

## **Thanksgiving Service for the Life of**



**John Davis Currison**  
**January 31, 1938 – January 26, 2021**

**Ministry of Peace Church**  
**Town Hall Road, West Bay**

**Saturday, February 6, 2021, 3:00 p.m.**

**Officiating Minister:**  
**Pastor Mitch Exctain**

**Pianist; Cicille Webster Reid**  
**Song Leader: Julie Hunter**

**Interment to follow at**  
**Boatswain Bay Cemetery**

## Order of Service

Opening Remarks & Prayer ..... Pastor Mitchell Extcain  
Song "How Great Thou Art"  
Scripture Reading Psalm 27:7-9,14 ..... Alice Ebanks  
Prayer ..... Pastor Phillip Eckstein  
Paradise Pointe Ministries  
Obituary ..... Rolston Anglin

### Tributes

The Children ..... Michael Currison  
Chosen Daughter ..... Kayra Hydes  
Grand Children ..... Jonina Frederick  
Siblings, Aunts, and Ebanks Cousins ..... Marjorie Ebanks  
Caregiver ..... Marjorie Ebanks  
Powery Cousins ..... Garfield Powery  
Special Friends ..... Elizabeth Walker  
Seafarers' Association ..... Denniston Tibbetts

Message ..... Pastor Mitchell Extcain  
Closing Song "Amazing Grace"  
Closing Prayer & Benediction ..... Pastor Mitchell Extcain

### Pallbearers

Greg Ebanks  
Mitchell Ebanks  
Derik Feher

Andrew Frederick  
Ivan McLean  
Obed Powery

### Guest Book Attendants


Katrina Ebanks and Ceta Aurillard

### Floral Assistants


Gina Powell , Sireen Sadia and Luzviminda Bajo

### Ushers

Calron Powery and Spurjean Ebanks



**OBITUARY**  
**JOHN DAVIS CURRISON**  
**31 JANUARY, 1938 – 26 January, 2021**



John Davis Currison was born on January 31, 1938 and passed away on 26th January, 2021 at the age of 82 years 11 months and 26 days—just five days short of his 83rd birthday.

He was the first son/child of Swanson Curry Ebanks and the only child of Elmie Powery. He chose his third name to be his surname, identifying himself with Curry as his son, rather than Powery, his mother's name or Ebanks, the family name. Davis grew up loved and supported by grandparents and relatives on both sides. At age 8 with his father Curry away at sea most of the time, he spent nights as the man of the house with his stepmother, Thelma and her two small children. The caring and protective attitude was evident even from that time.

Davis attended Miss Davis School at the Pilgrim Holiness Church and the Government School in the Town Hall. It was obvious that he was not your average student. He left school at age 14 as all students did in those days--the boys travelling to the far Keys to catch turtle. He had the fortune to be connected with the Glidden Family, who became Papa Harry and Mama Florrie (His biological grand aunt). This opened a door for him to go to Swan Island, where the Glidden Family and others earned a living.

From the proceeds of this meagre wage, at age 16 he bought a little plot of land in North West Point, and while still a teenager, built a home for his mother and himself. Later as National Bulk Carriers started recruiting men, he joined a ship as Messman rising to Steward in short order. He valued his association with the Seafarers and loved to meet with them to share experiences of life at sea.

Davis met a beautiful young lady from Honduras and in 1960 they were married. He moved to New York with his new wife and soon three beautiful children were born to this couple: Sandra, Michael, and Kathy were the pride and joy of his life. Regrettably, some time later Davis and Fay divorced.

Upon leaving the sea he went into construction in New York and became a master builder and carpenter through study, mentorship, and experience. Davis was involved in many of the buildings that we see on the New York City Skyline, particularly the World Trade Center, which we recall was destroyed on September 11, 2001. The destruction of those buildings brought much pain to his heart. He later worked as Facilities Manager for the New York City Department of Education and as a Building Superintendent.

