

CELEBRATION SERVICE  
For The Life of  
**CLIFTON “PAPIE” CONOLLY**



November 17, 1948 – June 13, 2022

Lions Community Center  
Red Bay  
George Town, Grand Cayman

Sunday, June 26, 2022  
Service at 3:00 pm

Officiating Minister  
Pastor Felix Manzanares

Graveside Service at Garden of Reflection  
Prospect

## Order of Service

Musical Prelude/Slideshow

Opening Remarks and Prayer ..... Pastor Felix Manzanares

Recorded Song “The Prayer” .....by Celene Dion

Scripture Reading “Psalm 23” .....Lynne Whittaker

Recorded Song – “Ave Maria” ..... by Celene Dion

Sermonette..... Pastor Felix Manzanaraes

Life Story..... Mike Adam

Recorded Song “They Don’t have many Songs about Fathers” ..... by Alson Ebanks

Tribute from Children .....Cathy Gomez

Recorded Song “Dance With My Father” ..... by Luther Vandross

Tribute from Grandchildren..... Deborah Ebanks

Tribute from Sisters ..... Patricia Bodden

Recorded song “Seven Spanish Angels ..... by Ray Charles and Willie Nelson

Prayer for the Family and Benediction ..... Pastor Felix Manzanares

(During Recession – Cayman Music Association – “All Star Band”  
will perform honouring Papie)

### Pallbearers

Alexander Conolly

Cliff Conolly

Polito Ramos

Arley Chisholm

Kris Gomez

Andrew Campbell

Dushane Bartley

Chet Gomez

### Honorary Pallbearers

Kearney Gomez

Searle Bodden

Bunny Myles

Desmond Campbell

Jaime Zarama

George Craig

Larry Cayasso

Albert Thompson

John Henry Ebanks

Geoff Rutty

Ernie Bodden

AIT Thompson

Gene Bodden

George (Bud) Bodden

Roland Bodden

Mike Adam

Donald Watler

James Merren

Elvis McKeever

Leonard Bodden

Ricardo Tibbetts

Minard Dilbert

Murray Hurlstone

Allan Bush

Ronnie Foster

Ilsen Powery

Darrel Dacres

Thom Guyton

George Chollette

Roger Merren

David Bodden

Lyndhurst Bodden

Steve Welds

Mikey Hurlstone

Darley Bryan

Ladner Watler

### Ushers

Damien DaCosta

Lana Cayasso

Celia Gomez

Kim Miller

### Guest Book Attendants

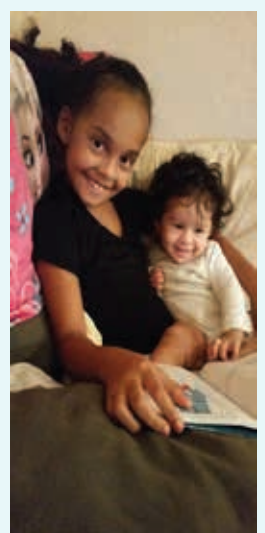
Thora Crighton-Bodden

Samantha Campbell

Donna Gomez

Debbie Guyton





## Life Story of Papie Conolly

Clifton Segundo Conolly, affectionally known as 'Papie' was born in Santa Marta, Colombia on November 17, 1948 to Clifton Earlstine Conolly and Leonor Garcia Conolly. 'Segundo' in Spanish means second, and the intention was for him to be 'Junior' but in English all the names have to be the same, therefore he could not be called Junior. Papie's father (Mr. Clifton as he was called) was a Chief Engineer on ships and had met his wife in Colombia when his ship would frequent there. Papie was the second child and first boy with his sister Frances being the oldest, then younger sisters Betty and Maria.

In 1954 at the age of six (6) he moved to Grand Cayman with his mother and sisters, while Mr. Clifton remained at sea. They moved to Mary Street in George Town where he had fond memories of growing up. Just up the road on what was called 'Copper Boilers road (now Diaz Lane) were his friends, Gene, Bud, Ladner, Donnie, Al Al, Victor Parsons, Vernon McField, and Mervin Connor whom he would get up to mischief with. While living there, his younger brother Francisco (affectionally known as 'Pacho') was born. He enjoyed having a baby brother who he could now teach all his tricks and could relate to in a household dominated by strong independent women. While living on Mary Street, Papie was also an avid pet 'collector' and had his dogs, pigeons, a horse, a turtle, and even a goat who loved him so much that he would follow him to school.

