

Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of



Marlene (Marilyn) Editha Myrie

09 October 1937 – 22 October 2020

Church of God Chapel
Cotton Tree Bay, Cayman Brac
Saturday, 07 November, 2020
Service – 2:00pm

Officiating Minister: Pastor Thomas French
Musician: Sister Micki Woods
Song Leader: Pastor Audley Scott

Pallbearers

Darcel Myrie-Morris
Hendrick Myrie

Michael Myrie
Clint Myrie

Jeromino (Aaron) Carvalho
Alfred (Daroney) Dixon

Guest Book Attendant

Mrs. Davania Chisolm

Ushers

Mrs. Estelle Galbraith & Ms. Marlana Keating

Interment at the Creek Cemetery

Order of Service

Musical Prelude	Mrs. Micki Woods
Opening Remarks	Pastor Thomas French
Hymn <i>My Saviour First of All</i>	Congregation
Scripture Reading: <i>John 14:1-3</i>	Pastor Joel Scott
Special Song:	Tammy Hopkins
Tributes	
The Hon. Dep. Premier Mr. Moses Kirkconnell	Friend
Donna Myrie-Stephens	Niece
Janet Eldridge	Friend
Special Song: Tribute from Sisters	Mr. Myron Ryan
Obituary	The Hon. Minister Julianna O'Connor-Connolly
Hymn <i>I Won't Have to Cross Jordan Alone</i>	Congregation
Sermon	Pastor Thomas French
Closing Hymn <i>Wonderful Peace</i>	Congregation
Closing Prayer	Pastor Thomas French
Recession	

My Savior First of All

When my life work is ended, and I cross the swelling tide,
When the bright and glorious morning I shall see,
I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the other side,
And His smile will be the first to welcome me.
I shall know Him, I shall know Him
And redeemed by His side, I shall stand.
I shall know Him, I shall know Him,
By the print of the nails in His hand.

Oh, the soul thrilling rapture when I view His blessed face
And the luster of His kindly beaming eyes;
How my full heart will praise Him for the mercy, love, and grace
That prepared for me a mansion in the sky.

Oh, the dear ones in glory, how they beckon me to come,
And our parting at the river I recall;
To the sweet vales of Eden they will sing my welcome home,
But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
Thro' the gates to the city in a robe of spotless white,
He will lead me where no tears will ever fall;
In the glad song of ages I shall mingle with delight,
But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
I shall know Him, I shall know Him
And redeemed by His side, I shall stand.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him,
By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know Him, I shall know Him,
By the print of the nails in His hand.
By the print of the nails in His hand.

I Won't Have To Cross Jordan Alone

When I come to the river
at the ending of day
When the last winds of sorrow have blown
There'll be somebody waiting
to show me the way
I won't have to cross Jordan alone

I won't have to cross Jordan alone
Jesus died all my sins to atone
In the darkness I see
he'll be waiting for me
I won't have to cross Jordan alone

Often times I'm weary and troubled and sad
When it seems that my friends have all flown
There is one thought that cheers me and makes my heart
glad
I won't have to cross Jordan alone

Though the billows of trouble
and sorrow may sweep
Christ the Saviour will care for his own
Till the end of my journey my soul he will keep
and I won't have to cross Jordan alone
I won't have to cross Jordan...

Wonderful Peace

Far away in the depths of my spirit tonight
Rolls a melody sweeter than psalm;
In celestial strains it unceasingly falls
O'er my soul like an infinite calm.

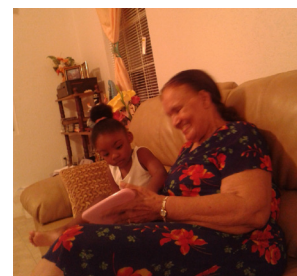
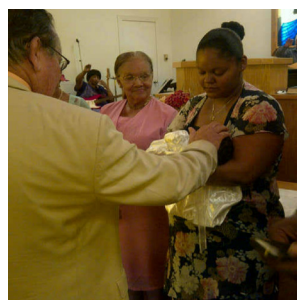
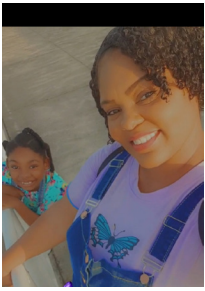
Refrain: Peace, peace, wonderful peace,
Coming down from the Father above!
Sweep over my spirit forever, I pray
In fathomless billows of love!

