

Celebration of Life



Delores Solomon

27 January, 1950 ~ 30 January, 2022

Church of God - Chapel
22 Academy Way, Walkers Rd, George Town
Grand Cayman
Sunday, 13 February, 2022
3:00 p.m.

Order of Service

Welcome and Opening Prayer Pastor M. Alson Ebanks, Cert. Hon.
Congregational Song "Great is Thy Faithfulness"
Scripture Reading Pastor Felix Manzanares
Special Song "The Prayer" Mr. Arek Nicholson
Tribute to Mommy Dr. Hazel Brown, Cert. Hon.
Tribute to Grandma Dr. Mary J. Smith
Eulogy The Honourable Christopher Saunders, MP
Sermon Pastor M. Alson Ebanks, Cert. Hon.
Congregational Song "How Great Thou Art"
Closing Prayer Pastor M. Alson Ebanks, Cert. Hon.

Officiating Clergy

Pastors M. Alson Ebanks, Cert. Hon., & Felix Manzanares

Pianist

Dr. Karina Palmer

Pallbearers

Mr. Fisher Porter
Mr. James Walrond
Mr. Barrington Williams

Mr. Stephen Seymour
Ms. Avery-Ann Rankine
Mr. Noel Smith Jr.

Honorary Pallbearers

Mr. Andrew Solomon
Mr. John Berry
Mr. Josiah Berry
Mr. Antoney Reid
Mr. Troy McCoy
Mr. Mark Pessoa
Mr. Jason James

Mr. Randy Sarju
Mr. Michael Stewart
Mr. Denver Solomon
Mr. Arek Nicholson
Mr. Mark Deeble
Mr. Christopher Solomon
Mr. Henry Solomon

Mr. Barton Solomon
Mr. Tracey Solomon
Mr. Timothy Solomon
Mr. Harwell McCoy
Mr. Kerith McCoy
Mr. Burns Watson

Memorial Register Attendants

Ms. Georgette Smith & Mrs. Darla Connor

Ushers

Mr. Carlton West & Ms. Fee Fee McLean

Eulogy of Delores Solomon nee Singh

Delores Singh was born on the 27 January 1950, the 4th child of Henry Ragnanon Coolie Parasingh and Rosie Dhargari in Kingston, Jamaica. Both of her parents were first generation Jamaicans, the product of immigrant families from India. Henry and Rosie were wed in an arranged marriage, Rosie just a teenager at the time.

Delores joined older sisters Jasmine, Obrage (also known as Dorothy) and Restmin (known as Nellie). Marvalene (also known as Marva), the baby of the family was born two years later.

The Singh girls were raised in central Kingston in a predominantly Indian community in what is now known as Cockburn Gardens. Delores attended the area basic school with her sisters but did not go to high school. As immigrants, the family was not wealthy but were blessed with a rich family life and surrounded by a caring community.

Delores met her husband to-be Denver when she moved to Cayman to be with her sister Nellie who had recently married Rupert McCoy. The newlyweds lived in Mr. Brown's apartments on Boiler's Road. Delores' oldest sister also lived in Cayman, in the same apartment complex and was very good friends with the neighbor, Ms. Victorine Solomon. It was during one of those visits to her sister that Delores caught the eye of the young Denver and as they say, the rest is history.

Denver and Delores would marry in December 1970 at age 20 and he at age 19. The ceremony was held in Jamaica. The wedded couple returned to Grand Cayman and set up house at Mr. Brown's apartments near family. Delores started working at Mosquito Control and Research Unit (MRCU), then under the leadership of founding Director, the late Marco Giglioli, who took a chance on a young inexperienced girl. She would later be joined at MRCU by her sister Nellie whom she assisted in finding employment there.

Denver and Delores moved into their first home on Maple Road, near all their family, just before their first daughter was born in January 1974. Their second daughter was born two years later and the baby entered the world two years after her. Nicola, Raquel and Salema kept Delores busy even as she continued to work full time but with the help of family and friends, they were well taken care of.

