

# Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of

## **Ronnie Rayburn Dixon**

February 7, 1963 - November 14, 2021

King's Seventh-day Adventist Church

Sunday, November 28, 2021

2:00 p.m.

Interment at the Garden of Reflections Cemetery

### **Officiating Ministers**

Pastor Vaughan Henry

Pastor Caple Thompson

Elder Joshua Lawrence

### **Pianist**

Dennis Brady

## Order of Service

Music Prelude  
Draping of the Caskets..... Cayman Islands Fire Service  
Opening Remarks ..... Elder Joshua Lawrence  
Opening Hymn 'When We All Get To Heaven' ..... Congregation  
Scripture Reading Matthew 23:42 ..... Elder Rosworth McLaughlin  
Prayer ..... Elder Author Graham  
Special Song 'Some Call It Heaven, I Call It Home' ..... Newlands Seventh-day Adventist Church

### Tributes

Wife ..... Ms. Patrice Berry  
Children ..... Miss. Caitlin Frederick-Westerborg & Ms. Theresa Thomas  
Mother ..... Ms. Eziethmae Bodden  
Siblings ..... Ms. Eziethmae Bodden  
Mother-in-law ..... 'People Like You'  
Cayman Islands Fire Service ..... Mr. Brevan Elliott – Deputy Chief Fire Officer Aviation

Obituary ..... Hon. Roy McTaggart, JP, MP - Leader of the Opposition  
Special song '4 Days Late' ..... Ms. Grenda Solomon  
Sermon ..... Pastor Vaughan Henry  
Prayer for the Bereaved..... Pastor Caple Thompson  
Closing Remarks ..... Elder Joshua Lawrence  
Benediction ..... Pastor Vaughan Henry

### Order of Recession

*Clergy and Members of the Platform, followed by the Casket and Pallbearers,  
Immediate Family, Other Family Members and Congregation  
Guard of Honor*

*Cayman Islands Fire Service*

### Pallbearers

Mr. James Bodden  
Mr. Whitney Tatum  
Mr. . Ian McLaughlin

Mr. Andrew Wells  
Mr. Codie Wells  
Mr. Luke Wells

### Honorary Pallbearers

Mr. Jermaine Dixon  
Mr. Roderick Dixon  
Mr. Robert Dixon  
Mr. Henry B. McField  
Mr. Hermando Smalling  
Mr. Dion Ebanks

Mr. Jaylon Dixon  
Mr. Shawn Bodden  
Mr. Dennis Bodden  
Mr. Steve Bodden  
Mr. Lakon Duncan

Mr. Andrae Barrett  
Mr. Sydney Jervis  
Mr. Stancial Jervis  
Mr. Leonard Jervis  
Mr. James (Hal) Miller

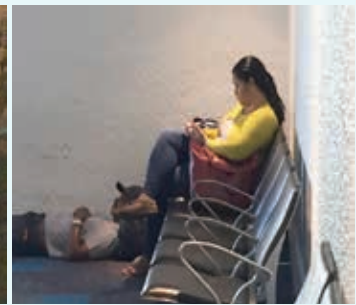
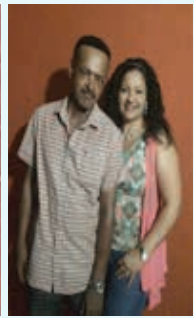
### Ushers

Cayman Islands Fire Service

### Guest Book Attendants

Theresa Ebanks and Laurel Greene







## OBITUARY OF RONNIE RAYBURN DIXON

Ronnie Rayburn Dixon affectionally known by his family and friends as “Bo Bo” was born on February 7, 1963, in George Town, Grand Cayman, to his beloved parents Murline Gaynell and Rayas Dixon.

Ronnie grew up at his parent’s matrimonial home on Shedden Road, George Town, with his siblings Linda, Jessica, Mareta, Robert & Roderick. He first attended George Town Primary School. Once completed, he attended The Cayman Islands High School. However, just before completing High School, Ronnie and his brother Robert moved to his parent’s overseas home in Fort Lauderdale where he furthered his education.

On his return to Cayman, Ronnie began his career as a Fire Officer with the Cayman Islands Fire Service on September 1, 1983. This would be the start of a long career in which he took pride in serving the people of the Cayman Islands. Ronnie would spend more than three decades with the Fire Service; his hard work and dedication would result in upward mobility throughout the years. He was also sent overseas to do much training, which helped advance his career. In 1994 Ronnie was promoted to Sub Officer. In 2000 he became Station Officer; in 2006, he was promoted to Divisional Officer; 4 years later, in 2010, Ronnie would move up to Senior Divisional Officer. He later served as Acting Deputy Chief Officer from November 2014 to April 2019. He also served as Acting Chief Fire Officer between April 2014 and July 2018.

