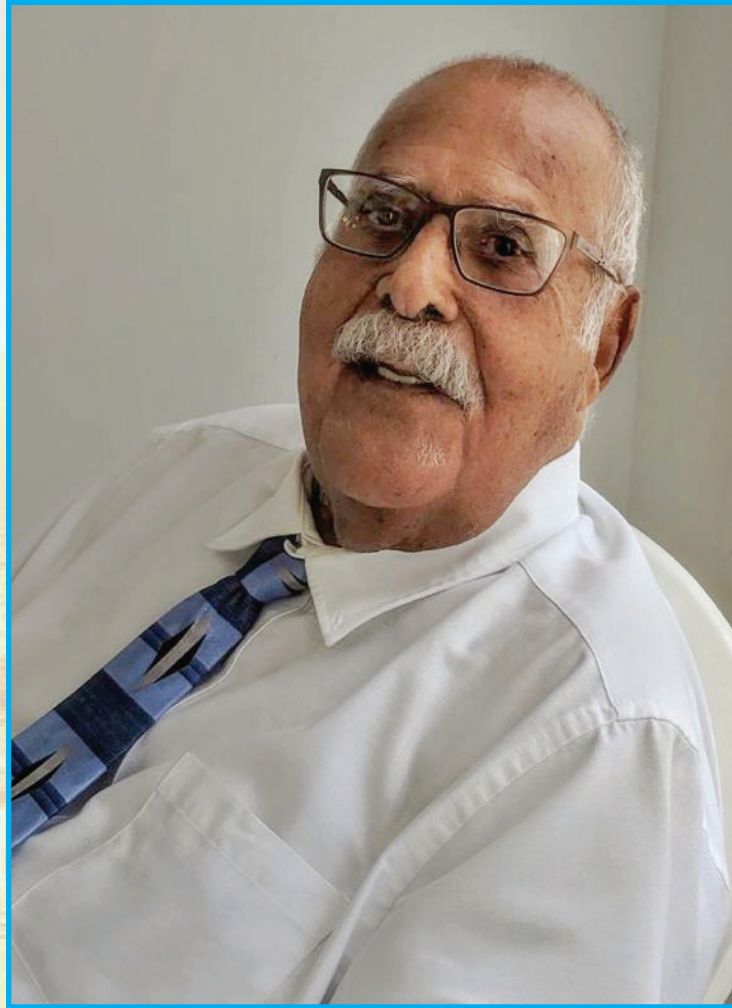


A Celebration for the Life of



Hennbergh Dixon

1 July 1930 – 26 March 2021

Spot Bay Holiness Church, Cayman Brac

Saturday, 10 April, 2021

2:30 pm

Officiating Minister

Pastor Audley Scott

Dr. Gayle Woods

Interment at the Spot Bay Cemetery

Order of Service

Opening Prayer	Pastor Audley Scott
Hymn- "I'm Free!"	Sonia Christian
Tribute Hymn	"I Want to Stroll Over Heaven With You"
Tribute from Wife, Anelda Dixon	Audio presentation
Tribute from Children	Liz Thompson
Tribute from Rudolph Dixon	Rudolph Dixon
Tribute from Grandchildren	Lizzette Yearwood
Tribute from Sister, Ann Walton	Celia Walton
Tribute from Sister, Lyn Murphey	Audley Scott
Obituary	Donnell Dixon
Reading of Psalm 23	LeeAnn Christian
Message	Pastor Gayle Woods
Hymn-"Uncloudy Day"	Cecile Barnes
Closing Prayer	Pastor Gayle Woods
Benediction Hymn	"Never Grow Old"

Pallbearers

Jimmy Robinson
Linden Brown
Blake Walton

Virgil Ebanks
Whitney Tatum
Christopher Wright

Honorary Pallbearers

Rudolph Dixon
Bryony Dixon
Jared Dixon
Peter Dixon
Rodney Dixon
Olviney Dixon
Maron Dixon
Travis Webster

Joel Larsen
Zachary Larsen
Shawn Larsen
Donnell Dixon
Dudley Dixon
Al Walton
Bud Walton

Usherettes

Dudley Dixon
Cary Christian

Guest Book Attendant

Danya Carter
Sanya Scott

OBITUARY OF THE LATE HENNBERGH (“YOKA”) DIXON

Hennbergh Dixon (Yoka) was born on 1st July 1930 the fourth of eight children born to Blake and Anna Dixon of Spot Bay, Cayman Brac.

