

**The Memorial Service
And
Thanksgiving for the Life Of**



Mairva A. Sackman

October 30, 1935 – March 16, 2023

Wednesday, 5th April 2023

At 3:00pm

St. George's Anglican Church

Courts Road, George Town

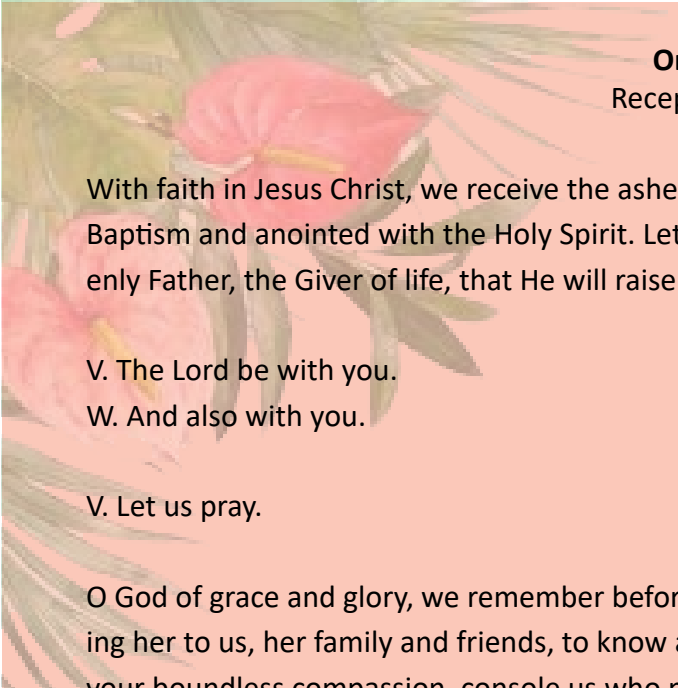
Grand Cayman

Officiating Ministers:

The Reverend Mary Graham

The Reverend Jerome Small, Priest in Charge

Organist: Mr. Denver Bloomfield



Order of Service
Reception of the Ashes

With faith in Jesus Christ, we receive the ashes of our sister Marva. Our sister was washed in Holy Baptism and anointed with the Holy Spirit. Let us therefore, with confidence, pray to God our Heavenly Father, the Giver of life, that He will raise her to perfection in the company of the Saints.

V. The Lord be with you.

W. And also with you.

V. Let us pray.

O God of grace and glory, we remember before you this day our sister Marva. We thank you for giving her to us, her family and friends, to know and love as a companion on our earthly pilgrimage. In your boundless compassion, console us who mourn. Give us faith to see in death the gate of eternal life, so that in quiet confidence we may continue our course on earth, until, by your call, we are reunited with those who have gone before; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

ALL: Amen.

Sentences

Hymn Because He Lives

God sent His son, they called Him Jesus;
He came to love, heal and forgive;
He lived and died to buy my pardon,
An empty grave is there to prove
my Savior lives!

How sweet to hold a newborn baby,
And feel the pride and joy he gives;
But greater still the calm assurance:
This child can face uncertain days
because He Lives!

Because He lives, I can face tomorrow,
Because He lives, all fear is gone;
Because I know He holds the future,
And life is worth the living just because He lives!

And then one day, I'll cross the river,
I'll fight life's final war with pain;
And then, as death gives way to vict'ry,
I'll see the lights of glory and I'll know
He lives!

Tributes

Eulogy

Hymn All Praise To Our Redeeming Lord

All praise to our redeeming Lord,
who joins us by his grace,
and bids us, each to each restored,
together seek his face.

E'en now we think and speak the same,
and cordially agree;
concentered all, through Jesus' name,
in perfect harmony.

He bids us build each other up;
and, gathered into one,
to our high calling's glorious hope
we hand in hand go on.

We all partake the joy of one,
the common peace we feel,
a peace to sensual minds unknown,
a joy unspeakable.

The gift which he on one bestows,
we all delight to prove;
the grace through every vessel flows,
in purest streams of love.

And if our fellowship below
in Jesus be so sweet,
what heights of rapture shall we know
when round his throne we meet!

THE COLLECT

THE FIRST READING Wisdom 3: 1-5, 9 Ms. Brendell Rivers

Psalm 23 (Sung) Crimond

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie, in pastures green;
He leadeth me the quiet waters by.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort me still.

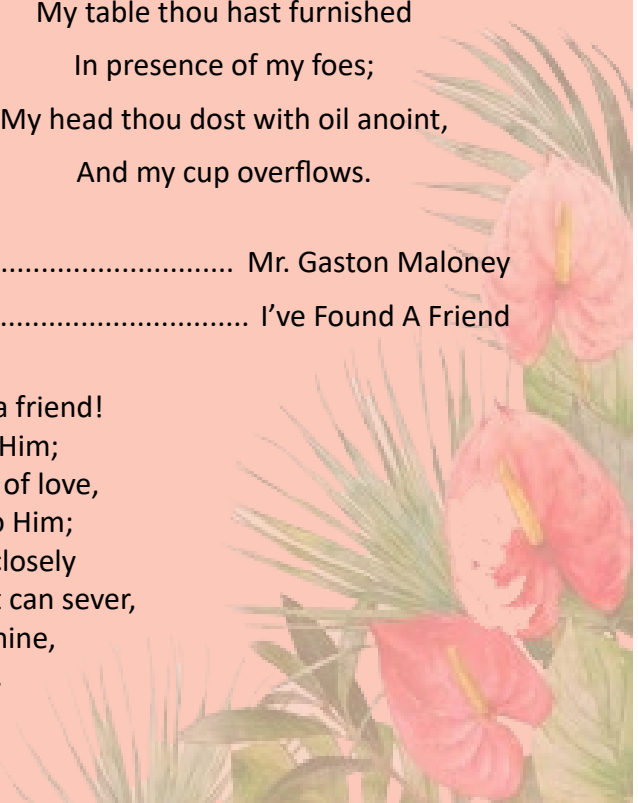
My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

THE SECOND READING John 6: 37-40 Mr. Gaston Maloney

Hymn I've Found A Friend

I've found a Friend, O such a friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him;
And round my heart still closely
Twine those ties which naught can sever,
For I am His, and He is mine,
Forever and forever.





I've found a Friend, O such a friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own Self He gave me!
Naught that I have mine own I call,
I'll hold it for the Giver,
My heart, my strength, my life,
My all are His, and His forever.

I've found a Friend, O such a friend!
All pow'r to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven.
The eternal glories gleam afar,
To nerve my faint endeavor;
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest forever.

