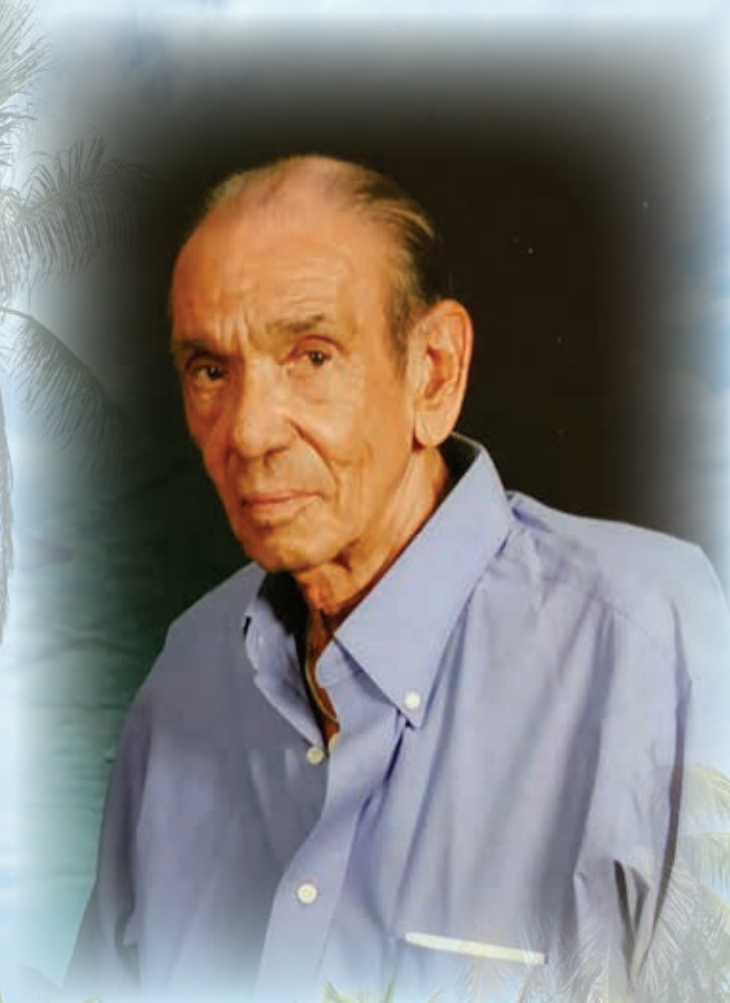


SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING  
For The Life OF  
**Basil Linmon Hennings**