When the children lost their father in the early years of life, Yoka did not hesitate placing his mother and siblings first to take responsibilities of manhood in maintaining the household wherever necessary demonstrating his maturity far beyond his age.

In 1952, he bid his mother and sisters farewell to take to the seas with National Bulk Carriers as an Oiler. Not long after, he was promoted to the position of Second Pumpman.

In 1960, Hennbergh married his childhood sweetheart, Anelda Ritch, a union that continued until his passing, totaling some sixty one years! .

His love and dedication to his wife was un-severable and the marriage was blessed with three daughters and three sons and a grandson whom they raised as a son.

“Yoka” continued working at sea for twenty-eight years and returned to Cayman Brac to retire when his last child, Charissa was four years old. Although retired, he continued to be a hard-working man providing for his family.

On retiring from sea he then obtained employment with the Public Works Department as the Asphalt Plant Operater spearheading the airport runway resurfacing project. Through this work he was a contributing party to the modernization of Cayman Brac’s airport as the island positioned itself to welcome larger aircraft which in turn translated to more tourists visiting our shores.

“Yoka” was the definition of an exemplary gentleman – a faithful believer of God and example of what a father and husband should be. He absolutely loved fishing and attending church – these were two of his favorite activities. We will never forget the one fishing trip where he and his fishing partner, Jimmy Robinson fought a Blue Marlin for over eight hours. When night fell, the entire family and community went into a panic and were ready to send out a search party only to see the boat coming into shore from a distance. Once on shore, they presented their catch, a Blue Marlin which weighed in at over 310 pounds!

“Yoka” was well known to the Cayman Brac community and amidst the endless fond memories of this beautiful soul – who could dare forget when He broke out his harmonica? Whether it be in the comfort of his home or before a mesmerized audience at church – the sound of a passionate player and talented enthusiast of the harmonica drew each of us in at every opportunity to listen and watch as he played this small but melodious instrument - bobbing our heads, tapping our hands and feet or singing to each and every tune he played “Yoka” made Cayman Brac his home for over ninety years, leaving us with a legacy through the wonderful citizens he left behind by way of his children and their children and the grand and great children.

He will forever be loved and missed by wife of sixty one years, Anelda, (LuLu) his six children, Rudolph, Peter, Alice, Olviney, Audrey and Charissa, grandchild Bryony, and “pet child” Glendale.

He will also be forever remembered and missed by his eighteen grandchildren, ten great grand-children, Sisters, Ann and Lynn, nieces, nephews and a host of other dear relatives and friends.

May his soul rest in peace and light perpetual shine on Him.

Tribute from Children

To say that our father was a “great” father still does not feel as though it gives justice to exactly how wonderful, caring, loving and generous our father, Hennbergh (“Yoka”) Dixon was indeed.

Growing up in Cayman Brac in the 50’s, 60’s and 70’s meant that oftentimes we would spend months or years looking out everyday for when your father returned from sea – this was the life of the six children of “Yoka”. Despite these absences, each and every time we met him again we loved him even more as we knew how much our father loved and missed us while away working hard to give us the best life possible.

We three girls and three boys were very fortunate to have been blessed with this man that we called “daddy.” Even though his time away may have been long spending those years at sea; his return home each and every time was never short of absolute happiness, peace and excitement.

We cannot begin to imagine his own shock and amusement to see the inches we each had grown, the change of the voices in his sons or thin appearances of facial here as he left young boys only to meet young men when he got back home.

Our father was a kind and positive person, he worked hard and provided us with all we needed to grow and develop in to responsible, respectful adults.