It was during these years that he developed his love for fishing, diving Conchs and going on the reef for Whelks. He also loved to go in the bush looking for crabs. He always had a story to tell about his exploits.

Papie was also very loving and protective of his sisters, and when his older sister Frances was a teenager he would be her chaperone if she went to a party. He attended church every Sunday with his mother and sisters and was also an altar boy at St. Ignatius, which was then located where Elizabethan Square is now. The family later moved to Smith Road into a house his father was building, and which eventually became their permanent home. During this time Papie met Larry Cayasso, who became his closest friend. They both attended George Town Primary school and would walk together to and from school every day.

After school they would spend a lot of time across the street at Cane Piece where they would get Mangoes and Plums. This was a lifelong friendship and they got up to much mischief during their adolescent years

He was known to be his mother's favourite in the household, and she felt he could do no wrong. One night he took his Uncle John's car and drove it; a policeman who lived next door saw Papie driving the car and came knocking on the door. His mother answered it and he asked where Papie was. She replied, "Papie...he's been sleeping in his bed long time "darling".

In the early 1960's the family moved to Jamaica for two years.

Mr. Clifton's sister Gwendolyn had lived in Harbour View which was southeast of Kingston. Since his ship would be docking there frequently, he thought that the move would allow him to see his sister more often and his young family could have more opportunities when it came to schooling. Papie attended St. George's College while they lived there.

When they returned to Cayman, Papie was around 18 or 19, and like many young men at the time he went to sea and joined National Bulk Carriers. He would send home his allotment of US\$100 every month from his US\$125 salary, so that the house that his father was continuing to build could be finished.

After being at sea for nearly a year, his younger brother Pacho contracted Tetanus and unfortunately passed away on December 20, 1967. He was only 10 years old. Although Papie seemed to be favoured, everyone knows the baby of the family is always the favourite and the death of Pacho devastated the whole family which they never got over.

Papie returned home to be with his family. During his short time at sea, he visited Okinawa, Japan and after sampling sushi, he fell in love with it. He took pride in fixing this in the family home for many years. Papie was a foodie and loved all kinds of food. On family trips, he would try the delicacies of that country and of course, had to visit a sushi bar.

In the late 1960's Papie's father (Mr. Clifton) managed a nightclub by the name of Blue Horizon in Northwest Point, West Bay. Papie used the opportunity as a springboard to facilitate his growing musical career by singing in bands there. Literally down the road lived a West Bay beauty by the name of Betty Bush; a romance blossomed and on January 5th 1969 he and Betty welcomed his first son (Clifton Grahame Conolly) who everyone called 'Cliffie'.

In 1976 Cliffie moved to New York to be with his mother. Upon his permanent return in 1980 the two rekindled their relationship and became closer, especially with both having a great love for music.

In addition to Blue Horizon, Papie was the lead singer for The Tornados who were the house band at Galleon Beach. The band eventually cut an album which was a very big deal at the time. However, to make a living he gained employment with Cable & Wireless (now FLOW) as the store room manager. He worked there until 1989, and like many he would go home to his mother's cooking daily, for a hot lunch. Of course, there was always a co-worker or friend that 'came along for the ride' and to make sure the lunch was hot.

His favourite dream car was a red Thunderbird and when Larry got his "Barracuda", he was forever telling him that the red Thunderbird could beat the Barracuda, even though Papie didn't own her. He also loved a Harley Davidson bike, and he used to visit his good friend Mr. Ross Coe,



who was many years his senior. He would sit down and watch him work at his bike for hours on end.

In December 1974 Papie married a Caymanian beauty (an evolving pattern), and a Miss Cayman by the name of Harriet Lott; this union ended after three years but they had an amicable separation. During this time Papie, Larry and Harriet, went to Jamaica to record "My Caymanian Girl" in Dynamic Studios, owned by Bryon Lee.

