

*Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of
Beatrice Naomi Fazio
May 8th, 1941 – March 23rd, 2021*



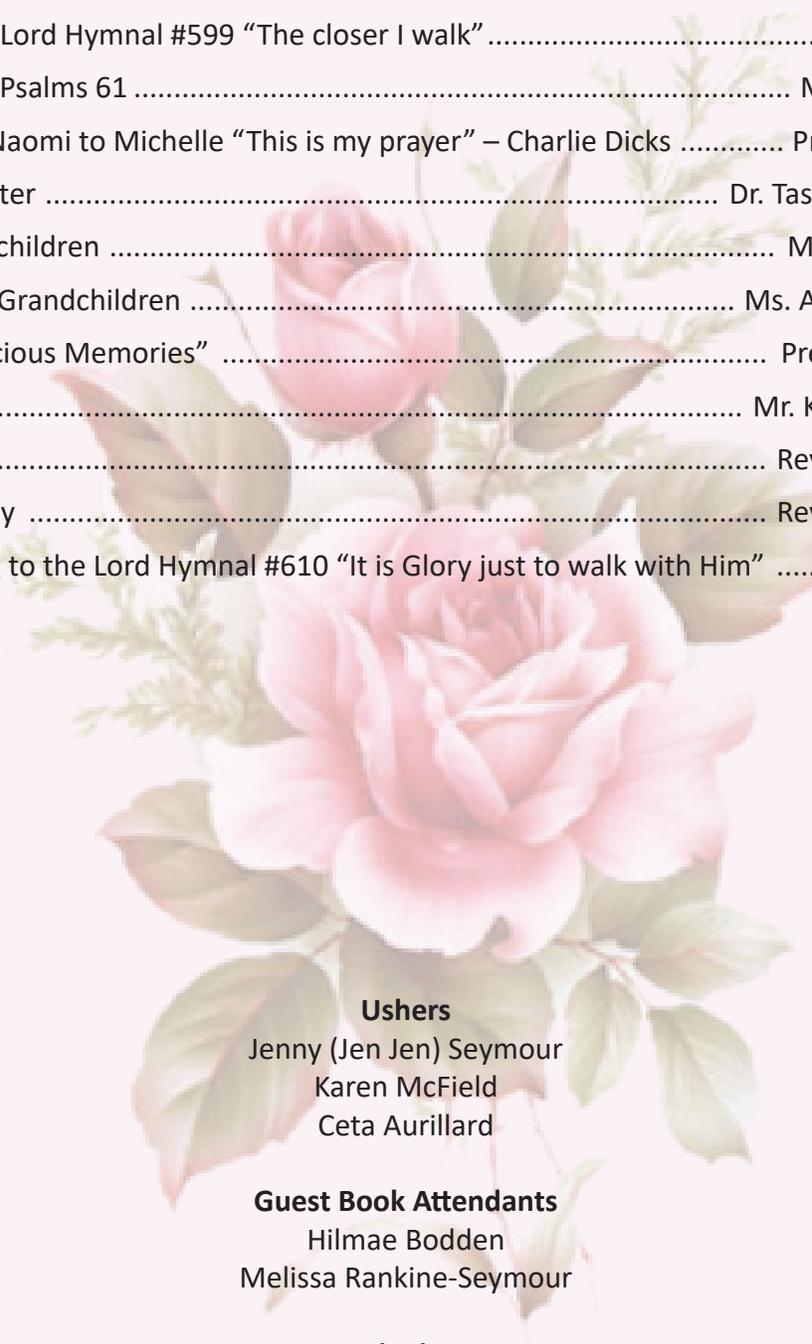
Wesleyan Holiness Church, West Bay, Grand Cayman

Sunday, April 11th, 2021

Service: 3pm

Officiating Minister: Reverend John F. Case

Order of Service



Opening Prayer & Words of Comfort	Reverend John F Case
Hymn – Sing to the Lord Hymnal #443 “I know whom I have believed”	Congregation
Hymn – Sing to the Lord Hymnal #597 “The cross is not greater”	Congregation
Scripture Reading - Psalms 46	Pastor Alson Ebanks
Hymn – Sing to the Lord Hymnal #599 “The closer I walk”	Congregation
Scripture Reading - Psalms 61	Ms. Loletta Hanna
Song Tribute from Naomi to Michelle “This is my prayer” – Charlie Dicks	Prerecorded music
Tribute from Daughter	Dr. Tasha Ebanks-Garcia
Tribute from Grandchildren	Ms. Nicoela McCoy
Tribute from Great-Grandchildren	Ms. Alyssa Manderson
Song Tribute - “Precious Memories”	Pre-recorded Music
Naomi’s Life story	Mr. Kenneth Jefferson
Sermon	Reverend John Case
Prayer for the Family	Reverend John Case
Closing Hymn - Sing to the Lord Hymnal #610 “It is Glory just to walk with Him”	Congregation
Benediction	

Ushers

Jenny (Jen Jen) Seymour
Karen McField
Ceta Aurillard

Guest Book Attendants

Hilmae Bodden
Melissa Rankine-Seymour

Pianist

Sister Betty Case

Life Story – Beatrice Naomi Fazio

Beatrice Naomi Fazio (nee Dilbert) was born on May 8th, 1941; the third daughter to Beatrice Vernell Dilbert (lovingly known by all as Grandma Beatrice) and Kermit Alison Ebanks (known as Jackie). Naomi, as she was called by her family and many friends, was born at a humble family home in North West Point, West Bay. She continued to reside there until she left Grand Cayman to work in New York in January 1970.

When Naomi turned 6 years old she attended Ms. Izzy's and Ms. Florence's school for several years. She then attended the West Bay Town Hall All Aged School until she was 14 years old. Shortly after leaving school she landed her first job at the Pageant Beach Hotel, joining her older sisters Annie and Annice, which was managed by Mrs. Hebe Briggs and Mr. Burns Ruddy.

Some of Naomi's favourite activities as a child included attending church on Friday nights with Cousin Alice and Ms. Rebecca who were neighbours and great friends to the family. Naomi loved cooking and traditional Caymanian arts and crafts, especially thatch work. Over her life she spent significant amounts of time with Grandma Beatrice learning these prized skills. It is well known throughout the Islands that Grandma Beatrice was highly gifted in making traditional Caymanian arts and crafts and it was her desire that she pass on these traditions to her daughters.

Christmas was Naomi's favourite time of year. Despite coming from a family with limited resources, the gifts under the tree were never as important as the time spent with her mother, sisters and extended family. As was the Caymanian custom in those days several months leading up to the Christmas holidays, time was spent painting the homes and cleaning the family yards. This also involved carrying loads of fresh white sand from the seashore to the residences in hand-made "sand baskets". The sand was strategically dumped into piles throughout the yard before being swept with hand-made rosemary brooms. As an adult Naomi always decorated her yard and the inside of her home in a Christmas theme. This delighted her family and many friends and was a source of great joy for her and them.