He returned home and replaced the old home with a small two storey home which he methodically worked on until it was liveable. For a number of years the building was not used until Davis returned home for good and set about doing the final touches to the building. He began work as a builder of fine homes and later maintenance. His mother returned to Cayman from New York in her later years to enjoy the new house he had built—a far cry from the old home she had left behind.

In 1997, he married Anita Bush and together they unofficially adopted a child, Kayra Hydes, whom he called daughter, and she called him dad. They both doted on each other and were closer than most dads and daughters. Although the marriage ended, the love of this father/daughter continued until his death.

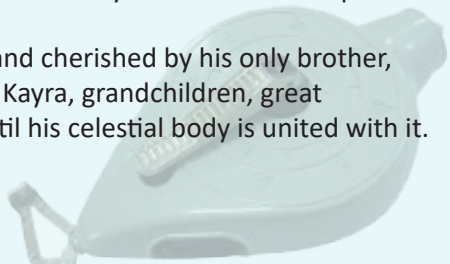
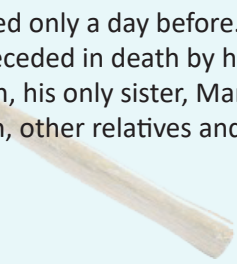
Davis developed a serious heart condition which necessitated a stent and later a pacemaker. These devices added both years and comfort to his life, but the heart nevertheless deteriorated to the point where it could not cope with the demands of his body.

He had a fall on January 18, we believe caused by the low blood pressure, which sent him to the hospital. On Monday, January 25 in a conversation with Michael's mother, Faye, he was led in a prayer of repentance. We are so thankful that as led by the Holy Spirit, Fay, did the best thing she could have ever done for him—that is lead him to the Lord.

Davis doted on his four children, his seven grandchildren and his seven great grandchildren. He rarely saw those who lived in the US and that was a constant pain for him. How he loved them and would give anything to go to them or have them nearer.

Although he was alert and apparently recovering from the episode after the fall, on January 25 he was moved to ICU and later to Health City because his blood pressure could not be maintained and his organs began to shut down. On January 26, 2021 with his son, Michael and his sister, Marjorie near to his side, his heart stopped and despite several resuscitation attempts for 45 minutes the heart would not restart and he left this earth at 1:50 p.m. on January 26 for the better place he had claimed only a day before.

Davis was preceded in death by his parents, three sisters and a brother. He is survived and cherished by his only brother, John Swanson, his only sister, Marjorie Ebanks, his children, Sandra, Michael, Kathy and Kayra, grandchildren, great grandchildren, other relatives and many friends. Thank God, his soul is with the Lord until his celestial body is united with it.



*TRIBUTE ..... From His Children*

My kind and loving father was always there for me my whole life to help dry my tears and care for me. He was always a loving father with a big heart for showing his children love. I was always sure of his love, and he helped me grow to be a strong and brave woman. Although life is not without its pain and tribulations, my dad taught me to seek out the goodness in life and to believe that rightness does prevail.

May God grant him eternal peace and rest.

*Sandra*

Dad was my hero. He was my living standard of patience, strength, and kindness. He was the hardest working man I've ever known. He taught me the value of hard work and the motivation that comes from achievement. He showed me on many different occasions, in many different ways, that persistency can overcome any obstacle. Although he knew nothing about baseball, he learned all about it because I liked it. I remember as a small child of around 6, he once came home and asked if the Yankees had won that night. I didn't know. He then went to extraordinary lengths just so I would know the score of the game. Making phone call after phone call. First the newspaper, then Yankee stadium, and finally the stadium in Baltimore where they played. When he finally got to someone who knew the score he looked at me and said "Son, if you want something, there is always a way." My father was a loving man. Anyone who ever met him knew of his kindness. He was generous, giving of himself freely to anyone without a thought for the sacrifice. He had the strength of character to quietly take a blow or insult without the need to retaliate. He was my father, my teacher, my biggest cheerleader, and later in life, my best friend. I had the opportunity to work alongside him formally as his apprentice for three years. During that time, I learned a lot about how well respected he was. He had earned a reputation for being the best at what he did. He was sought after for the most complicated plans. There are questions I still have for him, lessons I still need to learn, stories, I still want to hear. I miss him terribly and I'm sure I always will. He will always be my hero. –



