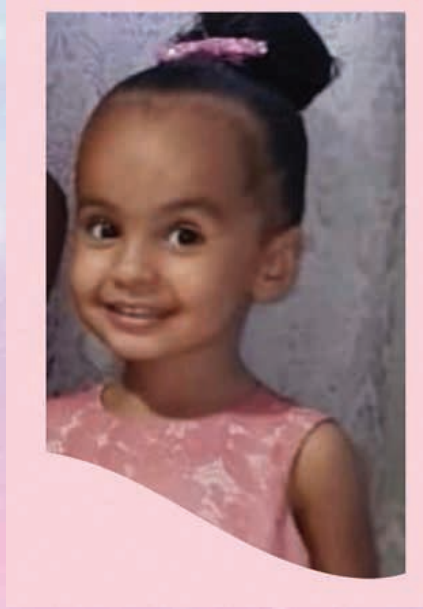


SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING
For The Life OF



ALISSADY AZALEA POWELL

October 26, 2019 – July 26, 2022

Beloved Daughter, Granddaughter & Sister

Spot Bay Holiness Church, Spot Bay, Cayman Brac

Saturday, August 27, 2022

Service at 10:00am

OFFICIATING MINISTERS

Rev. Gayle Woods/Rev. Rohan Forrester

Pianist: Mickie Woods

"Our Little Unicorn"



"Sweet Ali"

Interment to follow at Spot Bay Cemetery

Order of Service

Opening Remarks	Mother Mrs. Yvane Dixon-Powell
Opening Song "The Pearly White City"	Congregation
Opening Prayer.....	Rev. Gayle Woods
Scripture Reading "Psalm 23"	Ms. Liz Walton
Tribute from Momy	Mrs. Yvane Dixon-Powell
Tribute & Song from Daddy "Jealous of the	Ms. Ida Jane Ebanks/Pre-recorded song
Tributes & Song from Siblings "Missing You"	Mrs. Liz Walton/Miss Tamaya Powell/ Ms. Tiffany Chisholm/Pre-recorded Song
Tribute Song from Grandmother Francelia "Precious Child"	Mr. Remardo Ebanks/Pre-recorded
Tributes from Grandparents	Mrs. Liz Walton/Mrs. Kathy Smith
Tributes from Great Grandparents	Mrs. Liz Walton
Tributes from Aunts & Uncles	Liz Walton/Tiffany Chisholm
Tribute from Cousin Daniel Millwood	Mrs. Liz Walton
Tribute from Cousins "Never Be Forgotten"	Mr. Remardo Ebanks/Pre recorded
Special Song from Mommy "Beautiful Girl"	Mr. Remardo Ebanks Pre-recorded song
Obituary.....	Ms. Tiffany Chisholm
Sermon.....	Rev. Gayle Woods
Closing Song "When the Roll is Called"	Congregation
Benediction	Rev. Rohan Forrester



Pallbearers

Mr. Adam Watler
Mr. Anthony Dilbert
Mr. Arek Scott

Mr. Ibrahim "Abe" Allen
Mr. Jared Stewart
Mr. Leighton Rankine Jr.

Honourary Pallbearers

Mr. Aaron Chisholm
Mr. Adam Watler Jr.
Mr. Allan Kerr Jr.
Mr. Angelio Chisholm
Mr. Arthur Watler
Mr. Carlo Forbes
Mr. Daniel Ebanks
Mr. David Lyons Watler
Mr. Emil Dixon

Mr. Gary Chisholm
Mr. George Edward Powell Jr.
Mr. Jamey Smith
Mr. Jerome Smith
Hon. Johany Ebanks MP
Mr. Johnny Ebanks
Mr. Jonah Watson
Mr. Johnathon Ebanks
Mr. Jordan Watson

Mr. Keshawn Watler
Mr. Khaled Thompson
Mr. Niky Watler
Mr. Radley Watler
Mr. Rasheed Watler
Mr. Rory Scott
Mr. Sidney Watler
Mr. Stefon Scott
Mr. Zakarae Rankin

Guest Book Attendants
Gabriela Gonzales
Lashawn Syms

Usherettes
Ventisha Conolly
Esther Scott

The Pearly White City

There's a holy and beautiful city
Whose builder and ruler is God;
John saw it descending from Heaven,
When Patmos, in exile, he trod;
Its high, massive wall is of jasper,
The city itself is pure gold;
And when my frail tent here is folded,
Mine eyes shall its glory behold.

Refrain

In that bright city, pearly white city,
I have a mansion, a harp, and a crown;
Now I am watching, waiting, and longing,
For the white city that's soon coming down.