I've found a Friend, O such a friend!
So kind and true and tender,
So wise a Counselor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From Him who loves me now so well
What power my soul can sever?
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
No! I am His forever.

THE HOMILY

The Apostles' Creed

PRESIDENT:

Let us with confidence and hope confess the faith into which we were baptized, as we say,

ALL:

I believe in God, the father Almighty,
creator of heaven and earth.

I believe in Jesus Christ,
His only Son, our Lord.

He was conceived by the power of the holy Spirit
and born of the Virgin Mary.

He suffered under Pontius Pilate,
was crucified, died, and was buried.

He descended to the dead.
On the third day He rose again.

He ascended into heaven,
and is seated at the right hand of the Father.

I believe in the Holy Spirit,
the holy catholic church,
the communion of saints,
the forgiveness of sins,
the resurrection of the body,
and the life everlasting.

Amen.

Hymn You Raise Me Up

When I am down and, oh, my soul, so weary;
When troubles come and my heart burdened be;
Then I am still and wait here in the silence,
Until you come and sit awhile with me.

You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;
You raise me up to walk on stormy seas;
I am strong when I am on your shoulders;
You raise me up to more than I can be.

You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;
You raise me up to walk on stormy seas;
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You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;
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THE PRAYERS

PRESIDENT: Lord, have mercy.

ALL: Christ have mercy.

PRESIDENT: Lord, have mercy.

ALL:

Our Father in heaven
hallowed be your Name;
your will be done
on earth as is in heaven.
Give us today our daily bread.
Forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us.
Save us from the time of trial
and deliver us from evil.
For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are
yours now and forever. Amen.

V. Blessed be God our Father:

W. The Creator and Preserver of all life.

V. Blessed be Jesus Christ:

W. The Saviour and Redeemer of mankind.

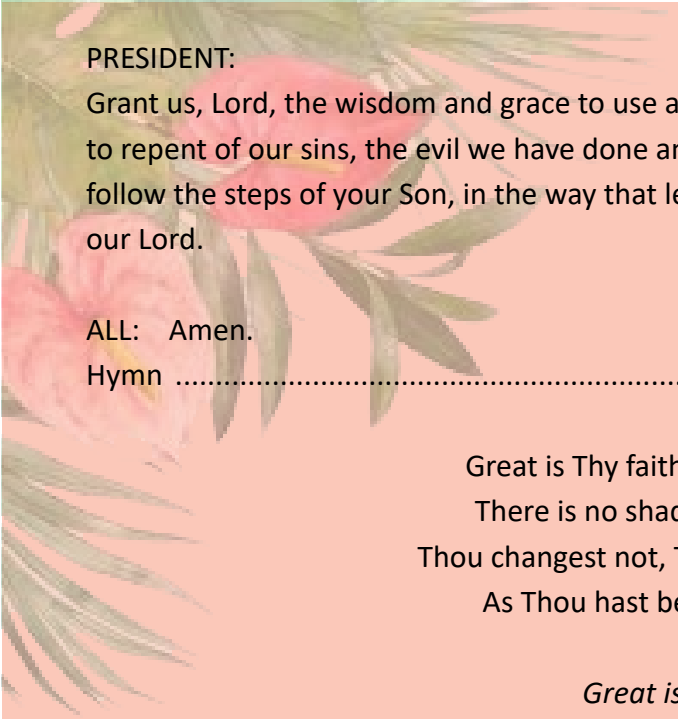
V. Blessed be the Holy Spirit

R. The Enabler and Sustainer of those who seek for grace.

V. The Lord be with you:

R. And also with you.





PRESIDENT:

Grant us, Lord, the wisdom and grace to use aright the time that is left to us here on earth. Lead us to repent of our sins, the evil we have done and the good we have failed to do; and strengthen us to follow the steps of your Son, in the way that leads to the fullness of eternal life; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

ALL: Amen.

Hymn Great Is Thy Faithfulness

Great is Thy faithfulness, O God my Father,
There is no shadow of turning with Thee;
Thou changest not, Thy compassions they fail not,
As Thou hast been Thou forever wilt be.

Great is thy faithfulness!
Great is Thy faithfulness!
Morning by morning new mercies I see;
All I have needed Thy hand hath provided,
Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord unto me!

Summer and winter and springtime and harvest,
Sun, moon and stars in their courses above,
Join with all nature in manifold witness,
To Thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.

Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,
Thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide;
Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow,
Blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside.

THE COMMENDATION

MINISTER: Let us commend our sister Marva to the mercy of God our Maker and Redeemer: Heavenly Father, by your mighty power you have given us new life in Christ Jesus. We entrust Marva to your merciful keeping, in the faith of Jesus Christ your Son our Lord, who died and rose again to save us, and is now alive and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit in glory for ever.

ALL: Amen

PRESIDENT:

V: Rest eternal grant to her, O Lord:

R: And let light perpetual shine upon her.

PRESIDENT:

