

**SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING
For The Life OF**



PASTOR JOHN WALLACE MACMILLAN, MOH

Sunrise 16th February, 1945 – Sunset 17th April, 2023

Elmslie Memorial United Church
Seafarers Way
Grand Cayman
Friday, 5th May 2023
at 2:00 p.m.

Officiating Ministers

Rev. Christopher Mason
Rev. Yvette Noble-Bloomfield
Rev. Rohan Forrester
Rev. Euthman Wray

Organist

Mr. Denver Bloomfield

Pianists

Mr. Antonio Sanchez

Dr. Mark Minnott

Private Interment at Dixie Cemetery

Order of Service

Sentences	Rev. Christopher Mason
Hymn "Praise My Soul"	Congregation
Prayer	Rev. Rohan Forrester
Responsive Reading - Psalm 46	Rev. Euthman Wray
Tribute from Wife – Janet Macmillan, Cert. Hon.....	Hon. D. Kurt Tibbetts, OBE, JP
Tribute from Daughter - Sheena Thompson.....	Mr. Michael Bowerman
Tribute from Son - Bruce Macmillan	
Tribute from Sister – Marjory Newport.....	
Tribute from Son-in-law – Mark Thompson	
John's Life Story.....	Dr. Lindford Pierson, OBE, JP, FCCA
Scripture Readings:	
Ezekiel 37: 1-10.....	Elder Rupert Hoilett
Philippians 4: 4-9	Rev. Euthman Wray
Hymn (John's favourite) "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind"	
Sermon - Rejoice in the Lord	Rev. Yvette Noble-Bloomfield
Instrumental - Be Thou My Vision.....	Dr. Mark Minott & Mr. Antonio Sanchez
Prayer for the Family	Rev. Yvette Noble-Bloomfield
Benediction	Rev. Christopher Mason
Recessional ""Love Me with All of Your Heart Now and Forever"	

Pallbearers

Mr. Bruce Macmillan
Mr. Conor Macmillan
Mr. Peter Macmillan
Mr. Mark Thompson
Mr. Jaden Thompson

Mr. Renrick Christian
Mr. Charles Mobley
Mr. Gilbert Powery
Mr. Thomas Myles

Honorary Pallbearers

Dr. Linford Pierson, OBE, JP, FCCA
Mr. Heber Arch, MBE
Mr. Bryan Bothwell
Mr. Leonard Ebanks, OBE
Mr. Phillip Garcia
Mr. Bernard McGrath
Mr. Gareth Newport
Mr. Ransford Terry
Mr. David Whitefield

Hon. D. Kurt Tibbetts, OBE, JP
Mr. Norman Bodden, MBE
Mr. Michael Bowerman
Mr. Nickerson Godfrey
Mr. Andy Garcia
Mr. Orren Merren III
Mr. Dudley Parsons
Mr. Richard Trull

Mr. Christopher Bowring
Mr. Paul Garcia (Tony)
Mr. Kearney Gomez, MBE, JP
Mr. David Newport
Mr. Geoffrey Scholefield
Mr. William Walmsley

Ushers

Mrs. Alex O'Neil Ms. Joan McField
Ms. Suzanne Livingston Ms. Cathy Gomez, JP

Guest Book Attendants

Mrs. Betty Ann Mobley Mrs. Harriet Vassell
Mrs. Diana Bodden Ms. Olsie Hunter

Praise My Soul

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing?
Praise Him, praise Him,
praise Him, praise Him,
Praise the everlasting King.

2. Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress.
Praise Him still the same forever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Praise Him, praise Him,
praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3. Frail as summer's flower we flourish
Blows the wind and it is gone
But while mortals rise and perish
God endures unchanging on
Praise Him, praise Him,
praise Him, praise Him,
Praise the high eternal One

4. Fatherlike He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He Knows.
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Praise Him, praise Him,
praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy goes.

5. Angels help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space.
Praise Him, praise Him,
praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace.

Dear Lord and Saviour of Mankind

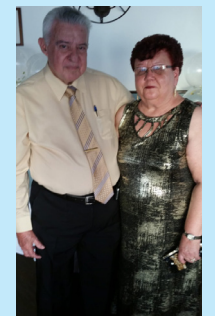
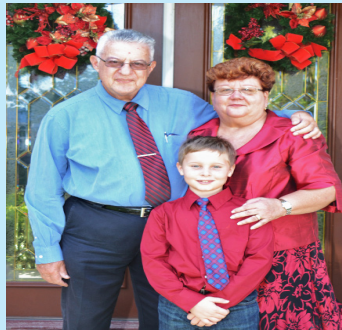
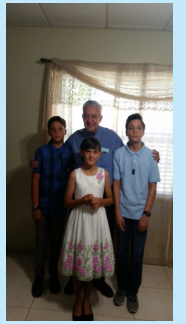
1 Dear Lord and Father of
mankind,
forgive our foolish ways;
re clothe us in our rightful mind,
in purer lives thy service find,
in deeper reverence, praise.

2 In simple trust like theirs
who heard
beside the Syrian sea
the gracious calling of the Lord,
let us, like them, without a word
rise up and follow thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee,
O calm of hills above,
where Jesus knelt to share
with thee
the silence of eternity,
interpreted by love!

4 Drop thy still dews of quietness,
till all our strivings cease;
take from our souls the strain
and stress,
and let our ordered lives confess
the beauty of thy peace.

5 Breathe through the heats
of our desire
thy coolness and thy balm;
let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
speak through the earthquake,
wind, and fire,
O still, small voice of calm!



