

Service of Thanksgiving for the Life Of



*Elizabeth Vaneta "Juanita" Smith*

13th April, 1935 - 9th March, 2022

Wesleyan Holiness Church, West Bay

Saturday 26 March 2022

10:00 am

Officiating: Pastor Phil Eckstein

Pianist: Mrs. Reina Jefferson, Cert. Hon.

Interment will follow at the West Bay Cemetery

## Order of Service

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Opening Remarks and Words of Comfort.....	Pastor Phil Eckstein
Scripture: John 14: 1-3 .....	JoyceAnn Seymour Green
Opening Prayer.....	Pastor Alson Ebanks, Cert. Hon.
Hymn – “I Surrender All” .....	Congregation
Tributes from Daughter .....	Joyceann Seymour Green
Tributes from Sons .....	Ezithamae Bodden
Tributes from Sisters.....	Shan Harriman
Tributes from Brothers .....	Jackie Neil
Tributes from Grandchildren .....	Jeana Ebanks
Tributes from Great & Great-Great-Grandchildren .....	Hon. Catherine Ebanks Wilks
Song– “Jealous of the Angels” .....	Recorded
Juanita’s Life Story .....	Hon. W. McKeeva Bush, OBE, JP, MP
Song– “One Day at a Time Sweet Jesus” .....	Pastor Alson Ebanks, Cert. Hon.
Sermon .....	Pastor Gareth Haylock
Closing Hymn – “God Will Take Care of You” .....	Congregation
Benediction .....	Pastor Phil Eckstein

### Pallbearers

John Jason McLaughlin Jr., Ernest “Leo” Smith, Ernest “Dencle” Smith, Tommy Chester Ebanks, Timothy Tomlinson, Justin Rankin

### Guest Book Attendants

Gladys Graham, Sandra Cuffy, Jackie Bodden

### Ushers and Usherettes

*Dylan Evans, Nicholas McPherson, Guillermina Ebanks, Frances “Betty” Grey*

### Honorary Pallbearers

Curtis Bush, Clifton Parsons, Sr., Denston Smith, Barry Martinez, Tarik Goring, Troy Bodden, Denniston “Junior” Smith, Jr., Clifton “Bobo” Parsons, Jr., Loxley Banks, John Jason McLaughlin, Glenroy Logan, Mark Jackson, Edward Bodden, Mark Anthony Ebanks “Tony”, Hank Jackson, Brian Martinez, Burt Jackson, Dave Jackson, William Danford Ebanks, Fred Jackson, Richard Parsons, Ashley “AB” Parsons, Clifton Parsons Sr., Ralph Willaims, Hon. W. McKeeva Bush, OBE, JP, MP, Capt. Eugene Ebanks, Mr. Dunkley, Cliff Smith, Keito Smith, Todd Ebanks, Mitchell Ebanks, Ray Bush, Lonnie Bush, Rudy Ebanks, Hayward Smith, Mitchell Bush, Aderian Ebanks

### Special Friends and Family

Vernice Myles, Dana Cowan, Clara Bush, Elizabeth Ebanks, Endell Douglas, Linda Thompson, Iris Phillips, Matlee Anglin, Kara Drysdale, Edroy and Susie Hydes, Miriam Anglin, Mary Borden, Glorine Jackson, Garfield Powery, Aura Smith, Martha Burlington, Annie Bush, Rivington Powery, Martha Burlington, Annie Bush, Rivington Powery, Bertha Thompson, Kinsey Wood, Mercilda Smith, Ann Banks, Matlee Ebanks, Roy Bodden, Rosemary Hawkins, Atlee Ebanks, Thelma Turpin, Clea Smith, Fay Bodden, Patty Ackerman, Alric Ebanks, Brenda Bush, Pamela Bodden, Letitia Ebanks, Margret Ann Ebanks, Bruce Martinez, Peter and Sherlene Schmid, Marylee Eckstein, Eric Woodman, Karin Bush, Kerry Bush, Shelia Bodden, Virginia Jacques, Joyie Ebanks, Rodrick Ebanks, Alister Ebanks, McAlister Ebanks, Gladys and Hazel Facey, Beckie Bush, Krain Ebanks-Powery, Dean Bodden, Nora Smith -Ebanks, Jassarrah McKenzie, Louis Fay Bush, Burgman and Treaty Ebanks, Ethel Bush, Dr. Joseph Ostroski, Beatlee Ebanks-Barnett, Barbie Barnett

