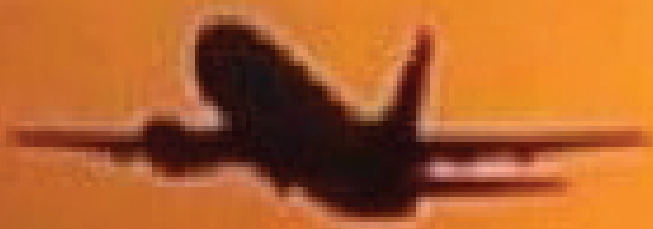


Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of



**William (Bill) Sydney Jackson
2nd October, 1958 - 6th June, 2021
Pedro St James Castle, Savannah
On the Great Lawn
Monday 21st June, 2021
6:00 PM**

Order of Service

Opening Remarks Mr. Wayne Panton, Premier
Prayer Mr. Calvin (Jo) Lynch
Bill's Life Story..... Mr. Wayne Panton, Premier
Tribute from CAL Mr. Fabian Whorms, CEO
Special song from The Wilkins Family Sung by Miss Antonia Wilkins
Special song from The Hurlston Family Wings to Soar” Bellamy Brothers
Mr. Panton will invite guests to say a few words on behalf of Bill
Slide show & videography of Bill's life Mr. Noah Hollins
Music.....Mr. Sean Hennings & Joseph Hydes
Special song from the Savannah/Newlands Community..... People Like You”
Poem “When Tomorrow Starts Without Me” A Special Message from Bill

*Guests are invited to enjoy the rest of the evening with food,
drinks, music while reminiscing.*

Guest Book Attendant

Mrs. Damaris Jackson

Attendants

Mrs. Robin Hartman, Mrs. Christine Wright, Ms. Heather Bodden
Ms. Harilyn Bodden, Mrs. Damaris Jackson

Honourary Pallbearers

Cayman Airways Pilot's Association
Cayman Airways Staff

William Sean Jackson

Aidan Jackson

Stephen Boyd

Sean Hennings

Alex Hennings

Luke Hennings

Nicholas Wilkins

Anthony Scott

Paul Westin

Trent Jackson

Paul Jackson

Burns Watson

Roy Jackson

Jefferson Watler

Olson Jackson

Gerald Ebanks

Evans Jackson

Hewitson Watler

Richard Ebanks

Jordan Hartmann

Autrey Ebanks

Allan Eden

Alexander Eden

Buck Grizzel

Victor Thompson

Benny Thompson

Fabian Whorms

Perry Panton

Steven Coe

Geoffrey Conolly

Dalkieth Whittaker

Todd Chisholm

Sidney Miller

Kline Ebanks

Chris McCoy

John Miller

John Ebanks

Rod Watler

Edward Campbell

Dale Williams

Giovanni (Gio) Solomon

Winston Matthews

Edgardo Ponce

Christopher Smith

Edwin (Boosie) Nixon

Burke McLaughlin

Calvin (Jo) Lynch

Bruce McMillan

Bill's Life Story

William (Bill) Sydney Jackson was born on October 2nd 1958 to Sydney and Noreen Jackson of Newlands. He was the eldest of two sons.

Bill attended Sunday school at the Savannah Church of God Full Gospel Hall.

In 1963 Bill attended Savannah Primary under the tutelage of the late Ms. Joanna Clarke who he cared for deeply. He then entered Cayman Islands High School, graduating in 1976.

Growing up in Newlands, Bill's childhood was full of many adventures. It was the good old days of buck toes from running barefoot in the marl road, plenty mosquitoes, smoke pots, dipping water from the well to refresh on a hot summer day, no electricity, studying by kerosene lamps, penning cows, running through the grass-piece, climbing the guinep and mango trees to harvest their sweet treats and loading up in Aunt Mary's car with his cousins (who were more like siblings), to go on trips to Spotts Beach to spend indolent afternoons swimming and picnicking.

It was love at first sight when Trisha first saw Bill sitting on the wall by Tall Tree in 1981. Little did she know he already noticed her a few years prior. They eventually married in 1986 and to this union was born 4 beautiful children; Erin, Monique, Will and Aidan.

