

*Service of Celebration for the Life of
Mrs. Ethel Florence Dabrio (nee Dixon)
September 26, 1937 – December 6, 2020*



*Church of God (Universal)
83 Walkers Road, George Town,
Grand Cayman, Cayman Islands*

Date: Wednesday, December 16, 2020

Time: 1:00 PM

Officiating Minister:

Pastor Robert James Arch Cert. Hon., JP (Ret.)

Pianist:

Sister Ruth Rankine

Organist:

Sister Esther Jackson

Interment at:

Prospect Cemetery



Order of Service

| | |
|---|--|
| Opening Remarks and Prayer | Pastor Robert James Arch Cert. Hon., JP (Ret.) |
| Hymn "What a Friend We Have in Jesus" | Congregation |
| Scripture Reading (1 Thess. 4:13-18) | Sis. Latasha Nixon |
| Obituary | Christina McLean |
| Special Song "Be Still My Soul"..... | Shanda Gallego |
| Tribute from Husband | Sis. Latasha Nixon |
| Tribute from Daughter, Valeta – "I'll See You Again" (by West Life) | Pre-recorded |
| Tribute from Sons, Robert and Ricardo | Sis. Latasha Nixon |
| Tribute from Daughter, Keisha – "Goodbye's the Saddest Word" (by Celine Dion) | Pre-recorded |
| Tribute from Daughter, Kay | Sis. Latasha Nixon |
| Tribute from Nieces and Nephews - "Family Circle" (by Des) | Pre-recorded |
| Sermon | Pastor Robert James Arch Cert. Hon.,JP (Ret.) |
| Closing Hymn "When We All Get to Heaven"..... | Congregation |
| Benediction | Pastor Robert James Arch Cert. Hon.,JP (Ret.) |

Pallbearers

Barry Eden
Chris Moore
Ernie Walton
Kirk Kelly
Robert Williams
Theodore Kelly, Jr.

Honourary Pallbearers

Wilton Dabrio
Robert Toyloy
Ricardo Dabrio
Allan-Michael Dabrio
Mauricio Smith
Courtney Bryant
Theodore Kelly, Sr.
Andrew Holness
Kevin Moore
Darryl Moore

Funeral Registry Attendants

Bergie McLean
Roshan Toyloy-Ebanks

Ushers

Bro. Carlton West
Bro. Sydney Shaw

Obituary

Ethel Florence Dabrio (nee Dixon), loving wife, mother, grandmother and great grandmother, passed away peacefully at her home surrounded by family on Sunday, December 6, 2020 at the age of 83. Ethel, or "Aunt Flo" as she was affectionately known, was born on September 26, 1937 in Creek Cayman Brac, to parents Captain Herman "Bonnie" Dixon and Lilly Dixon.

She spent most of your younger days in Jamaica after moving with her parents in 1941 and after attending school she began her working career at the University hospital. She returned to the Cayman Islands in the early 1980's after meeting and marrying her devoted husband Wilton Dabrio. They, along with their children, first lived in George Town and eventually settled in Northward, Grand Cayman.

Throughout the years she was a recognizable face of customer service in positions held with the historic Wholesome Bakery, Galleon Beach and Roy's Boutique. Everyone associated "Aunt Flo" as the community caregiver as she would give a person the clothes off her back to ensure that they were ok. Anyone that knew her, knew to keep their stomach very empty because a visit with her would trigger repeated offers for you to eat more food. Once the radio was turned on, neighbors could hear her bellowing her favorite country song from artists like Patsy Cline and hymns by Jim Reeves. Nothing would make her happier than large family gatherings, and if you caught her at just the right time, you would see her famous jiggle step dance. Even age and the inability to stand couldn't stop her shaking shoulders and swaying arms once music was playing.

She had a disdain for bad treatment and always felt that everyone deserved a second chance. She did not mince her words when it came to 'telling it like it is' but it was all done out of love and 'teaching the right way.' If she could have saved everyone in the world, she would have.

Preceding Ethel in death are her parents, Capt. Bonnie Dixon and Lilly Dixon; brothers, Tony Dixon and Alfred (Jimmy) Dixon; sisters, Bergie Hansen, Ercell Mellad, Winnie Haven, Emily Johnson, Jane Moore and Lina Smith; and granddaughter, Idrissa Bryant-Johnson.