## The Life of Story of Elizabeth Vaneta Smith (nee Parsons)

Elizabeth Vaneta Smith (affectionately known as Juanita) was born on April 13th, 1935. She was the second of eight children born to Harvey and Evelyn Parsons from Mount Pleasant, West Bay. She was the loving mother of four blessed children, Denston Smith, Bonnie Smith, Denniston "Junior" Smith, and Dana Smith, seven grandchildren, eight great grandchildren and three great-great grandchildren.

Juanita was a gentle, thoughtful, and loving person who always wanted people to feel right at home. She had a knack of making everyone feel comfortable from her home cooking to her listening to their concerns. Juanita always gave her advice even if you did not ask, it was her way to let you know she cared. Family was of the utmost importance to Juanita which stemmed from her own upbringing with her mother and to which she later bestowed upon her own children and grandchildren. The Smith clan if nothing else are all wonderful parents. Juanita worked at various establishments ranging from being a cook at La Fontaine, Spanish Bay Reef, John Silver's, Galleon Beach and then as a housekeeper at Pan Cayman House, The Anchorage and lastly Waterways in Safe Haven.

Juanita was an amazing cook so talented that she won the cooking competition at The Pirates Week Festival in 1989 which led to her receiving job offers from prominent Restaurants. Juanita wanted to work close to home to ensure she would have home cooked meals for when her children and grandchildren arrived home from school and work. She worked hard and long days to ensure the safety and care of her children and grandchildren. Juanita was such a special person, she loved life, her family and tried to help everyone she met.

Life was never boring in her younger years, she had adventures with her mom, Evelyn, which included collecting thatch that she later passed on to her own children. She also ensured that she taught her daughter Bonnie how to cook. Juanita was top notch cook and baker, everyone came to get a taste of the Sunday pot from Turtle Meat, Cayman Style Beef, Fish Stew, Chicken and Dumplings and her famous Cassava Cake, she always made enough that no one went hungry. She was such an astonishing "mango-jelly-making" genius that people would place their orders before mango season, and she would even have the jars lined up with their names at the bottom. She was a lover of country music preferably Alan Jackson, Willie Nelson and Dolly Parton. She was a firm figure in the community and people all knew Juanita either by working with her or meeting her in public, everyone always had wonderful things to say of their adventures working together. She was that person everyone wanted as a friend. She was a woman of faith and ensured that her children attended church every Sunday.

Juanita would always say "cleanliness is next to Godliness." She maintained a pristine home and yard. You could find her in the yard sweeping leaves and watering plants.

Every Christmas as a Caymanian tradition for the holidays, her brother, son and grandsons would place fresh sand around the yard and as an added touch her daughter and grandchildren would place fresh gravel around the doors to brighten up her yard. She was a lover of pets especially chickens and cats. She would walk outside, and you would see the chickens follow her, like Juanita was talking chicken language because they listened and did as she told them. As her health declined to the day of her passing, she ensured her "pets" were fed and her son Junior would always get chicken feed for them.

Juanita was the most incredible mother, mother-in-law, sister, aunt, cousin, and friend. Words cannot describe the heartache that the family is feeling at her sudden passing. One thing is certain Juanita has left behind her strong values and traditions for her family carry on.

Juanita was preceded in death by her parents Harvey and Evelyn Parsons and Sister Gay Bodden.

Left to mourn her passing are:

Daughters: Bonnie Smith and Dana Smith Sons: Denston Smith and Denniston "Junior" Smith. Daughter in Laws: Clea Smith and Aura Smith

Siblings: Florence Ebanks, Edith Mae Parsons, Nella Jane Bodden, Clifton Parsons Sr., Ashley-Bennett "AB" Parsons and Richard Parsons.