December 14, 1938 – June 20, 2022

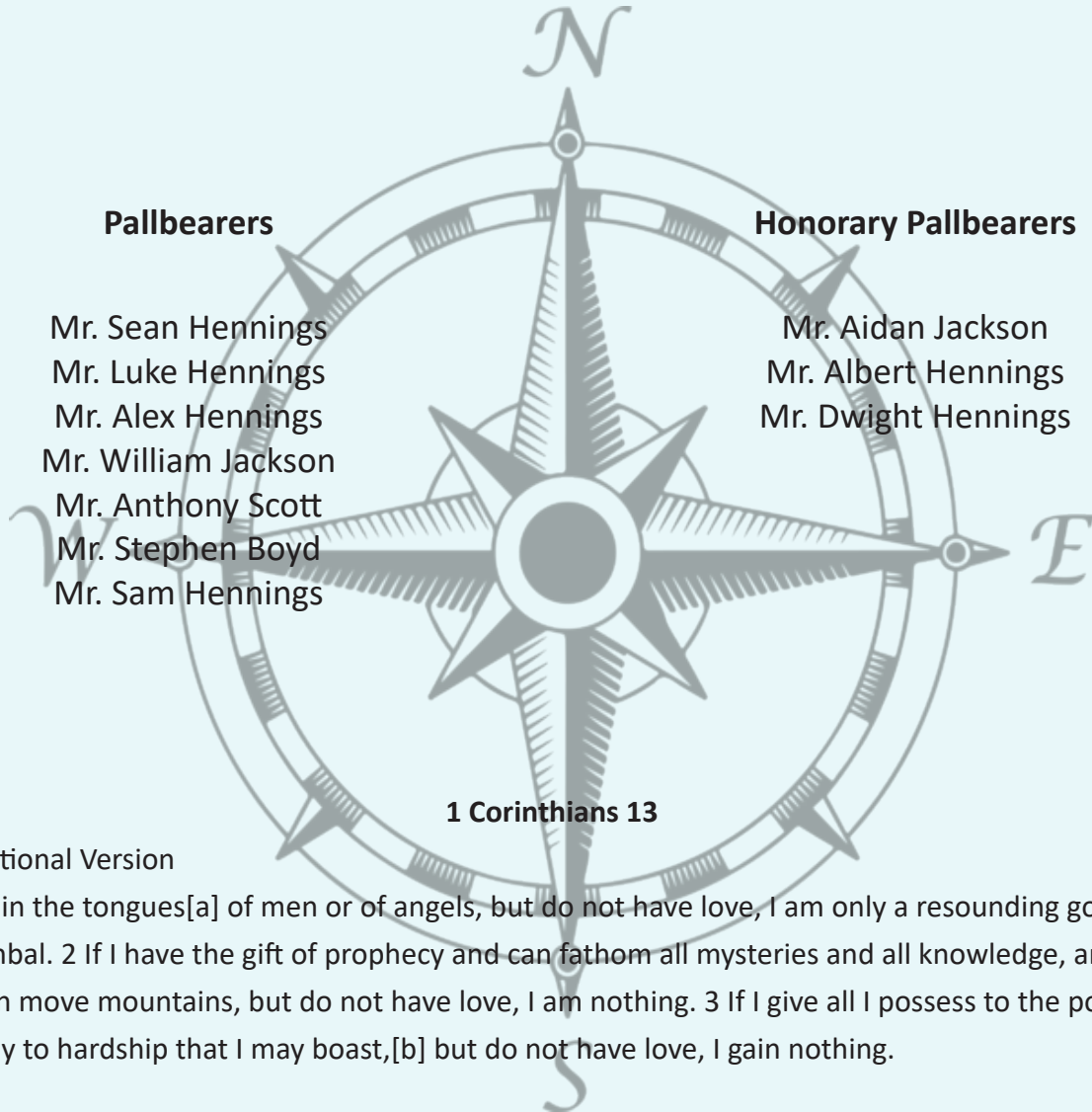
Service Graveside Spot Bay Cemetery at 10:00am

Monday 27th June, 2022

OFFICIATING MINISTER  
Pastor Maurice Chambers

## Order of Service

Scripture reading 1 Corinthians 13 ..... Pastor Maurice Chambers  
Obituary ..... Mr. Anthony Scott  
Hymns played during the lowering of the casket ... Amazing Grace & Old Rugged Cross



### Pallbearers

Mr. Sean Hennings  
Mr. Luke Hennings  
Mr. Alex Hennings  
Mr. William Jackson  
Mr. Anthony Scott  
Mr. Stephen Boyd  
Mr. Sam Hennings

### Honorary Pallbearers

Mr. Aidan Jackson  
Mr. Albert Hennings  
Mr. Dwight Hennings

### 1 Corinthians 13

New International Version

13 If I speak in the tongues[a] of men or of angels, but do not have love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. 2 If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. 3 If I give all I possess to the poor and give over my body to hardship that I may boast,[b] but do not have love, I gain nothing.

4 Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. 5 It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. 6 Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. 7 It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.

8 Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge, it will pass away. 9 For we know in part and we prophesy in part, 10 but when completeness comes, what is in part disappears. 11 When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put the ways of childhood behind me. 12 For now we see only a reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known.



## Obituary

Basil was the eldest of the 5 children of Linmon Basil Hennings and Marguerite Ameila Hennings (Maggie).

He was born on 14 December 1938 in Spot Bay, Cayman Brac, where he remained until the age of 6 when the family relocated to Jamaica.

In 1947 the family relocated to Trinidad, where he spent his formative years. He attended Fatima Boys College, where he developed his love of sport - Cricket in particular, and excelled in languages and Mathematics.

He began his seaman's career in 1958 working for The National Bulk Carriers Inc out of Trinidad & Tobago.

On 6th December 1960, whilst aboard the S.S. Sinclair Petrolore, some 900 miles away from the coast of Trinidad, the ship suffered a series of explosions, and he and the rest of the crew, barring two unfortunate souls, were lucky to escape with their lives. It was an experience that remained with him always.

In 1967, as was the family tradition, he joined his father at sea where he attained the rank of Second Mate. He spent 12 years at sea, feeding his love of travel and a young man's sense of adventure, and learning several languages in addition to the classic, Latin. In particular he excelled at French and Spanish and maintained his fluency into his later years.

