



*Celebration of Life for  
Stella Louise Welcome (nee Wood)  
Sunrise October 30, 1915 – Sunset 7 January 2021*



*East End United Church  
East End, Grand Cayman  
Saturday 16th January 2021  
Viewing 2:00p.m.  
Service 3:00p.m.*

*Officiating Ministers:  
Rev. Rohan Forrester & Rev. Godfrey Meghoo*

*Organist Olivaire Watler  
Interment will follow at the East End Cemetery*



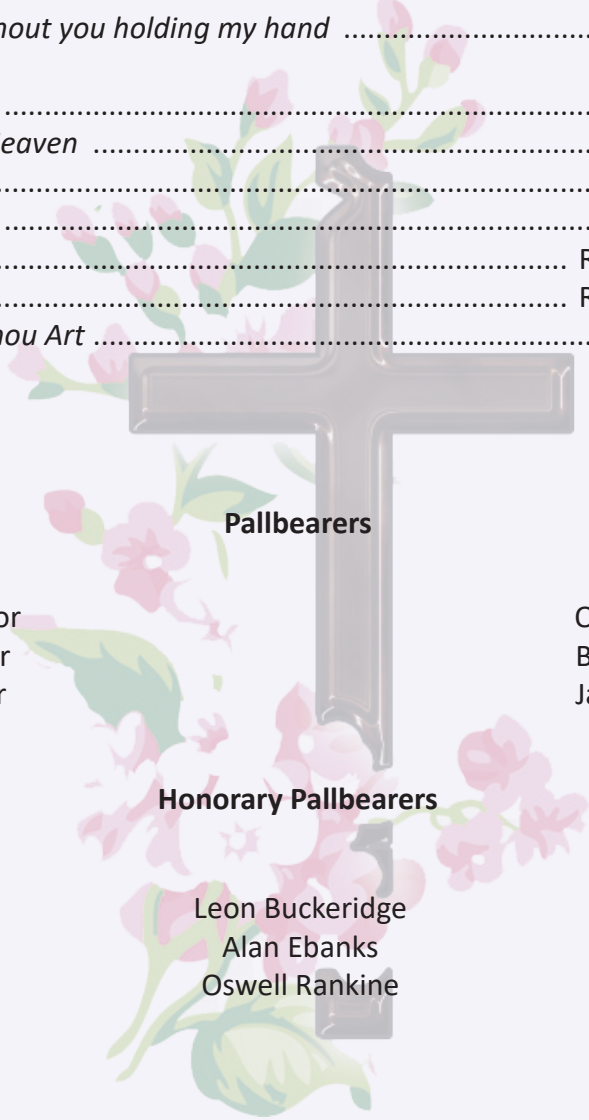
**Order of Service**

Words of Comfort ..... Rev. Godfrey Meghoo  
Hymn - *Amazing Grace* ..... Congregation  
Prayer ..... Rev. Godfrey Meghoo

**Tributes**

Children ..... V. Arden McLean, MP  
Grand Children ..... Donald McLean  
Family – *Can't even walk without you holding my hand* ..... Bro. Glarmon Grant

Scripture Reading - Psalm 27 ..... Alan Ebanks  
Hymn - *When We all get to Heaven* ..... Congregation  
Obituary ..... Donald McLean  
Hymn - *Did you think to pray* ..... Congregation  
Sermon ..... Reverend Rohan Forrester  
Prayer ..... Reverend Rohan Forrester  
Closing Hymn - *How Great Thou Art* ..... Congregation  
Benediction



**Pallbearers**

Denzil Connor  
Dale Connor  
Ron Connor

Omar McLean  
Brent McLean  
Jason McLean

**Honorary Pallbearers**

Ludlow Buckeridge  
Shem Connor  
Donald McLean

Leon Buckeridge  
Alan Ebanks  
Oswell Rankine

Calvin Connor  
Baldwin Jackson  
Tad Welcome

**Ushers**

Bernice Richards

Pat Ulett

Kristina Webster

**Guest Book Attendants**

Sharon Bailey & Delecia Ebanks

## Service Hymns

### Amazing Grace

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

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

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

When we've been there ten thousand years,  
bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
than when we'd first begun.