LIFE STORY OF JOHN WALLACE MACMILLAN, MOH

John Wallace Macmillan was born in Belize City, Belize on 16th February 1945 to Gwendolyn Thelma Macmillan (nee Hunter) and Duncan Hugh Baber Macmillan and was the fourth of five children. John had a happy childhood and grew up in Belize and Wales. His three elder siblings James, Elizabeth and Rita were many years older than John and his younger sister Marjorie (affectionately known as Madge) and by the time that he had reached about the age of ten they had already moved away from Belize and on to greener pastures. With his older siblings living abroad this left young John and Madge at home and they became very close as they grew up. John's father, Duncan Macmillan, was a mechanical engineer and an elder at Saint Andrews Presbyterian Church commonly known as Scotts Kirk. Being a leader in his church and a strong influence on his family through his life of service, John and his siblings matured with solid church connections and a developing faith in Christ. Growing up in Belize John spent most of his time out of school playing tennis, helping or doing something that involved the church and later even learned to pilot small planes.

After completing his studies, John started work with Barclays Bank in Belize on 1st February 1964 and not long after this his father passed away. This was an impactful time for John and his family, and he stepped in to look after his Mum and sister. Time passed and Madge moved to New Orleans and his Mum moved in with her sisters. In 1968 when the opportunity arose for John to take up a job with Barclays Bank in the Cayman Islands he accepted and embarked on a journey that would change the course of his life. John moved to the Cayman Islands on 19th February 1968 and made a home and life for himself for the next fifty-five years until his passing on 17th April 2023.

Within one week of arriving in Cayman John's internal compass led him to worship at Elmslie United Church. Never one to sit on the side-lines and warm a bench, John soon became involved in the Cayman and Elmslie communities. John's friendly and easy-going nature helped him to swiftly settle into his new home. He made friends quickly and could easily be spotted darting around town from one activity to the next on his small motorbike.

As a committed Christian, John became involved with the choir (both the Elmslie and the Cayman Singers Choirs), he began to teach Sunday School, played the piano for church, and joined Christian Endeavour. It was at Christian Endeavour that he became friends with Linford Pierson who later introduced him to Janet Tibbetts, his soon to be future wife, after choir practice one Thursday evening.

John first saw Janet on Ash Wednesday 1968 when she was on a Garden Club float for the annual Agricultural Show and he was riding behind it on his motorbike. Little did they both know that they would soon meet by way of an introduction from Linford and a mere six weeks later be engaged.

Once introduced to Janet, John wasted no time getting to know her and the very next day invited her to see a movie at Mr. Berkley's Theatre. Janet told him that she would have to ask her father. The film showing at the theatre was James Bond, From Russia with Love and half the island planned to be there, including Janet's parents! Most of the Barclays Bank staff were there too and were astonished to see Cayman's newest resident, John, at the movies with Janet. The following Monday morning they peppered him with questions as to how he managed to take Janet to the movies since her father Mr. Esterley Tibbetts was such a strict man.

The following year John and Janet were united in marriage on 20th February 1969. One year later they welcomed their first child, Duncan Esterley Macmillan who sadly passed away a short time after birth. Losing their first child was a devastating experience. Two years later, God blessed John and Janet with a healthy and beautiful baby girl. Honouring John's Scottish ancestry they named her Sheena Marise and in 1974 they welcomed another handsome son and named him Bruce Alastair.

John's younger days were spent working hard to raise his children and build a home and life for his family. On 1st January 1969 John moved to work at CIBC Trust and remained there until November 1973 when he was recruited to work for Kirkconnell Brothers as manager of some of their enterprises. John worked for Kirkconnell Brothers for over twenty-eight years.

Throughout his career John worked diligently and continued to dedicate himself not only to his family and employees but to his church and community as well. John was a well-rounded individual and had many talents. Whilst working for CIBC he started construction on his new home and built most of it on his own without significant help from others. John even obtained his electrical and plumbing certifications and licenses and installed all of the wiring in the house himself.

John loved tinkering with electronics and could often be found in his workshop in the evenings repairing radios and tape decks or, listening and talking on his Ham Radio with other aficionados. In his younger days he was an avid tennis and badminton player and could often be found at the Pageant Beach courts or South Sound tennis club on a Saturday afternoon enjoying a quick match.

He had a sharp mind, exacting memory and a quick wit. He was a good mathematician and never liked the use of a calculator; John could tally up columns of numbers in his head faster than someone on a calculator and often did so more accurately.

John not only dedicated himself to his family and his work but also to his God and the advancement of His church. John faithfully served the United Church in Jamaica and the Cayman Islands for his fifty-five years in Cayman. Dedicated to the advancement of Cayman's youth John helped to establish the Boys Brigade chapter in George Town and acted as Brigade leader from its start. John was also a Marriage Officer for the Cayman Islands. John served as an elder of Elmslie Memorial United Church from January 1977 until 2018, Governor and Secretary of the Cayman Prep and High School Board, Treasurer of Elmslie United Church Board, Council Elder of Elmslie, Member and Chair of the Cayman United Church Corporation for over twenty-five years. Upon retiring from his role in the commercial sector John dedicated his life to fulltime work at the church and served as the Administrator of Elmslie from 2003 until his "retirement" in March 2015. Not content to sit still for long, in August 2015 John joined the United Church Council Office as Financial Officer.

John was faithful to God's call on his life and preaching His word. In the early 2000s John decided to further his Theological studies and enrolled in the Institute for Theological Learning and Development (ITLD) and received a B.A. in Theology in 2005. John was the longest serving Lay Pastor in the United Church in Jamaica and the Cayman Islands and he preached God's word in many locations and sanctuaries in Cayman and Jamaica. John humbly received the Synodical Lay Award for his work in the Cayman Islands Regional Mission Counsel in 2011.

In June 1990 John was commissioned as the Lay Pastor for the Robert Young Memorial Church on Crewe Road where he faithfully and lovingly served until he passed on 17th April 2023. John's heart held a special place for the Crewe Road community and his congregation there and often reminded us that from small things big things grow. John was a wonderful and dedicated husband, father and grandfather. He adored his wife Janet, children Sheena and Bruce and their children. He particularly loved his son-in-law Mark whom he considered to be his son too. John was a hands-on dad who took his children everywhere with him. Sheena was often his shadow and from a young age he took her to work with him at every opportunity. He prepared his family well and taught his children to use good common sense because, as he often noted, common sense was not too common anymore! He was particular about his workshop and tools and he always made sure that each one borrowed by Bruce or Mark was returned to its proper place. John's soft heart wrapped his family in love in so many tangible and practical ways. Always dependable, he would start and end his day by seeking out his children and grandchildren to check in on them. John was an early bird, rising before the sun and then off to take his morning walk, usually with Sheena. After returning home he'd wait for each of Mark's employees to come into work so that he could greet them and see what was on the agenda for the day. Then he would wait for his favourite caretaker Bernice to arrive before he would go to check in on his Chickey Pack, his pet name for Sheena's children Jaden, Alexa, Jenna and Emma. After leaving his Chickey Pack he would take his other grandchildren Conor, Peter and Gabriella to school.

