



*A Celebration of Life*



# *Beryl Thalia Miller-Bacon*

2 August, 1964 ~ 15 February, 2022

## **Craddock Ebanks Civic Centre**

North Side, Grand Cayman  
Sunday, 27th February, 2022  
3:00 p.m.

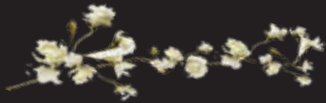
### **Officiating:**

Mr. Peter Gough

### **Guest Book Attendants:**

Theodore Kelly  
Philip Neale-Bodden

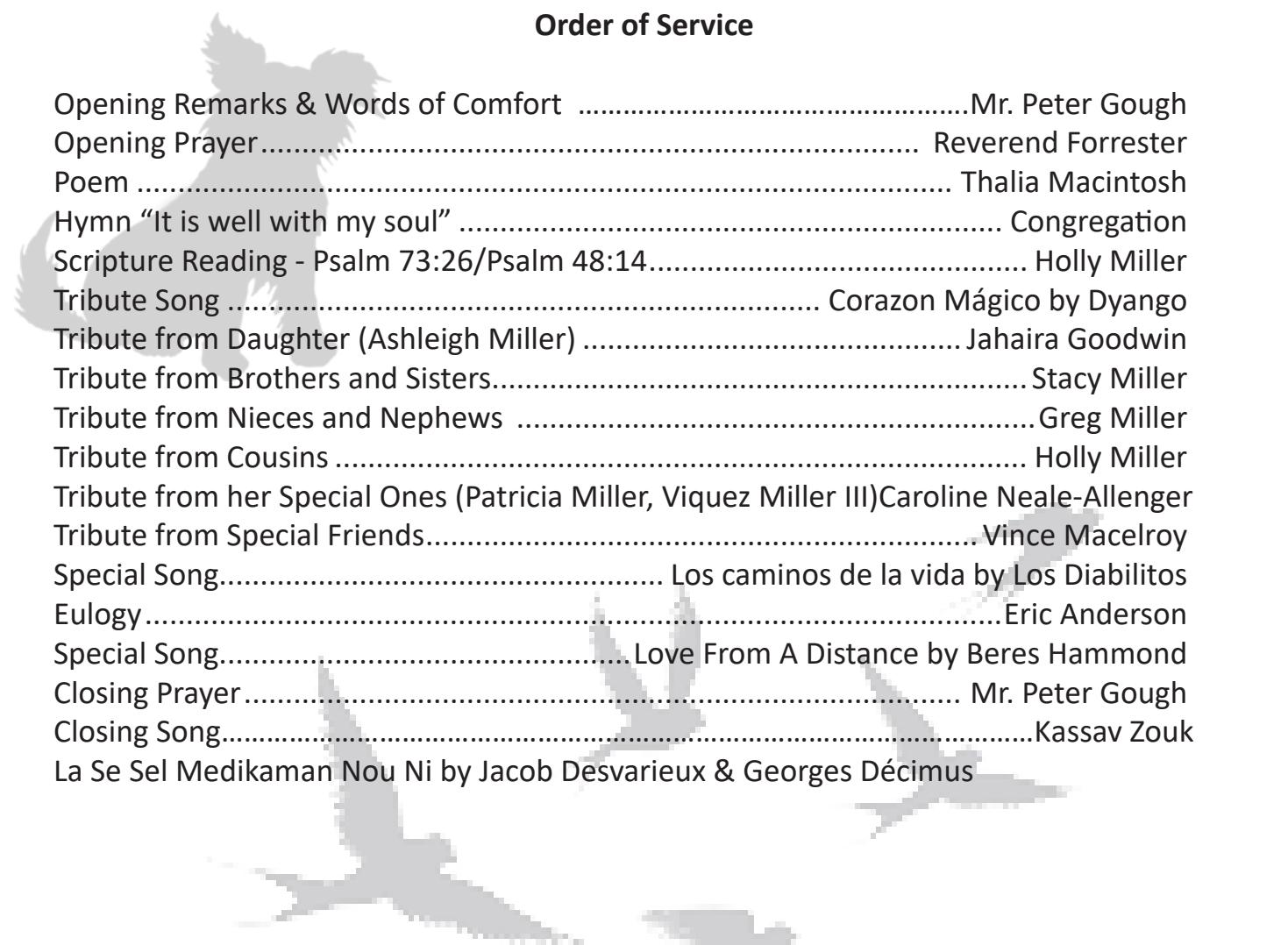
Interment will be held privately  
at a later date.



