

Service of Celebration

For the Life
Of



Melanie Kathryn Scott-Hunt

23th January, 1980 - 9th December 2020

Ministers

Rev Tom French & Rev Maurice Chambers

Ushers:

Nola Bodden, Terry Scott, Ashton Bodden & Edward Foster

Guest Book Attendants:

Samantha Scott & Crystal Scott

Order of Service

Prelude	Nickolas DaCosta
Welcome & Prayer	Pastor Tom French
Congregation Song	<i>Tis So Sweet To Trust in Jesus</i>
Scripture: II Corinthians 4: 8, 9, 16 NIV	Cantrell Scott
Special Song	Neila Jones
Tribute from Son	Tammy Hopkins
Tribute from Brother	Michael Hundt
Tribute from Mother	Liz Walton-Thompson
Tribute from Father	Edna Platts
Tribute from Cousins	Yolande & Lizzette
Tribute from Ministry of Education & Department of Education ..	Adrian Jones
Tribute from Creek & SpotBay Primary Schools	Alta Solomon
Tributes from Mentors	Tammy Hopkins
Scripture	Rev. Maurice Chambers
Prayer for the Family	Faith Foster
Special Song: Candle in the Wind	Nickolas DaCosta
Life Story	Kathy Kirkconnell
Message of Comfort & Hope	Kathy Kirkconnell
Closing Hymn	<i>It is Well With My Soul</i>
Closing Prayer	

Interment will follow at the Stake Bay Cemetery

Pallbearers

Delano Lazzari
Peter Stilling

Shawn Scott
Sean Smith

Duke Wayne Tibbetts
Dwayne Bodden

Honorary Pallbearers

Duke Tibbetts
Edison Lee Howell
Harrison Bothwell
Turney Burke
Radley Scott
Ricardo McLean
Steven Scott
Sheldon Scott
Srirangan Velusamy
Tishaun Young
Joshua Burke
John Hunter
Linden Brown
BJ Walton

Michael McCurdy
Mark Arthur
Brian Peters
Tom Tibbetts
Phil Tibbetts
Jack Taylor
Jonathan Scott
Cody Scott
Kelly Thompson
Joey Dacosta
Wallace Platts
Mitchum Sandford
Raymond Scott
Steven Hopkins

Carvell McClean
Burnard Tibbetts
James Tibbetts
Paul Tibbetts
Jonathan Tibbetts
Matthew Tibbetts
Moses Kirkconell
Michael Hundt
Lyndon Martin
Coach Lensworth
CJ Scott
Norman Carter
Cornell Burke
Henry Scott

Service Hymns

'Tis So Sweet To Trust In Jesus

'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus, Just to take Him at His word
Just to rest upon His Promise, Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."

Chorus: Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him; How I've proved Him o'er and o'er
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus; Oh for grace to trust Him more.

Oh how sweet to trust in Jesus, Just to trust His cleansing blood
Just in simple faith to plunge me, 'neath the healing, cleansing blood.

Yes, 'tis to sweet to trust in Jesus, Just from sin and self to cease
Just from Jesus, simply taking Life and rest, and joy and peace.

I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Precious Jesus, Savior, Friend
And I know that Thou Art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

It Is Well With My Soul

When peace like a river attendeth my way; When sorrows like sea billows roll,
Whatever my lot, Thou has taught me to say; "It is well, it is well with my soul."

Refrain: It is well with my soul; It is well, it is well, with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come; Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate, and hath shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin... Oh the bliss of this glorious thought; My sin, not in part, but the whole
Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Oh my soul.

For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live: If Jordan above me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life; Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

But, Lord 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait, the sky, not the grave, is our goal;
Oh trump of the angel! Oh voice of the Lord! Blessed hope, blessed rest for my soul!

And Lord haste the day when the faith shall be sight, the clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound and the Lord shall descend.
Even so it is well with my soul.

Life Story

Melanie Kathryn Scott was born on January 23, 1980 to Estelle Scott and Terry Burke at the Faith Hospital, Cayman Brac; the long awaited first grandchild of Eston and Jewell Scott of Cotton Tree Bay. They welcomed her into their home and raised her as their own child, showering her with love and affection.

She was the only baby of the family at that time so she enjoyed a very close and loving relationship with her grand aunts: Bet-Bet, Nana and her cousins Lizzette, Edward, Yolande and Eileen. Some of their fondest memories involve playing with Barbie dolls and one of the first Cabbage Patch and Cricket dolls on the island while eating their favourite tuna sandwiches and drinking apple juice and tang. The highlight of Christmas was Cotton Tree Bay Church of God Christmas program, Mr Burnard's Santa Claus, Christmas Caroling on the back of Mr Tracey's truck and lighting fireworks at the West End channel wharf.

She attended West End Primary School from 1984. Her first teacher was Mrs Gayle who preceded her in death a few weeks ago. Another favourite Primary School teacher was Mr Hundt who organised the most amazing Christmas musicals and also taught her swimming.

Melanie attended Cayman Brac High School from 1991 and graduated in 1997, the same year her baby brother, Peter was born. Peter became more of her child than her brother and she mothered and spoiled him like her own.

The next year she went to attend the University of Tampa leaving her baby brother, Granny and Grandpa devastated and this resulted in them visiting her in school quite frequently. While in university Melanie would visit her American family, who lived in the area and was fortunate enough to have her Aunt Rosie and Uncle Ray for her and her friends to stay with when a hurricane threatened one year. During her time in college, she went on an honors trip to Italy where she visited the Vatican and other historic sites. She also visited Egypt and The Emirates during that trip. Melanie joined the Delta Zeta sorority in her freshman year of college and was very involved in their fundraising efforts for disability charities. She developed very close relationships with her sorority sisters and was a bridesmaid in her Little Sister's wedding.