May she and all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

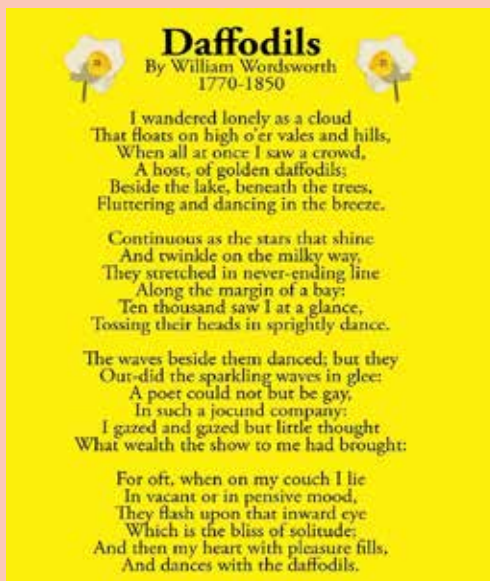
All: Amen

Prayer For The Family

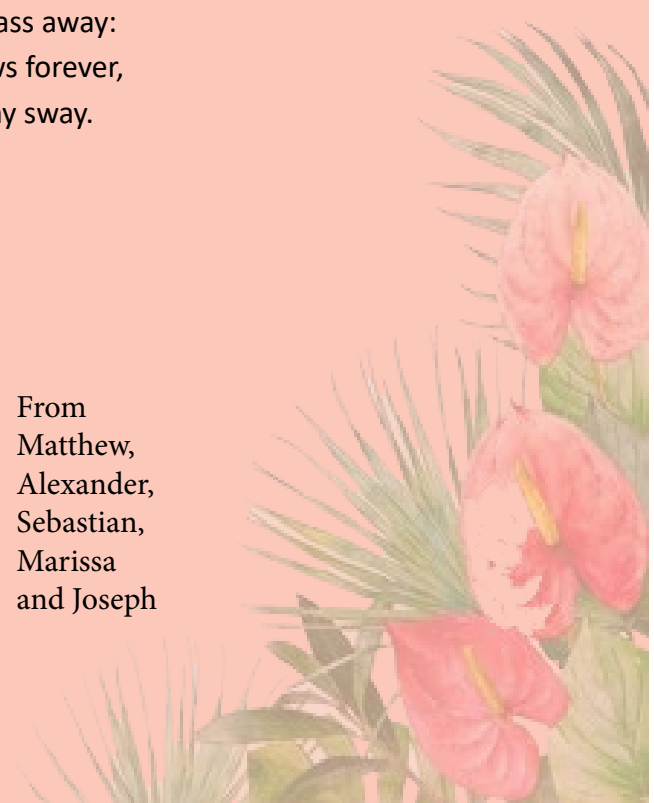
Closing Hymn The Day Thou Gavest Lord Is Ended

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.
We thank Thee that Thy church, unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.
As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.
The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.
So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away:
Thy kingdom stands, and grows forever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

Nunc Dimittis



From
Matthew,
Alexander,
Sebastian,
Marissa
and Joseph



TRIBUTES

Marva,

I am sad, very sad, and a bit confused and overwhelmed. I am sad because I am expected to put fifty-eight years of my existence, fifty-seven years ten months of the most remarkable part of life, spent with the most remarkable person I have known, my wife, my soulmate, the woman who made me a father and so much more into a few short lines.

I was thinking where do I start. Then the idea came to me, why not do as you have always done ask Marva. So I thought that is exactly what I will do. So, I asked Mom, where do I start? And a familiar voice whispered in my ear Joseph, that's an easy one, why not ask me something difficult. It is obvious, start at the beginning. So having trusted her over the years and knowing that the advice would be sound, that is exactly what I will do.

As a young boy between the years of four and eleven my mother was employed with a retail outlet. There she became friendly with another employee, who had two daughters Nalda and Peaches. Our parents had this idea that Nalda and I would grow to become an item. This of course would never happen as we were growing more like brothers and sisters. My goodness we were not even ten.

Fast forward Coralie and her daughters move to New York where Marva's younger sister attends the same high school and they become friends. Nalda, meets an American, falls in love, and gets married. There goes our mothers' plans.

I leave Montserrat and go to Canada to further my studies, however whenever I got a break, I would travel to NY to visit my family. On most of these occasions I would call Coralie to inform her that I was in town and to inquire how they were generally, and I would invariably be asked to come over for a meal. On most of these visits she often told me that there was a nice girl she wanted me to meet. However, it never happened.

In my final year I had a serious car accident and ended in hospital with several lacerations and a dislocated left hip. I went to New York using crutches but I was recovering quickly, so when I was invited to a party that Coralie was having for a group of Antiguans students and visitors, I was reluctant to go because Coralie's apartment was on the third floor and there was no elevator. She informed me that I knew most of the individuals invited and that the young lady she had been telling me about for many years was also invited. On getting there I recognized most of the guests except a cute lady standing by herself, so I went over, introduced myself and began to chat her up asking for phone number and indicating that it was my desire to see her again, when she asked if I would like to meet her husband. Oh oh, Joseph is barking up the wrong tree. At that time Coralie came over and formally introduces me to Carol. Carol then says that it is her older sister I was supposed to meet. She also informed me that her sister apologized for not being able to attend the party and hoped we could meet some other time.

The party was the Friday night. I have no idea what Carol told her sister but on Saturday evening I got a call from an unknown number, and a lady with a Trini accent asked if Joseph was there as she wished to speak to him. I said that I was Joseph and asked how I could help her. She introduced herself as Marva who Coralie told me about, apologized for missing the party, then she asked if I time to talk a bit I said sure. Then she wanted to know a little about me, what sports I liked, if I played any, what was my favorite type of music, if I liked Broadway plays and a myriad of questions that would have made the KGB proud. One of which was, do you know how to change a car tire, and do you have a significant other. I answered all these questions being shocked by the unexpected barrage. Having been through that, I began asking my set of questions. Do you have a boy friend, how many children do you have, what type of work do you do and so on. She informed me that she tiled her mother's apartment.

After a little more chit chat the final question, from this lady I have not laid my eyes on, tomorrow is Father's Day, are congratulations in order. I said no they are not. Her reply was if you are free, I would like to invite you to come and have dinner with my family and me. I thought to myself What are you getting yourself into, however I accepted the invitation. She gave me precise instructions on the best way to get to her house in the Bronx from my aunts place in Manhattan. At the lunch I met one of her brothers and saw Carol again, and met her husband and young son.

Mrs Bobb was an excellent cook and I enjoyed myself and got to learn more about her family. And their move from Trinidad to New York.

We parted promising to keep in touch. I had to return to Canada to start my Masters degree at McGill University to which I was awarded a scholarship.

I would call occasionally and speak to Marva, but I soon realized that most of my limited funds were going to Mr. Bell. Those of you who speak to Marva know how she loves to chat. So, I stopped calling, and she called to enquire why. I explained that I just could not afford calling on a postgraduate budget. So, she suggested that I should call her let the phone ring twice, then hang up and if she was at home, she would call me back. She also informed her mom about the arrangement.

Then it happened, I wanted to talk to her more and more so I called one night and her mother said she was not home as yet, that was about 9:00pm. I called back every hour up until midnight with the same reply. Her mother said Joseph I do not know where Marva is, when she gets home I will ask her to call you. Soon after midnight she calls. I pointed out that as a young woman she should not be out at those hours and that I was worried. Now I have only seen this woman once in my life but she had begun to get to me.

She listened and when I was finished, she informed me that I was not her father, or her boyfriend or my wife and she did not have to answer any questions. So, I said since I want to get answers to those questions, will you marry me? She said you have to be joking, by this time I am thinking the gumption of this woman. I told her I was as serious as a judge; she asked if she could tell her mother, I asked her to let me speak to her. When she got on the phone, I said Mrs. Bobb I would like to marry your daughter.

Every chance I got I would go to New York. On one occasion I knew that her birthday was approaching, and that one of the stones associated with October was the Opal, so I went into a jewellery store and bought a little ring with an Opal stone as a gift for her birthday, I gave it to her she accepted it and thanked me, then promptly told me that she does not wear anything below 14k. I had forgotten that in Canada they made a lot of their inexpensive jewellery with 9k.