Grandchildren: Ernest D. Smith, McGee Smith, John Jason McLaughlin, Sr., Magan Smith, Melissa Smith, Abigail Smith and Chante Smith-Johnson.

Great-Grandchildren: Ernest L. Smith, Ashley Smith-Phipps, Alyssa Phipps, John Jason McLaughlin, Jr., Anela McLaughlin, Jacey McLaughlin, Jayzon McLaughlin, Aries Rankin Great-Great Grandchildren: Grayson Smith

Amaleya Smith-Webb, Mia McLaughlin. Together with a host of nieces, nephews, cousins and friends.

We will always miss and love you. May your soul rest in peace with your heavenly Father.



### **Daughter's Tribute**

Mama was a hard-working woman and a great mother. She was always there for her children and was like a mother to mine. They couldn't have asked for a better grandmother. She has left me with childhood memories that I will cherish forever. As a little girl, she would take me to look for thatch and she would tell me to hold on to her dress because it was a big piece of land, and I could get lost. After school she would have spaghetti ready for us because she knew it was one of our favourites. My first job was working at Galleon Beach with her, she was a cook, and I was a waitress. I later followed in her footsteps and became a cook as well. I'm going to miss speaking to her multiple times each day.

She was always asking for something sweet and requesting me to bake a cake to send her. During our last conversations, she was asking me for fried plantain, but I couldn't send it for her because my plantains weren't ripe enough. It gives me some comfort to know she did get fried plantain that day, but it also saddens me that I wasn't able to provide her that one last request. Though she is gone physically, she has left us all with memories that will live on in our hearts forever. She loved us all so much and would not want us to mourn her. Instead, let us celebrate her life and the imprint she has placed on all of us. May my sweet mother rest in peace, with love **Bonnie**.

My mama was my world, she was my rock and my best friend. She was loving, kind and a very giving person. I learnt a lot from my mother she showed me how to cook turtle, local beef, and couch stew among many more delicious dishes that she made and how to be respectful to everyone. My first job at 13 years old I worked at John Silvers Restaurant with my mama, she was the cook, and I was the busgirl. I recall many nights we walked home after work, and she would tell me how her feet hurt from long hours of standing. I also told my mama that I would take care of her when I got older. We travelled on summer vacations and Thanksgiving to shop for Christmas. She would always say I need to make my shopping list for Walmart and her trip wasn't complete unless she went to Red Lobster.

Our last trip together was a medical trip and we spent one month in Miami, when she was released, we couldn't get a flight right away and I told her it looks like we will have to live in Miami. She told me if she had to take a boat home she was going home, because she needs to get home to her family. That was my mama always concerns about her family. In the latter years my mother's health started to decline and she couldn't travel anymore, but I made sure all her shopping list items were bought for her.

Mama, it breaks my heart not to see you anymore and to get the daily calls especial Fridays when you would place your dinner order of turtle and conch combinations or Chief John BBQ chicken. You would call me numerous times a day just checking up on me. I miss you so much, but I will not question why God took you because I know it's your time to rest, you did your job on this earth as my phenomenal mama. Rest now until we meet again. Your loving daughter, **Dana**.

### **Son's Tribute**

Mama, your gentle guidance has influenced all that I have done, all that I do and all that I will ever do. I have always kept in mind the advice that you told me which is not to take anything that does not belong to me. How this advice came about to be when I borrowed my friend's bike and I told you that it belonged to me, and you would always hide it because you knew I was lying when I told you it was mine. I remember you coming home from work at Spanish Bay reef and bringing me the special BBQ chicken. This plate of food always made my day. Your love was always shown through many ways especially through cooking. From sending pieces of cake for Mellissa and Abbie to preparing your special Cassava cakes. I loved when Christmas time came around, not for the gifts or backing buckets of sand to spread on your front yard, but for your Cooking. Your Cayman Style Beef was just my favourite. I will miss our daily phone calls and most of all your sweet, loving, and nourishing spirit. You rest well Mama and know that we will be ok.