On 4 November 1961, he married Mavis Lela, and they began their family life. Of that union there were four children: Marisa, Trisha, Sean, and Crystal. In 1971, he returned to his roots (somewhat), moving the family back to the Cayman Islands, although Grand Cayman, not to his beloved Cayman Brac. During his working years he was employed by CI Customs, Home Supplies, Port Authority and in the Hotel Industry as a self-taught accountant.

Like all families, there were triumphs and tragedies; public and private, and all borne and endured with the unwavering help and moral compass of his wife, Mavis.

The family circle widened to include 3 sons-in-law; Bill, Stephen and Nicholas and 1 daughter-in-law, Mindy, 9 grandchildren; 3 grandchildren-in-law; and he was fortunate enough to welcome the addition of 2 great grand daughters; who brought much delight to his final 12 months.

On 20th June 2022, he slipped the bonds of Earth and went to his rest.

Basil was preceded in death by his parents, Capt. Linmon Basil Hennings and Marguerite Amelia Hennings, his Brother-in-law Patrick Dillon and his son-in-law, Bill Jackson.

He is survived by his wife, Mavis; children: Marisa, Trisha, Sean and Crystal; his grand-children, great grand-children, daughter in law: Mindy, Son in law: Stephen, great grand-children-in-law, his siblings: Carol, Patricia, Sam and Albert, nephew Dwight and niece Chantelle.

Consummatum est. Requiescat in pace.  
"It is finished. Rest in peace."

**To Basil, from your devoted, loving wife, Mavis**

“The worldly hope men set their hearts upon Turns ashes - or it prospers; and anon, like snow upon the Desert’s dusty Face Lighting a little hour or two - is gone.”

I will be very short and I hope you will understand, Basil and I have been married for 60 years. We arrived in Cayman January 1971 and settled into a peaceful life. In general, life was as normal as expected. We have 4 children, 9 grandchildren and 2 great grandchildren whom we love dearly.

I could never go into full details of the ups and downs we experienced. Nevertheless, with the love and support of many Caymanian friends we survived. I extend my greatest gratitude to all of these people who helped us through some of our hardest times.

Finally, on behalf of myself and my children, thank you for understanding and being supportive. My love for Jesus brought us this far.

“With them the seed of wisdom did I sow, and with my own hand wrought to make it grow. I came like water and like wind I go”

**To Dad, from Marisa  
The Ship of Life**

Along the shore I spy a ship  
As she sets out to sea;  
She spreads her sails and sniffs the breeze  
And slips away from me.

I watch her fading image shrink,  
As she moves on and on,  
Until at last she’s but a speck,  
Then someone says, “She’s gone.”

Gone where? Gone only from our sight  
And from our farewell cries;  
That ship will somewhere reappear  
To other eager eyes.

Beyond the dim horizon’s rim  
Resound the welcome drums,  
And while we’re crying, “There she goes!”  
They’re shouting, “Here she comes!”

We’re built to cruise for but a while  
Upon this trackless sea  
Until one day we sail away  
Into infinity.  
To Dad, from Trisha/“Grabba”

**To Dad, from Sean**

A friend to all with a heart of gold  
I’ll cherish the stories you have told  
A hero at sea but never bragged  
Loving father, papa, great-granddad  
Always giving always kind  
Now just memories left behind

**To Mr. Basil, from Nick**

At the end of the day, the light goes down and the stumps are drawn. If you can look back on your innings and you did the best you could have done for your team, then you leave having known you’ve done your all.

**To Dad from Trisha-Grabba  
Holy Sonnets: Death, be not proud  
BY JOHN DONNE**

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee  
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;  
For those whom thou think’st thou dost overthrow  
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.  
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,  
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,  
And soonest our best men with thee do go,  
Rest of their bones, and soul’s delivery.  
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,  
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,  
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well  
And better than thy stroke; why swell’st thou then?  
One short sleep past, we wake eternally  
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

**To Dad, from Crystal**

“Here is my secret. It is very simple: it is only with the heart one can see rightly;  
what is essential is invisible to the eye”  
St. Exupery

**To our Father/Father-in-law, from Marisa and Stephen**

Marisa and I know you are gone but you are now in good hands.  
I, Stephen, will certainly miss the chats about sports, the weather and the unprecedented knowledge you had about everything else there was to talk about.  
You fought so long and hard to stay with your family, but God also needed you.  
We know you will watch over your family, and although we can no longer hear your voice or see your smiling face, we know deep down in our hearts that you have not left us.  
Rest in Peace Dad/Mr. Basil/Papa.