What a treasure I have in this wonderful peace,
Buried deep in the heart of my soul,
So secure that no power can mine it away,
While the years of eternity roll!

I am resting tonight in this wonderful peace,
Resting sweetly in Jesus' control;
For I'm kept from all danger by night and by day,
And His glory is flooding my soul!

And I think when I rise to that city of peace,
Where the Anchor of peace I shall see,
That one strain of the song which the
ransomed will sing
In that heavenly kingdom will be:

Ah, soul! are you here without comfort
and rest,
Marching down the rough pathway of time?
Make Jesus your Friend ere the shadows
grow dark;
O accept of this peace so sublime!



OBITUARY RE Mrs. Marlene Editha Myrie nee Ritch

Marlene Editha Myrie nee Ritch was born on 9th October, 1937 to Parents Irvin Percy Ritch and Gesmine Anita Ritch nee Bodden. She was the third child and second daughter of seven (7) children.

Her Siblings are – Anelda Ritch-Dixon, Luvan Ritch (preceded her in death), Diana Ritch-Scott-Driscoll, Lilieth Ritch-Gibbs, Juliet Ritch-Reed and Janilee Ritch.

Marlene was known to everyone as 'Marilyn,' and was raised in a humble, home where she was taught strict Christian values from God's Word, and attended the Spot Bay Holiness Church throughout her childhood.

She attended the Spot Bay Primary School (now the Agriculture Department Office) in Spot Bay, under the tutelage of Mr. Franklin Oliver Hill, of the Turks and Caicos Islands, and affectionately referred to as 'Teacher Hill,' and after leaving there after finishing the highest Class Year offered there, she sought for a source of financial income and began to learn how to sew and to perform hairdressing services.

Mrs. Freida Lazzari was her tutor in her learning how to become a Seamstress, and she was very successful and planned and produced many clothes in many styles in varying materials including wedding dresses for people even in the West End area of the Brac.

Marilyn also was immensely successful in Cosmetology – especially in the hairdressing field and performed these services for her many friends around her neighbourhood. This trade was taught to her by Mrs. Vedell 'Cuckoo' Scott-Dixon. Caring for her skin and hair were uppermost in her daily personal performances and when she later married, this was passed on to her daughters.

Marilyn was a very hard-working daughter growing up at her parents' home and learned to become a most EXCELLENT cook from her Mom, and was very hospitable to her family, friends and neighbours. She also loved garden plants and throughout her life loved to grow them and sell some as well. She knew all their names and how best they prospered. This she also learned from her Mom, along with her enthusiasm for decorating her home and yard.

She was a very happy child and grew up with her friends and family recognizing her quick and infectious laughter, which made it easy for her to love good, clean comedy. One year at her primary school, she was part of a play and her role name was 'Hard-tack T-bone Rufus.' She was asked by the Lead role member in the play, "Hard-tack T-bone Rufus, which is further away, the moon or China?" to which she replied – "China Ma'am." Again she was asked, "what makes you think that, Hard-Tack T-bone Rufus?" She answered "'Cos we can see the moon on a clear night and we can't see China, Ma'am." This was a hilarious moment for the audience.

In the mid to late 1950s, Marilyn met Harrison Myrie – a Seaman with the National Bulk Carriers - whom expressed his interest in her and would court her in singing contemporary love songs and playing the guitar at her parents' home. Before long, and though unplanned, he had acquired an audience with her family and the neighbours that enjoyed his musical repertoire. On 16 May 1959, Harrison and Marilyn were married. To this union were born six (6) children – Carolyn aka Rose, Hendrick, Michael, Clint, Georgette and Vikki.

Mummie was a Proverbs 31 Wife and Mother and her household never knew need. Some way or other she always made provision for the family's needs and was never seen sleeping after 6:00am in the mornings. She loved to eat and so there were lots of desserts made usually with the help of the eldest daughter – Rose, who enjoyed them as well. There was a time when there were 90+ coconut tarts made for the family (in a caboose) and naturally were shared with other family, friends and neighbours.