It was at the University of Tampa where she met her dearest friend Suzanne Drake who helped to care for her and to look after Mason when she was receiving treatment in Atlanta at The Cancer Treatment Center of America (CTCA). In her Junior & Senior years of college Melanie worked as a Resident Assistant allowing her to hone her mentoring and leadership skills.

During the Summer of 2001 she worked as A Child Care Supervisor with the Department of Social Service. Melanie graduated from University of Tampa in 2003 with her Bachelor's degree in Early Childhood Education and Government and World Affairs and returned to teach at Creek Primary School as a Summer Intern. Then in January 2004 she joined the Creek Primary School faculty as Assistant Teacher, where she taught the reception class. Melanie was promoted to Teacher I in September 2006 then to Deputy Principal/Senior Teacher in September 2015. Melanie acquired her MBA from Walden University in 2008 and continued to teach until 2018 when her illness forced her in to full time administration.

Besides being a very dedicated teacher, she was involved in community service. From returning home from college, when she joined the Cayman Brac Business & Professional Women's Club.

Melanie served as a member of Culture Club in 2005 and during this time she chaperoned a group of 20 children to Grand Cayman where they were immersed in cultural activities.

In 2010 she was appointed by the then Pirates Week National Director Mr Bernie Bush to chair the Cayman Brac Pirates Week & Heritage Committee, a position she held until 2017. She worked relentlessly to improve the image of the Festival by making it family-friendly while embracing participation by residents and visitors alike.

In 2013, Melanie was selected as a Young Caymanian Leadership Award Finalist, because she possessed above-average attributes and skills in areas such as character, personal values, attitude, leadership and a passion to influence others in a positive manner.

Because of her love for children and animals (especially dogs) she also eagerly volunteered as a member of the Humane Society of Cayman Brac for several years and at the National Trust Summer Camp as Summer Camp Co-ordinator.

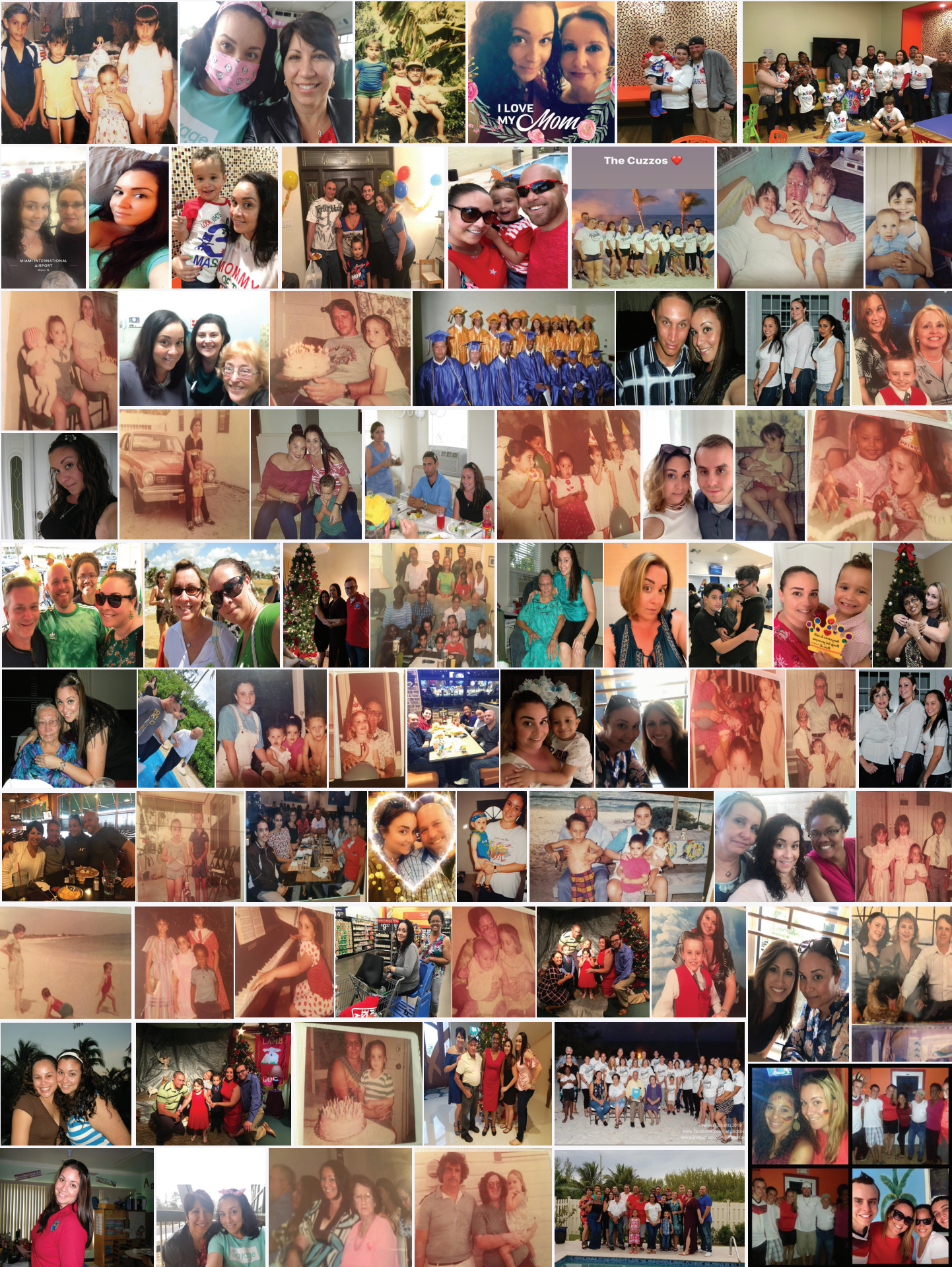
The pinnacle of her life took place on 22 January 2015 when her son Mason Jonathan McLaren was born. Her life took on new meaning and she strove to be the very best mother putting in to practice many of her life lessons.