In lieu of flowers,  
please make donations  
to the Cayman Islands  
Humane Society to honour  
Beryl's love of animals.



## Order of Service



Opening Remarks & Words of Comfort .....	Mr. Peter Gough
Opening Prayer.....	Reverend Forrester
Poem .....	Thalia Macintosh
Hymn "It is well with my soul" .....	Congregation
Scripture Reading - Psalm 73:26/Psalm 48:14.....	Holly Miller
Tribute Song .....	Corazon Mágico by Dyango
Tribute from Daughter (Ashleigh Miller) .....	Jahaira Goodwin
Tribute from Brothers and Sisters.....	Stacy Miller
Tribute from Nieces and Nephews .....	Greg Miller
Tribute from Cousins .....	Holly Miller
Tribute from her Special Ones (Patricia Miller, Viquez Miller III).....	Caroline Neale-Allenger
Tribute from Special Friends.....	Vince Macelroy
Special Song.....	Los caminos de la vida by Los Diabilitos
Eulogy.....	Eric Anderson
Special Song.....	Love From A Distance by Beres Hammond
Closing Prayer.....	Mr. Peter Gough
Closing Song.....	Kassav Zouk
La Se Sel Medikaman Nou Ni by Jacob Desvarieux & Georges Décimus	

### It is well with my soul

When peace, like a river,  
Attendeth my way,  
When sorrows like sea billows roll;  
Whatever my lot,  
Thou has taught me to say,  
It is well, with my soul.  
It is well, it is well, with my soul

Though Satan should buffet,  
Though trials should come,  
Let this blest assurance control,  
That Christ has regarded  
My helpless estate,  
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.  
It is well, with my soul,  
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

My sin, oh, the bliss  
Of this glorious thought!  
My sin, not in part but the whole,  
Is nailed to the cross,  
And I bear it no more,  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!  
It is well, with my soul,  
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

And Lord, haste the day  
When my faith shall be sight,  
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;  
The trump shall resound,  
And the Lord shall descend,  
Even so, it is well with my soul.  
It is well, with my soul,

## Eulogy

Beryl Thalia Miller-Bacon was born on 2nd August 1964 in Bluefields, Nicaragua to George Viquez Miller Welcome and Corina Bacon Wallace. Beryl was Corina's baby - the youngest of her 9 and was spoiled rotten from then.

Beryl spent her time playing basketball, softball, and causing chaos with her friends in Bluefields. Known as 'Flaca' amongst her peers by her slender physic, Beryl was a force to be reckoned with, the life of the party and a little firecracker. In fact, her brothers - well Clinton - often say that when young Beryl fell she floated down like a feather, she was so light. Her siblings loved her and loved teasing her just as much.

Big brother Viquez once convinced her to water the plants during the pouring rain. "But brother, its raining" she said; "it's ok just take an umbrella" Viquez replied and so she did.

After moving to the Cayman Islands in 1985, Beryl lived with her late sister, Lolette in North Side. But living in the bush didn't stop her, she was often found at Merengue Town, Country and Western and SherReynold. She was known as the "fun Tia" - if you wanted to sneak out, call Beryl. If you needed a ride to go check a girl, call Beryl. Who taught you to drive a car? Beryl. First beer? Definitely Beryl. She piled her little Subaru with her nephews, nieces and cousins, all a lot bigger than she was, dragging down that poor car just to spend time with them. Any milestone, or just a regular day, Beryl was there.

