

Celebrating
THE LIFE OF



DAWN ANGELA RUSSELL

17 SEPTEMBER 1972 - 8 MARCH 2023

Order of Service

Opening Remarks

Prayer

Hymn: Amazing Grace Congregation

Sermon

Hymn: How Great Thou Art Congregation

Tribute from Daughter: Desiree Brown Hon. D Kurt Tibbetts, OBE, JP

Tribute from Grand-children: Amiya Brown and Jaiden Turner..... Frank Martyr

Tribute from Mother: Pearl Russell Barbara Conolly

Tribute Song from Mother, Pearl "I Sure Miss You" by Jason Crabb

Tribute from Sister: Marcia Connor Hon. D Kurt Tibbetts, OBE, JP

Tribute Song from Sister, Marcia "Go Rest High" by Vince Gill

Tribute from Sister: Tricia Russell-Jones Frank Martyr

Tribute from Special Nieces: Felicia and Amanda Connor John Henry Ebanks

Obituary

Closing Hymn: The Old Rugged Cross Congregation

Benediction

Pallbearers

Philip Jones
Frank Martyr
Paul Hudson
Pierre Ordoñez
Craig Merren
Lewis Ebanks

Paul Chin
Nicholas Bell
Benjie Rivers
Bryce Thompson
Brandon Thompson

Honorary Pallbearer

Dennis Brown

Guest Book Attendants

Dianne Russell
Tamara Fisher

Service Hymns

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.

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

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross (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

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true
It's shame and reproach gladly bear
Then he'll call me some day to my home far away
Where his glory forever I'll share

And I'll cherish the old rugged cross (rugged cross)
Till my trophies at last I lay down
And I will cling to the old rugged cross
And exchange it some day for a crown
I will cling to the old rugged cross
And exchange it some day for a crown

How Great Thou Art

Oh Lord, my God
When I, in awesome wonder
Consider all the worlds Thy hands have made
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder
Thy power throughout the universe displayed

Chorus

Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art
Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing
He bled and died to take away my sin

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart
Then I shall bow, in humble adoration
And then proclaim, my God, how great Thou art

In Loving memory of my Mommy

Dear Mommy,

Where do I even begin...Everyday it feels like a part of me is slowly being ripped away since you've been gone.

To explain just how much you mean to me would just be an extremely impossible task. You were not only my mother but also my best friend. Mommy you were the strongest, bravest, kindest person that there ever was. You would always give your last even if that meant you wouldn't have for yourself, especially when it came to me, Amiya & Jaiden.

I wouldn't be the person I am today if it weren't for you. Thank you for always being there for me and them children. Thank you for always being a listening ear whenever I had anything on my mind and needed to vent. I will always remember what you tell me, "If it's for you, it's for you and no one can take it away." Thank you for being the best mom any child could ever ask for.

You were not only the best mother, but you were also the best grandmother to Amiya and Jaiden. And I know they will miss you terribly and I promise that I will continue to raise them in the way we always talked about raising them.

Mommy, there are so many things I will miss about you. I will miss our Saturday trips to the supermarket and our lunch dates to either Casanova, Legends, or Hard Rock and let's not forget our favorite place, Gateway of India which we visited at least 2 or 3 times a week. I will miss giving your name to the restaurants when we order food because they would always mispronounce my name and yours was always easier. I will miss your smile, your comfort and your reassurance that everything would always work out as long as we prayed and put our heads together and come up with ideas.

I will miss coming home in the evenings, walking through the door and hearing you play your reggae music on your phone, and sitting with you and just talking about random stuff for hours especially if you had "some news" to tell me, until I would look at the time and say "Let me go over before Jaiden has the kitchen in the bedroom" to which you would reply "Leave my one and only grandson alone" or "Leave my little Hulk alone" and laugh.

We had so many ideas and plans that we talked about, 90% of which were for Amiya and Jaiden. But this I promise you, that I will continue to work hard and be the best mom to them as you always told me that I was.

Birthdays will not be the same anymore, as we always celebrated ours together as they were 2 days apart. (I was her birthday gift). Back to school shopping which you absolutely loved will not be the same either. I would always try to be first in buying school stuff for them children but somehow you would always manage to buy what they needed first. And when I would ask how you found the time to go out and buy all that stuff, you would say "My red Lamborghini sitting outside took me". (she referred to her red Mitsubishi car as her Lamborghini)

I never got to say goodbye, no one did as we all never expected that morning to be your last. But I promise to always honor you and continue your legacy. I will continue to make you proud.