She was diagnosed with cancer in November 2017 and initially received treatment in Atlanta where she met her husband-to-be Patrick Hunt. Patrick was her faithful caregiver, accompanying her to her treatments and assisting her to care for her son Mason. Melanie and Patrick were married on 28 March, 2019.

During her illness Melanie drew strength from the scriptures and enjoyed doing Bible studies even via Zoom during the Lockdown. She accepted Christ as her personal Saviour and was later baptized by her cousin Edward on 3rd October 2020.

Melanie succumbed to her illness on 9th December, 2020. She will be deeply missed but we can be comforted that she went to be with Jesus and we will see her again in Heaven.

She was preceded in death by her grandmother and grandfather Eston and Jewel Scott, special aunts Betty Faye Scott and Anita Howell. Melanie is survived by her son: Mason Bodden, mother: Estelle Stilling-Galbraith, father: Terry Burke: step fathers: Ralph Stilling and Andrew Galbraith, brothers: Peter Stilling and Turney Burke, sister: Crystal Scott, Husband: Patrick Hunt, special uncle Cantrell Scott, and special aunt Denise Bothwell, along with other uncles and aunts, cousins, colleagues and a host of relatives & friends both in the Cayman Islands and the USA.



Tributes:

Tribute from son Mason

My Dearest Mommy,

You were the best mommy anyone could ever have. I always liked each adventure that we did together. Like when we played games and you told me stories about when you were small like me. Thank you for taking me to soccer practice. You always told Auntie Landie when I was coming to Cayman and she would bring Asher and Alec to my games.

Mommy you always looked out for me and wanted me to do my best. You were so kind and beautiful, mommy. You taught me to love Jesus and each night before bed you would read me a story and pray with me. Even when you had to go for treatments, you would call each night to pray with me.

I wish that I could see you again to hug you and kiss you. You always told me that I was your everything and you were my everything.

You had so much patience with me especially when I did something wrong. I remember in the hotel when I came to visit you in Atlanta, I gave you and Gigi Dog a big scare by taking the elevator by myself. I watched each time you all pressed the button and I knew number 4 was where I could find Gigi Dog. Boy was I in trouble. But even though you were upset and scared, you talked to me and told me how I could have gotten hurt or someone could have kidnapped me.

I remember my 5th birthday party. I had so much fun all my friends. I had my favourite superhero decorations and cakes. You always spoiled me but you taught me not to take things for granted. You took me to Sunday School, sometimes I cried but then I was okay. I liked when you got baptized and we talked about what it meant to you and I one day I would like to do it too. I will always say my prayers at night, mommy and keep Jesus in my heart. I know you are with Jesus, but I miss you so much. You will always be in my heart and I will always love you. Bye my precious mommy.

Your son, Mason

Tribute from Your Loving Mom

Tribute to my sweet, loving, beautiful daughter, Melanie Kathryn Scott Hunt

My Dearest Daughter Melanie,

Although it has been almost a week since you left as so suddenly and unexpected, I was with you when you were diagnosed with inoperable stage 4 cancer the day after Thanksgiving in 2017 but could never accept that one day, in the not so distant future, this terrible, cruel disease would take you from us.

Even being with you during chemotherapy and other treatments, I could not accept it. I always prayed and believed you would be cured. The fact that you would die before me was something I could not accept. Me having to plan your funeral is just totally wrong. Choosing Pall Bearers from your many family and friends who love you so much, is so very painful, as I know they are hurting too.

It is just so unfair that you were taken from us at this time; I know you are in a better place but because you are not here with us now, the pain is unbearable. So many of us depended on you and needed your love, support and advice. I am completely brokenhearted because you were my daughter, my sister, my best friend, my fashion adviser, my confident, one of my most important reasons for living.

You always said Peter was my favorite child, I freely admit I was a much better mother to him than I was to you, especially at first, but this was probably because you were born a few days before my 18th birthday and I was single, so we grew up together. Peter didn't arrive until after my 35th birthday and I was married for sixteen years. However, you never wanted or needed anything. Granny and Grandpa welcomed you into their home and raised you as their own third child.

I miss you so much for all of the things we did together but most of all I am devastated because of precious Mason, knowing how much pain he is feeling. He is trying so hard to be strong but I know he misses his Mommy terribly. He had to be apart from you so much during your illness, but now he can't look forward to you coming back and going to the airport to meet and welcome you home. He is so mature and wise beyond his years that I know he will be alright. But it's just so sad, that after you waited so long to have him and was the perfect Mommy, he won't even have you here to celebrate his 6th birthday. I promise I will do everything, along with some of your good friends and other family to make sure it is a good one for him. Miranda has already asked what theme he wants so she can order the materials.

Although I can never hope to fill your place, as you were the best Mommy ever. You were loving, caring, patient, fun-loving, always doing something fun with him, and buying him way more toys and clothes than he could ever use.

You were a real child person, this came naturally to you. Now there is only impatient and miserable Gigi Dog ☹️ but I promise I'm working on improving.

Uncle Andy and I will do everything we can to take care of him and love him. Uncle Andy will always be there to play football with him and I will do as many beach trips as possible. Of course be there will always be Auntie Landie and her family, Auntie Lizzette, Auntie Tammy, Uncle Stephen, Auntie Liz, Auntie Moonie, Auntie Meana and her family, Auntie Zanda and Keristan, Auntie Jenice and of course Papa to help out, especially with school and fishing trips.