After that experience and embarrassment, I never gave her anything in jewellery below 18k. I started buying 24k gold coins for her.

We got married on May 22 1965. God has blessed us with two children and five grandchildren of which we are exceptionally proud.

We have accomplished much together. Our motto being treat every one as you would like to be treated. Never go to sleep angry with each other and always pass on knowledge, Marva and I were meant for each other. I loved her before I met her. She was the inspiration I needed her strengths were my weaknesses so we complimented each other. She became my Chief Inspector.

It will be difficult without her but there are so many memories to last several lifetimes. I am comforted by the fact that she passed with me holding her hand and playing her favorite hymns and that she was in no pain. Both of us prayed for a little more time but God knows best.

When we got married, we had engraved in our wedding rings "til death us do part" that remains a constant reminder of our commitment.

I will continue to love and cherish you Chief Inspector. I will listen for that small voice guiding us as we always have.

I lost a friend, o such a friend
So kind and true and tender
So wise a counsellor and guide
So mighty a defender
From she who loved me now so well
What power my love can sever
Shall life, or death, or earth, or hell?
No, I am yours forever.
Rest in perfect peace Mom until we meet again

All my love your Joseph.



Tribute to my Dear Mummy

It is Ok Mummy...you can rest now!!

The most difficult words I ever had to say as I watched you take your final breath...

A good friend of mine referred to the women of your generation as the Modern-Day Superheroes that defeated all challenges thrown at them to shape us into the people we are today...and I give thanks to our Heavily Father for sharing you with me for the past fifty four and a half years as the impact you have had on my life and those people who knew you has been profound!

I can hear you telling me that... "it is what Mothers sign up for", however as I reflect on the times we shared together and the personal sacrifices you made in an effort to make our lives better, I can only think that the world would be a much better place if everyone had a Mother like you.

The happy memories are many, and while I may have disagreed with you a few times along our journey together, I always valued and respected your point of view as I knew your position was based on a foundation of love, caring and your unwavering commitment to those close to you.

While I was very young at the time we lived in Montserrat, I do remember how you supported Daddy as he, being his typical self, was working as a vet with the department of agriculture, and was also involved in running a farm that provided eggs, chickens, pigs and ground provisions to many across the island. Over the years we would talk and laugh at the stories about the Ram Sheep that took out many a person who dared to venture to close, and the time when some invited guest refused to eat your Frog Legs that you took great time to learn how to cook.

I remember your stories about going to see your favourite signer, Frank Sinatra when you lived in New York and while your seat was so far away from the stage, you could barely see him, you enjoyed every minute of the performance. I also remember you showing us your collection of half dollar coins you got as change when you would take the bus back in the early sixties which I later insisted on purchasing from you as they were each worth much more than the 50 cents printed on them because of their silver content. You were always ahead of your time and we all benefited from your sound financial advice and the prudent spending habits you shared with us.

Following our move to the Cayman Islands in 1974, our early years here were full of joy and happiness. Our lives back then were simpler than today, and we did not have that much, however I never felt that I was missing out on anything as your love and interest in the things happening in my life kept me busy and fully engaged in everything you can think up next for us to do. I will never forget the sound of your voice scream from the crowd of parents when I was running on sports day at St. Ignatius. Your enthusiasm and energy pushed me to try that little bit harder as I competed against my peers at school.

I am grateful that your commitment to us getting educated went beyond pure academics as you both made sure that we were able to travel outside of Cayman to learn and appreciate different cultures. Despite having lived in the United States during the Civil Rights movements of the fifties and sixties having personally been in attendance at Washington DC to listen to Dr. King's famous "I have a dream" speech, you taught us to love our fellow human no matter their skin colour or where they came from. Thank You for that!

I don't believe that I ever told you this but you were the first person I thought about whenever I was invited by people, I was associated with to get involved in anything ... I would ask myself... "Would Mummy Approve?". I never wanted to disappoint you as I was aware of how hard you worked and the self-sacrifices you made to help me achieve my goals. A few years ago, I came across copies of the eight letters you wrote to each of the Big Eight Accounting firms in Cayman at the time, asking if they would consider your Son for a summer job. Those were the days before word processing and the typewriter and liquid paper was all we had, so I have a great appreciation for the time and effort it took for you to do what you did. Thankfully Price Waterhouse ultimately responded however the image of you typing all those letters never left me and was behind my desire to try my hardest to repay you for all you had done and to show you that I was worthy of your efforts.

Once I reached university, I knew I could always count on a handwritten letter from you every few weeks where you managed to put 20 or 50 dollars in the letter for me. I was the envy of all my friends who all thought we were rich, however I knew that by you sending me this money, resulted in you going without something a home...again, another reason for me to try my hardest as my way of saying thank you for all you did for us.

You always supported me having a diverse group of friends...From Bryan, whose close friendship started from the time we were in St. Ignatius together, to Don, whose mother you got to know well as you worked together at the Port, welcoming cruise passengers to our shores back in the seventies, and with the other great friendships I formed with folks like Cindy, both Andreas, Lewie, Rohan, Deslie, Don Ebanks, Gloria, Raul, Pilar, Wanda, Coby, Perry, Wendy, Allan and many others. You would always ask about each of them and beamed with joy as you heard about their successes and accomplishment over the years.

I was very pleased to see the relationship you formed with Lola shortly after you both met back in 2012. I was particularly happy to see you travel to New York together to select her wedding dress as I knew that the valuable lessons in money management would come in handy once you saw the prices of the dresses my wife-to-be had her eyes on. Despite that concern it was clear that you both returned with a stronger relationship and bond than you had before you left which continued to your final day together on this earth.

It was the 13th of December 2014, a month after my wedding in the Dominican Republic, when I got the call. I started the day playing in a Pro-Am golf event and was gleaming having been paired with a former number one ranked golfer in the world, and ended the same day with great concern as I sat with you in the Cayman Island Hospital, having heard they found a tumor in your colon that required immediate attention. Despite the worried look on all our faces we were comforted by your usual bright warm smile, witty sense of humor and positive attitude.