Until we meet again my sweet angel, I love you today, always and forever.

Your one and only baby, Des.

In memory of my Ganny:

I will always remember you and I will always cherish our memories together, forever. You may have passed on, but your memories will always live on within us. Wherever you are, I know you are in a much better place. I will be forever grateful and thankful that you are my grandmother.

I remember all the times we laughed together, watched movies, and when I begged mommy to let me sleepover your house and more other memories of us together. I will always remember you through good and bad times. We will all miss you so much. I love you so so much! I hope you rest in peace, forever.

Your baby, Amiya Brown

In loving memory of my Daughter Dawn from Momie

My darling Dawn, there are so many memories we shared, that I will cherish forever. It's difficult to know where to start.

I can see you children now out in the middle of the road playing hopscotch, rounders or fighting over whose turn it was to ride the bicycle. Even from that early age everyone just loved you. You and your sister were my business partners in the tape club. I would take you both to Miami to get new tapes, and you both knew much better than I did which were the hot tapes to get that wouldn't stay on the shelf and be out on rental continuously. You wanted to know when I was going to put you on a salary; that was my ten-year-old.

As you grew, we just got closer as a family; yeah, we were tight. You grew up and I was so proud of all your achievements. Then you took over administration of the rental units and it gave us the opportunity to even grow closer. I think Marcia was even a little jealous, but she knew it was all for the good, and you both loved each other so much.

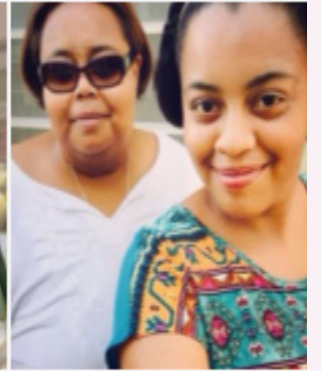
I will always remember every morning you would call me and say, "Momie, you ready, time for us to pray". I would say, "I already said my prayers." I can hear you now, "that was you, not me and you. I am coming now with my Bible".

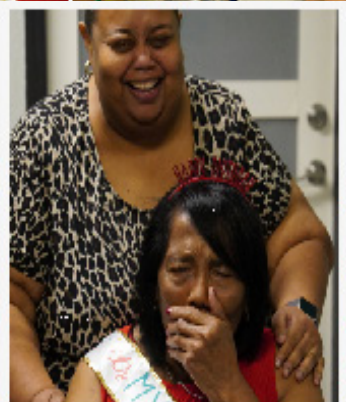
I just miss you so much, and its just hard even to think about it. I will do my best to continue to be the mother and grandmother that I should be to Dez, Amiya and Jaiden.

This is not goodbye my darling, it is just "see you later". Take your rest now my angel, until we meet again.

Your broken-hearted mother, Pearl.







Graveside Service

Prayer Pastor James Arch, Cert. Hon. JP (Ret.)
Act of Committal Pastor James Arch, Cert. Hon. JP (Ret.)
Hymns Congregation

Lord I'm Coming Home What A Friend We Have In Jesus Blessed Assurance

Benediction Pastor James Arch, Cert. Hon. JP (Ret.)

Lord I'm Coming Home

I've wandered far away from God,
Now I'm coming home;
The paths of sin too long I've trod,
Lord, I'm coming home.

Refrain:

Coming home, coming home,
Nevermore to roam;
Open wide Thine arms of love,
Lord, I'm coming home.

I've wasted many precious years,
Now I'm coming home;
I now repent with bitter tears,
Lord, I'm coming home.

I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord,
Now I'm coming home;
I'll trust Thy love, believe Thy word,
Lord, I'm coming home.

My soul is sick, my heart is sore,
Now I'm coming home;
My strength renew, my hope restore,
Lord, I'm coming home.

My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

I need His cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

..

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.

Blessed Assurance

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God
Born of his Spirit, washed in His blood

This is my story, this is my song
Praising my Savior all the day long
This is my story, this is my song
Praising my Savior all the day long

Perfect submission, perfect delight
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight
Angels descending bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love

This is my story, this is my song
Praising my Savior all the day long
This is my story, this is my song
Praising my Savior all the day long
Praising my Savior all the day long

Acknowledgment

The family of the late Dawn Angela Russell would like to extend their heartfelt gratitude to friends, extended family and loved ones for all their words of condolences, love and support.

A special thank you to Hon. D Kurt Tibbetts, OBE, JP, MP Barbara Connolly, JP and Dr. Andrew Robinson for their continuous support to the family.

Dawn will truly be missed by all who knew her.