To substantiate his success in the Cayman Islands Fire Service, Ronnie would also obtain qualification from the Florida State Fire College, the US Department of Transportation – NHTSA Emergency Medical Services Program and The Fire Service College, United Kingdom in areas such as Fire Service Building Construction, Watch Command Course Phase 1, and First Responder qualification. With the last being in 2015, where he completed the Chief Officer Course at Florida State Fire College and he also attended a symposium on Chief Fire Man Leadership at International Association of Fire Chiefs (IAFC).

In Ronnie’s own words from his C.V., “I am dedicated to the Cayman Islands Fire Service and my track record indicates that I am fully capable of achieving results in any role. I don’t just talk the talk; I have proven that I can walk the long walk.”

Ronnie was a man of great intelligence and he enjoyed learning. As such, he enrolled in University College of the Cayman Islands (“UCCI”) to study Business Administration while he worked full time. He graduated with his Associate degree on November 6, 2014. He was eager to continue his studies to obtain his Bachelors, but his health did not allow it.

After 36 long years of dedicated service, Ronnie retired on September 24, 2019. By this time, Ronnie’s health was declining and although he loved his job, retirement would allow him to spend more time with his family.

Ronnie loved and adored kids. For that reason, God blessed him with 5 of his own Watoya Stewart, Jermaine Dixon, Larissa Dixon, Ashanti Dixon and Jaylon Dixon. He also raised his stepdaughter Tacita Berry from the tender age of 5.

Ronnie met the love of his life, Pellar in September 1999, and they were united in marriage on August 5, 2006. He was a loving and devoted husband and father to their children throughout the years, including his stepdaughter.

In December 2006, Ronnie had a stroke and was later diagnosed with an autoimmune deficiency disease which caused fibrosis of his lungs. He humbly accepted there was no cure for his condition but would continue treatment over the years to suppress it. Ronnie should be remembered as a fighter, a champion who put his best foot forward and fought until the end.

Ronnie possessed a witty sense of humour and was a keen observer of human nature. He was a quiet man and a good listener but, when he spoke, it was always worth listening to. He was multi-talented. He loved to play football, and in his early years, he spent much of his time playing football at Annex. As he got older, he also played in the Government league while working at the Fire Service. Throughout Ronnie's early years, he worked alongside his father, where he learnt carpentry. As a result, he developed a love for constructing things, especially for the house. Later in life, Ronnie took piano lessons from Mr. Jennings and learnt to play the piano fluently. He was also born with the talent to paint live scenery of which he did in his spare time.

Overall, Ronnie loved sports; Saturday nights were usually to watch boxing, the most recent being Canelo Alvarez vs. Caleb Plant. He also enjoyed watching soccer and was a huge fan of Chelsea FC. He also loved to watch Tennis, with his favourite players being Roger Federer, Novak Djokovic & Serena Williams.

Ronnie would come to accept Christ in 2020 and he was accepted by profession of faith into the Newlands Seventh-day Adventist Church shortly after that under the leadership of Pastor Caple Thompson. His connection to the Newlands Seventh-day Adventist church started around the first covid lockdown when Brother Robert Scott visited Ronnie at his home. Brother Robert was joined by other members of the Newlands Seventh-day Adventist Church, including Brother & Sister Garfield Crawford and Sister Althea Pryce, and brother Willard Hurlston who would faithfully visit Ronnie until the time of his passing. He looked forward to spending time with the brethren, especially Brother Hurlston, each week as they fellowshiped with the Lord and enjoyed Pellar's cooking and baking. Ronnie looked forward to his weekly visits and bible studies.

Ronnie was not satisfied with only accepting Christ by profession of faith; despite his health condition, he wanted to be baptized by submersion. He toiled with the decision, and on November 6, 2021, he took the opportunity and was baptized by Pastor Vaughan Henry in the presence of a few church members, his wife, their children, and Pellar's best friend. He desired to give his heart and soul to the Lord. He was so excited about being reborn and was delighted to walk and live as God says one should.

On Wednesday, November 10, 2021, Ronnie's health took a turn for the worst, and he was rushed to Health City Cayman Islands, where he was placed on life support until he peacefully passed away. Ronnie truly fought to the end, but God decided to call his tired son home at 1:48 pm on November 14, 2021.

