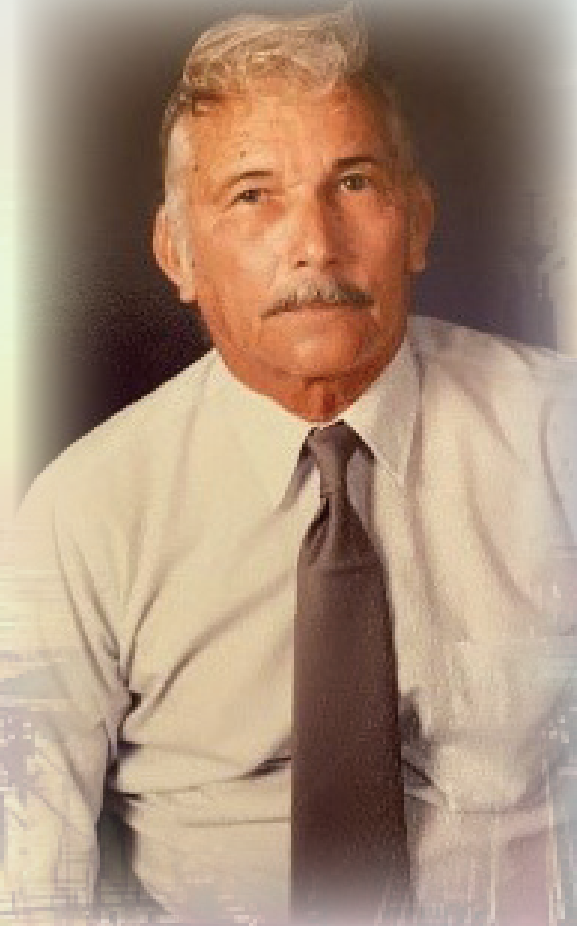


# Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of



## **Denham Hinds Hurlston Sr.**

May 1, 1928 - October 7, 2021.

Church of God Universal

Saturday October 16, 2021

3:00 p.m.

Interment at the South Sound Cemetery

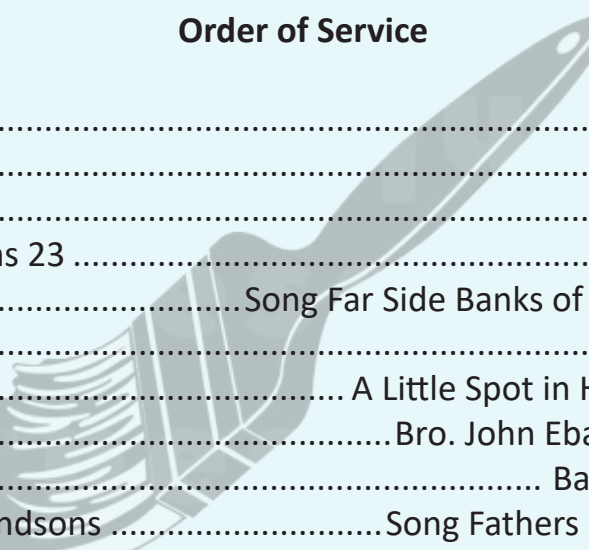
Officiating Minister

Pastor James Arch, Cert. Hon., JP (Ret.)

Organist

Mrs. Esther Jackson

## Order of Service



Opening Remarks .....	Pastor James Arch
Opening Prayer .....	Clive Hinds
Hymn "Amazing Grace" .....	Congregation
Scripture Reading: Psalms 23 .....	Vassel Johnson Jr.
Tribute from Wife .....	Song Far Side Banks of Jordan (pre-recorded)
Tribute from Children .....	Juliet Du Feu
Favorite Song of Dennie .....	A Little Spot in Heaven (pre-recorded)
Tribute from Denham Jr .....	Bro. John Ebanks Across the Bridge
Obituary .....	Barbara Connolly, MP, JP
Tribute from Sons & Grandsons .....	Song Fathers & Sons (pre-recorded)
Tribute from Daughters & Granddaughters.....	Song Go Rest High on That Mountain
Cayman Islands Seafarers Association	
Sermon .....	Pastor James Arch
Closing Hymn "Because He Lives" .....	Congregation
Benediction .....	Pastor James Arch