No matter how busy his days were he always found time to call Janet to check in on her and to spend time with his grandchildren. John was always filled with fun and lots of creative ideas. He loved to feed the birds in his backyard with his triplet granddaughters and enjoyed giving them silly names like "Wings-Up" and "Blue Head". He loved backyard gardening and caring for his flowers and fruit trees. He often grew many of them from seed or cutting and taught the children how to graft fruit trees. Janet, Sheena, Mark and children will greatly miss sitting on his back patio having a sunset talk with him and debriefing the day.

The hallmark of his love for his family was the time he spent with them every day, showing up and helping in every aspect of their lives and taking a genuine interest in them. John and Janet lovingly opened their home to their grandchildren Conor, Peter and Gabriella and raised them for the last eleven years of his life delighting all the way in their successes and caring for them throughout whatever life challenge that cropped up.

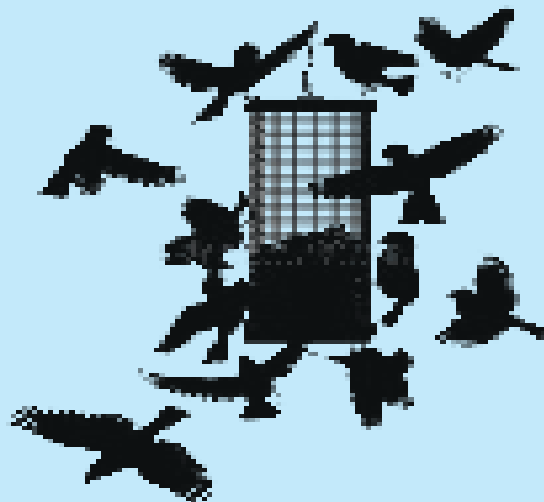
John loved to do puzzles, play card and board games and was a passionate reader often sharing his latest literary find with his family and friends and was always encouraging the children to read every day.

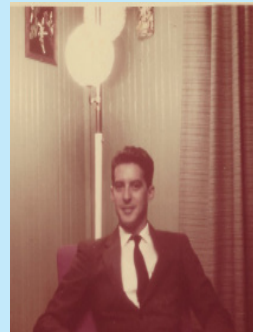
Despite many decades of a healthy and active life John was diagnosed with a heart condition in late 2022 and in early January 2023 a spinal tumour that had slowly been claiming his mobility and overall health. John was admitted to George Town Hospital on 27th December 2022 and on 1st January 2023 was air-ambulated to Mount Sinai Hospital in Florida where he underwent spinal and heart surgeries. Six weeks later John was transferred from Mount Sinai to Encompass Rehabilitation Hospital where he underwent several months of intense therapy for many hours each day, learning to walk again and regain his much-desired independence. Throughout this difficult process John never complained and approached each day with new resolve and positivity. He swiftly got to know the staff at Encompass and became a popular and well-loved patient. Even though he was battling to regain his physical strength his mind and spirit remained strong, and he continued to be engaged and interested in what was happening with his work, church, friends, family and community.

John's main goal throughout his hospital stay was to return home to Cayman and his seaside home on West Bay Road. On three occasions he was deemed fit and steady enough to return home and each time the air ambulance was readied for his return his health would take a downward turn extending his time in hospital and delaying his homecoming. On two occasions during his rehabilitation process John had to be rushed from Encompass to another nearby hospital, Westside Medical, for urgent care. During these times John underwent a number of procedures. His last transfer to Westside Hospital occurred on the morning of the very day that he was scheduled to fly home and given the weakened state of his body he was not able to have his Cayman homecoming after all. John passed away peacefully at Westside Hospital in Plantation Florida on Monday, 17th April 2023 at 6:58pm surrounded by his wife Janet of fifty-four years, two children Sheena and Bruce, cousins-in-law Nancy Garcia and Betty Ann and Chuck Mobley. He was preceded in death by his parents Duncan Hugh Baber and Gwendolyn Thelma Macmillan, brother James Norman Batty, sister Rita Williams, and son, Duncan Esterley Macmillan.

Sadly left to mourn his passing are his wife Janet Macmillan, daughter Sheena Thompson, son Bruce Macmillan, Sisters Marjory Newport and Elizabeth Richards, brothers-in-law David Newport and Ken Richards, son-in-law Mark Thompson, grandchildren Conor Macmillan, Jaden Thompson, Peter Macmillan, Gabriella Macmillan, Alexa Thompson, Jenna Thompson, Emma Thompson and Isabella Macmillan. Nieces Cristyn Cooper, Megan Weber and Bronwyn Bradley, nephew Gareth Newport, cousins-in-law Nancy and Tony Garcia and sons Philip and Andy Garcia and special caregiver Bernice Thomas, Dr. Enoke Richens, friends, colleagues, his United Church family – particularly the congregants of Robert Young United Church and a host of other family and friends around the world.

May John's soul rest in peace and light perpetual shine upon him.





TRIBUTE TO MY HUSBAND JOHN WALLACE MACMILLAN

My darling John,

There is a huge hole in my heart since you went to be with your Lord on Monday, 17th April 2023. You were the love of my life, my best friend, advisor, and the best husband and father anyone could ask for. You were a wonderful provider and leader and you taught and lived a Christian life.