### 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.

### Did you think to pray?

Hey, you left your room this morning  
Did you think to pray?  
In the name of Christ our Savior  
Did you sooth for loving favor as a shield today?

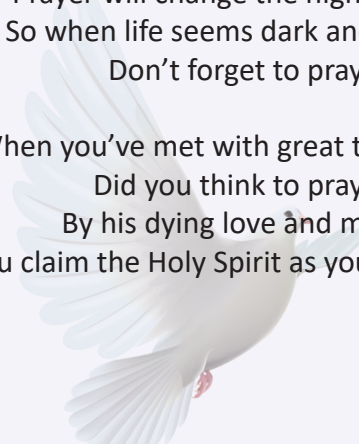
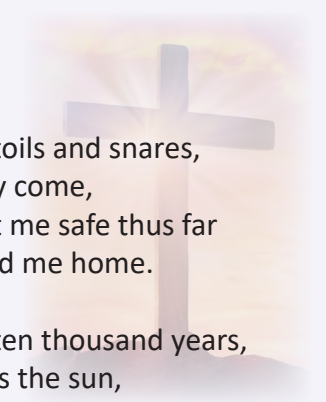
Oh, how praying rests the weary  
Prayer will change the night to day  
So when life seems dark and dreary  
Don't forget to pray

When you've met with great temptation  
Did you think to pray?  
By his dying love and merit  
Did you claim the Holy Spirit as your guide today?

Oh, how praying rests the weary  
Prayer will change the night to day  
So when life seems dark and dreary  
Don't forget to pray

When your heart was filled with anger  
Did you think to pray?  
Did you plead for grace my brother  
That you might forgive another who had  
crossed your way

Oh, how praying rests the weary  
Prayer will change the night to day  
So when life seems dark and dreary  
Don't forget to pray, don't forget to pray



### How Great Thou Art

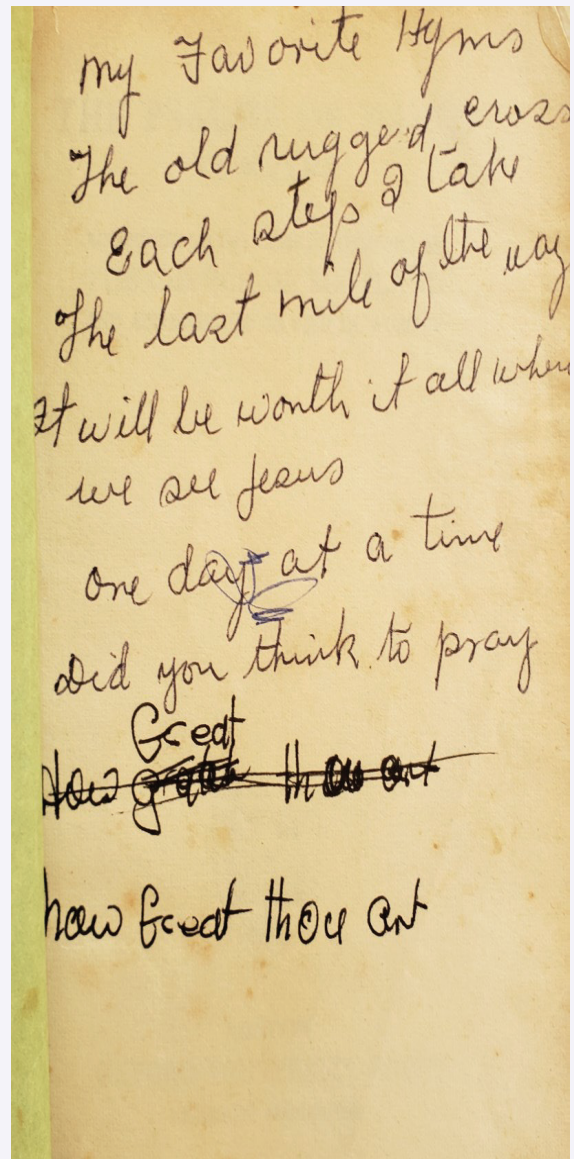
O Lord my God! When I in awesome wonder,  
consider all the worlds Thy hands have made  
I see the stars; I hear the rolling thunder,  
Thy power throughout the universe displayed.

Refrain: Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee  
How great Thou art! How great Thou art!  
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to Thee  
How great Thou art! How great Thou art!