In the early 1960s the Missionary family – the Turners – moved to the Brac from the United States, and the Lord had it orchestrated for them to be her neighbours, and she was overjoyed for many reasons. Their children and hers became lifelong friends and numerous Sundays and other times of the week, she would send one of her delectable dishes whether it was turtle meat, conch stew, homemade baked beef, turbot, dolphin or kingfish in coconut milk, fried fish, stewed pork, salt beef and beans, beef shank soup, minced grouper, codfish and ackee, steamed fish, and many more not to mention the home-made heavy cakes and drinks and other desserts. She could even make jello from the cowfoot.

Christmas was another time that tremendous amounts of foods were prepared that could last for days for anyone that visited or that she sent to, not counting what the children repeatedly partook of, and the boys especially were hearty eaters. Even in all of this, there was never a day that there was nothing for her family to eat.

She performed her daily duties most times with her husband away at sea but when the children were very young her sister Juliet selflessly chose to come and live with her when she was at home from Shortwood College in Jamaica, and helped her, and since she was so very playful with the children, many happy memories were made with her and the children. Her youngest sister Janilee (Jen) also used to help her with the children when Juliet was away.

Marilyn also made certain that all her children attended Church and used to take them to Church at the Creek Ebenezer Church but moved to the Bethel and Fellowship Baptist Churches where Pastor Turner was the Pastor because of the bond with their family. The children were saved there and later Marilyn also expressed her faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and she and all the children were baptized early one morning at the old Landing Place at the Creek.

Not only was our mother a most dedicated, devoted and caring parent to her children – she also extended this to her Grandchildren. Two (2) of her grandchildren – Darcel, she took into her home from the age of a few months old, and also Jonathan whom she went over to Grand Cayman and brought him into her home at the age of four (4) days old. These children were brought up as her own, and she continued to reach out to mother her other grandchildren, and Brandon was also included later, although his Mom had provided him a home.

Through the years she taught them about the Lord and how to trust God in hard situations, and every time that they had tests in school and later whenever they acquired jobs and needed means of transportation, they always came to her and asked her to pray that everything would work out. She never failed, when the Lord answered her prayers, to encourage them to give the Lord their thanks and praise, and saw that they acknowledged the same.

Through the years her eyesight started to fail and she experienced a small Stroke or TIA but thank the Lord she did not have any physical setbacks from this, and she continued to do her usual cooking until her eyesight was too bad and her husband stopped her from cooking because she had had a close accident by the stove. Our father then decided to buy lunches and suppers at times for the two (2) of them but at other times some of the children would either buy them meals or take them something home cooked.

After her husband's passing on 10 January 2014, she was taken to live with her eldest daughter – Rose, where she enjoyed driving whenever she could and watching comedy on TV mainly of 'The Honeymooners, I love Lucy, Andy Griffith and Sanford and Son. She loved the Game Shows also, and Wrestling until it started to get too rambunctious. She used to also like to listen to the piano being played and would usually make requests and sing and clap with them.

There would also be times when she had long prayers for all her children and grandchildren and great Grands – calling their names before the Lord. She was always very highly excited to see her grand and later great grandchildren come to visit her. When she continued to age and was unsteady in her walk, she did not want any help from anyone, she said 'it was going to make her look old,' and thank the Lord He kept her from falling.

For six (6) years she lived at her daughter's house in West End, until 22 October 2020 (the day before her husband's birthday) that she was called home to be with the Lord whom she loved and thought so much of.

We look forward to a Grand Reunion on that Great and Glorious Day when Jesus comes to receive us in the clouds.

Her soul is resting in Peace with Jesus

A Tribute to My Mom

I couldn't begin, to count childhood and adult memories that you tolerated our moods, Consoled our broken hearts from losing a kite, Endured the ups and downs, Listened to words confused by tears And just simply understood for no other reason than because SHE loved US. The years hold Precious Memories, But most of all they hold growth. In a way, we grew up together... Mom you our definition Of a Special person... Fantastic... Exceptional... Unique... Enduring! You filled our lives with HAPPINESS And sweet feelings that we will Carry in our hearts FOREVER.

I loved you dearly!!

