

# Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of



## **Hartmann Morgan DaCosta**

13 May, 1937 - 20 February, 2021

Cayman Islands Baptist Church

Savannah, Grand Cayman

Saturday, 6 March 2021

3:00 p.m.

Officiating Minister

Pastor Dale Forbes

Pianist

Davis Forbes

Interment at the Eden Cemetery, Pedro Castle Road

## Order of Service

Opening Remarks & Words of Comfort .....	Pastor Dale Forbes
Opening Prayer .....	Pastor Rohan Meghoo
Hymn "Father I place into your hands" .....	Congregation
Scripture Reading - John 14:1-6 .....	Mrs. Emmie Jean Jackson
Tribute from Grand Children .....	Miss. Kelsey DaCosta
Song- "Precious Memories" .....	Pre-recorded Music
Hartmann's Life story .....	Mr. Kent Eldemire
Sermon .....	Pastor Dale Forbes
Prayer for the Family	
Closing Hymn - "Because he Lives" .....	Congregation
Benediction	
Ringling of the bell (Seafarers Association ) .....	Mr. Denniston Tibbetts

### Pallbearers

Mr. Waide DaCosta	Mr. Jonathan Bodden
Mr. Woodward (Woody) DaCosta	Mr. Mowbrey DaCosta
Mr. Mitchell Ebanks	Mr. Jason DaCosta

### Honourary Pallbearers

Mr. Harwood Jackson	Mr. Kent Eldemire	Mr. Damith De Silva
Mr. Albert Hislop	Mr. Andrew Eden	Mr. Lindo Bodden
Mr. Patrick Holmes	Mr. Albert "Topy" Jackson	Mr. Wilbur DaCosta Jr.
Mr. Otto Watler	Mr. Oliver Jackson	Mr. Wayne DaCosta
Mr. Darwin Ebanks	Mr. Kusum "OG" Olagamage	Mr. Wayne Panton
Mr. Cardinall DaCosta	Mr. Titus Olagamage	Mr. Anthony Eden, OBE
Mr. Stanton Ebanks	Mr. Nihal Olagmage	Mr. Conrad Forbes

### Ushers

Mr. Christopher Bodden	Mr. Wardley Connolly	Mr. Trent McCoy
Mr. Winston Conolly	Mr. Stephen Gunby	Mr. Derek Scott

### Guest Book Attendants

Ashley DaCosta  
Leanne Tibbetts

### Flag Attendant

Ms. Heather Bodden

## Life Story of Hartmann Morgan Da Costa

Hartmann Morgan was born on the 13th of May, 1937 in Savannah to parents Augustine and Olga DaCosta. He was the fifth child of seven siblings.

Harttie, as he has affectionately been called, was raised in a very caring, loving, nurturing home with a very religious Mother. She raised her children to love and respect everyone and honesty was a key element stressed in their daily lives and has stayed with each of her children. He was a hard worker, helping with grounds, cows, pigs, fishing, collecting water for the daily running of his parent's household. He rose early in order to complete his chores before he went off to school.

Hartmann attended the one room, all class Savannah School. There he was able to complete his primary education up to six standard and after that on to working in the real world. He went on to work with the Public Works Department building roads that were the foundation of what is being used today.

Like all other young men he waited for the time to come so he could spread his wings and fly away so on May 6th, 1955 he signed up with National Bulk Carriers who sent him away to join the "S.S. Ore Phoenix" at the tender age of seventeen. He joined the ship in the Persian Gulf as a mess man, a job he disliked. He remained at this post for one year before being transferred to the Engine Room as a Wiper. He returned home on vacation after being away for two years. In 1957 he again returned to sea on the "SS Sea Lane" a dredge that was working in Venezuela. He worked there with Coburn Miller, Charles Bothwell and John Ebanks. They eventually left and Harttie stayed on doing the job of a "Third Engineer" for two years. He decided that he would definitely like to enhance his knowledge and on leaving the ship he went to New York where he studied, sat the exams and was successful. Since those years he has been on several other ships and has been all over the world working hard and seeing the sights.

While all this was going on he made plans for building his home in Savannah. Audrey Thompson his eldest sister, saw to the business part of things and kept everything flowing while he made sure to send the money home to pay the bills. Mr. Wallace Bodden of George Town was the Builder. He did not complete the house all at once, he did it in stages, but it was finished after a couple of years and he had his bedroom suite, dining room furniture done by a Jamaican carpenter and placed in the home. Harttie has always been one for looking ahead and planning conscientiously to meet whatever is to come.

He joined forces with his other two brothers Wilbur and Cardinal in starting Puritan Cleaners which today is still in existence. Harttie eventually sold his shares to Cardinal. He went on to do many things after that, starting in the trucking, backhoe business and had a small tractor for cutting grass pastures, all of these he eventually sold.

Hartmann leased Bay View Hotel from the Merrens in 1963. He had some great times here with his friends. He drove a thatched top Pontiac Car and also met the Canadian Tourists at the Own Robert's Airport in his buggy with the fringe on the top.