With so many others loving him and helping out, I may just be able to take care of him like you would have wanted.

I will always love and miss you, rest in the arms of the angels my loving, beautiful daughter.

Your broken-hearted mom xx

Tribute from Papa:

Where do I start? How do I say goodbye to one of my daughters? Melanie, your laughter and smile could always light up the darkest and gloomiest of rooms. You always had a way of turning a situation around. You were so loving, sweet and kind. To you, life was for living and you made sure you cherished every moment! Celebrations were important and having family and friends around to spend them with meant everything. Mason was your world!! He will continue to be mine. Little Mason has brought so much joy to our lives and I know he gave you the will to always fight and face every day. Your strength and resilience showed greatly in your desire to always be a ray of hope for those around you and that has made me so proud to be your Papa. I have so many cherished moments with you and my precious Grandson, especially our regular fishing trips. You fought so bravely. You will forever be one of the strongest persons I know. Until we meet again, remember to watch over us. Forever missing you, Papa

Tribute to Melanie from Ralph

The first time I met Melanie was when I was on a dive trip to the Brac. I met and fell in love with her mother, who I at first thought was her sister. Melanie was only 10 months old at this time but was already the center of attention wherever she was. When Estelle and I got married a few months later, she continued to live with her Grandparents as they would not even think about letting their little princess come to live with her teenage mother and a German Canadian who they had only met recently. Although she did not live with us, we all spent a lot of time together going to the beach and out in her Grandfather's boat, which she loved so much.

A few years later when we moved to Canada, Melanie was sorry to leave Mr. Hundt's class but at the same time, she was excited about seeing my Aunt Hilda again. She had met her and loved her on a previous visit to Canada. When it was time for us to leave Canada, she insisted she wanted to stay and live with Auntie Hilda. She screamed all the way back from Oshawa to Toronto. Later when she was grown up she would remind us what terrible parents we must have been at that time!

When our son Peter came along one month before Melanie's high school graduation (she was seventeen) she became not only the best big sister in the world, but also became like his second mother. They would remain inseparable for the rest of her life. She became Peter's mentor, academic adviser and closest friend. He always went to her first with any problem as he knew she would help him work through it.

When her own son was born the year after Peter's high school graduation at seventeen, they continued their close relationship. Melanie knew she could always count on Peter to help out with Mason.

As Melanie grew up we became closer. After she moved into her own home she knew she could depend on me to help her out with anything around her house or anything she needed.

When I got the message from her mother that Melanie had passed away I was completely shocked. Although I knew she was seriously ill I had no idea she would go so soon. I am still devastated. I will always love and miss my amazing, loving daughter. Rest peacefully.

Tribute from your brother Peter

Dear Mel,

It is with a heavy heart that I write this. I knew that the day to say goodbye would eventually come but I never thought it would be so soon and so unexpectedly. Just a few weeks ago you were with us all laughing and smiling at our family Thanksgiving dinner, enjoying Mom's cooking. And despite the very sad circumstances, I can say that I do have much to be thankful for. I am thankful that you are my big sister but more than that, my very best friend. Your caring spirit taught me the true value of loyalty and compassion and I can only hope that your spirit has taken root in me.

When we first heard your diagnosis, we were heartbroken, but you were the anchor keeping our family close to port, and even drawing us closer. The Tibbetts family reunion that you helped organize is a cherished memory. I remember you saying how happy you were for the opportunity for our family to come together. It brought much needed relief in a time of sadness. You kept us positive. You were always pushing through with a smile, incredibly strong and giving me strength and faith that you would be okay. Never once did you put yourself before me. Shortly before your diagnosis, you made sure to visit me during my first semester at university in Canada. I now know that you weren't feeling the best but you hid your pain in order to help me make the transition to university life easier.

When Grandpa passed you were devastated because you lost the person who guided your way – your confidant. Then when Granny passed several years later, more sadness followed as you lost your remaining counsellor. You were a lot like Granny with the same sense of humour and moral compass. So now it is time for me to strive to be all that you stood for – honesty, trustworthiness, loyalty, and compassion – with your signature blend of humour and passion for life. I hope that I can be the same type of role model to Mason that you were to me. I imagine you and all of our departed loved ones are looking down and cheering us on every time we get a bit closer to walking in your footsteps and fulfilling your legacy.

Thank you so much Mel. I am so blessed to have had you in my life and with misty eyes I say goodbye - until we meet again.

Love always, Peter

From US Cousins: Marlene, Tom, Natalie, Phil, Eileen, Melody and Spouses

It is hard to know how to begin or even what to say. Words cannot express the depth of our heartbrokenness and sadness at the passing of our precious cousin Melanie.

Though we live in Florida, we were blessed to get to know her since she came to Florida often with Aunt Jewel and Uncle Eston as well as attending college in Tampa and we were blessed 100 times over that she encouraged a family reunion that allowed us to connect with all our Island Tibbetts relatives last year.

She was a very special person with a big heart that showed in all her kind words and actions and we were so proud of all her accomplishments.

Our heart aches at our loss, but rejoices at her gain. Though she did not receive the healing we prayed for, we find comfort and peace knowing the Lord gave her the perfect healing and she is now in paradise restored to perfect health.

Sweet Mel, you and all you did to make this world a better place will never be forgotten. We look forward to a bigger, grander Tibbetts Reunion with you and all our loved ones some day in Heaven!

All our love,

Marlene, Tom, Natalie, Phil, Eileen, Melody ~ and spouses

Tribute from cousin more like sister & best friend

Mel, Mel, Mel,

You left me Mel, and I wish I could see you one more time.