From Hendric

A Tribute to my Loving Caring Mother Mrs. Marlyn Myrie

From your Son Michael Myrie
God saw you getting tired
So he put his arms around you
And he whispered come to me
With tearful eyes I watched you
I watched you fade away
Although I loved you dearly
We could not make you stay
A golden heart stopped beating
A hard working caring Mom whose hands are now at rest
God broke our hearts to prove to us
He choose to take the best
It's lonesome here without you
I miss you more each day
Life doesn't seem the same
Since you have gone away
When days are sad and lonely
And every thing goes wrong
I seem to hear you whisper
"My dear Son I am in a better place now."
Each time I see your picture
You seem to smile and say
"Don't cry I am in Gods Hands now
Well meet again some day."
If Flowers grow in Heaven Lord, please pick a bunch for me,
put them in my Mother's arms, and tell her they are from me.

Mother's Tribute

As I began to write my final words to you, mummy, I imagined that you are sitting beside me telling me to feed Chip and to fix my hair because it looked like a coconut husk that washed up along the bay.

I can not say that I am at peace with you beginning your next chapter before the Christmas party. Michael still has unopened bottles. And Rose is nearby to cast out the evilness that led poor Chip and Hendric to find Michael.

However, you leaving was a topic that you had mentioned, and that I would calmly point out to say hello to so and so when you get there. You would blaze your eyes open as you called me a choice name, to which I shall not mention in company and then, of course, mention the broom on my head. Did I also hear you tell daddy to tell me to fix my hair?

These small moments will be missed. To say that we individually define our paths in life I would disagree to a point. Having had you as my mother has formed me into the woman that I am today. Your guidance whether wanted or not has always had a positive effect on my life. I look back and I look at myself now. I thank God that you took the time to play simple games and engaged in conversations with me to build my educational aptitude, even though you did hide the S encyclopedia when I discovered the lovely statues that summer.

Your guidance on not placing Darcel in The Stinger Death-Lock led us to learn to play quieter and out of reach of the broom. You fostered my love of flora and fauna even though you ran away from caterpillars. You fostered my love of cooking, even when you discovered I used my growing culinary skills to skip church. Or to find the spoiled naseberry to throw at Clint, whom you never saw throw the guinep at my head. Or your love of sweets when Georgette made fudge.

These few short words can not explain how much I will miss you and wish to see you when I come to visit. But I feel your love, your pride, and even that hairbrush that you have just thrown at me across the great spirit divide. I can always wish for more time, more opportunities, but this time it won't be so.

As you have made this last round in the garden of life and have now been reunited with daddy in that heavenly Coconut Walk, my hope is that you will have your own corner of heaven to grow those plants that even Will Ritch can't get a cutting from. I will remember you in each tangle of hair. In each soft sweep of a flower's petals or a green leaf at dusk. In the rising steam of a Sunday meal. In the crinkle of paper as I play Categories with my students. In that floppy thatch sun hat and the azure blue of a cool drink of water for your much loved plants. But most of all, and most definitely, in my heart mummy. In my heart. Travel well my mother. Travel well.

I love you Mummie, Your daughter Vikki

I just would like to say a little about my Precious Mother – Mrs. Marlene Myrie

She was a Proverbs 31 Wife and Mom who never varied in her devotion for either of her children

From my earliest recollection of my Mother, she always took us to church. She was a strict disciplinarian, and was always teaching me something – how to dress, how to comb my hair, how to cook, how to stay away from the bad company and out of the hands of the laws of the land, she taught good etiquette, and how to have good relations with others.

She told me that if I ever had a Bank loan, to not ever skip a month's payment. She also taught my brothers how to catch wild parrots with a snare made from the leaf off of the thatch tree. Let me quickly say here that this was before it became illegal to capture the parrot. She used to sell them and Mrs. Nada Bodden from West End bought one that she taught to talk like you would not believe, and whenever we went to Mr. Burnard's Store where she worked, she always spoke about this parrot and how he used to call her Mummie and about the new words that she had taught him.

Mummie taught us how to raise different kinds of animals and birds as pets, and to be responsible for their care, sharing with us certain critical elements to their unique rearing, like what they liked or did not like and what would happen if we teased or ill-treated them.

I remember the years when my father would butcher a steer or two (2) for Christmas and my mother was always sorry to know that they were going to kill the beautiful animal, and would literally cry but all the time she would be collecting the seasoning for the beef, and when cooked, the Butchers would declare that they had not tasted anything as good as it. She would also cook enough for many friends that would come by just to taste her 'baked beef.'