I lovingly remember the first time we met on Thursday night at Choir practice at Elmslie Church and not long afterwards you called me on Saturday morning to ask me if I would go to the movies with you that night. I told you that you would have to speak with my Dad and ask him and to my astonishment you surely did! You called me back to say that he had given you permission but had also informed you that both he and my Mother would be at the movies as well, that was my Dad! Even after hearing this you were not deterred and so we went to see the new James Bond movie "From Russia With Love" arriving to a packed theatre where we ended up sitting in the downstairs area where a lot of Barclays Bank staff were also seated. I remember you telling me that when you went to work the following Monday the staff asked you how you managed to get permission from my Dad – Mr. Tibbetts as he was very, very strict with his daughter.

Well, we dated for 6 weeks and then you proposed after asking my Dad for his consent as in those days you had to be 21 years of age. This news spread like wildfire in Cayman as everyone was shocked to hear Mr. Tibbetts' daughter was engaged! This was surely love at first sight, and it actually was.

You are the love of my life and it has been an honour to call you my husband and partner and to carry your name for the past 54 years. Losing our first son Duncan early on in our marriage was a devastating time for us and you were so caring and supportive during our grief. Always faithful, you helped me heal and we found joy again and were blessed with our other 2 beautiful children, Sheena and Bruce.

During the years of raising our children you worked hard, and always provided both materially and spiritually for your family. You always said you never wanted to be rich because you were happy and contented with what God had provided for you. I loved spending time with you and watching you in your workshop repairing old Sony radios, tape decks and anything else that needed repairing. You were a Jack of all trades - you were even a certified electrician and plumber and could fix anything.

Once we were married, we started building our home on the same property where I'd grown up. You worked every evening on our home and cleared the property of large Popnut trees, laid blocks, installed the electrical wiring and plumbing and never stopped toiling until our home was completed some 5 years later when we were able to move in on Christmas Eve debt free.

I loved how smart you were and how you loved mathematics. Even when you were sick in the rehab hospital the staff marvelled at your memory and your ability to complete calculations without the help of a calculator or computer when they brought you math questions to check your memory and skills.

What a man you were! You were a shining example to your family and everyone who knew you as a caring God fearing, dedicated Christian. God richly blessed us with 8 grandchildren whom you loved and were so proud of. Every day you would hug and kiss them and tell them how much you loved them. They would help you feed the birds in the morning and water your plants on the seaside patio where you would sit each morning and drink your cup of coffee and chat with Bernice.

You were so supportive of me during my many years working at MRCU and after my retirement you encouraged me to continue working at Elmslie Church office where you had also worked for many years. Whenever I needed advice you were always there to help me and give me direction. I will miss your many telephone calls daily asking how I was doing and what time I was coming home.

What a loving, caring and devoted husband and father you were to me and our two children. We were inseparable; when folks saw one of us, they saw the other. People would tell us that in this day and age it was rare to see a couple holding hands while walking but that wasn't you and me, we always had each other's hand.

John you had an excellent memory, you loved telling jokes, and always had a smile and kind word for everyone you met. You loved to walk and talk with strangers which led you to have so many friends. You were an avid reader, and always said each day we should learn something new. You loved the Lord and were dedicated to serving in so many different ways at Elmslie, Robert Young and the Council office.

Words cannot express my feelings since you have been called to your eternal home. In your last weeks you remained so dedicated to God's work. You knew that you would not be able to attend the upcoming Synod meetings in person but you truly believed that you would be back home by the time they started and requested to be in attendance via the Zoom link. Every day when I would come to be with you at the hospital you would ask me if I had printed off the Synod papers so that you could prepare.

You were so pleased and bolstered when Reverends Yvette, Mason, Forrester, Myers and Mr. Nickie came to Miami to visit you. When you heard that your friends Heber and Rhett would be visiting you perked-up immediately and kept asking when they would be arriving. Unfortunately, before they arrived along with Betty Ann and Chuck you were non-responsive, but the doctors assured us that you could hear them and would know that they were there with you.

I miss hearing you call my name and I find myself looking for you at every turn. You wanted to come home so much, but God had a different plan, so He took you gently and peacefully to be with Him and your loved ones in your new Heavenly home. I am so proud of you for fighting the good fight with God as your co-pilot.

I am thankful to God for giving me strength to be by your side each day during your illness. You were my beacon of hope, my everything, and I wish that I could just hear you call my name and hold my hand one more time.

I will continue loving you with every beat of my heart and hold dear all of the memories of our wonderful 54 years together.

Until we meet again my darling, rest well.

Loving you always, Janet

HUSBAND IN HEAVEN

Although you sleep in Heaven now
You're not that far away
My heart is full of memories
And you're with me everyday
You lived your life with meaning

And with a smile upon your face
A world that was full of happiness
Is now an empty place
People say that only time
Will heal a broken heart

But just like me and you
It has been torn apart
I know you are at peace now
And in a place where you are free
Meet me at the Pearly Gate
When Heaven calls for me.

Tributes from Children

Sheena:

It is my privilege to pay tribute to my hero, best friend and father, John Wallace Macmillan.

What is the measure of a man? Is it how much wealth he amasses and how many assets he owns, his title or position in society or, his professional success? I do not believe that it is any of these things. I believe that the measure of a man is how much love he gives, how selfless he is in giving to others, how he uplifts those around him with a kind word, a smile, a funny joke or a humble ear to listen to their story. By this measure my father was immeasurable. Daddy safely held my hand from the first moments of my life and I was a blessed to hold his during his last, and to have been able to love and learn from my hero. Daddy has left me with the gift of so many wonderful memories and rich life lessons and I share a few of them in his honour today.