## Pallbearers

Daniel Hurlston  
Stephen Hurlston  
Anthony Hurlston

Arlan Quintero  
Yuri Eden  
Jeremy Yates

## Honorary Pallbearers

Denham H. Hurlston Jr.  
Hank L. Hurlston Sr.  
Hank L. Hurlston Jr.  
Carey Hurlston  
Ken Norman  
Marco Miranda  
Jason Boyd  
Marino Quintero  
Eugene Bethel  
Paul Bethel

Capt. Paul Hurlston  
Ladner Watler  
Brainard Watler  
James McLaughlin  
Booth Hurlston  
Cardinal DaCosta  
Capt. Owen Farrington  
Lemuel Hurlston  
Raymond Bethel  
Cecil Roberts

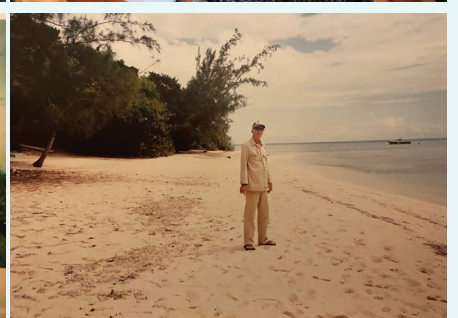
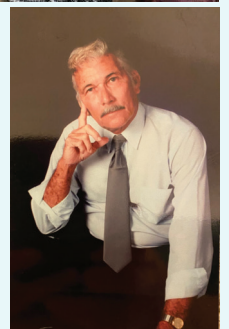
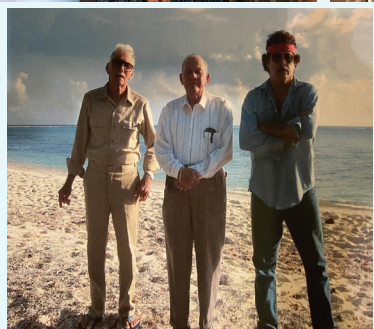
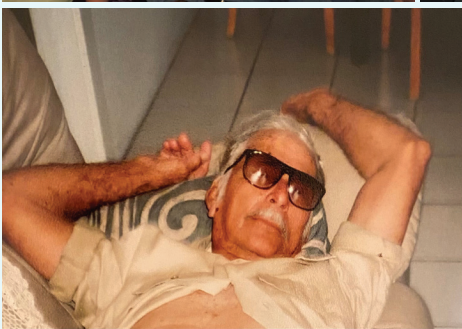
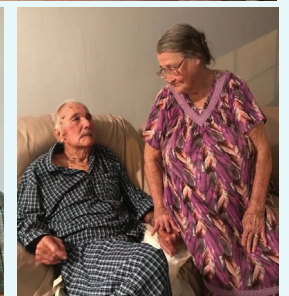
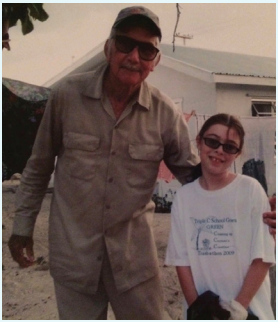
Gene Eden  
Anthony Eden  
Chris Bush  
Carlston Bush  
Dale Bodden  
Chris McLaughlin  
Gordon McLaughlin  
Richard Flowers  
Clarence Flowers Jr

## Usheres

Judy Dilbert & Elaine Whorms

## Guest Book Attendant

Rolena G. Eden & Kacee Dilbert



## **Obituary for Denham Hinds Hurlston Sr.**

### **May 1, 1928 – October 7, 2021**

Denham Hinds Hurlston was born on May 1, 1928. He was the second child and son of the late Samuel Ashbert Hurlston and Una Joanna (Hinds) Hurlston. Affectionately known as “Dennie” he enjoyed a happy and carefree childhood in the small community of South Sound. His days were filled with fun, laughter, swimming, fishing, diving and running seas with his siblings Tommy, Roma, Sonia, Carey, and Chloe along with his neighborhood friends who were mostly his cousins. Cousins being the Hinds, Bushs, Hurlstons, and Connollys. They were also joined by cousins from West Bay this was always considered a big treat for them.

