

Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of



**Raybe DaCosta Hydes**

27 July 1940 – 19 December 2020

West Bay Church of Christ  
24 Batabano Rd. West Bay  
Grand Cayman, Cayman Islands

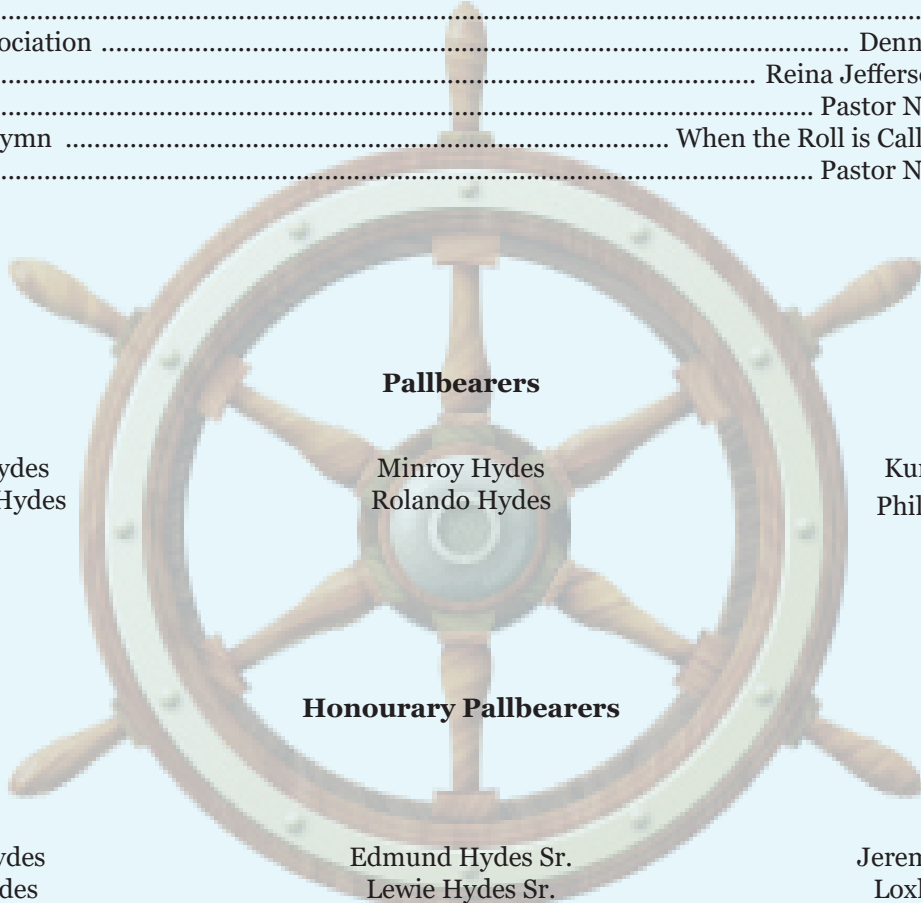
Date: Saturday, 09 January, 2021  
Time: 2:00 P.M.

Officiating Ministers:  
Pastor Neriah LeBlanc  
Pastor Alson Ebanks

Interment at: West Bay Cemetery

## Order of Service

Opening Remarks .....	Pastor Neriah LeBlanc
Prayer .....	Pastor Alson Ebanks, Cert. Hon.
Scripture: Psalm 86:1-13, 2 Peter 3:8-9 .....	Dr. Gideon Barnett
Congregational Hymn .....	One Day at a Time
<b>Tributes:</b>	
Son .....	David Hydes
Daughter .....	Rolston Anglin, JP
Siblings .....	Rolston Anglin, JP
C.U.C. ....	Richard Hew
C.I. Seafarers Association .....	Denniston Tibbetts
Obituary .....	Reina Jefferson, Cert. Hon.
Message .....	Pastor Neriah LeBlanc
Congregational Hymn .....	When the Roll is Called Up Yonder
Benediction .....	Pastor Neriah LeBlanc