But I know for now, it is impossible.

You feel my tears, and you do not want me to cry,
Yet my heart is BROKEN, because I cannot understand WHY,
someone so PRECIOUS had to die.

Now that you are not here to share MY life each day,
I feel a sadness in my heart that just will NOT go away.
Remembering the MANY things, we did together as children,
and the MANY memories we made through the years,
they are just TOO MANY to share.

You were my Piglet, and I was your Pooh.

I always wondered what piglet was doing, and I wished I were there doing it too.

This is the hardest thing for me to do, living without you.

You always looked out for me as much as I looked out for you.

You always had my back and was very upset if I was hurt.

If I was sad you gave me a smile,

If I cried, you were my comfort.

I will never forget the day you called me at work and asked if I was sitting down,

Then you gave me the TIGGERIFIC news that you were pregnant,

I was so excited; I bounced out of my chair and sprang into planning your doctor's visits in Grand Cayman.

I made you know that I would ALWAYS be there for you and your precious child.

When you went into labor, I walked with you tirelessly, as you moved gracefully, you had me in stitches as you humored me with your sayings.

I will always remember you told me, I felt like a little bird under your arm pit, that you should be holding me up, rather, I was holding you up.

The long day turned into a long night, then WE were graced with a precious little boy. I had the honor of being there with you and the privilege of hearing Mason's first cry.

I made you a promise and THAT will NEVER die!

You looked up to me and trusted me and OUR eyes confirmed those promises when WE said Good Night and you Peacefully slipped away to be with Jesus!

Your life was a blessing,

Your memory a treasure,

Your loved beyond words,

And missed beyond measure.

I will cling to God's Promises, and be comforted that you are, in a better place, and one day again, I WILL see your face, no more suffering, no more pain, rest in peace Mel until we meet again.

Mel,

You are God's Angel!

Mason is His Child!

I Miss you so much Mel! And My Love for You will never die!!

Luke 1:45

Blessed is she who has believed that the Lord would fulfil his promises to her.

Love Landie.

Tribute from your cousins Asher & Alec

I can't believe this is actually happening right now, after all that has happened today, I'm still in shock. I never imagined this day, and I never would've wanted to believe or accept that this day would come. Melanie Kathryn Scott was a strong, beautiful, funny, interesting lady, who loved adding salt to everything she ate.

She was a Teacher, Aunt, Sister, Cousin, Best friend or as you girls like to refer to it BFF. However first and foremost she was a Mother to a strong, competitive, bold, loving, little boy Mason Jonathan McLaren Bodden, who has spent the last five years in my family's life. Mason has become a big part of our life and family and even though he is a cousin to my brother Alec and I, in both of our hearts he is really thought of more as our little brother.

I remember something Melanie would always tell me when she saw me being annoyed by someone, or she saw someone playfully or intentionally irritating me. She would see me just taking it all in and she would remind me that I have a lot of patience. I would always keep that in the back of my mind when days were really tough, and I would always do what I could to endure through each day and to keep that remain strong and patient.

I do have to be honest though, I really wish I got to spend more time with Mel. She was always interested in what Alec and I were up too. She always told us that we were the best big brother's Mason could have. There are so many milestones in my life that I wanted Mel to be a part of. I have always expressed to my mom and dad that I wanted her to make it to my High School Graduation in three years, and even my wedding.... I can't really give you a date for the wedding yet though so bare with me...but seriously, it really breaks my heart that she will not be around.

Losing Mel has motivated me to pick up the Bible again. I know that Mel is not dead, she's just on the other side waiting. We must live life in a way that you are not afraid to die, knowing that we will be with Jesus and we will see Mel again.

Mel, we miss you and love you very much! Alec and I promise to always be there for our little brother Mason.

Asher & Alec!

Tribute from your cousin Lizzette

Mel we used to talk about the phases of your illness as “bumps in the road”, but now you’re cruising in Heaven on Streets of Gold! It was so difficult to see you go but you left us with the peaceful reassurance that you were going to be with Jesus and you got what you wanted – you were able to speak right up until you closed your eyes for the last time. The day that you were baptized by Edward was such impactful day. You weren’t feeling great that day but you were so happy that a number of the family from Grand Cayman could be there to witness you make your profession of faith in God and we celebrated afterwards with a beach picnic.

Family meant everything to you. For years you wanted a family reunion with our US cousins and last Fall, thankfully we were able to make that a reality. What a joy it was for you to see some of us meet relatives that you knew from college days, for the very first time.

Mel, you were such an inspiration to so many during your illness. You maintained a heart of gratitude, sense of humor and sharp wit and even though some days you described yourself as feeling like a “mashed up bag of biscuits” you kept your smile and never complained. In fact, you were more concerned about others and didn’t like talking about your illness. You always wanted to know how I was doing and checked each day to see if I’d made it home from work yet.

You had a way of making every person you met feel special, and like many people in your life, you and I shared a special bond. You looked to me to translate the doctors’ advice and help you make a number of critical life decisions, and you knew what you told me would be kept in confidence until you were ready to tell others about it and some things you never did.

I watched you grow into a mature, caring and compassionate young lady who became a mommy to the most adorable little boy on January 22, five years ago on Steven’s, CJs, Kelsey’s and now Sage’s birthday. It must have been the teacher in you but you nurtured Mason in such a calm, gentle yet instructive with him even when you were scared or upset. You also created opportunities to teach him life lessons and encouraged him to love as he is loved. You often said that you wanted him to spend time with your family and get to know them better. I guess you were preparing for this day unknowingly, for a while. Mason is blessed with a host of aunts, uncles, cousins, brothers and sisters who will help Gigi Dog to nurture and care for him.