Dennie started and completed his school days under the schooling of Ms. Dorothy Hurlston (Bush) in the old house that served as a school, near his childhood home.

Dennie was an intelligent man, well spoken, with a gift of writing poetry. He was an avid reader with a plethora of knowledge on most subjects and kept up to date on current affairs.

Like most young men of his generation, he started his working life going to sea. At the young age of 18, he left Cayman to join his father in Jamacia working on Webster owned cargo ships, mostly sailing around the Caribbean and South America. He also briefly worked with National Bulk Carriers, traveling to the southern coast of the United States port cities. Ending his seafaring career, he worked with the US Naval Base in Swan Island doing maintenance work on their towers. During this time, Dennie decided to return home to Cayman, to be with his wife and growing young family. At the tender age of 17, he saw the young lady he knew would become his wife, and he always said he “wrote her name across his heart” and would wait for her. At last, in 1951, Dennie married the love of his life Melva Jackson of Newlands. It was love that truly lasted “through the ages”; as when he passed it was 11 days short of their 70th wedding anniversary.

The following year in 1952 they welcomed their first child a daughter Melva (Mikie). The family grew to include Heather, Judy, Julie, Denham Jr (Hinzie), Hank, and another son who died shortly after birth.

After returning from Swan Island, Dennie joined his brother Tommy working at Texaco Bulk Storage in George Town. He started out doing fuel truck deliveries to the various districts, during which he made many lifelong friends. From there he moved to the Owen Roberts International Airport location, refueling the airplanes. It was during this time that he developed a passion for aircrafts. He knew the manufactures, features, and capabilities of all aircrafts. Dennie left Texaco to start a painting business with his son Denham Jr.; they worked together for many years building a strong reputation of excellence, with numerous lifelong clients.

Upon his retirement, Dennie decided to spend the rest of his years at home, helping Melva around the house and caring for their special needs daughter, Julie. He found great joy and fulfillment in doing whatever he could to provide for his family and even as his children grew older, he was always happy and available to assist them in any way possible. He always said that having the love and support of his wife and family was his greatest success story. From 2010, on the passing of his beloved daughter, Julie, a light went out in his life. A few years after her death, his health started to decline and he had several mini strokes, leading to a massive stroke. From there on he suffered one health crisis after another requiring numerous hospital stays and leaving him dependent on others for his care. During this time, he looked forward to Carey's daily visits and enjoyed the visits of family or friends.

Over the years, he has had a couple long term care givers, Reyna and Shirley Williams who became like family. A very special thanks to Ms. Shirley for your care, dedication, and love to Dennie for the last 6 ½ years.

Following a brief stay in the hospital, he passed away on Thursday October 7, 2021, at the age of 93. He leaves to mourn his devoted wife, Melva, children, Melva Fenton, Heather Norman and son in law Ken Norman, Judy Hurlston, Denham Jr and daughter in law Natalia, and Hank and daughter in law Irma. Grandchildren Angela (Angel) Miranda, Happy Fenton, Honey Boyd, Hank Jr and Daniel Hurlston, Stephen and Anthony Hurlston, and Arlan and Marino Quintero. Great Grandchildren Madison, Bailey, Kaitlyn, Nylani, Emily, and Alejandro. Brother Carey and wife Merrill and sister Roma Bethel. Nieces Rolena, Jackie, Sharon, Lisa, Teresa, and Ethel. Nephews Eugene (Pix), Raymond, Paul, Gene, and Cecil.

Dennie was preceded in death by daughter Julie, son in law Philip Fenton, brother Tommy Hurlston, sisters Sonia Eden, and Chloe Roberts and nephews Jim and John Eden.

*May his soul rest in eternal peace.*



### Tribute from children

We paid tribute to our Dad every day. We always made sure he knew of our deep love, admiration, and how blessed and thankful we were that God chose Him to be our Dad and us to be his children. As a tribute to our Dad we share these few words.

