

**IN LOVING MEMORY  
FOR THE LIFE OF**



**Susan Mae DaCosta (nee Garrett)**

December 19, 1932 – January 25, 2023

**CAYMAN ISLANDS BAPTIST CHURCH**  
163 Pedro Castle Road  
Savannah, Grand Cayman

Officiating Pastor: Pastor James Arch of  
Church of God Universal, Walkers Rd

Sunday, February 12, 2023  
Service at 2:00 PM

Interment at Eden Cemetery, Pedro Castle Road

## Order of Service

Musical prelude .....	Nickolas DaCosta
Opening Remarks .....	Pastor Randall Von Kanel
Opening Prayer.....	Pastor Randall Von Kanel
Scripture Reading Jeremiah 17:8 .....	Fee Fee Ebanks Cox
Hymn How Great Thou Art .....	Congregation
Obituary .....	Ms Heather Bodden, MP, JP
Tribute from Daughter Pamela .....	Ms. Heather Bodden, MP, JP
Musical Tribute .....	Granddaughter Liana DaCosta
Tribute from Sons Mowbrey and Jason .....	Woody DaCosta
Tribute from Daughter Olga .....	Song Played at the Graveside
Tribute from Daughter Charissa .....	Fee Fee Ebanks Cox
Tributes from Grandchildren and Daughter-in-Law .....	Printed in program
Video Montage .....	A Mother's Love
Sermon .....	Pastor James Arch
Hymn Safe in the Arms of Jesus .....	Congregation
Closing prayer and Benediction .....	Pastor James Arch
Recessional .....	Amazing Grace

### Pallbearers

Waide DaCosta  
Woody DaCosta  
Oscar DaCosta

Damien DaCosta  
Jonathan Bodden  
Mathew Ebanks

### Honorary Pallbearers

Mowbrey DaCosta  
Jason DaCosta  
Dylan DaCosta  
Drayson DaCosta  
Colton Moffitt

Tim Moffitt

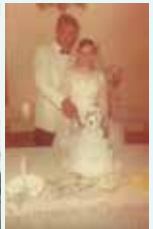
Johnny Jackson, Jr.  
Stephen Van Roekel  
Samuel Van Roekel  
Morgan DaCosta  
Wayne DaCosta

### Ushettes

Minette McCoy  
Xiomara Moore  
Shorlene Blanchard

### Guest Book Attendants

Raquel Eden  
Briggette Millwood



## Susan DaCosta, (nee Garrett) - Obituary

Susan Mae DaCosta, (nee Garrett), affectionately called "Sue" by family and friends, and "Suzie" by her husband, was born in Pocahontas County, West Virginia. Sue's father, Frank Garrett, married Elizabeth, (nee Barrett), and to this union were born: Susan, Naomi, Sam and Jesse, (who died at age 2 from teething complications). The family thereafter moved to Waynesboro, Virginia where Sue and her siblings attended Waynesboro High School. The family relocated to Hagerstown, Maryland, after her parents attended a camp meeting in Manassas, Virginia and heard an "on fire" young preacher, Gene Marquiss, from Hagerstown. Sue's brother, Sam, joined the US military and later became a C&W (Country & Western) songwriter for well-known C&W artists such as Del Reeves, George Jones, Tammy Wynette while Naomi became a pastor, making yearly visits to Cayman's Church of God Universal's conventions, (later a branch of Hagerstown's church and Truth For Youth School (TFYS)). Sue came to Cayman and Naomi visited yearly keeping up with Sue's growing family of Pamela, Olga, Charissa, Mowbrey and Jason.