He was preceded in death by his father Rayas Dixon and Sister Rev. Dr. Linda McField. Left to mourn the passing of this humble and beloved gentleman are: his mother Mrs. Murline Gaynell Dixon, Wife Pellar Dixon, children Watoya Stewart, Jermaine Dixon, Larrisa Dixon, Ashanti Dixon, Jaylon Dixon and Step-daughter Tacita Berry. Siblings Jessica Dixon, Mareta Smallings, Robert Dixon and Roderick Dixon. Sister-in-law Isabel Dixon. Brother-in-law Henry B. Mcfield and Hermando Smalling. Grand Children Jaquan Solomon, Colline Stewart & Maia Barrett. Special Aunt Janilee Dixon, Aunt-in-law Sheena Frederick-Westerborg, Uncle-in-law Derrick Frederick-Westerborg, many nieces and nephews, cousins and many special friends and their families.

A special mention and huge thank you to his Mother-in-law, Shelda Duncan, Father-in-laws Lakon Duncan, and Steve Bodden and Grand Mother-in-law Lillian Miller for their unwavering support during his illness.

*MAY HE REST IN PEACE.*

### **Tribute to my Loving Husband,**

As I sit here writing this tribute, my mind is flooded with beautiful memories that I will cherish for the rest of my life.

I take a stroll back to when it all started, September 1999; I was fortunate enough to meet the love of my life at the Frank Sound Fire Station. Right away, my heart fell for his humble personality. Ronnie was such a great listener, which enabled him to be very knowledgeable and wise. As we started dating, life went from zero to a hundred fast. All my family and friends loved him, and he quickly became labeled a 'keeper.' I was so attracted to him and his many talents. He used to serenade me by playing Lionel Richie songs on his Baldwin piano. He would often surprise me with paintings of natural scenery or do carpentry projects like building garbage can holders for the yard.

He only had a few close friends, and I would tease him that his BFF was no other than his TV and its remote. He loved to watch TV just as much as he loved my cooking and baking. He could spend hours watching his favorite TV channels such as HGTV, I.D. & Sports. Therefore, these became our favorite channels.

Ronnie was very family-oriented. He respected and loved his parents dearly and would visit them just about every day. His father was his hero. He would always brag and say, "my old man taught me so much." They would do carpentry projects together, and they loved to watch and discuss Boxing. When his father passed away in March 2006, it was a significant loss for him. However, he continued to visit and call his mom every day. He was the son /man everyone admired.

His parents raised him to be an outstanding man; he was second to none, superb in every way, he was indeed an amazing husband and father. I cannot forget to mention that his head was full of knowledge, so many called on him for advice.

2006 was a bittersweet year for us. After seven years together, we wanted God to bless and cover our relationship, so we united in marriage on August 5, 2006. Unfortunately, life on earth is unpredictable and can throw a curveball at any time. That being said, in December of the same year, Ronnie traveled to Winnipeg, Canada, for training. Shortly afterward, I received news that Ronnie had suffered a stroke and was admitted to the hospital. I was in shock and couldn't believe it. But I knew I had to get there to be by his side. I rushed to Canada in the blistering of winter as soon as I could make the required preparations, where I would spend the next two weeks by his side until I could safely return him home. Ronnie was a fighter, and he had faith in God, so he prayed and was determined and committed to undergo the necessary therapy to regain control of his body.

Over the years, Ronnie's health declined, but he kept fighting to be here with us. He was indeed a warrior.

He was such a family-oriented person; we would spend many nights at my Aunt Sheena's house, where we cooked, baked, and celebrated. Sundays were fun days for us; we would head to my mom's house in North Side for Sunday lunch. Christmas and New Year's Eve were also spent there. We also traveled to Orlando for a family vacation every year. My life with Ronnie was like the movie 'Aladdin'; he swept me off my feet and took me on a magical carpet ride around the world. We visited so many places and made plenty of treasured memories. When we traveled, he would drop me at the airport with the luggage while he would go to return the rental car. I would be on pins, waiting and watching for him to pop the corner, safely back to me. I'm sure going to miss moments like that. Together there was never a dull moment. Ronnie was an easy-going guy, and he had the patience of Job to put up with me at times. When we disagreed, he would always say, "you win, you win," just to shut me up. My little cousin Caitlin would always tell him, "Stay Strong Bo Bo, I praying fa ya" then we would all chuckle about it.