In 1989, life took a turn and she gave birth to Ashleigh, her only child; however that did not stop the party. Beryl carried Ashleigh everywhere - sliding down the stairs at Bodden Shipping, to Nicaraguan parties in Windsor Park, softball games on a Sunday, you name it Ashleigh was by her side! The fun aunt now had a crazy daughter, a dynamic duo, a lifelong friend.

During her life, Beryl worked for the Bodden family at Home Gas, Bodden Shipping - anywhere they needed her really. She left them for a spell to work at National Concrete but assisted them years later and eventually joined the company again full time. The Bodden's were an extended family to Beryl's already large bunch. Birthdays, Christmas', taking their kids around, taking Zoey (their beloved dog) on car rides, there was no difference in the family dynamic other than a last name. A few years ago she even made them a Thanksgiving meal spending hours cooking (yes, really cooking) and rumour has it that it was pretty good too!

In 2012 Beryl was first diagnosed with Lupus. She worked with doctors in Cayman during her early diagnosis but took matters into her own hands visiting medical centres in Miami and even Guatemala. However, it was later confirmed that Lupus was the true diagnosis and so Beryl decided that she was going to live her life staying true to herself. She continued to garden, host family gatherings and work, pushing through as best she could. Beryl was always authentically and unapologetically Ber.

As most of you may know, Beryl and her sister Lolette (Lolo) were basically the family glue. They managed to maintain the connection with everyone, introduced you to cousins and aunts and uncles - you had never heard of in your entire life and before you knew it you were embracing these familiar strangers because you trusted Beryl and Lolo. She brought family from different countries together, to remind you that no matter where you are, you are still family and family must be together. There were parties, oh were there parties, keeping us close. Beryl's wife was even eventually labelled as Nicaragua Home Base because if there was a Nicaraguan on island they were sure to be welcomed with open arms. But of course everyone was welcomed, without discrimination, without judgement. If you look around and see the people here today, all different, but all the same in that we loved Beryl, most of us falling victim to her pressing us to take a shot of Flor de Cana, whining down low with her at a party, laughing uncontrollably at something ridiculous she said, having a hearty argument with her because she needed to blow off some steam and hey that's how she did it then making back up with of course, food or a cup of coffee.

Beryl fought hard, she worked hard, she partied hard and she loved even harder. She was truly one of a kind.

## Tributes

Dear Mom,

The last thing you asked of me was to believe in you. This was the first time you ever asked me this, really the first time you ever asked me to do anything so deep. I'm not sure whether you were afraid and knew that your time would come soon and wanted to instill a little more bravery in me for the coming weeks but I have always believed in you.

It hurts me to write this letter to you knowing that I won't get a reply. It's far from a birthday card, get well soon or Merry Christmas card that I would write to you. Usually I stick around with a cheesy grin waiting for you to open and read it. To see that look on your face when there is a cheeky dollar surprise, or to help you decipher my horrible handwriting or just to sit with you so you know that you are never alone and that you always have me.

Mom, thank you. You have been my best friend through life, truly more than a mother. I am so lucky to have had the guidance and trust and loyalty that you gave me. You have always allowed me to follow my own path, supporting me with whatever I wanted to do. I know you got so annoyed of me because I'd always ask "Mom - would you still love me if I ..." followed by some crazy example to which you always replied, "of course I'd love you always, now leave alone."

Mom, you have opened your heart to all of my friends, loving them as if they were your own. You were always so happy when I'd start speaking about any of my friends because they have been with me and with you for decades, and it always impressed you that they stick around! Honestly, sometimes I think it was for you more than to be hanging around with lame ol' me. Sleepovers, beach days, sports, or simply with us just being too hungover to move, you've loved my friends and I am so grateful and they are too.

I know the years have been tough for you. I know that many times I have not understood what you were experiencing but thank you for allowing me to stay by your side. To help you when you really needed it, and even when you didn't. Thank you for embracing my flaws, embracing my annoying self, embracing me nagging you, embracing when I would bring home the entire humane society. Thank you for trusting me, teaching me, listening to me, supporting me, and never leaving me.