After leaving school, Bill began work with the late Colin Duncan doing landscaping he then worked with Hurley's and the Puritian Cleaners for a short time then moved on to work with the late Jay Bodden operating heavy equipment and driving trucks. He later left the position to work for ESSO driving their fuel trucks. In 1991, his deep yearning to work with aircraft along with his fascination for the intricacies of aircraft engine operation led him to his dream career at Cayman Airways as an airplane mechanic having studied at the National Aviation Academy. Bill cherished his position and dedicated his entire life to the airline. After diligent and enthusiastic accomplishments, Bill was eventually promoted to Certifying Technician 1. This position meant Bill was approved to certify the aircraft for flight and other technical task.

Bill's effervescent personality was always a welcome part of the CAL travel experience as you were bound to receive a big smile and a warm greeting wherever you would meet him; many of the frequent flyers looked forward to their journey just because they knew Bill's magnetic personality was a sure to positively start any day. Bill was honored and thrilled to be CAL's traveling mechanic and remained at Cayman Airways until his passing.

Bill also enjoyed photographing sunrises and sunsets. His love for snapping the vibrant orange orb was a welcomed time to reflect on being grateful for a new day or thankful for a day well spent as it melted into the evening skies. Bill began to share his photos on his Facebook page as the collection grew.

Like many men, his other interest was fast cars; and over his lifetime, he owned a 67 fast back Mustang, MG, Challenger, Dodge Lil Red Express Truck, Z 28 Camaro, and three different Corvettes, one which is currently being refurbished.

Bill also had a softer side and a love for animals with an innate ability to communicate with them. If a stray cat or dog needed a home, you know where they were welcomed to be spoiled.

In 2011 Bill discovered he had a heart issue and underwent open heart surgery in Miami and had a pacemaker implanted as well as an aortic valve replacement. After months of recovery, Bill bounced back and couldn't wait to return to his beloved Cayman Airways resuming a life of normalcy. For the next ten years, Bill lived life to the fullest with his occasional annual visits to Miami for his health checks.

Due to COVID-19, he was unable to travel to the state for his check up. Therefore, on the 22 May 2021, he returned to Florida for an overdue visit. His appointment was on 24 May where he was given a clean bill of health and was told by his physician to continue whatever he was doing because the results were amazing.

Upon his return to Cayman on 26 May, he was quarantined at the Holiday Inn where he remained for ten days. During that time, he made friends with a group of Ching-Ching's and various chickens. He kept in touch with his family via video chat and daily phone calls. In addition, he took advantage of the quarantine to reach out to friends and family both local and overseas.

He was eager to check out from the hotel on Sunday, 6 June and he told Trisha he was "anxious to be released from prison." His appointment for the Covid PCR check was scheduled for 10 am. However, he did not show up and the alarm was sounded. He was later found in his room and unresponsive.

The sudden and untimely passing of Bill Jackson has unhinged his family and friends to the core. This is not how it was supposed to end. He had his family awaiting his arrival and he was anxious to get home to be with them. As the news broke of his death it left us shaken and saddened.

His daughter, Monique put it best when she refers to her father as, "the most gentle and kind soul you would ever meet. He would give the shirt off his back to a total stranger."

Left to mourn his passing are his beautiful wife, Trisha, his beloved children, Erin, Monique, William and Aidan, his beloved cats and dogs, and a host of friends, family and extended family. His mom, dad and brother preceded him in death.

Memories of Bill will continue to spark laughter in our hearts, or put a smile on our face whether it be a thoughtful word of conversation that was spoken or time spent in the company of dear friends having fun. So we do not say goodbye in finality, sweet Bill; rather, we simply say to you, go in beauty.

To Bill from your ever-loving wife, Trisha

I've tried a million times to find the right words to say but there was never a time in our 40 years together that we didn't tell each other exactly how we felt whether it was good or bad. So, I have decided to dedicate this poem to you, my love:

Never Forgotten
You'll never be forgotten that simply cannot be.
As long as I am living I'll carry you with me.
Safely tucked within my heart your light will always shine, a glowing ember never stilled,
Throughout the end of time, no matter what the future brings,
Or what may lie ahead, I know that you will walk with me along the path I tread.
So rest my angel, be at peace and let your soul FLY free.
One day I'll join your glorious flight for all eternity

From your children, Erin, Monique, William and Aidan

Our father was the type of man who would give a stranger the shirt off his back. He was the type of man who could hold love for you even if he didn't really like you. The type of man who gave us everything we ever needed in this life but also taught us to achieve the things we wanted as well. From friends and family, to felines, he gave his love to everyone he crossed paths with.