### Pallbearers

Denny Hydes  
Jonathan Hydes

Minroy Hydes  
Rolando Hydes

Kurt Hydes  
Philip Hydes

### Honourary Pallbearers

David Hydes  
Troy Hydes  
Edroy Hydes  
Eugene Myles  
Oscar Rivers  
Jordan Parsons  
William (Dickie) Rivers  
Mark Hydes  
Jonathan Araujo  
Daniel Cranston

Edmund Hydes Sr.  
Lewie Hydes Sr.  
Sam Banks  
Ray Hydes  
Edmund Hydes Jr.  
Orvan Rivers  
Michael Rivers  
Lewie Hydes Jr.  
Dr. Gideon Barnett  
Joseph Hydes  
Brian Hydes

Jeremy Jackson  
Loxley Banks  
Justin Ebanks  
James Parsons Jr.  
Lester Timothy  
David Parsons  
Enfield Bush  
Derren Burlington  
Pastor Neriah LeBlanc  
Dr. Bonadie

### Guest Book Attendants

Heather Rivers-Parsons & Leanna Rivers-Myles

## Raybe D. Hydes – Life Story

Raybe DaCosta Hydes, also familiarly known as “Ramos” was born on July 27, 1940 to Julia Almeria Hydes and Harris “Cardile” Hydes.

He was the third child of five siblings: one sister Francine Rivers; three brothers: Edmund Hydes, Lewie Hydes, and Edroy Hydes.

He attended the late “Miss Redley Powery All-Age School” and the West Bay Government Town Hall School (now known as the Sir John A. Cumber Primary School). Although he did not graduate with a “PhD,” he was a human calculator as he demonstrated his excellence in mathematics.

As a young child, he enjoyed fishing and competing in running competitions for the “ALL ISLAND ANNUAL SPORTS DAY.” It is to be noted that at that time, the district of East End was winning all the running competitions until Raybe started competing for West Bay. His running speed was outstanding and as an athlete, it has been said that he led his district of West Bay to victory.

At a very early age, he often visited the Hennings family, and the matriarch, “Aunt Cora Hennings” became his adoptive mother. The family loved him, cared for him and he was taken to live with the Hennings family. Raybe gained an adoptive mother and six siblings: three adoptive sisters: Buena, Mae Mae, and Thrilby; three adoptive brothers: Ashton, Ross, and Andrew Hennings. He was appreciative to the Hennings for taking him in because, during those times, it was a hardship for his mother to raise her children well.

Like many Caymanian men, at the tender age of 16, Raybe joined the National Bulk Carriers in 1956 until 1962. He often mentioned that the late Captain Shelby Hydes was the first person to ensure that he was given a position as a seafarer with the Addie -H.

In 1962, he moved to New York, where he held various jobs and met his wife Carmen Velasquez in 1974; Carmen had a young daughter named Barbara, whom Raybe raised as his own. From the 18-year union, they had two children, David and Cynthia Hydes.

He returned to Grand Cayman in 1991 and worked at Foster’s Food Fair as a security officer. In 1992, he began to work at CUC as an engineer and was an outstanding employee for 14 years. During this time at CUC, he gained many friends who kept in contact with him over the years. There were many stories of him keeping his workstation tidy and if the work area was disturbed, he would “blow his top” i.e. “be very upset.”

His favorite pastime activities were 1) going fishing with his special friends, Sam Banks and Enfield Bush; and 2) he enjoyed playing dominoes with his friend Oscar Rivers and spending leisure time at the residence of the Rivers family. Also, he enjoyed watching American football and attending social celebrations at Leanna and Eugene Myles’ house. He was a very social person who enjoyed dancing at various outdoor venues where live bands played, (like Royal Palms, Paradise Grille and Peppers) and was the life of the party everywhere he went.

In 2018, he was diagnosed with colon cancer and began treatment locally. In July 2019, he began cancer treatment overseas. During this time, he stayed with his daughter Cynthia in New York. In October 2020, he returned home to Grand Cayman and the cancer worsened.

He became more and more confined to his bed and was cared for by his live-in caregiver, Maravis. His caregiver was from Cuba so he often joked that he was teaching her English. As an example of this was when David, his son, visited his house and he asked his caregiver to scratch his arm. Immediately she responded, and said “elbow!” He looked over at his son and said, “You see Davie, I am teaching her well!”