As his wife, I am proud of him for serving his country with pride. It was commendable to see him retire from the Fire Service after thirty-six long years. He brought home his honest living and raised his kids to be respectful, honest citizens. He would always say to me, "P, we have plenty to be thankful for. Our kids are great kids; they don't give us any trouble at all". They share his personality, quiet, keep a small circle of friends and prefer to remain at home. Kudos to you, Bo, all you.

On Saturday, November 6, 2021, I watched Ronnie struggle to get into the pool at Tacita's house. Still, he was determined to be baptized despite his condition and the overcast weather that day. He was resolved to give his heart to the Lord and to set an example for us.

Losing him is by far the hardest thing I have ever had to do, but God saw that he was tired and called him home. I know that he loved me, his kids, and his family beyond measure. Yes, I'm going to miss this truly amazing bomb.com husband, but I am at peace knowing he is in a better place.

Rest in peace, my loving husband; your work here is done, and your legacy will live on in our hearts. You will be loved and missed forever.

Love, your heartbroken wife and best friend.

### **Tribute to the Legend**

Dad was born a legend and died a legend. He might not physically be here but he is watching from the sky hoping he won't see any of us soon. That's how much he loved us.

Dad, I bid you farewell. I never thought I would have to do so at this time but I loved you to the bitter end. You may be gone as I shed a tear, but you are in heaven happy at last. I love you to the world and back and will never forget you. I might be sad but I am grateful that you were clever and simple and my dad. You are in heaven but the memories you gave were more than a treat.

Dad, you may be gone but the blessings you gave will never be forgotten as I will keep them as close to me as you kept your TV remote to you. By each flower I drop I will miss you more and more.

Love always, Jaylon

### **To my loving Dad,**

Writing this farewell note to you has been one of the most challenging things I've ever had to do; there are no words to express the sense of loss I feel now that you've gone to a better place. I'm aware of your absence in every way. It doesn't matter if I'm sitting alone in the car recalling the times you often told me humorous stories and memories from your life, or if I'm in the kitchen waiting for you to call out to me so you can tell me about something that happened that day that I had missed. I never expected to be burying my father at the age of 19. I believed we had more time. But time waits for no one, and we must all return when it's our time, to our home in the heavens above. Time is very precious, and no one should squander it; the time we spent together is something I will forever cherish.

You were a wonderful father, friend, and man. Your humble, intelligent, quick-witted, and soft-spoken personality demonstrated this to me. You never failed to provide for the people you cared about, always ready and willing to lend a helping hand or a listening ear, always offering direction and wise advice. One of the most essential skills I've learned from you is the ability to remain patient when listening to people, truly understanding what they're saying, and understanding who they are as an individual without passing judgment.

Sundays were my favorite day of the week since you insisted on teaching me to drive, even though just being in the car with me was enough to make anyone's life flash before their eyes and question my sanity. Mom always wished you luck (albeit sarcastically) because she knew what you were in for. But it was at that point that I thought you were the bravest. You stayed patient and quiet even though I couldn't reverse park to save my life (and still can't), encouraging me to feel it out and get the hang of it on my own while providing guidance when needed.

Our daily phone conversations, whether I'm out and about in town later than usual or at university halfway around the world, are one of the small things you did that I know I'll miss the most. You always took care to check in on me throughout the day and make sure I was okay. Regardless of the time difference, you always picked up the phone. It never ceases to amaze me how you put up with me and my antics—always amused and willing to listen to my wildest experiences on my evenings out with friends or just during my daily activities, never passing judgment. The day you picked me up from the library is one I'll never forget. I'd dashed out to the car, stressing that I'd set off an alarm by opening the wrong door and that we needed to make like Houdini and disappear before that rough woman who was a security guard caught us. You put your car in sport mode and zoomed us away.

My fondest memories with you are of the late nights you, Mom, and I spent in the room watching old videos of live concert performances of our favorite musicians from the 1980s to 1990s and hearing your opinions on them. Whether we were listening to Queen, Whitney Houston, Air Supply, or Lionel Richie, to mention a few, I knew that the time we spent together was a gift and that these were moments I would love and cherish forever and tell my future children or close friends about while reminiscing about our memories.

