

Service of Thanksgiving

FOR THE LIFE OF

Capt. Robert Michael Hamaty, OD

February 12 1948 - June 13 2020

St. Ignatius Catholic Church
Walker's Rd, George Town, Grand Cayman
Thursday, July 16 2020 at 10:00 am

Celebrant: Fr. Naveen D'Souza | Soloist: Isadora Ferroa



ORDER OF THE SERVICE

Introductory Rites

PROCESSIONAL HYMN.....CONGREGATION

ON EAGLES WING

You who dwell in the shelter of the Lord
Who abide in His shadow for life
Say to the Lord
"My refuge, my rock in whom I trust!"

And He will raise you up on eagles' wings
Bear you on the breath of dawn
Make you to shine like the sun
And hold you in the palm of His hand.

The snare of the fowler will never capture you
And famine will bring you no fear
Under His wings your refuge
His faithfulness your shield.

And He will raise you up on eagles' wings
Bear you on the breath of dawn
Make you to shine like the sun
And hold you in the palm of His hand.

You need not fear the terror of the night
Nor the arrow that flies by day
Though thousands fall about you
Near you it shall not come.

And He will raise you up on eagles' wings
Bear you on the breath of dawn
Make you to shine like the sun
And hold you in the palm of His hand.

For to His angels He's given a command
To guard you in all of your ways
Upon their hands they will bear you up
Lest you dash your foot against a stone.

And He will raise you up on eagles' wings
Bear you on the breath of dawn
Make you to shine like the sun
And hold you in the palm of His hand
And hold you, hold you, in the palm of His hand.

Sprinkling with Holy Water

This recalls his Baptism

Placing of the Pall

A symbol of his Baptismal garment

Carlene Hamaty and Basil Hamaty

Placing of the Christian Symbols

The Cross and the Bible

Brandon Simmonds, Megan Hamaty and Lismely Lopez-Rivera

Invitation to Prayer

Fr. Naveen D'Souza

Liturgy of the Word

First Reading: Ecclesiastes 12:6-7 New International Version.....Marcus Simmonds

*6 Remember him—before the silver cord is severed, and the golden bowl is broken;
before the pitcher is shattered at the spring, and the wheel broken at the well,
7 and the dust returns to the ground it came from, and the spirit returns to God who gave it.
The word of the Lord.*

PSALM Maggie Millar Leon

The LORD the Shepherd of His People

A Psalm of David.

23 The LORD is my shepherd;
 I shall not [a]want.

2 He makes me to lie down in [b]green pastures;
 He leads me beside the [c]still waters.

3 He restores my soul;
 He leads me in the paths of righteousness
 For His name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
 I will fear no evil;
 For You are with me;
 Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me.

5 You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies;
 You anoint my head with oil;
 My cup runs over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
 All the days of my life;
 And I will [d]dwell in the house of the LORD
 [e]Forever.

SECOND READING: 1 Peter 5:10 New International Version Jayda Simmonds

*10 And the God of all grace, who called you to his eternal glory in Christ, after you have suffered a little while, will himself restore you and make you strong, firm and steadfast.
The word of the Lord*

GOSPEL: John 14: 1-6 Fr. Naveen D'Souza

HOMILY..... Fr. Naveen D'Souza

GENERAL INTERCESSIONSHon. McKeeva Bush

THE LORD'S PRAYER.....CONGREGATION

MEDITATION HYMN..... Ava Maria, sung by Isadora Ferroa

EULOGY.....read by Monique Hamaty Simmonds

TRIBUTES..... Carlene Hamaty read by Basil Hamaty
..... Frederick Hamaty read by Neil Hamaty

POEM *My Guardian Angel* Written and Read by Nadia Simmonds

FINAL COMMENDATION AND FAREWELL

RECESSIONAL HYMN CONGREGATION

MORNING HAS BROKEN

Morning has broken like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird
Praise for the singing
Praise for the morning
Praise for them springing fresh from the world

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven
Like the first dewfall on the first grass
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden
Sprung in completeness where his feet pass

Mine is the sunlight
Mine is the morning
Born of the one light Eden saw play
Praise with elation, praise ev'ry morning
God's recreation of the new day

Morning has broken like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird
Praise for the singing
Praise for the morning
Praise for them springing fresh from the world

PALLBEARERS

Capt. Basil Hamaty
Brandon Simmonds

Neil Hamaty
Capt. Joey Jackson

Marcus Simmonds
Capt. Kris Bergstrom

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Frederick Hamaty
Richard Flowers
George Myers
Dick Arch
Dr. Spencer Kellogg
Bill McTaggart
Tom Swaby
Norman Bodden

Bing Thompson
Denny Diedrick
Robert Hurlstone
Frankie Flowers
Joe Mahmood
Guy Harvey
Anthony Phillips
Brainard Watler

Roy Atkinson
Tony Cresante
Jeremy Ebanks,
Hon. McKeeva Bush
Dereck Jones
Shane Johnson
David Black
Peter Broadhurst

Gordon "Butch" Stewart
Andy Campbell
Hugh Hart
Dr. Joseph O'Strosky
Attlee Bodden
Roger Smythe
Jerome Begot
Andrew Campbell Jr.

GUEST BOOK ATTENDANT

Gina Howard

TRIBUTE TO MY HUSBAND

My Dearest Robbie,

What can I say? You were my life. My heart is broken. Robbie you were truly an amazing person, a wonderful husband, son, father, grandfather, brother and friend. You loved big and I will always feel the void created by your absence. I know you would want me to remember the great times and the lovely memories we made together. I will cherish them forever.

You would want to hear me laugh as I remember the many trips across to little Cayman and the countless Easter vacations with friends and family. Little Cayman was "Our Happy Place". These memories I hold close in my heart and know they will bring me joy. Especially going across on the boat and laughing together, wondering if we would make it through the rough weather that sometimes came up suddenly. But we always made it through all the storms that came into our lives. Our love and respect for each other always sustained us and will keep me moving forward.

Robbie, you were God's special gift to me and I am so very thankful to have had the pleasure of being your wife and friend. Your life was extended by 24 great years and for that I will be forever grateful. I will take peace in the knowledge that we loved each other deeply. Thank you for the beautiful family you have given me. I will keep you in my heart always and I know you will live on forever in all our hearts.

Robbie, you will live in my heart and soul and have my love forever.



TRIBUTE TO MY LOVING FATHER

How do I go on without you? I feel like a piece of my heart left this earth with you on June 13th 2020. Dad, you know I wanted to hold your hand and kiss you goodbye, but God had another plan. Perhaps he knew the pain would have been too great.

Thank you for allowing me to sit by your side each day in the office, mentoring me, sharing everything with me and teaching me so much, but above all, thank you for providing everything a daughter could ever want or need. I remember when I turned 21 and you bought me a brand-new ML Mercedes Benz, my friends could not believe it. I think they thought we were rich with money, but little did they know we were rich with love. While I drove a Mercedes, you drove a Chevy Silverado Truck. Only a loving father could do such a thing. You wanted me in the safest possible car.