“Yoka” as he was known to friends and family, was our “daddy”, the man who gave us huge hugs and had enough love to make each child, and our mother, know that we meant the whole world to him.

Our memories guide us back to his returns home when we were children. We eagerly looked forward to seeing what daddy had brought home, oftentimes new dresses for the girls, candies, household items and special things for the boys.

In 1978, after more than two decades of seafaring, our father returned from sea for the last time, finally coming home to be with us every day as we grew into adulthood, and later, while we went out to seek our own lives and futures.

His youngest daughter, Charissa, was only 4 years old when he came back for the last time and fondly recalls the aroma of apples and Oreo cookies emanating from his suitcases as he entered the house. This was her first memory of “daddy”.

Each of us will cling to these memories, especially those of our mother and father together, witnessing their love, unity and devotion for more than sixty-one years of marriage and parenthood. We count ourselves as being so fortunate and blessed to have been given this man to call “daddy”. It will be impossible to forget his smile, laugh or lessons taught. Never will a day go by that we, the children of Hennbergh “Yoka” Dixon, do not cast our thoughts on the great man our father was.

In our hearts and minds, there is no doubt that we could have never found a more perfect man to be our father. You, dear daddy, gave us all we needed and all you had. You will forever live on in each of us and our own children and grandchildren. We thank you for your love and dedication, for treating our mother like a queen, and for being the most wonderful, thoughtful, and nurturing father any child could pray for.

We love you daddy.

Tribute from Grandchildren

Every once in a while in life we meet a person that is remarkably humble and loving; we were all so blessed to have known such a man in our grandfather Hennbergh Dixon or "Grandfadi" as we all knew him.

He was the type of grandparent that always had time to share a joke with the delivery of a great comedian along with the jovial laughter and smile to go with it. He also had an amazing ability to take your imagination to all the many places from his vast adventures from around the world. He could weave fantastic stories, and with remarkable memory for detail, he portrayed such vivid characters, places and tales, it made you feel as if you had lived that journey every step with him.

He was a selfless man whom would do anything in his power to help family and friends. Especially when it came to his grandchildren, he would always be there to provide help and advice on anything we would ask. His true loves in life were his family and the sea. He worked as a seaman for so many years all over the world, but even before that, he always was a fisherman at heart, a passion he loved to share with his grandkids any-time he that he could. Those grandkids that didn't live year round the Brac but visited on vacation, were always excited to go to Grandfadi' house as it was sure to be a memorable experience. From many pet dogs, cows and sea turtles to the numerous other animals that lived around the house, it was truly an adventure.

With his constant good example, he always taught us right from wrong, instilling markers for our pathway that will last a lifetime long. Grandfadi had a soul that brought joy and fulfillment to many and whose legacy will live on forever, not just by his time on this earthly plane, but by all of us who remain. Although we cannot see your smile or hear your voice, deep down in our hearts, we know that your presence is here with us. We will always be together in spirit until the day we meet again. Goodbye for now, beloved "grandfadi".

Tribute from Sister, Ann

My brother, "Okie" as I always called you, I know you're now with our heavenly father. Since you passed away, life hasn't been the same. I will definitely miss our phone calles every morning and evening, checking up on how we both are doing. If you didn't hear from me, you would still call and ask, "Old Sis, wha happen why you didn't call?" And I would say, "Okie, you know me, I'm either in the caboose or in the yard raking leaves." Brother, I have so many treasured memories as we grew up together. I'm so blessed and thankful for the years we had and the bond that we shared as a brother and sister. Your were the most wonderful and caring person and I will miss you dearly. So rest in peace my brother. This is not goodbye, this is until we meet again at the pearly gates in heaven.