Hartmann gained his American Residence in 1964 and went off to the USA to seek his fortune and fame. He was a vacuum cleaner salesman who was fortunate to sell several of these machines both in the US and in the Cayman Islands. He soon tired of land and went off on the American Merchant ships.

He met Emma Jean Martinez at the airport on the 23rd May, 1963 while awaiting tourist to take to the Hotel. He pursued her with much vigour and enthusiasm and they both fell in love. Jeannie went off to Jamaica in 1965 to study Hansard Reporting and on completion of these studies swished her off to Tampa, FL where they were married on the 5th August, 1966. Fifty Five years later still happily married with three wonderful, handsome sons.

In 1973 Hartmann decided to leave the ocean seas and remain at home to be with his family. He started importing Frito Lay chips by a few cases at a time and stored them in the Den of his home in Savannah. Started making popcicles at home and supplied small stores and the schools. The business was eventually moved out of the house to a rental space in the Industrial Park. In 1983 land was purchased at Crewe Road, and construction was commenced at the premises now housing Maedac House. Hartmann was called ALANASKA for always building castles, but most things came to fruition. Today Maedac Supply Co. Ltd. is a thriving business with over 18 employees, a dream fulfilled!

Hartmann was involved with Rotary for many years. He and Pat Holmes were instrumental in getting the Junior Achievement Programme for the youth started here in Grand Cayman. It has proven to be a most rewarding programme and most successful.

Hartmann was involved in the Fund Raising Committee and because of his dedication to the cause was made a Paul Harris Fellow. He has served on many Government Boards and was still involved on a few.

Hartmann was in the Special Constabulary Force and assisted the RCIPS on many occasions, one when HRH Queen Elizabeth visited the Cayman Islands and has been awarded a long term medal for his services. He was appointed a Justice of the Peace and worked in the Court as a Lay Magistrate in the Juvenile Court. He was a recipient of the Certificate and Badge of Honour.

He was extremely passionate about the Seafarers and served as president and was a part of the Council of the Seafarers Association.

He can surely be very proud of his many accomplishments, a stalwart, and respectable citizen of these Cayman Islands which he loved dearly.

### **Tribute from Emma Jean (Jeannie)**

I'm so Grateful For your Love

It's so easy to love someone when a relationship is just beginning because both people are always looking their best, acting their best.

But those days have come and gone for us, and you still love me.

You've seen me at my absolute worst, both physically and emotionally, and love me in spite of it.

You've been supportive when I've felt good about everything in my life and even more so when my self-esteem was low.

You've shared in the celebration of my achievements and helped me deal with my anger and disappointment when everything seemed to be falling apart.

You've been at my side when I've felt proud and strong, and you've held me close and listened when I needed to be taken care of.

We've been through so much since we first fell in love... and still you love me.

And that makes me love you even more

### **Tribute from Morgan**

My father was a man that lived his life in a few words, "Nothing to it"

Dad was simply elegant, what you seen is what it was! In his way of being with business and interpersonal and most of all with his family. I have no fitting words to say that would bring folks reading to think what a good son I am, and how much I thought of my dad. "Simply", we talked everyday!! I told him what and how I felt about him when he was here, and he to me! I loved him dearly and will miss him beyond any words to notate.

I love you dad beyond the moon and the stars!!

Always

Morgan!

### **Tribute from Jocelyn**

#### **A little Note**

There is too much to write to fully express what the past 25 years of being a part of the DaCosta fam-ily has allowed me to experience. The words that continue to come to mind are "Thank You".

Thank you for loving me as a daughter, Thank You for supporting me with many life's decisions, and most absolute Thank you for imparting your guidance or as you would say "take my foolish advice".

I have learned so much from this advice and appreciate all that it has done to help me grow.

One of our common values was the love and strong ties of family. As I promised to you I will do my best with the Mercy and Love of the Lord to support and take care of the family.

With much Love, Jocie

### **Tribute from Hart**

I love you. The three words everyone was saying to you as they kissed you on your forehead. But you were occupied, beginning your descent to be with the angels. Each day gets more and more lonely without having you in our presence. It still sends shocks through me that you're gone and how I never got to say my final goodbyes. So this poem is to say goodbye and to say the three words, i love you.

Love Hart

### **Tribute from Gene**

Dad,

I just wanted to say thanks for all the great memories and all you have done and shown me over the years including life's many lessons. In fact I find myself often passing on your teachings to my kids along with many of your quirky sayings (some of which can't be repeated in church!). I am going to miss chatting with you and having our many philosophical debates. Lord knows we had 'em.

Things I otherwise took for granted I'm already starting to miss like receiving your weekly check-in calls or calls telling me to come get cassava cake, mangos or crab.

You will be sorely missed by your family and many friends. I know you are not gone, you are simply in the next room waiting to see us all again.

Love you Daddy. Rest in peace.

**Tribute from Oscar**

Daddy, you truly were who you ALWAYS were and for that I am eternally grateful! Thank you so much for everything. I will always love you. Sleep well "Mr. Hartmann".

Your loving son.