When Harriet won the Miss Cayman Pageant in 1972, he sung it for her and this song has been used for every Miss Cayman Pageant from then – the unofficial anthem! This song made him a bonafide superstar on this small island. He really was Cayman's Elvis! Papie's first love was music...he loved to sing and was in many bands over the years.

Some of those bands included Rumors and Network. He joined a band called "Serenaders" and Larry was also a member of that band. They played in different town halls and hotels across the Island. Papie and Larry then formed a band with Ken Davis called "The Kiemanires".

Papie would eventually marry another very beautiful, kind and attentive young lady in 1981 (and who Cliffie adored) by the name of Barbara Gomez. Outer beauty was one thing, but Papie had a kind, humble soul himself and sought that out in others, which reflected in his choices.

Barbara was a young lady who attended Triple C School and she and a few friends would hang out, during their lunch hour, under a tree near to Papie's house. He would come over to chat with the girls. He invited them to Galleon Beach Hotel to hear him sing. This became a regular night out for the girls frequenting Galleon Beach.

However, Papie had his eye on one special girl, Barbara, and decided to ask her for a date. They fell in love, dated for a few years and on April 25, 1981, Papie and Barbara were united in marriage at the Church of God, Chapel. Their wedding was the last in the old church on the waterfront.

From this union his first daughter Erika Leonor was born on March 29, 1986, and she officially became his "My Caymanian Girl". Soon after another son Alexander Devin (Alex) was born on July 17, 1990; Erika and Cliffie were now demoted to the second and third favourite, because we all know the baby is always the favourite, Papie loved his children and was a great father and took great pride in taking them to school and collecting them and taking them to their extra activities after school.

In later years he also enjoyed his two grandchildren, Arianna and Ciara, and he enjoyed spending time with them. It was a joy for him to visit them, every opportunity he could get, and spoil them with treats.

Following High School, Papie worked with Lima Construction building the new airport runway, and after working with Cable & Wireless (Flow), he went to work for Progressive Distributors for a brief time. He then met Gary Foster and he offered him a job in his construction company. Papie worked with Gary for several years and then he decided to form his own construction company – Papie's Construction and he built a few homes and sold them.

Over the years, Papie had many ideas and dreams for various businesses, some he ventured into and succeeded, and others failed. One of his ideas was for Cayman to have its own beer and he approached Hugo Zuiderant and A L Thompson with this idea, and they decided to join him with this venture. Stingray Brewery was formed and the beer "Caybrew" was the first to be brewed. Even though Papie was no longer involved in that venture, today it has morphed into a very successful business.

Papie met George Craig through his relationship with the Gomez family and they became partners in the Hope Springs development, off Smith Road, which led to further developments such as the Sunset, CoCo and Garden Retreats as well as Blue Eyes Granite.

Papie and Barbara eventually separated and although he was no longer a part of the Gomez family, they still considered him "Family", and he was invited to all of their get togethers, last of which was Christmas Day, last year.

He was diagnosed with prostate cancer in September of last year and was in and out of the hospital. His long-time helper, Claudette, and his loving children, cared for him unconditionally to the very end. His son, Alex, lived in the family home, his girlfriend, Rachel and his Dad. She also paid special attention to his needs. He passed peacefully at Jasmine on Monday, June 13th at 7:03 p.m. with his children at his side.

Preceding Papie in death were his Father Clifton, Mother Leonor, and Brother Francisco.

Left to mourn: Children - Clifton, Erika and Alex;

Grandchildren Arianna and Ciara;

