

SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING  
For The Life Of



*Ann-Marie Rose Watson*

May 16, 1960 – November 23, 2022

Saturday, December 3, 2022

2pm

Officiating Ministers

Pastor Alson Ebanks, Cert. Hon &

Pastor Yolanda Palmer

Pianist - Dr. Karina Palmer-Forde

Interment – Prospect Cemetery

## Order of Service

Opening Remarks ..... Pastor Alson Ebanks, Cert. Hon  
Prayer ..... Pastor Alson Ebanks, Cert. Hon  
Scripture Reading ..... Pastor Yolanda Palmer  
Hymn: "How Great Thou Art" ..... Congregation  
Tribute from friends – Carla Bodden & Dorothy Wilson..... Ms. Patsy Cottrell  
Tribute from friend and nurse ..... Mrs. Jasmine Powell  
Tribute from Family ..... Mrs. Ellen Rolle/Mrs. Robyn Sanderson  
Obituary ..... Pastor Yolanda Palmer  
Hymn "Great Is Thy Faithfulness" ..... Congregation  
Sermon ..... Pastor Alson Ebanks, Cert. Hon  
Hymn "Blessed Assurance" ..... Congregation  
Benediction ..... Pastor Alson Ebanks, Cert. Hon

### Pallbearers

Kenneth Downey Jr.  
Brendon Lyons  
Mario Watson

Kevin Watson  
Kirk Munroe  
Dwayne Sanderson

### Honorary Pallbearers

Leon Watson

Dale Watson

Artley Watson, Jr.

## OBITUARY

Ann-Marie Rose Watson was born Ann-Marie Rose Smith to Sybil Walcott, on May 16, 1960, in the district of Cockburn Pen, St. Andrew Parish, Jamaica. Her birth mother, Sybil Walcott, of Trelawny, St. Andrew Parish, Jamaica, was a dressmaker and had four other children before Ann-Marie. Sometime later in her life, Ann-Marie was adopted by Lynette Scott of Cayman Brac. Ms. Scott and Ann-Marie maintained a mother-daughter relationship until Ms. Scott passed away.

Ann-Marie received primary and secondary schooling both in Jamaica and in Cayman Brac. At about the age of 14 she moved to Grand Cayman and continued her schooling here. At age 23, Ann-Marie met and married Roy Dale Watson of Grand Cayman. From that union was born her only son, Leon Watson. Approximately five years later, the couple legally dissolved the marriage, but Ann-Marie remained close to the Watson family. From young adulthood, Ann-Marie loved the music of Janet Jackson and Whitney Houston. She had great style and taste in clothing, and she loved to travel, shop, and watch movies.

In her lifetime, Ann-Marie blessed many who would come to know her, in the workplace and in the community. She had the honor of working at many places across the island including: The Hyatt, Cayman Airways, American Airlines, Kirk Supermarket, and Priced Right. She volunteered her time for the betterment of others and was a quiet non-accolade seeking voice of hope even when it seemed hope was dimmed for her.

She had a wonderful smile and an infectious laugh. When happy she beamed like a star which helped those around her to feel happy too. One value that colored her life and which she frequently shared, was her belief in being kind and compassionate to one another. She often encouraged others, especially the young, to reach for the stars, to do what is right, and to never give up.

Though Ann-Marie endured many health battles, for many years, few people knew the extent to which she struggled. Her indomitable spirit kept her pushing through because she never stopped fighting. No matter how sick she was, no matter the newest obstacle, she was always determined. Through her example, we can be blessed to know what resilience and perseverance truly look like.

Ann-Marie cared deeply for her family. She treasured her grandchildren and was more than happy to be a central figure in their lives. Anyone who knew her well, knew that they mattered immensely to her.

Over the years, Ann-Marie developed a relationship with Christ and was baptized in The Church of God Chapel. One of her son's most notable memories was her love for and the frequency with which she read the Holy Bible. Most poignantly, was her last days, when her speech began to slow, she could be heard testifying of the goodness of God. She testified that she felt peace and that she felt God's mercy and forgiveness.

Ann-Marie Rose Watson nee Smith, passed away peacefully at the Jasmine Palliative and Hospice Care Villa, Grand Cayman, on Wednesday, November 23, 2022, after a long battle with illness. She was 62 years old. She is survived by her beloved son, Leon Watson, beloved grandchildren Leondre and Antwon Watson. Special friends, Carla Bodden, Dorothy Wilson, Patsy Cottrell, and a host of other relatives and friends who loved her. A great thank you to Mrs. Jasmine Powell of the HSA, the HSA doctors and staff, Cayman Islands Cancer Society, The Breast Cancer Foundation, Lions Club of Tropical Gardens, and the incredible nurses and caregivers at Jasmine Palliative and Hospice Care.

*May her soul rest in peace.*

## Graveside Service

Opening Remarks ..... Pastor Alson Ebanks, Cert. Hon  
Prayer ..... Pastor Alson Ebanks, Cert. Hon  
Hymn: "Rock of Ages"  
Committal  
Hymns ..... Cogregation

### "Amazing Grace"

"When the Roll is Called Up Yonder"

"The Old Rugged Cross"

"What a Friend We Have in Jesus"

Benediction

### Rock of Ages

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure;  
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Not the labor of my hands  
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyes shall close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

### Amazing Grace

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound,  
that saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost but now am found,  
was blind but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
and grace my fears relieved  
How precious did that grace appear  
the hour I first believed.

Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come,  
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far  
and grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years,  
bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
than when we'd first begun.

### What A Friend We Have In Jesus

What a friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry everything to God in prayer!  
Oh, what peace we often forfeit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged; Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
Can we find a friend so faithful, Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness; Take it to the Lord in prayer!

Are we weak and heavy laden, cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Savior, still our refuge, take it to the Lord in prayer!  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.

### The Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,  
the emblem of suffering and shame;  
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best,  
for a world of lost sinners was slain.

Refrain: So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,  
till my trophies at last I lay down  
I will cling to the old rugged cross,  
and exchange it some day for a crown.

O, the old rugged cross, so despised by the world,  
has a wondrous attraction for me;  
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above,  
to bear it to dark Calvary.

In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,  
a wondrous beauty I see;  
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,  
to pardon and sanctify me.

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,  
its shame and reproach gladly bear;  
Then He'll call me some day to my home far away,  
when His glory forever I'll share.

### When The Roll is Called Up Yonder

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

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.