Oscar

**Tribute from Jacqueline**

I could not ask for a more honourable father-in-law. A genuine family man and hard worker. Thank you for welcoming me into the family with open arms and always being ready to lend a helping hand. I will truly miss our conversations, watching jeopardy and seeing you outside of Maedac – your home away from home. I know you are in a better place now. Rest in peace, Mr. Hartmann.

With love

Jackie

**Tribute from PJ**

16 wonderful years of knowing you, laughing with you, setting the world to rights with you, reminiscing with you. I'm both honoured and grateful. You have left a legacy with your boys who you raised with your teachings of strength, determination and resilience; you can now sit proudly looking down at your family who will sorely miss you.

May each tear and each fond memory be a note of love rising to keep you company until we meet again.

Love and miss you Mr Hartmann. Love always, PJ

**To Uncle Hartmann**

Uncle Hartie, in our eyes as youth growing up next door was a Giant of a Man.

He will always be remembered for talking to and teaching us about so many different aspects of life, from horses, boats, business, relationships, and politics. He had a lot of knowledge about how the World worked and was always happy to share his life lessons.

We know that if anybody examined Uncle Hartie's life, they too would learn many things about the way that he lived that would only benefit and enhance their life as it has done ours.

Stanton, Mitch, Mark & Matthew

**Tribute from Jane**

My dear Uncle Hartie, I do not know where to begin with my great memories of you. As a very little girl I vividly remember you were the smiling uncle that brought the good stuff to family parties or to sell in my Mommy's shop. Some of my favourite things to indulge in - puff Cheetos and barbecue chips to wash down with either a delicious Jupena or watermelon soda and topped off with some nice Cadbury chocolate. But although you were the smiling candy man to me as a little girl, always bringing smiles with your awesome sense of humour, I grew up appreciating you as another father figure in my life. When I got married at 25 in 1990, you obliged me with a father daughter dance, since my Daddy didn't dance. I have that memory captured in a beautiful photo that I have always treasured and always will.

In later years, we developed a great adult relationship and had many long conversations about a whole variety of things. I was so grateful for you and Aunt Jeannie attending the first Youth Mental Health Symposiums in honour of Alex and letting me know how proud you were of me for bringing awareness to mental health through the Foundation and standing up and baring my soul. I probably did not tell you but your encouraging words helped keep me going when I was feeling so overwhelmed.

Our conversations were never short, even when we had one of our last on February 5 when I called to find out how you were doing. Aunt Jeannie had to politely rush us off the phone as you needed to get ready for your doctor's appointment. A cherished memory is an afternoon at Health City about a week later when Oscar took you down to the garden to get some sun and fresh air. Heather and I provided you with outdoor spa services, she fed you with peppermints while I rubbed your arms and hands down with soothing cream and in between sucking on the mints, you were cracking your usual jokes, having my hubby Wayne there to bounce them off of and share the chuckles. Cody's visit reminded you that you also enjoyed wearing a beard in your younger years. We had several visits since and each time we could see you getting more tired and the smiles were more painful. I do not know why you were taken from us so soon with so much more of your lively spirit to spread but I know you are now resting in peace in the arms of the angels. We have one more angel watching over us now. Love and cherish you always. Jane, Wayne and Cody

## **To Uncle Hartmann**

I will always remember Uncle Hartmann and cherish him as a strong and influential figure in the DaCosta family. He was kind, caring, and most importantly, he loved his family.

I remember one day when I was younger, not too long after my grandfather Wilbur's passing, we were all at a family gathering. That day when I was speaking to him, he leaned over, gently placed his hand over my hand and said to me with a friendly smile "you know, sweetheart, you can call me papa". In that moment, I felt a sense of gratitude and warmth. This was something that he often reminded of over the years whenever I would see him. As my grandfather was no longer here with us, Uncle Hartmann demonstrated that he wanted to ensure that his extended family was taken care of. Whilst it was a small act of kindness, it has had an everlasting impact on my life, knowing that he wanted to be a grandfather figure to me, when my own could no longer do so.

I am so grateful that he always looked out for me, up until his last moments in hospital, he was reminding me of how proud he was of the woman I have grown up to be. He then started reminiscing about how when me and my cousins were little girls, we would run up to him gleefully shouting "Papa" and he would embrace us all in his big arms. I am forever grateful to him for his loving attitude and always making me feel so special.

Through these gestures that Uncle Hartmann showed me throughout his life, it taught me what it means to love your family unconditionally and the importance of always putting each other first.

Uncle Hartmann was a great role model for all of us as he always led by example, and because of that, he has left a wonderful legacy behind, which I will cherish in a special place in my heart forever.

I love you very much, Uncle Hartmann.

Love,  
Ashley

## **A tribute to Uncle Hartie (Hartmann DaCosta) from Wayne, Patricia, Aaron and Ashley DaCosta**

My Dad always called Uncle Hartie "Tuffy". He surely lived up to his nickname in life and in his passing. In spite of his illness affecting his ability to communicate in the last several days of his life, he held on strong to the very end. He was strong in body, mind and spirit.