No sin is allowed in that city
And nothing defiling or mean;
No pain and no sickness can enter,
No crepe on the doorknob is seen;
Earth's sorrows and cares are forgotten,
No tempter is there to annoy;
No parting words ever are spoken,
There's nothing to hurt or destroy. [Refrain]

No heartaches are known in that city,
No tears ever moisten the eyes;
There's no disappointment in Heaven,
No envy and strife in the sky;
The saints are all sanctified wholly,
They live in sweet harmony there;
My heart is now set on that city,
And some day its blessings I'll share. [Refrain]

My loved ones are gathering yonder,
My friends too are passing away,
And soon I shall join their bright number,
And dwell in eternity's day;
They're safe now in glory with Jesus,
Their trials and battles are past.
They overcame sin and the tempter,
They've reached that fair city at last. [Refrain]



When the Roll is Called

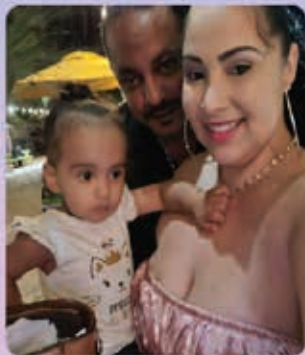
When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Refrain:

When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of his resurrection share;
When his chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there. [Refrain]

Let us labor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun;
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care.
Then when all of life is over and our work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there. [Refrain]





Ali, my forever handbag, and unicorn girl. Where do I start. I'm at a loss for words. You were so sweet, full of life and smart. You could count past 20, knew your days of the week, all your colors and you even knew the months of the year.

For being only 2, you sure knew a lot. And let's not talk about holding a conversation when you were in the mood.

I remember the 1st three months of my pregnancy, was unbearable. I cried and suffered much depression, hoping I would see the light at the end of the tunnel sooner rather than later.

Finally, your grand entrance was made on October 26th, 2019, at 3:02pm. And there it was, it all made sense. The joy, happiness, and most of all loved you filled me with. Oh Ali, I was so proud of you.

Everyone who knew you or had an encounter with you all said the same thing, that's your extra piece, your handbag and I would always smile with joy and reply oh yes, for sure!

Never would you be without your mommy. Ali, I don't know the reason, I wish I did know why you were taken from me so soon. My heart aches, an ache I could never put into words to make one comprehend.

Losing a child was always my biggest fear, next to me not being around long enough to see you and your brother and sister through adulthood.

I know I will never get over this. Especially how you were taken from me. It simply doesn't make sense. I know deep down you know the love I have for you and that unbreakable bond we shared.

Though you have gained your wings now, I take comfort in knowing you are with God and Grammy. I have loved you selflessly and unconditionally for these short 2 years and mommy promises you, I will continue to do so in death.

I will say your name proudly and let your love and light shine through me. I will get the justice you deserve though that won't be enough for me. I just want you back with me.

Every day since you've been gone, I miss our daily routine. But most of all, I miss our nighttime cuddles, and bedtime routine with Peppa Pig and Gabby's Doll House, your two favorite shows.

Boy, do I miss when you would get under me for another bottle of milo, after having just had one.

I miss you being by my side always. Even to taking showers are not the same, I miss seeing you sit on the bathroom floor patiently waiting on me while you go through my phone.

I ask God to give me the strength to pick up the pieces from here. I'm not sure I would know where or how to start but I will try my best to.

Losing a child and burying a child is without a doubt a mother's biggest heartache. I could read about our love and adventures for days, but I'll stop here and save the best for me to reminisce on.

This is not a goodbye my handbag but a farewell until we meet again. Boy I cannot wait for that beautiful day to come and join you. To see that adorable face again.

But until then my handbag, I loved you in life and I love you in death.

P.S. Mommy has everything under control down here. Justice will be served in the name of Jesus. We serve a mighty God, and a might God is he. I can't thank him enough for the 2 years he loaned you to me and handpicked me to be your mother.

Rest up now my precious handbag and unicorn, Mommy will be there real soon.

Psalms 1:6

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

I love you Alissady forever.

Tribute to my precious grand-princess Alissady



My princess, you were only a part of my life for 2 short years and 9 months; but during that time, you became a part of my heart as you were added to my loving bundle of precious grand babies.

I remember attending your baby shower and being so excited just anticipating your arrival and despite not being there for your birth, I was eager to see you the next day and welcome you to become a part of my life.

Your mom and dad would bring you to visit me, but you were a daddy's girl and hardly paid any attention to me on those few occasions that you stayed with me.