Our Precious Dad how do we begin to imagine our world without you. We can't. He was the heartbeat of our world. There from our birth until his passing- always a part of our lives.

He stood by our Mom's side for 70 years, faithful to his family in all the ways that truly mattered.

Dad was an intelligent and articulate man. Gifted with the ability to think on his feet – nothing with him was hind sight. Perfect 20/20 vision every time. We called him our King Solomon he was wise beyond words; he knew when to talk and when to walk. He had a sense of humor and wit that was matchless. Time and time again we remarked – only Daddy would think of that!

If you knew him, you knew he liked a good, heated discussion. He was passionate about things he believed in, not easy to sway, and wasn't afraid to tell you to take a walk.

Dad taught us some of life's most important lessons. He didn't talk dollars and value but pushed values. He instilled in us that success and true happiness was not about how much you got but how much you gave. That material things were just that – material things, and not to ever allow them to rule our lives. He reminded us often to live good and love family. Be

thankful to God, he remarked often how good God had been to him. As we grew into adulthood, dad offered advice, mostly when asked for then stepped back and let us find our way. He respected our decisions, and we knew he always had our backs.

Our Dad always found a way to provide us with everything we needed – not always what we wanted. We repeatedly told him the only thing he was selfish with was his icy blue eyes – not one of us have them. We can't wrap our heads around the fact we'll never look into them again. They were his trademark.

Dad was always giving. Growing up we remember Mom packing bags of goodies for the elderly neighbors on Saturday mornings and Daddy would be there to do the deliveries. We used to tell them they were giving away everything they had, but their usual reply was –

'We don't need much.'

Daddy loved us all equally, but our Angel sister Julie held a special place in the heart of his heart. He always told us I don't love her the best, she just needs me the most. He stood

faithfully by our mom side for 54 ½ years making sure his baby was getting the best care possible. They are together again – Dad and his Angel.

Dad we love, love, love, you and while we can no longer hug and kiss you physically –

we will hold you close in our hearts forever. Thanks for being our dad on this journey we call life. We are lost without you, but so thankful for the long years God kept you in our lives.

Mikie, Heather, Judy, Hinzie, and Hank



### Poem Written by Denham Hinds Hurlston Sr

Last night I dreamed that I stood at the foot of the cross  
His life blood was flowing on me  
The drops were as red as the crimson flow  
But they soon made me white as could be  
Thank God, Thank God for that beautiful dream  
Most of all for saving my soul  
I'll sing it in glory for loved ones up there  
How Jesus made me whole  
So plain in my sight was the man on the right  
Dear Lord have mercy on me was his plea  
But my heart no more bled when Jesus said, Today you shall be with me  
On his left was a man I just couldn't understand  
He scoffed til his last breath he drew  
But his name you're sure to find  
In the Book with golden lines  
You'll pay for the wrong that you do  
I wonder how I ever awoke from my sleep  
I was weary, trembling, and cold  
What my dream really meant was an angel he sent  
To bring back his lamb to the fold.

### Tribute to Denny from Carey

Although there was an eight year age difference between us, Denny and I were always close. As children we enjoyed fishing, diving, running seas, playing marbles and spinning gigs together. In later years, the three Hurlston brothers all worked at Texaco Bulk Storage with Tommy as General Manager, and Denny and I delivering gasoline & kerosene island-wide. We made many friends in all the districts during that time and shared many memories.

He was a good and loving big brother and would try to give me good advice and sometimes not so good advice (smile). He had a sharp and quick wit, and could take the simplest action and weave it into a big and exciting story. He had the "Hurlston" sense of humour and could make up a joke about anything or anyone.

"Court" sessions were held in The Bikini House everyday except Sunday from 3-4:30pm, and any and all subjects were discussed, lots of times quite loudly, and not always in perfect agreement. The "Judges" included myself, Tommy, Denny, Harry, Capt. Paul, and most days Ladner Walter. We had some good laughs and spirited discussions, and it became a tradition for years, even including the occasional tourist or local who happened to drop by at the time. Most visitors who came would time their visit during the "court" hour and, of course, for the most part it was "men only".

