

Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of



*Carolyn Ann Jackson*  
15 December, 1946 - 25 January, 2022

John Gray Memorial Church, West Bay, Grand Cayman  
Saturday, 5th February, 2022  
2:00 p.m.

Officiating Minister - Reverend Donovan Myers

Pianist - Ms. Katherine Jackson Cert. Hon

Interment at St. Mary's Garden of Rest Cemetery, Willie Farrington  
Drive, West Bay

## Order of Service

Before the Service: Songs “Dancing in the sky” & “A Mothers Love” with Slideshow of pictures

Words of Comfort ..... Reverend Donovan Myers  
Opening Hymn “*Blessed Assurance*” ..... Congregation  
Prayer ..... Reverend Donovan Myers  
Scripture Reading ..... Reverend Donovan Myers  
Solo “I Come To the Garden Alone” ..... Olga Jackson  
Sermon ..... Reverend Donovan Myers  
Tributes  
Tribute Grandchildren “Saying Goodbye” .....Azarayas Jackson  
Musical Tribute “*When I Get Where I am Going*” ..... Video  
Obituary ..... Mr. Sterling Dwayne Ebanks  
Hymn “*Safe in the Arms of Jesus*” ..... Congregation  
Benediction ..... Reverend Donovan Myers  
Recessional Video ..... “In the arms of an Angel”

### Pallbearers

John Jackson Jr.  
Samuel Jackson  
Jeffrey Jackson

Azarayas Jackson  
Joshua Jackson  
Richard Bodden

### Honorary Pallbearers

Chris Jackson  
Harley Ray Ebanks

David Hawkins  
Daniel Hawkins

### Ushers

Cora Smith

### Guest Book Attendant

Lori Ebanks

## Service Hymns

### Blessed Assurance

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!  
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!  
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,  
born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.

This is my story, this is my song,  
praising my Savior all the day long.  
This is my story, this is my song,  
praising my Savior all the day long.

Perfect communion, perfect delight,  
visions of rapture now burst on my sight.  
Angels descending bring from above  
echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Perfect submission, all is at rest.  
I in my Savior am happy and bless'd,  
watching and waiting, looking above,  
filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

### Safe in the Arms

Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on His gentle breast,  
There by His love o'ershaded,  
Sweetly my soul doth rest.  
Hark! 'tis a song of heaven  
Borne in the sweetest voice,  
Echoed by saints in spirit,  
Making my heart rejoice.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on His gentle breast,  
There by His love o'ershaded,  
Sweetly my soul doth rest.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe from corroding care,  
Safe from the world's temptations,  
Sin cannot harm me there.  
Free from the blight of sorrow,  
Free from my doubts and fears;  
Only a few more trials,  
Only a few more tears.

Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,  
Jesus has died for me;  
Firm on the Rock of Ages  
Ever my trust shall be.  
Here let me wait with patience,  
Wait till the night is o'er,  
Wait till I see the morning  
Break on the golden shore.



## Tributes

A tribute to our Dear mother:

I would like to start out by thanking everyone who came here today to honor the memory of my mother. To explain what she meant to me and describe her is an impossible task, but I will try to do her memory justice. My mother was one of the strongest, most selfless, nurturing, honorable and caring human beings I have ever known. She is responsible for who I am today and the man I have become and for that, I cannot thank her enough.

From the time I was young (from time all her children were young) she would always make sure to try to instill positive values in us and teach us what is right and what is wrong. However, us being the stubborn bunch we are we would sometimes stray from that path and do something wrong and although she wasn't strict with discipline she only had to point to one of the leather belts our father had hung up when not in use and we would usually fall in line fairly swiftly.

This past year or so has been hard watching your health fade but I choose to remember you as the strong woman you were who turned a house into a home and raised 5 children as a full time job, who you made sure never went without.

As the youngest of those 5 children, you always introduced me to anyone you knew saying to them "this is my big baby". Even though it may have made me feel a bit embarrassed, it made you smile and I could see you took pride in me being your son.

There isn't enough time nor enough words to do you justice mommy but just know you will always be the woman I hold dearest in my heart, and I will miss her dearly.

Rest in peace mommy, till we meet again.

With love, your son,  
Jeffrey

My Dear Mommy,

I find myself at a loss of words to describe how I feel. The best I can do to describe it is to say that I feel like a ship without a captain or a compass, lost at sea.

Your passing did not come as a surprise, but I still feel like I'm in a state of shock and disbelief. A good friend once told me that you really don't know sorrow or loss until you lose your mother. I'm now starting to understand what he meant, as it is finally sinking in that you're gone.