It breaks my heart that you will not be here with us this Christmas but I promise I will still make the whelks and stewed conch (that is if Lucia and I figure out how to remove the “horns” (as you called them), from the conch. I will also do everything I can to ensure that Mason is happy and looked after.

Mel we all wait in anticipation of that day when we will see you again in your healed body in your true diva style. Meanwhile we will be encouraged by the scripture from Nehemiah 8:10 “Do not grieve, for the joy of the Lord is your strength”. Rest in Peace sweet Mel – see you soon.

Loving you forever, Lizzette

Tribute from Friends Tammy & Steven

Dearest Ms. Mel,

As I sit to write this tribute, I must confess that it has taken me some time to come to grips that you are really gone. I find myself rereading your messages. I am trying to accept that you have received your healing even though it’s not the healing that we all wanted. You’re with the Son of God this Christmas and we truly miss you.

I got to know Ms. Mel as a young child when I tutored her during the summer holidays while I attended university. Even back then her creativity and wit would keep me on my toes. I had to find ways to motivate her to do math (something she didn’t like too much), guava jelly and crackers seemed to do the trick. Later as a young woman fresh out of college, Ms. Mel walked through the gates of Creek Primary School as a newly qualified Reception Teacher. This was the beginning of our professional journey. Once again, I found myself being kept on my toes, as a new principal, only one year in, I had to be mindful of my youthful staff and appreciate their zest for life. From the Christmas Secret Santa gifts to the flour fights to usher in the summer break, Ms. Mel, Mis. Vicki and Mr. Ricardo kept me young at heart. We shared so many ideas and you were always looking for cute things to motivate staff, reward your students and plan fun and engaging lessons. The poles painted as pencils in the reception and nursery area was one of those ideas that you just beamed with pride about. You were a beautiful woman inside and out, a wonderful friend. You believed in being genuine and authentic and your warm smile was always welcoming.

Through the many changes in both of our lives, the bond that we shared grew even stronger with the arrival of little Mason. Steven and I were honored to become a part of your family and to be Auntie Tammy and Uncle Steven to Mason. March to June of this year was quite difficult for everyone as we could not travel home but we found creative ways to stay connected. Mason surely enjoyed our virtual scavenger hunts especially the night you found your frying pan in the middle of your bed or the night that he spread the deck of cards all over your bed. Those are just some of the memories that we will hold dear in our hearts.

Your sickness took us for a loop when you were first diagnosed but we pledged then as we still do today, that we would always be there for Mason and you no matter what. I want so much to make you well as I watched your struggle to breathe. As I kissed your forehead and told you that I loved you and left you on Tuesday night, I prayed that God would ease your pain and help you have a restful night. God did ease your pain as now you are resting in the arms of Jesus.

I must admit that the last few days have been difficult. One moment, I’m okay and the next not so okay! In every sunset, with the changing face of the moon, a shooting star, with the gentle breeze and so much more, you will always hold a special place in our hearts. Steven and I pledge that we will always look out for your mom, Peter and precious Mason.

I often sit in silence and found this poem that I feel you would be saying to all of us who loved you so - Fill not your hearts with pain and sorrow; But remember me in every tomorrow. Remember the joy, the laughter, the smiles, I’ve only gone to rest a little while. Although my leaving causes pain and grief, my going has eased my hurt, and given me relief; So dry your eyes and remember me, not as I am now, but as I used to be. Because, I will remember you all, and look on with a smile. Understand in your hearts, I’ve gone to rest a little while. As long as I have the love of each of you, I can live my life in the hearts of all of you.

Sleep peacefully Ms. Mel. Love you lots, Steven and Tammy.

Tribute from: The Platts

I cannot bring myself to say “Melanie was”. Melanie IS an inspiration to us — always cheerful regardless of the odds. And look at the odds! Fate threw everything at her but never quenched her spirit.

How many times have we noticed, and heard others comment, on how well Melanie looked, at all times in her life. Who could not feel lifted by every encounter with our Melanie. (I say “our Melanie” because it’s our Melanie who lives on.) From her youth she had a jokey attitude — showing us one more time that life is full of glory in equal measure with tragedy — with reasons to be optimistic in equal measure with influences that would lower us— and that it is us, not life, that makes us one way or the other. Sunny optimism characterized our Melanie.

Children flocked to Melanie. And didn’t we all? She was like a magnet of cheerfulness. She pressed on. Her influence on young lives, and on old lives we can say, will never disappear from this island. It’s an influence of positivity. Let us continue to hold that in our inner hearts and in our outward actions, every day.

May God comfort Melanie’s family, Wallace and Edna Platts

Tribute from Friend: Suzanne Drake

I'm heartbroken, devastated, and still in shock. It has taken me a few days to post, but on Wednesday, 12/09/2020, my dear friend and someone I consider my sister, went to be with the Lord. Melanie Kathryn Scott you will always hold a piece of my heart.

Melanie was the first friend I made 22 years ago when we were freshmen at The University of Tampa. We were practically inseparable and oh the stories and memories we've shared. Blessed are those who were fortunate to have spent time with you.

Devoted and loving mother to her sweet Mason. Family and friends meant the world to her. Proud Caymanian woman; always an outspoken advocate for children and her island. Fiercely passionate and our glamour girl. You'll be deeply missed and never forgotten.

Your lifelong friend and sister, Suzanne

Tribute from Friend: Miranda Banks

I gave you the nick name Bunny from the bunny ears you wore many, many years ago. We were friends from primary and high school days and we remained close during our years at University of Tampa. I so fondly remember those 2am calls with you saying "Mira lets go to Walmart, I need something for class tomorrow" or "let's go to Tampa General for a McFlurry." In two minutes I was ready to go, in my pajamas! Recently it turned into our weekly Sunday night zoom Bible studies. I enjoyed being a part of that with you so much. I don't know if many people realized it but you became my strength, my go to person. You were going through so much but you never once forgot to check on me. You went above and beyond the call of being a good friend. I promise to help in every way with your precious Mason and just like how we said our I love yous the night before you passed, I love you Mel. You will forever be in my heart.

