is one of the many things that made you such a wonderful husband. You have meant the world to me.

Your family always took center stage. You were always generous, always made sure you put your family first, striving to give us comfort and security. You would selflessly do without to ensure your family was well taken care of. This is what true, unselfish love is about. You planned, you prepared, you organized and struggled too, but every step of the way you sought no reward for all that you did. Your family was always your priority.

Carl I always loved your jovial personality. Your sunny “Hello Darling”, could lift a person’s spirits immediately. I will miss the times we spent together, all of your jokes, our Saturday night ritual of watching Polka Dancing and our Monday night routine of cheering our favorite Wrestlers. We always enjoyed getting together with our friends and family. You loved letting off fireworks at Christmas and we greatly enjoyed entertaining at home. I know you brighten many people’s lives with your fun and exciting personality. I will miss all the time spent together with you.

Your love and worth was priceless. Carl to me you were the greatest man on Earth. You are now free from all your pain and cares of this World. Sleep on my beloved Carl. God is holding you in his keeping, but I am holding you in my heart.

TRIBUTE FROM DAUGHTER, BETTY ANN MOBLEY

From day-one I was “daddy’s little girl” also known as “Beet”, “My Angel” and “My light in the window.” You were a loving, protective and generous father. I felt such a sense of peace and security as you arrived home from work each day. You were a good father who provided the best for your family. From grocery shopping at Comart on Saturday nights to clothing your whole family from your New York trips, you were a great provider.

One of the greatest things you ever did was take your children to church. You and mother did your best to lead us on the right path by encouraging us to go to church, read the bible and pray. You both guided us in that direction and I will forever be thankful.

After we grew up, I remember when you would visit us each day and when you weren’t able you would call daily to check on everyone.

It was a privilege and a blessing to have you in our home these last 14 months. I’m so happy that Chuck and I were able to take care of you. I will miss you sitting on the porch waving to everyone crossing as if you were well acquainted with them. I will surely miss kissing that bald head as I would say, “that bald head is still sweet though”. Some of the conversations we would have each day went like this: “Betty Ann where you going again?”, “I have a meeting daddy”, “You have more meetings than Obama” you would reply, “hurry home then”.

Daddy I am so proud of you, coming from a little island in the Caribbean and being so smart that you were top of your class. You brought significant changes and improvement to the Cayman community but most importantly, you had a great impact on people from all walks of life. You just bonded with and loved people, giving them whatever you could, even if it was just a little candy or cool drink from your drink machine. Your hugs, kisses and pats on the back will always be remembered. You were a kind, generous and loving man.
Daddy was loving and affectionate to all and in turn he desired the same. In his last few months, he demanded 24/7 care. I would use reverse psychology when I came down with a migraine to soothe him by putting my head on his lap. All demands would go away and he would rub my head. I remember Lisa also telling him, “Sir Carl my feet are swelling, I’ve been up with you all night” and he would say, “Oh Lele don’t worry just put your foot here and I will rub it.”

I knew it was getting time for you to go home as your suffering was increasing. My greatest satisfaction is in knowing you were ready. Knowing you accepted Jesus and watching you raise your hand as you prayed with John Hagee is such a blessing. In your last weeks of suffering you frequently called “Lord where are you? You said you would never leave me”. I would answer you: “Carl I am right here, I will never leave you nor forsake you.” Now you are fully in the arms of Jesus.

I love you daddy and look forward to that wonderful day when we will meet again.

TRIBUTE FROM SONS CHRISTOPHER, ROCKY, IAN AND MIKEY

Our father Carl Godet was a very special man. In our younger years we could count on being hugged and kissed on the head and told we were loved, on a regular basis. Although material things are not an accurate measure of love, Daddy also expressed his love by making sure we had everything we needed and more. Christmas was an expression of his bountiful nature with the living room floor almost totally covered with gifts of all variety. He regularly talked about his own father with great affection and often repeated little sayings he had learned from him. It was from him that we learned how special fathers are. Daddy always made life vibrant and varied and our growing up years were good ones.

Some of the things the three older boys remember are trips to the Bush Movie Theatre, family drives at night, often through dark spooky South Sound and to the old airport terminal. There Daddy checked on the many yards of teletype tape and did other office tasks and we helped at times. This was also time for us to go exploring while manoeuvring around the numerous big black beetles that covered the floor and go climbing on the big baggage trolleys. At Christmas the whole house was painted anew inside and out, and all lent a hand whether it was wiping up the droplets, cutting the edges or rolling the walls, and putting up the Christmas lights.

Chris remembers working with him at the airport and helping to put up telecommunication masts and helping keep the office running while he was away. Daddy also bought a big speedboat when we were growing up and when he and Chris were not out boating together we would all pile in and ride the waves between Seven Mile beach and the South Sound Point. He could often be heard telling Chris to slow down in the Trans-Am or one of the many fast cars he had, and shaking his head at the screeching tires.

We all got a thrill out of our family trips abroad to visit our cousins in New York, Los Angeles, New Orleans, Jamaica and Miami. Trips to the Bahamas to see Uncle Harry and Aunt Emma included seeing a memorable Goombay Summer Festival and of course there was the shopping in Miami and Tampa. Daddy was a confident traveler and always made us feel secure.