As Raybe recognized he needed spiritual help at the end of his life’s journey, Raybe confessed his sins, and prayed for forgiveness through Jesus Christ our Lord. He was baptized on December 5, and became a born-again Christian. On December 19, his battle of cancer was over and he peacefully passed away at Jasmine (Cayman HospiceCare).

Raybe will be greatly missed by all who knew him. His jovial, happy and loving personality drew people to him. His laughter and friendly personality will always be remembered.

May his soul rest in peace.

Left to mourn his passing are:

Wife: Carmen

Children: David, Cynthia and Barbara

Grandchildren: Justin, Kayley, Amaury and Danayla

Siblings and their families: Francine and family, Edmund and family, Lewie and family, and Edroy and family

Many relatives and friends

## Tributes

### Tribute to Our Dear Uncle

Often times we wish death wasn't a part of life, we wish we would just stay alive on earth with our near and dear ones not dying. Unfortunately, we cannot.

It is with great sorrow and sadness that we write this tribute to you. Our uncle was a kind, loving and caring person. He was one of a kind, who always made us laugh. He had such a jovial personality, full of life and definitely the life of any party or gathering, which he would dress like someone, paid him to. You will be greatly missed, but we will cherish every moment that we got to spend with you. Rest in Perfect Peace Uncle.

With love from your 5 nieces; Heather, Shan, Sharon, Sandra, Susan: 13 nephews; Orvan, Michael, Edmund Jr., Ray, Denny, Minroy, Kurt, Troy, Jonathan, Lewie Jr., Mark, Rolando and Mike

### Tribute to a Friend

Raybe, I cannot believe that you are gone and this is goodbye my dear friend. I will miss our phone calls and your surprise visits pulling up on my driveway blasting country music saying "Cuzzy I'm here". You were the life of the party and always encouraged everyone to get on the dance floor, laugh and be merry like you always said "shake what your mama gave ya!" I will miss you sleep peacefully now forever in my heart.

Love, Jennifer Jackson-Elliott

### Tribute to a Special Friend

Raybe and I both grew up on Boggy Sand Road, West Bay. As young men, we both went to sea with National Bulk Carriers. Afterwards, we both lived in the U.S.A. When we returned to Cayman, we both worked at CUC. We both loved to fish and eventually, we became fishing buddies. So many nights we sat out there on the water talking while fishing. Some nights we caught fish. Some nights we didn't catch anything, but we always enjoyed our time on the water. When we were not catching fish, he always had a story for me. I probably heard the story before, but I would laugh anyway. If I asked about someone who had long passed, he could go back generations on their family tree and tell me who was who.

He never called me by my name, he always called me "Big Brother" and I called him "Ramon". He always called me several times a day to reminisce about the good old days. Whenever we cooked something he liked, we would always invite him to eat with us. One day, my wife invited him to church and he came with us and told her he wanted to become a Christian. Soon after this, he called us and said he had been diagnosed with cancer and was leaving for treatment in the U.S. We were both devastated to hear this, but kept praying for his recovery. But, it was not to be. However, he was baptized and became a Christian two weeks before his passing.

"Ramon", we love you and will always miss you. But, we know you are in a better place with no more pain and suffering. Rest in peace – "Lil Brother"

Your "Big Brother" – Sammy

### Tribute to a Friend

I'm honored to be able to write this tribute to my friend Raybe D. Hydes - a man of many stories, grit and good humor- all of which I witnessed first hand.

Raybe and I attended the Town Hall "All grades School." He was two years behind me and he was a good athlete. I recall that in an "All Island Schools' Sports Day in the early 1950's he was designated to compete in the 880 yard run. Our teacher, the late Mr. Vernon Jackson tasked me to shepherd Raybe and Floyd for their assigned competitions.

It was a hot summer day. The 880 came up as one of the last competitions. Raybe looked at me and said, "Locky, I'm tired but I'm going to run it. He did and came in second, to the much glee of Mr. Jackson and Miss Beulah. The last 100 yards he completed "on pure grit!" My task then was to keep him from drinking the calabash of water down in one gulp!

He spent a lot of time in the New York environment saying that Dan Pan "taught him how to handle the situation."