Tribute from Friend Vikki Powell

Melon-ball, I've sat here thinking of you. I have considered that if I don't write this final note, that me not writing it might somehow erase the pain that I want to refuse to acknowledge.

These are not my final words to you, but the beginning of a litany of conversations that only you, me, and perhaps a few worried bystanders might be privy to. Perhaps we might reminisce of the lovely gifts we hand-made for Christmas gift-giving at Ms. Tammy's house. No? Perhaps we might giggle and snort over why Simone is still RCIP's most wanted from that Halloween night so many years ago? Not that one either? So many memories to sift through and savor over and over again.

I miss you so much Melon-ball. You were the other side of the coin that we considered our friendship. Not a moment goes by that I do not think of you and wish you were just one click away. The best conversations were with my Heffer on WhatsApp. Whether it was a professional discussion that related to our careers, or the simple nonsensical discussion of the merits of having a tail.

I can go on and on about how much I miss you. But what I really want to say is, I thank God for the opportunity of having known you. You were not perfect. I was not perfect, but together we had a perfectly imperfect friendship that withstood the test of time, distance, and even heartbreak.

I hear your ethereal squawking as something surprises me. I see the twinkle of mirth or glitter of mischievous anticipation in your eyes as I go about my day and something in some way forces me to smile or laugh. You are in so many memories that I simply cannot list them all, or maybe I shouldn't list them all? LOL.

Melon our souls recognized kindred spirits, that only grew closer with the passage of time. We had our good times and bad times. I would be lying if I said it was always sunshine. Sometimes there were storms...but...the point is, we moved on. We lived. We laughed. We loved.

So, you moved on a bit quicker than we had planned, but that still goes with your style. So, here's to one last squawk, one last laugh, here's to you my Heffer. Travel to your next chapter Melon. I love you. I miss you.

Always,

Vikki aka Viks aka Hag aka Nugget

Tribute from Friend & Colleague: Mrs Juman

In Memory of Mel, a Life so Beautifully Lived

I feel truly blessed to have known Mel. It is hard to picture life at school without her. She has left her mark all around the school – the pencil designs along the corridor at the infant school, the Turtle posters, the Time Capsule documents and memories etched in the lives of the staff, parents and children she taught.

Mel came into my life many years ago when she interned at Spot Bay Primary School and I became her mentor. Our relationship developed and she often referred to me as her second mom, close friend and confidante. We have worked together as colleagues and members of the Creek and Spot Primary School Senior Management Team on many projects, programs and workshops. I would cherish those moments in my heart forever!

Mel loved life and lived it to the fullest. Her family (son, Mason, brother, Peter, mom, Estelle), cousins (Yolande, Lizzette, Samantha, Steven), friends, students and parents were the highlights and strengths of her life. She was spontaneous, innovative and creative; a true diva – glamorous and striking in whatever she did. Everything had to be top notch; nothing was mediocre, dull or boring! Every party or gathering came alive when she was around. Even in her final hours, she had to have her hair brushed and lip gloss on! Mel was truly spirited and full of ideas and was one of the kindest souls that ever lived.

She always had the children's, parents' and colleagues' best interest at heart. On numerous occasions, she would call me whether it was day or night saying, "I want to run this idea by you." I would really miss our brainstorming of ideas on how to make our school better, our chit chats on life, family, friendships and God.

Rest in Peace Ms Mel. Your friend & mentor, Mrs Juman

Tribute from Friend: Miss Cam

I am sending a dove to Heaven with a parcel on its wings.

Be careful when you open it, it's full of beautiful things.

Inside are a million kisses, wrapped up in a million hugs.

To say how much I miss you, and to send you all my love.

I'll hold you close within my heart and there you will remain.

To walk with me throughout my life, until we meet again.

Tribute from Creek & Spot Bay Primary School

Mrs. Melanie Scott-Hunt affectionately known to staff and students as Miss Mel started working at Creek & Spot Bay Infant School in January 2004, shortly after graduating from university. During her teaching career, she taught the Reception class for all but one year. During this time she was given the opportunity to teach Year 1. After getting a taste of what it was like to start the children on their journey in Key Stage One, she returned to teaching Reception and remained with that age group until she took ill in November 2017 and had to go overseas for medical aid. Miss Mel enjoyed welcoming the little ones to “big school” as they called it and she made every effort to ensure that their transition from the Daycare Centre was smooth and that they felt safe and loved in her class. Her creativity and passion for the Early Years was evident in the way that she made learning “fun” for her students. This sometimes resulted in some wanting to stay at school with her at the end of the day. Miss Mel’s specialty was definitely the Early Years; however, after being promoted to Senior Teacher at the beginning of 2015, she had the opportunity to interact more with the entire school. Whenever the Principal was away, she was delegated the task of overseeing the Infant school which she was quite conscientious in doing. She was a pleasant, fun-loving staff member who was always eager to plan staff socials and the annual staff Christmas Dinners. She also assisted the PTA in planning various fundraisers and activities for the students such as the annual “Lunch with Santa” and the “Easter Egg Hunt”. Miss Mel led the PBIS initiative at Creek & Spot Bay Primary and met regularly with team members to plan activities and incentives to encourage the students to be on their best behavior and to take pride in being good citizens of the school. Although she had to be away quite frequently because of her medical condition, she still checked regularly to find out if team meetings were still being held and how the students were doing. She was quite relieved when she learnt that Mr. Stewart and Ms. Barbara had continued to lead the meetings and that the members were all working hard to continue PBIS in the school. After the school closure due to COVID-19, Miss Mel continued to do whatever she could by working and attending meetings remotely. The staff were amazed at Miss Mel’s bright smile and positive outlook despite her ongoing battle with cancer. Toward the end of November, she assisted in planning this year’s Staff Christmas Social which was held on 12th December. She even ordered the balloons for the photo backdrop but unfortunately, she was not spared to attend. The staff and students of Creek & Spot Bay Primary School are deeply saddened by Miss Mel’s passing. We offer our sincere condolences to her family. May her soul rest in eternal peace.