A Bright Warm Smile that you maintained throughout your 8 year fight with cancer. We had fun on our trips to Atlanta for your treatments over the years. You never gave up and did everything you were asked to do. As difficult as it was, you were a model patient and was always my companion as we would travel all over Atlanta looking for some obscure tool Daddy wanted. You would even take the 40 minute drive with me to the Summit Speed Outlet and would sit quietly as I would buy "Stuff" for my cars here in Cayman. You would remind me of the time we picked up some slicks racing tires in Miami, had them in the hotel room with us and brought them back in Cayman Airways together. While you did not fully understand my passion for anything automotive, you always supported me. Thank you for that!

You never complained and was always mindful of others, especially Daddy, who lay by your side for 57 years. When the Doctors told us that the chemo program you were on was no longer working, we went through the options of what to do next and you were asked what direction you would like to take. Your response was that... you want to live but you are more worried about the impact your illness is having on others. It was the hardest thing for me to hear, but I did understand, having lived with and felt your love for your friends and family...I did understand. You were telling us that we did not need to fight along with you anymore. Your legacy lives on in Daddy, Tracey, Matthew and Marissa, Lola, Joseph, Alex and Sebastian and myself. You are deeply missed as we are all very fortunate to have had a Superhero Wife, Mother, Mother-in-law and Grandmother to take care of us.

You don't have to fight any more, it is Ok Mummy...you can rest now!

Love you always and forever...your son Taron.



My Mom was born Marva Alexandra Bobb on October 30, 1935 in San Fernando, Trinidad and Tobago to George Alexander Bobb a postal worker also from Trinidad and Delcina Edith Lamott Seals a midwife from Pie Corner, St Lucy, Barbados. She was the first of their four children. She was followed by two brothers Hugh Alexander and Clyde Austin and a sister Carol Cecilia who all preceded her in death. From her father she established a love for stamps and coins and had an extended collection of both. From her Mom she got her love for travel. Always extending beyond her 'home town'. Needless to say, she loved road trips.

Marva attended Naparima Girls' School in San Fernando where she was an average student until she was able to drop languages (French and Latin). She then became an excellent student. Her favorite subject being geometry which led to her career choice of become a Draftsman. She did this against her father's wishes. He wanted her to learn stenography and typing and get a respectable job as a civil servant.

Not long after her graduation from high school, the family had an opportunity to migrate from Trinidad to the United States. Marva and her father George were both reluctant to leave sweet T and T. But they were outvoted by the rest of the family. Marva took this opportunity to visit all the places in Trinidad that she had not yet seen and/or did not want to forget. She was fortunate to have a camera and took so many pictures of these places and also the people in Trinidad to whom she had come to love.

In 1955 the family moved to United States settling in the Bronx where they purchased a multi-family home and lived there until her Mom's passing in 1967. By this time Marva had met and married Joseph Jackman a young

Montserratian and University of McGill student and moved to Montreal Canada where they would live for two years before returning to the Caribbean (Montserrat) with the small family they had started.

Before then Marva had a mind of her own and for all intents and purposes, she followed it. She did everything she was forbidden to do. Despite her Mom's direction, she marched on Washington where Martin Luther King gave his famous 'I have a dream speech', she wandered into Harlem to hear Malcom X preach, she became a draftsman with an airplane manufacturer where she was the only woman on her floor and one of two people of color. This proved to be a trying time as she had many an unpleasant encounter with cat calls and such. She did take solace when she learned that the company was manufacturing part of the space shuttle which in later years was used for the first trip to the moon.

After having her first child who needed several blood transfusions to save her life, Marva found out that she had a universal blood type. She quickly became a blood donor and gave religiously (for over 45 years) until she started her chemotherapy treatments.

In Montserrat, Marva felt out of sorts having lived in the US but became quick friends with many of the wives of Joseph's friends who made her feel like family. They were all Aunties and Uncles to their children and God parents to her only son Taron in whom she was so proud. Sadly so many have transitioned but the ones who remain are still close.

When we moved to the Cayman Islands it was much the same, my Mom and Dad became quick friends with those in the Trinidad community first, namely Mr. Gaston Maloney and Mrs. Jenny Hislop and her husband Sheldon and their family. 49 years later they remain the very closest of friends. A great source of strength especially at this time. And, to which we are eternally grateful.

The family extended to those that my Mom worked with at Vampt Motors, The Department of Tourism, Land and Sea, The QE II Botanic Park, and CitiTrust. Not to mention the many clients and acquaintances they had at Snob Appeal and Coins Plus.

My mom loved stories. So many have spoken of the hours spent on the phone with her. Many of my best memories with my Mom was in relaying an experience, verbally or written. She'd laugh and laugh and laugh. Tell me the story again she'd say. She never tired to hear of someone else's experience or perspective. In her company, everyone had a voice. Always had a voice. From the sublime to the ridiculous. The longer the better. Mom also loved to volunteer her time. When NCVO started their Radiothon in the early 80s she was there answering the phones with many others... taking directions for the collection of funds.

The love of her life besides her family was her cooking. She was the best cook and loved the Christmas season especially when she could have a boxing day lime and make her favorite foods. From Roti and Pello to Fiddle sticks, fried channa and rock cakes. Sorrell, Ginger beer, Mauby, lemonade and swanky. Curried chicken, Ox tail and her famous fried chicken. My Dad always organized the souse. It was such a good time with friends and family. Safe to say my Mom was a food pusher. If you were visiting you were eating, no questions asked. My earliest memories of Ms Doreen Trickett were when shed come early to help my Mom even if and when she was travelling, she always showed up before she made it to the airport.

My Mom left big shoes to fill, literally. She was a size 12 easily. Thankfully we all have big feet and will try our best to uphold the legacy left by her. She will be sorely missed, even now as we collect memories to share only to be reminded that she's no longer with us. Thanks Mom for all you did and tried to do to make our lives better. And all who trusted you to help. God knows you and Dad together gave it 110 percent. So happy for the time that I was able to spend with you both. Until we meet again...

*Love love love to you.
Tracey*

My dear Marva,

I often think of how close we were as children and though our lives took us to different places, we never lost that bond.

I think also of how thoughtful and kind you always were.

I was so happy to have had those meaningful telephone conversations with you in recent times and your incredible memory of past times, which seemed like there was no break in our relationship.

Rest in peace my dear, dear Marva.

Your cousin,
Marigold Robertson Saul



My dear Cousin, Marva, was a naturally born people's person who made everyone feel what love is. As kid cousins together I remember that her warm welcome I got when I spent vacations with her, always began with "let us...", and ended with remarkable joy. Marva's life was one of the greatest examples of marital love, Joseph her husband; familial love, her children and grandchildren; siblings and extended family and friendship love, far and wide. Marva attached patriotism to her country, and indeed Trinidad and Tobago culture, often expressed in her adoration of calypso. She remembered well the names of the known and unknown cultural artists, and with that forever beautiful smile of hers held them in high esteem. I am comforted to know there are many others who, like me, have great memories to cherish of our times with dearest Marva. Rest in Love.