All these past months of painfully watching you struggle, and yet stubbornly clinging to life, still didn't prepare me for that moment I was standing next to your lifeless body, listening to your doctor say that you had just passed away some 15 minutes before Ann Marie and I made it to your side. That horrible memory will haunt me for the rest of my days.

But yet I realize that I still have many, many pleasant memories of you to counterbalance against that really horrible one.

Cont.

I owe everything I have, and everything I've accomplished, to your hard work and dedication as a mother, which gave me the solid foundation to build upon. Without that, I am certain that I would've lost my way. I swear that every time in life that I was confronted by the urge or invitation to do something really stupid, the first thing that came to mind was what you would think of me. The thought of embarrassing you was a most powerful deterrent. I have always tried to be someone you could be proud of, although I admit I may have failed from time to time.

You were always the consummate mother, who put her children first. You dedicated the best years of your life exclusively to raising us, which I know was particularly difficult, since you alone managed the household most of the time. You were the one that, when I was young, pushed me out the door to make sure I got to school in time. Whenever necessary, you even walked us to Sunday School (right here in this very church) and back, every Sunday morning, rain or sunshine, because you believed that we needed that kind of instruction. You defended us against others when we got in trouble, although you didn't encourage our misbehavior either.

And although you never personally inflicted corporeal punishment on us, whenever we gave you trouble, you simply deployed that most powerful weapon of discipline: the utterance of the words, "You wait till your father gets home!" which always instantly had the desired salutary effect.

You had a few proverbs that you used regularly to incentivize us to do the right thing too, such as:

For laziness: "The Devil finds work for idle hands!";

For wastefulness: "Waste not, want not!"

For stupid behaviour: "If you can't hear, you'll feel!"

And we gave you plenty of opportunities to use those too. But you never gave up on reinforcing those kind of principles in us, and you were unwavering in your commitment to raising us right.

I watched you work harder than anyone I know to raise our family, and I had no idea how hard that was, or much I admired it, until later in life. Such is the nature of things. I will miss you Mommy, although you will live on in my memory forever. And although it may feel like I'm lost at sea right now, I have a map and a moral compass, that you helped instill in me. I will continue to use those in honour of your memory.

Thank you, Mommy, for all that you did. For all the times you tended to my skinned knees and bruises, the times you stayed up at night to offer me comfort when I was sick, for all the stories you read to us at night or told us about your early life. I will miss that smile that could light up a room. To be honest, I will even miss you rowing with me about me not taking better care of myself, which you always tended to make a fuss about, probably for good reason.

I wish I could have done something to help ease your pain, to make your life more pleasant, I truly wish I could somehow go back and take away all the unpleasant experiences you may have had. God knows you didn't deserve them.

You may be gone from this place mommy, but I will continue to love and remember you for the rest of my days.

Until I see you again,  
Your Loving Son,  
Sammy

My sweet Mommy,

Where do I even start to describe how much you mean to me and how much it hurts that you are no longer with us. The day you passed away, you took a part of me with you. I not only lost the best mother I could have asked for but the best friend I ever had and my biggest support system. You embodied everything good in a mother and we never went without anything if you could help it. You were always so fiercely protective of us, you always encouraged us & disciplined us when we needed it and was always quick to defend us if someone did us wrong. You have spent your entire adulthood taking care of all of us and asking nothing in return but to be loved and appreciated, which you are, more than you will ever know.

I really miss hearing your voice and your funny stories, I miss you calling to check on me just to make sure I was ok every day, I miss taking you to the beach and spending time with you when I had vacation. I just miss everything about you and you have left a void that cannot be filled. You may be gone in body but I feel you all around me in spirit. I don't think I will ever get over losing you but I'm going to try to always do things that won't disappoint or upset you.

Mommy, you are truly the kind of person that this world needs more of but since you are no longer with us, I try to take comfort in knowing you are no longer suffering and there is a special place in heaven for you. I wish more than anything that I had more time with you but I am grateful that we were blessed to have you as a mother for as long as we did. I look forward to the day that I get to see you again, and until then, I will cherish every single good memory I have with you. I love you with all my heart and may you sleep in peace until we meet again. Love you so much & God bless you. Ann-Marie

Dear Grandma Carolyn,

I don't want to dwell too much on your passing, but would rather reflect on our memories, and how truly grateful I am to have shared them with you.

You were the most appreciative, loving and accommodating person I knew; your bubbly personality made you always a pleasure to be around. I remember each time I would come to your house or to the hospital with a new gift, your bright smile made it that much more gratifying because I knew how appreciative you were.