I remember the first time I hooked a blue marlin at the Port Antonio fishing tournament and the BIG marlin jumped out of the water. You said "Monique it's a BIG one!" You strapped me in the angler's chair and started to teach me how to reel it in. Sadly, it was not my day to catch the BIG one. Each disappointment in my life came with a lesson from you that has helped guide me throughout my life. The experiences with skeet shooting, bird shooting, fishing and yes, flying. I will never forget when I took flying lessons and didn't return at the agreed upon time. You and Uncle Andy were waiting on the tarmac, greatly concerned that I had not returned. That poor flight instructor never knew what was coming his way when you told him off for not filing a flight plan with the tower. Any hopes of becoming a pilot ended that instant. God knew best, his divine hand made sure your son took the left seat in the cockpit and he gave me the right seat in your office.

I am blessed to have learnt from one of the greatest entrepreneurs in the Caribbean. Despite your success and rise to prominence in business, you never lost the common touch. Your integrity, humility, philanthropy and your 24/7 availability defined you until the day you died. Rest assured daddy, these valuable lessons have passed on to me and they will continue to pass on from generation to generation.

Again, God knew best when he blessed you with a new heart, allowing 24 more years to be closer to your devoted wife and children and also to allow you to meet all of your grandchildren. We all miss you so very much, but we know you are our guiding light and will continue to lead us with your loving hand.

Always and forever, your loving daughter, Monique



TRIBUTE FROM YOUR SON

Dear Daddy,

There are no words that can describe the pain that I felt when I got the news that you departed towards the west. You are and still my everything. Father, mentor, friend, provider, hero, advisor, teacher, and the list can go on and on. I thank the Lord for blessing us with an extra 24 years that will forever be in my heart and soul. I will always love you daddy. What you have done in your life no man or thing can take that away. You have laid down the foundation and principles that will be passed down from generation to generation. I stand up and salute you my One Faddah with all the love and respect that can come from a son to his father.

"Once you have tasted flight, you will forever walk the earth with your eyes turned skyward, for there you have been and there you will always long to return." Leonardo da Vinci

Romeo Mike Hotel 3103 your cleared for takeoff after departure maintain unrestricted climb to eternal life in heaven where you are at peace and free. Love you always and forever with all my heart and soul. *Until we meet again daddy*

One Son



A TRIBUTE FROM JAYDA & BRANDON

"Sorrow comes in great waves...but it rolls over us, and though it may almost smother us, it passes and we remain." - Henry James

My grandfather was a successful man. He worked hard every day of his life to get to where he was. He constantly thought about the future. He built an empire in Cayman and had the drive to make it bigger and better with every opportunity that arose. He had so many other accomplishments that made him successful in his career. I wish he was still here to see his company grow. My grandfather was funny. Most of my memories with him involve me laughing. In fact, my last memory of my grandfather was me slowly backing out of his driveway and him asking me "Why are you driving like a racecar driver?" He always made everyone laugh even in the worst of times. I wish he was here today to make us all laugh.

My grandfather was loving. He always dropped anything he was doing to spend time with his family. If he was at work and one of his grandchildren called him and said they were hungry, you best believe he would pick us up within 15 minutes to take us to any restaurant we wanted or he would send someone from the office to our house with food for us. He loved us so much and I wish I got the chance to take him out for lunch.

My grandfather was wise. He always knew the right things to say or the right story to tell when people came to him with a problem. He knew so much about everything. No matter what topic I asked him a question about he always had an answer. I wish he was still here to answer my random questions.

My grandfather was successful, funny, loving, and wise. He was a great man and was always young at heart. I am thankful for the 18 years I got with him.

Gidu, I know you're there. To me you were a role model, grandparent, confidant, teacher and most importantly a friend. Thank you for all of the memories I get to hang on to. Your love and guidance will stay with me for the rest of my life. I will miss you forever. I love you Gidu. Until we meet again. *Love always your granddaughter, Jayda*

My Grandfather Gidu was a great grandfather, I would even consider him to be one of the greatest. Gidu was always there when anyone needed anything. He would act before any of my parents thought of it and was cognizant of everyone's needs. He was truly a loving Grandfather with no malice in his heart. I have only ever fought with him once and it was very silly and not to be taken seriously. He was all that I could ever ask for in a Grandfather, I remember going to lunch with him, taking a trip on the spirit of Tortuga down to Rum Point during the summer and much more. I have so many memories with him and I am very sad that the road of all those memories has halted. I love my Gidu and nothing will ever change that. *Brandon Simmonds*



TRIBUTE FROM NADIA

My Guardian Angel

When you can tell the truth but know the difference from being honest,
When you can be free-spoken but still keep your promise
When you can be independent but still take advice from others
When you can laugh, cry and sing with your sisters and brothers

When the earthquakes, but all is still
When the waters roar but remain tranquil
When the morning silence is broken with laughter
When you can take advantage of any disaster

When you can see into someone's heart and reveal their intentions
When you can walk your daughter down the aisle without hearing any objections
When life gives you lemons and you can turn it into a rum cake
When you can work all day and not even take a coffee break

When you can be the youngest pilot to fly across the Atlantic
When you can remain calm whilst all else is frantic
When you can leave Jamaica in the face of adversity
When you can sacrifice it all just to let your children attend university

When you can care for and raise two beautiful children
When you show love and compassion to any casual civilian
When you can own a large company but still know everyone by name
When you can walk and talk with others but still treat everyone the same

When you can inspire your son to fly for Cayman Airways
When you can move to Cayman and create brighter days
When you can love your wife with both your hearts
When you can build a legacy that never departs

I will never forget the song by Celine Dion
For you, my heart will forever go on
I say two hearts are better than one
I thank the donor for giving you an extra run

Rest in peace my guardian angel
Your heart still beats within us all



TRIBUTE FROM LISMELY & MEGAN

When I was 5 years old my mom married Papa Basil and I was welcomed into the Hamaty family. Ever since then I have never felt left behind. Papa Basil's father, Robert Hamaty (Gidu) will forever be my grandfather although we don't share the same blood, Gidu never treated me differently. It is hard for me to write these last words and to say goodbye because you have always made me feel welcomed and special to this family. If I could say one last thing to you, it would be to thank you for always including me and loving me. I will always remember the school pick-ups and delicious meals you treated me to. You even included my cousins on many occasions. The most important advice you have ever shared was the importance of an education. I thank the Lord for giving me the opportunity to have a grandfather like my Gidu, an incredible, honorable, respectful, caring, and loving Grandfather. I will miss you very much. May your body and soul rest in peace, and may your spirit live within us all. *Love always, Lismely*



Here I am today writing instead of telling you how honored I am to carry our last name as your granddaughter. Gidu, I just want to tell you how much I love you and miss you. You have departed this earth to be in a better place with the Lord. I thank God for giving you a second chance to have the opportunity to see and know me and Robert and help mommy and daddy to raise us. I can surely say there was never a bad moment when I was with you because you made every moment very special. My dearest grandfather this is my last goodbye to you before you rest in peace. You always told me: "Early to bed early to rise that's the way to be healthy and wise. Early bird gets the early worm". Your wise words will be with me forever. I love you Gidu.