Once the Galleon Beach Hotel opened, Naomi went to work there with her friend Barbara Penhale (nee Bush). A few years later Barbara left for New York and called to tell Naomi about the many job opportunities there and all the wonderful sights. She invited Naomi to join her in the 'Big Apple'. The Cayman Islands Tourism Industry was just in its infancy and without a steady income Naomi jumped at the chance. She headed North to improve her life and help support her family who she loved dearly.

While in New York, Naomi worked for two different families as a nanny caring for their small children. Naomi was not in New York very long when she met Joseph ("Joe") Edward Fazio. According to her it was love at first sight. The two enjoyed a short courtship after meeting in July 1970 and were married on 29th November 1970. Naomi described the marriage as one that started with a lot of promise for her happily ever after. However, the marriage was plagued with many issues, particularly centered around infertility and pregnancy losses early on. Naomi suffered three devastating late-stage miscarriages losing three sons. Not one to give up easily she tried again to have her family. This final pregnancy was most difficult as Naomi was diagnosed with 'extreme morning sickness', and other complications. After requiring surgery to maintain a viable pregnancy and safe delivery, Naomi's doctor ordered long term bed rest and a restricted diet. This was an especially anxious time for her and the family in Cayman who could not travel to care for their beloved daughter and sister.

On April 14th, 1973, Naomi and Joe welcomed a bouncing baby girl, whom they named, Michelle Ann Fazio. They were overjoyed! Naomi and Joe decided that she should give up work to become a devoted stay at home mother and wife. Naomi and Joe maintained close family ties with his close-knit Italian family. This included his mother, Lucy, who lived with the couple and Michelle for a short while, Joe's brother, Peter, and his wife Marilyn and their five children, as well as his sisters, Eileen, Mary and Ursula. While living in New York, the couple shared special times with their many friends. These lifelong friendships included Chris & Eddie DeHayes, Rivington Powery and his family, who were residents and close Caymanian family friends, along with George and Oriel Ebanks, other Caymanians living there. According to Naomi, life in 'the City that never sleeps' was a fun and exciting one because there was so much to see and do. Her beloved memories were shopping for clothes, craft items or home decorations at the mall and Woolworths, which were near to her home for clothes, craft items or home decorations. Naomi also loved taking the train into the city to go sightseeing, walking around Central Park, Rockefeller Center and watching the famous Broadway shows.

One of Naomi's favorite memories was taking Michelle to Broadway to watch Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs with her friend Chris DeHayes, which they planned over several weeks. In her great excitement for the upcoming event and, being a talented seamstress, Naomi lovingly made Michelle a beautiful brocade pants-suit to wear for the special occasion. This was one of many outfits that Naomi sewed for Michelle, much to the delight and praise of family members and friends. She was always humble and gracious about her many talents and grateful that her mother, Beatrice, had also taught her the art of dressmaking.

As an island girl who loved the 'Big City' life, Naomi often reminisced about how much she loved playing in the snow with Michelle during winter, or taking her to feed the ducks and play on the playground in the park in the spring. She also recalled to her family and friends the many fun times of her life in New York, which were firmly stored in her heart. She loved living in the United States, especially New York. Although life in New York had lots of beautiful memories for Naomi, it also brought its fair share of challenges. Unfortunately, she continued to suffer with health issues, coupled with a failing marriage. Being away from her loving and supportive family and friends in Cayman exacerbated the difficulties Naomi was experiencing. Never one to give up easily, she continued to persevere as she wanted to make her marriage work and keep her family together. Eventually a serious surgery required that her sisters, Annice and Dawn, had to travel to New York and bring Michelle back to Cayman, while Naomi remained there for two months recuperating. Once Naomi was able to travel, she returned home to Cayman in November 1981. After a few weeks at home, Naomi decided she needed to get back to work to raise Michelle and build a home. Naomi first worked as a nanny for the managers of Swiss Bank & Trust. She then worked with her sister, Dawn, in the evenings at the dining room at the Caribbean Club (now Luca). After this, she worked at the Villas of the Galleon, Treasure Island Hotel and then the Hyatt. Naomi was one of the first Hyatt employees, securing a job as one of the day shift Head Housekeepers. At night, she worked as a Sous Chef at DJ's Restaurant on West Bay Road. This she did for many years, fulfilling her goal of raising her daughter and getting her house built. Naomi also worked with Havoline and Lola in getting Casa Caribe cleaned and ready for opening in 1984, where her sister, Annie, was the Condo Manager.

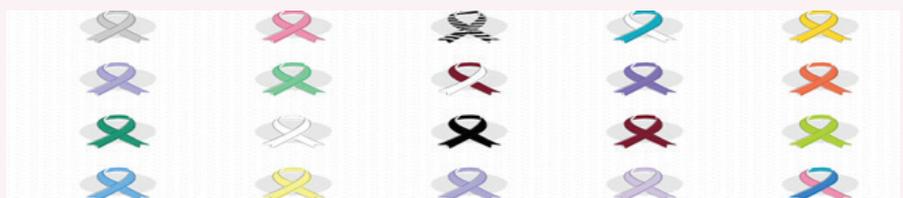
After achieving her goals, Naomi decided to enjoy a less hectic and joined the Cayman Islands Government as a Customer Service Greeter at the Owen Roberts International Airport, and later at the cruise ship dock. Naomi was the proud and gracious recipient of the inaugural Cayman Islands Long Service Tourism Award in 2017, for all of her years on the frontline serving visitors to her beloved Islands.

Naomi was diagnosed with breast cancer in October 2010 and, several years later, she was diagnosed with thyroid cancer, following a health check. After successful surgeries for both her breast and thyroid cancers, she continued to display the most beautiful and positive spirit, attending the annual Breast Cancer Survivor Cruises, up to 2017. Not one to sit idle, Naomi then turned her attention to helping other cancer patients, by creating arts and crafts for sale to help with their medical costs. She also donated funds to the Breast Cancer Foundation, and attended all the socials, being the life of the party. Naomi always displayed hope and gratitude to everyone.

In January 2020, Naomi was diagnosed with stage 4 pancreatic cancer. In March 2020, she discussed her treatment options with Michelle and her doctor and made the decision to discontinue further chemo treatments. Naomi was a very caring and giving lady. Even in her worst days, Naomi was always so very thoughtful of how others were doing. She was a woman of strong faith, strength of character, resourcefulness, and remained full of hope.

Naomi is preceded in death by her mother Beatrice, father Jackie and sister Annice. Left to mourn are her daughter Michelle, grandchildren Jade, Wyatt and Jaxon; great-grandchildren Elijah and Eden; sisters Annie, Dawn, Vivienne; brother-in-law Peter; nieces and nephews from the Cayman Islands, New York, Florida, California, North Carolina and Kansas; extended church family at Wesleyan Holiness Church; special friends John David Bodden, Brendell Rivers, Jenny Seymour, Cleo Ebanks, Gina Wilson, Jackie Bodden, Rivington Powery, Kenneth Jefferson, Chris DeHayes from New York, Charlene Powery, Charlotte Dunham, Spiro and Stephanie from Philadelphia and a host of other relatives and friends.