Yvonne Bobb-Smith
Trinidad and Tobago



It's been a privilege to know Auntie Marva. I will love her for the rest of my life. What a beautiful person she was inside and out. I am sure Dad will be one of the first at heaven's gate to greet her. I wear my tears as a badge of honour for you Auntie Marva, you will be missed so much and never forgotten XX

Cher Shaun and Lucy White, United Kingdom



My Tribute to Marva

During my early tenure of work with the Department of Tourism I was stationed at our Airport Tourism Booth greeting visitors to our shores and one evening I met a most friendly family. They had been traveling for hours with their two children who they quickly introduced to me. A little daughter named Tracey and a tiny tiny little boy named Taron they were all very tired upon their arrival so I quickly assisted them on their way to their hotel.

That family were the Jackmans. Doctor Jackman became our Government Veterinarian, and his lovely wife Marva soon joined the Tourism Department. So once again this lovely lady and I crossed paths and soon we became the greatest of friends. She was like my other mother, sometimes my big sister. I owe her such gratitude for her guidance through out our working years and beyond.

On March 15th I visited her at the hospital but was saddened to see her try to talk but the words just wouldn't come. I continued to pray for God's healing hands, however that was not to be as she passed away the following morning.

I miss her more than words can express and wish she were still with us but I also know we must be submissive to our Heavenly Father so Sleep Peacefully my dear friend til we meet again.

Brendell Rivers

Memorial Tribute from Merlin Bobb

It is with great sadness that I say goodbye to Aunt Marva, a beloved wife, mother, sister, aunt, and grandmother. Aunt Marva touched the lives of all who knew her with her kind heart, infectious smile, and unwavering love.

As her nephew, Merlin, I have fond memories of Aunt Marva both as a child and as an adult. She was always kind and loving, treating me as her own child. I will always cherish visiting her home in Grand Cayman, which was a place of refuge and a safe haven where I knew I was loved and welcomed with good food, laughter, and warm conversation.

One of the things I admired most about Aunt Marva was her unwavering faith. She lived her life with grace and dignity, always putting others before herself. Her kindness and generosity knew no bounds, and she will be deeply missed by me and all who knew her.

Rest in peace, Aunt Marva. Your memory will live on in the hearts of all who loved you.

Your nephew, Merlin Bobb

The Chief Inspector .. that's the post my brother Joe assigned to his dear wife and life partner Marva. I call him my brother as he grew up with my mother, his mother's sister, and was the closest to a sibling that I had growing up. He boasts that he was the one that named me at birth. He likes to give people names. So he named Marva the chief Inspector.

I am not sure what inspired him to name her that but I can make a few guesses. For one she was a stickler for detail, she was very thorough and attentive to all that went on around her. She always had things planned and everything had its place.

I first met Marva in the Bronx New York. I was a teenager then and Joe would take me along wherever he went whenever he was in New York, especially when he went visiting any of the young girls he liked. I didn't realize at the time that I was along to act as a buffer of sorts while he evaluated them for possible relationships, even though he would slyly question me to see if I liked them or not. It was only after he met Marva and I was taken on the obligatory visit to some young lady's house, that I was asked directly whether I liked this one or not.

I'm not quite sure what my specific response was but I know it was something along the lines of she was alright. I didn't know then what he had in mind until I was taken on a few more visits. I do know what my first impression was although it wasn't expressed then, she wasn't his type.

She was nice and pretty I thought but a drafts woman? You must understand I was studying engineering and I had a certain kind of perspective. He was doing medicine, all be it was for animals. He liked to write poetry and songs, play his guitar, make jewelry, paint stuff .. more of an artsy person .. she more of the engineering type. This was not going to work I thought, different kind of people.

Then he came around to essentially tell me she is the one. It wasn't a very lengthy relationship. What could I say at this point? I genuinely saw her as a very nice person but .. next thing I know he popped the question and I was in the wedding entourage.

She used her background and to ensure that the things he liked to do professionally or as his hobbies were done right. She kept a critical eye on all of his many interests he found himself occupied with.

I was never aware of her doing anything that conflicted with the things that gave him enjoyment and occupied his time. She was always supportive.

I grew to know her over the years and she became a loving mentor and advocate for me. Helping me to understand that it is what you dedicate your life to be and do that makes you and your relationships thrive. She fulfilled a role in Joe's life that I didn't see as a youth.

The little time I actually lived with her enabled me to see clearly now what a positive influence she had in my brother Joe's life. I didn't need to wonder either about the type of influence she had on her children as well. She never hesitated to give advice, good advice, whenever she thinks it was needed. I can hear her now: "Peter I think you should ..." or "Peter, don't you think it would be a good idea if ...". I don't know that I always followed said advice but I do know it was always welcomed.

I could never detail for you what a wonderful woman she was in my eyes and to others at home in Montserrat, who asked me to convey their condolences to the Doc, as he was known there, for the loss of his dear wife.

The one who came to be known as .. The Chief Inspector.
Peter White



Tribute to Ms. Marva Alexandra Jackman

Throughout our history we often refer to the days of iron men and wooden ships but as my good friend Mr. Powell would say "behind those men were superwomen" and without any doubt Ms. Marva was a superwoman. She represented a model of strength and steadfastness wrapped in a cocoon of love, compassion and generosity right up to her very last moments with us.

Ms. Marva shared a very special relationship with Zula coincidentally, meeting at Taron and Lola's pre-wedding party. This relationship would see the bonds of two families' blossom and strengthen through their many day trips, flower pruning, planting occasions and playtime with the children.

Our hearts are certainly broken, we will miss our 12 to 2am chat and messaging sessions. We will miss your lovely home-made ginger beer, we will greatly miss your story time very much enjoyed by all and most of all we will miss those wonderful smiles and gracious hugs. You transformed every relationships with one single ingredient: love—the most essential ingredient for our time here on earth.