1958, Sue's first visit here was with Hagerstown's church choir to waterfront's Church of God's convention. Here she met Cardinal DaCosta when he came to collect his mother, Olga. Apparently as they'd seen each other, sparks flew. Sue was standing beside "Miss Olga" who then introduced her to Cardinal. Later, Sue made several trips to Cayman, smitten by its beauty, climate and her blossoming love for Cardinal, who was making stints to sea. After much letter writing, the long distance relationship was straining and so in 1961, on an extended stopover in Tampa, Cardinal phoned Sue to meet and marry him there. Sue resigned her job as a phone operator at Chesapeake & Potomac (C&P, later Bell Telephone) in Washington DC., and they married on August 4th. (Previous to C&P, Sue worked as a phone operator at Washington County's Hospital, Hagerstown.) Cardinal's sisters, Kadie and Zelpha, (aka Zil, who resided in Tampa at the time), were bridesmaids and some of Cardinal's friends flew up to be groomsmen. Sue then moved to Cayman, made her home at the old Savannah homestead, (where Cimboco is now) and Cardinal continued trips to sea to make a living for his budding family.

In 1965, while Cardinal was at sea, Sue moved with Pam, age 3, to a rented room at Mrs. Annie-Laurie Bodden's residence, (opposite Markson's Furniture), so she could walk to her new job as senior operator at Cable & Wireless, (then located by the town clock). Sue trained many operators over a 6 ½ year period and later chuckled that Cayman's first international call wasn't to UK's headquarters, as per published, but that she'd first snuck a call out to her sister in Maryland. Sue assisted callers swiftly and had an uncanny ability to remember numbers.

By 1967, Sue relocated to Savannah. Sisters-in-law, Audrey and Kadie helped in transportation to/from work and shopping, and every evening, 10 year-old Heather Bodden popped up by the screen door to holler, "Hey Miss Sue, I'm just checking on you!" Pam said Sue loved young Heather as her own. Finally in 1968, shortly before Olga was born, Cardinal returned home permanently to run Puritan Cleaners, the dry-cleaning and laundry he and his brothers, Wilber and Hartmann, had started in 1958. Daughter, Charissa soon followed in 1970.

In 1972, the family moved to Prospect. Sue was excited about her new home and she and Cardinal went furniture shopping in Miami and while there, won a trip to Bahamas, yet neither could go since both worked. Shortly, Mowbrey and Jason followed into the family in 1974 and 1975.

In 70's and 80's, the family made summer trips to Maryland to see Sue's family and both Pam and Olga were able to attend Hagerstown's TFYS, each for a year. On one trip, the family went to Sue's birthplace, the old unlivid yard in West Virginia, and led by Grandfather Frank, he cautioned them to be careful of Copperhead snakes. They found Civil War bullets and Indian arrowheads among the high weeds and he even led them to

an old moonshine still in the middle of a forest. Sue was ecstatic they were able to view West Virginia's rolling hills and the Shenandoah Valley as that's what she'd missed most. In 1976, as USA celebrated its Bicentennial, Cardinal bought a black Fleetwood Cadillac and drove the family to/ from Maryland via the Blue Ridge Parkway. Sue's favorite song was John Denver's: 'Take me Home, Country Roads'. Years later, while shopping at Airport Fosters, Sue met Denver vacationing and she excitedly recounted the story to all.

In 1979, Sue began working at Cayman Airways (CAL) for 14 years in various departments, mainly as their receptionist. Shortly after she left CAL, Sue worked at Baptist Wee Care as an assistant until her retirement in 2004. Sue loved children and was in her element there.

Sue's personality was warm, friendly, cheerful, affectionate, compassionate, candid, and her family recalls her many pranks to get laughs. She especially loved Christmases, making dinners, decorating and wrapping gifts. Her kids were her pride and joy. Videos of her lively conversations, singing and happy times with the family were all lost in Ivan with most family photos. Her easygoing ways, smile and willing helpfulness facilitated her to make friends wherever she went and made many while traveling, maintaining contact with them.

Sue was awarded 'Mother of the Year' in a contest held by Nor'wester Magazine in 1974. In 80's and 90's, she was a member of Professional Women's Club, a member of Sweet Adeline's and Baptist Choirs and worked as a Pink Lady assisting at HSA for several years. Whilst part of the Pink Ladies group, Sue was enamored to meet Queen Elizabeth in 1983, and curtsayed and shook her hand. An avid C&W fan, Sue loved Elvis and Vince Gill and never missed Benzaramas. She got to meet Willie Nelson and Johnny Cash who both knew Sue's brother, Sam, (aka Hank Mills). Cash filled Sue in on how he'd added "Doodle-doo-doo -doo" to the beginning of Sam's song of 'Girl on the Billboard' the day Sam sat writing it for Del Reeves. Another of Sue's highlights was meeting astronaut, Buzz Aldrin, who at the time was on CAL's BOD.