Over the years, as each of the "boys" were unable to attend because of failing health, the court was silenced, though not forgotten. I really miss the days that we were all together, but the bonds have not been broken. We had some good days and good memories. Rest in peace now Denny, I will always love and miss you.

Your loving brother, Carey

### Tribute to Denny from Merrill

One of the main things that always stands out to me about Denny was his love of family, and the love they returned to him. Coming from a broken home myself, it always amazed me to see how much Denny's children loved, respected, and cared for him. I don't think there was anything they wouldn't have done for him, if he asked, but he rarely asked. He lived a simple life, with no frills or fuss, and was always grateful and thankful for what he did have. He lived for his family and from all I've heard from his children and seen for myself over the years, he was a hard worker and meticulous in whatever job he was doing. Denny was proud to provide for his family however he could; never begging a soul, but to the contrary, always giving a hand to others when possible.

Living in such a close-knit community, most of the neighbours were immediate and/or distant relatives and friends who were raised to look out for each other – in true CaymanKind fashion. Denny and Melva were a complementary missionary team, always willing to share whatever they had with whoever they could. I can remember Melva preparing her mid-day meals and setting aside plates of food for the different neighbours (which nobody was allowed to touch). For those who weren't able to stop by and pick up their plates, or weren't near enough for Melva to hand them to, she would send one of her children to deliver or wait for Denny to return from work to do deliveries, for which he never seemed too tired to oblige! With everyone working hard just to survive, I used to wonder how they could afford to feed so many people, but I eventually realized that God was multiplying what they had to offer because they were doing it to "the least of these". God HAD to bless them when they had such caring and generous hearts!

Another thing I remember vividly about Denny is the love, patience and tenderness he showed to his mother and his disabled and special needs daughter, Julie – she was their angel. It was very heart-warming to see how the whole family cared for Julie, and they missed her terribly when she was gone. Even after Julie passed away in 2010, Denny would often forget and inquire if she had been fed or if anyone had checked on her recently. Just around the time that Carey and I got married, his mother became bed-ridden by rheumatoid arthritis, which she had suffered with through most of her life. Over time she was unable to do anything for herself and had to depend on others for her care. Many mornings Denny would come to feed Ma with a bowl of porridge Melva had fixed for her. Denny would proceed to converse with Ma, gently coaxing her to eat as they talked. Tommy would also come to feed Ma, alternating mornings with Denny. They were both very attentive to her, visiting every day, when possible.

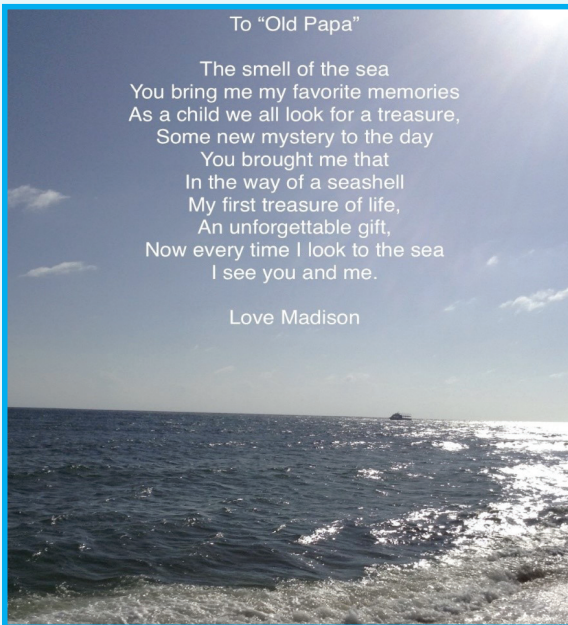
In the last several years, as Denny became more infirm, it was hard to watch him deteriorate and become so silent, as he always had a joke to tell. Although he will be greatly missed, his suffering has ended and I can only pray that God will continue to strengthen his family, and they will feel God's comfort and peace in the days, month and years ahead. I feel honoured to have called him family.

With love and admiration, Merrill

#### To "Old Papa"

The smell of the sea  
You bring me my favorite memories  
As a child we all look for a treasure,  
Some new mystery to the day  
You brought me that  
In the way of a seashell  
My first treasure of life,  
An unforgettable gift,  
Now every time I look to the sea  
I see you and me.