Life Lesson #1 – There is value in hard work and if a job is worth doing, it is worth doing right

Daddy was one of the hardest working and most dedicated men I have known. Never satisfied to stand still and stagnate he was a lifelong learner and was always researching something or trying his hand at a new task or interest. His life modelled the theory that if you start small and work consistently hard you will achieve great things. He taught me this by taking me to work with him when I was just 8 years old. He probably did this to keep me out of trouble when there wasn't much for a little kid to do on school vacations in the 1970s but little did he know that I loved going to work and doing all of the odd jobs he gave me just because I got to be around him. He started me off doing all the little things an 8 year old would have been able to handle, like stacking shelves or bagging items but never once was I allowed to do them carelessly or cut a corner, my job would have been in jeopardy! Daddy either showed me how to do a task or left me in the hands of an experienced colleague but there was no doubt that he always expected me to do them right before I was allowed to move on to something a bit bigger and more challenging. Every summer I nagged him relentlessly to let me drive one of the forklifts at the store. It wasn't until the end of my last summer working with him before I left to take up a different afterschool job at a law firm, that he finally deemed me prepared and responsible enough to operate the forklift on my own. It took me seven years to complete my rotation through every department and type of job, from sweeping floors to working with the Accounts team, before he let me drive that forklift. During this process I learned from him that if you can't do the little things right, you will never do the big things right; so start with the little things, do them well, there is value in them and they can change your life for the better.

Life lesson #2 – Smile

You see daddy knew this was the easiest way to share kindness with someone. Daddy had the most radiant and easy smile; it was simply contagious. Always generous with his smile and his witty sense of humour; he knew that even a cheesy joke could make everything more bearable. Even when he carried a heavy burden or had experienced loss, he always found something to smile about. His smile was his way of reassuring me, and I'm sure himself too, that everything would be okay. Daddy I miss your little jokes but I am really missing your beautiful smile the most.

Life lesson #3 – Honour your word

Daddy was the person I could trust the most with anything, a secret, big news, problem or worry. Whatever you brought to him it was safe in the John Macmillan vault of confidentiality; never breaking a confidence even to tell Mom. When I called dad from the doctor's office to tell him that he was going to have triplet grandchildren he didn't even tell Mom until I got home and told her. Daddy always kept his word and in doing so always showed us that he had our backs. Trustworthy and integral to the end he never broke his word or a confidence. He sometimes quoted Theodore Roosevelt and noted that he really didn't care what others thought of what he did, but he cared very much about what he thought of what he did. In today's world where promises are easily broken, especially when times get tough, Daddy never broke character. Even in his last days when he was going through a difficult procedure in the hospital and I asked him to try to follow the instructions that he'd been given by a nurse he said very clearly to me that I didn't need to ask him twice because he was a man of his word and he would always do what he promised.

Life Lesson #4 – Love big and love quietly

Daddy was sacrificial in his love. You didn't have to look hard to notice this about him because, although quiet, his love was so great that it simply snuck up and overtook you. Daddy showed his love to all of us every day in so many small ways. Every single day of my life I could count on starting my day with a visit or call from him before school or work. Being the early risers in the family for years we would start our mornings with a walk / run. I would always run ahead with the parting words "don't go anywhere Dad, I'll be right back" and leave him walking behind. We would meet again at the halfway point and walk the rest of the way home. Sometimes we'd just settle into the quiet comfort of each other and walk quietly home and at others he'd be full of stories or BBC world news updates or jokes that he recycled from his great friend Geoff Scholefield. A few years ago we stopped our morning walks and daddy settled into a new routine of coming over to my house to be with his Chickey Pack, his grandchildren Jaden, Alexa, Jenna & Emma as they had breakfast and got ready for school. At 7:20am, ever punctual, daddy would give the Chickey Pack a hug, look at his watch and declare "Right-O, I'm off to get my other crew moving" meaning that he was off to drive his other 3 grandchildren Conor, Gabby and Peter to school. Daddy showed his love to all of us every day in some big ways too. He was the greatest Papa and ever faithful, he lovingly brought Conor, Peter and Gabby to live with him and Mom. No task was too big or too small for him whether it was helping with homework, doing school drop-offs and pick-ups, making breakfasts, lunches and dinners, playing dominoes, capturing and releasing critters (like lizards) from the house, going to dance recitals and music lessons, changing bike tires or drying tears he embraced it all and throughout it all showed us what true love looks like.

Life Lesson #5 – Lead by example

Daddy was an example of faithfulness in action and was dependable in every aspect of his life. He was faithful to his Lord and His call on his life, faithful to his family, faithful to his friends and those he pastored, faithful to those he worked for and with and always faithful to his word. One of the last things daddy reminded me of before he passed that he was a man of his word. Daddy was the most dependable person that I have ever known. If he told you that he was going to do something you never had to give it a second thought and only know that you could consider it done, and done well.

Life Lesson # 6 – Anchor yourself

Daddy's life was not always sailed on smooth and glassy seas. He navigated life through some difficult times such as the loss of his father at a young age and the death of his first child but throughout every life challenge daddy navigated it with a partner in Jesus Christ and always found peace. His anchor held because it had the ultimate stronghold. When dad got sick earlier this year, I would regularly say to him and his doctors that not all storms come into our lives to sweep us away, but some come to clear a path for something greater. It is only now that daddy has gone home to be with God that I am able to reflect on all of the challenges that I saw him face and realize just how true these words were. Throughout his life, every storm he encountered cleared the path for him to grow in his faith and to share this with others to help grow theirs. He was never swept away by these storms because he had Christ as his teammate and his anchor held. These storms cleared a path for dad to fulfil his purpose and to share Christ with others. He faced every challenge with grace and dignity and even as he struggled through many difficult times during the last months of his life he never once questioned why the challenges had been brought into his life. He tackled every challenge with quiet confidence and resolve and all the while gave thanks for God's grace. I asked daddy some time ago to tell me about when he gave his life to God. He told me that unlike many people he had never had a profound or dramatic moment when he realized that he was committed to Christ but, having been brought up in a faith filled home and entrenched in his church community, his certainty of Christ was always something he'd known from a very young age and his faith continued to develop as he grew older. From a young age he never raised his anchor and throughout the events of his life he continued to grow in faith and found ways to share it and fulfil his purpose. His anchor held.

Daddy was my safe harbour and my very best friend. I will indeed strive to be considered my father's daughter and honour his legacy by doing a job well, smiling generously, quietly loving big, leading and living by example and most importantly being safely anchored.