Sue had just marked her 90th birthday on 19th December. She sat in her wheelchair with family gathered all around with cake and balloons. For the last 11 years she'd to have assistance as Alzheimer's had taken away her abilities and also her cutting edge of wordsmanship. Years prior, Sue had enjoyed doing tons of crossword puzzle books in her leisure time.

On 18th January, Sue's daily steady oximeter reading of 99% plunged to 87%. Immediately rushed to HSA, X-ray's found some pneumonia and she was being treated with IV antibiotics and oxygen. She passed suddenly on 25th January at 3 pm at HSA. Val, her caregiver, was at her side.

Sue was loved by all she met and will be deeply missed by her 5 children: Pamela, Olga Jackson, Charissa Van Roekel, Mowbrey, Jason and 10 grandchildren: Colton, Liana, Dylan, Drayson, Holly, Kadie, Sarah, Abby, Bethany, Sam and sons-in-law: Johnny Jackson Jr., Stephen Van Roekel and daughter-in-law: Leticia DaCosta. Many nieces and nephews from the DaCosta's side, overseas relatives, the Church of God, Universal and Baptist Church families and a host of friends.



My darling mom, Sue

Memories flood...you...softly patting my hand, saying: "No, no, don't touch" (your ceramics)...me crawling over, touching your hand saying: "Mummy, mummy!" as you screamed inconsolably at a TV. Years later, I'd asked and learnt we were at Aunt Zil's in Tampa, it was JFK's assassination. You'd exclaimed: "You can't have remembered! You were only a year and 4 months!"

I recall a hen clawing my back as I ran with a chick, I wouldn't let go, you're hollering: "Let go!" That huge Brahma bull loose in our backyard doing its doo...you'd grabbed me in time running outside with toilet paper still intact, I'd said: "I gotta wipe the cow's bumbum!" You'd laugh as you'd retell it. Every Saturday you'd buy me a Cola, take a sip, hand me, I'd hang onto your frocktail and off we'd go shopping. Turning 3, on a flight to Baltimore, you'd put me by a window. After pointing out cars getting smaller, the plane violently began shaking, lightning flashed, thunder cracked, oxygen masks fell, people bawled, stuff flew...you undid your seatbelt, slid to your knees, praying. I kept tapping you saying: "Mummy, get in your seat! Jesus can still hear you!" How you weren't hurt, I don't know.

My 4th birthday, you'd bought me my own record player saying I was wearing out dad's constantly playing: 'It's Crying Time Again'. (I still have it.) Frequently sick with tonsillitis, you'd stay home nursing me. A doctor slated surgery, but I bolted out the door and hid behind a bush. As I ran, you'd said: "Ahh, let'er go, she can't be hurting THAT bad!" You taught me to tell time, tie my shoes, Psalms 23, ABC's, numbers.

At 5, you were pregnant with Olgie. Living at Breezy Castle, one evening I repeatedly hollered from a back window at Mr. Joe's big black bull: "Bull come-yah, come-yah bull." Somehow it found a hole in the fence, trotted to the front, nudged the locked gate open with its horns, ambled up the walkway, up the steps, nibbling at the poinsettias, its huge face close to the screen door, I'm yelling for you to latch it. You ran, grabbed me into a room, saying: "I told yah stop yelling at that bull!" We cowered, praying he didn't step into the big living room.