It didn't matter the time of day or night, we could individually call him for anything at all and he would find a way to either get to us or get what we needed to us. We will always remember the lessons our father taught us and the pride he instilled in us as Caymanians – he would never let us forget where we (or he) came from. Despite our downfalls, he was proud of all of us.

We wish we could thank him for being crazy enough to have four of us with our amazing mother. We are not an easy bunch but we love each other more than anything in this world. This bond was forged through the highs and lows of our family life. This bond is the reason we will get through this. Our hearts break a thousand times over each day but they break together and we will rebuild together. Our father never gave up. Sure, he would take time but he was a man of will and motivation.

We have lost family in the past as you all know; our beloved Granny Noreen and Uncle Jimmy. We wanted the pain to stop, someone to take it from us. We would have done anything to get away from it. We have learned that this pain is a privilege. We earned the ability to feel this pain because we loved and were loved unconditionally. If this pain were to leave our hearts it would mean our father has left it too.

A man of few words who was full of feeling, compassion and understanding. A man who will live on forever through us. Until we meet again, we will hold you in our hearts. We love you, Dad.

From Miss Mavis

To Those Whom I Love & Those Who Love Me

When I am gone, release me, let me go. I have so many things to see and do, You mustn't tie yourself to me with too many tears, But be thankful we had so many good years. I gave you my love, and you can only guess How much you've given me in happiness. I thank you for the love that you have shown, But now it is time I traveled on alone. So grieve for me a while, if grieve you must, Then let your grief be comforted by trust. It is only for a while that we must part, So treasure the memories within your heart. I won't be far away for life goes on. And if you need me, call and I will come. Though you can't see or touch me, I will be near. And if you listen with your heart, you'll hear, All my love around you soft and clear. And then, when you come this way alone, I'll greet you with a smile and a 'Welcome Home'.

From Stephen Boyd

My brother-in-law, the day you left, was a day no one expected. That day was very hectic.
No one could understand why. No chance to even say goodbye.
But deep inside I know that you are okay.
You are in a much better place now and all your problems have gone away, But remember we will meet on the other side
No matter what people have to say about you, I knew all the good things you used to do.
Your actions were always kind, a generous hand and an active mind, anxious to please and reluctant to offend.
A loving brother, caring brother-in-law and faithful friend, who will be sorely missed.
This is also my goodbye letter, letting you know that I will miss you. You're gone but will never be forgotten.
Things will never be the same. Rest in Peace Brother Bill.

From Marisa Boyd

Without your kind and
Gentle smile
And sweet, familiar face
A treasured life is missing
And the world's a sadder place
You lived your life so graciously
You always did your best
And now you're with the angels and it's time for you to rest
As peace surrounds you
Everywhere in the heavenly skies above
Here on Earth you're deeply missed
And thought about with love
We see the stars at night time shining bright and clear
And as we say good night, God bless
We know that you will hear

From Crystal "Jezebel", Nick, Antonia "Tone" "Toni Boni Macaroni" and Wregan "Zapoo"

We will think of you with love
With every airplane overhead
With every mystery book to be read
With beers and hotrods and big trucks
With debates about cops, beach walks and nonsense talks
Kitties and babies - your faves
You will never know the impact you made
We love you, "Pugsley", "Bill", "Unca Bill".

"Where the sun isn't only sinking fast
Every night knows how long it's supposed to last
Where the time of our lives is all we have
And we get a chance to say
Before we eases away
For all the love you left behind
You can have mine..."

See you on the other side.

P.S. Dammit, Pugs! You owe me a beach walk.

From Miss Lyn

I've known William Jackson (Uncle Bill) for over 20 years, and all through this time he remained the same person; very nice and kind.
Rest in peace my boss.

From Trent Jackson and Family

Bill was such a unique person and a rare character who had admirable principles driving him through life. Growing up just within walking distance of each other, we all have a lifetime of memories that fill each of us with immeasurable amounts of joy. Although those memories could quite literally fill this program, there are certain moments that hold special remembrance.

When Al was born, firstborn to Trent, Bill was ecstatic and unbelievably honored to be asked to serve as his godfather. This role was so wholeheartedly embraced by Bill and this meant the world to Trent. Bill often recalled the time he witnessed Al's first time riding a motorbike, he was shocked and filled with pride at the way he handled himself and rode so effortlessly.