*Michael*

Dad was able to teach me in real time what God the Father was like because of his loving acceptance, forgiveness, and generosity for humanity. He always made me feel heard and would respond with so much wisdom but really very few words. He was profoundly intellectual and loved sharing that along with many practical skills with his kids. I will always have a hard time not idolizing him. He loved his family and his family loved him.

I just want to say thank you with all my heart to all of you who loved my dad and are grieved by his passing.

Be comforted my beloved Saints. We still have Zion, that great, beautiful city, yet. The family reunion will be an absolute joy fest and the wedding supper sounds glorious. God, the Lord Jesus will unfold the great mystery of the everlasting gospel! As you know the rapture is next and in the twinkling of an eye!

Now unto him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy. To the only wise God, our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and forever. Amen.

All my love in Christ Jesus,

*Kathy*

I never thought this day would come. Sadly it came right after my birthday and just before your 83rd birthday. Dad, you were an amazing son to your mother, a hard worker, a great friend, and an extremely loving father to your children. I'm so grateful that you took care of me as if I were your own. It takes a huge heart to do that, which you had. There are so many good memories and knowledgeable teachings that I could mention and speak about, but this tribute would go on for many hours, if not days. I will never forget when you taught me, when I was a little girl, how to get over one of my biggest fears, which was crossing the road. And a saying that you said was passed onto you and you taught me from a young age was the quote – "The cheapest bill you will ever have is to be nice." Dad I will always try my best to follow that quote. I still don't want to say bye so until we meet again, I will always be missing and loving you.

Sleep in peace Dad.

*Kayra*



*TRIBUTE from ..... Siblings, Aunts, Ebanks Cousins*

All of us, be it friend or family knew the same Davis. He was kind, compassionate, generous, caring. He was the kind of relative that we all want and wish that everybody had. We have never known him to be harsh, uncaring, selfish or mean. His friends will say the same. This is who was.

My own experience was special. When I made the courageous step to go to College, there were many discouragers for many reasons, but not Davis. He encouraged me, welcomed me, and supported me. I went to college in Indiana, but every summer I returned to New York City to work to earn much more than I could in Indiana so that I could top up my scholarship, work grant, and loan all provided by the college. Davis and Fay invited me to come to New York City to work. I could stay with them and they would fully support me during this time so that all of the money I made could go to my education. I'll never forget my first day in the City. I had never travelled on a subway and I was going out into a huge city to look for a job. I remember he gave me \$20, and said, "You can do it, but if you get lost, take a taxi and come home". He reminded me of the address and I set off that day into the unknown with \$20.00. I landed a job that day and worked for the same employer every summer for five summers. Without his encouragement and financial help I would never have ventured to the U.S. and would not have received the education I received to set me on a career path of teaching. I often think of where I would be if he and Fay did not reach out to me in this way. I saw the qualities of this brother of mine in greater measure when he returned to Cayman. He absolutely doted on us, but particularly, my sister, Dorothy. He became her constant companion and when she became ill, Davis was at her house every day, sometimes spending the night there, even though she had a caregiver. He loved her dearly and she returned that love and devotion. As his health failed I became his secretary, attorney, counselor, and financial manager, and Johnny became chauffeur and general helper. He felt the same love and attention that we all had received from this loving man and it was a pleasure to provide the support Davis needed at this time in his life.