In Savannah, I'd climb almond trees, yell for you to watch, lop my legs around a limb and hang upside down. You'd shout: "I'm gonna tell yah fatha!" You didn't. Dad returned from sea, was working and threatened a beating if I'd walked on the road. So, to get to my Great Aunt Olivene's, I'd scoot under the barbwire, climb the plumtree, scout her herd's location, if far away I'd venture across her tall grasspiece. Seeing none this day, I still proceeded. Suddenly her big black bull's towering over me! Barbwire a ways off, I scrambled screaming up a tree, it chased. Shaking like a leaf, teetering on a limb, praying, it snorted, pawed, raking its horns within inches trying to rake me off...you're in backyard hollering: "I told yah so!" You'd warned. It left hours later. You didn't tell! One day, neighbor Doris carried peppers saying: "Don't touch!" I did. I must've touched my eyes, screaming, you cried, while yelling for her. She brought cream, you tipped it in my eyes; it abated.

Finally, the sister I'd prayed for so long was born, but whatta nite! No phones! Dad was working. You'd nudged me awake and I found myself lying in water, you told me you were sick, to grab the flashlight and go yell for help. After forever yelling and flashing in the cold dark, Freddy Jackson came running through the grasspiece with a crocasack, asking: "Where's the fire?" Luckily, he'd a car!

Age 6, saying recitations in church, you'd sit, tears rolling down your cheeks. I'd feel embarrassed and ask why. You'd answer: "I can't help it. They're tears of joy", to which I'd remark, "Smile next time, mom!"

In grade school, you'd assist us with homework you knew almost any dictionary word. At first, you'd balk saying: "Y'all need practice, look 'em up!" you'd relent; we'd get good grades, especially on essays. Many Saturdays, you'd sit on the porch watching me mow and later fix my favorite food, spaghetti. In high school and college up late studying, you'd peep in asking if I wanted hot tea and bring it with buttered saltines.

Your eyes sparkled in mirth as Moby and Jay Jay performed antics and Olgie and Charie joined in. The house pealed in merriment, you needed no TV for entertainment! At times, I'd turn up the stereo, dance; you'd roll your eyes, shake your head, chuckling: "gurl, yah crazy!" I'd tell you news, you'd say: "Hah!! Figured that; didn't need to tell me!" Shenandoah's 'Mama Knows' sums you up! I'd get kicks outta how you'd use few words and zing 'em like arrows hitting bullseye...such was your Sagittarian forthrightness! You were our pal, proud of our achievements, always showering us in praise. You adored kids. You'd smile, wave, they'd skip over to have animated chats.

After graduating, you'd yearly take me to Brac for my birthdays; we'd rent a car, stay at Buccaner's Inn, have a ball at Holey Hut and go visit Glorine Scott. You loved soap operas and left as work ended to catch them. Durty Reid's, Eats, Treats, Lone Star were favorites and on Saturday's, at Icoa, we'd have breakfast, sip coffee, talk half the day, then order lunch and deserts.

You'd often say: "I love you kids all the same; I don't love one above the other." You took us to church, encouraged us to be God-fearing. If we'd exams, you'd pray and ask Aunts Audrey and Naomi to too. Your voice was so beautiful singing 'Blue Hawaii' at weddings with dad. You had to have been in love to have left USA to come to no electricity, no running water; mosquitos so thick they suffocated cows at night. You woke us mornings, got us out, never missed work, always on time. You'd get flu shots yearly, I'd row, you'd reply: "I can't miss work!"

It impressed us how compassionately, dedicatedly you'd cared for your parents and sister, until they passed. You'd unfathomable stamina, resilience! You were our heroine, Superwoman, role model. As a kid I'd always tell you: "I'da picked you out of a lineup as my mom!"

Alzheimer's, "the long goodbye", leaves us reeling. We won't forget your beautiful eyes, smile, quick-witted humor, heart full of love. As we wheeled you into X-ray the night before you passed, your eyes were radiant blue. Little did we know it was the last we'd see them!! That little wooden turtle I'd bought you at age 6 you'd cherished and kept on your dresser, now sits on mine. Our real tribute to you will be to attempt to walk in your gallant footsteps. My trips abroad, you'd always sign off phone calls saying: "Love you dearly, dar'n!" I'd reply: "Love you too, mummy". We all love you dearly, mom. Well done!! Rest in peace in Jesus' arms!!

Daughter, Pam

## Tribut from son Mowbrey

Never have I been more lost and found at the same time than now. Lost without you here, but found in the sense that all that was ever important to you is now so much more important to me and growing from this moment on.