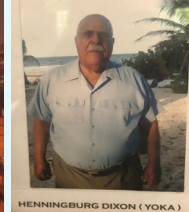
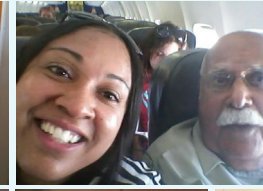
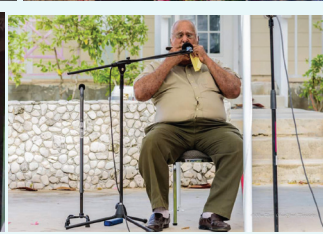
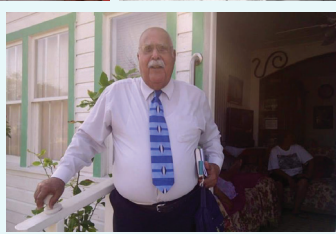
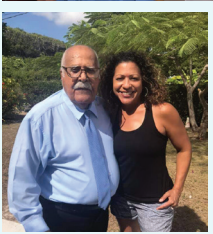
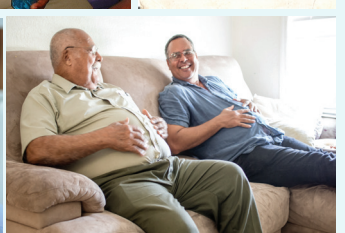
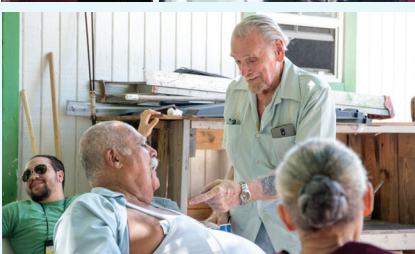
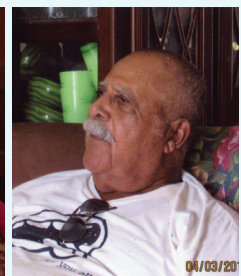
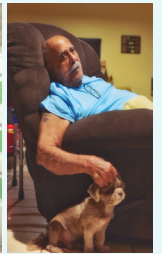
I will now read my mother's favorite scripture in honor of her brother "Okie" 1 Corinthians 13

Love, your baby sis, Ann.

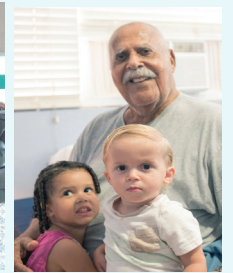
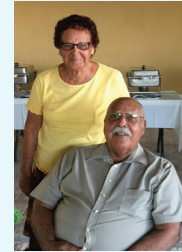
Tribute from Sister, Lyn

My dearest brother, although I live far across the waters from my beloved Cayman Brac, I have always kept you near to me within my heart. I appreciate all of the sacrifices you made in your life to ensure that our family survived. Although the currents of life were harsh at times, you provided hope that our lives would somehow work out. You were a selfless, humble, and kind brother who always brought love, light and laughter wherever you were and to whomever you met. You gave us courage to always fight the good fight of faith and how to look forward to our eternal reward. I know you continue to shine your warmth and light from above. Thank you for being the best brother a sister could ever be blessed with. Forever...

Love, your sister, Lyn.



HENNINGBURG DIXON (YOKA)



Graveside Service

Opening Prayer Dr. Gayle Woods
Committal Dr. Gayle Woods
Hymn: My Wonderful Lord Congregation
Benediction

My Wonderful Lord

I have found a deep peace that I never had known
And a joy this world could not afford
Since I yielded control of my body and should
To my wonderful, wonderful Lord.

Chorus

*My wonderful Lord, my wonderful Lord
By angels and seraphs in heaven adored!
I know Thou art mine, my Savior divine
My wonderful, wonderful Lord.*

I desire that my life shall be ordered by Thee
That my will be in perfect accord
With Thine own sov'reign will
Thy desires to fulfill

Repeat Chorus

All the talents I have I have laid at Thy Feet
Thy approval shall be my reward
Be my store great or small
I surrender it all
To my wonderful Lord.

Repeat Chorus

Thou art fairer to me than the fairest of earth
Thou omnipotent, life-giving Word
O Thou Art Ancient of Days,
Thou art worthy all praise
My wonderful, wonderful Lord.

Repeat Chorus