Mom, I promise to live right by you, I promise to learn to make rice n beans, to learn to make fruit cake to keep your Christmas tradition going strong, to keep the party going, to keep the family in check. Mom, as the last of the trio, I promise to continue to make you and Lolo proud.

Until we're all together again, I love you forever.

Your love, unwatered  
Your jokes, uncountable  
Your laugh, sweet  
Your smile, pure elation

Until the day we can again embrace you with more love, hear you laugh at your jokes and smile with such joy. Love you Tia!

From your Nieces and Nephews: Shakira, Mark, Robin, Emily, Stacy and Cameron

From all we remember, Aunt Beryl was a joyful person. Her joy was vibrant; through the empathic, the lovesome and fighting spirit she always demonstrate.

She's no longer with us (in body), but she'll remain forever in our thoughts, as an Aunt that will be dearly missed.

In sorrow as well, from afar; her nephews:

Gilbert, Geovanny & Gene

My Dearest cousin, Beryl

Before I ever encountered the shape of her face or heard the hysterical giggles that streamed uncontrollably from her mouth....I loved her, she was my kindred spirit. Some people live their whole lives and never meet someone like Beryl. She lavished all with an exuberant love! She was inclusive and she never met a stranger. Beryl had a joy and happiness for life about her. Whenever, I visited her in Cayman she always gave a big hug, a "holla prima", and she had a light in her eyes. She was the baby of her siblings and the life of the party. There was certainly never a dull moment whenever Beryl was around. We will miss that light and happiness that was our Beryl personified, and we will cherish each and every moment we had with her forever.

She knew that everything you needed to make you happy in this world is inside of you.

Love your Cousins

Tribute to our beloved friend, Beryl - You left us and took a part of us with you. We stay behind and a part of you will always be with us in our hearts. To us, the word friend is synonymous with your name, Beryl. If we needed an ear or to vent our frustration or disappointments or to help us laugh and cheer if something good happened, you were there. You opened your heart and your home to us.

We are not sure who love Byron Lee's and Haitian music more, you or us. Those days will never be forgotten.

We admire your courage and fighting spirit, and will always remember, cherish and hold dear every single memory we have of the years we have known you.

The phrase "a friend in need is a friend indeed" represents our relationship with you, because you were a friend INDEED.

Annie and Violeta.

Beryl was one of a kind. Genuine, loving, caring and most of all joyous. Everyone who knew her, knows that she was the life of whatever gathering she attended. She just enjoyed life.

Her time with us was short, but I am sure that she touched everyone who had the privilege of knowing her, in a very positive way. Today, I am saying farewell to my friend. Thanks Ber, for being part of my life. We shared so much together, laughed and cried and shared so many great moments. You will always have a very special place in my heart. You gave it all for your family, friends and most of all for your baby girl Ash, and I know how proud you were of the person she has become, so rest well my friend, job well done. Amy and I will always remember you. I love you my sister, love Haydee.

Beryl - Ber to me, Tia Beryl to my kids.

I have known you all my life. We were neighbours in Bluefields, Nicaragua, and went to the same school.

You were so kind and always had a ready smile and a friendly word for anyone you met. Ready to help anyone and would go out of your way to do so no matter the cost to you. That was your nature. There was always such a gentleness in you. A kind, caring, loving soul.

Beryl loved and enjoyed life. She celebrated everything and being around family was very important to her.

She was a wonderful mother to Ashleigh. Their relationship was one to be envied. They were not just mom and daughter, they were best friends.

To me, Ber was the sister I never had. My confidant, my counsellor, my ride or die. The one I could call on at any time, for anything, day or night. And most important, the only person I ever called my BEST FRIEND.

You are free from pain and suffering now Ber. And as happy as I am for that, I am also selfishly sad and angry that you are gone. You were there for every milestone in my life. You laughed with me and cried with me. Dried my tears and held my hand. No longer a phone call or plane ride away.