After he started having difficulty walking and couldn’t drive anymore Daddy loved to be driven. Rocky and Mikey remember taking him for long drives to East End and North Side whether it was to service juke boxes, or to site-see at the quarry. Such drives frequently included stopping for lunch, and conch fritters were a must on the table. Mikey also remembers sneaking in the occasional whopper for him in contravention of strict home rules! Ian remembers being thrown in the air as a boy and helping him where he could when he replaced the door posts and facings in the kitchen, where everyone else had gone to see Chitty Chitty Bang Bang. The care with which he planed those planks was a reflection of his excellent work ethic.

In the most recent years when Daddy was not as mobile as he was before, it was sad that he could not jump in his car and do all that he wanted. However, every cloud has a silver lining- now he was a “sitting duck” for us to speak, and we got to spend all the time with him that we could. The grandchildren enjoyed all the old stories from Turks and from Cayman, particularly if they were about ghosts, and it was also a good time to hear about his work at the airport in the early times and about his footballing days. He and Rocky were almost inseparable during these last few years. We always left him with a kiss on the head or a rub on the back, listening to his protestations of “Awww man, you leaving already! You can’t stay a little longer? You just got here!”

We will miss you Daddy. Over the years and in many ways you set us a really good example of how to live, love, work and treat others with respect. You made sure you provided amply for your family and you and our moms had many good years together. The last few years were not easy for you, especially as you lost your independence and self-sufficiency. However, God has a way of working that we don’t always see and we believe He was working in your life and in ours to bring us together and to make us all more dependent on him. We are happy that you now have a new, strong body and can fly all over heaven if you want to. We look forward to the day when we will be united with you, together with all those loved ones than have gone ahead.

Until we meet again.
TRIBUTE FROM DAUGHTER-IN-LAW CONNIE GODET

Mr. Carl I just cannot imagine coming to Grand Cayman and not being able to visit with you. You were always such an important part of your family’s lives - always trying to make everyone happy.

I remember when Chris and I had just started dating and you came over to the Cayman Brac Airport on one of your frequent trips to service equipment. And as usual you came to the Cayman Airways Office to look for me, only to find me on the floor looking for an earring I had dropped. When you asked what I was looking for Patsy promptly informed you that I was looking for my heart that I had lost at your house - resulting in colossal embarrassment for me and a deep belly-shaking laugh from you! This was my initiation into your sense of humour, and the first of many shared laughs with you.

You and Mrs. Mae welcomed me into your home and hearts from the first time I met you, and over the years whenever Chris, Crystal, Charles and I visited you always made sure we were comfortable. You were constantly putting your family’s needs ahead of your own. Ever the loving and kindhearted gentleman.

It hurt in recent years to see your health deteriorating, especially after my Daddy passed away and I had to face the real possibility that you might possibly not be with us for too many more years as well.

I still can’t believe you are gone, but I know you are finally at peace, where there’s no more pain or suffering. I imagine it was a glorious reunion with your loved ones who passed on before you. Farewell Mr. Carl - I will see you one day on that other shore where there will be no more parting. Please give Daddy, Mommy and my baby Charlena a big hug for me.

TRIBUTE FROM THE GRANDCHILDREN

Papa, having you for a grandfather brought a special flair of magic to our lives. You were a big, jolly man with an exuberant laugh and a booming voice. We always knew when you were picking us up from school before we saw your grey Cadillac because you would blow your horn in a little jingle. There was an abundance of candy and soda at your house – much more than any ordinary man would have. And boy did you love Christmas time; cooking up a big ol’ pot of oxtail and snacking on sweets and cookies. We suspected that huge sack of toys we often received at Christmas was from the North Pole and you would say that indeed it was as you were closely acquainted with Santa Clause. There were too many uncanny signs however and as children we marveled at you believing you to be the real Santa.

You were fiercely protective of us which you made known to all; whether it was to the latest stranger we had disturbed with our mischief, the teachers we thought had picked on us a little too much, new boyfriends or our parents when we secretly reported to you that they were being too hard on us. Even as adults you weren’t afraid to scold our parents and chase them around with a broom to take up for us. The only person you allowed to frighten us was you – with your ghost stories!

As you grew older, you were humble enough to allow us to take part in caring for you. We had the opportunity to sit and listen to your many stories especially your all-time favourite about the soldier from the warship. The one you accidentally kicked in the face during a football match and as you reported with a hearty laugh and a slap on your leg you “killed him dead!” (Don’t worry the man didn’t actually die!). We prayed with you, played your beloved hymns, slept by you in your favourite chair, and shaved your face. Even at your frailest, your feisty spirit never broke and you were quick to put us in our place with some words we are not allowed to repeat or you might jump down from heaven to tell us off again.

Grandfather, you truly were the backbone of our family. You paved the way for us to be successful by your ambition and work ethic even in difficult circumstances. You set the foundation for us to have loving and supportive families. Your standards for us were clear and you would firmly instruct, “I don’t want no B’s you know!” Many of us inherited our passions from you; aviation, football, business, music, etc. Just as the lighthouse you and your daddy worked in was a beacon of hope and a light to guide the way, so your memory will be to us.

Thank you for everything Papa!