The "DaCosta handshake" was a well-known trait of his, and his brothers, one of them being my dear beloved Father of blessed memory. I remember as a kid when Uncle Hartie would shake my hand, it was overwhelming when his huge hand would engulf mine. He would always look at me, smile and say, "Waynie, you got a strong hand-shake boy" and he would give me that big smile. I took a lot of pride in this. I am sure other family members and friends enjoyed similar experiences with him.

I grew up in Mount Pleasant, West Bay, but I had a great love for Savannah. There were the Jackson and the Bodden men who loved horses and the western cowboy way of life it seemed. They would ride their horses often on Saturday afternoons while I was visiting. I remember sitting on Uncle Hartie's porch watching them ride past. Many times they would stop to chat with Uncle Hartie and I would have the opportunity to get up close with the horses. I can't forget "Uncle Selly's" (Selvin Eden) and his one horse white buggy. He would stop by the house when he was out for his Saturday evening outing and I would seize the opportunity to go for a ride. The buggy really fascinated because that was the only one that I had ever seen in real life at that time. This is just some of the good memories I have of visiting with my dear uncle when I was a child.

Aunt Jeannie and Uncle Hartie hosted many of our annual Christmas Boxing Day DaCosta family gatherings. That was always a treat because the kids could always look forward to his famous popsicles, chips and a jupina.

Uncle Hartmann was a shrewd businessman and he worked hard to take care of his family. Like his brothers, he believed if you don't work you don't eat. He had a very strong work ethic. He built a reputable company over many years as a distributor of various types of drinks, snacks and other items. He always took pride in his products and in his kind manner, often offered me a treat when I visited him at Maedac house.

Uncle Hartie and Aunt Jeannie were a loving, dedicated and committed couple and lived their life with high morals and standards. They were a good example and inspiration to many in how to live a good life.

Uncle Hartmann will be missed, but I believe he is in heaven with his Lord. May God continue to bless Aunt Jeannie, their children and the rest of the family.

Proverbs 14:23-24 says, "All hard work brings a profit, but mere talk leads only to poverty." Uncle Hartie was not about mere talk, he worked hard and reaped a good profit, in more ways than one. May his soul rest in eternal peace

### **Tribute from Woodward (Woody)**

Tribute to Uncle Tuffy / Big Sexy

Uncle Tuffy your memory will live on positively in my mind,  
when 'ere my thoughts glaze upon you,

I'm left with a smile, and several sayings gave to me, that are now part of my vernacular and my character;  
such as my response to the frequent question of "how are you"? I can't help but to instantly reply "I'm vertical and moving so I'm Blessed",

However, the quintessential phrases that will forever be connected to your memory and smile are; "WoodyWoody come over here young man let's talk" and "boi your bravery and knowledge makes me proud, keep up the Good work".

Your encouragement even on your last, I will forever be grateful!

Rest in Eternal Peace Uncle Tuffy / Big Sexy and THANK YOU!!

### **Tribute from Pamela**

Uncle Harty,

Granny nicknamed you most aptly, "Harty"

I shall miss your hearty smile, hearty willpower, hearty opinions & that hearty laugh that came from that big hearty chest of yours. You could've easily taught us MBA courses! Imagine from a shoestring operation of making & selling popsicles from a car trunk to establishing a vibrant business & investments in multiple properties. You deserve God's heartiest crown of gems!! You showed us how it's done!! Kudos to you, Uncle Harty!!!

Love, your niece, Pammie

### **Tribute from Brother Cardinall DaCosta**

To my Beloved Brother Hartmann "Hartie"

It breaks my heart to write this tribute knowing that you are no longer with me and I will no longer hear your voice. I was devastated after being told that you only had a short time to be with us. Time will not allow me to express my feelings to the full extent; however, I must say how much I enjoyed our time together when we were building Puritan Cleaners, along with our beloved brother Wilbur. I remembered the days when we took turns going to sea to ensure that one of us was always at Puritan Cleaners to oversee its operations. Being independent as we all were, you left and opened Maedac and Wilbur decided to expand his restaurant, Silver Sands in 1980.

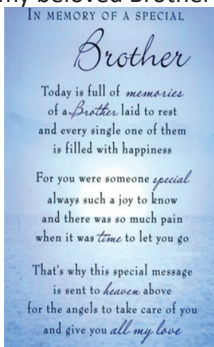
Your support was never-ending regardless of business venue we would undertake together. Having started DACO Water Specialties, suppliers of Meyers Pumps and Accessories, there were many many times we were called out after midnight saying the water supply system that serviced the hotels and or condos were down and we would tirelessly respond to these service calls regardless of the time, day or night.

I will miss our daily ritual calls, where I would ask "how are you doing?" and your response would be "hanging in", and I would respond saying "we are hanging in too", as this never failed to bring a smile to my face. Our conversations would vary depending on the topic of the day, be it from World War I to current political events from around the world, not to mention when we discussed Cayman's politics. You were so knowledgeable on historic events and happenings, that I often times said you should write a book to record all those memories and events.