When through the woods and forest glades I wander  
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees,  
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur  
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze.

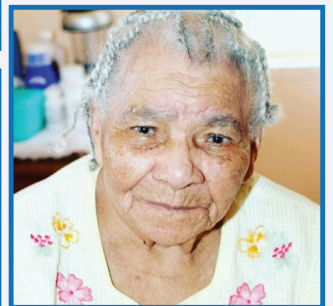
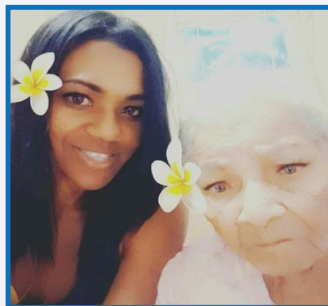
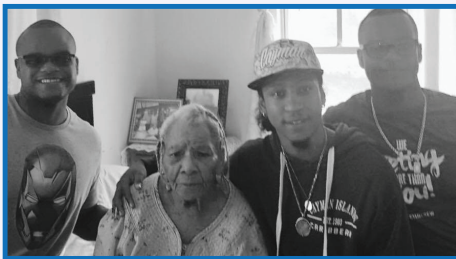
And when I think that God, His Son not sparing,  
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in  
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,  
He bled and died to take away my sin.

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation  
And take me home, what joys shall fill my heart!  
Then I shall bow in humble adoration  
And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!

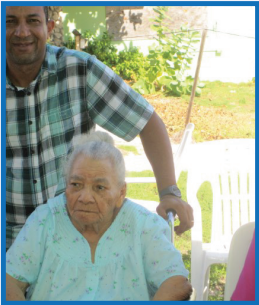


*Nana's hand writing of her favorite songs*











## **Nana's own words** – Documented by Kenross Connolly & Alan Ebanks on her 100th Birthday

*My name is Stella Welcome and the Good Lord spared my life to see October 30 and I am 100 years old. My life has been a long one and this is my story.*

*I was born in central East End on October 30th 1915. My mother's home was about 200 feet east of my home, just east of where Ludlow Buckeridge's house is today. I had a brother, Kilbourne, who died in 1961 at the age of 48.*

*My mother was Genatta Wood who lived to be 103 years so it seems as though long life goes in my family.*

*Growing up in East End was hard back then. I first attended school run by Ms. Ena Watler, Mr Michael Watler's sister, they lived in East End back then. My mother used to work for her and would carry firewood to her for the fireside and fire just to drive away mosquitoes. Later I attended the all-age school under Mr. Allen McLaughlin, opposite what is now the East End Library. I went as far as you could go, it was called Standard Six. School started at 9.00 a.m. with prayer and we were in class until 11.00 a.m. when it was time for recess. Lunch was at noon for half hour and school was dismissed at 3 00 p.m. We did reading, arithmetic, spelling, reciting and writing. Because there was a sundial near the school, we also learned to tell time.*

*Just about everybody in those days used to go into the land to cut tops to make thatch rope, which was used to barter for local goods and to send to Jamaica. Every family had a cart in their yard. My first job came when I was in my early 20s at Lambert House house in George Town. Today it is known as Grand Old House. A lady named Mrs. Olive Hinds, lived there with her blind mother. I cared for the old lady until she died.*

*In between jobs I helped to rebuild the old Presbyterian Church by backing sand and gravel to the new location. The original church was built in the area of the current East End graveyard. In 1917 it was partially destroyed by a hurricane, so it was moved to where the church stands today.*

*In the early 40s a man named Steward got me a job on what is now Crewe Road with the Ryans from Cayman Brac, the parents of Mr. Wilfred Ryan. I stayed with them and it was a very interesting time because the Owen Roberts Airport was being built at that time and we would watch the workers at their labours.*

*I returned to East End in the late 1940's, by that time I had my two daughters Nadine and Jenet and they were well taken care of by my Aunt Valentine, so that I could work out. My next job was in Bodden Town as a domestic helper with a couple named Vernon and Hilary Ebanks.*

*I also worked for Lonsdale Pouchie who owned what became known as the Cayman Dive Lodge operated by Bob Soto and later Will and Sybil Jackson. George Bodden had a bar there in the '40s and later showed movies with Mr Seymour from George Town. Ice cream was also popular then, too.*