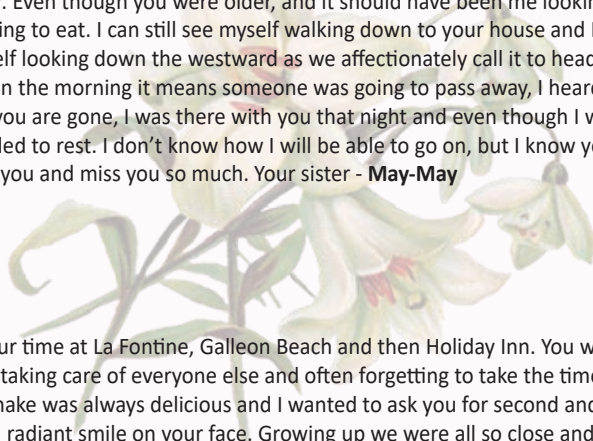
I love you, your son, **Denniston**.

Mama, I have fond memories of you. I remember how soft her hands were, how she could have Bonnie laying on one arm and me on the other and with a cardboard in each hand fanning us when the nights were hot. Those hands were gentle, but they could be firm. Those hands could cook any type of food better than anyone else. No matter what she cooked, it always tasted good. Those hands could clean until our house was shining and she made sure we knew how to clean too. Those hands worked hard at whatever task you undertook to help raise us. I remember how her eyes sparkled and how her smile lit up her entire face, I remember the sound of her laugh that could be heard throughout the neighbourhood when the ladies in the neighbourhood would sit in the yard and talk. I remember how they all talked and laughed and did their thatch work. They never had any arguments because Mama was a good neighbour. She had a loving, generous heart. She never had so little that she couldn't share. If I close my eyes now, I can see her walking up the dirt path at a speed that would equal or beat any speed walker. When all the other memories may fade away over time, the sound of her voice say, "I love you" will forever echo in my ears. To know that this sweet, gentle woman, who called me son and loved me all my life is the greatest memory I will ever have. I thank God for having blessed me with a good, dedicated mother and may her soul rest in peace. Love, **Denston**.

### **Sister's Tributes**

My dearest sister Juanita- Growing up we were the oldest of the girls and were very close, back then it was me, you and Clifton that were the oldest of the siblings. I can remember us going to church with Gramma Clara and always excited about wearing our Sunday best. We would go to help Mama cut tops in Newlands and brush yards to help make a living back then. Life was simple and we didn't have a lot but one thing we did have was a home filled with love. As we got older, and it was my turn to get married I remember you were one of my bridesmaids and we had such a great time getting things ready. Even though we both had our own families, and you went out to work, we still maintained our connection, and this was extended to our children. I remember my son McAlister going out to work with you and Nella Jane at La Fontine back in those days. As we aged and things became more difficult to get out and about, we would always keep in touch over the phone making sure things were okay. I still can't believe that you are gone, I find myself waiting to get a call from you asking if everybody was okay. I love you so much and I miss you dearly, we will meet again one day. Your sister – **Florence**

I will never forget our days going out to work at Pan Cayman house and making sure we did our very best to ensure that the units were ready for when our guest arrived at the complex. We always shared what was left from the owners and would make sure that no one went home empty handed. We worked hard in our days. I went on to work at Anchorage and you and Gay-Gay went to work at Waterways. We lived a stone through away from each other and always spent hours on the phone catching up on what was happening. You would call to make sure that the children got off the bus safe and was heading home or checking to find out if I got home from church or supermarket okay. Election was always a big thing, and you would make sure to get the latest news after the campaign meetings. I will never forget your cooking and cassava cakes. You had the best heart and would share with everyone even if it meant that you would go without. In the past few weeks, we were together night and day. God must have known that he was calling you home soon that we were able to spend so much time together. Even though you were older, and it should have been me looking out for you, you always made sure that I had taken my tablets and would have something to eat. I can still see myself walking down to your house and I can see you peeping out the kitchen window waiting on me. Now it's my turn as I find myself looking down the westward as we affectionately call it to head down to your house. You always told me that when you hear a roaster crowing earlier in the morning it means someone was going to pass away, I heard the roaster that morning and I knew God was calling you home. I am still in shock that you are gone, I was there with you that night and even though I was hopeful that I would see you again in the morning, I knew that you were tired and needed to rest. I don't know how I will be able to go on, but I know you would want me to be strong and make take care of myself. Until we met again, I love you and miss you so much. Your sister - **May-May**