When I received the call on Sunday, November 14, 2021, urging that we come to the hospital immediately because something had happened, I had no words. I had a gut feeling about what had happened before we arrived. My shock and disbelief had set in when I learned of your passing. The fact that it had been confirmed had left me distraught and heartbroken. I would have told you I loved you and appreciated everything you've done for me and everyone else if I had known those were your final days. However, death is not the end, and we will all meet again in a place far away from here, a place brimming with happiness and peace—a paradise free of suffering and loss. You deserved far more than this world could ever offer you, but it is your genuine goodness, concern for others, and love that I remember from your time here on earth and with us that gives me peace and contentment, knowing that your spirit is at home in heaven.

I want to thank you, Dad, from the bottom of my heart for being the most amazing father someone could possibly have. Thank you for ensuring that we were all taken care of and loved. We were fortunate to have a father who protected and provided for us, as well as listened to us when life sometimes became too much. Dad, I say this not only for myself, but for everyone who had the pleasure of knowing you: you will be missed more than you know and more than I could ever explain.

Rest peacefully. I love you, Dad. You'll never be forgotten. Your daughter, Ashanti.

### **To my Father,**

Since your passing I have had so much time to reflect on our relationship and the memories we shared. From you teaching me to drive standard, because you said "Katrina, you need to learn". I can still remember taking that narrow corner on beach bay road doing about 30 in your truck without even a thought to use the brakes. That was a close call! You didn't shout or yell, just calmly told me to pull to the side. When I eventually came to a stop, you took a deep breath (as though you were just so very thankful that I didn't flip your truck) and then calmly reminded me that I didn't need to be afraid to press the brakes.

I recall that you were one of the first people there when I was in labour with my first child. Thank you for that! Having you there meant so much more than you knew. You were not a man of many words but you did what you could to show me that you accepted and loved me. There wasn't a time that we spoke that you didn't find some way to encourage me to do my best. Thank you for that! I am so thankful for the last in-person conversation we had. I didn't know then why you chose to tell me all the things you did but I am so grateful that you did. I remember walking away feeling like a whole burden was lifted off my shoulders as I learnt things about me that I myself did not know. You told me about the first time you saw me and how much I looked like you. You said that you have always wanted to be a part of my life. Had I known it would have been our last time to sit together, I would have told you, that all I wanted was for you to be a part of mine.

I love you! I always have and I always will. I promise to carry you in my heart forever. Until we meet again. Watoya (Katrina)



### **Tribute in Memory of My Dad**

Dad was a man of very few words. He was quiet, swift to land a joke with his dry humor that made everyone laugh, and quick to give advice when it was most needed. He was always quick to call to check in with me if I did not contact him during the week. A quick, "Hi, Larissa. Calling to check on you. You ok?", was all that I needed after a rough day to put a smile on my face.

He was always ready to listen patiently. For that, I am thankful for.

I remember the numerous trips as a child, to the US with mom and dad. On those trips I got to experience things with dad that we would no longer be able to experience, like riding the elephants at Swap Shop's Circus and the Drive-in Theatre. The excitement of spotting a Toys R' Us on the way to Dada's house in Fort Lauderdale, which became a bargaining game between parents and kids.

I even remember slipping away when I was older with dad to get cheesecake at the Cheesecake Factory while my stepmom and half siblings went shopping, or even rolling into Flanigan's on 88th Street for a quick bite to eat while we waited as everyone else shopped at Walmart at night. Not all trips were fun and games though. As dad's health started to decline, trips for medical purposes began.

There were times when dad would call, asking if I would accompany him to Miami for his medical check-ups, sometimes just the two of us. I was more than happy and willing to go and assist him with whatever he needed. Despite his condition, he was always eager to visit his favorite places, such as Walmart, Home Depot and Starbucks. Being concerned about his health I tried to convince him to take a break for a while. Believe-you-me, I was more tired than him and wanted nothing more than to take a few minutes to relax.

Unfortunately that break did not last long when he would glance over and with his faint voice, utter "Larissa, lets go to Walmart..."

But regardless of it all, the best part was cherishing every moment with dad.

It's moments like these that have been engraved into my heart, each one is as clear as day. Those quiet and peaceful memories.

While it hurts to know that you're no longer here with me, I know that God has called you home. So, I won't be sad, and I won't grieve, because I know you are free from all your pains and suffering.

I will always remember you Dad, for all the good times spent together. I love you and will surely miss you, daddy. Larissa Dixon

### **Tribute to my step Daddy,**

I remember the day my mom introduced me to you. I was about to celebrate my 5th birthday. You had gone out of your way to personally purchase me a kid's tape player with a microphone and earphones attached to it. That present meant a lot to me, and I could tell you were a kind and loving man right away.