You will always remain in our hearts

Stephen, Zula, Daniel Tatianna, Sam & Joseph



Tribute from the Hislop Family

It is with great sadness that we write this tribute to Marva who has been a special neighbour and friend to us for over 45 years. She was a wonderful woman – like family to us - and always had a beautiful smile and kind-hearted words for everyone around her. We shared many fruits and vegetables from our gardens over the years and our children grew up together on Tropical Gardens Road – remaining close to this day. Sheldon was constantly busy with one project after another – building or fixing something – and Marva always had a keen interest in watching what he was up to or creating and was ready to jump in and help as needed. We are blessed to have had such amazing neighbours and friends. Marva, Joe and family will always have a special place in our hearts. She may be gone but we will never forget her. Our prayers and condolences go out to Joe, Tracey, Taron, Lola and their families in this very difficult time. All our love...Sheldon, Jenny and family



Tribute from Monique

Miss Marva had the most Marva-lous, angelic and magnetic smile I have ever seen and I have never ever witnessed her without a smile. Always know that with her smile she is always shining light down on you all forever and always, all you have to do is look up into the night sky when missing her and pick the brightest star and let those rays of light touch your soul and warm your hearts.

RIP Miss Marva

Marva Jackman – A Life Well Lived

I met Marva nearly 20 years ago when she became a member of staff at the company where I was working at the time. The employees were mostly much younger women, and Marva was at an age where she could be the mother or indeed grandmother of many of them. You know how younger folks can be: wanting or needing something or the other, and assuming she would do their bidding -fix me a cup of tea or coffee, a glass of water, copy this for me, get me that. It wasn't long before she set the matter straight – to quote: "I am not you tea lady, and if you want anything to and get it or do I yourself"

I hasten to add I was one of those entitled youngsters.

As we became friends, I was amazed at the stories she shared of her life: she had once lived in the United States and worked at NASA (NASA!!), went to hear Martin Luther King Jr., when he gave his moving "I Have a Dream" speech. Although forbidden to do so, she also went to see where Malcolm X had been buried.

Marva was a very interesting and very smart woman, a devoted wife and mother, and my wonderful friend. She had seen the world from a perspective few of us have or ever will. We became very good friends, and I always enjoyed her company. I loved her dearly. Rest in peace my beloved friend. You were one of a kind.

Karen Wade



Aunty Marva was a very special person, a charming lady, a caring and loving wife, parent and friend. Energetic and fun loving. A true Caribbean woman who loved learning and shared her knowledge. She adapted well to things Caymanian, but never forgot her Trini roots as many of us here will remember her generosity in sharing the products of her culinary skills, that tasty ginger beer, coconut sweet bread and Christmas time fruit cakes and sorrel etc. She loved life and nature as evidenced by her love of plants and gardening which I am sure many of you are aware of.

We shared a wonderful friendship over the many years, with numerous long conversations as her sharp mind drifted from topic to topic. Uncle Joe will tell you that on the many occasions I called to speak to him and as she heard that I was on the line, that was it. 45 plus minutes later before I could get back to him. By that I may have forgotten why I called him in the first place!!!

I think our long years of friendship have spoken for itself and no more needs to be said now that she is gone. The family here will bear witness to that.

May her loving soul be granted the well-deserved eternal rest.

Gaston



Aunty Marva, as she was affectionately called, was joy squared, active and bubbly. We spent many weekends at Farrells Estate and she welcomed us with open arms.

She had a signature smile that though only displayed the upper quadrant of her teeth, when twinned with her deep dimples, radiated genuine warmth and caring.

As kids, we recall that she was extremely attentive and always made sure we were comfortable, protecting us from Uncle Joe's teasing or requests to help him in the garden, when we preferred to play. But she was stern when required. We can still hear her calling Tracey while opening those deep eyes with a look of intent, and pursing those lips, with jaws rigid..

We had no doubt that she meant business.

Over the many years, we have stayed closely connected, and more recently though ill, she was intent on staying in touch with the family and often reached out to Mum and Dad while they were in Miami, Florida.

Aunt Marva, we love you and we will treasure the fond memories. Rest in peace.

Love - Eileen Edwards and the girls (Montserrat)



I met Ms. Marva for the first time in 1982 shortly after being crowned Miss Cayman Islands and invited to work with the Dept of Tourism. As I reflect I am reminded of Maya Angelou's Phenomenal Woman because when we met she must have understood how 'a shaming environment' is supposed to work, with no moral opprobrium...and was having none of that. She knew, intuitively, that I lacked the self-confidence, self-love, self-acceptance, self-knowing to celebrate woman empowerment. And she must have thought in her usual quiet, graceful, yet engaging and magnetic way 'I got your back Theresa' because 'I love to see a young girl go out and grab the world by the lapels'. Through the years she became fast friends with my mother, becoming my surrogate mother that encouraged me, especially 'when there was no sun in my smile' reminding me always that the insanity of my circumstances should not define me. I loved this compassionate Phenomenal Woman who like my mother felt that first among virtues is integrity as little else matters without the courage of our convictions and the willingness to act and speak of what we know to be right.

Theresa Pitcairn

Marva, I don't know any other Marvas and perhaps it is a good Thing since the others would most likely pale in comparison. I always told Joseph that he stole one of the most precious pearls that have been cultured in the South in the twin island state of Trinidad and Tobago. An obvious physical beauty without a doubt but also a brilliant scientist, loving and devoted mother, a virtuous wife and to Victor & I, a very dear friend. She was the only woman that I am aware of who could consistently run down Victor's I Phone battery until he had to plug in the charger. We would talk for hours while her agile curious mind moved from topic to topic, always finding humor in the discussion. There was never a dull moment. I often wondered if Joseph was a bit jealous as he would just sit back and listen then join it at the end to say Goodbye. Her beautiful dimpled smile, would forever be etched in my mind and even when she was quite ill, she would come out and chat with us for a while. Marva was a woman who laughed, not at other people, but with other people. She was always interesting to talk to and always generous with her ginger beer and sorrel and numerous fruits that Uncle Joe had planted. This world needs more women like Marva to carry the true flag of femininity in everything they do without having to always compare and compete with the male model. She was unique and was always a joy to be around.

Through my husband, I became great friends with her and always found time to call her which is really quite remarkable because our friendship transcended the age and cultural differences that existed between us.

I have always thought that losing a friend gets easier with time, but this agama co be untrue.

Pain in the body is inferior to pain in the soul. The pain of being injured cannot be compared to the pain of losing a friend like you. I will always cherish the memories shared. It is not easy to let go of true friends, but we just have to. We will both miss her but she will live on in our hearts as long as we survive.

The morning when Victor and I came to see you, thinking that we will get to spend more time together was just a wish that never came to pass.

Gone from our sight, but never from our hearts.