Goodbye, Megan Hamaty



TRIBUTE FROM A SON-IN-LAW

There are no amount of words I could commit to this sheet of paper that would adequately serve as a testimony of a man who was larger than life itself. You meant so much to so many. Our lives intersected in 1996, the same year you got your new heart and before I even knew you, I was praying for you and for my dear friend (now lifelong partner) who was devastated by your illness at the time. I can distinctly remember her calling to say "my daddy got a heart" and that you did. You got a heart and with that heart over the last 24 years you blessed those that had the honor of truly knowing you.

Little did I know at that time that I would become one of those blessed individuals, or that you would become one of the most influential figures in my life. From the first day I met you I knew there was something special about you. One of the first things I ever noticed but never commented was the size of your hands which were visibly larger than the average human being of your build. They say the size of a man's hands is equivalent to the size of his heart. This was particularly true in your case. Of course being in love with your daughter those hands seemed to take on a different meaning back then. Over the many years that I got to know you I never made the connection from hand to heart until now. In the world of aviation pilots talk about their skills and refer to each other's competencies as having good hands and feet. Those hands piloted you and thousands of people safely from the grips of the earth's gravity to the freedom of the heavens above the same way that heart of yours gave opportunity and hope to many other thousands of people facing the grips of life and despair.

Being a fellow aviator we always had a lot to talk about and I would always enjoy listening to the many stories of you on the flight deck one of particular interest was a story about David Brandt, AKA "Cool hand Luke" Who upon losing an engine at altitude and amidst everyone's confusion and screaming, takes one last puff of the cigarette, turns to his FO in a very calm and deliberate voice and says, "Gentlemen, it's showtime! This is not the simulator" and proceeded to take control of the situation. This was very much like you when crisis arose, when all the folks around you was losing their heads you would say, "one day at a time". You did at times lose your head when everyone was calm but that's generally when we were doing something we shouldn't or you just didn't want to be done. One of the proudest days of my aviation life was when you came flying with me in the helicopter only six months after I got my rotary sign off. You said to me that day "that was a great flight, You piloted well, but don't put the children or my daughter in that machine, too many moving parts."

You had a way of making light of very serious situations. I can recall one mid December day in 1999 when I finally mustered up the courage to call you to ask for Monique's hand in marriage. I could barely get the words out of my mouth in between the thumping heartbeats. In your typical style and humor you said to me "What the hell you calling me foryou should be calling Monique"

As a Father-in-law I could've never hoped or dreamed to have anyone such as you in my life. There was never a time you would call to say let's go to Casanova, Lobster Pot or Café Med/ salt-water Grill etc. that I was never ready, it was an honor for me. That's where we spent a lot of our one on one time. I will forever cherish those moments because that was where I did so much of my learning from you.

Over the many years of us working together there were times we saw the business world differently but I would always deferred to your judgment knowing that you always reminded me that you "flew through thunder and lightning and had a heart transplant" and nothing was going to get in between you and your goal. I always respected your view with the irony that almost always we were aligned with the ultimate outcome perhaps the route might have been different but the destination was the same. You always stood for something and fought valiantly for your family and your business. I am still in disbelief that you have gone because I figured you would have fought this one off like you did so many times before.

You were a full-time grandparent always thinking about and looking after your grandchildren you would pick them up from school and take them to lunch in the middle of work day. They would always come back from their time with you better human beings. A bit spoiled though, with new phones, computers or other gifts but with life lessons and encouragement.

I am going to miss not having to pay attention to the weather, you were a family meteorologist. I'm going to miss the many emails that I wake up to in the mornings that basically summarized everything that's going on in the world. This saved me so much time from reading the newspaper. You were my personal Google alert.

I am going to miss being able to pick up the phone ask advice on whether the car issue I'm having is an alternator or a battery problem.

I'm going to miss you calling to go for those Friday evening drinks and eating crab legs (even though I didn't like crab legs).

I'm going to miss going for those drives to West Bay and "clearing out the carbon" from the engine. Even though that process would sometimes raise the blood pressure as we both got or need for speed fix.

I am going to miss all those flight deck stories and not to mention the Dudley Thompson jokes.

I'm going to miss you pulling up to the house to pick up your grandkids and blowing the horn twice.

I have had the honor of being a scholar and you have been my teacher for 24 years and you have made me a better husband , father, friend, businessman and just a better human being. You are an irreplaceable part of our life and that is a fact. You have the biggest heart of any human that I have ever known. You gave unselfishly to all and particularly those who were in need. You practiced The Christlike doctrine " To whom much is given much is expected" and you have left us with some key principles of Loyalty, Integrity & Family, a legacy that will be lived for generations to come.

It's going to be tough without our Captain during these difficult times ahead, but I know you will find a way to guide us safely to our destination as you have always done.

In the recent times when you appeared tired and weary, and we tried to encourage you to rest and take it easy. You in your usual and humorous but serious way, "I am on borrowed time and there will be plenty of time to rest but now is not the time". You piloted the ship from the very beginning to the very end as you said you would. May God keep you in his loving arms until we meet again. *Rest In Peace my Dear Father you earned it. Your loving Son-in-Law Marcus.*



TO A SPECIAL FATHER-IN-LAW

I am so honored to be your daughter-in-law
Our Captain not only were you an airline captain.

You were also our family Captain

Our Gidu! I feel so blessed to have had you in my life. You are such a great man, amazing father-in-law that words cannot describe how much you meant to me.

You were that person who would never let us give up. Always there for us.

Your wise words, your funny jokes, and your unconditional love will always be with us. No matter how much time passes our time together will be cherished for the rest of my life and the memories will be forever in my heart.

If you can still hear me, I dearly miss your text every day at 5:00 am including your voice note "Call your Gidu!". I hope heaven is taking care of you just how Nana would when you were here.

You will never be forgotten. I will sadly miss that last kiss, hug that I never received before you departed this earth and I will always have you in my heart. I love you Dad. God bless your soul, and may you rest in peace until we meet again.

*Love always and forever
Your One and Only daughter-in-law
Melisa Hamaty*



TRIBUTE FROM YOUR SISTER

Robbie your departure has touched me deeply...more so because I can neither pay my respects nor bid you a final farewell. These few words are my tribute to you.

Thanks for some of my fondest memories. Your caring heart, old & new reached out to me & others countless times....never asking for anything in return.

My visits to the beautiful Cayman Islands were pure joy... you made sure of that....nothing was too much.