Heaven was missing an angel, so at great loss to us, our Heavenly Father called you home.

Rest in peace my dear friend, I will miss you everyday until we meet again.

Kisses from Jojo, Jazzy, Nicki and Rhonda.

Remembering Ber - from Luria

Good Friends are one of the greatest gifts God gives us here on earth and Ber was a good friend. We met twenty-seven years ago one April morning, and it was like we had known each other for a very long time. She took time to help me learn some of the things I needed to learn for work; she also made time to take me around and help with other things that did not have to do with work, including spending time in Old man Bay on the weekends.

We were so different, she was strong, opinionated and independent. Even when we were on opposite sides in a debate and we each held on to our views strongly, yet we had a beautiful friendship. She was Tia Ber to my children, she would take them to see the parades because as she would tell them your mother is too boring.

Her friendship was genuine, no frills, no hidden agendas she invested time in being a friend, whether you needed a ride to go somewhere, a listening ear or have a meal together.

A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity, Proverbs 17:17.

Love Lives On

Those we love are never really lost to us - we feel them in so many special ways- through friends they always cared about and dreams they left behind, in beauty that they added to our days... in words of wisdom we still carry with us and memories that never will be gone... Those we love are never really lost to us - For everywhere their special love lives on.

- A. Bradley

Love and miss you Tiá Myrtle.

Tia Beryl

Tia Beryl was one of a kind - a bridge from the generation of our parents to the current crop of nieces and nephews. She was the closest aunt to our age, and we could relate to the most. And she did not disappoint either! She was always ready to gather, usually at her home, always willing to take us out when our parents said no. We think she wanted to go too. Don't think she missed the chance to shake a leg. Usually, she was the last to leave a family get-together and the first one to start the dancing. Her frequent get-togethers ensured that the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th cousins connected frequently and built relationships. Whenever overseas family visited, Tia Beryl and Tia Lol made sure they connected with the Cayman side of the family. We are all closer because of Tia Beryl. Tia Beryl was one of a kind - a one-woman party. She didn't need music to dance, and she didn't need people to have fun, but she always made sure those things were in abundance. That's a part of who she was, that was a part of her spirit: joyous, fun-loving, caring, jubilant, and festive.

Tia Beryl was one of a kind - a firecracker full of colorful contagious energy. She told you in no uncertain terms exactly how she felt. The truth, even hard truths, were better than lies to her. We could literally talk to her about anything. Not once did we feel judged or criticized by her. Tia Beryl was a straight shooter but still managed to convey acceptance and unconditional love.

Tia Beryl was one of a kind - a social butterfly with family at heart. Tia Beryl's ability to connect with people and see the best in people was one of her obvious attributes. She didn't care how old you were, your status in life, etc. She didn't care about any of that. She treated you as a human being. With her ever-present smile, she connected with everyone she met. She treasured her family. The way she took care of Tia Lol, even though she was not in the best of health. She never forgot who she was, a girl from Bluefields who made the best of the opportunities given to her and did her best to provide for her daughter and family. Kudos, Tia. You did a great job!

Tia Beryl was one-of-a-kind - the self-appointed gatekeeper. As we all know, the rite of passage into Millerhood is marked by your ability to manage your alcohol consumption. I believe all of us had our first drink with Tia Beryl. Solo cup and chewing gum, remember?

We will miss those nights we talked about real things, like life, love, death, and everything in between. We will miss those unexpected calls telling us to come over for "taquitos."

We will miss how you made sure that your boys were ok, no matter what was going on, with a smile and straight talk.

We will miss how your home became the home for many "bad" kids, who just wanted someone to believe in them, and you did.

We will miss how you protected us from the realities of life until we were ready to deal with them.

We will miss how the only threat you took seriously was "Viquez coming!" and you would drop whatever you were doing. It always made us laugh.