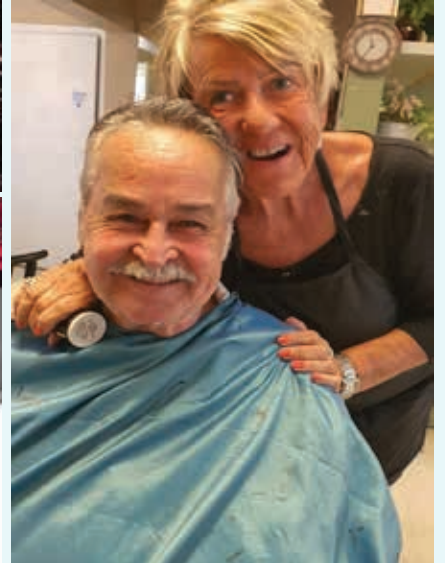
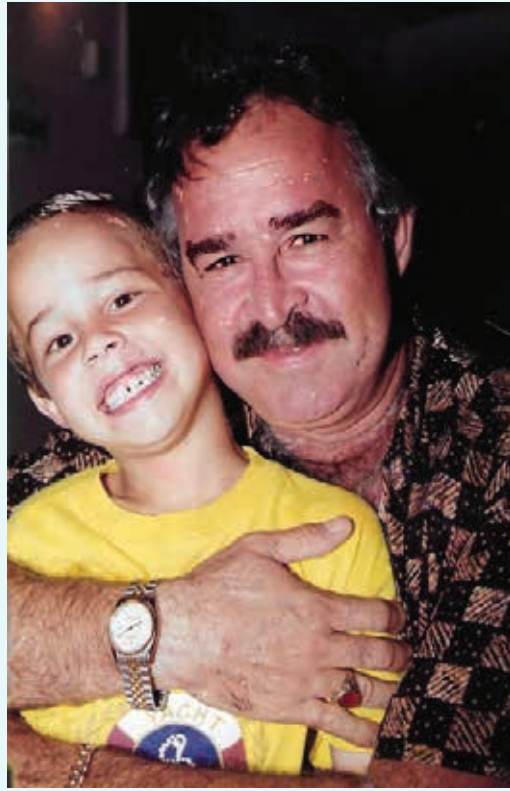
Sisters - Frances Zarama, Betty Tibbetts and Maria Campbell;

Brothers-in-law Jaime Zamara and Desmond Campbell

and a faithful caregiver, Claudette Ebanks and a host of other relatives







### **Tribute from Daughter (Erika)**

Dad, a daughter's first love.

In a world where men are told to be the tough, disciplinary figures in the family, you broke the mold. Your compassion, understanding, kindness and heart-warming smile are just some of the many traits that I will forever be grateful for, especially since you passed a lot of those traits on to me.

Dad - you were amazing in the kitchen- from sushi to tostones, Chinese chicken to scald conch with pickapeppa and lime juice, our adventurous palates are directly linked to your curiosity to try new foods and make us, as kids, try them as well.

There are not enough words to express how much I love you. No one in this world had a bigger heart than you. There are so many happy memories, filled with your infectious laugh to talk about but the one I hold dearest is the memory of being a little girl, dancing on your feet in the kitchen.

I will always be grateful that my girls got to know and love their grandfather the way I did and how much you loved both of them. Thank you dad. Thank you for your love, thank you for your patience, thank you for your time and thank you for kindness.

It will not be easy without you, but I will have nothing but love in my heart when I think of you every single day.

Love your daughter,

Erika

### **Tribute from Son (Alex)**

Dad, a son's first hero.

I love you dad, more than anything in the entire world. You'll always be my hero and my guide throughout life. No matter what happened in my life while you were still here, I would turn to you for answers and I will continue to do that even now, after you're gone. You showed me what love is, what it can be and what it should be. Everyone who knew you can attest to just how loving you were as a father. You also showed me what it's like to care for someone unconditionally, as your son, there was nothing I wouldn't do for you.

Life is what you make it and boy did we have some good times together. Those memories are what I will hold on to forever. Your energy and spirit will live on and I will continue to make you proud. You will always be my eyeball, the apple of my eye.

Thank you for everything dad.

Love your son,

Alex

### **Tribute to Dad from your son, Cliff**

I remember you dressed as Santa Claus singing on the back of a truck at Christmas time. My aunt held me up; your eyes widened when you saw me and you reached into a bag and handed me a fistful of candy.

You came and picked me up in your gold Jaguar, the wind was blowing in our hair as you sped down West Bay Road, and I was amazed at the technique of your hands and feet moving to get the car to go faster.