One of my fondest memories of you is going fishing, something you were never too fond of. I remembered while out fishing one day you said out of the blue "I can't see why we are sitting here wasting time on a fish to make up its mind, whether or not it will take the bait". Eventually, we landed 2 beautiful wahoos, you should have seen the look on your face and then you said, "I guess they eventually made up their minds, and mine too". The day ended on a happy note as we each took home a beautiful wahoo from our fishing expedition.

Not only did you support me in Puritan Cleaners, but also when I decided to go into the music industry. Having made my CDs, you became one of my unofficial sales agents. I remembered when you called to say, "I've sold another cd" and I responded by saying "make sure to take your commission". You laughed and said, "I did its \$1000.00 commission". I could go on and on, but memories are too numerous to put on paper and I would need a whole book to write everything down. My tribute from an unknown author says it all.

To my beloved Brother "Hartie"



Author unknown

**From your Sister-in-Law Joy Henning-DaCosta**

Hartie, I shall miss your conversations with Cardinall "Cardie" which not only made me laugh but also brought tears to my eyes from laughing so hard, especially when you discussed the pranks that you pulled as boys growing up. Your support did not stop at Cardinall, but was also extended to me as well and for that I will always be grateful

. Rest in Peace, Joy

### **Tribute from Waide**

#### Tribute to Uncle Tuffy

Dear Uncle Tuffy it is with a heavy heart that I write this tribute. You were my mentor, confidant and my second father. You were a man of strict morals and principals and impeccable character. I have had the distinct privilege of not only being your nephew (I would like to think your favourite (smile)) but your adopted son, professional advisor and colleague on the Trade Business Licensing Board and my greatest friend and supporter next to my parents.

You brought your usual no nonsense style to the board meetings balanced with temperance and justice. You were always the consummate gentleman and scholar. I could go on and on about your wonderful gifts of teaching and guidance however there is not enough paper to contain all that you have taught me. You have made me strive to be a much better man. I am eternally grateful for our time together and you letting me be me (sometimes unpolished and rough) but you loved me unconditionally nevertheless. I will bid my final farewell knowing that you are in great company with your parents, brothers and sisters reuniting in that everlasting bond of pure love and kindness that have come to exemplify and glorify the DaCosta clan. I love you more than you will ever know and look forward to someday standing again in your massive shadow. Goodbye my dearest Uncle Tuffy until we meet again Love always, your Waidey.

### **Tribute from Olga**

Thanks for being such an awesome Uncle!

Anytime I had a worry you were there to give me a great perspective. Anytime I thought stupid you gave me stern advise to shape up.

I enjoyed the talks over an invitation for supper that included mac and cheese, my favorite, and your family's favorite dish, when I was a little girl staying with Aunt Audie after Uncle Carl died. Sometimes when I came over your sternness was highlighted when I was warned to not feed the white pet bunny without supervision by Morgan and Gene.

I was so elated when I heard you gave your heart to the Lord two days after I shared with you the song I wrote "Lift Me Out." It must have really touched you, especially the line that says "You left me in, oh how I felt Your pain" because you closed your eyes and leaned back simultaneously as though it eased your pain.

Uncle, you will be truly missed! I was hoping you could have stuck around to hear some more of my songs, but I am glad, and understand at this time, you had to go to Heaven, a beautiful special place to enjoy the singing of the Angels.

Love, Your Niece, Olga

### **Tribute for my Uncle Hartmann**

We are all just born into this world only to learn that we are just here on 'borrowed time'... and have to make the best of said time... 'no matter what hand we are dealt in life'...

Well... my Uncle Hartmann did just that... this is what I will always admire him for;

By going to sea at an early age and sending money home to assist his brother-my dad Cardinal in starting up the business Puritan Cleaners... also with the same help from their brother Wilbur... as all 3 brothers were 'forced' at an early age to go to sea to work hard to send money home...

Then with the success of his own business-Maedac and others... which is the 'legacy' he left behind... and raising 3 fine sons in the process... with his wonderful, strong, dedicated wife-Aunt Jeannie by his side for 55 years... and working hard to provide for his awesome family until his sons made it successfully on their own themselves! Which is a testament of the caliber of a person he was... I will ALWAYS remember his Warm, Inviting Smile and Strong hand shake 'with Authority' every time I saw him or when I went to visit him at home or the business... and he would always ask how my kids were if I didn't bring them... expressing his constant concern for their well being...

I remember in 2013 when Morgan hosted a Superbowl Party at his house because the Baltimore Ravens-his wife Jocelyn's team were playing... who won by the way!.. and I would make quite a few trips to the keg of beer I brought to refill my glass... and at one point when Uncle Hartmann caught sight of this... he said to me 'don't you think that's quite enough now ma son'... lol This I will always remember... that was just him... his way of showing concern for MY well being....

Still can't believe this real... I will sadly miss you but you are NEVER forgotten...

Rest in Eternal Peaceful Bliss Uncle...

One Love Always...

Nephew Jason.. 'JJ'..