She is survived by her husband, Wilton Dabrio; sons, Robert Toyloy and Ricardo Dabrio; daughters, Valeta Toyloy-Bryant, Keisha Dabrio and Kay Dabrio; grandsons, Allan-Michael Dabrio, Mauricio Smith, Robert Toyloy-Ebanks and Kevin Brown, Jr.; granddaughters, Meta Morrison, Diandra Davis, Jossannah Smith, Joneisha Rankine and Roshan Toyloy-Ebanks; great-granddaughters, Journey Howell and Leia Johnson; son-in-law, Courtney Bryant; daughter-in-law, Shena Toyloy; brother, Orrett Dixon; sisters, Valda Dixon and Vinette Allenger; special nieces, Ann Haven, Maria Haven, Sonia Mellad, Carey-Dean Smith-Douglas, Bergie McLean, Jen Dixon and Desiree Kelly; special friends, Joyce Binns, Marva Thompson and Delia Vera; special caregiver, Nurse Menda Alambatin; and a host of other family, relatives and friends.

Tributes

Tribute from Husband: Cliffy

My dear wife Flo, how do I begin to write about you? With all the precious years that passed us by, it seems as if it was just yesterday. Here I am struggling to find the right words to say, that only Heaven can relate.

When I reflect on the years, I see the face of a joyous woman raising her children with grace and compassion, always giving such care and affection, not allowing any obstacle to be a distraction. Our children were your cherished possessions, and not a soul could take that from you, not even a bowl of rice and beans or a stew.

When they smiled, you smiled; when they cried, you cried; when they talked, you talked; when they sang, you sang; when they celebrated, you celebrated; when they ate, you ate; if they fought you separated them. Whenever you gave them permission to go enjoy themselves, you made sure that I would find our children, and bring them safely home. You always reminded them to share with a willing heart, and to be tender towards each other.

Surprisingly for me, this tenderness was shared with everyone around you, as if your heart for others had no control. When I see and hear our children, my heart will be comforted knowing that it's all a reflection of you.

As we said our last goodbyes, my love for you, and your precious possessions (our children) is what God has given me to always think of you. As you sleep a while, I wait with faith to see you on that great getting up morning, when God gives the shout to awake you from sleep, and with the angels we will journey to Heaven for eternity. Goodbye for now my sweet Flo.

From your husband Cliffy.

Tribute from Sons: Robert and Ricardo

Sometimes, the distance between what we think and what we want to say is unbridgeable. And no matter how much we arrange and re-arrange the words they can never convey how we really feel inside. Each person present today knows how affected they have been by our mother – both in life and in death. Those impressions are too minute and delicate to be substantiated in language. But, with your patience, we shall try.

To the world she was one person, but to us she was the world. She didn't have much, but we always felt like we had everything, especially love. There were always clothes on our backs and food on our table, even for unexpected visitors. We remember so fondly when she would prepare lunch for us to take to work. No matter how many times we told her it was way too much food for us and that it could probably feed two more people, she would tell us we should find someone to share it with then. She didn't leave millions in her bank account, but she left a legacy worth much more.

Looking back at old family photographs there are not many of Mama by herself. It was her family that defined her and the values which she fought so long and so hard for - values that she tried to instill in us so that we might instill them in our own families. Her devotion also extended to the partners of her sons and daughters.

She was precious, a gift from God. So much beauty, grace, love and patience she possessed. She touched our hearts in so many ways, her strength and smile even on dark days made us realize we had an angel beside us.

Mama especially loved when we read and studied the Bible together, often uncovering Bible truths that were not obvious due to traditional beliefs. She fell asleep fully believing in the hope of her resurrection on the last day (John 11:24; 1 Thess. 4:13-18) when Christ returns in the clouds of glory with His reward for her and each of us according to our works (John 14:1-3; Matt. 16:27) and that the second death, by God's grace, should have no power over her (Rev 20:6).

Sleep on Mama and by God's grace we will share the experience of the Second Advent outlined in 1 Thess. 4:16-17 and receive our eternal rewards together. Meanwhile, sleep on.

From your sons, Robert and Ricardo

Tribute from Daughter: Keisha

Mommy, I will make it short and sweet as I have asked Pastor Arch to do with his Sermon, as requested by you.

