

*Thanksgiving Celebration Of
The Life Of*

*Robert Joseph Daigle
“Mr. D”*

Sunrise: 23rd December 1960

Sunset: 7th October 2020

*Private Service at
Bodden Funeral Home,
117 Walker’s Road,
Grand Cayman
Live Stream Link: TBD*

Date: 24th October 2020

Time: 10am

Officiating:

Pastor Michael Jeremiah



Order of Service

Opening remarks - Pastor Jeremiah
Prayer of Comfort - Pastor Jeremiah
Tribute Song - Amazing Grace
Sermon of Psalm 25: 4-5 - Pastor Jeremiah
Family Tributes - Read by Brian Braggs
Benediction - Pastor Jeremiah
Closing Celebratory Video

Honorary Pallbearers

John Daigle
Robert Daigle
Alexander Daigle
Guy Coco
Edward Balderamos
Brian Braggs
Joseph Cafarelli
Jack Carey

Walter Geary
Owen Lattie
Jaworrah Lawrence
Tony McInerney
Troy O'Neil
Ritchie Oliver
Ricky Oliver
David Pressley

Donovan Richards
Paulino Rodrigues
Jacob Schwartz
David Shaheen
Stephen Shaheen
Micheal Watters

Amazing Grace

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound,
that saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost but now 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.

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

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'd first begun.

Psalm 25:4-5

4 Show me Your ways, O Lord;
Teach me Your paths.
5 Lead me in Your truth and teach me,
For You are the God of my salvation;
On You I wait all the day.

Creed

This is a black belt school.

We are dedicated, we are motivated,

We are on a quest to be the best.

I come to you with only Karate, empty hands,

But should I be forced to defend myself,

My principles or my honor,

Should it be a matter of life or death,

Of right or wrong,

Then here are my weapons,

Karate,

My empty hands.

Family Tributes

Dad you had an incredible way of viewing life especially when times became difficult. Watching over you these past 10 months showed me so much, your strength and your focus to keep fighting no matter how challenging things got, you always stayed positive. When things got tough for me you always had a way to help me resolve my problems. We didn't always see eye to eye on everything, but you did what you do best and stayed patient with me, and helped me to see the other side of things. After work you would be exhausted, but you would call to grab food or a drink and ask me how I'm doing and what's new. I was so happy to tell you about my acceptance to become a firefighter. You said that you were so proud, and told me to keep moving forward no matter how bad things get, and that we are Daigles and we never give up. I will always miss our Wing nights at Salty's, and the laughs we had. I could never ask for a better father, and you will be forever missed. I will cherish the unforgettable moments we shared.
I love you Dad. Rest in Peace. ~ Bobby Daigle

There is a special bond between fathers and sons. The bond builds over time and the experiences that we share together. Dad was a superhero to me, a fitness guru, and taught me the value of taking care of your body. That your body is a Vessel, and that you should take care of your vessel while you are on this planet. He had this way about him, this energy, that just motivated you to accomplish your goals. He was truly an anomaly.
My father loved the beach. He took my brother, my sisters and I to the beach every chance he got. It always turned out to be a great day with my dad. It was a special place for him to bond with us.
One of my greatest memories with my dad is when I was about 8 years old. Dad took my brother and I to Kaibo Beach. As we were walking along the beach I said "Dad, let's race!" He said "let's do it." We all lined up, and took off running. I thought I was winning, little did I know he was just matching my speed, and then all of a sudden he took off running. Let me tell you something, the way this man looked when he sprinted, was like watching a superhero run, such power and control. I had the biggest smile on my face.
I am beyond proud of the life my father created for himself and his kids. There are people who live twice as long as he did, and don't accomplish what he was able to in his lifetime. He was truly an anomaly, and I'll forever be grateful for him. Energy never dies, it just takes a different form, and whatever that form is, I'll see you when I get there.
Love you Dad. Rest In Power. ~ Alexander Daigle

Dad we will always cherish the times we spent together.
You were born a fighter, independent and strong, but on December 2nd all that came to an end.
The biggest fight of your life began on December 13th. It was hard to see you trying to fight for 10 months.
On October 7th you lost that fight.
May your soul Rest in Peace.
You will always be remembered as a world champion and your grandkids will know how great you were.
Love Dineah and Chineah.