Tia Ber, we want to thank you for protecting us, loving us, and showing us how to be genuine people who are true to the ideals you helped instill in us. We will treasure all the memories we made and hang on to the lessons you taught. They say that energy cannot be destroyed; it can only be transformed. This brings comfort to our hearts, as we know somewhere, the vibrant, radiant dancing ball of energy is still bringing joy into peoples' lives and brightening their days. Dance on Tia. We love you.

### Tribute to Tia Beryl from George

While lying still in my bed at night thinking of how to say goodbye to such a special person the memory and thoughts of your loving and genuine laughter fills my mind and my heart. Your welcoming spirit and loving embrace were always something I looked forward to and memories of your kindness and compassion have helped shape the person I am today.

I come from a large family on both side of my parent's lineage where there are 14 Aunts and uncles in total. We are all separated by different countries, states and age group and yet somehow Beryl still managed to bridge the gap with everyone. Looking at it closer, Beryl is the one person with whom everyone had a great relationship with. Her bubbly personality and kindness were always welcomed in every household, regardless of country or state.

Beryl being the youngest of the aunts and uncles was closer in age with many of her nieces and nephews and therefore could relate better to us than the rest. For many of us, she was more of a big sister than an aunt as she was into the same things we were into. I remember when she moved to Grand Cayman back in the 80's and we all lived in North Side, I was about 12 and she was in her early twenties. Those days Pirates Week was the big thing and teens and adults gathered to dance and have a good time. Beryl being the person that she is, gathered Vince, Devorn, Pat and me and headed down to the dance. This was my first party with the bigger people and she got me a girl my age to dance with. As a preteen you could imagine I was smiling from ear to ear that night and so began what would be the first of many first with her.

Beryl gave me my first drink, she took me to my first Pirates Week, I first drove a car with her, on my first official date she took me where I was going. She took me to softball games, gatherings, sporting events and later even nightclubs. As I said she was more of a big sister than an aunt.

In life there are some people that you never have to question if they really love you or not and with Beryl I knew I was loved. She was always genuinely happy to see me regardless of where I was or with who I was. frequently, while I am slaving away at work, she just shows up with a key lime pie or a vigorun or some other treat to give me for no other reason than she thought I would like one. There was never a time that we that I did not feel loved or appreciated and this is the person that is Beryl.

As we all got old older it feels like we grew together through life. When Ashleigh was born, I was there with her in the hospital and a few years later when Jamaal was born, she was there with me. We often talked about parenting and things going on with our children, how they were growing, things we were proud of them for, achievements they accomplished, difficult time they put us through and like brother and sister we helped and comforted each other through this thing called life. This created an even tighter bond between us.

Beryl is the type of person that never wanted anyone to worry about her. Even though she was not feeling good at times, you would never tell from her outward appearance. She loved to have her family come over. She loved to cook for us, to see everyone together enjoying themselves on her back porch, she was always dancing and smiling. These gatherings were never planned, you just got a call or text that said I am making tacitos come over. Or Ashleigh sends a message, bring coleslaw and some drinks. When you get there its 40 people having a good time.

I will miss you Beryl, you taught me to love life, to live life with no regrets, to love your family and to always appreciate what you have. I know heaven must be one fun place today!

Until we meet again. Love you!

### A Tribute to our Dear Friend and Employee

It is with deep sadness and a profound sense of loss that we write this tribute to Beryl a long-standing employee to the Bodden Holdings group of companies.

Beryl was independent, agile, and organized. She worked in most of the Bodden Holdings businesses for over Thirty Years, Home Supplies, Home Gas, Bodden Shipping and Bodden Funeral.

She was a faithful employee and a good friend to all who she came in contact with. She was helpful in any way she could, when there was a need and she saw it she would get it done even if it did not have to do with work.

Our Heartfelt thanks to Beryl for being a loyal, honest and hardworking employee, a true and valuable friend to the family and all her coworkers.

Thank you for the Precious Memories Beryl

For being an outstanding, kind and thoughtful employee. You were just one of a kind! The two delicious turkey meals you cooked for the staff and directors will never be forgotten at Citrus Grove.