**To Papa, from Antonia & Wregan**

“...and as Pooh said to Christopher Robin:  
I’ll never not remember you”  
Milne

### To Mr. Basil, from Mindy

Feel no guilt in laughter, he'd know how much you care.  
Feel no sorrow in a smile that he is not here to share.  
You cannot grieve forever, he would not want you to.  
He'd hope that you could carry on the way you always do.

So, talk about the good times and the way you showed you cared,  
The days you spent together, all the happiness you shared.

Let memories surround you, a word someone may say  
Will suddenly recapture, a time, an hour, a day,  
That brings him back so clearly as though he were still here,  
And fills you with the feeling that he is always near.

For if you keep those moments, you will never be apart  
And he will live forever locked safely in your heart.

Mr. Basil was always a kind and giving man. He always had a story to tell of his life experiences, especially of his many travels during his seaman years. His loud and boisterous laughter still echoes in my ear. This is how I choose to remember him.

May you rest in eternal peace Mr. Basil, until we meet again.

### To Papa, from Alex and Luke

We were always in awe of Papa Basil's intelligence and his knowledge of just about everything. His ability to speak so many languages and recite facts on any topic are things we will always remember. This was especially true of his passion for sports. Our Family's love for sports, football in particular, all started with him and is something we will carry on.

It won't be the same driving on Walkers Road as most of the time I would see him walking to or from the gas station or chatting with the neighbors. Luke loved when Papa took those walks growing up as he would always bring him back a snack. His care for all his grandchildren was always there to see. I am forever grateful that I saw this amplified for his great-granddaughters Madeline and Savannah.

Papa loved to tell his life stories and we were both always amazed by his adventures at sea and world travels. I always think about the difficulties of those who came before us which led to our existence and being where we are today. It helped when I was struggling being away from home to think of the trials he faced being away at sea.

I will remember how he always cared to hear how I was doing at university and then could see the same again when Luke went off. He would then put us to shame by always knowing more about Penn State and Southampton than either of us did.

Even though we all weren't always together, he will remain an important figure in both of our lives. We hope he is facing smooth seas in his next voyage and are proud to carry his name.  
Love Always, Lexie and Lukie.

### To Papa, from Erin, Monique, William and Aidan

You were a wealth of knowledge and information. We could talk to you about any topic, current or historic, and you were always ready to share the latest joke you read - usually from Reader's Digest and Andy Capp.

You spent so many hours helping all of us with our homework, especially Spanish and Math, both which came naturally to you.

We were always in awe of your intellect - constantly bragging to friends about the amount of languages you were fluent in and your experiences - "our Papa has been around the world TWICE!"

We will never forget the walks to the old Hurleys or Comart, or just up the road to look at the cows in the field.

These little adventures also came along with a candy or snack that was our little secret.

During many of these walks you would tell us stories of your travels all over the world and your time on the ships - we could never get enough of those stories. Your dry wit and "colourful" descriptions will forever be incomparable. We will miss our late night chats on the front porch with you, your sense of humour, laughter and brilliant mind. We love you. Rest in peace, Papa.

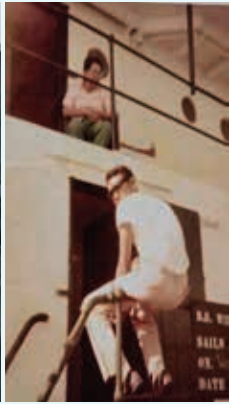
### To Papa, from Alicia

#### Sailor's Rest By D.R. Block

When my sailing days are over,  
And I sail the seas no more,  
I shall build myself a refuge  
By the ocean's murmuring shore.  
As I watch the foaming breakers  
When the tide comes rushing in,  
I will contemplate my lifetime,  
With its virtues and its sins.

Where the azure of the heavens  
Meets the undulating blue,  
Where the sweeping, soaring seagull  
Flies its endless quest for food.  
It is there that I would rest,  
When my work on Earth is done,  
At the endless blue horizon  
'Neath the crimson, setting sun













### ***Thanks & Acknowledgement***

*The Family of the late Basil Linmon Hennings would like to thank everyone for the outpouring of love, support, and prayers during this time. The family would like to recognize the effort and dedication of the doctors and staff at Health City Hospital; and the dedicated staff at The Kirkconnell Care Centre on the Brac. A very big thanks goes out to all the other people behind the scenes, Mrs. Tempora Wesley, Dana Brandon, Rebecca Davidson, Lolita Bodden, Cayman Airways Management & Staff and Bodden Funeral Services.*