Her sisters would come to visit her and by the time they got in the kitchen they wanted a glass of water, and after the first mouthful, would always say "Marilyn's water is sweet." They felt convinced that it was 'sweet water,' and better than theirs at home.

I'll always remember the car rides that we would take almost every evening, even if I had something to do, except for attending Church, and she attended with me, I would take her for a ride. I also appreciated that she was always there for me accompanying me on any trip that I needed to take.

She always kept reminding me that the Lord does not make a mistake, especially when I used to complain about how I looked.

Toward the fourth year of my mother living at my house, I began to notice that she was getting forgetful and was losing interest in her appearance. This, sadly, progressed rather quickly and I spoke with the Doctors at the Hospital but she did not want to go for any tests so I decided that I would help her as much as I could, to cope.

Through all this though, she still had that funny side because one day a few months ago as I was ready and leaving for work, she had awakened early and was sitting in the sofa, and when I got to the door to open it before I told her my usual "Mummie I am leaving now, the Lord Bless," she asked, "You're going to work dressed like that? Looks like you're going on the Bluff." I had a big laugh at that.

There were many more things that she poked fun at but I never had a problem with anything that she said; sometimes I'd just say "What is she going to say now?" I had found out too that it was because of her beginning to develop Dementia being the reason that she was that way.

I must say that in the past months and even just a few days before her passing she would have times of crying and praying for her children and Grand-Children by name, and saying how much she loved them and that the Lord had answered her prayers of wanting to marry and have six (6) children. Down through the years she used to always say that she had made up her mind to be married before she had any children with no playing around before marriage because some men will do that but when they are ready for marriage they want a 'decent' girl for their wife.

There are so many life's lessons that my mother shared with us and also lived out before us – I cannot remember all to record here but since my mother was not one to be in the public eye a lot, I felt that I wanted to say a little about her to some who may not have known much about her or know her at all.

Knowing that my Mom was saved is the greatest comfort, because I know that she is at peace now in the presence of the Lord, and enjoying the wonders of Heaven.

For all that she taught me I still say, 'You taught me almost everything Mummie but did not teach me how to live without you...'

I would like to leave these poems that say so much for me:

Mummie when you left me ... a piece of my heart died.



Tribute To my Mother – Mrs. Marilyn Myrie

In the early morning hours when I was made aware of my mothers passing, my entire body became unresponsive and weak. Her passing was so sudden and unexpected that we did not have time to say goodbye nor to react in fear.

I am fortunate that God granted her to me as my mother. I have fond memories far too long to outline here, but memories that I will cherish for the remainder of my life, and memories that are summed up in the poem of unknown author origin which reads as follows:

Rest in peace Mummie, until we meet again.

Your Son Clint and family



Service at the Graveside

Prayer & Scripture Reading: Rev. 22:1-5 Pastor Joel Scott
Hymn: "When the Roll is Called up Yonder" Congregation
Committal Pastor Thomas French
Hymn: "What a Day that Will Be." Congregation
Benediction Pastor Thomas French

When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder

When the Trumpet of the Lord shall sound and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there

Refrain: When the roll is called up yonder, when the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder, when the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there

On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share when His chosen ones shall gather
To their home beyond the skies, and the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there

Let us labor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun,
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care then when all of life is over
And our work on earth is done and the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

What a Day That Will Be

There is coming a day when no heartaches shall come
No more clouds in the sky -- no more tears to dim the eye
All is peace forevermore, on that happy, golden shore
What a day, glorious day that will be

Refrain: What a day that will be when my Jesus I shall see
When I look upon his face, the One who saved me by His grace
When He takes me by the hand and leads me through the Promised Land
What a day, glorious day that will be.

There'll be no sorrow there, no more burdens to bear
No more sickness, no pain, no more parting over there
And forever I will be with the One who died for me
What a day, glorious day that will be.

Acknowledgement

The Family of the Late Marlene Myrie wishes to express our most heartfelt appreciation to all of our Friends and Family for their sincere words of encouragement, and their Prayers at this most difficult time in our lives. Special thanks to Uncle Edward Myrie and to Bodden's Funeral Home