Al held a special place in his heart and he never failed to let that be known. Trent recalls the time Bill called him to inform him of what he thought was the funniest thing ever. He sat on the phone for what seemed like forever and laughed about having his godson search him at the airport as he was going through security.

As we all know, Bill and Trent stayed in constant competition on whether a Corvette or a Mustang was better. This competition brought on a number of arguments but along with that, they brought the two men joy. Trent holds these conversations dear to him and will deeply miss the videos they sent each other and conversations that had. Even in his absence, we can all confidently say he carries on his end of the argument, and is still stubbornly claiming, "No, a Corvette is definitely better!"

Bill would often tell Paul and Trent he admired how close they were. He missed his brother Jimmie and wished to have him with him. Although he will be mourned and missed, we can hope that he has found peace in being reunited with him.

Paul's fondest memories were when Bill worked for Esso, and he would come to top up Uncle Hubert's Diesel tank. He would jump in the truck with him and go on his deliveries to Bodden Town, North side, and East End. At that time Paul had a stuttering problem, and Bill would tease him about the time he said to Dewey, a guy that worked for Uncle Hubert, "Dewey, you know you rich?" Dewey's reply was, "Yes", and Paul said, "If you rich, gimme 5 dollars." Memories and time spent on those trips will forever hold a special place in my heart for "Billyboo."

All of us hold dear memories with him close to our hearts and will miss him more than anything. He has impacted us in the most extraordinary way and that will always be remembered.

From all members of the Jackson Family, not only Bill, but Trisha and the kids as well, we love you all dearly.

From the Bodden sisters

This poem is dedicated to Bill from his longtime cousins Heather, Harilyn, Christine and Robin who all grew up next door with him and his younger brother, Jimmy. Our childhood memories will always spark a joyful reflection filled with fun and laughter because of a lifetime of bonds we constantly shared as a family. Your life will truly be treasured in our hearts and you will always be remembered with much love.

When somebody dies, a cloud turns into an angel and flies up to tell God to put another flower on a pillow. A bird gives the message back to the world and sings a silent prayer that makes the rain cry. People disappear, but they never really go away. The spirits up there put the sun to bed, wake up the grass, and spin the earth in dizzy circles. Sometimes you can see them dancing in a cloud during the daytime when they're supposed to be sleeping. They paint the rainbows and also the sunsets and make waves splash and tug at the tide. They toss shooting stars and listen to wishes. And when they sing windsongs, they whisper to us, "Don't miss me too much. The view is nice, and I'm doing just fine.

∞Ashley Rice

From your cousins, Hew, Sue, Marti, Esme, Gene and their families

Words are difficult to come by during this time of numbness and disbelief, but we can only reminisce and treasure the many memories we have of our beloved Bill. His beautiful smile that stretched from ear to ear, his hearty laugh and his gorgeous eyes.

Bill was a lovely, tolerant man who "shot straight from the hip" as they say. He was a welcome addition to any gathering, a person you were always happy to see and spend time with. He was always kind and had cheerful words to spare to all whom he greeted.

As times are busy we communicated on social media and always knew what was going on. Most recently Esme was on the ching-ching farewell party thread and got to share the photos. Hew, Bill and some of the other Savannah-Newlands crowd that all grew up together used WhatsApp to share the latest news—political, economic and just a general catch-up on life's happenings.

Bill was the responsible one, he gave good advice, built a successful career, raised talented independent children, and had a large loving extended family. Losing Bill has left a huge hole in our lives and he will be deeply missed by all of us! Rest in Peace, we love you.