Mom and I knew your cute face drew the attention of many ladies, but she assured us that our knight had arrived because she had found the right man!

Then it was just the three of us, you, mom, and me. It would stay that way for another eight years until my younger sister arrived.

I participated in various sports, including football, netball, basketball, and track and field. My presence in the family as an athletic daughter kept you and mom young. I'd look up to see you and Mom, like Bonnie and Clyde, cheering me on from the stands. Even if the match was during the school day, both of you would use your lunch break to attend. Almost every weekend, there were football games, which you both attended.

Any chance I got, I'd run to my stepfather in the stands and ask for his best advice. Because I considered him my personal coach, his opinion was more important to me than that of my actual coaches.

It was challenging to compete in many sports since the various teams would occasionally fly overseas to compete. I recall Mom and you accompanying me to Miami to watch me compete in track and field at the Miami Classics. You also accompanied me when I competed in the CONCACAF under 17 Women qualifying tournament in Costa Rica.

We were never short on opportunities to travel. Summer holidays were either spent at a private vacation home or the Orlando resort West Gates Lakes & Spa. We'd go to the water parks, as well as Disneyland and SeaWorld. Oh, the late-night shopping, which could go up to four hours in one store, would drive anyone insane, but not you. After you'd finished your shopping, you'd sit and wait for us, occupying yourself with your cell phone. You were extremely patient and humble. Along the way, we made a lot of memories.

You embraced and raised me as your own child. I never lacked or wanted for anything. You loved me and cared for me more than words could ever express. I appreciated our long conversations, especially when you gave me guidance and advice because I know you only wanted the best for me.

You called all of us on November 6th to tell us to get ready because you were going to be baptized and devote your life to the Lord. You were ecstatic and eager to set a good example for the rest of us. Who'd have guessed that four days later, I'd have a loud knock on the door, telling me that we'd have to rush you to Health City Hospital? Then, four days later, I'd be told that you'd passed away without being able to say any final goodbyes. I was so devastated.

I can't stand the silence. Not hearing you call for me "Teda." It's impossible to imagine life without you. I'm constantly looking around the house, waiting to see or hear you clicking your TV remote because that's how I always knew that you were at home. I'm the luckiest girl in the world to have had you as my dad. Thank you for everything you've done for me and for demonstrating what a true father should be like. You've never turned your back on me, and I will never turn my back on you.

In my heart, mind, and soul, you will always be close to me. All my love, Tacita.



### **A Tribute to my Dad**

My Dad never taught me any strict rules on how to live life because he just lived it, and I had the good fortune of witnessing him live the life of a man I aspired to be. I will always cherish the love he provided, even if he is no longer here, to continue to share his love with the family. My father always made time to contact me and ask about my wellbeing. My father was a proud family man who looked after his entire family and friends.

I am beyond grateful to have grown up with a loving and caring father who was always concerned about his children. My Dad never failed to contact me while I was attending university in the United States and later years furthering my education and advancing my career work experience in the U. K. Dad would frequently ask about my wellbeing and ask about my sister Larissa. She was also doing her master's degree in the U.K. When he talked to me, he would always ask when I'd be returning home. He was also mindful of my wife Carol's wellbeing.

There were days when I told him everything was fine, and there were days when I confided in him about how difficult my academic studies were. He would say, "If it were easy, then everyone would have it" I would just smile and continue pushing forward through difficult times. I will never forget how he constantly drilled those words into my mind. His words gave me a greater desire to press on, to press forward.

Dad was always willing to travel with his family on vacations, taking numerous trips to Miami, Fort Lauderdale, Orlando, and Tampa. When I was younger, one of my greatest joys was going to amusement parks. I remember visiting the Swap Shop in Ft Lauderdale with him and going to the drive-in theatre with him, where my sister and I hid under someone's leg or in the trunk of the car so there would be fewer heads to pay for. Later, we would reminisce about it just for a good laugh.

As a little boy, I enjoyed going to the fire station because I could get into the fire truck and play with the sirens. During that time, I felt like a fire officer. Thank you, Dad, for the many memories we had together there.

Football, or soccer as it is known in the United States, was my father's favorite sport. When I was at Savannah Primary School, he was always present for my football games. I used to watch him play football with the fire department, and on days when they had practiced before a game, I would join in and play alongside him. Nothing could have robbed us of our father-son bond when I was on the football field with Dad. Later in life, we both became tired and weary of playing football; I suppose it was old age that crept up on us, right, Dad?