WYVONNE LOOK LOY



When I reminisce about my childhood, I have fond memories of time spent with the Jackmans. They were my extended family. Mrs. Jackman was loving and kind, and welcomed my mother and me into her home. She was the epitome of elegance and grace, and I admired that about her. She was encouraging, compassionate and always concerned about the wellbeing of her family and friends. I remember her warm smile and her sweet sense of humor. She was a beautiful person, both inside and out. God's angel has entered her eternal rest. She will be greatly missed by the many people whose lives she touched.

Arlene Allen-Mitchell, Pembroke Pines, Florida

We started with you being my supervisor.

It did not take me long to see the good person you were, caring, loving, kind and at the same time a no non-sense person. I learned a lot under your watch. Thank you, Ms. Marva, for being a REAL friend. It is so sad to have to let you go i will tell the world how good you were.

Rest in perfect peace my friend.

Monica Levy

A TRIBUTE TO DEAR MARVA

Our entire Family are saddened by the departure of Dear Sweet Marva, who brought such soft charm and gentleness indicating something very special in her personality, that endeared her to all who knew her, as her mission in life touched a lot of lives, and her life's journey was such a sterling example of an awesome calm, beautiful Lady, who shared her life with a man that was born for her, they were born for each other and had a life long partnership.

I first met Marva in the 70's at my Mother's guest House at one of the regular Tourism inspections on behalf of the Tourism Department, to make sure all was neat, clean and tidy, and this moment was a great occasion for me, as it commenced a wonderful joyful and interesting friendship between our two families that we have treasured, as once I met her partner Dr. Joe, and witnessed the love they shared, a bond developed between our families,

I always felt that as you hear the name Marva, it was just a short way of saying Marvelous, because if we use only one word to describe her, it would certainly be how Marvelous she was in her delightful personality.

It has been the joy of our life to have known Marva.

May God hold you all in His arms and comfort you, as He never sleeps and is always beside you. Rest in Peace Sweet Lady, and thank you for giving me the Honor to write this for you,

From Kent & Angela Eldemire and family.



Marva Jackman, my cousin, was a beautiful woman both inside and out. A gentle woman. Whilst we are cousins & I've known her all my life, I really got to know her in 2011 when she visited Trinidad for the funeral of my dear Uncle Hugh Elcock. At this visit, she also met my husband and as the saying goes, they 'hit it off' immediately. Over the years that followed, we exchanged many messages and had several phone conversations, however, the longer conversations were with my husband who loved chatting with her on many subjects including whatever was his latest woodworking project, or nature photography, numerous pictures of which he shared with her as she was keenly interested in getting to know us. She also had a great sense of humor and many jokes were also exchanged.

Marva was always one to encourage us to plant something, grow something and to sell any surplus to restaurants. Thanks to Marva, over the last several years, I have been harvesting various herbs for cooking from my home garden. I remember when I got my first bell pepper grown from seeds, she was the first person to receive a picture. We have continued with the home garden and over the last few months we have had many meals from our garden. So thank you Marva for your encouragement.

In 2018, I attended a wedding in Savannah Georgia and stayed with friends in Atlanta. Quite by chance, Marva called me the day before she would leave for Atlanta to visit her sister Carol who was to undergo a medical procedure and I was due to leave for Atlanta in a few days, so we decided that we would keep in touch while there. I was able to visit Carol, who I had not seen since childhood, at the hospital and met Marva while there and we were able to chat in person. Little did I know that it would be our last in-person chat.

My mother once said of a famous person who died in the Easter Season "what a beautiful season in which to die". Those words never left me and my mother was also blessed to transition in this beautiful Season when we think of death, resurrection and eternal life. Marva, too has been so blessed to pass in this season of Spring, lush vegetation and flowers, things that she so loved. I love you Marva & miss our conversations but I know that your discomforts and indeed pain is over. May your soul rest in eternal peace.

Olive & Stephen Froix & Michael & David Elcock

Tribute to Mrs Marva

I have known Mrs. Marva since Taron and I were in primary school where we met and became best buddies. Taron and I visited each other's homes frequently and the thing I remember most vividly about Mrs. Marva was her cheerful and positive spirit. She always had a smile on her face and made you feel welcome. She was keen to hear about your recent achievements and your plans for the future, and always offered an encouraging word to drive you to higher goals.

I also remember her love for basketball, and I believe it is fair to say that she is one of the reasons I developed my love for the sport (along with Taron who I had many one-on-one battles with). As many of you will know, Dr Jackman was a pioneer when it came to satellite TV in Cayman and had one of the first satellite dishes in Cayman. I can remember when I would go by their house Mrs.

Marva would often be watching basketball, primarily college, and when a player would hit a clean shot that didn't hit the backboard or the rim, I would hear her say "Swish!" which was my first exposure to that term. I have used it ever since.

I was truly blessed to have Mrs. Marva in my life. My wife Jennifer feels the same way as she was embraced with the same warmth and affection by Mrs. Marva and Doc. Jennifer would seek advice from Mrs. Marva on how to make her delicious Christmas fruit cake and other Trinidadian specialties. We both admired her courage in her long battle against cancer. She never gave up and she never complained. She wanted to have as much time as possible with her family.

Rest well Mrs. Marva. We love you and miss you very much,
Bryan



Thank you all for coming. Marva and I became acquainted while working for the government in the early 80s. Although we didn't know each other during the time we lived in New York, we would often reminisce with each other about our memories of working and living there. We shared many interests and could spend hours talking about them.

Marva particularly enjoyed sharing her Caribbean recipes. I fondly remember learning how to make passion fruit and sorrel drink with her. The way in which Marva processed her sorrel and let it ferment could knock your socks off. It didn't take long to discover she was a kind, considerate and loving person. She was always sharing whatever she had, be it material things, or her precious time. I could always look forward to hearing from Marva during the Christmas holidays where she would let me know she reserved a bottle of homemade ginger beer and sorrel for pick up. It was a holiday treat for which I looked forward to with great anticipation. For me, she was a motivator, always encouraging me to follow my dreams. She often spoke of her family and shared her feelings of pride during their accomplishments. Marva was truly a lady of substance. To me, calling someone a friend should be reserved for a very special person. One in whom you can trust and always depend on.

Farewell, my friend, until we meet again.

Ms. Bette Jefferson.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The family and friends of Marva Jackman acknowledges with sincere and heartfelt appreciation, the many comforting messages, prayers and other acts of kindness and concern expressed at this time.

A special thanks to The Reverends Jerome Small and Mary Graham and family.

Dr. Vineetha Binoy, nurses and staff at Health City, Grand Cayman. Mr. Scott Ruby and staff of Bodden's Funeral Home and the staff of Jasmine, Cayman.

May the peace of the Lord be always with you.