Your 2nd birthday party was a bash and again Mama was excited to celebrate with you at the hotel.

What is etch in my memory, is the last time I saw you via video-call just 2 weeks prior to your untimely passing. You looked so sad, and Mama reminded you just how much I loved you and that I would be seeing you soon. "See you soon" never came as I am forced to say good-bye to you today my precious grand-princess.

Today, I am sending a dove to Heaven with a parcel on its wings. Be careful how you open it my Princess because it is full of beautiful things. Inside are a million kisses wrapped up in a million hugs to say how much I miss you and to send you all my love.

I will hold you close within my heart and there you will remain to walk with me throughout the rest of my lifetime.

Sleep now in peace, my precious grand-princess. Until we meet again.

Mama Janet



*If only the sky could open;
And her dear little face I could see;
Oh, what a wonderful feeling;
I know would come over me.
But she is with the Angels;
Far from sin and pain;
Where Jesus said: "Believe in Me,
And thou shalt see him again."*

Grandfather David

I can feel this pain running through my veins every time I think of my little cousin Alissady, she always loved when I pick her up whenever she was crying. When she passed away on July 26 my life has not been the same. She always loved to play with her dog Declan, she was always calling my name Daniel. I never seen a 2-year-old love Milo as much as Ali did and I'm grateful her mommy Yvane thought me how to mix it just right and it was fun doing it. Alissady loved her mother, and she was her handbag, I can tell the world that I watched and saw how Yvane would want to go on the road to shop and had to take her with her even though she had a helper. Or Yvane would have someone who would help her watch her kids, but Alissady would say mommy "I want to go with you". Alissady loved her mother dearly. Alissady always said I was her "Best Friend" even though we were cousins. Life is not an easy road for me right now but not hearing from you and being able to see you is the hardest part. I would always say to myself Alissady looks up to me and now you are no longer with us but one day your "Best Friend" shall see you again, until then I will keep our memories close, and I will love and miss you always your "Best Friend" and Cousin Daniel

Ali,

*When I got the call from your mom to help in your search, I was the first there next to the police.
My heart hurts not knowing exactly what could have transpired.*

*I know in my heart you are safe and free from pain. But greatest of all you are with Grammy.
I still won't understand why, but I try not to question. I will leave it in God's hands and trust he needed you as an angel.*

Love Papa Emil

When I see a butterfly, I know you are still here with me. -Kaleigh

Alissady - God's Little Angel

God needed another angel in Heaven
To stand at the Savior's feet.
His choice must be the rarest
A lily pure and sweet.
He gazed upon the mighty throng
Then stopped and picked the best,
Our Ali was his chosen one
With Jesus she's now at rest.
If only the sky could open up.
And her dear little face I could see
Oh, what a wonderful feeling.
I know would come over me.
But she is with the Angels now.
Far from sin and pain.
Where Jesus said: "Believe in Me.
And thou shalt see him again"
Our Ali has gone to the Angels above.
Where there's nothing but
Happiness, Joy and Love.
Gone from this world, so full of strife.
Back to the God that gave her life.

For a second you were flying
Like you always wanted to
Now you'll fly forever
In skies of azure blue
We'll see your smile in every ray
Of sunshine after rain
And hear the echo of your laughter
Over all the pain
The world's a little quieter now
The colours have lost their hue
The birds are singing softly
And our hearts are missing you
Each time we see a little cloud
Or a rainbow soaring high
We'll think of you and gently
Wipe a tear from our eye
Sleep well sweet girl, until we meet again.

Love,
Josie

If flowers grow in heaven
On land that's wild and free
Lord, place some in our sister's arms
And tell her they're from us
Please tell her that we love her
And miss her everyday
And tell her there's still so much
That we would like to say
Remembering her is easy
She's in everything we do
We miss her so much everyday
But we know she's safe with you
If tears could build a stairway
Made from all the pain
We'd walk right up to heaven
And bring her back again
Lord, please take care of her
And we hope that she will see
That she was such a special person
And a special sister to us

Love always your sisters Thia and Azari

Heaven's Little Angel
You're one of Heaven's Angels now
A perfect little Star in our sky
And when you shine the world can see
Just how beautiful you are
May you fly with magic wings
On a cloud so soft and white,
May you be joyful and free
And may your days be bathed with light

And though our hearts are broken
And your life was cut far too short
We thank you so much our Sweet Angel
For the happiness and love you brought to our lives
Just know of all the many blessings
However great or small
To have had you for a niece
Was the greatest one of all

Our family chain has been broken
And nothing seems the same
But as God takes us one by one
The chain will link again