The time we spent together a few weeks ago, gives me some comfort. Though tired, you

insisted on taking Helene & myself to lunch at two lovely restaurants overlooking the ocean.... a treasured memory.

I marvelled at your working right to the end... never complaining even though you knew, only too well, time was short.

A man of distinction.... your life was well lived and you did it your way.....now rest.

The stars will remind me of the endless love you had for family...

The majestic mountains will remind me of your courage & determination.

No matter where I am, your spirit will be with me.

You have earned another set of wings....Safe flight, my brother, to your heavenly home.

In my heart forever...Sonia



TRIBUTE TO MY BROTHER ROBERT BY FREDERICK HAMATY

Some people think that education is all important. The home is by far more important. We lived in a stable home that produced character and temperament in us. As children education is important to equip the child for life, to read, to write and to think, to appreciate values, to give the skills needed, so it has a vital place.

The first step up the ladder was Miss Jane's School called the academy then to St. Mary's Catholic School and for our secondary education it was Jamaica college, a boarding school in Kingston. We all did well and participated in all sports which was mandatory.

From Robbie was a young boy we called him "nature boy" always with the animals. He loved flying kites and model planes and always told us he wanted to be an airline pilot. I recalled going to the airport in Montego bay with dad, mom and Robbie to pick up a family member and while on the waving gallery the aircraft arrived and Robbie said to me, "Fred one day I will be flying an aircraft like that." I replied, "Robbie I believe you."

Robbie was a humourous man, a "manly man" in every sense of the word. While awaiting his heart transplant at Jackson memorial hospital, I would visit him every morning and stayed with him well into the night. It was a stressful time for him and the family. Some days people who were transplanted would come to assure him that all would be well. There was a particular gentleman who was transplanted, he came almost everyday and would chat incessantly and one day when he left the room Robbie said, "Fred, I think that man got the heart of a radio announcer."

Our last encounter was in February of 2020, he came with Carlene to Jamaica, to re-new his American visa. I spent four (4) great days with them at the Spanish Court Hotel in Kingston. We spoke about many things from our childhood days, his loss of his pilot license due to his illness. The starting up of Tortuga Rum Company with all the hard work of himself and Carlene in starting the company, its' growth and later joined by Monique, Marcus, Basil and Neil. He invited all of us to lunch with friend Captain Andy Campbell. He asked me to take him to all the places he resided in Kingston and in particular, to his home named "Cobbers" at Hermitage Dam Road in the hills of St. Andrew, a beautiful home he loved so dearly, but migrated to the USA, and then settled in his beloved Cayman. We then went to Irish Town in the hills where his friend Capt. Jo Jo lived, but had migrated. Our last place was "Café Blue" that sold excellent coffee and cakes including Tortuga Rum Cakes. We had a great afternoon, then we went back to the hotel, where I departed for home in Savanna-La-Mar. He left early Monday morning back to Cayman.

I got the impression he was saying goodbye to his beautiful Jamaica, which he so loved.

Robbie was a truly remarkable man, loved his family, loved life, famous man, successful but humble. He was fearless in the face of fearful odds. I leave you with something he told me while waiting on his heart transplant, "Fred the waters you're in don't determine your destiny, they either carry you over or take you under. It takes faith to keep you going." I have always kept these words in the sub-committee of my mind.

So my dear brother it's hard to tell you goodbye and difficult to accept i cannot be with you at your final farewell. As Hilaire Belloc says "from quiet homes and first beginning, out to the undiscovered ends, there's nothing worth the wear of winning, but laughter and the love of friends."

You will live indestructible in the hearts and mind of so many people whose life you touched. Ave Atque Vale. "Hail and farewell". I salute you and goodbye. Fly free Robbie, your wings already exist.



TRIBUTE TO MY BROTHER FROM HELEN

My dearest brother Robbie - you will always be in my heart and my mind forever. I will miss you, I know you are sleeping in the gentle arms of Jesus and we will meet again in Paradise.

Your sister, Helen



TRIBUTE TO MY UNCLE EAGLE'S HEART

Divine providence brought me to Cayman. I count myself blessed because for thirteen precious years I have drawn from the well of your wisdom and strength. What you taught cannot be found in schools. I have learned a lifetime of lessons about love, family and business. I cherish every confidence you shared. You were generous to a fault and held nothing back. You taught me about compassion, kindness and truth and honour about boldness of purpose, strength of character about speaking your mind when its not convenient and silence when it's necessary, about diligence in work and integrity in business. You always said, "All boats rise when the tide comes in". How right you were. When you fight for what is right it breaks down walls for ALL.

I hold in my heart memories of sunlit packaged gifts. Gatherings on boats and at restaurants and Tavern on the Green. I can still hear the music of your laugh and the way you and Dad imitate Dudley Thompson... The way you told me to drink a glass of red wine with you and the smile in your voice when you affectionately called me "Mr. Neil". I will miss you watching Manchester United, Andrea Bocelli at Christmas and how proud you were of Bolt, I will miss you playfully teasing Aunt Carlene and the way you hugged your children, grandchildren. I will miss the way you say "Darlin" and how you held your hands above your head and interlocked your fingers, when talking or making a point.

When I read my Dad's text on the morning of on June 13th I could not breathe, and did not want to believe it. YOU COULD NOT BE GONE. HOW COULD IT BE. But God in his tender and loving way can make sense out of loss and a path through grief. When I visited your house on the Tuesday after you left us and opened the door I broke down immediately at the sight of your empty chair. Instantly a voice rose up in my spirit saying, "Stop your Crying. Nothing about that chair defines your Uncle's true nature the chair was a prison. He was trapped there. He was born the "nature boy" a free spirit destined to soar. His memory is found in the laughter of friends and the wide open sea. He is at home with me and has been set free, at peace, restored to fly, where he always wanted to be.

When Basil did the most moving of tributes to his father and Captained his final flight home he flew over the Tortuga factory. Just before the aircraft broke through the clouds on its final approach a single pigeon stood guard on the roof above Uncle Robbie' office, its wings folded in and breast puffed out like a soldier on duty waiting for the flight to arrive. As the aircraft cleared the parking lot, a flock of pigeons, rose up into the air, in one accord and circled the factory three times..... in the formation of a heart.

This was nature in divine choreography and the gift it left behind was peace.

SO UNCLE ROBBIE UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN, FAREWELL AND THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING YOU WERE AND ARE..... SAY HELLO TO GRANDMA, GRANDPA UNCLE NORMAN AND TATTIE FOR ME.

Love your nephew, Neil



A TRIBUTE TO MY UNCLE

To Uncle Robbie:

Despite being oceans apart, I wanted you to know that:

As a child, your proud sister Sonia detailed to her fascinated son my Uncle Robbie's meteoric rise from the "Nature Boy" to the "Captain" of an Air Jamaica DC 8, complete with supporting newspaper clippings and photographs. I mused, "anything is possible" and craved more detail each time your story was told. I wanted to be just like you.