These are the things that are etched in a child's mind, so vivid I can still recall every minute of each moment. Although I was a little older than a toddler, I could sense there was something special about you; people were always coming up and talking to you. I noticed how they greeted you and then shortly all eyes were on me. Then suddenly that energy that was directed to you was also on me...then I felt special too. That's when a child feels like they belong to someone.

Years after when I walked alone and a stranger would ask who I belonged to, there was that burst of energy again when I said your name. It was an instant connection they felt with me, all because of the warmth they had for you. As I grew older I learned the power of having a very liked father, and I must admit, when I had to... I threw that ace down on the table.

We didn't have to say much to each other in terms of affection, because we were very similar and tone replaced words for us. At times it was like speaking to an older and younger version of ourselves. It's because I watched you all those years and emulated you; I learned by how you treated people and how to be a good person. I miss having you around but keeping you alive is easy; just be genuine, humble, down to earth, have a love for life and a song to sing...like you always did!



## Tribute from Sisters

Papie was the best brother any sister could ever ask for! He always protected the three of us (Frances, Betty, Maria). We came to Cayman at a very young age and being born and raised in Columbia and speaking basically only Spanish, we were our only company, as we really didn't know anyone; even our father's Cayman family. Not only being a big brother to an older and two younger sisters, he also had to be the man-of-the house, given that our father was away at sea. One can only imagine the burden it was on his little six year old shoulders. But with his charm and warm spirit, in no time he was surrounded with new friends who helped him to navigate this new unfamiliar world.

Besides 'big brother' duties to his sisters, there was our little brother Francisco ('Pacho') who was born after we settled in Cayman, and whom we all adored. It gave them both a sense of brotherhood that only brothers can share. Wherever Papie went, Pacho was sure to follow, but collectively, as a group, the 5 of us would play together, the usual games of hide and seek and marbles; laughter and noise always filled the house.

As we grew older he would chaperone Frances in her teenage years to parties, and one could surmise this could be how he got his love for music and entertainment by being exposed there. Frances eventually married and moved to Bogota, Columbia where she worked as an air hostess for Avianca.

While at sea he received the unfortunate news that our dear Pacho had passed away from tetanus. He met Frances in Miami Airport on his way back from the ship, and both could not contain their grief.

Years later our family suffered another heartbreak when Frances daughter and his dear niece, Licita, passed away in 1991; Papie adored her as did all the family.

Papie and Betty both went on to work for Cable & Wireless (Flow) and were colleagues there for many years. He and Maria were home with their parents for a short while and he eventually went to live in Beach Bay, which Betty eventually built her house in the area as well. Frances had moved to Canada a few years back, so it was only the three of us in Cayman.

Over the years our mother and Betty got a lot of support from Papie, and when our father passed away in the mid-eighties, Papie was now truly the man of the family. If you needed a plumber, electrician or whomever, Papie knew any and everyone. Today the saying is "there's an app for that", but back then if you had an issue with something he really had "someone who can fix that"... or he would just do it himself.

The past couple of years before the pandemic, Papie would visit Maria almost every day and definitely Sunday, when Betty would come over and cook for all of us. We always celebrated his birthdays at Maria's and Frances would phone in on occasions like these. Chinese food from Canton was on the menu but everyone knows that Papie was a sushi connoisseur which he taught the family about and would make himself at times.

We really had a special brother and will miss him dearly!

God Bless you Brother, Rest in Peace.

Love always Frances, Betty and Maria.

When I first arrived in Cayman twenty-five years ago, I had the good fortune to meet the Gomez family. Hence, my introduction to Papie Conolly who my memory says was the first Caymanian to shake my hand.

That handshake lasted 25 years through a combination of business relationships. Papie was a troubleshooter.

He taught me all about the North Sound, Sand Bar, Bobby Cay and how to marinate conch.

He had the patience to absorb my moods.

Papie had a sense of humour that motivated all of our employees and was a joy to be around.

Thanks for knowing you as I did.

Rest in Peace, my friend.

George Craig

### **Tribute to our Grampa**

Dear Grampa,

As we say goodbye to you we will never forget your favorite phrase you used with every visit or phone call we received from you "Remember Grampa Loves You".