Rest in Peace Our Sweet Niece Alissady
Aunt Shanai, Uncle Adam & Uncle Abe

Little did we know that morning
God was to call your name.
Why did this happen,
and how could this be.
The moment we realized,
our baby sister just died.
Our hands cradled our face,
and we frantically cried.
Tears fell instantly,
Like a severe August rain
You, our baby sister had so much to gain.
It broke our hearts to lose you,
You did not go alone.
For part of us went with you
The day God called you home.
You left us beautiful memories,
Your love is still our guide,
In life we loved you dearly,
in death we do the same.
And though we cannot see you,
You are always at our side
We were truly lucky,
to have a baby sister like you.
Countless others,
nod and concur too.
We will miss our talks,
and your comforting unique voice.
And those random moments,
where we'd mutually rejoice.
Our family chain is broken,
and nothing seems the same,
But as God calls us one by one,
The chain will link again.
Rest in peace Ali

Love Zy'aire and Zahaleigh



Where do I start?

My precious Sady,

Aunti Boi never knew that seeing you on Saturday 23d July would be my last time seeing you. I can hear you now telling me "mamba get my bicycle when you go away" in your soft tune voice.

On the morning of Tuesday 26th July, I knew something wasn't right because Gracy was barking unusually around 5am.

At 8am I jumped out my sleep to see so many calls and messages, I thought, na Sady just somewhere sleeping as I know how you loved your sleep. Then hours after I learn to know you were found deceased.

I will never forget when Gramme Odette died, you were always on the next side of the gate to greet Aunti Tash every morning and I will never forget the day, I told you to knock on the neighbors door because it was Anti Krista's candy shop and I sold all sorts of ice cream and candies, I told you to knock on the door and you started yelling "open door", no one came to the door and you was so upset because no one answered your lil voice.

I know that you are in heaven with Grammee Odette having a blast.

Sady, this poem is for you my precious lil candy shop girl.

'A Little Angel'

Today it would be wonderful to see you play or smile – But heaven lent you to this world for just a little while. And in that short but precious time you brought along much love – And all that love is with you now in heaven up above. Your leaving caused so many tears and such a lot of pain – But God needed one more Angel, so he took you back again."

Love Anti Boi (Krista)



Dear Alissady,

My sweet baby sister, it's so hard to comprehend your untimely passing.

I remember the day I first saw you; I was like yes; I finally have a little sister. I promised myself that I was going to be the best big sister for you and to make you happy.

The last time I saw you was the weekend before you were taken from us. We had lunch together and you seemed like the happiest little girl ever and as your big sister that made me feel like the world's best big sister.

I will miss your sweet smile and always remember your funny face you used to make pushing out your lips to make them look like fish lips.

I wish I could hug you and just see your face. But now I have memories to stand in your place. Gone but not forgotten. That's what they say. Of course, that is true... but if only you could have stayed.

So go in peace, you've earned your sleep, your love in our hearts, we'll eternally keep.

I love you now and forever. Tamaya Powell



Oh Ali, I thank God every day that I had the opportunity to know you, love you and watch you grow, for your very short time here on earth. You were so very, very special from the start. From a young baby, I believe you did or said something every single day that was absolutely brilliant and/or hilarious! I absolutely adored your cute little signature side smirk you greeted me with on our regular video chats. The little cheeky side of you always lit up my day when I got to see it in action.

What a girl seriously loved her food too! I don't mean anything bland and boring either! I'm talking proper grown-up dishes. Especially anything your mom cooked, regardless of how seasoned or spicy it may have been. It was astonishing watching you eat and wondering how you developed the palette and tolerance for spice at such a tender age. And you were always willing to try anything at least once. 2 of my favorite pics of you is at just a little over the age of 1 yr. old, trying to stuff a huge piece of a patty in your mouth at one time. And the other with you standing up grinning from ear to ear, with your own whole beef patty in hand. One thing for sure, although you were a super easy child to feed, you seemed to innately require, is that whatever food you were eating, had to be given to you at the appropriate temperature. If it was to be served warm, don't dare give it to you room temperature or vice versa. You may entertain the idea of eating it out of politeness, but eventually you couldn't do it any longer...

I may never fully understand why you were taken away from us so tragically. No time for farewell words, no time to say good-bye. A ray of sunshine came and went so quickly. You were just a precious treasure. We are so blessed that to us, you were lent.

My last promise to you is that your memory will forever live on. Wherever I may go in this world, I will forever speak of the amazing little miracle you were. How a little girl named Alissady, came into this world and stole my heart from day one. Because like raindrops fall on the still waters, your life made big ripples and touched the lives of all you encountered.