Most people know Bob as a tough, strong man who could clear a room of bad guys. There's no doubt it's true but Bob had another side which some might consider, "a Mama's Boy". As a young child, Bob strived to keep things together by becoming the Man-of-the-House. With six siblings and me working two jobs, it was nearly impossible to provide for all of our needs. Through years of very tough times and emotional turmoil for each of us, our family was finally able to move forward; in a home of our own. Bob studied in and after school. He trained in different sports, worked hard, pursued each of his personal goals and at the same time, helped keep his siblings on track. He was my right-hand man. Bob had a drive and desire to excel in everything he set his mind to. I had little advice for him along the way... Bob created his own path. He surrounded himself with exceptional people and friends, who became part of our family. Bob would check in on me often and helped in every way. He would insist on me coming to visit him and put me up in the best places in Cayman. "Nothing was too good for his mother" he would joke. Many friends and student over the years say that they were drawn to Bob's personality... but after knowing them and his children; Bob was a better person, "because of them". Bob had taught me as much about life than I ever could have taught him. Being there, watching him reach his goals and inspire the people around him... helped fulfill my life. It's every parent's wish that their children do better... and Bob did that. I could not be prouder of the man he became. In the end, it's not the years in your life that count; it's the life in your years!
Rest in peace my beloved son, thank you for being a part of our lives ~ Ma

Watching Bob grow up as a sibling, holds many cherished memories. In the absence of a father-figure, Bob instinctively took over the role of organizer, disciplinarian and family protector. Bob wasn't naturally great at everything he pursued... but his drive to continually learn and practice, pushed him consistently to the top. From gymnastics in high school to body building, arm-wrestling and ultimately martial arts; where he found his natural calling. Even at the earliest age, Bob had a knack to point out our strengths and weaknesses and inspired each one of us to reach our personal goals. As time passed and we lived apart, I realized how much of an influence Bob had been. When he visited, and I expressed any doubt... he would, "charge me right back up again". He was such an inspirational force, which will be missed dearly. For those of us who were lucky enough to be influenced by him, the best tribute to Bob's memory and to our families, is to continue to believe in ourselves, as much as he did in each one of us ~ John Daigle

As kids we called him Bobby, we lived together, we fought, we laughed, we cried.

We shared our dreams, plans and secrets.

Bob was competitive since birth. Being his older sister by 2 years, he always wanted to be faster and stronger than me. He would run as quickly as he could to outpace his big sister. It didn't take him very long to catch up and then surpass me, never looking back.

All the memories we shared, is what bonds me now to him.

He is my brother not by choice, but by the nature of our birth...I could not have chosen a better one.

I will miss Bobby more than words can say. We should all be thankful for knowing him and for his time on earth. I hope that everyone remembers how wonderful a person he was, that he lived a beautiful, impactful life. He was loved by many and will be deeply missed by all.

Now our family chain is broken and nothing seems the same, but when our time on earth is done and we are called one by one, we will all meet on that beautiful shore and the chain shall link again.

Forever, Bob's sister, Carol

I remember when I was around seven years old, Bob taught me how to tell time. He was a very patient teacher.

I have learned many things over the years from him. He was always teaching my son some kind of new self defense move.

I was always impressed with how he would figure out how to teach someone, so they would best understand the lesson.

Bob always thought about others and how to help them...always putting family first.

I recall he has invited me to visit him on the island. He knew I was nervous about flying.. so he flew up, just to fly down with me.

It meant the world: to know how much and how far he would go for me.

Bob would do his best to see everyone when he came up to visit. He would love to make surprise entrances! He would just pop out of nowhere and have a big hug for me.

I will miss your talks and his smile. I am lucky to have had such an amazing man as my big brother ~ Patty Daigle

I will always be grateful to have been a life-long friend to Bob. The timing was perfect as Juniors in High School when in the bleachers of the gymnasium Bob approached me and started a conversation about weightlifting. He has recalled that before we officially met we were paired up to wrestle in gym class that I stood out as a strong opponent. I always valued that.

Bob had a unique approach to working out as he would perform an old style one handed shoulder press on the school's Universal weight stack, pressing the full stack and impressing everyone!! He also built his own home gym equipment in the school shop class, from photos he saw in magazines. I was invited to workout on that crude but effective equipment in his mother's basement.

Bob was always adventurous and when life presented the possibility of living in the Caribbean it was an easy decision. With marriage, and his karate studio - Cayman Karate Academy, Bob was very busy.