I want to thank you Mommy for the unconditional love that you gave to me, my children (your grandchildren), and my granddaughter (your great-granddaughter). You were an amazing, loving, kind, wonderful, selfless, Mother. God could not have given me a more beautiful Mother inside and out, than you. Sometimes we didn't see eye to eye but one thing is for sure, we always loved heart to heart. Everyday I look in the mirror, I remind myself that I am amazing because a very amazing woman brought me into this world and loved me unconditionally. Thank you Mama.

You were always so strong even when you were sick and up until the second that you took your last breath. You were a fighter until the end. My Hero. I have no clue what I am going to do with my Saturdays now that you're gone, Mommy. That day was specially reserved to take care of you. My heart is broken. A half of me died on Sunday December 6, 2020 when you left us but the other half of me is filled with your love and the wonderful memories of you. I miss you beyond words Mommy and I will always love you.

Your daughter, Keisha.

Tribute from Daughter: Kay

To Mommy from Kay

So who am I supposed to call now when I need irregular measurements of food ingredients when I am cooking? Who will I now call when I want to hear neighborhood gossip even before Cayman Marl Road? What am I supposed to do when I want to hear your voice on the other end of the phone? And who will make your famous Shepperd's pie?

Mom you told us for years that one day you would have to leave us but no matter how prepared I thought I was I still am not ready to let you go, not just yet.

I was always your little 'suckfish' and cried every time you would leave me when I was younger. To me you were the best person on the planet and you always told me how smart I was. Having a similar creative style, maybe it was the Libra in us, maybe it's because I was born just one day before your birthday, I don't know what it was but we were both always buried in a newspaper article or busy crocheting together. My love for reading and eventually a career in broadcasting came because of you.

When I became a single mother at the age of 20, you picked up the reigns taking full charge of ensuring that Mauricio was well taken care of. I remember many days practically getting into arguments with you because you wanted him there, he wanted to stay there, and I felt like I wasn't getting enough time with my son. Oh, how you loved him, just like you did Mikey and JoJo and your other grandkids at the time.

I took for granted that throughout our entire childhood and a good part of our adulthood that anyone living with you would get a home cooked breakfast every morning and we had a warm dinner every night. It wasn't until I was completely alone in another country that I realized just how much effort and energy it took to feed an entire clan just about every day, the manual way..... no fast food. Mom, both you and dad are simply AMAZING!! I love you both!

Moving away from Cayman was scary and exciting at the same time but that quickly turned to tears when I realized how much I missed my family and particularly you and daddy. My way of keeping you close was to call when trying to make one of your famous dishes like Shepperd's pie and instead of Googling it, I preferred your step by step guidance. What's crazy is that you could never ever give me proper measuring proportions. You always would say "add a little salt" and when I asked how much was a little, you would say "just a little bit man, not much". Needless to say, my food never came out quite right but I would still call anyway get those repeated instructions, just to be close to you. There was one time that I almost got it right and was so proud of myself, but Mauricio after tasting it, was quick to say, "this is good but not as good as Nana's". I dunno, maybe one day I will get it right.

As we lay your physical body to rest today, I will not tell you goodbye, but instead I will say "see you later" because I know that God has you in his cover. I will live my life in such a way to ensure I get to heaven because I want to see you again. Give Winsome and Idrissa the biggest hug for me. I love you mommy, now and always.

Your Kay Kay

Tribute to Abuela from Grandchildren: Roshan and Tinito

Abuela, you were such a caring person. It was so enjoyable to be there with you watching your game shows on TV. That made you so happy. However, at times we were saddened when the news came on and sometimes seeing you cry because of the wickedness being reported in the news. It was as if you personally knew each victim that had fallen. That is proof to us that you were so concerned about the well-being of others.

Oh how we loved the fruits from your garden. The breadfruits, bananas, plums, avocados and mangoes always tasted better than what we bought at the supermarket. Thank you so much for being you. We are glad that we were around you until the very end, but it was such a sad moment when we saw you draw your last breath. Sleep on abuela.

From Roshan and Tinito

Tribute to NaNa from Grandson, Allan-Michael; Granddaughter, Joniesha; Great-granddaughter Journey

- Oh NaNa -

Oh NaNa
Our sweet-sweet NaNa
How we miss your warm embrace
How we miss that smile upon your face

Oh NaNa
Our sweet-sweet NaNa
You've brought us all this way
You've kept our sorrows away

Oh NaNa
Our sweet-sweet NaNa
If ever in doubt
We will remember;
"What you put in your head no-one can take out"
& for those days that we are feeling unkind;
"It's nice to be nice"
Will come to mind

Oh NaNa
Our sweet-sweet NaNa
We will always & forever be
Your sweet-sweet babies...
But as our hearts cry
Today we say goodbye

Oh NaNa
Our sweet-sweet NaNa
Goodbye...