Tribute from Ministry of Education & Department of Education

To say that we are saddened by the loss of Ms. Melanie Scott-Hunt, would be one of the greatest understatements of our time. Our Cayman Brac community and particularly our community of educators are devastated at the passing of this truly dedicated and innovative teacher and mentor. Ms. Mel demonstrated a constant excitement about the prospects of meeting with her young students and was consumed with planning ways to engage them, whether inside the classroom or out at play.

Her passion for this noble work, was evidenced by her immediate decisions upon leaving school. First in completing her teacher certification in Elementary Education in August 2002 and subsequently her Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Tampa in December 2003. Her successful completion of these two programs was instrumental in landing her a position as Assistant Teacher at the Creek Primary School in January 2004. She would continue in that post until September 2006, when she was appointed teacher.

During her tenure as teacher, Ms. Mel worked primarily with the younger students. Her occasional stints with the older grades only served to validate her decision to focus on the early years and specifically with the Reception classes. More recently she developed a keen affinity for the nursery class as well and would often refer to these students as her ‘babies’. She formed a working alliance with the Day Care Centre and became an integral link in the transition so that as teacher she could be equipped to cater to all their individual needs. In addition, she was very skillful in forming partnerships with parents and other stakeholders to support, in any way possible, the development of her students and the provision of needed resources.

In consideration of her extraordinary service to the school, Ms. Mel was promoted to the post of Senior Teacher in September 2015 where she collaborated with the other members of the management team in providing a vision and devising a specific direction for the school. Unfortunately, her health issues forced her to relinquish the connection and special bond she had with her students, and this was a major source of disappointment and anguish. Rather than becoming frustrated, Mel turned her attention to supervising the work of the early years program and supporting the implementation of the nursery program and its associated afterschool care.

Hers, is truly a story of one ‘gone too soon’! when you spoke to Mel, there was always a sense of another step to be taken; another idea to be tested; or another work to be accomplished.

Like a rainbow fading in the twinkling of an eye, Gone too soon.

Like the loss of sunlight in a cloudy afternoon, Gone too soon.

But while her presence may be taken from us, her memories and influence will live on. In the words of Henry Brooks Adams;

A teacher affects eternity

And you can never tell

where their influence stops.

Tribute from Layman E. Scott High School: Class of 1997

The Empty Chair by Jill Eisnaugle

We gather here, a class once more
To reminiscence, like years before
Upon the days and joys we knew
Before our school-aged time was through
Yet, as we meet, with memories near
We think of those, always held dear –
Our friends and classmates, passed away
To be with God, every school days
They sit at desks, resting on clouds
Surrounded by angelic crowds
Where they shall be forevermore
The friends and schoolmates we adore
They’ll be with us in every prayer
Until the day, we join them there

Within the walls of Heaven’s class
Where friendships formed shall always last.
Until that hour, we join again
An empty chair, we will maintain
In honour of the life-long bond
We forged with those, now passed beyond
The friends with whom we learned life’s truth
Whose bonds lasted far from our youth
And shall remain forever near
When we gather, year after year
Mel aka the Diva, rest peaceful now in the loving Arms of our Lord and
Saviour

From the Class of 1997

Graveside Service

Opening Prayer Pastor Tom French
Committal Pastor Tom French
Hymns Congregation

*What a Day that will Be
When we All Get to Heaven
When The Roll is Called up Yonder
One Day at a Time*

Prayer Rev. Maurice Chambers

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.

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.

When We All Get To Heaven

Sing the wondrous love of Jesus, Sing His mercy and His grace
In the mansions bright and blessed, He'll prepare for us a place.

Refrain: When we all get to Heaven, What a day of rejoicing that will be
When we all see Jesus, We'll sing and shout the victory!

While we walk the pilgrim pathway, clouds will over-spread the sky
But when traveling days are over, not a shadow, not a sigh.

Let us then be true and faithful, trusting, serving every day
Just one glimpse of Him in glory, will the toils of life repay.

Onward to the prize before us! Soon His beauty we'll behold;
Soon the pearly gates will open; We shall tread the streets of gold.

One Day At A Time

I'm only human, I'm just a man/woman
Help me believe in what I could be
And all that I am
Show me the stairway I have to climb
Lord for my sake, help me to take
One day at a time

Chorus
One day at a time sweet Jesus
That's all I'm askin' of you
Just give me the strength
To do every day what I have to do
Yesterday's gone sweet Jesus
And tomorrow may never be mine
Lord, help me today, show me the way
One day at a time

Do you remember, when you walked among men
Well Jesus you know
If you're lookin' below, it's worse now than then
Pushin' and shovin' and crowdin' my mind
So for my sake, teach me to take
One day at a time

Acknowledgements

The family of the late Melanie Scott would like to thank you all for your love and support during her illness. A special thanks to the staff of Faith Hospital, Health City and Jasmine but especially Dr Velusamy for his dedicated care & support.

Our thanks and appreciation to all our friends and colleagues for your love and support after her passing.