Our aunts, Nella and Tura, have the same memories of a loving caring nephew. He seemed to love everybody and his family was uppermost in his mind. He always wanted to know how each of them was doing and wanted to be as involved in their lives as he could. All of the 31 Ebanks cousins who knew him recall the fun-loving, generous, kind, considerate person he was to everyone he met. Family, friend, and even casual acquaintance could expect his kindness. He didn't know anything else so couldn't give anything else. We will miss him terribly, but our memories are strong and beautiful. We aspire to be as he was and will cherish him as long as we live. We look forward to Heaven where we will be together again. John Arthur, Marjorie, Aunts Nella and Tura, and 23 living Ebanks Cousins

*Tribute..... from Caregiver*

I met Mr. Davis when I came to Cayman in 2012 to care for Ms. Elmie, Mr. Davis' mother. I noticed right away the love and care that this son had for his mother. I lived with this family until her death in 2014. It was a joy to care for Ms. Elmie, a happy, contented lady and work for Mr Davis, a loving caring son. I remained in the family as my permit was transferred to Ms. Marjorie and I became the caregiver for Ms. Dodie for nearly two years. During that time I interacted with Mr. Davis regularly because he was constantly at the house encouraging, helping, and supporting his sister. My respect for him grew even more when I noticed the level of attention he gave to Ms. Dodie. This level of brotherly attention is rarely seen.

After Ms. Dodie's death, I worked at another job, but I lived at his house. At first, I did not need to do much for him, but as his health grew progressively worse, I took on the role of helper and caregiver part-time. I have no doubt that Mr. Davis loved me and I know that I loved him.

He always looked after my interests, was always concerned about me and my family and tried to help me in whatever way he could. He has been a part of my life ever since I came to Cayman.

I can't imagine life here without him; I can't imagine any employer being so kind, considerate and warm-hearted. I thank God that I had the opportunity to know him and work for him, and I will miss him very much. He will always be in my heart!

*Mae Monje*



*TRIBUTE.....From Grand children*

From: First Granddaughter. Over thousands of miles, he was a loved one to all who knew him with an easy laugh and a ready helping hand. He will be missed by many and very dearly remembered.

Fayth

I will miss you so much Granddad. I will always remember you as being a kind-hearted, hard-working, gentle, loving soul. You will forever be a positive influence on the man I am becoming. I could only strive to be half the man you were. Love always, your grandson.

– Michael

More and more, when I single the person out who inspired me most, I go back to my grandfather. He was a great man and I grew up hearing what amazing things he did over the years of his life. He was an accomplished, loving man with a big heart.

We will miss him dearly.

-John

If I could say one last thing to granddad, it would be that I'm so incredibly lucky to have gotten to experience learning about the Caymanian side of my family. Also, that I love him. He will forever be missed.

Katy

Granddad really had a huge impact on my life. He shared with me his many problems in life--many I have also seen myself almost fall into. By sharing his struggles he has really let me see what that path is like and really helped me to find the right path, showing me the right way when I didn't have a great role model near. I'll never forget going with granddad to his AA meeting on the island and seeing the love he got there. He has started a new journey in heaven. One I'm sure is filled with growth and love.

- Nathan



*TRIBUTE.....From Powery Cousins*

Precious family, "this I recall to my mind, therefore have I hope" (Lam 3:21). In this time of grief, my heart reaches out to you for the comfort of our Lord, Jesus Christ. I remember my cousin Davis from infancy. He was the same age as my brother, Owen. Davis and Owen were serious playmates. I was five years older and often rocked them in a hammock, with their heads opposite to each other and their legs wrapped together. What a time for them – and also for me!!

My mother loved him like her own children. As a boy, Davis attended Sunday School faithfully. He shared in the honors when the honors were given. Under the ministry of Rev. Bowman, he was recognized as one of the best male voices. Likewise, Rivington (his cousin) was a very good singer. So, both appeared in front of the congregation as if in pleasant competition with each other.