I will never forget you, as you will always be in my heart and mind. Thank you for being a part of my life; I couldn't have asked for a better father. God had his reasons for calling you home, and it just shows that we are not here forever but just passing through this world for a short time. I could never repay you for all that you have done, but I have tried to show you that your efforts were not in vain. Hopefully, one day we will meet again. From your loving son, Jermaine Dixon.

### **Dear Big Brother**

#### **In Loving Memory, I Miss You Always Son**

My heart has been left broken  
Since the day you had to go  
And the memories I treasure dearly  
Are in the tears that still flow  
You're in my thoughts everyday  
And that's how it will always be  
For you may be up in Heaven now  
But you'll always be with me  
If only I could have the chance  
To see your face once more  
Or to hear your voice one final time  
Just like it was before  
The day that Heaven calls for me  
Will be a relief from all this pain  
I'll run to you with open arms  
And we will meet again

Love always, your Mother

You gave no one a last farewell,  
Nor ever said good-bye.  
You were gone before we knew it,  
And only God knows why  
A million times we will miss you  
A million times we will cry.  
If love alone could have saved you,  
You never would have died.  
In life we loved you dearly.  
In death we love you still.  
In our hearts you hold a place,  
No one else can fill.  
It broke our hearts to lose you,  
But you didn't go alone,  
For part of us went with you,  
The day God took you home,  
We will meet again someday  
We know in a better place.

We thank God, He made you our BIG BROTHER.  
While you were here on earth.

Love always your siblings, Mareta, Jessica, Robert & Roderick.

### Farewell to "We Husband"

As I bid you farewell today, I hope these few words will convey exactly how much I loved and respected you over the years. I met you in September 1999, shortly after you swept my bestie off her feet. My love and respect for you grew with each passing day. Your meticulous ways always impressed me. In the beginning, I would say, "Pellar, Ronnie is different from the rest; he is the real deal," and indeed you were!

I have been around since the beginning and when I think about how close we have been throughout the years, it is hard to think of life without you. Most people will never live long enough to understand the friendship and bond we all shared.

Early 2006, Pellar and you informed me that you were going to tie the knot. I was delighted to hear, and I immediately jumped into action. I planned everything while you paid, and Pellar showed up to say, "I do."

You were such a good sport for allowing me to be the third wheel more times than I can count. You were also my go-to guy when I needed answers and advice. You never failed me, even during your illness; you assisted me with my house plans and finding subcontractors. Oh, Ronnie, you will be missed tremendously.

Thank you for being such a great man and husband to my best friend. She was blessed to be loved by you. I am forever grateful for your friendship and the respect shown throughout the years.

### To our Grandfather,

We don't think of him as gone away; his journey has just begun,

Life holds so many facets, and this earth is only one.

We just think of him as resting from the sorrows and tears,  
In a place of warmth and comfort, where there is no sickness  
, days or years.

We know that he is wishing that we could know today  
How nothing but sadness can really pass away.

We think of him as living in the hearts of those he touched,  
For nothing loved is ever lost and he was loved so much.

Rest in Peace, Grandfather. Love, Jaquan and Colline

### Tribute to My Brother-In-Law

In a bittersweet moment  
Another Angel has found their wings  
& has set off on flight  
Safe into the arms of God  
& to those gone before them

Waiting & anticipating their arrival as they make  
Their way into heaven

We are never ready to say goodbye forever even though  
We know it is part of life  
This day our hearts are heavy for losing someone so special  
But as we mourn your death, we also celebrate your life.

Rest in Peace, from your Brother-In-Law Henry McField aka Bunny  
& Family

### Tribute from family friend, Belinda and your nieces and nephew

I can still picture your vibrant smile, and I can still hear your infectious laugh in the background every time I phoned Pellar.

Despite your many obstacles, you never complained and lived life to the fullest. My most recent memory of you is during our staycation at the Kimpton Seafire hotel. While I was combing Raya's hair, P. had commented, "she has good hair," to which you immediately remarked, "that's our hair, that's mami's hair."

I will hold all my memories of you dear to my heart. Your nieces and nephews will warmly remember you and miss you. Though bittersweet, you have found your wings and flew away to God's loving arms.