Christmas time you always baked your favorite Christmas cake recipe and brought for us to enjoy.

Thank you for your many visits to our house, and for your many years of faithful service to our businesses, you will live on in our hearts forever.

Mr. A. Mrs. P. Miss Max and Miss Mau

A Tribute to Berryl. "Family ties won't be broken in Heaven"

To remember Ber as we lovingly called Berryl, is to see a busybody making possible every task she assumed in life; and no matter how difficult it was, she went through it nonstop until it was finished. As a daughter, a mom, a sister, Berryl never backed down on her responsibilities; she was a kind person and never turned down anyone in need; especially when it was her friends and family. As we saw Berryl face her illness with a brave heart, she gained our respect for never giving up.

Berryl, as the youngest of nine, born to Corina Bacon and Viquez Miller Welcome, was destined to be spoiled by all her siblings. She was a very happy person and at the same time mischievous. We are sure that she was the one that got the least punishing because of her status. They were many moments in her life that each one of us could recall, and as she help home with our sick mother, she was a good student at the Moravian College in Bluefields where she studied bookkeeping, she also did well in sports at the school's basketball team and seldom missed an ex-alumni banquet.

Two anecdotes come to our minds where we see and remember Berryl. Back then, Bluefields was always a friendly and healthy community where neighbours love and respect each other, and this was no different in Three Cross neighbourhood where we lived. When Berryl was in first grade at the Anglican Primary school, her homework was to write the name of her neighbourhood, and not knowing how to write properly she drew three crosses on her paper and presented it to the teacher, she made her point, the teacher didn't had more to say.

Another anecdote we remember was when Viquez, asked Berryl to water the plants in a rainy season, Berryl looked at him and said she was going to get wet, so he told her to use an umbrella, which she open and went outside to water the plant while she was splashing in the rain. We really don't know who trick who as we know Ber was not allowed to go outside because she was a fragile child, Viquez might have given her the right excuse to play in the rain. As the youngest, Ber constantly made mother laugh on her sick bed.

After high school Berryl was urge to travel to the Cayman Islands in search of better opportunity, situation at home was very difficult and that decision was not easy for her; as she was leaving mom behind, she felt terrible, however life doesn't work out the way we plan it, God's will is better for each and every one of us.

We thank the Lord for the time he loan us Berryl, as her elder siblings we all believe we were her mother and father, and as we took care of her, she always challenge us to live an independent life, however in a household full of kids the youngest doesn't get a chance for this, everyone think and did everything for the youngest and it was with all the love we were taught to have for each other.

Ber, as we say hasta pronto, we express our love to you, we know that God loves you best and he took you home. Rest in Peace beloved sister, you will always be loved. With this said we invite everyone to live life at its fullest. Life is short and we must make the best of it. For this occasion we leave this poem with you written by M. Lancaster:

We share the road of life, with one that we hold dear  
And if it were in our power, we'd always keep them near

For they help us navigate, the obstacles in life  
And it makes the journey easier, when they are walking by our side

And though the way is lonelier, when we no longer hear their step  
Remember they still share our road; they've just travel on ahead.











## **Thanks & Acknowledgement**

*The Family and friends of “Beryl” would like to thank everyone for the outpouring of love, support, and prayers during this time. The family would like to recognise the support and dedication of the Bodden family, thank you for being an extended family to Beryl and Ashleigh throughout the years and milestones. Thank you to Jerrica Wood, Caroline Neale-Allenger, Janet Christian, Clements Spence and Paul and Sophie McLaughlin - her dear neighbours and ultimately friends for helping Beryl whenever called upon and keeping her company during the days and of course helping with Quentin, her dog.*

*Special thanks to the doctors and staff at Health City Hospital, Dr. Rebecca De Miguel, HSA; and other dedicated medical staff for all their love, kindness, patience, accommodation, and support mentally, emotional, physically and spiritually for Beryl, her family and friends.*

***Celebration of life to follow at 75 Charity Lane, Savannah 5pm - 7pm***