*I married Barrett Welcome in 1956. He was a seaman with National Bulk Carriers for 12 years, but had to give up sea life due to poor health. Barrett was an all-round man: he was the local dentist and doctor, as well as fisherman and farmer in the East End district. He became a familiar sight to all selling snow-cones on the roadside as he raised money for another rebuilding of the United Church.*

*Oh, and how I've seen so many things come to pass in my lifetime. I can recall the first murder. This was a fisherman named Milburn McLean who disappeared and was never seen again. His skeleton was later found in the vicinity of what is now Morricts Tortuga Club.*

*Then, there was a day when the first car came to East End. What a great excitement! It was owned by Mr. Longdale Pouchie. Originally we had only a narrow track for a road, but people such as Austin Conolly and MacDonald McLean went about the task of preparing a road that could accommodate the car. Transportation was scarce in those days, but Rudolph McLaughlin later got a truck and he would carry people back to the district every now and then.*

*When I see all the cars, trucks and all kinds of vehicles now, I remember back in my day when we had to walk to George Town or go by boat. Yes, I said walk to George Town! We would go to shop or attend church meetings. The crowd would leave in the evening, walk to Bodden Town, spend the night and finish the journey the next morning. On the way back we again spent the night in Bodden Town before continuing to East End. Walking to North Side for Christian Endeavour was a common thing back then. Some people would travel by cat boat, but I never did. You see I travelled by boat once from town, I thought I would have died, but Mr Wilfred Conolly did his best to help me, he was such a gentleman. When we got to East End the next morning Capt. Arnold Conolly said to me "you prayed so much last night, if you live as long as Matusalem you wouldn't need to pray anymore".*

*I recall the war, World War II and the ships being torpedoed near us. We had to be in darkness in the night. One vessel was torpedoed off Bodden Town that had East Enders on it. We lost some I remember Burns Conolly, Mr Austin's son, Mr Warren's brother and Mr Wilfred Conolly, Ms Petrona's husband. Leonzie Conolly was rescued.*

*Now you hear them talking about mosquitoes today. I wish some people were alive in my time. That was mosquitoes! You had to carry a smoke pan with you all the time. Mosquitoes were so thick they would suffocate the cattle by clogging up their nose and mouth. What you have now are just a few mosquitoes, nothing like it used to be.*

*What a time that was when electricity came to the district. It was 1971. My mother was alive then and she asked my aunt Valentine to take her outside to see the lights. She told my aunt that when she got to heaven she was going to tell her friends and family she lived to see electricity come to East End!*

*I have travelled a little bit. I made six trips to Jamaica to seek medical attention for poor Barrett and myself. Unfortunately, he died in 1984. Then, there were six trips to the state of Washington to see my Aunt Valentine, who had moved there and was living with her daughter Vernice.*

*From an early age the church has been an important part of my life. I've served as elder, Sunday School teacher, choir member and also member of Christian Endeavour and Women's Guild, now the Women Fellowship, until poor health took me in the 1990s. I believe that God has granted me these years because I've always tried to serve him and my community. I tried to do as much good to as many as possible, and I made sure to honour my mother and father. This advice I would give anyone.*

*Today, I'm living comfortably in my house just west of where I was born. This little house has been renovated a few times over the years, but it was first built on wooden pillars and stood up to Hurricane Ivan when other buildings were totally destroyed. I'm cared for by my two daughters, Jenet Connor and Nadine McLean., and Datsy Powell, my caregiver. Between my two daughters I have 11 grandchildren, 23 great grandchildren and 18 great great grandchildren. Thank God I still have all my senses, even though they are not what they used to be, and I'm confined to bed due to my two bad knees.*

*How I thank God for giving me such a long life!' Times were hard, life was rough, but thank God I made it. Each day that I awake I give thanks for it, and you know what? He's not finished with me yet, because I'm still alive and kicking!*

### **Tribute from East End United Church**

There are so many ways to pay tribute to someone who lived, worked and worshiped God all her life. Today we give thanks to God for the life and witness of Mrs. Stella Welcome. Ms. Stella as she was affectionately called by some, was regarded as the "life of the church" and the "life of concerts" held by the church. She was regular in attendance at worship services and events held by the church.