From afar, I followed the evolution of your life from "Survivor" to "Captain Tortuga". I was inspired by your achievements and the sheer speed in which they were reached. Like the sad day of your passing, it was unbelievable.

Over the years, your Canadian family was able to visit and vacation with you and yours. The heartfelt advice, hospitality and generosity that you always provided left an indelible mark on all of us.

Although the eagle has landed, you will always fly within my heart and soul.

Our deepest condolences from Peter, Cindy, Lauren, and Brendan.



A TRIBUTE FROM WILLIAM

As I mourn my beloved uncle I am filled with sadness and joy. I am sad because I miss him here on Earth but find joy in all the memories I have of him and that he is now at peace in Heaven with Jesus and those that passed before him.

Uncle Robbie was a true inspiration in my life, I admired his ambition, drive, ingenuity, integrity, and business acumen. While all those qualities were great, the one I will miss the most was his love for others and especially his family. He was kind, generous, and always rolled out the red carpet on my many visits to Cayman over the years. I recall a time I visited Cayman in my early 20's by myself and wanted to ride a jet ski. Uncle dropped me off at the rental place and said to call him when I was done. After he drove off I discovered the jet ski place was closed so I ended up making some friends on the beach and we hung out all day and into the night. I had not called until after dark to have him come get me. When he answered the call, he was so relieved to hear my voice as he was concerned that I may have drowned. He further explained that he had two search parties on the beach and the Coast Guard out looking for me. I felt so loved that day by him that he would go to that extreme to insure I was ok. He later joked that I nearly put him in the grave that day out of worry. This segways me to the second thing I loved most about him was his sense of humor. Not a time that I was in his presence was he without a joke. I have fond memories of the family sitting on the veranda for hours in uncontrollable laughter. Uncle Robbie was part of many milestones in my life but being the master of ceremonies at my wedding was the most memorable. I recall a joke he told that had all the guests in stitches. "Did you know that there are three rings in marriage? First you have the engagement ring, then the wedding ring, and then comes suffering, LOL.

Uncle Robbie was a man who never took a day for granted. After his heart transplant he would often say that he was "on borrowed time" and lived each day as it was his last. That last day fi-

nally came June 13th, 2020 but we can rejoice that our Great and Loving God blessed him with life for so many years beyond the original life expectancy of his heart transplant. He positively impacted so many people throughout his life and I am honored to say I am one of them. My heart aches for Aunt Carlene, Monique, Basil, the rest of my family, and for all who loved him as we mourn together.

He will forever be missed. William Furry



A TRIBUTE FROM JON

"My uncle, Robert Hamaty, accomplished more in his life than many dare dream. Uncle Robbie's prowess at living life was only exceeded by his love and care for his family, friends and employees. He will be sorely missed." *Love from your nephew Jon*



A TRIBUTE FROM STEVE

Sorry for the lack of brevity. But I have a lot to say...I met Uncle Robbie 30 years ago, from the first time I met him he was my UncleAnd treated me as a nephew. Every memory I have of him makes me laugh and smile. From him being my MC at my wedding 24 years ago and telling jokes for over 4 hourseven though he had just finished his heart transplant four months earlier. he was absolutely a fearless man and always gave me confidence to do whatever I was considering working on with very sound advice. Uncle Robbie and Aunt Carlene have always been incredible hosts to my family and Uncle Robbie always went out of his way to make every visit with them extra special. We will never forget fishing trips high-speed trolling boating little Cayman swimming eating and listening to all of his stories he shared with us every day...He was such an intuitive man he always knew how to pick up on something and make a great joke about it.. it was an honor to know him he will be greatly missed, and he has taught me generosity, love and confidence in business. I can still remember vividly sitting with him and having a red wine at grandmas while eating Roquefort cheese and I cherish those moments. He was at the hospital with us in Atlanta during Gillian's heart surgery and kept everyone hopeful. I have always admired him greatly and his legacy will live on forever...I am certain he is in heaven

making everyone laugh and a reunion in heaven with his family. The level of kindness he has showed me over 30 years has been unwavering, he always thought of every detail from having the fishing boat ready for us to enjoy to buying our favorite foods ...Every person that knew him loved him.

I love you Uncle Robbie may you rest in peace with the Lord. Steve Marto

A TRIBUTE FROM GILLIAN

God saw that he was getting tired,
A cure was not to be.
So He put His arms around him
and whispered, "Come with Me."
With tearful eyes, we watched him go,
And saw him fade away.
Although we loved him dearly,
We could not make him stay.
A golden heart stopped beating,
Hard working hands to rest.
God broke our hearts to prove to us
He only takes "The Best".

Love Always, Gillian Marto



Walk Good Uncle! I will miss your jokes, your stories and your advice. I will forever treasure all the wonderful memories. Your life was well lived and a blessing to all. Until we meet again.

"My mission in life is not merely to survive, but to thrive; and to do so with some passion, some compassion, some humor, and some style."

- Maya Angelou

Love Always and forever, Gail



To Uncle Robbie:

And at the end of life everything's distilled into two simple questions: Am I loved? And Did I love well?
Frank Ostanteski.

You will forever live in our hearts, our beacon for a life well lived.
Damian

Dear Uncle Robbie,

Thanks for being a great uncle. You always acknowledged the special occasions with a card, email, or phone call. I didn't see you often, but when I did you welcomed me with your twinkling smile and huge bear hugs. You entertained me with family stories and of course your witty sense of humor... you knew just how to deliver the punch lines. You made certain that my visits were fun and full of good food. It was in your nature to be kind.

I know that many people were the recipients of your kindness throughout the years. The world needs more people like you, and it's so sad when good people leave us. But it was your time.... and hopefully all those whom you have touched with your kindness, will be encouraged to pass it on, and keep your kindness alive. You truly made the world a better place. Rest in Peace, Uncle Robbie. *Love, Nicole*



I will always cherish the memories I have with Uncle Robbie when I was young and visited with him in the Cayman Islands. Seeing all the wonderful places on the island, taking small trips on the boat. And being able to spend time with the family. These are things I will always keep close to my heart.

Rest in peace Uncle Robbie you will be missed love Norman Hamaty

Uncle Robbie was larger than life. I loved listening to him tell stories and watching that charming little smile come across his face when he was about to hit the punch line and of course that deep belly laugh. I will miss him. Love to all of you and may you take comfort in each other.

Love, Julia



TRIBUTE TO CAPTAIN ROBBIE HAMATY FROM SUZY SOTO

Captain Robbie sent me a poem last year and it so described how we both felt, I was sure he wrote it, but it was written in the early 1900's. It was so real, he had to be the guest speaker at the Cayman Heart Fund Heroes Luncheon, of which he was our first Heart Hero. He was a great supporter and would do anything for us, which was his last act for us. At the Luncheon in Feb. this year, he got up bravely and read this poem, it started with:

"I counted my years and realized that I have,
Less time to live by, than I have lived so far.