May Naomi's soul rest in eternal peace.





Tribute to My Mother

She speaks with wisdom, and faithful instruction is on her tongue. She watches over the affairs of her household and does not eat the bread of idleness. Her children arise and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praises her: "Many women do noble things, but you surpass them all." Charm is deceptive, and beauty is fleeting, but a woman who fears the LORD is to be praised. Give her the reward she has earned, and let her works bring her praise at the city gate. Proverbs 31:26-31 (NIV)

I am a believer in the promises of and instructions contained in the bible because I was raised by the strong-willed and God-fearing woman that we are gathered here today to honor and offer our thanks to God for the time that he allowed us to borrow her strength and wisdom.

Beatrice Naomi Fazio, a sister, aunt, friend, confidant, grand-mother, great grandmother, guardian of local heritage, chef, seamstress, volunteer; was all of these things to so many but she was mother to only one. I have had the privilege of sharing my life with this phenomenal woman who was strong, kind, generous, smart, beautiful, funny, and a staunch disciplinarian. Trust me, there was no rod spared in raising this child. At what many considered an advanced maternal age in her day (she was 32 years old when I was born) this woman became a mother. Every birthday for as long as I can remember, mummy told me the story of my birth and the story always starts like this. "When I saw you, you were so ugly and I thought that you were born blind, but after a few days you turned into the most beautiful baby." Sadly, this year mummy won't be here in person but I'm hoping that on my birthday that you will visit and remind me of how ugly you thought I was. If you don't, it's okay because it's one of the last memories that I recorded with you when you were in hospital in January.

We lived in New York until I was eight and some of my most memorable moments with mummy was the time that we spent with my Aunt Marilyn, Uncle Peter (who were more like her own sister and brother than in-laws) and their family. Mummy especially loved the cold weather, a bit of an oxymoron for this warm-blooded Caribbean woman, and making snowmen, snow angels and having snow ball fights was something that we did regularly during our winters in New York. Mummy also loved to sew and I was the perfect model for her many handmade creations, sundresses, jumpsuits, Sunday best, you name it and she had the perfect McCalls, Butterick or Simplicity pattern picked for any occasion with a trip to Woolworths for the perfect fabric, threads and buttons.

After our move to Cayman in 1981, mummy found herself being minted a new single mother. I watched as my mother went from job to job (she was always juggling two to three jobs) to be able to provide for the very basic needs. I must say that I felt a certain sense of resentment for her having to work so hard and not spending as much time with me as I would have liked, but as a child you don't always appreciate the sacrifices. As they say hindsight is 20/20 and it really wasn't until I became a mother myself, that I could fully appreciate the sacrifices that mummy made just to be able to provide for me.

During our times together our days were spent cleaning, having me watch her cook (same reason that I can barely burn water), arguing, loving, sometimes going to the beach (although I was deathly afraid of the Ocean as she allowed me to watch Jaws at too much of an early age), picking mangos, as mango season (or as she called them Mangas) was her favourite season. During school vacation I was allowed to stay up later at night and she would have me accompany her to her waitressing job at Caribbean Club where I walked the beach until dusk and joined mummy at the restaurant before dark. I was always parked in the corner by the bar, downing Shirley Temple's all night and enjoying escargot or surf n turf. Mummy loved good food, loved to cook and I dare anyone to say that they have ever had a better heavy cake, plate of Cayman Style Beef or Turtle Meat than one that she prepared. She always encouraged me to be daring with my food choices. I can assure you that I was daring to the point that it led me to becoming a professional dieter.

Mummy loved to travel and as an only child it meant that I was her constant travel companion. We travelled to Europe twice, visiting Germany, Monte Carlo, Switzerland, Italy, Austria. During these trips we visited castles, indulged in glorious cuisine in these countries, swam in ice cold lakes, cruised the river on an open raft, walked cobblestone streets and sat by firepits every night. Of course, there were the many Miami "shopping trips" where I learnt the fine art of efficient packing making sure that the contents of what would amount to 10 large shopping carts fit into two large suitcases, while maintaining the weight limit. Nothing irked her more than having to pay overweight charges. Once I entered the work world her travel didn't slow down and I wasn't her constant companion. However, we still managed to visit New York, Philadelphia and Orlando and we also went on a few cruises. In her later years cruising became some of her most treasured travel times and she would be the first to find the penny slots and just sit there for hours.

Our travels together will always be special to me as they brought us both joy and most times I didn't have to share her with anyone (as an only child, slight jealousy is a given). At the ripe old age of 51, I added Momei to her repertoire and she was smitten with Jade from the moment she laid eyes on her. By this time mummy was working less and for the time that was not shared with me she tried her best to make this up with her first grandchild. As Wyatt and Jaxon entered the fold, she doted on them for different reasons, growing up in a household of three sisters, she craved a son of her own. Then along came Jade's babies Elijah and Eden, of which you shared an extremely close bond with Elijah. No longer sewing, she still enjoyed shopping and always made sure that her babies always had the best of everything. Eden being so little and you being unwell shortly after his birth didn't allow for that closeness but he was loved by you just the same. One of the cherished memories that I will have of your time over the past weeks is that when all your babies came to visit you lit up like a Christmas tree.

As with all mother/daughter relationships there are equal parts of pain, joy, anger, distance, fellowship, forgiveness, disappointments and by all means, we were not spared and didn't always see eye-to-eye but in the end, we always found a way to love each other again. I've nursed my mother through many illnesses, hospital stays and surgeries. However, I had this awful feeling that in January 2020 the diagnosis that we received would not result in nursing her through but one that was focused on her comfort, focused on meeting her every need and preparing her (and myself) for this day. Mummy has always faced each illness with a fight and determination to overcome and two of those battles were bravely won, this one was valiantly fought. Mummy was headstrong and for most of this journey I had to allow her the space to fight and do this her own way but in January 2021 during what was her last hospital stay, the daughter had to be the mother and protector. Over the past nine weeks, I have seen more grit and a fight to live than anything that Rocky Balboa could portray. I have also seen a peace and calmness knowing that because she was a born-again Christian, filled with faith and the promise of being reunited with God and her beloved mother, grandmother, three angel babies and others that had gone before her, that once God called her, she would be ready. As I expressed while you were coherent, caring for you was never a burden and I considered it a blessing to be able to do so. To care for you selflessly as the same way you cared for me and so many others.

Mummy, while your physical presence is no longer with me, I do hope that you will visit often and remind me of your love. I miss your laughter, your love for decorating, especially during Christmas when the yard was covered in fresh white sand swept with a rosemary broom and every single inch of your home covered in Christmas décor. I'll miss your humor, I'll miss our arguments, the smell of your Paris perfume and Cherry Blossom body lotion, I'll miss watching an amazing woman fight through every obstacle thrown her way, I'll miss the way you loved me, the way you loved my babies and their babies, and as tough as our relationship was at times. I will just miss everything about you, the good and the bad. May you rest in perpetual peace.