Love Madison



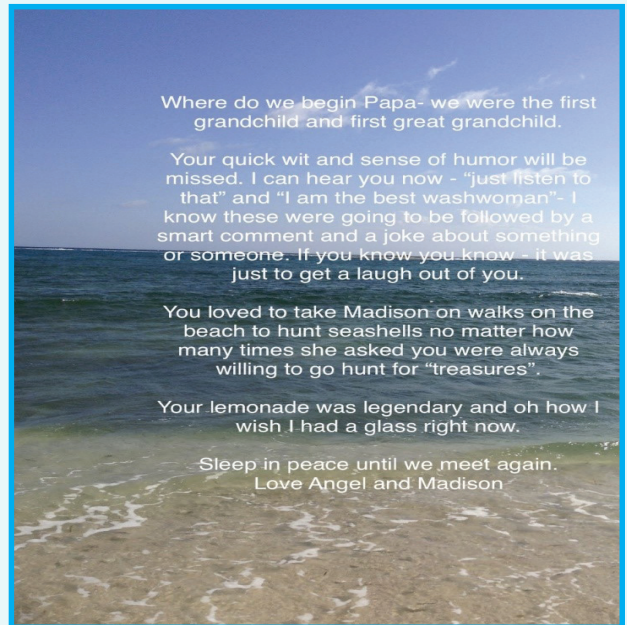
Where do we begin Papa- we were the first grandchild and first great grandchild.

Your quick wit and sense of humor will be missed. I can hear you now - "just listen to that" and "I am the best washwoman". I know these were going to be followed by a smart comment and a joke about something or someone. If you know you know - it was just to get a laugh out of you.

You loved to take Madison on walks on the beach to hunt seashells no matter how many times she asked you were always willing to go hunt for "treasures".

Your lemonade was legendary and oh how I wish I had a glass right now.

Sleep in peace until we meet again.  
Love Angel and Madison



## Graveside Service

Hymn "I come to the Garden Alone" ..... Congregation  
Prayer ..... Pastor James Arch, Cert. Hon. JP (Ret.)  
Act of Committal ..... Pastor James Arch, Cert. Hon. JP (Ret.)  
Hymns ..... Congregation

What A Friend We Have in Jesus  
When the Roll is Called Up Yonder  
I'll Fly Away  
A Love Without End (pre-recorded)

Benediction ..... Pastor James Arch, Cert. Hon. JP (Ret.)

I'll Fly Away

**What A Friend We Have In Jesus**

Some bright morning when this life is over  
I'll fly away  
To that home on God's celestial shore  
I'll fly away

What a friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry everything to God in prayer!  
Oh, what peace we often forfeit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry everything to God in prayer.

I'll fly away oh glory  
I'll fly away (in the morning)  
When I die hallelujah by and by  
I'll fly away

Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged; Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
Can we find a friend so faithful, Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness; Take it to the Lord in prayer!

When the shadows of this life have gone  
I'll fly away  
Like a bird from these prison walls I'll fly  
I'll fly away

Are we weak and heavy laden, cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Savior, still our refuge, take it to the Lord in prayer!  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.

Just a few more weary days and then  
I'll fly away  
To a land where joys will never end  
I'll fly away

### **When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder**

When the Trumpet of the Lord shall sound and time shall be no more,  
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair  
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,  
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there

Refrain: When the roll is called up yonder, when the roll is called up yonder,  
When the roll is called up yonder, when the roll is called up yonder,  
I'll be there

On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,  
And the glory of His resurrection share when His chosen ones shall gather  
To their home beyond the skies, and the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there

Let us labor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun,  
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care then when all of life is over  
And our work on earth is done and the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

### **Acknowledgement**

*The family of the late Denham Hinds Hurlston Sr. would like to extend their heartfelt gratitude to their family and friends for all acts of kindness during this difficult time. Special thanks to the HSA medical staff. Special thanks to brother Carey and wife Merrill their kindness and generosity over the years.*

*Please continue to keep us in your prayers.*