We can't believe that that you are gone and that we will never see you again...we will miss you so very much.

We will never forget your after-school visits which were always accompanied with treats, especially mangoes which you knew were our favorite.

We will never forget the sound of your voice as you told us stories of the "Good Old Days"

We will never forget the countless hugs and kisses we received with every visit - which were sometimes multiple times a day.

We will never forget the bond we both shared with you and how proud you were of both of us as you watched us grow over the years.

We are so grateful for the years we had with you "Grampa" and we will never forget how much you loved us. You will live on in our hearts forever.

We love and miss you so much already.

Grampa girls – Ari and Cici

### **To my Special Friend and Brother**

Hello, friend was how we greeted one another back then. We never felt that we were friends but treated each other like family. We played at Cutty Bush. Sometimes at Paddna ground all day long. We both grew up in Mary Land, now known as Mary Street.

Way back then we shared everything with families and friends. Girls and boys all played together, ate food and joked with one another. They were the younger years that I remember as we grew together.

Then as we grew older, you started to sing Guantanamera and Freddy Fender, Before the next tear drop Falls and Blue Spanish Eyes. As I played the guitar up sided down, you never understood that made it left-handed.

So my good and great friend, as we got older, we moved around from bands for a while until we were able to join up with Darnley Bryan, Mike Hurlston and Steve Welds. And that was the great and famous Tornadoes Band. So, friend you have left us a great void that will never be filled. The Tornadoes was manage first by Mr. John Burns and Mr. Dave Mitchell.

My special friend, rest in peace and keep on going until you meet your Caymanian girl, somewhere in the sweet by and by and remember Challah la, we love you.

From your broken-hearted friend,

George Chollette

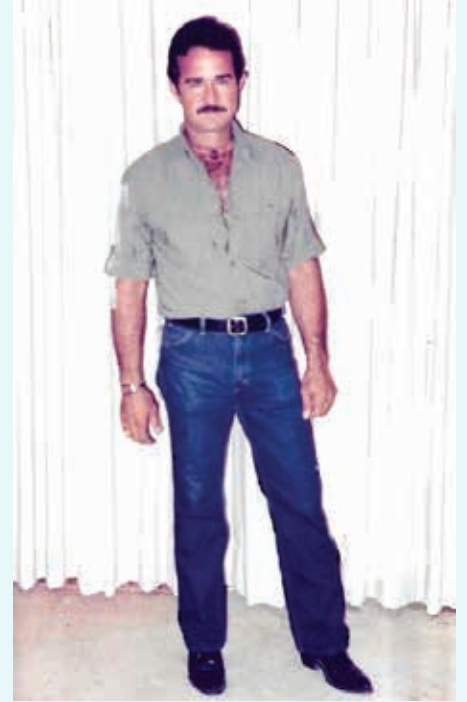
### **Tribute to Mr. Papie**

Mr. Papie was one of the founding members of the Lean on Me Foundation, which was founded in 2006. We will always remember him for his contribution to the charity over the years and his amazing voice which touched many lives. We will miss you. Sing on in heaven.

Love,

Lean on Me Foundation







## Graveside Service

Opening Remarks ..... Pastor Felix Manzanares  
Prayer ..... Pastor Felix Manzanares  
Recorded song “My Caymanian Girl” by Papie Conolly  
Laying of family floral tributes  
Committal ..... Pastor Felix Manzanares

Recorded songs:

“Before the Next Tear Drop Falls” by Freddy Fender”  
“Always on my Mind” by Willie Nelson”  
“Wasted Days and Wasted Nights” by Freddy Fender”



## Special Thanks

*The Family of the late Papie Conolly wish to express their sincere and heartfelt thanks to their many relatives and friends whose support and sympathy has meant so much during this difficult time.*

*Special thanks to Dr. Rafal Krupiniewicz at HSA and to the caring nurses at Jasmine during his brief time there and to his devoted caregiver, Claudette, for her unwavering and compassionate assistance during his illness, and to the Staff of Bodden Funeral Service.*

*Special thank you to the Cayman Islands Music Association.*