My Soul has a Hat., so thank you Robbie for reading the poem, despite you were not feeling well. Bless you for caring so much.

This lovely poem was written by Mario de Andrade (San Paolo 1893-1945) Poet, novelist, essayist and musicologist. He was one of the founders of Brazilian modernism.

MY SOUL HAS A HAT

I counted my years
and realized that I have
Less time to live by,
Then I have lived so far.

I feel like a child who won a pack of candies: at first he ate them with pleasure,
But when he realized that there was little left, he began to taste them intensely.
I have no time for endless meetings where the statutes, rules, procedures &
internal regulations are discussed, knowing that nothing will be done.

I no longer have the patience
To stand absurd people who,
despite their chronological age,
have not grown up.

My time is too short:
I want the essence,
my spirit is in a hurry.
I do not have much candy
In the package anymore.

I want to live next to humans,
very realistic people who know
How to laugh at their mistakes,
Who are not inflated by their own triumphs
and who take responsibility for their actions.
In this way, human dignity is defended
and we live in truth and honesty.

It is the essentials that make life useful.
I want to surround myself with people
who know how to touch the hearts of those whom hard strokes of life
have learned to grow, with sweet touches of the soul.

Yes, I'm in a hurry.
I'm in a hurry to live with the intensity that only maturity can give.
I do not intend to waste any of the remaining desserts.

I am sure they will be exquisite,
much more than those eaten so far.
My goal is to reach the end satisfied
and at peace with my loved ones and my conscience.

We have two lives
and the second begins when you realize you only have one.

Robbie, you would be pleased to know:
Your magnificent brief reentry from the heavens above,
With son, Capt. Basil gently landing with all of his love,
Carlene riding along to bring you safely home,
The plane passing thru the sprayed water dome.

You were welcomed by good “humans”,
The ones who live with truth and honesty.
The ones in the poem with a loving soul.
Those who also live with your life’s intensity.

You were surrounded with those people,
who did not waste their time, to meet
this Captain whose amazing life did shine.
By sharing your journey, you have touched many lives,
You have made the difference you came to do.
So, my heart goes out in “glowing remembrance of you”

“Soar on to your heavenly home”, we just had to say Farewell.

Your buddy, Suzy



TORTUGA STAFF TRIBUTE FOR CAPTAIN ROBERT M. HAMATY

“Failure is not an option” were the famous words echoed daily throughout the halls of Tortuga Rum Company, for 36 years. Our fearless leader, Captain Robert M. Hamaty lived by these five simple words every day of his life. From the time our doors opened in 1984, until today, we all understood what he meant and immediately adapted this motto into our daily lives.

The truth is that none of us has ever wanted to let him down personally or “fail” the company. Our founder and leader made us all better, whether we realized it immediately or ten years later. He made each and every one of us search deep within ourselves and discover the intestinal fortitude needed to press on when we thought we were done. That was part of his brilliance, his vision and unbelievable character as a leader, boss and ultimately, friend.

Martin Luther King Jr. said, “The true measure of a man is not how he behaves in moments of comfort and convenience but how he stands at times of controversy and challenges.” As we all know, Mr. Hamaty would never shy away from fighting for what he knew was right, in spite of the backlash he would face personally or in the business. His vision allowed for him to see and create things long before anyone else could even imagine such a thing could exist. Icons like Mr. Hamaty are not made by following the safe path, they are made by creating a new one and showing the world what can be done.



Over the years, throughout the success and many accolades of Tortuga, Mr. Hamaty remained humble. His passion for his employees well being was always of the utmost importance. Every day his personal interaction with all of us always had a sincere and genuine touch. Members of the public would always ask our long tenured staff, "How can you be there for 20 years", the staff would smile and say "We love Mr. Hamaty, and as long as he needs me I will stay." He may have been our boss, but he became more like our best friend and father. He guided us, gave us advice and even gave you a good yelling when you needed it. He loved us, all of us and we knew it from the bottom of his beautiful heart.

Mr. Hamaty, you gave us a lifetime of joy and happiness in your time with us. Our lives are forever changed for the better. We love you and miss you dearly Mr. H and rest assured we will always remember "Failure is not an option."

TRIBUTE TO ROBBIE

Robbie, you were a leader, a man of vision, an intellect and a great soul of matchless courage who continually fought for the betterment of the Company and your employees. You were constantly learning and sharing your new learnings with your staff. You brought fun and joy to us as you shared.

I learned so much from you and it has helped me to lead a fulfilling life. The biggest challenge in my life was when I left my job of 25 years to come in and help run the company when you went away to wait for a heart transplant. Your constant guidance took us through and we came out victorious, you with a new heart and a Company that continued to prosper

You were a mobile person and loved to get things done, you never stopped pushing until something was done to your satisfaction.

You cared about each and every one of your staff members and would go "the extra mile" to assist, no matter what the need would be. Most of us will remember your favorite stories, jokes and quotes and some will certainly use them in the days to come.

You multiplied yourself, leaving a gigantic legacy that will continue to grow and spread into the far spaces of this earth. You laid a firm and solid foundation on which we will continue to build, in your memory, and work hard to see it expand the way we know you would want it to.

It is really hard to accept a sudden death, such as yours, and we will never get accustomed to it, but precious and fond memories will sustain us and will remain in our hearts forever.

Soar gently over us and watch over and continue to guide us, from above.

Love and miss you always. Ms. Del



A TRIBUTE FROM CAPT. DAVE SCOTT

I met Robbie back in 1973 when I joined Air Jamaica. He was always willing to offer advise to us younger pilots and how to advance our aviation knowledge and skills.

I also was fortunate to meet his extended family including his mother and father.

I had many memorable flights with him and social gatherings that I will never forget.

I remember one flight across the Atlantic where we lost all our cockpit supplemental oxygen prior to abeam Bermuda and he calmly said 'well I have a quick donning mask here beside me so you other pilots need to get an oxygen bottle from the cabin and sling it around your neck so you can access it easily and quickly in an emergency'. The rest of the flight, some 5 hours was flown like that and we arrived safely in London.

We had many a fishing trip as he was also an accomplished fisherman and was instrumental in starting the Cayman Airline Pilots Association annual fishing tournament which turned out to be the longest running continuous fishing tournament in the Cayman Islands.

Robbie was instrumental in forming the Cayman Airline Pilots Association and he nominated me to serve as its first President which I did for a number of years.

He joined Cayman Airways about the same time I did in 1978 as a Captain on the BAC1-11.

He helped me progress from a First Officer with Cayman Airways to the position of Captain and always offered encouragement.

He was a very good pilot. A natural as we pilots would say.

After he stopped flying, his son Basil started flying with Cayman Airways. Basil showed some signs of his father's flying skills and progressed to Captain in due time. I remember Robbie being so proud of Basil when he learned he passed his check rides and was promoted to Captain.