Daddy, I love you and miss telling you not to go anywhere because I would be right back, so I'll close by saying "stay there and wait for me, we'll meet again".

Bruce:

Daddy, this is the most difficult task I have ever had to do. How do I describe you, the most wonderful and amazing person I have ever known in my entire life, in just a few short sentences? Impossible. I can only tell you a few of the life changing things you taught me and did in my life to help make me who I am.

My father, John W. Macmillan, saw me come into this world on 3rd January 1974 and left me on 17th April 2023. During this time, he taught me the most valuable lessons I needed to achieve my successes and help me accomplish my goals. Some lessons he made me learn the hard way, as being my typical self, I was too hard-headed to listen to what he had to say or do as he said.

Dad taught me how to pull-down lawnmower engines, replace the reading head on old Beta tape machines, drill holes, how to solder and splice electrical wires the CORRECT way and many, many more things. The most important lesson was to study hard as he always told me "No one will hire a dunce". I still have a clear memory of doing poorly in my English classes at Prep school, my reading and spelling were atrocious. Dad came to me and we made a deal, he would give me one of his novels, and if I read just ONE chapter and did not like the book, he would never hassle me to read any more. The book was one of his favourites by the author Clive Cussler. When dad came back to me later that day to see how I was doing much to my surprise, but not his, I was already on the 3rd chapter and still going. He knew what interested me and what it would take to get me hooked. Until his passing we had both acquired extensive Clive Cussler collections and would frequently talk about different parts of his novels and exchange them. Both of us were always most careful to NEVER fold a page or, over-stretch the spine of our books. This was a definite no-no for both of us.

I cannot express in words how much I miss my dad. We used to talk about issues with cars and airplanes almost daily at times and now I don't have anyone to talk to, ask for advice or get solutions. It is as if I have lost part of myself. I will miss you dad, but I know you are with our eternal Father and with all of our of family that has passed before.

Love you always, your son Bruce.

Tribute from son-in-law, Mark

John, thank you for being my second father and for loving me like a son for the past 36 years. Meeting you for the first time as a young man changed my life and you helped shape me into the person I am today. I have always looked up to you and respected you for your principles, beliefs and everything you stood for.

There was nothing that I couldn't talk to you about or ask you and you always seemed able to deal with anything that came your way. Any quandary I found myself in with tools or equipment was always solved when I brought it to you.

You helped me through school, supported me when starting a business and taught me so many life lessons about how to be a man of character by just watching you every day. You were always generous with your time, love and resources and never once asked for anything in return.

They don't make people like you and Janet anymore. I witnessed your devotion to each other with deep admiration, particularly over the past four months when your health declined. I was so happy to be able to travel back and forth to be with you and Janet when you were in hospital in Miami so that you didn't have to be alone without me or Sheena for very long. I was so moved by your love and Janet's strength when you were sick as she never missed a day of being with you in hospital to help care for you no matter how tired she was. I have been blessed to be surrounded by your love and Janet's too.

Not only were you my dad but you were my friend too. I love you and miss you John.

Tribute from Sister, Marjory (Madge) Newport

Today, I wish to honor the memory of my dear brother, JOHN WALLACE MACMILLAN.

Wallace is not a family name and I questioned our father once where this name came from. He told me that it was the name of a fierce and loyal Scottish warrior in the 15th Century and it was always his desire that if he had a son, he would share the name of his hero. Dad sometimes called John his "hero".

John was an Elder of this church and a friend of most of us, but to me he was simply my big brother. He was also my friend, my confidant, my protector and a teacher, and more often than not while growing up together, he was my cautious accomplice in and during pranks - at my side I believe to save me in case something went awry.

More than 4 years separated our ages, but we grew up as close as twins. I always seemed to know what he was thinking and vice versa. We could look at each other across a room and know exactly what was conspiring in each others' heads! If one of us was "in trouble", we would discuss the deed with each other, and have a plan first before we approached our parents to confess and "faced the music with our parents".

Our father too was an Elder in his church and I recall many Communion Sundays after our regular service where John and I would try to remain behaved in the back rows of the church while our parents joined those gathered in the front pews to share communion. Our father sat on the stand and glared at us if there was any kind of disturbance during these times and we would suddenly become aware that once we returned home, there would be the usual discussion about behaving in God's house and that if necessary our father would be "introducing his shoe-maker to our tailor".

I remember our Dad reminding my brother that not only was I his younger sibling, but that I was a woman and that he should never use any force or anger to hurt any woman - either with words or actions. My brother always respected this counsel and as he grew older, if ever he was truly upset with anyone, (and I certainly explored this challenge many times), I would notice the clenching of his jaw and teeth as he subdued his anger, but he never lashed out!

I adored my brother, even though sadly I don't remember ever sharing this fact with him. I also knew that he had great love and tenderness for me. I wanted to be just like him as we were growing up. When he had golf and tennis lessons or learned to play cricket, so did I as soon as I was allowed. I followed John around like a puppy, constantly yapping and nipping at his heels. He was never impatient with me or made me feel like I was a nuisance, but instead made me feel included as he would share what he was learning.

When he took piano lessons, I couldn't wait to start - even though I stuck to the piano, and he moved on to other interests, it was always known that he had what music teachers refer to as "the touch". He did enjoy classical music and had inherited an engineer's talent of being able to fix and repair or build things. He once was in charge of putting together the first electronic organ our church in Belize had ordered. A representative of that company was unable to come and install the delivery for several months. So, John was assigned the task of building the organ out of seemingly hundreds of boxes of millions of pieces and endless papers of instructions. He spent many weeks of evenings at St Andrew's Presbyterian Church working on this project and was delighted to play successfully for services on many Sundays. The representative was very complimentary when he did get to Belize to finally check on the organ purchase. I also remember John as being the "fix-it guru" in our family, and his talents spread out further as he diligently repaired any radio, hair dryer, iron, car, pretty much anything that was broken he could manage to get back in working condition. He also spent leisure hours connecting with others as a local ham radio operator. He had built a kit and took much pleasure in spending late evenings reaching out to other ham radio operators globally and chatting over the air waves. He always loved to talk. I can still remember his voice speaking out his handle "this is VP1JM, Victor Peter number 1 Johnny Mac, come in please, over".