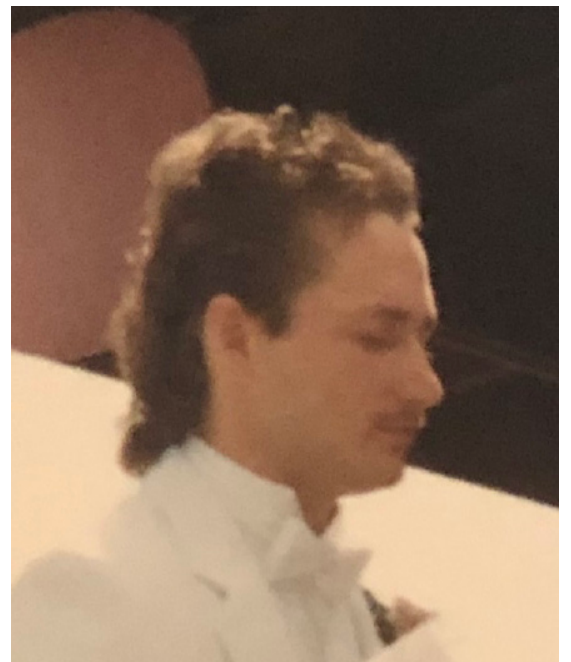
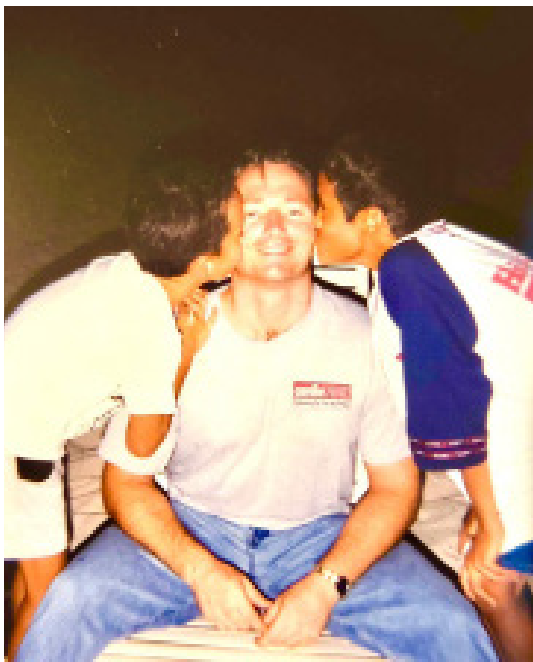
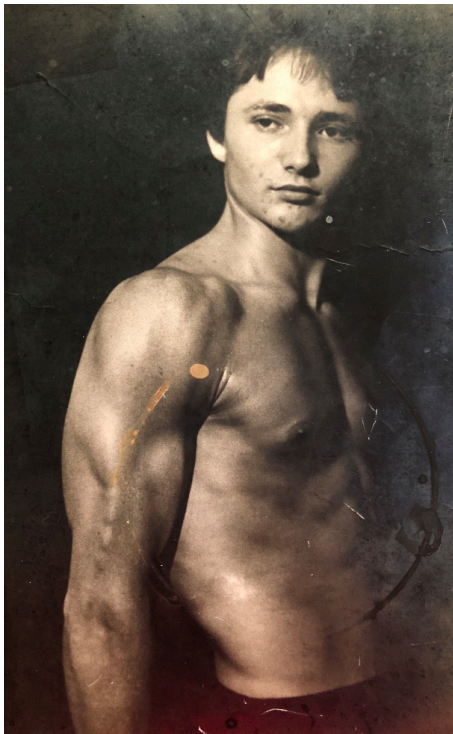
When I visited we would often wake up early and jog several laps around Ocean Club's parking lot to start the day on a high note.

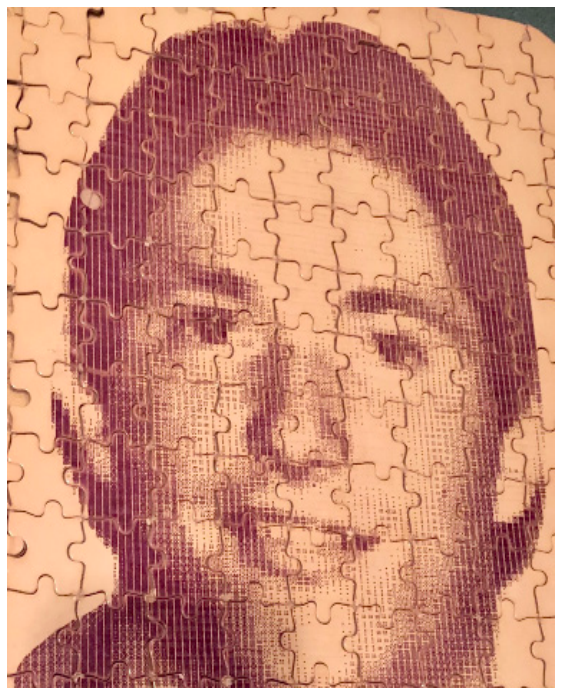
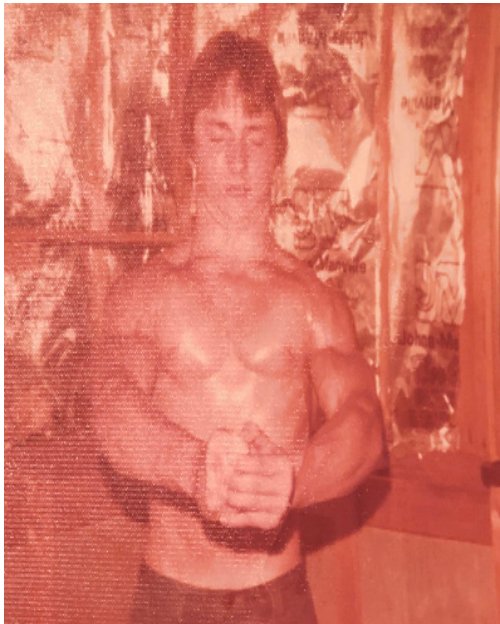
I am glad to have been there when his dream of building a health club became reality! I later spent 5 years enjoying the island managing New Image Health Club while also enjoying time with Bob and his family. That will always remain a special time for me.