Raybe treasured being able to help the less fortunate; and I believe he KNEW the Lord Jesus as his Saviour.

Your Friend, Loxley Banks

Tribute to our "Uncle", our Neighbor, our Friend....Gone but never forgotten

Small in stature, mighty in life; our "Uncle Raybe". The most precious neighbor anyone could ask for. Who needed an alarm system when you had him around? A few of our first encounters with "Uncle", was that he called us saying "Niece, Nephew, I caught her trying to get into your house; but don't worry, I didn't let her go in, I had my knife and stopped her, you better come home quick!". Derren replies, "What does she look like?" Uncle gives a description that cannot be repeated here but it was hilarious, and sufficient for us to realize who it was, Derren replied "It's ok Uncle, we know her, she's our helper!". That was only one of many scenarios of Uncle's loving way of protecting us. Living across the street from Uncle was one of life's greatest pleasures and honors. Protect and serve was our mutual motto. He would watch our house, and equally we would watch his, calling him to advise him if anyone was in his yard and making sure he knew about it if he wasn't home. There was no gathering to be held at our house without an invitation to Uncle, and boy when he arrived, he was the life of the party. His laughter and jokes could be heard from our pergola straight through to the kitchen. Anyone who met him at our gatherings were in awe of his stamina, vivacious personality, and that precious infectious laugh he had, oh and not to mention his attire, did not go anywhere without his cowboy boots nor his fedora hat. He made sure to announce to everyone at the party that he was "26 from the waist down and 18 from the waste up!" and to tell stories of his adventurous life in New York. Even if he did not stay to eat because he was on his way to another gathering or to play dominos somewhere, he would say "Niece, fix me a plate to go, I've got another party to get to!". This was the beginning of his loving relationship with our dog Bigsy, who he lovingly refers to as "Trixie". We would know when he was coming or going, as he had to take time to either lock and chain his gate, or unlock his gate so stopping to do so meant he had to park his car in the road, and once that car door swung open, out came blaring Bob Segar and the Silver Bullet Band "Roll me Away...", or "Against the Wind", some Spanish music, Country or even Soca, and he would be singing to the top of his lungs, just so happy and jolly! That was a sight and sound to make anyone smile. Tragedy struck in March of 2019, with his home invasion, and as it turned out Bigsy ("Trixie") alerted us that he was hurt. We were so honored and thankful to have been the ones that he came to in time of need. We opened our home to him after he was released from hospital and he stayed with us for a few months. Cynthia and her fiancé stayed with us too so she could look after her dad during the time she was here. It was our calling to help him, so we lovingly drove him to his appointments, and he would on most occasions ride with me to go pick up Derren from work and he was quick to tell me the route I should have taken. Uncle was quick to remind us that it was "Trixie" that saved his life. Life was not the same after July 2019 when he decided to go to New York to stay with his daughter to get better / more treatment for his cancer, but we knew this is what was best for him. October 2020 we were excited he was coming back home; he got out of quarantine and was driving all around. Unfortunately, that did not last long as his health took a sudden turn for the worse, hospital stays were more frequent, and home convalescent aids were now necessary. We made sure to visit as often as we could either at his home or hospital room where he would ask Allison to scratch his back or rub his arms or to play some Bob Segar from his phone, or to help him blow his nose. We happened to be at the hospital the late afternoon that he transferred to Jasmine, kissing him for his journey before he left. We met up with him at Jasmine and he was resting so calmly. Once we knew he was settled in we kissed him and told him we would return the next day. We returned to Jasmine on Saturday 19th December around 2:10 is when we recall signing the guest book. We entered his room, Allison kissed his head and prayed by him, while Derren told him we were there. A few minutes later, Uncle in our presence took his last breath. We were honored to have been with him during his passing. He is missed every day. Not a day goes by without a thought of Uncle or wondering "what is he up to now"? No party will ever be the same, Boxing Day was definitely not the same with him gone. Our "small in stature, mighty in life "Uncle" Raybe's passing has left a huge void our lives; this only means he was truly loved. We are thankful you gave your life to the Lord recently as this means, we look forward to seeing you again. 2 Corinthians 5: 8 tells us "... to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord." We are comforted to know you are with your maker in a pain free body! Until we meet again, your loving "Niece" Allison, "Nephew" Derren & Bigsy (a.k.a Trixie)