Dear Momei, I miss you so much already. You have left me with some of the best memories of my life. One of my favourites being our Friday nights. We would pull out the sofa bed, order Dominos and watch a movie on Disney together. You would never let me sleep in the living room though, you were much too afraid someone would come in and steal me in the middle of the night. It is this same care and protection that you would later pass down to my children. Momei, I can't thank you enough for everything you have done for me and the boys. We love you dearly and will never forget you. I promise to keep your memories alive and to always tell the boys how much you loved them and how strong you fought to continue to be here for us all, but especially them. Thank you for always being on my side, even when I was wrong. Thank you for never leaving me, even when I pushed you away. Thank you for loving me endlessly, and I know you knew I loved you endlessly too, even when I was stubborn. Thank you for helping mom raise me, and then helping me raise my boys. Thank you for loving and supporting me through it all and for being my safe zone when I felt I had no one else. Although you're not a phone call away anymore, just know I will never forget you. I pray for you every night and I hope you hear my prayers too.

I will miss hearing your voice, hearing you call me "Jadeh" as only you could, telling you I love you and hearing you say it back. I will miss being able to see you and hold your hand. And of course, I will miss your home cooked meals and cakes. The last Sunday before you were admitted to the hospital, you made us Cayman style lobster and Cayman style beef, what a treat! We were all amazed at your strength and will to get up and prepare us such a lovely meal. Little did we know that would have been our last.

Speaking of meals, Elijah still drinks his coffee and dips his bread just like you taught him. Although no one can make a cup of coffee like you (and I'm sure he would agree), it makes me smile every time he asks because I can't help but think of you. For a long time you have fought and been so strong, I hope you are resting now. I hope you have found comfort and peace, as that is my wish for you. I hope you are looking down on me and the boys now and always and that one day I will see you again. I love you so much, always, **Jade**



Dear Momei, I don't even know where to begin, there are so many memories over the past 19 years. I simply want to Thank You for all that you have done for my siblings and I. There were multiple hours spent at your house, either after school or just visiting on the weekend. It didn't matter when we would show up, I was always welcomed and encouraged to keep coming back. Of course, there were always your delicious meals and I will always fondly remember you busy fixing all my favorites; the last time being in early January right before your last hospital stay. You always kept me motivated with your strength during every illness and I was so sad to watch you become so very ill and frail as I knew that you were fighting so hard to stay. You were so persistent in telling me to do well in school and to make something of myself. You always gave the most thoughtful gifts and I will always cherish the special 2019 CARIFTA commemorative coin that you gave me as a gift after my participation. Thank you for everything. I love you **Wyatt**

My dearest Momei, I just want to thank you for all of the advice and all that you've done for me for the 17 years that I've known you. You showed me nothing but love. If I needed food, you would provide it, if my clothes needed repair, you would repair them. I will never forget the countless weekends that I slept over at your house and played video games until I fell asleep. I will always remember the many times that I came to your house after school and the times that you babysat for Wyatt and myself. In some way your house was really my second house, it holds so many memories and values. I think that this is where I got my love of video games. Thank you for always preparing my favorite dishes like Cayman Style Beef, my favorite local treat Mango Jam and my favorite dessert Cream of Wheat. Like I asked you before you left, please watch over me and be my guardian Love always your **Jax**.



Tribute from Elijah & Eden

Grandma's room is empty; she moved away.
 She departed this life and is gone to stay.
 There was no struggle, but with great ease
 she closed her eyes and took her leave.
 My Grandma was one sweet, loving soul.
 I had no doubt where she would go.
 We all knew Grandma walked with God
 and bound for heaven to get her reward.

No way we can know the lives she touched
 because that gracious soul gave so much.
 She would share her flour, sugar or meal
 or say a prayer to get your body healed.
 We had many talks as she sipped her coffee.
 She shared years of wisdom with me.
 She taught me family values and to be kind,
 but she always had Jesus on her mind.

"You need the Lord," is what she would say.
 "You can't make it in this world no other way."
 Then grandma knelt and bowed her head
 and a stirring prayer she always said.
 "Lord Jesus, I want to talk to you awhile
 to ask you please bless this precious child."
 Then she asked the Lord to watch over me
 and to please make me what I ought to be.

My life is shaped by grandma's prayers,
 and I'm thankful for her being there.
 Her love was evident in so many ways
 in her kind words and on her smiling face.
 Grandma's leaving is heaven's gain,
 but one day I will see her again.
 Because the Jesus that Grandma knew,
 she made sure I got to know too.





Dearest Naomi, Words can not express how much your passing has affected me. However, the memories I have of our last conversation give me hope knowing we will meet again. I will forever cherish your words to me. When you told me, "Annie, I will be ok. I am ready to go anytime God calls me". This is my comfort. I trust the printed words of the song below will express in some small way how I think of you as I watched how you treated others, even in your journey with cancer. I will always miss and love you. Until we meet again please watch over us. May your soul rest in eternal peace. All our love - Annie and Peter

"People Like You" by Gramps Morgan

*If you give a little more than you take and if you try to fix
more than you break:*

*If you're the kind who takes the time to help a stranger
in the rain:*

There's a place for people like you.

*If you stand up for those down on their knees:
And lend a voice to those who cannot speak:*

*If you shine a little light, give sight to the ones who've
lost their way:*

There's a place for people like you.

*I've heard up there the streets are made of gold:
And when you get there, there's a hand to hold:*

*I believe when your days down here are through:
There's a place up there for people like you.*

*If you walk around with your heart on your sleeve:
And if you try to be the change you want to see:*

*If you lay down your life for love so someone could be saved:
There's a place for people like you.*

*I've heard up there the streets are made of gold and
when you get there, there's a hand to hold:*

*I believe when your days down here are through:
There's a place up there for people like you.*

I know you're out there:

So keep doing what you do:

Cause there's a place up there for people like you.