In later years, Davis surprised many people as a good piano player. There are many other acts of goodness but here now I must conclude. Surely, with "the Lord's mercies we will not be consumed"; for even while straying, God had his angels over him! God's messengers gave the word of the Lord and I believe Davis received it.

Beloved ones, be assured: our God is faithful!

We are consoled in faith with the living God.

My prayer is that all of us will meet again in glory!

From Cousin Byron and wife, Mittie.



*TRIBUTE.....From Special Friends*

Our dear, dear friend John epitomized serenity simply with his beautiful presence. Walking into a room and seeing him, we found it impossible not to break out in a big smile to match his. And his heart was equally huge. Though most of us can attest to his help personally, we will never know all of the ways he helped so many others. That is because John performed his actions quietly and in true humility. We miss John today and we will continue to miss him and his amazing spirit forever.

We love you, John.

Your friends in peace



A very happy Davis



Davis and his Angels



Dad and chosen daughter, Kayra



Davis with Best Friend, Spuggie, Aunts Tura and Nella and cousins



Dad and Kathy



Davis, Michael, John Arthur



Davis and Mother, Elmie

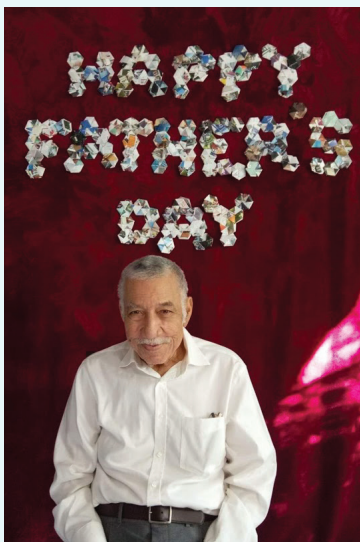


Davis and Dad, Curry



Davis and Marjorie

Davis, celebrating Father's Day



Dad and Sandra



83rd Birthday not celebrated

## Graveside Service

Prayer

Song "Standing on the Promises"

Committal

Seafarer's Ringing of the Bell for the End of Watch

Song "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms"

Dismissal

### STANDING ON THE PROMISES

#### Stand on the promises of Christ My King

Through Eternal Ages let His praises ring  
Glory in the highest I will shout and sing  
Standing on the promises of God.

#### CHORUS

*Standing, standing, standing on the promises  
of God my Saviour; Standing, standing.  
I'm standing on the promises of God.*

#### Standing on the promises of Christ my Lord

Bound to him eternally by Love's strong cord  
Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword  
Standing on the Promises of God

#### Standing on the promises I'll never fail

Though the howling storms of doubt and fear assail  
By the Living Word of God I shall prevail  
Standing on the Promises of God

### LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS

#### What a fellowship; what a joy divine

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms  
What a blessedness; what a peace is mine  
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms

#### CHORUS

*Leaning, leaning, safe and secure from all alarms  
Leaning, leaning, leaning on the Everlasting Arms*

#### What have I to dread; what have I to fear

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms  
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near  
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms

#### Oh how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms  
Oh how bright the path grows from day to day  
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms

### ***Acknowledgements and Thanks***

*The family of the late John Davis Currison wishes to express our deepest gratitude to the staff at the West Bay Clinic, the amazing nursing staff and physicians at the Medical and ICU Wards at the George Town Hospital, especially Dr. Rohan and Dr. Kriegel as well as Dr. Patil and Dr. Ravi of Health City.*

*No words can express our gratitude for the loving and efficient attention and care given by Mae Monje, and for the other loving friends in the home who called him LoLo (Grandfather in Tagalog) and surrounded him with love, celebration and joy.*

*Our deep thanks go out to the members of Alcoholics Anonymous, an organization that 13 years ago set Davis on his feet bringing into his life not only sobriety and purpose, but also loyal and loving friends that he cherished and who loved him.*

*Finally thanks to Scott Ruby and Bodden's Funeral Home for the sensitive and efficient service provided at this painful time.*