From Aunt Pal and Uncle Melbourne

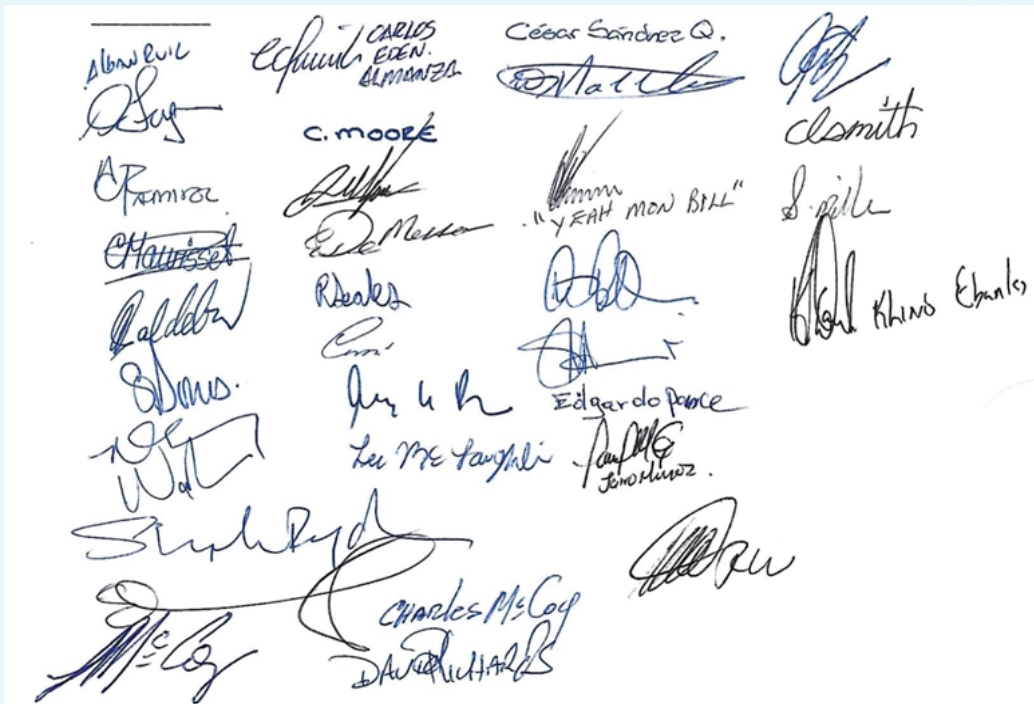
Only a few weeks ago you came to Lower Valley and checked in on us. You sat on the porch for a few minutes, spoke to Melbourne and then came inside the living room to chat with me; sat just next to me where I could see and hear you and visited with me for a while. Who would've thought that would be the last time I saw you? Who would've thought that a vibrant young man like you, Bill, would have gone home before me?
Life is so very uncertain.
Children, live good, love and respect each other - because we don't know if tomorrow will come; or what tomorrow will bring us!
Bill, we will always love you.

From Aunt Melva & Uncle Dennie Hurlston, Mikie, Heather, Judy, Hinzie and Hank

It seems unreal to be saying goodbye to Bill, all of his life he has been such a constant and loving part of ours. There are no words, because none exist to express our deep sadness and heartbreak. He was truly as close as a son and brother. From boyhood through adulthood that close and special bond continued. We spent such happy times together. Back then the highlight of our week was when the family came from Newlands to South Sound to visit for the day. As soon as the vehicle doors opened Bill and Jimmy were running straight for the sea, long pants and all. Not even Nono's threats stopped them. Bill faced some difficult and trying times, but he never ceased to amaze us with his courage, strength and determination during those challenging times. Everyone who knew Bill, knew what a sweet and loving and genuinely good and decent person he was. Over the years we spent such happy times together. Our visits were filled with love and laughter, stories and tales that only our family members could relate to — just plain fun. Bill held a special place in his Aunt Melva's heart. He was always so kind and generous to her. She often remarked how much he reminded her of his Dad (her baby brother). She will especially miss his visits and calls. Bill was always so proud of his beautiful family; Trisha, Erin, Monique, William and Aidan were his whole world. We love you all and share in your deep sadness. Bill's passing was shocking. We will love him and keep him in our hearts forever. Can't believe we will never again hear that infectious laugh or see him walk through the doorway with that signature single cross earring. May his beautiful soul find the peace it deserves and we hope to see him again when we all have new lives. Love You Bill Darling. Always.

From The CAL Maintenance & Engineering Team

To say that this is hard to write is an understatement...Bill you were a valuable member of our Maintenance & Engineering team for over 30 years, it's been very somber at the hangar since you passed.
We will all miss the camaraderie, jokes, news updates and time spent with you both at the hangar and outside at one of our favourite watering holes. We will miss your scenic postings of the Cayman Airways aircraft on the ramp, your beautiful sunrise and sunset shots. You were always so proud to prepare the planes for the first flight of the day, many times accompanying the crews to Cayman Brac — one of your favourite places. We could always count on you as a team player, arriving early before your scheduled shift began. Over the past 30 years you have experienced the changes at CAL, from the days of the B737-200 aircraft, the classic B737-300, the B737-800 NG and now the B737-8 Max aircraft...your contributions will be missed.
We take this opportunity to pay tribute to you as you fly away for your final flight...RIP Billo, Partna, Billy Bob.