Her witty charm would lead to some of the most unpredictable sayings. My brother and I often tell the one when she was cooking and dropped a spoon on the floor. In a split second, she said aloud, "You can just stay there till I pick you up!" With her jovial personality, she could talk to any stranger hitting things off into an interesting conversation, while being fully curious about knowing you and sharing her contagious zest for life.

Mom's strength and tolerance were all by way of her never wavering love.

Being a devout Christian, she never hesitated to let me know when my actions did not match her expectations of what a young man should be. She is a large part of the man I am today. I'm grateful that before unforeseen Alzheimer's, I was able to tell her many times how grateful I was for everything she had ever done for me.

## Tribute to My Mom (Mummy)-from Your 'Baby' Jason, ("JJ")

Wow...THIS IS by far the hardest thing I've ever had to face in all of my 47 years of existence on this earth.

I never could understand why tributes are always written in the context of "you", "you're", etc., like speaking directly to the person when sadly the person is no longer able to be with us. Well, I think I know now. I'm essentially speaking to your 'spirit', momma, shining down on me right now helping me to get through writing this. So many things to say but here are a few fond ones!

Dearest mom, "mummy", as I always affectionately called you in that "Cayman slang". I know you must've found that strange, being from the States. You affectionately called me "JJ" as you gave me this cool name Jason and I love the nickname!

I'll always remember you for the summers you'd take Mowbrey and me when we were kids to the state of Maryland, U.S.A., where you were raised. Your sister, Naomi, took us on those long road trips from there to Virginia and West Virginia where you were born and back to Maryland. Such breathtaking, beautiful country sides!

Your American "sweet tooth" rubbed off on me; you made natural brewed tea out in the sun with lots and lots and I mean lots of sugar in it, almost half the pitcher! Hence my sweet tea addiction! And, your love of Dr. Pepper! I was addicted at one point too, no joke! Plus, root beer, chocolate and cheese on my scrambled eggs, like you, I'd to have lotts cheese! All you mom! You showed me the skill and art of making tuna and corned beef sandwiches with mayo and seasoning. Little did I know, you were preparing me for "survival", (i.e., hurricane food). I just wish I could get my kids to eat them!

Oh! This one's a classic! I've to tell this funny story that always stands out in my mind and I laugh to myself every time I think of it and tell it many times. When I was a teen, we were driving home along Crewe Road one night. I'd placed a cassette tape in the tape player without you realizing and pressed play. The song called 'War Song' by rock band, White Lion, started to play and the intro was the sound of a helicopter making the sound, "chup, chup, chup, chup". Being the "prankster" that I was sometimes, I seized the opportunity at the spur of the moment and said "Mummy, mummy wa dat is?" You said: "Oh no, no that's a flat tire!" Poor you...you pulled over in a panic and said: "Oh my! What're we gonna do?!" I couldn't hold back my laughter and said: "No mom this song playing...it's the sound of a helicopter because it's a song about war." She gave me a well-deserving slap on my shoulder and said: "Don't you ever do something like that to me again!" I sheepishly said: "Yes ma'am, sorry mom" and we continued home. Got to admit it was a good prank though, right?

Your 90 years and 37 days of existence on this earth wasn't an easy one, though. You were a "warrior" to fight through all what I watched you go through when I was growing up. And then, in your latter life, when your mind "slipped away" and "disconnected" with this world and could no longer hold a conversation with me, this left me saddened all the time. You endured through it all! For that, I will "feed off" of these vibes and try to be such a "warrior" as you have, mom, until the day I too am no longer allowed my breath anymore. Looks like I get my stubbornness from you!

Anyways mummy, relying on what I know of your strong commitment to your church roots, your Christian heritage and your faith, (as you read your bible a lot), they say that you're in a better place walking with Jesus. I believe though that you're hanging out and flying around with the rest of your fellow angels right now and beaming down as my Guardian Angel. So, I'll find strength in that and believe that God does have a place in Heaven for you when Gabriel sounds his horn. You, by all means, are definitely deserving of it momma!!