As good a pilot that Robbie was, his marketing skills would outshine that feat as he started Tortuga Rum Company. He used these marketing skills to build Tortuga into a very successful company.

He was a kind and thoughtful man and always was willing to help and even when he could not, pointed you to someone who could.

His loving wife Carlene was always by his side and did her part in building Tortuga Rum company to what it is today.

To Carlene, Basil, Monique and the rest of the Family, I offer my sincerest condolences and you all can be assured Robbie is in a better place.

*Robbie, you may be gone but will never be forgotten.
May your soul rest in peace. From your friend Capt. Dave Scott*



FAREWELL DEAR ROBBIE

A walk down memory lane and we will always find you there,
Most of the good times were with you and had plenty laughter in the air.

You were the life of the party to the old and the young,
If you were around, Oh, how the jokes would run!

Endless days of fishing, out at sea and in the sun,
We caught plenty fish but, always had more fun!

A great entrepreneur until the very end,
The rum tasting days a blur,
But the good times and great friendships are bottled in every blend.

Some ventures may not have been so tried and true,
Jamaica Air Freighters was a short flight,
But Tony was proud to have flown it with you!

Your famous opening line was followed by a joke or two,
"Did you hear the one about...?"
Well, this one Uncle Robbie, is for you...

An uncle, a friend and a mentor, there for us in so many ways,
By our side when we lost our Dad, on that devastating day.

Like family we have grown and will forever cherish that bond,
So together Mo & Boo, let's keep his legacy strong.

'Live life but, work hard' was the example you led,
"The best success in life is when you have worked for it yourself" you said.

We are comforted that you are now with some of the family and friends you treasure,
You can Rest in Peace, assured that you will live on in our hearts forever.

Farewells are not the end my friend,
They only mean that you will be in our memories,
Until we meet again!

Lorna, George, Mark, Michelle, Tina & their families (The Myers')



TRIBUTE FROM BIGGA AND SANDY

We met Robbie in 1978 almost the day he arrived in Cayman. Out of that meeting grew a lifelong friendship. We had similar interests in fishing and hunting. We spent a lot of time at the shooting range skeet shooting, where we taught Basil to shoot at a young age. We did a lot of things with Robbie and Carlene. As we are not very comfortable flyers we always knew we were in good hands when Chief was in the cockpit. Even better if Carlene was serving in the cabin. We were well looked after!!! We had great times traveling to Jamaica for fishing tournaments where we were treated like family by Robbie's family and friends. We took a trip to Barbados with them and even let Robbie talk us into flying in a small plane to St Lucia. Only Robbie could get us to do that!!! We had a great time. Carlene is a fantastic cook and invited us to dinner almost every week. We knew we would be having her (now famous) rum cake for dessert and loved it. It was during hunting trips that Richard learned that Robbie was deadly afraid of snakes!! He called them "SERPENTS". We always celebrated birthdays and anniversaries together. Every Birthday after the transplant was even more special to Robbie and we enjoyed celebrating with him and Carlene and the children.



Richard remembers after a long evening at Sunset House Robbie invited a few guys back to his place to eat stew peas that Carlene had so lovingly prepared. As Carlene had to fly early the next morning she left them to heat up the food. Needless to say, they all fell asleep and when the food started to burn the smoke alarm went off very loudly!!! It woke Carlene up and she came to the top of the stairs and almost at the same time Robbie jumped up and announced "Gentlemen.... That means dinner is served " Carlene blessed all of them for almost burning down her apartment. The joke after that was " How do you know when dinner is ready? When the smoke alarm goes off!!!! We are heartbroken beyond words but know that we have so many memories in our hearts to help us heal. We are so blessed to have been a part of Robbies and his entire family's life for 42 years. Rest in Peace Chief. We will take good care of Carlene and the children and grandchildren for you.

Always in our Hearts. Bigga and Sandy.

TRIBUTE FROM WOODY

Good Day All,

My name is Anthony Wood, known to Robbie as Mr. Woodie and I am truly honored to be given the opportunity to say a few words to and about my little brother.

My introduction to Robbie was in the mid-sixties at our Flying School, Embry Riddle Aeronautical Institute in Daytona Beach, Florida. He arrived reeking of alcohol but as it turned out, he wasn't drinking at all. A bottle of rum had broken in his suitcase and it was on this first day that I learnt to cuss in Jamaican!

From that meeting, little brother, the world became our oyster. We were both young and our adventure had begun. We enjoyed each other's company, appreciated all the little things that we shared and learnt so much along the way. We were always there for each other and he made the year and a half at flying school a wonderful experience.

You came in one day and said " Mr. Woodie, we now have transport. WE bought a motorcycle for \$25, come and see it!" It was a rusty, broken, slim scooter. "WE will paint it a bright canary yellow so they can see us coming." Actually, the trail of smoke gave us away and "The Express"

was born. No papers, no license, no insurance, but no problem!

When we finished school and went back to our homes in Jamaica and Trinidad, our paths went in different directions but not our friendship. The last thing we chatted about a couple weeks ago was our families and our grands. We said that they are what we live for. Both of our sons are successful pilots and coincidentally, captains on the same type of aircraft.

I said to him then, "Once the Borders re-open, you will see me again."

Well my little brother, your flight has left and the rest of us are waiting in the Departure Lounge.

Fly high and free, the Heavens are yours. May God continue to keep you in the palm of His hands and give you a direct clearance all the way home.

Luvya Little Brother, for 55 years and counting... Mr Woodie



A LETTER TO ROBBIE

It didn't seem like that long ago when we were at JC, Khaki pants and shirts and both of us boarders with a lot of spare time on our hands. I believe you took better advantage of the spare time by utilizing that imagination of yours creating a lot of experiences I could only vicariously participate. Later in life you kept reminding me of the many times I gave you detention and the lines you had to write. Persistent perversive behavior provokes.....

Then came flight school...only you could get into flight school at so young an age...so determined you were to fly. Flying was your first love a profession that you excelled at. That led to our first job at JAS, and the bachelor days of sharing a town house together. Such wonderful memories...all better left unsaid.

Air Caribbean Transport was your next venture before Air Jamaica grabbed you for their first training class.

Even though I was not with you at the beginning of Air Jamaica your professionalism and excellence as a pilot and Captain was well known to all. When I was finally hired by Air Jamaica it was your turn to give me orders as I flew as your first officer. Then you gave me, what I like to call a name of endearment, "Popeye".

I know the birth of your two children Monique and Basil were the highlights of your life as I could see the pride in you when you spoke of them.

Jamaica Air Freighters with Tony, you and I brought out the entrepreneur in you and probably gave you the thirst for business.