Tribute from Sister: Vinette Allenger

My fondest memories of my sister Flo were from our days growing up in Jamaica. We both attended Calabar All Age Girls School in Kingston, Jamaica. Flo was a few years older than me, so she was ahead of me in school. I felt good knowing she was in the same school with me. When Flo moved out of our home to go on her own, I missed her so much. Whenever Mama sent me on errands, she knew me so well she would always say, "Go and come straight back, don't bother going to Flo's as you will not come back any time soon." One day she sent me to get the Gleaner with that same warning and of course I went over to Flo's to visit with her and was gone so long, I had to make up a story to tell Mama when I got back.

Growing up it was always Flo, Sheila and myself who hung out and went everywhere together. We always had such fun no matter what we did. I remember one New Year's Eve, Flo and I went to watch night service as usual but a friend of ours, Pat Bell, said she knew someone having a party over on Paradise Street, so when we left Church, we all decided to go to the party. We had so much fun dancing and enjoying ourselves that we didn't realize when it was morning. We left and went home and when we knocked on the front door our Dad's voice asked who it was. When we answered he replied that we should go back to wherever we were coming from. I was scared and upset and just wanted to get inside.

While sitting on the front porch in the hope that Daddy would let us in, a song came on the neighbour's rediffusion. It was Little Richard singing "Keep on knocking but you can't come in, come back tomorrow and try again." That just made us feel worse. Then Flo remembered we could get in through the back door, so we went around and indeed found the key and got in. To make amends to our parents I decided to make them their morning coffee and take to them in bed. After things settled down, later that day Flo and I went out again to another party for New Year's Day together. It was always the two of us and most times Sheila was with us. We truly had some fun times growing up together and remained close throughout the years. Some years ago, after the hurricane she came up to Florida and stayed with me for quite some time. I miss my sister so much already and I don't know how I will go on without her. I know she is safe and with all our other family. I love you sis and will always miss you. Rest well.

Tribute from Granddaughter: Meta

Nana, I will never forget your kind words of encouragement, warm hugs & your delicious cooking. I love & miss you so much, but I know we will see each other again one day.

Love Meta

Tribute from Daughter-in-law: Shena

Today, despite my profound sadness, I am honoured to share some special memories of my dearest mother-in-law through the lens of my eyes.

The halls of time are comprised of many diverse experiences with her, both sad and joyful.

She was brutally honest and made no apologies for it. She was caring, prideful, giving and was unselfish with her dealings with others. She was more concerned about the well-being of others than herself.

The first time we met, she advised me that her daughter, Keisha, had already briefed her about me. She further explained that Keisha told her that she knew me from school and that I was a 'decent woman' and would be a good wife for Rob. She continued however to make sure I knew that Rob was her beloved son and that she would not tolerate anyone mistreating him. Likewise, she told me that she would be the first to tell me if she found out that Rob was being unfaithful to me. This was her usual blunt way of setting the record straight. I am happy that she witnessed my unconditional love and dedication to Rob.

I would often call her when I was leaving home to inquire if she needed anything from the shop or restaurant. She would provide me with a list, or order, as the case may be.

One day, I ordered her some food (which she had requested), but due to traffic, I was a bit late getting to her from West Bay. Upon my arrival, she looked at me and asked who I was bringing that for, because when she wants her food, she doesn't want to wait. Did I mention she was brutally honest? Lol. I knew it wasn't because she was ungrateful, she just simply had her standards.

Although we shared our differences of opinion at times, our relationship continued to blossom, and it was my pleasure to care for her as a mother for over 22 years.

During the COVID-19 lockdown, she told Rob to ask me to purchase the veggie burger patties I had introduced her to and to deliver them to a few close family members and her doctor. She then asked me to explain to those people how to prepare them, as she enjoyed when I had cooked some for her previously. She was adamant that I prepared them the best lol.