I will always cherish these good memories to name a few and remember your infectious smile and sparkling blue eyes that always lit up the room! Will cling onto your "awesome glow" as a lasting memory! You will forever be in my heart, mind and soul!

Love you always, your "Baby JJ"

Tribute from daughter Charissa  
Poem-“Steel Magnolia”

In the South  
We call her kind  
A Steel Magnolia

When others cut and run  
She stood her ground  
Our Steel Magnolia

Her life was not her own  
She gladly laid it down  
For all us children

Her own happiness  
Never got a second glance  
She endured and sacrificed

Our Steel Magnolia  
Blossoming in the winter

Our Steel Magnolia  
Dancing in the Summer winds

Our Steel Magnolia  
Gently lining valleys and mountains high

Our Steel Magnolia  
For us children, she gladly gave her life

Tribute from Daughter Olga

Mom, I will always think of you as my Iron Woman!!, strong and full of tenacity. I remember when I was eight and the first thing you taught me to cook was boiled eggs. The only way they came out nice and pretty was to boil on high heat for an exact amount of time, then cool them down slowly. When we shelled the first one, and no white was broken, you said to me, “Ain’t that a pretty egg Olgie.” I thought about this concept over the years, and even when I boil eggs for my immediate family, how much life for you, and I’ve experienced as well, was like the boiled egg submerged in heat that no matter how much adversities this life had dished out to you, you remained vigilant and became molded as you lived out the superlative examples of Christ with the purity of heart.

Thanks, Mom I’ll love you always!

Olgie

Her eyes told the story. I knew she knew me. And I knew she loved us. No matter how trapped she appeared to be. She knew, we knew.

Love, Colton Moffitt, grandson



Dear Grammy Sue,

The day that we lay you to rest has come. I will surely miss visiting you, especially during special occasions such as your birthday, Mother's Day, and thanksgiving. Although we did not do many activities together, due to your condition, I will cherish the little moments we had watching tv after school. I will also miss playing tic-tac-toe when you lived with us for a while after the hurricane. I have always heard how much of a caring, loving, and happy person you were. I am constantly reminded of how alike we are, by my uncle and aunts. I hope that your beautiful personality will continue to shine through me. I know you would've have been so proud of me and all that I have accomplished thus far. I love you and I will miss you forever.

Love your first granddaughter, Liana



Grammy Sue,

It's your youngest grandchild, Drayson. I'm just going to make this short, but I just want to say that I love you and I miss you. I wish you were still here with us, but some people leave us without saying goodbye which really hurts. I will always remember your face whenever I would come up to you and say, 'Hi Grammy Sue, I love you' and your face and beautiful blue eyes would light up! My dad and I believe that it's because you think I'm my dad when he was my age. Every time I would put my cheek by your face, you would always give me a kiss which would make my day. I know I was not able to hear your precious voice and see you walking and having a good time but just your presence and being around you made me smile. You were one of the best grandmothers I could have ever ask for and I will always cherish the moments I had with you. Anyways Grammy, I love you and miss you. I hope you are doing well up there with Jesus.

Love your grandson,  
Drayson



To my Grammy Sue,

I know your condition did not allow us to have as many memories that I wish we could have, but I am grateful for the ones we did. I will always remember every Christmas and birthday celebrations where the whole family would come together to spend that special day with you. I also remember the times that we would pick you up and go to church with you on Mother's Day, and after church you would come home with us to have lunch and spend the afternoon talking and watching tv.

As I looked at pictures of you holding me as a baby, I could see that you genuinely enjoyed spending time with me. I know you'll be looking down at me and you'll be very proud of me. I will always love you Grammy Sue. May you rest in peace and hope to see you again one day.

Love your grandson, Dylan



Tribute from Granddaughter Holly

Grama, I'll miss reading the Bible to you. Your pretty blue eyes would light up on every good word. One day when I struggled with one of the words you said "mm-mm" meaning "no". This showed my Mom and I that despite Alzheimer's you were still engaged in my reading to you. Over the years, I heard so much about how you always kept your belief in Jesus even through every circumstance. Honestly, with all the stuff I am going through right now, I'm really wishing to have the faith and patience you had. I wish I could continue singing for you as well, but now I leave it to the angels to do that for me. And just like Celine Dion sings, "My heart will go on!" Love you always Grama.