From the Staff and Management at Cayman Airways

It is with tremendous sadness and great honor that I stand before you today, to represent all of Cayman Airways including its Board of Directors, Management and Staff, to deliver a special tribute to a dear and beloved member of the Cayman Airways family in Mr. William Jackson, affectionately known as "Bill", who became a member of the Cayman Airways family on May 1, 1991, some 30 years ago.

Thirty years is a long time and to put that in perspective, with Bill being 62 years old, not only did he serve most of his adult life with Cayman Airways, he also served with Cayman Airways for most of the airline's existence. More than 2,000 employees have served at Cayman Airways over the past fifty-two years and the vast majority would have found Bill "in place" on the job when they joined the Cayman Airways family.

While Bill was not someone who sought high office, fame, or limelight, the length of time he served with Cayman Airways combined with the competent and dedicated manner in which he served, is an accomplishment that is worthy of the highest recognition. His contribution of service to Cayman Airways, and in turn, the Cayman Islands has been nothing short of exemplary, foundational and stellar.

Bill first started with the airline thirty years ago as an aircraft mechanic supporting the airline's licensed engineers and technicians and after working diligently to gain the necessary experience, training, licenses and type ratings on the Boeing 737 aircraft, he himself became a Certifying Technician on the Boeing 737 fleet in 2008. This was special achievement for Bill and Cayman Airways, and he proudly continued to serve in this important and senior role at Cayman Airways for the remainder of his life, always placing the airline's operational needs ahead of his own.

Bill's commitment and dedication to the airline was always evident anywhere he went and he represented his airline with pride. He received numerous commendations and certifications during his years with Cayman Airways and was a team player of the highest order. Bill was very easy to like and get along with on the job, and he was at the center of a collegial fellowship within Cayman Airways that includes several dedicated and long serving employees, particularly within the Maintenance Department, but also within our Flight Operations Department. His many past and present colleagues, both local and overseas, who knew Bill well, both on and off the job, are finding it extremely difficult to accept the reality of his passing.

It is truly remarkable how sociable and affable Bill's personality was, he was an upright man amongst men, and was well liked by everyone. Bill also had the deepest level of pride and passion for aviation and his profession, and in recent years, the vast majority of his social media posts were images of Cayman Airways aircraft, often against the backdrop of beautiful sunrises and sunsets, with captions that clearly illustrated the pride he felt for Cayman Airways and his job. The void that is left in our hearts is vast and deep, and Bill has left no doubt in our minds that he truly loved what he did, and that he was as committed to Cayman Airways, as he was committed to his immediate family and household. His exemplary contribution to Cayman Airways will never be forgotten and he will always be highly appreciated and respected.

While Bill was loved by everyone he worked with, especially the pilots, flight attendants and ramp crew, those feeling his loss the most are those that were closest to him on the job, being his colleagues, past and present, in the airline's Maintenance and Engineering Department. To William 'Bill' Jackson, Certifying Technician 1, our friend, colleague and brother, we miss you with all our hearts and Cayman Airways will never be the same without you. May your bright light shine forever and we wish you everlasting peace.

On behalf of the Cayman Airways family, I extend our deepest heartfelt condolences to Bill's family, especially his wife Trisha, and children Erin, Monique, William and Aidan. Please feel comfortable in knowing that your husband and father was a very special man and that the entire Cayman Airways family shares in your deep loss. Please also know that we will always be here for all of you, and that you will always be a part of our treasured Cayman Airways family.