The family decided to make a better life for themselves in the United States and Denver moved to New York to find work. Delores and the girls joined him shortly afterwards. Initially, Denver worked for Caymanian Cleveland Dilbert and then with Brooklyn Hospital in the engineering department. While the girls attended elementary school in the NY Public School System, Delores worked odd jobs and enrolled in night school to earn her GED and later, a secretarial diploma. Delores and Denver opened their home to his youngest brothers, Tracey and Timothy, who moved in with the family, completed their education in New York and later went on to college.

Denver returned to Cayman in 1984 to start his own business, "The Music Factory," leaving the family in New York so as to not disrupt the children's education. Eventually the whole family moved back to Cayman in the summer of 1985. The children resumed their primary education at Truth For Youth School. While the family reunited in Cayman, Denver and Delores separated and later divorced in 1991.

Upon her return to Cayman, Delores rejoined the Civil Service, putting her education and qualifications to use with the Computer Services Department. Delores settled in and would spend the next 30 years in various positions with Computer Services, providing printing, telecommunication and mail services to government departments and employees in the Distribution Centres at both the Glass House and the Tower Building.

In 1988, Delores delivered a baby boy she eventually name Andrew Brian. Everyone was delighted to have a new baby in the family including her teenage daughters, her nieces and nephews but most of all Rupert and Nellie who happily became second parents to Andrew.

Delores was an avid gardener and loved to plant and grow things. She was so proud of her beautiful roses until pests destroyed them. But she never gave up on growing things and was always upset when a tree was blown over in a storm or when thieves stole the crops she had nurtured for so long.

Coming from a family that always had pets and farm animals, Delores loved her own menagerie of dogs, cats, parrots and even bunnies. She was particularly fond of her cat Kitty and her dog Twister. Even when the pets were not hers and she bemoaned having to feed and take care of them, she never let them miss a meal or go thirsty. Her most recent adoptees, or rather the animals who had adopted her, were a whole herd of baby chicks that show up each morning at the front door for their breakfast and a stray cat that she couldn't resist feeding.

Delores enjoyed traveling, in particular, cruising with Nellie and Rupert, and visiting points unknown. Some of her fondest memories included cruises throughout the Caribbean, Central and South America, Alaska and a European tour with friends. She was always keen for a road trip despite never wanting to be the driver.

While her children were away at University, she looked forward to visiting them at school. She was very proud to see each of them all settled in careers and doing well. Delores retired from the Cayman Islands Government in 2013 after a few contract extensions. She spent the last few years relaxing, occasionally traveling and taking care of the family home.

Delores' health was gradually declining but her passing was most unexpected when she collapsed on Sunday, 30th of January 2022, just three days after celebrating her 72nd birthday. Delores lived a full life surrounded by family and friends. She worked hard and took care of her family in the best way she knew how. She was usually very firm but it was always on the basis of wanting the best for others.

Delores was preceded in death by her parents, Henry and Rosie and her sisters Jasmine, Marva and Nellie and special brother-in-law Rupert. She leaves to mourn her passing her daughters, Nicola, Raquel, Salema; son Andrew; grandchildren Josiah and Satima; son-in-law John; almost daughter-in-law Adrianna; adopted daughter, Alma; nieces, Andrea, Joy, Dawn, Michelle, Marsha; nephews, Michael, Antoney, Mark, Troy, Jason, their spouses and all their children; and a host of special friends and colleagues.

May her soul rest in eternal peace.



Tribute to Our Mommy

Our mother was one of a kind, certainly a different person to us than the person most others met and knew. To us, she was the rule maker, the enforcer, the disciplinarian. Unlike other moms, she rarely did the soft, warm and fuzzy thing. A hug or a random "I Love You" were not characteristic of her.

But we always knew even when she was rowing with us or even disciplining us that she meant the best for us.

Although she rarely said it, we knew she was proud of us.

Although she didn't know how to show it, we knew she loved us.