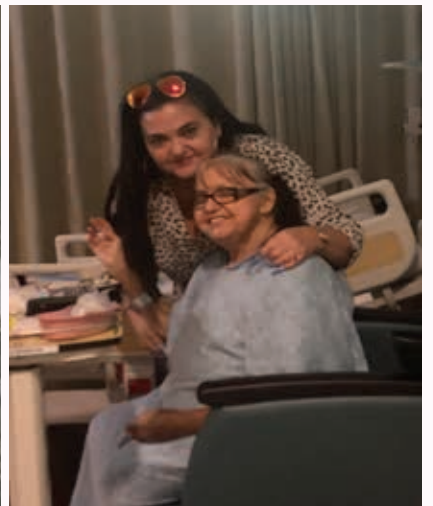
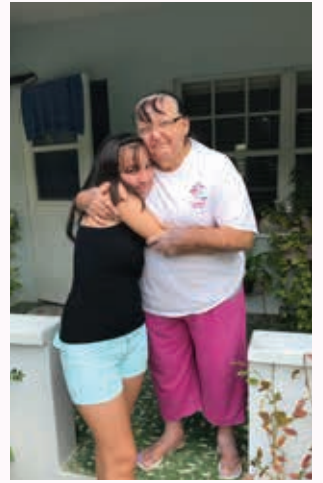
Some of my favorite memories were simply just talking and catching up, which is when I realized how similar I am to you. You always had the best jokes and knew how to make anybody laugh; and you were never short on stories ready to share.

I miss you more and more each day and wish we had more time together, but I am pleased to know that within that time, we made great memories and you had the opportunity to watch me grow and develop into a mature young lady and that is rewarding enough. I love you, and may you Rest In Peace.

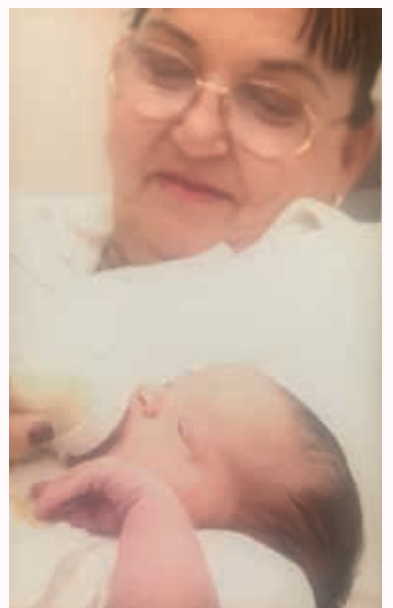
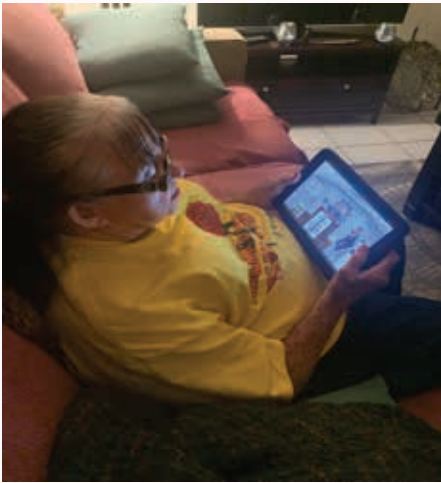
With love,

Your sweet Chlo Chlo.

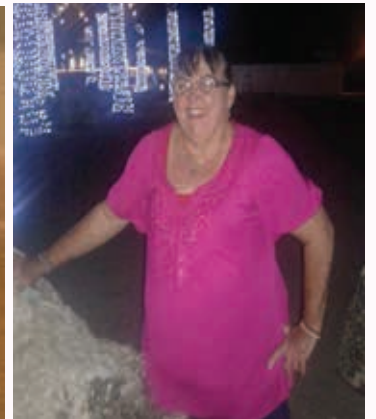




















## Order of Service

Scripture & Prayer .....	Reverend Donovan Myers
Committal .....	Reverend Donovan Myers
“Beyond the Sunset” .....	Congregation
“How Great Thou Art” .....	Congregation
Benediction .....	Reverend Donovan Myers

Beyond the Sunset  
Beyond the sunset,  
O blissful morning,  
When with our Saviour  
Heav'n is begun.  
Earth's toiling ended,  
O glorious dawning;  
Beyond the sunset  
When day is done.

Beyond the sunset,  
No clouds will gather,  
No storms will threaten,  
No fears annoy;  
O day of gladness,  
O day unending,  
Beyond the sunset,  
Eternal Joy.

Beyond the sunset,  
A hand will guide me  
To God, the Father,

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:

Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to thee:  
How great thou art! How great thou art!  
Then sings my soul, my Savior 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 joy shall fill my heart!

### ***Acknowledgements***