Tribute from Granddaughter Kadie

Gramma, I'll miss playing the piano for you and celebrating your birthdays. But now I must let you go. I am sure you are now enthused by the angels and their music in heaven.

Love, Kadie-Sue, as Mom affectionately calls me since you've been gone.

Miss Sue,

This is so hard for me to put my feelings into words because, words cannot describe how much you meant to me. Knowing you for the past 26 years has been a blessing in my life. From the very first day that Jason introduced me, you treated me with kindness and welcomed me into your home. You were a wonderful mother-in-law and grandmother to my children. I have so many memories of you that I will hold close to my heart and cherish them forever.

I will miss visiting you and planning get togethers to celebrate with you on special occasions. One of which was Thanksgiving, because Jason always wanted to celebrate your American heritage and tradition which you enjoyed every time, we had you over to our house. Let's not forget how much you loved sweet treats, guess that's where my kids get it from. There is one thing for sure I got from you, it's drinking Ginger Ale, I don't recall drinking it before, but you always said that it helped with upset stomach.

Miss Sue, I will always cherish how much you loved my children, especially Liana as she was your first granddaughter and your second grandchild. When she was born you worked at the First Baptist Wee Care and almost every evening after work, I would see you driving up to our apartment in Tropical Gardens in your gray Oldsmobile to visit and spend time with her. You were all smiles when you came to see her. (The photos tell the story) I always admired your beautiful blue eyes, and wished that Liana's eyes wouldn't change, as they were also blue when she was born. However, as she grew older, they turned hazel like her dad's.

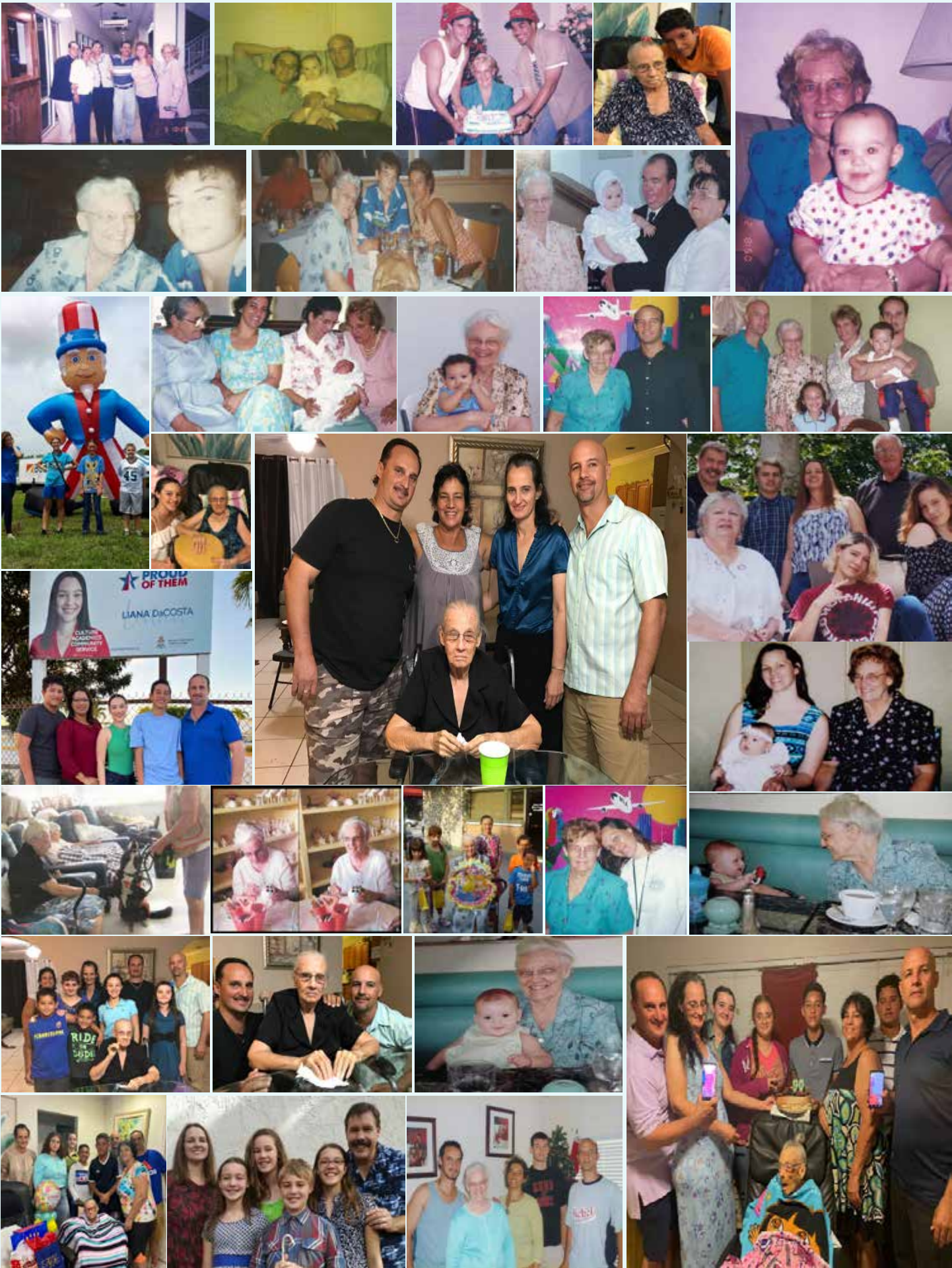
The photos that captured wonderful times with you, your children and grandchildren will always be our treasure. Sadly, I was the photographer and left myself out of the pictures on many occasions but thankful that we were able to capture those memories to reflect on each day.