*Tribute from your Sister Dawn
"Goodbye" by Kenny Rogers*

*I wanted for life, you and me in the wind:
I never thought there'd come a time that our story would end'
It's hard to understand but I guess I'll have to try:
It's not easy to say goodbye.*

*For all the joy we share, all that time we had to spend:
Now if I had one wish I'd want forever back again:
To look into your eyes and hold you when you cry:
It's not easy to say goodbye.*

*I remember all those great time we had:
So many memories, some good, some bad:
Yes and through it all those memories will last forever.*

*There's peace in where you are maybe all I need to know:
And if I listen to my heart I'll hear your laughter once
more:*

*And so I have to say I'm just glad you came my way:
It's not easy to say goodbye.*









“The Prayer”
by Andrea Bocelli and Celine Dion

*I pray you'll be our eyes,
 And watch us where we go
 And help us to be wise,
 In times when we don't know
 Let this be our prayer,
 When we lose our way
 Lead us to a place,
 Guide us with your grace
 To a place where we'll be safe*

*La luce che tu dai (the light that you give)
 I pray we'll find your light
 Nel cuore resterà (In my heart it will remain)
 And hold it in our hearts
 A ricordarci che (To remind us that)
 When stars go out each night
 L'eterna stella sei (You are the eternal star)
 Nella mia preghiera (In my prayers)
 Let this be our prayer
 Quanta fede c'è (How much faith there is)
 When shadows fill our day
 Lead us to a place
 Guide us with your grace
 Give us faith so we'll be safe*

*Sognamo un mondo senza più violenza (We dream of a
 world with no more violence)
 Un mondo di giustizia e di speranza (A world of justice and
 hope)
 Ognuno dia la mano al suo vicino (Everyone lends a hand
 to their neighbour)
 Simbolo di pace e di fraternità (A symbol of peace and
 fraternity)*

*La forza che ci dai (The strength you give us)
 We ask that life be kind
 È il desiderio che (And the desire that)
 And watch us from above
 Ognuno trovi amor (Everyone will find love)
 We hope each soul will find
 Intorno e dentro a sè (Around and inside themselves)
 Another soul to love
 Let this be our prayer
 Let this be our prayer
 Just like every child
 Just like every child*

*Need to find a place,
 Guide us with your grace
 Give us faith so we'll be safe
 E la fede che (And the faith that)
 Hai acceso in noi (You have ignited within us)
 Sento che ci salverà (I feel that it will save all of us)
 Love always and forever, you r niece Regina (GG)*





To my dearest Aunt Naomi, who was always like a mother to me.

As a little boy, I can always remember getting excited hearing Grandma talk to you on the phone when you were living in NY. I was even more excited when you made those visits home and stayed for a few weeks at a time. You always returned with gifts and I remember so many nice things that you brought for me specifically, but one of the most special gifts, was a little golden ring that you found in a park in NY and to this day I still have it and will cherish it forever. You inspired me from the beginning – recognizing my love for horses and always encouraged me to start a business with them. You always reflected on your time in NY, in Central Park, where you took horse drawn carriage rides.

You told me on my summer holidays, I should get a carriage and take tourists around West Bay – from the fork to Turtle Farm. While that never materialized, as it was a very ambitious task for a young boy of 9 or 10, I never forgot your advice. I credit you as one of the first people to plant the seed on being an entrepreneur and have you to thank for encouraging me through the years. You always took an interest in things that interested me and always wanted to know how my day was, how my rides went and what I was up to.

I remember another occasion after a visit to Cayman, I heard Grandma talking to you on the phone and I said to her, how great it would be to talk to you and see you on a TV screen – we had such a special bond, that it was never enough to just hear your voice. That was in the 70s – long before technology brought us video chats. A few years later, you returned to Cayman to stay for good and I was the luckiest boy on earth. I had my mother and my most favourite aunt, who loved me so dearly.

As the years passed, and I grew into an adult, we remained so close – our bond only strengthening. There was nothing I wouldn't do for you nor you for me. You could ask anything of me and I would move heaven and earth for you and I always knew you would too. No matter if you were tired or had a long day. I remember you having an abundance of tools and you always shared them with me – whatever I needed I knew you would have it. You taught me to use my hands and be self-sufficient and encourage me to build anything I wanted or needed.

It was no secret that you were an exceptional chef and you knew

all my favourite foods and more often than not you were my personal chef – taking such pleasure in cooking me a meal that you knew I would love. And you cooked it with so much joy and love – every dish a perfect creation. Oh how I am going to miss those phone calls... telling me to be sure and check you because you cooked something good for me. But you would never tell me what it was – you wanted to surprise me and it didn't matter – I knew they would be amazing. The way you cooked stewed conch was my personal favourite and turtle meat, fish, Cayman style lobster, Cayman style beef, BBQ chicken and any type of Italian food. You were flawless and amazing. I was never a fan of ackee and saltfish, and I remember picking ackees for you so many times so you could cook it. I never wanted it but one day you encouraged me to taste it and of course I did – because you asked me to. And that was the first day of many that I ate that dish from you and fell in love with it – but only yours. No other version compared.

You were so happy for us when we finally finished our house and I was so proud to have my first family Christmas dinner in your honour. You celebrated all of my achievements and never missed the chance to tell me how proud you were of me. It was extremely sad for me to see you go through so many personal battles with your health. But you always seemed to bounce back, because you always had the most amazing and positive attitude about your illnesses. You said you were leaving it to God, no matter what it was and by me seeing your faith, being so strong and overcoming so many things, it helped me develop a strength in me that made me feel I could also overcome anything in my personal battles.

It was most heart-wrenching to lose one of the most important people in my life. But as you told me time and again, what will be will be. You lived a good life and that is all that mattered and I was blessed to be there with you for so much of it. I choose to believe that you are in a better place today. I made sure I gave you all the flowers I could give you while you were here and you could see and feel and enjoy them. And you gave me mine too. You spared no opportunity to show me your unconditional love and devotion to me. That's the most important thing about our relationship – we took advantage of every chance to tell each other how much we loved one another.

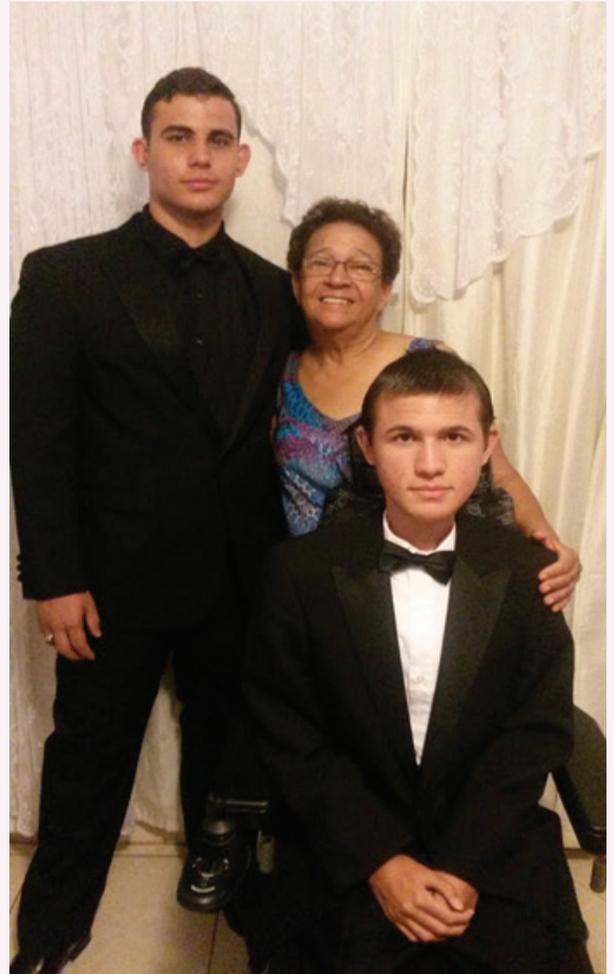
So with the deepest sadness I have ever known, I say you have your wings now and I know that you will rest eternally in peace with my grandmother and other family members who have gone before us. For me, you will always be loved and greatly missed. Nae Nae I love you eternally. Thank you for being the most awesome aunt who was more like a mother to me. Love forever and always, your "son", Paul



Selfless. Loving. Charismatic. Gentle. Feisty. Fun. Adventurous. Fearless. Funny. Family oriented. Loyal. Fierce. Master Chef. There are so many facets to who Naomi Fazio is and was – the woman, the memory, the legend. She gave of herself freely and without complaint. She strove to demonstrate a loving heart and epitomized Cayman-kind at every opportunity. Naomi never met a stranger. She welcomed everyone with open arms and could strike up a conversation with anyone, anywhere.