### **From Your Nephew Mowbrey DaCosta**

When I was only but a boy, you would give me a firm handshake while calling me “young man”

This helped to instill the character I am today. It showed that though not being my father you urged me to become the best man I could. It was your way of reconfirming to me to ready myself to be strong and steadfast as you and my dad.

The only time this changed is when I took without permission my father’s yacht to the sandbar, at which time you would call me Captain, we had a chuckle about that a few times.

It is this and your confident loving smile that will be the memories of you I will hold till the end.

### **Tribute from Charisa**

Dear Uncle Hartmann, I just helped a customer in our store who looked so much like you & my heart literally broke. I had to walk away & catch my breath.

The other day, I saw a deep purpley-green-leafed hibiscus plant here at work, and not sure if those same type of hibiscus graced your all’s Savannah home, but something about it took me right back to being 3 or 4 years old in your all’s driveway witnessing the hustle & bustle of the popsicle machine being set up & operated. I could hear the plastic tubing squeaking through as apparently, it was either Lindo or Alan feeding it through, and I gazed at magical purple, and red, and blue, and my favorite, yellow juice flow into each tube.

I turned around & it seemed as if I had heard a grown up call out, “Charie, which one do you want?” I know Aunt Genie was loading frozen popsicles up in the car for delivery to vendors, so the other adult must have been you. Seems like I saw a giant tanned and strong hand holding out a blur of red, blue, green, yellow & I remember choosing the yellow popsicle out of them all. It tasted like banana, but it seems as if you were telling me that it was pineapple & I kept asking you, “You mean like Jupina pineapple?” I suppose I loved the yellow one best because it was sunny, bright, and cheerful, and it reminded me of all the laughter & industry anytime I was at your all’s home - yes even at so tiny an age.

This is so hard, Uncle Hartmann. I would give anything to tell you face to face how much I treasure that Savannah home nestled under the fiery orange poinciana tree and all the happy, joyful memories of Christmas gatherings & barbecues...and those magical yellow popsicles full of sunshine. Love and miss you dearly, Uncle Hartmann.

### **Tribute from Hartman’s Sister Zelpha**

Growing up Hartman was always out with the brothers and Papa while me and Kay would be home with Mama. On Sundays we would all go to Sunday School together across from the Old House at the Savannah Church of God. He went to Sea at an early age so he was not at my wedding when I got married in March 1961 and moved to Tampa that same day.

After I moved to Tampa, Hartman would always pass through and visit. Shortly after Lindo, then later Johnathan, were born he brought me home to visit so that the Family could see them as John Keith was at Sea on both occasions.

When he quit going to Sea he came and stayed with me and worked odd jobs but couldn’t find anything worthwhile so he moved back home and would later start Maedac Supply. As he and Jeannie were to get married they came up to Tampa and stayed at my house. Their 1st reception was also held there with many of the Caymanians we knew invited.

When I moved back to Cayman in 1983, three years after my daughter Lauri was born, I would later work for him alongside Audrey for 12 years at Maedac. Up until May 2012 three months after my first grandchild Trey was born to babysit him.

He was always kind and considerate and I will miss him dearly.

### **Uncle Hartie and “Friend” (Lindo Keith)**

I always loved Uncle Hartie like a 2nd Father, as he was many different things to me - we were always close and loved each other dearly. From as early as I can remember, he started calling me “Friend”, and in his later years, he would lovingly tease me about my special nickname - but it made me happy knowing that we had that bond - and that I would always be known as “Friend” to him. Uncle Hartie, you will always be greatly missed, but in our hearts, you will NEVER be forgotten. Valerie and I will always remember what a special person you were, and we will smile when we think of you. With love from your nephew Lindo and Valerie

### **Tribute from Hartman's Niece Lauri**

My fondest memories of Uncle Hartman are at his business, Maedac when I would go with my Mom to rent videos and look forward to getting a watermelon or jupina soda. He was always there ready to greet us and in later years recall him proudly showing off his latest products. He also kept his extended family including my Mom close and trusted them in helping to run his business.

### **Tribute from Damien**

My Memories of Grand Uncle Hartmann or Uncle Hartmann as I always call him. He always spoke of the DaCosta Handshake and how I had it. His handshake was firm and a strong one. When you went around him he had a story to tell and good guidance give. Uncle Hartmann is and will always be a "Great" man I looked up to. He was close to my heart and had the kindest personality I knew towards people. He is humble with a loving heart, his name said it all. You will forever be in our hearts Uncle Hartmann.

Love

Your Nephew Damien, Liseth, Danny, Aby, Liam and Jordan

### **Tribute from Hartman's Nephew Johnathan**

Presence/Generosity/Influence/Impact/Work Ethic/Encouragement/Advice

Uncle Hartman was many things but these would be the words I would use to describe him in what he meant to my life. I knew him not only as an Uncle but as a big Brother to my Mom and from stories through her, a loving son to their Mother as well as a lifelong friend to our neighbors in Tampa.