Miss Sue, I will continue to love and take care of your baby boy, Jason and your grandchildren, Liana, Dylan and Drayson. We will forever treasure the memories we have over the years; your love and kindness will remain with us for eternity. My heart is at peace because I know you are now resting in the arms of Jesus. I will always love you and I know you loved me too.

Forever in my heart.

Your daughter-in-law Leticia.

Having recently returned from sea, I met Susan when she came to Cayman for a Church of God convention in 1958. We became real friendly and corresponded for 3 years and were married in 1961. Together we had five wonderful children for which I am grateful. - Cardinall DaCosta (ex) husband



## Graveside Service

Opening Remarks and Prayer .....	Pastor James Arch
Committal .....	Pastor James Arch
Go Rest High on That Mountain .....	Tribute, Son Jason DaCosta
Jealous of the Angels .....	Tribute, Daughter Olga Jackson
If Heaven Was Needing A Hero .....	Tribute from Grandchildren
Hymn Beyond the Sunset .....	Congregation
Benediction .....	Pastor James Arch

## Beyond the Sunset

Beyond the sunset,  
O blissful morning,  
When with our Saviour  
Heav'n is begun.  
Earth's toiling ended,  
O glorious dawning;  
Beyond the sunset  
When day is done.

Beyond the sunset,  
No clouds will gather,  
No storms will threaten,  
No fears annoy;  
O day of gladness,  
O day unending,  
Beyond the sunset,  
Eternal Joy.

Beyond the sunset,  
A hand will guide me  
To God, the Father,  
Whom I adore;  
His glorious presence,  
His words of welcome,  
Will be my portion  
On that fair shore.

Beyond the sunset,  
O glad reunion,  
With our dear loved ones  
Who've gone before;  
In that fair homeland  
We'll know no parting,  
Beyond the sunset  
For evermore!

## Acknowledgements

*The family of the late Susan DaCosta would like to thank everyone for your presence here today to pay your last respects to our beloved mother. We express our heartfelt thanks to her caregivers: Deleter Winkley, (aka Precious), Marcia Campbell and Val McIntosh for their attention, dedication, love and 24/7 assistance that Sue needed for the past several years. Thanks to the staff of Bodden's Funeral Home and our sincere appreciation in their assistance in coordinating the funeral.*

*Jeremiah 17: 8 For (s)he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit.*