Tragedy took our dear Father just after my 16th birthday and John was just 21. John and I and our sweet mother were alone in our home when he died, and John immediately stepped up to take over many difficult responsibilities and decisions at that time and in later years. His business career was one of faithful service and he was held in the highest regard by his Principals and by all with whom he came in contact. He took over the reigns of our home and saw to our mother's needs so that when the time came for me to leave home to further my education, I could do so. I remember John teaching me how to drive before I left home. He was the soft and gentle teacher, but this student was not short on her commentary of what she already knew what to do and didn't need to be told! I'm surprised he never once got out the car and gave up on me, even after the time I accidentally hit the gas pedal instead of the brakes and slammed into a carport and took it down nicely!

Later in life as John sought a wife, he wanted me to meet his future bride before they married. I knew I could be happy with his choice, but how grateful I was to learn that he had already sought the Lord's blessing and received that approval. Meeting the lovely Mary Janet Tibbetts and her wonderful family was easy and I am overwhelmed by how much I love and appreciate her for her love and kindness and devotion to my brother these many years. Janet, may God give you courage and strength during this most difficult time. Likewise, when I was choosing a mate, I called on John to get his stamp of approval of my choice. He came immediately to where I was living in the United States, bringing with him dear Janet and baby Sheena who was a mere 18-month-old at that time, to welcome my David. Those two "brothers" bonded like they had known each other before.

In these days of materialism, it is refreshing to have known one whose life was lived for God. One whose every thought and act were those of a Christian gentleman, one who derived pleasure in giving and doing and who asked for nothing in return. Our parents taught us well that the activities of the church took priority of place in their lives and John has been the greatest example to me of one who has devotedly given his services whole-heartedly - setting an example of devotion to duty. A duty, I may add that to him was always a pleasure - that all of us might follow with profit to ourselves.

John has gone, but his memory lives and I will always have his great and beautiful example of a dear brother. I pray God to keep him and to bless him and to enrich him with everlasting peace and happiness. I love you, John.

Tributes from Grandchildren

Conor:

Papa, I remember coming to live in your home and you welcomed me with open arms. I remember spending time with you watching our favourite movies and TV shows together. On Saturdays I loved sitting outside with you while you drank your coffee and you always told me how much you enjoyed watching the sunrise and the sunset. Your hugs were amazing, and your joke were always funny. There is no one in this world that I'd rather spend time with than you. You gave me so much love. I'll always love you and when we meet again, I'll give you all of the hugs that I saved up while I was missing you. I love you Papa.

Jaden (Chief Chickey):

Papa, I love you more than words can say. You have always been there for me and quietly guided me since the day I was born. I love that you came to spend time with me every day before school and always wanted to know what I was doing, who my friends were and what my subjects were like. You were always there. Even when I was busy you patiently waited for me and always asked me to spend two minutes with you. If I was sad or worried, you'd just be there and everything would be okay. Before I left for school in the US you made sure to spend time with me and give me advice on how to do well and make our family proud. Thank you for loving me Papa. I will try to make you proud. I miss you and will love you forever.

Peter:

Thank you Papa for everything you did for me, Conor and Gabriella. You did a lot for us and taught me many things I will never forget. I have some of my best memories growing up with you. I will never forget everything you did. I love you and miss you.

Gabby:

Papa, I miss you. I miss your jokes. I miss you singing Fuzzy Wuzzy to me on our drive to school each day. I miss sitting at the dining room table with you while you worked and I did my homework. I will love you forever. Gabby.

Alexa (Chickey Cheeks):

Papa, I miss you helping me read and watching cartoons with me. I miss showing you my mermaid swimming tricks in the pool and how I can do handstands and jumps on my bike. I love you Papa.

Jenna (Chickey Bird):

Papa, I miss you sneaking candies to me when no one was looking and teaching me not be scared to hold soldier crabs in my hand and helping me find good shells on the beach for my collection. I love you Chickey Pop Pop.

Emma (Chickpea):

Papa, I miss feeding our birds together and waiting for our favourite dove "Wings-up" to come to eat with us each morning. Shadow and Muffin miss you too. I miss your hugs the most. I will pray for you every night my Chickey Pop Pop.

Poem for our Papa from your grandchildren

We had a wonderful Papa,
One who never really grew old;
His smile was made of sunshine,
And his heart was solid gold;
His eyes were as bright as shining stars,
And in his cheeks fair roses you see,
We had a wonderful Papa,
And that's the way it will always be.

We love and miss you Papa. You will
always be in our hearts.

Conor, Jaden, Peter, Gabriella, Alexa,
Jenna, Emma.

Tribute from Friend and Caregiver Bernice Thomas
"When someone you love becomes a memory, the memory becomes a treasure."

The memories of Mr. John will forever live on in the lives his loved ones left behind. I had the esteemed privilege of knowing Mr. John since 2005 when I started working with the Thompson family. Mr. John was like the father, brother and friend that everyone desires to be a part of their life.

I can remember vividly him looking forward to seeing me drive through the gate every morning, he would ensure he opened his window blinds looking out for my vehicle to see when I drove in to engage me in some meaningful conversation.

We would have some great conversations. I looked forward to these great conversational moments each day, every day at specific times of the day based on my availability Mr. John would make sure that he was present. He would be very apologetic if he was late for any of our meetings. He was the funniest Caymanian that I have ever interacted with, he would lighten up any dark day and he surely did that on many occasions when I needed that emotional support.

Mr. John's level of kindness and love goes well beyond his family, it extends to everyone with whom he comes into contact. I was privileged to be a recipient of his love and those memories will forever be etched in my mind a reminder that angels do exist here on earth. He is gone from us here on earth, but I know heaven has welcomed an angel.

Papa, you will always be remembered in our minds.
Grant him eternal rest Oh Father and may light perpetual shine upon him.