From the time I was born he had already been a presence in Tampa staying with my Mother and Father and looking after his "Friend" my big brother Lindo Keith. Whenever he asked about my brother he would ask how "Friend" is doing and rarely ask by his given name. And even though I would spend more time in Cayman than Lindo Keith, my nickname by him would always be "Tourist".

My mother would tell me how generous and giving with his time he was as he would bring Grandmother Olga up to Tampa to see my Mom and us or take us all back down to Cayman so we could see the whole Family when my dad was out to Sea. Years later when I went to college he worked to help secure scholarship funds to assist as I went through.

In his many trips through Tampa I had heard he had walked many miles to our house from Tampa Airport so I did it myself twice to pickup and drop off a rental car. There are certain things in life only certain people can do so I wanted to do it too, just so I could say I did what my Uncle Hartman had done so many years earlier. That was his influence on me. On one of his extended stays I heard the stories of how he had went door to door in Tampa selling vacuum cleaners so I knew of his work ethic from early on. Through the years as he built his business Lindo and I would help out at Maedac on occasion during our Summer or Christmas visits if he needed help with unloading containers.

Later on when I purchased a condo he would tell me what a good investment I had made and was encouraging and always ready to offer advice whether asked or not. In his impactful way, not long before he left us, and without asking what track I was on, he was laying out what my next steps in life should be.

His presence was felt up until the last and already he is missed.

### **Tribute from Marta**

To Hartie,

What can I say that could sum up the relationship we had. You have been a part of my life for so long and I am so fortunate to call you my brother-in-law. You were a wonderful husband and provider to my sister and I will miss all the jokes we shared with each other - and we have had many over the years! Your laugh would brighten the face of all those that were close by. During the last days, I told you that I would be here for Jeannie and I intend to keep that promise. You are loved and will be greatly missed. I look forward to that day when we will all see each other again. Rest in peace.

Your sister-in-law,  
Marta "Mar-tia"

### **Tribute from Roselyn Ann and Raquel**

Our Uncle Hartmann,

There are so many memories we could share of Uncle Hartmann of when we were growing up and would spend wonderful summers with him and Aunt Jeannie. Many times we, along with Oscar, would beg him to go to the beach or do something fun for the day, but not before we helped unload containers or chip boxes at Maedac! It was sometimes lots of work, but also so much fun to play in the back of the warehouse and also eat the chips and candy that “mysteriously” would pop open. Even as adults, we still looked forward to the snacks and treats he would bring from the shop for us to try.

Looking back, he helped shape the adults we are today as he instilled in us a strong work ethic from early on and showed us how hard work and dedication could pay off. He was a giant of a man compared to us girls, but really just a big ol’ teddy bear who gave the biggest and best hugs that would just swallow you up with a smile that lit up the room. We are thankful that our children also got to experience his love and great hugs as well. We will miss hearing his laugh and seeing his sweet face.

Rest well Uncle Hartmann, until we meet again.

Love always,  
Roselyn Ann and Raquel

### **Tribute from Kelsey**

So far you’ve heard, and will continue to hear, what an amazing friend, father, brother, and husband that my papa was. While this could not be truer, I want to tell you what kind of Grandfather he was. Well, he was one of the best.

To most, Papa was a calculated businessman. A no-nonsense kind of guy who saw the value in getting things done right and getting them done now. In other words, my Papa didn’t play! But to us grandkids he was our gentle giant. Each visit and each call was filled with “Hey Kel Kel”, “Love you, Chlo Chlo”, Logie, TT, Hartie, Bradley boy- or whatever nickname he had chosen for us that day. In every conversation he showered us with “Papa loves you”, “Papa’s proud of you”, and in my case: “Don’t ever forget, your Papa’s first grand baby”. These sayings filled our lives, they were papa-isms if you will.

When we were kids Papa made it his sole purpose to make me, Chloe, and Logan laugh. Employing any and all tactics to get the job done. These antics only continued when Hart, Taylor, and Bradley came along. My personal favorites were the funny faces and thumb trick, and my least favorite was the teeth thing-and I’ll leave it at that. Papa also loved to spend time with us. Whenever we came to Maedac we would swing his office door open, he’d turn his chair, open his arms, and lift us up onto his lap. He’d lean in, ask us what we did that day, and listen- fascinated-to whatever story we came up with. As we got older, we transitioned to the chairs in his office, but the conversations stayed the same. He’d ask how we were doing in school, how we like our teachers, or what activities we’d been getting into. He’d remind us to keep out of trouble, and to make him proud. He always cared about our lives and wanted to be a part of them. Even now I can’t imagine that office without him.

When you’re growing up, these are the regular things that take up your days. The laughs, the pranks, the sleepovers at papa and grandmas. The fun conversations, and the sweet treats that only grandparents can get away with. To you these incredible people in your life are your playmates. It’s not until you get older that you really see them for who they truly are. You see the strong, force of nature that is my grandma. A remarkable woman who has yet to meet an obstacle she can’t overcome. And you see the sure, steadfast man that was my papa. The go getter, the visionary. You learn about their pasts, the adventures they been on, and the lessons they’ve learned. You learn from the life they’ve lived, and if you’re paying attention glean some knowledge for yourself. Well, we’ve had the distinct honor of learning from the best grand-parents, and especially the best grandfather.