Juanita and I worked together starting from our time at La Fontine, Galleon Beach and then Holiday Inn. You were always so hard working and family oriented. You were always so concerned with taking care of everyone else and often forgetting to take the time for yourself. You took after mama with the cooking and baking, anything you set out to make was always delicious and I wanted to ask you for second and thirds. You were always in good spirit and loved to laugh. I can still see the beautiful and radiant smile on your face. Growing up we were all so close and our children were thick as thieves. Being one of my old sisters, I always looked up to you and would always call to get tips and recipe on making different dishes. You made the best BBQ chicken and even though I would come by to watch and help you make it and do my own taste test when you were looking, I still couldn't master it. I am convinced it was your own secret recipe. We worked hard growing up, catching the bus before 6am to get to work to make breakfast and then lunch. You loved being a mother and were always concerned about your children and making sure you got home to take care of them. You always went the extra mile for everyone, you loved life and cared for people. Even in your later years you would always be calling to check to find out if everything was okay. It was so funny, if there was a siren going pass the house, I knew the phone would be ringing shortly after and you would be on the other line making sure we were okay. I am still in shock and heartbroken that you have left us so soon. But I know you are in heaven with Mama, Papa, Gay-Gay and the rest of the family and friends. Until we see each other again, rest in peace and I will always love you. Your sister - **Nella Jane**



#### **Brother's Tributes**

A Tribute to My Loving Sister Juanita - Together she and I shared a child's world, we talked, we played, we agree and disagreed, we shared so many hurts and so many joys. The older we grew, the stronger the love and bond between us became. I was always proud to have Juanita as my sister. We would always call and check up on each other; I recall our last conversation was the day before she passed; oh, how I will miss our conversations. Now life has taken us down separate paths, but the memories will forever be in my thoughts and my heart. Forever in my heart; Your Brother **Clifton**

Juanita I am loss for words, I still can't believe you are gone. You know I have never been one to have many words to say and as I try to find my thoughts to put in my tribute, I am finding it difficult. How do find the rights words to describe a sister that always gave so much of herself to everyone she met? You were always there willing to help people out. No matter what they were going through, you always made sure you did everything you could to take care of them. I remember our last conversations about when I was going fishing and when I was going to make some more fritters. Even though you cooked just as good as Mama, you always said I made the best fritters and no matter what was happening I always made sure that I saved some for you. I know that you will be looking down from heaven and watching over all of us. I will always love you and miss you my dear sister. Your brother – **AB**

Being the youngest of the children, I was fortunate to have sisters and brothers that would look out for me and take care of me growing up. Juanita led the charge in that respect, she always made sure that I was okay and that I was taken care of. In the later years is when I was able to repay that back to you. Many times, you would call and ask me to go get your medication from the clinic or go out by the bakery to get you a bread to make your famous corn beef sandwiches. When mango season came around, I always made sure that I rode down by your house to drop off your share to make some mango jelly. I can still see you standing up by that stove steering those pots and making sure it didn't burn. I am still waiting to get that call with you on the other line telling me to come down by your house because you needed to see me. Words can never rightfully express how much I loved and really miss you now. I find myself still heading to the clinic but this time coming back empty handed. Juanita, you had one of the strongest constitutions and loved your family. No one could ask for a better sister. I will always miss you and love you. Your brother – **Richard**

### Grandchildren's Tribute

Mama was an amazing cook and I'll cherish the meals she prepared for the whole family. When I was little, I remember when she would send me out to the bakery to get bread for her and I did so with love and affection. I'll always remember the day I introduced Letty (my wife) and she said she was too skinny, and I needed to fatten her up and when she saw Leo, my son for the first time she said, "Oh, that is you". When I was getting ready to leave her house, I can remember her saying to me as though she was still here, take care and make sure to look after Junior.