To write this tribute for Mr. Raybe whom we affectionately called "Uncle" as he referred to us as "Nephew & Niece" is truly another difficult task for me to do in my life, since I lost my dad in 2017 who was his good friend. Nothing I could possibly say here today could express the loss of you who replaced my dad when he passed. I will always remember your many trips over to my house for family functions, to play dominoes and watch NFL especially the Packers games. We could hear you coming before we saw you, blasting the country music, the car looked like it was driving itself, you were so small.

Uncle Raybe always had stories to tell of his childhood days, times spent at sea, life in the big apple "New York" and him weighing only a 120lbs soaking wet!

One of my fondest memories is when he and I traveled together to Jamaica for our US Visa. Boy was that a trip to remember.

He was always calling Leanna & I up to ask us what we were burning???... meaning cooking.

He loved the turkey necks and once finished he always complimented us on "burning good".

After being away for treatment for 15 months, he called and shared his good news of being released from quarantine and that we must "come for him now".

It wasn't very long after being home that his health had worsened and he went to be with his Savior Jesus Christ.

We shared some great times together.

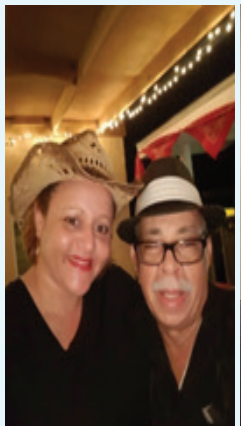
We will miss your countless phone calls just to check on us and the children.

You will forever be in our hearts.

May your soul rest in peace Uncle Raybe.

Eugene, Leanna, Deandra & Dreux











## Graveside Service

Opening Remarks & Prayer .....	Pastor Alson Ebanks, Cert. Hon.
Scripture .....	Pastor Alson Ebanks, Cert. Hon.
Hymn .....	Pre-recorded "Brighty Beams"
Committal .....	Pastor Alson Ebanks, Cert. Hon.
Hymns .....	Congregation
"Til the Storm Passes By" "Precious Lord Take My Hand"	
Benediction .....	Pastor Alson Ebanks, Cert. Hon.

### Til the Storm Passes By

In the dark of the midnight have I oft hid my face,  
While the storm howls above me, and there's no hiding place.  
'Mid the crash of the thunder, Precious Lord, hear my cry,  
Keep me safe till the storm passes by.

#### Chorus

Till the storm passes over, till the thunder sounds no more,  
Till the clouds roll forever from the sky;  
Hold me fast, let me stand in the hollow of Thy hand,  
Keep me safe till the storm passes by.

Many times Satan whispered, "There is no need to try,  
For there's no end of sorrow, there's no hope by and by"  
But I know Thou art with me, and tomorrow I'll rise  
Where the storms never darken the skies.

#### Chorus

Till the storm passes over, till the thunder sounds no more,  
Till the clouds roll forever from the sky;  
Hold me fast, let me stand in the hollow of Thy hand,  
Keep me safe till the storm passes by.

### Precious Lord Take My Hand

Precious Lord, take my hand  
Lead me on, let me stand  
I'm tired, I'm weak, I'm worn  
Through the storm, through the night  
Lead me on to the light  
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home

When my way grows drear precious Lord linger near  
When my light is almost gone  
Hear my cry, hear my call  
Hold my hand lest I fall  
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home

When the darkness appears and the night draws near  
And the day is past and gone  
At the river I stand  
Guide my feet, hold my hand  
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home

Precious Lord, take my hand  
Lead me on, let me stand  
I'm tired, I'm weak, I'm worn  
Through the storm, through the night  
Lead me on to the light  
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home

### Acknowledgement

*The family of the late Raybe Hydes wishes to express our heartfelt gratitude to all relatives and friends for their outpouring love, support and prayers during this difficult time.*

*Special thanks to his caregiver Maravis, HSA staff, Jasmine staff and Doctor Bonadie.*