And even now, though he is gone from this world, everything he was and everything he taught us will live on. It will live on in the stories and the memories my grandma holds dear. It’ll live on in the way his sons treat their families, and the integrity with which they endeavor to live their lives. It will live on in Chloe’s determination, and Logan’s steadfastness. In Taylor’s sweetness, and Bradley’s incredible humor. In Hart’s selflessness, and, I hope, in my love for family. We will carry with us each day the mark of a life well lived, because of the man who lived it.

Papa, I’m not sure if you can hear this, but thank you for being the best papa we could ask for. We will love you forever, and always.

Love,  
Kelsey

### **Tribute from Chloe**

Dear Papa,

I remember when we were very young and all the grandkids were finally together during summer vacation, we would look forward to coming to Maedac. It seemed to be an extraordinary adventure that had more than one part. First we would start in the shop where the shelves whisked us around in circles salivating for every treat they held. Then we would burst into the warehouse feeling that we were so important to have the last name DaCosta, which was the 'key' into get to the back. We would break boxes and build forts and beg if we could ride on the machines that would make us 'fly' to new nooks and crannies so that we could play. But then it all lead to the man up-stairs: you. The man with a plan who made the adventure all worth while allowing us to frolic around and take whatever we wanted even though we may have been messing up all the hard work that he did that day. These are the happy, loving, movement filled memories I want to remember you by. So this is not a permanent goodbye, but more a goodbye for now.

Love Chloe

### **Tribute from Logan**

Papa,

Though we can't hear your voice or see your face anymore, you live on. Your spirit can never pass when so much love still remains to keep it going. Right now our hearts are shattered, yet so full as we remember the times we shared. I'll miss you dearly, Papa. Your laugh and your light.

Love, Logan.

### **Tribute to Hartmann DaCosta JP**

Today we pay tribute to an honourable Caymanian, Mr Hartmann DaCosta, who unexpectedly left us a little too soon. A husband, father, friend and pillar of the community. In whatever role we knew him, from whatever vantage point, he stood apart as someone special!

The Savannah and Newlands community mourns the loss of a truly authentic Caymanian. Well rooted in the community, he cared about what the community wanted and needed and brought great enthusiasm and infectious energy to everything he did.

Hartmann was a pillar of true strength and a resilient Savannah Nation Builder, who worked to build the community and foster good relationships. Compassionate, respectful and humble, yet a man of courage who fought for everything Caymanian.

His humanitarian efforts throughout his life created opportunities that have enriched the lives of numerous individuals in the Savannah & Newlands community, and the country as a whole.

A contemplative man by nature, he took family, business and community to the heart of his existence. His commitment to his country and his friendship to the community was as powerful as his grip.

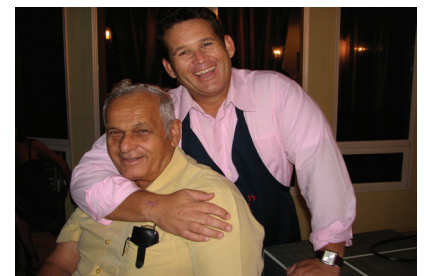
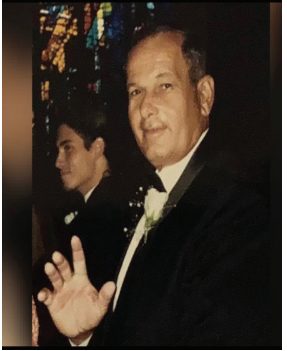
From the success of his business to his unending generosity and invaluable leadership, he leaves a legacy of positive experiences as an admired mentor of thousands of people who freely gave their affection and respect of him.

Our thoughts and prayers go out to the DaCosta family and the many lives he touched.

We have lost a great son of the soil. May he rest in peace.

Heather Bodden  
Chairperson



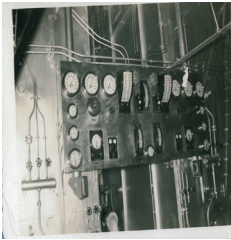




SCHOOLCHILDREN AT THE GOVERNMENT ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, SAVANNAH



DEC 1959



"THREE MISKETEERS" BAY VIEW



## Graveside Service

Hymn "Amazing Grace" .....	Congregation
Prayer .....	Pastor Dale Forbes
Committal	
Ringing of the bell .....	Mr. Kent Eldemire
Song "My way" .....	Pre-recorded music
Releasing of Balloons .....	Seafarers Association
Benediction .....	Pastor Dale Forbes

### 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.



### Acknowledgements

*The family of the late Hartmann Morgan DaCosta, JP, Cert. Honour would like to thank family and friends for the outpouring of love, support and prayers during this time. Special thanks to the doctors and staff at Health City Hospital; the staff at Jasmine; the staff of E-Kare; The Seafarers Association; and Scott Ruby and the Staff at Bodden's Funeral home.*

*In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to Jasmine and the Seafarers Association*