With love, **Dencle**

Mama is what we affectionately called our grandmother. We could speak about her all day because she was so much more than just a grandmother. Her love for us surpassed that of a grandmother; she was more like a mother to us, and this love extended to our children as well. Mama was an inspirational, gentle, strong, and nurturing woman. Everyone that knew her could not help but love her.

Memories are all we have now, and she left us with many to cherish. From helping her prepare the family meals to getting up early to feed the chickens; we all have memories of our special bonding times with her that we will forever treasure.

We were fortunate enough to experience her love on a daily basis and living in her home allowed us to witness how hard she worked to take care of us. The love she showed us was limitless and she was always there to offer support and guidance whenever we needed her. She held us together like glue through hardships and made us feel loved and protected. The amount of love we have for her could never be summarized into words. We are deeply saddened to lose her, but we know she is watching over us as our guardian angel. Sleep peacefully our angel, your loving grandchildren, **McGee, Jason and Magan**

Her presence one of grace, her opinions heard without a word, her touch so gentle, her heart as big as the moon, her spirit kind-hearted and as warm as a summer's afternoon, her hugs preferred from the rest. Our granny forever and ever and she will always be the best.

Though you're gone, we will cherish our memories of you. Playing in your plum tree, enjoying your Cassava cake on Christmas day are some of our favourites.

Until we meet again, you will live on in our hearts.

Your loving granddaughters, **Melissa and Abigail**

Smelling that brown sugar and coconut milk (that you made from scratch) boiling made us know that Christmas was around the corner. After the years went by, you were unable to making them by yourself, so I remember telling you to teach me how to make them so I can carry on the tradition. When I tried making them for the first time without your help, I was so nervous to make you try it, but you told me "Baby this is very good and sweet!" I always wondered if you were telling me the truth or just saying that to make me feel better about failing her recipe. But I was wrong, she gave me the responsibility every year after that to make the cassava cakes for the family.

After school we would all go to granny house until our parents came home from work and one of our favourite things was to climb her Plum Tree around the back and she hated that because she didn't want us to fall out and get hurt. Granny always feared the worst when we were not in her sight and to keep us all in her sight, she would tell us we could not go outside. If we did any wrong, you can count on Mama to say I am going to call Junior to come down here and deal with unna! Learning how to ride a bike in your yard was one of the most challenging obstacle courses ever. Her Seville Orange Tree was right under the Poinsetta Tree, let's just say that tree has had more things/people run into it. One of the best feelings is that I told you I love you and you said I love you too. Every time I would come and look for you, the last thing you would say to me before I close the door is "Try so get home before dark now and be careful on that road going up there!" I loved kissing you on the cheek and smelling the Vanilla Bean Victoria secrets perfume. Though I never got to see you every day or say goodbye just know I will always love you!

you granddaughter ~ **Chante'** ~

### Great & Great-Grandchildren Tributes

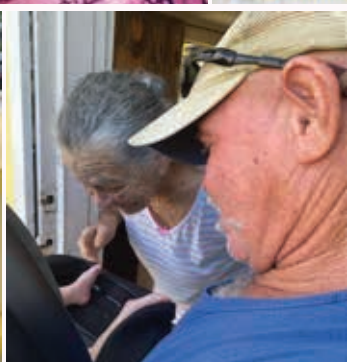
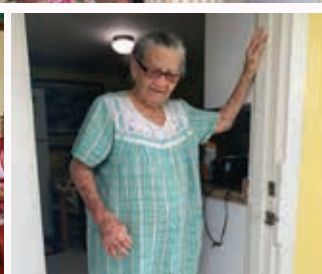
In memory of our great grandmother, known to us as Granny, Juan-ta (Wine-ta), and Mama, was a gentle, hardworking woman, always working no matter how bad she felt. She was always the person to care about you before herself. She would very much think of providing you with food, shelter, or even money if it was the last thing to her name. She gave us each advice on our partners, work, and school when we were having a bad day or in general. To each of us, we all have at least one fond memory of this exceptional lady we have come to know in our short lives. We all remember her cooking every Christmas for lunch/dinner in the kitchen. To remember her cooking is to also remember being each assigned at least one task that involved prepping the contents of the dish either in the kitchen or in the living room or going out to collect sand for the yard, ice for the drinks, or cleaning and clearing the yard for chairs and tables. We knew she loved doing this every year because she looked forward to seeing everyone in the family gathered in one place.