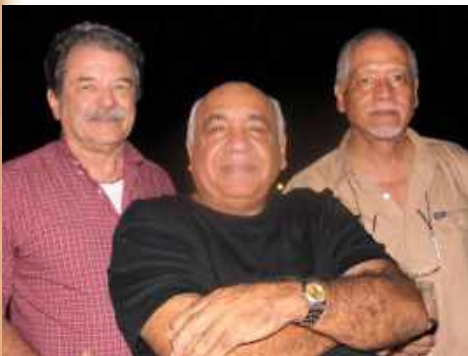
Santo Domingo called when "Heavy Manners" struck Jamaica and David, Joe, Cool man Luke, you and I decided to take a chance on Dominicana de Aviacion. That stint didn't last too long for you and the others, as you all were wise enough to see we had jumped from the frying pan into the fire. Experiences I'm sure David and Joe will share.

Then it was Churchill that brought us all together again in Cayman where you remained and flourished with a new business with your lovely Carlene.

I will always be close to your family, another job you excelled at.

I will miss you, my friend, and so will my Angie who remembers with affection all the support you gave her.

'Till we meet again, Popeye

















SERVICE AT THE GRAVESIDE

Prayer..... Fr. Naveen D'Souza
Act of Committal..... Fr. Naveen D'Souza

HOW GREAT THOU ART

O Lord my God, When I in awesome wonder,
Consider all the worlds Thy Hands have made;
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed.

Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, How great Thou art.
Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, How great Thou art!

When through the woods, and forest glades I wander,
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees.
When I look down, from lofty mountain grandeur
And see the brook, and feel the gentle breeze.

Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, How great Thou art.
Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, How great Thou art!

And when I think, that God, His Son not sparing;
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in;
That on the Cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin.

Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, How great Thou art.
Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, How great Thou art!

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation,
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart.
Then I shall bow, in humble adoration,
And then proclaim: "My God, how great Thou art!"

Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, How great Thou art.
Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, How great Thou art!

AMAZING GRACE

Amazing grace, How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost, but now I am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved.
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.

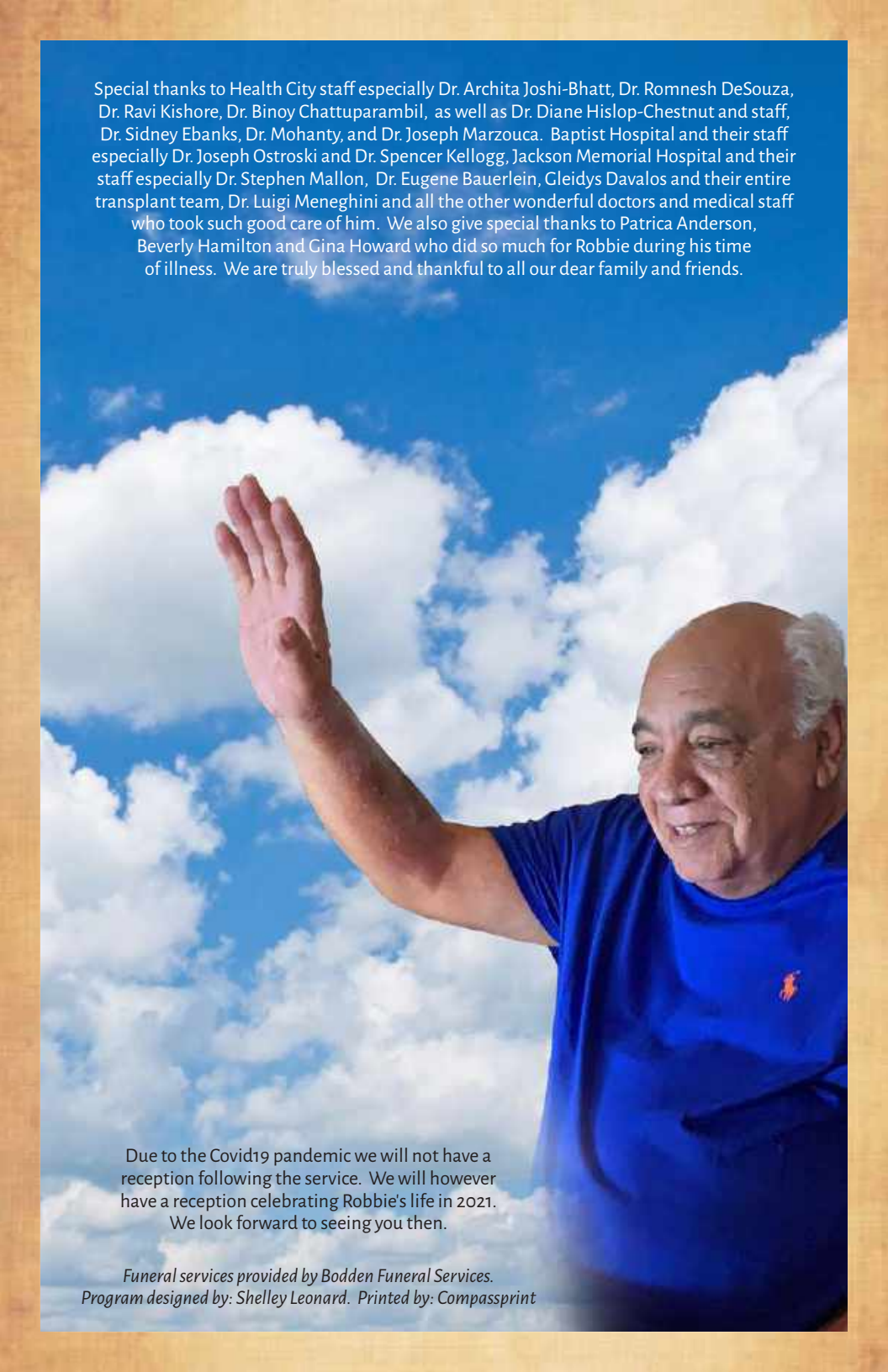
Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come,
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease
I shall possess within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we've first begun.





Special thanks to Health City staff especially Dr. Archita Joshi-Bhatt, Dr. Romnesh DeSouza, Dr. Ravi Kishore, Dr. Binoy Chattuparambil, as well as Dr. Diane Hislop-Chestnut and staff, Dr. Sidney Ebanks, Dr. Mohanty, and Dr. Joseph Marzouca. Baptist Hospital and their staff especially Dr. Joseph Ostroski and Dr. Spencer Kellogg, Jackson Memorial Hospital and their staff especially Dr. Stephen Mallon, Dr. Eugene Bauerlein, Gleidys Davalos and their entire transplant team, Dr. Luigi Meneghini and all the other wonderful doctors and medical staff who took such good care of him. We also give special thanks to Patrica Anderson, Beverly Hamilton and Gina Howard who did so much for Robbie during his time of illness. We are truly blessed and thankful to all our dear family and friends.

Due to the Covid19 pandemic we will not have a reception following the service. We will however have a reception celebrating Robbie's life in 2021. We look forward to seeing you then.

*Funeral services provided by Boddan Funeral Services.
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