Although she never had to, we know she would have fought to the end for us.

Tough love was what she knew and what she showed us.

She made sure we knew the value of hard work, responsibility, independence and money.

She ensured we got an education and found good jobs. She made sure we all knew how to take care of ourselves.

She knew that by giving us these tough life lessons, she was doing her best at preparing us for life without her.

We never expected her to go so soon. In fact, we were gearing up for her cancer treatment, that she would beat it was never a question. But for her to be taken so suddenly caught us off guard.

How do we now function without the parent, despite being hard, was always there? At every graduation, every award ceremony, every birthday, on every vacation or trip. The parent who cut out every article and saved your certificates from kindergarten to yesterday? The parent who didn't show fear despite having to face so many challenges alone with the four of us. The parent who sacrificed everything to ensure we were okay.

The brave one.

The strong one.

The determined one.

We can only honor your memory Mommy by making sure that we remember those lessons you worked so hard to teach us. We will continue to make you proud of us. We love you endlessly.

Say hello to the grands, the aunts and Perta for us. We hope you are all together having a grand time now with no pain or worries.

This will never be goodbye but see you again one day. Rest easy now Mommy, you deserve it. We got this. You made sure of it.

Your children,

Nicola, Raquel, Salema and Andrew

Our Grandma

From Josiah:

My grandmother was a strong-willed and outspoken lady. You never had to guess what she was thinking.

She helped me develop into the person I am today, build confidence and resilience.

I will certainly miss chauffeuring her around to her appointments and to the supermarket. Probably not so much the long waits she made me endure though.

My memories of her will include the knowledge she shared and the stories she told, sometimes over and over. I will also always remember her inability to keep her clothes stain-free when she ate.

But most of all, I'll miss our conversations at 4 am when neither of us could sleep.

Grandma, I will miss you forever.

Jos

From Satima:

Grandma, I miss you already. I still can't believe you are gone. What you meant to me cannot be put into words. Nothing or no one can take your place in my life. I will treasure all the memories we made, the dance recitals and fashion shows you attended to cheer me on, the school events you were always there for, the family vacations, the endless requests to comb your hair or tweeze your eyebrows. I will keep those memories close to my heart always. I wish you could have stayed with me longer but Heaven needed you more. I will love you forever.

Your Pinkie, Satima



Tribute to My Sister

I never thought I would be the last of us.
You were always so strong and independent.
Losing you will forever change my life
As you were often there for me in my times of need.
But God needed you more than me
And I must let you go.
I thank God for the time we did have together.
I thank God for placing you in my life.
I thank you for being a wonderful sister to me.
I love you and will miss you. Until we meet again, rest in peace, Dowa.

Your sister, Dorothy



Dearest Dowa,

An eternal memory...until we meet again.

Those special memories of you will always bring a smile if only [we] could have you back for just a little while. Then we could sit and talk again just like we used to do. You meant so very much and always will. The fact that you're no longer here will always cause [us] pain but you're forever in [our] hearts.

Until we meet again.

Your loving nieces and nephews



Dearest Delores,

Since the day I met you about ten years ago, you were always one of the nicest persons to me. I remember the first time Raquel and I joined you and Salema in Miami. You welcomed me and made sure to ask if I was okay. We then hit the malls and I instantly got attached to you, not knowing that that would have been the first of many shopping trips with you.

I have so many memories of you; the many trips to the US; the cruise to the Bahamas; the trip to Honduras; last Christmas with your family; the recent family pictures and so many birthday celebrations. But the memory I will cherish the most is when I surprised you with a patty and drink and told you to get ready because we were going on the road. Your eyes brightened up and you said, "True?" I replied, "Yes, hurry up or I'm leaving without you!" Thankfully that didn't happen. We went wherever you wanted to go, to pay your bills, to the supermarket, lunch to eat whatever you wanted. We even took a drive out to East End. The day was dedicated to you and you loved that.

Delores, thank you for welcoming me and my whole family to your home and for treating me like another daughter. I love you dearly and you will always have a very special place in my heart.