She made lifelong friendships that became family, forever. While she had absolutely zero interest in getting a drivers' license or owning a car, she loved to travel and explore. I had the pleasure of living next door to Nae Nae for almost 30 years and in that time, she never changed. She always shared, always thought of us, always made sure we knew she cared and loved us.

Nae Nae, I still can't process that you are no longer with us. We knew that this day would come, but we were still so unprepared. So heartbroken. So lost without you. You embodied the qualities of someone we should all look up to and emulate. Your absence is deepening day by day and the thought of moving on without you is unbearable. You were a light, a beacon, a safe harbour. The world is emptier, colder, lonelier. The only comfort we are left with from your passing, is that you are no longer suffering, no longer in pain and forever where you will sing with the angels as you shine down on us. You were so much more than an aunt and I will remember you always and love you forever. Chelsea



Nae Nae, Where do I even start? From the time I was so small you showed us how much you loved us and were always ready and willing to take care of us or feed us and do things for us. Sometimes we took it for granted, but I'm definitely going to miss those things about you. You always had something funny to say or some joke to give; you had the most mischievous and sweetest smile when doing so. There was never a dull moment with you, I never once told you 'no' if I could help it when you asked me for something or to do you a favour because I knew that, no matter what, when I asked something from you, you would always say yes even though it was just mostly to cook me something.

Oh God how I am gonna miss your food! Your hands were blessed by God himself when it came to cooking and that is something we have definitely lost. I could honestly go on and on about you, Nae Nae, but I just want to let you know one last time that I love you and that I know you are in a better place now. All that pain and suffering is finally over and you are at peace and for that I am grateful. Good-bye Nae Nae, love, your grand-nephew, JoJo

Nae Nae, I will miss you and your cassava cake. I will always remember how loving and kind you were to me. You never missed an opportunity to make your daily rounds, checking on Grandma Dawn first, then checking in on me every day when we lived next door to make sure I was ok and then your occasional calls when we moved away. You always had a smile and something positive to say and wanted to know that I was ok and how I was feeling that day.

My fondest memories of you always include your jokes, some of which were inappropriate, because you had such a great sense of humour and wanted to make me laugh. You were so thoughtful, always bringing me something you cooked or a treat that you thought I would like. I didn't always tell you how much I appreciated it, but you knew. Nae Nae, I am so sad that you are no longer here, and I will miss you every day. You made my life better for being in it. Love, your grand-nephew, NanNan

Nae Nae, I will always remember the time I spent over at your house, whether it was to babysit Eli with you or coming over to see your holiday decorations. Christmas time was so special, as you always decorated inside and out with so many pretty things. Your teddy bear collection was so special, and I loved to sit and look at the Christmas village when I was a little girl. You always cooked so many wonderful things, and I especially loved your fish rundown.

I was so sad when you got sick, but you were so positive, telling me not to cry, that it would be ok. I miss you and love you, but I know you are in a better place. Love, your grand-niece,
MeePee

“Jealous of The Angels” - Donna Taggart

I didn't know today would be our last
Or that I'd have to say goodbye to you so fast
I'm so numb, I can't feel anymore
Prayin' you'd just walk back through that door

And tell me that I was only dreamin'
You're not really gone as long as I believe

There will be another angel
Around the throne tonight
Your love lives on inside of me
And I will hold on tight
It's not my place to question
Only God knows why
I'm just jealous of the angels
Around the throne tonight

You always made my troubles feel so small
And you were always there to catch me when I'd fall
In a world where heroes come and go
Well God just took the only one I know
So I'll hold you as close as I can
Longing for the day, when I see your face again
But until then

God must need another angel
Around the throne tonight
Your love lives on inside of me
And I will hold on tight
It's not my place to question
Only God knows why
I'm just jealous of the angels
Around the throne tonight

Singin' hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah
I'm just jealous of the angels
Around the throne tonight

All my love my “sunshine” - Harvon



Nae Nae, It's hard to fathom that you are no longer with us. We knew this time would eventually come however it does not make losing you any easier.

As long as we can remember, you've been an integral part of our family's life. When my mom and dad were a young couple, you helped us out in so many ways. For that I am eternally grateful. And growing up you help to mold me into the strong woman that I am today.

I treasure the wonderful memories we've shared throughout the years, from our awesome trips, or spending time at your house, or being at one of our many family gatherings. If I could turn back the hands of time, I would have hugged you a little tighter, laughed a little longer and tell you just how much I loved you.

My heart aches however I find comfort knowing that you are out of your suffering and now you're safe in the loving arms of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

Until we meet again, may your soul rest in peace. Love, Melissa, Eusebio, Joakhim, Nashon, Neriah, Harvon and Burns.



Tribute to Aunt Naomi from Kara, Jahzarah and Naelani

My heart is shattered knowing that my beloved Aunt Naomi is no longer with us physically, but I am comforted to know that your transition from this earth was peaceful. You are now free, safe in the arms of Jesus and have been welcomed home by Grama Beatrice & Mama Annice. I am thankful to have had such an amazing woman like you playing an integral part in my life. There are countless memories that come to mind when I think of you that will be treasured forever. To know of your diagnosis over the years, you never once said "why me?". You took your struggles with stride, your belief in God only grew stronger and your faith never once waived! You were a beacon of light in the darkness, the pillar of strength during your trials and had such a sense of humour that was unmatched through it all. I can never thank you enough for everything you have ever done for me, Jahzarah & Naelani. I love you now & always Righto; forever your Lefto!

She lived and laughed and loved, she fought bravely and left".

Dear Aunt Naomi, May God have mercy on your soul. I can taste your delicious lasagna and bread pudding right now. You always understood my behaviour and needs because like me you lived in the United States. I miss your sense of humour and you had a fighter's spirit which I love you for. We did not always see eye to eye especially later in my life, yet you always showed me love. I miss you very much and I hoped that God knows who will be doing the cooking and baking in heaven now. Say hello to Mummy and Grandma Beatrice for me and I know Buttons will be so happy to see you. Rest in peace my beloved Aunt. You were a good mother, sister, aunt, grandmother, great grandmother and friend to plenty. You will be remembered.