Ali, I know I will miss you more and more as time goes on, but I know you are now safe in the arms of the Father and that makes it a little easier to bare. I'll love you forever. Your god-mama, Auntie Stef.

Obituary

Alissady Azalea Powell aka Ali was born to parents George Edward Jr. Powell and Yvane Powell on October 26th, 2019. She was the fourth child born to her father and the third for her mother but the first child for her parents. Alissady was blessed with 5 older siblings, Thia, Azari, Tamaya, Zy'aire & Zahaleigh who loved her very much. She was known to all her friends, and family as an outgoing, yet shy to those whom she didn't know well, intelligent, funny, kind, and energetic little girl.

Everyone who met her fell in love with her instantly as her little personality was one of a kind. Her favorite activity was self-entertainment and we had dreams of becoming a doctor later in life as she took keen interest in playing doctor and showed compassion and sympathy to anyone who was sick or not feeling their best. She was always eager to doctor her mommy after her treatments and tried to take care of her older siblings when they were not well.

Alissady loved to join her mother in the kitchen to prepare dinner as she was a hands-on little girl.

Alissady was intelligent, funny, and kind to all who knew her. She was an excellent counter, and knew her months of the year, days of the week and colors. When she wasn't entertaining herself, Alissady could be found watching Peppa Pig snuggled with her snowman blanket and a warm bottle of milo. Ali loved anything Unicorn, sparkled like a unicorn, had magic in her and was a dream come true.

On July 26th, 2022, Alissady Azalea Powell tragically passed away, and left to mourn are her parents Yvane Dixon-Powell and George Edward Powell Jr,

Sisters: Azari Powell, Tamaya Powell, Thia Powell & Zahaleigh Bowen

Brother: Zy'aire Bowen

Grandparents: Francelia Dixon-McCoy, Janet Ebanks & David Lyons-Watler

Great Grandparents: Emil Dixon & Tulia Lyons-Watler

Aunts: Shanai Allen & Wendy Watler

Uncles: Adam Watler, Ibrahim Allen, Keshawn Watler, Niky Watler, Radley Watler, Rasheed Watler, Sidney Watler & Zakarae Rankin

Grand Aunts: Ida "Jane" Ebanks, Krista Kerr, Natasha Dixon, Sanya Scott & Sherry "Janis" Chisholm

Grand Uncles: Allan Kerr Jr., Gary Chisholm, Johnny Ebanks, Rory Scott & Chet Ritch

Close Cousins: Adam Watler Jr., Adelaya Rankin, Alanis Kerr, Ari Dilbert, Arek Scott, Arthur Watler, Ava Dilbert, Janae Scott, Jonah Watson, Jordan Watson, Josannah Watson, Khaled Thompson, Kaleigh Thompson, Stefon Scott, Roman Ritch, Xena Ritch, Xylina Ritch & Vera Ruiz

Special Cousin: June Walton & Daniel Millwood

Best Friend: Caitlynn Bailey

As well as a host of extended family members & friends who will deeply miss her.

May our Precious Alissady Azalea "Ali" Powell, play with fairies, ride a unicorn, sparkle like a star and chase rainbows until we meet again. Sleep in peace Alissady



Lesson from a Unicorn: There is magic inside of you, dreams can come true, you don't need wings to fly, it's ok to be different, always believe yourself even if nobody else does and may your dreams happen as magic is real.



Graveside Service

Opening Remarks Rev. Gayle Woods
Prayer Rev. Rohan Forrester
Committal Rev. Gayle Woods
Song "Jesus Loves the Little Children/Precious Child" Congregation/ Pre-recorded
Benediction..... Rev. Rohan Forrester

She lived. She laughed. She loved. She left.



Thanks & Acknowledgement

The family of the late Alissady "Ali" Azalea Powell would like to extend our sincere gratitude and heartfelt appreciation to all for your support, prayers, phone calls and words of comfort offered during our time of sorrow and bereavement.

You've given us the courage to face our tomorrows and you comforted us in our time of need.

We will always be grateful for the immense support received by so many family members and friends near and far.

The mother of Alissady sends a Special thanks to the RCIP, CIPD, doctors, nurses and staff of the Faith Hospital for their excellent care and Celia Walton, Faith Bodden, Rev. Gayle Woods, Kimberly Walton, Lina, Mark Tibbetts, Michael, Trecia Conolly & Trish Sevik, for all your heartfelt support and assistance during this difficult time. Thanks to Mr. Scott Ruby and staff of Bodden's Funeral Services for your excellent handling of Ali's funeral arrangement is greatly appreciated.

God bless you all.