Rest in peace now Dolores (what I liked to call you, although you constantly corrected me and even spelled it for me over and over.)

Alma

Delores / Dowa / Coolie

From your Favourite Nephew Huie, Luther, or Toney

Auntie Delores, Dowa, or Coolie, as I would often affectionately call her. She never judged me and always had time to talk when I visited her. During my years growing up in Jamaica, I would always get excited to hear that she was coming to visit. Auntie Delores would talk to me about school and how I was doing personally.

This interest in my well-being continued after I moved to Cayman and started working with the Water Authority. Dowa worked with CI Govt. Computer Services which happened to be in the same building (the Tower Building) as the Water Authority. She would always check in on me as I was just next door to her office, or she would stop me in the corridor and chat for a little and our conversations would extend to all different topics. After I went off to college and Dowa visited Florida for her usual shopping trips, she would try to make the time to see me and made sure that I was caught up on everything that was happening back home. Although much older, I was still delighted with her visits.

Dowa, although was not known for her cooking prowess, baked an awesome Egg Custard. I remember nagging her repeatedly to make one for me until she gave in. Her Egg Custard was the best that I have ever eaten.

Dowa, I am so glad that I got to spend your last Christmas with you at my home and to see the look of happiness on your face with all your children and other family members around you. Christmas dinner was with all of your favourite foods and you enjoyed a little bit of everything. Of course, at every meal you never forgot about Gabbie, your dog. You made sure to remind everyone to put the leftovers together so that Gabbie would have something as well. I will forever cherish our time at Christmas. I will miss our chats about the family, fruit trees, dogs, cats and other topics that were dear to your heart.

I am happy I always told you that I loved you and you would reply you loved me too. Coolie, I am sure going to miss you. You are gone but will never be forgotten, and may your memory be a blessing.



Graveside Service

Opening Remarks and Prayer Pastor M. Alson Ebanks, Cert. Hon
Family Floral Tribute
Congregational Song *"Til the Storm Passes By"*
Committal
Congregational Songs

"What a Friend We Have in Jesus"
"His Eye is On the Sparrow"
"Nearer My God to Thee"

Benediction

'Til the Storm Passes By

In the dark of the midnight have I oft hid my face
While the storm howls above me, and there's no hiding place
'Mid the crash of the thunder, Precious Lord, hear my cry
Keep me safe till the storm passes by

Till the storm passes over, till the thunder sounds no more
Till the clouds roll forever from the sky
Hold me fast, let me stand in the hollow of Thy hand
Keep me safe till the storm passes by

Many times Satan whispered
There is no use to try
For there's no end of sorrow, there's no hope by and by
But I know Thou art with me, and tomorrow I'll rise
Where the storms never darken the skies

Till the storm passes over, till the thunder sounds no more
Till the clouds roll forever from the sky
Hold me fast, let me stand in the hollow of Thy hand
Keep me safe till the storm passes by

His Eye Is On The Sparrow

Why should I feel discouraged, why should the shadows come,
Why should my heart be lonely, and long for heaven and home,
When Jesus is my portion? My constant friend is He:
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

Refrain: I sing because I'm happy,
I sing because I'm free,
For His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know He watches me.

"Let not your heart be troubled," His tender word I hear,
And resting on His goodness, I lose my doubts and fears;
Though by the path He leadeth, but one step I may see;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me

Whenever I am tempted, whenever clouds arise,
When songs give place to sighing, when hope within me dies,
I draw the closer to Him, from care He sets me free;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

What A Friend We Have In Jesus

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.

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!

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.

Nearer, My God, To Thee

Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
still all my song shall be,
nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
darkness be over me, my rest a stone;
yet in my dreams I'd be
nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

There let the way appear, steps unto heaven;
all that thou sendest me, in mercy given;
angels to beckon me
nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts bright with thy praise,
out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
so by my woes to be
nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

Or if, on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly,
still all my song shall be,
nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!