Love you always, Ian Duffell



Momei, Our paths crossed when I met Michelle in the eighties and despite a few detours along the way; I will be forever grateful that our relationship stood the test of time. Over the years you've been my go-to for fresh ackees, a tasty meal and quick clothing repairs. Any task or project that you undertook had to be completed to perfection or nothing was right in the world. We both had a love of cooking and I fondly recall the many weekends that we spent preparing Friday night BBQ's and Saturday Fish-Tea. As you journeyed through this illness you became a picky eater and it is not lost on me that you requested that I prepare a meal for you, one that would turn out to be the last meal that you were able to enjoy. I consider my children and grandchildren to have been blessed to have you carefully watch over them, love them as your own and to have experienced your strength, faith and fight for life. I will remain forever grateful for our friendship and the many lessons that I learnt along the way. Thank you for the many memories and lessons. May you rest in peace - David

Nae Nae, You were the world's greatest warrior for life but during my last visit I saw you were getting tired of the fight. Yet that did not prepare me for the sad call on Tuesday March 23rd that God had taken you home. I now console myself that I had the privilege to lend my support and love to you while you were here with us. I was at your side when the doctor gave you the diagnosis of this terrible disease and felt so sad for you, yet admired how strong you were to accept it. During our trips overseas we read our bibles daily, sang and prayed for God's divine healing. I am so grateful to have had a friend like you. You weren't just a Sister-in-Law, you were my best friend. You were the kindest person, always so willing to share. You just loved to cook so thanks for always sharing all those delicious dishes with me. I will forever miss you but rejoice when I think how happy you must be dancing and singing with the angels. Your friend BB (Brendell Rivers)



Nay-Nay, Your golden heart stopped beating; your hard-working hands are now at rest. I am thinking of you as gone away, but I know your journey has just begun. It broke my heart to see you go, but without a doubt I knew you were ready to go.

God saw you getting tired when a cure was not to be, He wrapped his loving arms around you and whispered, "COME TO ME". As I watched you fade away my heart were crushed and sore, I stood by you to the end until I could do no more. Tears flowing, my heart is breaking as I watched you slip away, I knew then you could no longer stay.

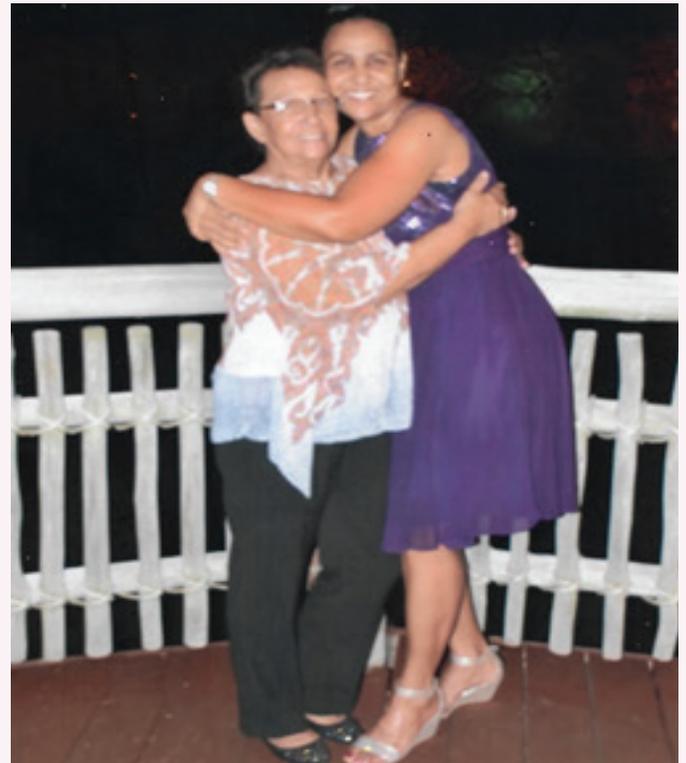
My lips cannot speak how much I loved and appreciate you for not what you did but because

who you were, a godly woman with a big heart full of Love and Compassion for one and all.

You lived a life full of Love and Labour, and that is so TRUE. I thank you for always being there for me and for the relationship you and I shared like mother and daughter, I am so forever grateful for that and I will always cherish that for the rest of my life. May your soul rest in peace until we meet again. Jackie Bodden

PSALMS 73: 25-26

*Whom have I in heaven but you? And there is nothing on earth that I desire besides you.
My flesh and my heart may fail, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.*



Tribute to Cousin Nae Nae. What can I say about a wonderful lady that I had the privilege to call cuz and friend, Naomi. I thank God for having you and all the joy you brought into my life. You loved my family in Philadelphia and made each one feel so special. You taught me so much about loving and made me realise that family is not always blood. I love you so much for always loving Gary and Gina, and having them stay with you and eat turtle steak. You were so caring about everyone around you, even before yourself. You always saved me a jar of mango jam for whenever I came home. I looked so forward to seeing you on my trips home. You were the best and will truly be missed here on earth, but will live on in our hearts forever. Rest in Peace my dear cousin. Love always Charlene and Gina



Tribute to a True Friend. Naomi, thank you for being you, a real caring family friend who was like a Mother to me. Words cannot express the deep appreciation I have for you. From taking me in to stay with you back in late 1983 after starting to work, to just being that listening ear through the years. Your door was always open to family and friends, and I thank you for that. I will always cherish those special memories of you. My son Zach remembers you as a lovely, kind and very hospitable lady who always had nice words to share with a sense of humour that was unmatched. A loving heart stopped beating on Tuesday, 23rd March 2021, as you fought so hard to stay. God saw you were so tired and a cure was not to be. He put his loving arms around you and whispered come to me. Forever in my heart. May your soul rest in everlasting Peace, Gina Wilson.

Tribute to a Friend

Our journey began in New York while I was staying with LuLu and Oriel, we would always meet Naomi and Joe at each other homes for Thanksgiving or Christmas for dinner, rain, sun or snow we were driving for miles to celebrate. Returning back to Cayman we both worked at Caribbean Club she was working full time, I was part time, a few years later we started a new chapter in our lives – COOKING- Weekend BBQs, catering all over Cayman, cooking for Pirates Week and cake sales all of this while holding full time jobs, we went on vacations and trips to the doctor, you name it we did it. We became Christians and were very involved in the “women ministry,” planning events, decorating, cooking and crafts which she was very good at, we called our little group of ladies, who was always willing to help with anything “ the Hand full” and we are still at it today.

The last time we visited her as a group was in January, we had such a wonderful night, it was as if she was not sick any more, we sang songs, prayed, talked about our lives, admiring her beautiful decorations and laughing. Then she said to us “Girls” just choose what you want, and we asked why? She said “Michelle don’t like a lot of decorations, she just want the cups”, I’m leaving them for you, so we started kidding around picking and picking and she gave us the history on the pieces.