When Tomorrow Starts Without Me – by David M. Romano

When tomorrow starts without me
And I'm not here to see
If the sun should rise and find your eyes
Are filled with tears for me

I wish so much you wouldn't cry
The way you did today
While thinking of the many things
We didn't get to say

I know how much you love me
As much as I love you
And each time you think of me
I know you'll miss me too

But when tomorrow starts without me
Please try to understand
That an angel came and called my name
And took me by the hand

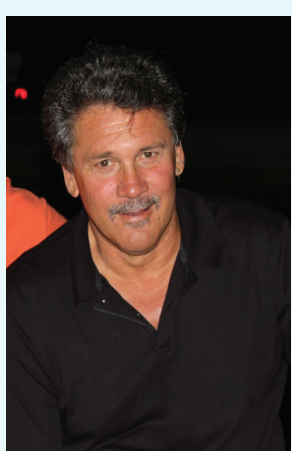
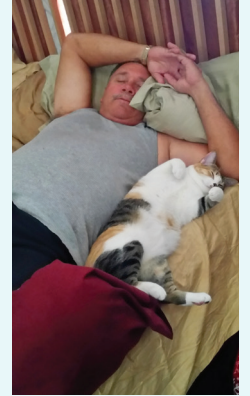
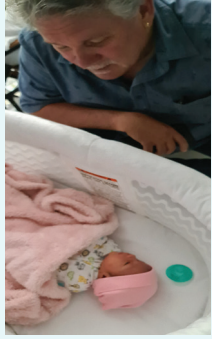
And said my place was ready
In Heaven far above
And that I'd have to leave behind
All those I dearly love

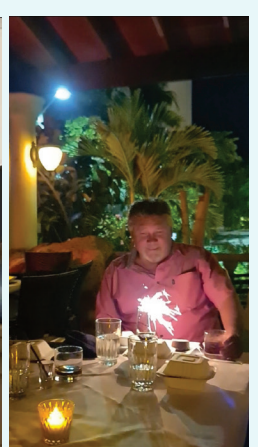
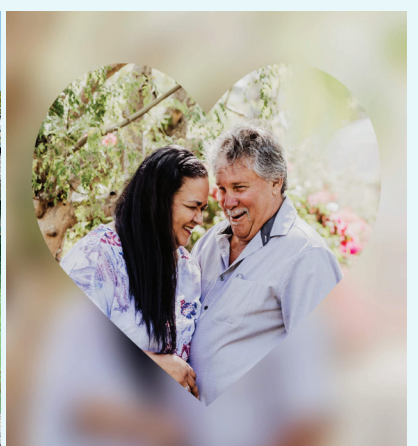
But when I walked through Heaven's gate
I felt so much at home
When God looked down and smiled at me
From His great golden throne

He said this is eternity
And all I promised you
Today your life on earth is past
But here it starts anew

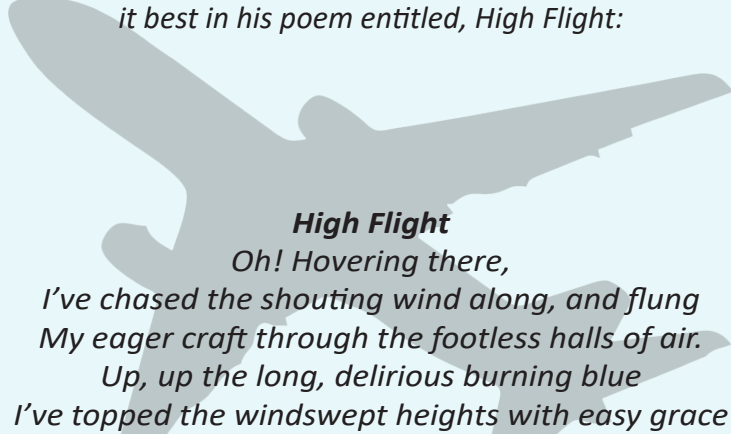
I promise no tomorrow
For today will always last
And since each day's the same way
There's no longing for the past

So when tomorrow starts without me
Don't think we're far apart
For every time you think of me
I'm right here in your heart





*Bill's connection to and love of airplanes was rooted in his soul.
A poem by 19 year old John Gillespie McGee Jr. who was an American spitfire pilot put
it best in his poem entitled, High Flight:*



High Flight
*Oh! Hovering there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through the footless halls of air.
Up, up the long, delirious burning blue
I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or even eagle flew.
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high un-trespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.*



Acknowledgment

The family of the late William (Bill) Jackson would like to thank our family and friends for the outpouring of love, support & prayers during this difficult time.

Sincere thanks to the EMS & HSA

*Special thanks to the Management & Staff of CAL & CAPA,
Mr. Wayne Panton, Mrs. Jane Panton, Ms. Heather Bodden,
Ms. Harilyn Bodden, Mrs. Damaris Jackson,
Bodden Funeral Home, Webster's Tours,
Management and Staff of Pedro Castle*