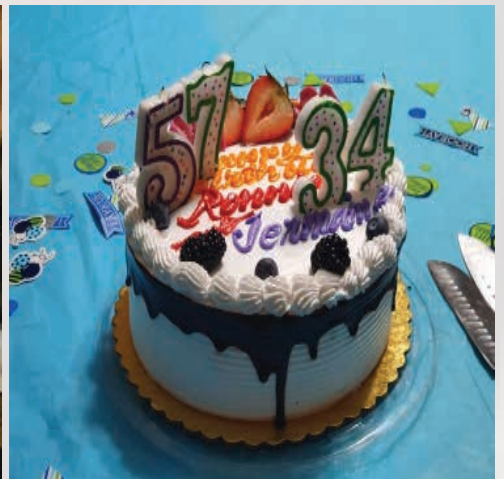
Rest in Peace, Ronnie.



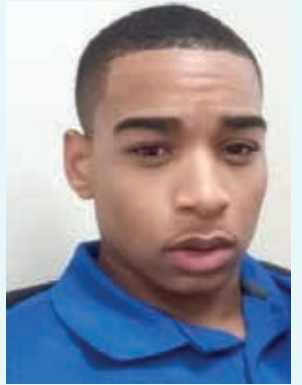
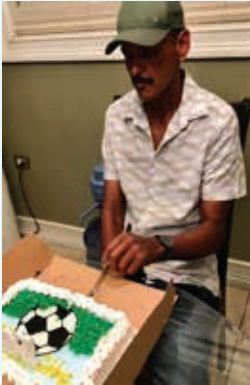
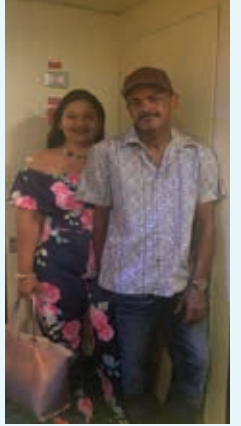
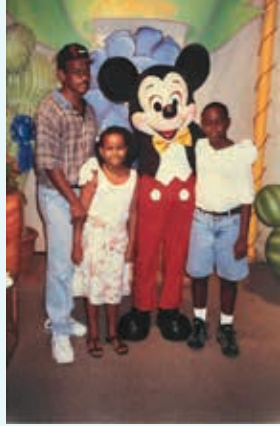




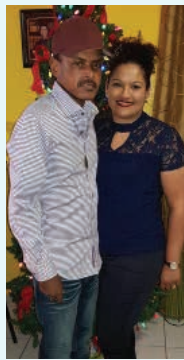




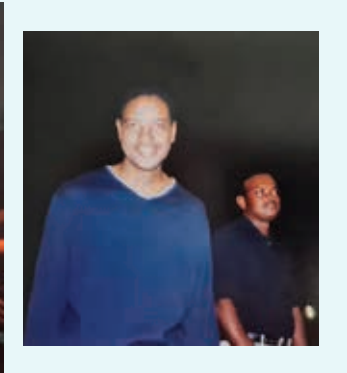












## Graveside Service

Folding and Presentation of the Flag.....	Cayman Islands Fire Service
Opening Remarks .....	Pastor Caple Thompson
Prayer .....	Elder Willard Hurlston
Laying of Flowers .....	How great thou art and Amazing Grace
Last call by Fire Service	
Committal .....	Pastor Vaughn Henry
Closing Hymn .....	When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder

### How Great Thou Art

O Lord my God! When I in awesome wonder,  
consider all the worlds Thy hands have made  
I see the stars; I hear the rolling thunder,  
Thy power throughout the universe displayed.

Refrain: Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee  
How great Thou art! How great Thou art!  
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to Thee  
How great Thou art! How great Thou art!

When through the woods and forest glades I wander  
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees,  
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur  
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze.

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing,  
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in  
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,  
He bled and died to take away my sin.

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation  
And take me home, what joys shall fill my heart!  
Then I shall bow in humble adoration  
And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!



### Amazing Grace

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound,  
that saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost but now am found,  
was blind but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
and grace my fears relieved  
How precious did that grace appear  
the hour I first believed.

Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come,  
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far  
and grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years,  
bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
than when we'd first begun.

### 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 Ronnie Rayburn Dixon would like to thank you all for taking the time to pay your last respects to our dearly beloved son, husband, father, brother, and friend.*

*Special thanks to the doctors and nurses of Health City Cayman Islands especially, Dr. Archita (his Pulmonary physician), Helix Healthcare Dr. Komal Lawrence (his internist), and Arthritis & Rheumatic – Dr. Jaime A. Pachon (Rheumatologist). Other family, friends, and members of the community who uplifted us in prayer and checked on Ronnie from time to time and played a role in his life.*