Naomi’s family meant everything to her, she was a strong, courageous, hard working and a giving person who loved life. Our friend your journey on earth has ended, your struggles have ceased, close your eyes and awake to eternal peace, your memories will live on in our hearts forever. Your friend and “The Hand Full Of Ladies and Friends”

Jen Jen (Jenny Seymour)



A Tribute to a dear friend Sis. Naomi Fazio

The Church family mourns Sis. Naomi Fazio's passing, but we cannot forget the great trust she had in the promises of Christ. We also remember the great joy she had in the very thought of being a guest in Heaven and was prepared to die and go there.

None of us will ever forget her broad smile. None of us will forget those moments when she became so excited over someone's happiness or accomplishment; nor will we forget the testimonies she gave of God's love and care for her; nor will we forget the great compassion she had over the pain or grief that someone was bearing and the great love she had for all the Church family. The Church family admired her genuineness that enriched our lives. She made us cognizant that we should love every moment of life and share that love with others and make this world a better place because we are in it. The Church family can be so happy that we were so fortunate to be a part of her life and she a part of ours, and the Memories of her we can carry with us forever. Therefore, despite her suffering during her illness, we can celebrate her life as she would want us to.

In remembering the manner that Sis. Naomi lived her life both living and dying, the Church family can constantly be reminded of a prayer written many years ago by Theodore Parker Ferris: "Teach me, O Lord, not to hold on to life too tightly. Teach me to hold it lightly; not carelessly, but lightly, easily. Teach me to take it as a gift, to enjoy and cherish while I have it, and to let it go gracefully and thankfully when the time comes. The gift is great, but the Giver is greater still. Thou, O God, art the Giver and in thee is the Life that never dies. Amen."

As we remember, our dear friend and Church Member, Sis. Naomi, we will continue to pray for her daughter, siblings, grandchildren, and all other family members whom she dearly loved. Wesleyan Holiness Church

Our relationship with Naomi began in 1991 when we first came to pastor the church in Cayman. She was quite active in the Women's group and faithful in attending her church. After our leaving in 2008 and until we returned, on occasion we would hear some news concerning Naomi. On different occasions as we would return to visit, we would see her and catch up on whatever news she would have. Upon returning to fill in and then accepting the pastorate, we were saddened to hear of her battle with cancer. However, as we ministered to her, we watched her fight a very positive and strong battle.

One of the first things that amazed us, was her saying that having cancer was a blessing. We never heard anyone say that before, and most people feel that cancer is a curse, and someone said that when a doctor says "cancer" it is like receiving a death sentence. But hearing her explanation, we understood what she was saying. She explained that having cancer gave her time and opportunity to have God search her heart to make sure that all was well between her and God, and it also gave her time to make sure all was well with her and her loved ones. What a wonderful way to accept God's will.

Ove the time of her affliction, we had plenty of opportunity to visit her and watch how true faith works. She rested in the perfect will of God and was content with whatever God had for her. Even in her low days, she did not complain, nor murmur, but was resigned to love the Lord in spite of her affliction. Her affliction did not destroy her faith in God, nor her confidence in God, that He was working out His purpose for her.

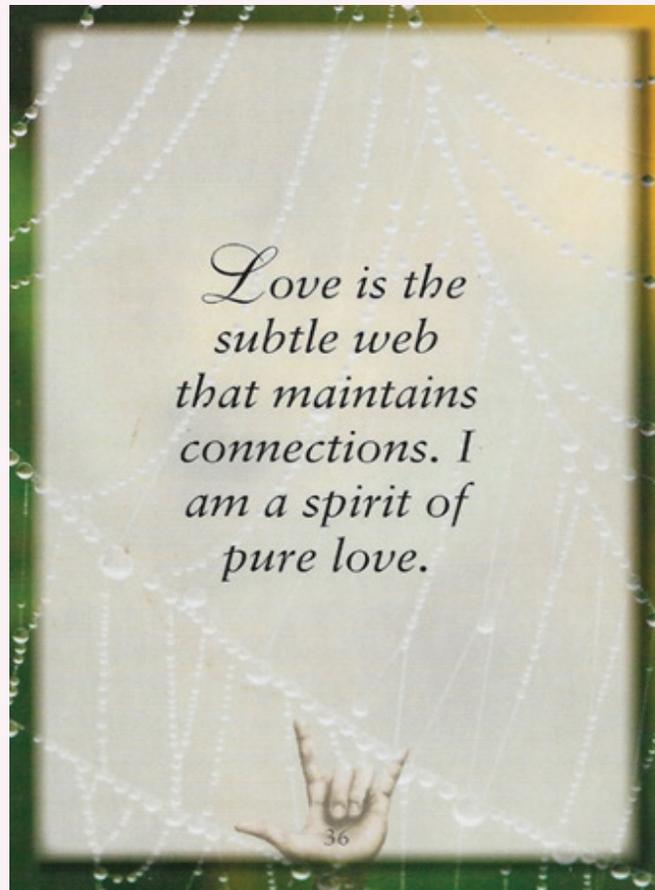
If I was to sum up her last days on earth, I would with confidence say that she fought a good fight, she finished the course, and she kept the faith. She set an example that all of us need to follow, and that is, how we can be afflicted and yet stay sweet and happy in God.

On one of my last visits she told me she thought it wouldn't be long until she would be going to be with Jesus. I asker her to do me a favour and say hello to my son John, and that I miss him very much and I love him. So, we do not say goodbye Sis. Naomi, but rather just good night, as we will see and meet you again in the morning.

As pastor of the West Bay Wesleyan Holiness Church, I now transfer your membership from this church to the eternal church of the redeemed where no one suffers or has pain any more. Thank you Naomi, for showing us the path and setting the example for us to follow. A tribute from you pastor and wife, Rev. John and Betty Case.



Here is the traditional Irish blessing that was a favorite of our father, Christopher Dunham, which also reminds us of your mother, as their lifelong friendship is how our love of Cayman and your mother all began. My sister, Ellie and I, and our families share this blessing with great affection in honor of dearest Naomi who's love we will cherish forever.
-Love, Charlotte, Ellie Dunham and families.



Acknowledgement

The family would like to extend our warmest gratitude to all of the family and friends for the outpouring of love, support and prayers during this time. Special thanks to Jasmine – Cayman Islands Palliative and Hospice Care, Nurses Sylvia, Gloria, Heather, Esther, Elizabeth and Dr. Hobday; caretaker Gloria; the doctors and staff at the Cayman Islands Health Services Authority and Health City Cayman Islands; Reverend and Sister Case and the Wesleyan Holiness Church Family.

Donations may be made to Jasmine and the Breast Cancer Foundation Cayman Islands in Naomi's memory.

Funeral Service and Programmes entrusted to Bodden Funeral Services Limited Tel.: 345-949-7464