A couple of us will always remember the times when she used to patiently wait every afternoon at the top of the road for us to get home from school because we were too young to walk down by ourselves yet. While in her housedress with a cap, she would sit on a nearby rock under a shady tree and in being there you could see her with her signature pose of crossing over her hands while resting them on her lap or stomach. A few will remember how she showed no fear in being our bug killer of those pests that came out of nowhere and her trying to get them as quickly as possible so that we could stop crying or screaming. To us who now have children of our own, we will remember showing her the great-great-grandchildren who bore our resemblance as she would say.

We know all these moments that made up our grandmother meant the world to us because we knew her excitement to see each of us all grown up was imprinted on her soul and say that's my descendants. We know that the younger generation who didn't get to see, hear, hug, or kiss her will always have a string of memories as we do, and we hope she knows that our stories of her will be told and will live on in each of us. Granny will always be remembered, cherished, and loved forevermore in our hearts and memories.

**With love, Great & Great-Great Grandchildren:** Ernest L. Smith, Ashley Smith-Phipps, Alyssa Phipps, John Jason McLaughlin, Jr., Anela McLaughlin, Jacey McLaughlin, Jayzon McLaughlin, Aries Rankin, Grayson Smith, Amaleya Smith-Webb, Mia McLaughlin





## Graveside Service

Opening Remarks ..... Pastor Phil Eckstein  
Opening Prayer ..... Pastor Alson Ebanks, Cert. Hon.  
Family Floral Tribute ..... Family  
Committal ..... Pastor Gareth Haylock  
Hymns ..... Congregational

“When We All Get to Heaven”  
“Great is Thy Faithfulness”  
“In the Sweet By and By”

Benediction

### When We All Get To Heaven

Sing the wondrous love of Jesus, Sing His mercy and His grace  
In the mansions bright and blessed, He'll prepare for us a place.

Refrain: When we all get to Heaven, What a day of rejoicing that will be  
When we all see Jesus, We'll sing and shout the victory!

While we walk the pilgrim pathway, clouds will over-spread the sky  
But when traveling days are over, not a shadow, not a sigh.

Let us then be true and faithful, trusting, serving every day  
Just one glimpse of Him in glory, will the toils of life repay.

Onward to the prize before us! Soon His beauty we'll behold;  
Soon the pearly gates will open; We shall tread the streets of gold.

### Great Is Thy Faithfulness

Great is Thy faithfulness, O God my Father!  
There is no shadow of turning with Thee  
Thou changest not, Thy compassions, they fail not;  
As thou hast been Thou forever will be.

Refrain: Great is Thy faithfulness,  
Great is Thy faithfulness!  
Morning by morning new mercies I see;  
All I have needed Thy hand hath provided  
Great is Thy faithfulness  
Lord unto me!

Summer and winter, and spring-time and harvest  
Sun, moon and stars in their courses above  
Join with all nature in manifold witness  
To Thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.

Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth  
Thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide  
Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow  
Blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside!

### In the Sweet By and By

There's a land that is fairer than day,  
And by faith we can see it afar;  
For the Father waits over the way  
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

Refrain: In the sweet by and by,  
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;  
In the sweet by and by,  
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore  
The melodious songs of the blessed;  
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,  
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

To our bountiful Father above,  
We will offer our tribute of praise  
For the glorious gift of His love  
And the blessings that hallow our days.

### Vote of Thanks

*The family of the late Elizabeth Vaneta Smith would like to thank those who visited, called, and prayed during their time of bereavement. We sincerely appreciate your kindness. May God continue to bless you and your family.*  
*Also, to the Bodden Funeral services for their assistance and support during this very difficult time, and a special thanks to Madrilin Urbanozo and Nurse Lorraine from Caring Hands and finally, a heartfelt thank you to those in attendance both physically and virtually who have paid their respect to the memory of Elizabeth Vaneta "Juanita" Smith.*