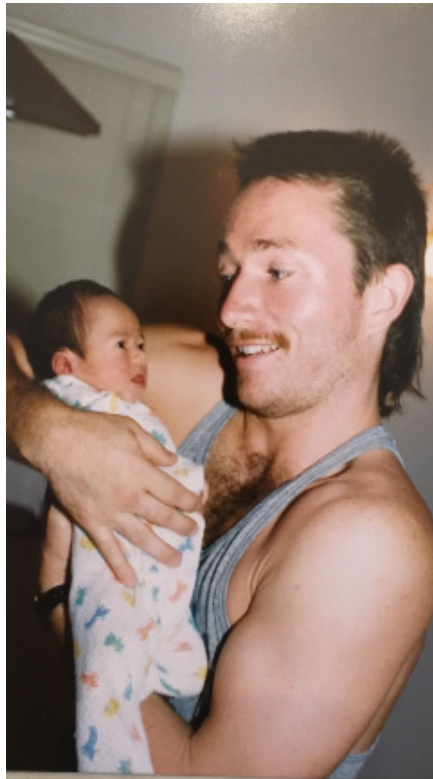
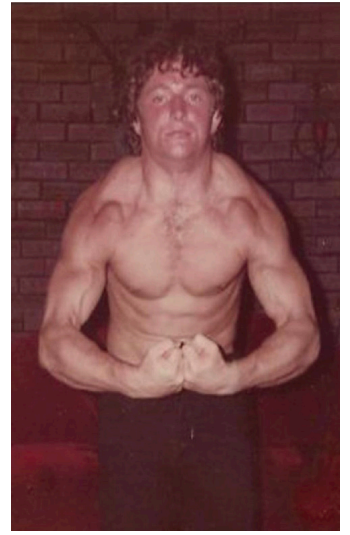
Bob inspired those whose lives touched his life. He was a free thinker and always pushed ahead having amazing resilience and rarely if ever looked back. He had amazing will to succeed and inspired others to do the same. He was his true self through good and difficult times and that's a testament to his spirit.

Bob loved excitement, and was always ready for what's next! He sought out the special moments, the thrill of life. More recently he had seen Europe, and through Karate many countries in Central America and the Caribbean. He expressed a desire to see Asia. He would want us to make the most of every opportunity life offers.

I'll be forever grateful to have had Bob in my life as my life long friend and teacher ~ Guy Coco













Courage

Edgar Albert Guest

Courage isn't a brilliant dash,
A daring deed in a moment's flash;
It isn't an instantaneous thing
Born of despair with a sudden spring
It isn't a creature of flickered hope
Or the final tug at a slipping rope;
But it's something deep in the soul of man
That is working always to serve some plan.

Courage isn't the last resort
in the work of life of the game of sport;
It isn't a thing that a man can call
At some future time when he's apt to fall;
If he hasn't it now, he will have it not
When the strain is great and the pace is hot.
For who would strive for a distant goal
Must always have courage within his soul.

Courage isn't a dazzling light
That flashes and passes away from sight;
It's a slow, unwavering, ingrained trait
With the patience to work and the strength to wait.
It's part of a man when his skies are blue.
It's part of him when he has work to do.
The brave man never is freed of it.
He has it when there is not need of it.

Courage was never designed for show;
It isn't a thing that can come and go;
It's written in victory and defeat
And every trial a man may meet
It's part of his hours, his days, and his years,
Back of his smiles and behind his tears.
Courage is more than a daring deed:
It's the breath of life and a strong man's creed.

#NeverGiveUp!