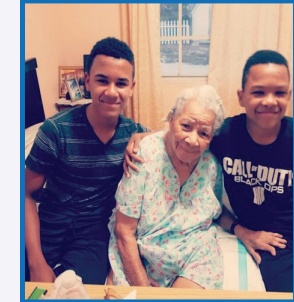
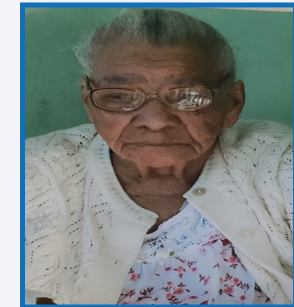
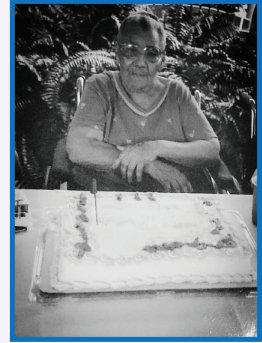
Ms. Stella was the oldest member of the East End United Church, The United Church in the Cayman Islands and someone whose membership span many decades. Actually, she assisted in the building of the old church sanctuary that was made from wattle and daub. In former years she shared stories of her carrying baskets of stones and sand for the construction of the sanctuary. In varied ways, she also shared her passion for creativity and undying devotion to making the church a more beautiful place where everyone can experience the love of God.

She will be remembered for her participation in Christian Endeavour, Women's Fellowship, Choir, Garden Party and caring for her neighbours' children.

As an avid actor in concerts, Ms. Stella would wear pants and carry a pipe as she acted out her part to many applause and laughter. We will always remember her hospitality to the many Ministers of this church, ensuring the care of them and their family. Today, her legacy continues through her children and their families.

Even in death, her memory still inspires us to this day. This labor leaves a lasting impression with all who knew and heard of her. She was truly a Christian in deed!







## Graveside Service

Prayer .....	Rev. Forrester
Hymn – Precious Lord, Take My Hand .....	Congregation
Committal.....	Rev. Forrester
Hymns .....	Congregation

*Old Rugged Cross  
I Come to the Garden Alone  
It is well with my soul  
Great is thy Faithfulness*

### Benediction

#### 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 life 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, Lord I'm worn  
Through the storm, through the night  
Lead me on to the light  
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home

#### The Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,  
the emblem of suffering and shame;  
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best,  
for a world of lost sinners was slain.  
Refrain: So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,  
till my trophies at last I lay down  
I will cling to the old rugged cross,  
and exchange it some day for a crown.  
O, the old rugged cross, so despised by the world,  
has a wondrous attraction for me;  
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above,  
to bear it to dark Calvary.  
In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,  
a wondrous beauty I see;  
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,  
to pardon and sanctify me.  
To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,  
its shame and reproach gladly bear;  
Then He'll call me some day to my home far away,  
when His glory forever I'll share.

## I Come To The Garden Alone

I come to the garden alone,  
While the dew is still on the roses  
And the voice I hear falling on my ear, The Son of God  
discloses

Refrain:

And He walks with me  
and He talks with me  
And He tells me I am His own  
And the Joy we share as we tarry there,  
None other has ever know

He speaks and the sound of His voice,  
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing  
And the melody that He gave to me  
within my heart is ringing

I'd stay in the garden with Him,  
though the night around me be falling,  
But He bids me go, through the voice of woe,  
His voice to me is calling.

## 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!

## Great Is Thy Faithfulness

Great is Thy faithfulness, O God my Father!  
There is no shadow of turning with Thee  
Thou changest not, Thy compassions, they fail  
not;  
As thou hast been Thou forever will be.

Refrain: Great is Thy faithfulness,  
Great is Thy faithfulness!  
Morning by morning new mercies I see;  
All I have needed Thy hand hath provided  
Great is Thy faithfulness  
Lord unto me!

Summer and winter, and spring-time and harvest  
Sun, moon and stars in their courses above  
Join with all nature in manifold witness  
To Thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.

Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth  
Thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide  
Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow  
Blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside!



*Acknowledgement*

*The family of the late Stella Welcome would like to express their sincere appreciation to family and friends for their kindness, prayers and support through this difficult time.*