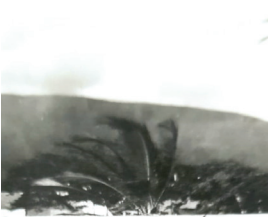
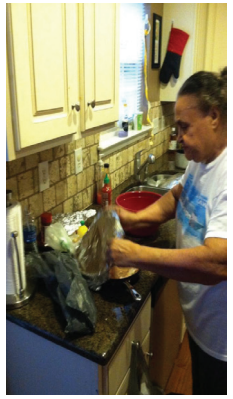
Space will not allow me to share all the wonderful memories I have with her.

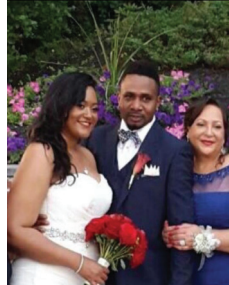
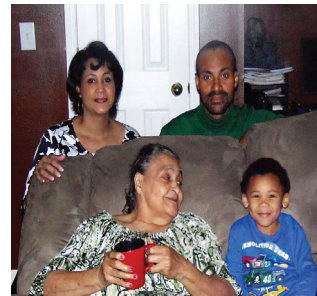
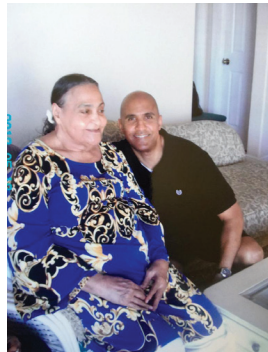
We witnessed her decline in health over the years, but more so after her fall in 2019. I am so grateful that we were able to secure home health care for her and that nurse Menda became an integral part of her care team. We often told her that she was like family to us. Rob, Ricardo, Keisha, nurse Menda and myself were blessed and honored to love and care for her until her passing. I thank God that I showed her my unselfish love and gratitude while she was alive to know. Only the good Lord knows the depth of my sadness to have witnessed her taking her last breath.

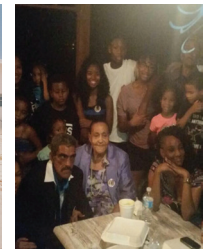
As much as it pierces my heart that she is no longer with us, I know that she is in a better place - sleeping until her Saviour returns to resurrect her and escort her through the heavenly gates.

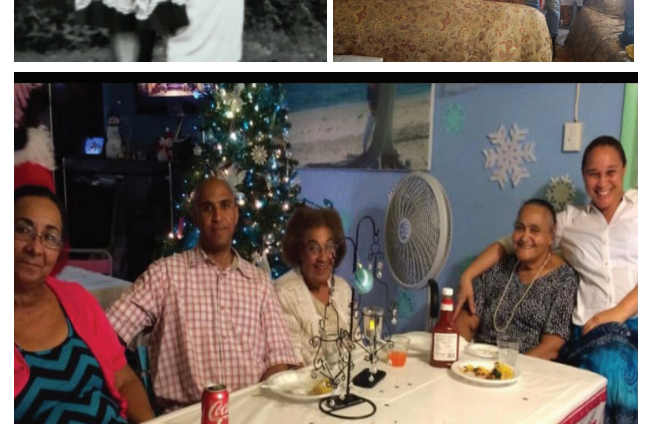
I will always miss her deeply.

Love always, Shena









Graveside Service

Opening Remarks Pastor Robert James Arch Cert. Hon., JP (Ret.)
Prayer Pastor Robert James Arch Cert. Hon., JP (Ret.)
Family Floral Tributes Pre-recorded
Committal Pastor Robert James Arch Cert. Hon., JP (Ret.)
Hymns Congregation

“Amazing Grace”
“Rock of Ages”
“Blessed Assurance”

Amazing Grace

Rock of Ages

Blessed Assurance

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.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

‘Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved
How precious did that grace appear
the hour I first believed.

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law’s demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Refrain: This is my story, this is my song
Praising my Savior all the day long
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long.

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

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight.
Angels descending bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

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.

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Savior am happy and blest.
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Fill’d with His goodness, lost in His love.

Acknowledgements & Special Thanks

The family of the late Ethel Florence Dabrio wishes to extend our profound appreciation to:

Caregiver, Nurse Menda Alambatin

Shiloh Eldercare Services

Dr. Nyali Taylor & staff of Seven Mile Medical Clinic

Dr. Steve Tomlinson, Dr. Sidney Ebanks and staff of CTMH

Health Services Authority

Health City Cayman

CINICO

Jasmine

Bodden Funeral Service