TRIBUTE FROM THE CAYMAN ISLANDS REGIONAL MISSION COUNCIL
LAY PASTOR JOHN MACMILLAN OMH

Pastor John Wallace Macmillan was a committed Christian for over six decades. As a member of the Elmslie Memorial Church for over fifty years, he served as an Elder (since the early 1970s), as Secretary to the Congregational Board, Administrator, Church School Teacher, Choir Member and Pianist.

At the Council level, Pastor Macmillan served as the Secretary of the Council, a Governor of the Board of Cayman Prep and High School, and as Council Member and Synod Delegate on numerous occasions. John also served on several Synodical Committees as a representative from the Cayman Islands.

Mr. Macmillan was the Administrator at the Elmslie Memorial Church for over 10 years until March 2015. In August 2015, when he joined the Council Office staff as the Financial Officer.

He was a faithful Member and Chair of the Cayman United Church Corporation (CUCC) for over twenty-five years.

Pastor John was the longest-serving Lay Pastor in the entire United Church in Jamaica and the Cayman Islands. On 17th June 1990, he was commissioned as the Lay Pastor for the Robert Young Memorial Church and served continuously until his passing on April 17, 2023.

In 2005, Pastor Macmillan received a B.A. in Theology from the Institute for Theological and Leadership Development (ITLD).

In 2011, Pastor Macmillan received the Synodical Lay Award for his work and ministry in the Cayman Islands Regional Mission Council.

He has been a Preacher for many years and preached island-wide and in Jamaica. A true pastor and friend to many, John was loved and respected by the Members of the Robert Young Memorial Mission Station and the wider Cayman Islands Mission Council. His love for God and the Word of God, and his commitment to Christ and the Church were the markers of his life which enabled him to be a dedicated servant, faithful friend, and fellow traveller on the road of faith.

The Council expresses deep and sincere condolences to his dear wife Janet, daughter Sheena, son Bruce and their families.

May his soul rest in peace and light perpetual shine upon him.

Tribute from the Congregation of Robert Young United Church

Pastor John MacMillan served as Lay Pastor for the Robert Young Memorial Church in Crewe Road for the past thirty-three years. His faithfulness and dedication to this little church was unwavering as he recognized the need to preach the Word of God, no matter how small the congregation. His sole purpose was to answer the call of God on his life, and to offer his time and talents to God in every way that he could.

He also served as musician on many occasions, although in later years he would always say 'I need lots of time to practice these days!'

Thirty-three years is a long time and some in the congregation remember Pastor John teaching them in Sunday School many years ago. He has pastored and journeyed with many people over the years, sharing in their joys and sorrows. His genuine love for his congregation was evident in every way, and he persevered for as long as he could. His wife Janet would often accompany him to church although her role as Sunday School Superintendent at Elmslie was also demanding. Just before he travelled overseas for medical treatment, he came to church in his wheelchair, accompanied by his grandsons and daughter Sheena and delivered his sermon from the aisle – always sharing God's Word, no matter what obstacles he faced. He also remained active at Elmslie for as long as he was able to and would attend the Elmslie service immediately following the service at Robert Young.

Pastor John had a great sense of humor, and he had a way of illustrating his messages in a light-hearted way that provided clarity and meaningful insight. He will be remembered for his heartfelt prayers and his love for God was reflected in his love for others. He will be missed in church as he was there every Sunday, no matter the weather. We know he is smiling down on us from his abode with our Heavenly Father.

Today we pay tribute to Pastor John with these scriptures:

1 Thessalonians 1:3 – *“We continually remember before our God and Father your work produced by faith, your labor prompted by love, and your endurance inspired by hope in our Lord Jesus Christ.”*

1 Timothy 5:17 – *“The elders who direct the affairs of the church are worthy of double honor, especially those whose work is preaching and teaching.”*

Our hearts are so sad, and he will be forever missed. We thank him for giving to the Lord.

May his soul rest in eternal peace.

Tribute from Elmslie Memorial Church

There are few people in any church about whom it can be said that there are few areas of its life and work in which they were not actively involved. However, John has to be an exception.

In his almost 55 years living in Cayman, John has been part and parcel of Elmslie Memorial. Having grown up in a Presbyterian Church in Belize, and having made a personal commitment to his Lord at an early age, it was little surprising that he arrived at Elmslie the first Sunday he was on the island and found himself not only attending services every week from the start but going to Friday night Christian Endeavour, too.

Very early on, he joined the choir and, from time to time, would play the piano for services. After a short while being on-island, he was asked to teach Sunday school which he did for several years. Within a very few years of his arrival, he was elected an elder of the church, though barely into his 30s. He was to be part of the elders' board for over 40 years, variously serving during this period as the board secretary, the church treasurer and chairman of the Property Committee. As a member of the board, his contributions were always thoughtful and inciteful. He was instrumental in starting the Boys' Brigade in the early 80s. He was leader of the youth ministry for a period of time and led a home group until his latest illness did not allow this.

John was frequently asked to preach and his sermons were well thought out and down to earth. He always had something helpful and relevant to say – and he never had to refer to his notes when preaching! John was for many years a lay pastor, attached to the Robert Young Memorial Church, but never ceased his membership with Elmslie, always being in his pew at Elmslie after preaching at Robert Young.

As an elder, he was on many occasions one of the church's representatives on the Regional Council and also Elmslie's delegate to Synod, travelling to Jamaica for that purpose many times. He was also a member of the United Church Corporation which he ended up chairing.

When he retired from work in the public sector in 2003, he agreed to be the George Town Charge administrator, serving in that post to the end of March 2015 when Janet took over. She has been his partner in ministry from the beginning so it was fitting that she should succeed him.

John had a ready smile for everyone in the church and was well-liked and a good friend to all. His sense of humour was much appreciated. He was faithful and committed to his various ministries and responsibilities all through the years – indeed, a man of his word - but he always served in an unassuming, humble way, and with a willingness to help wherever he could.

They say that no one is irreplaceable but, when it comes to Elmslie, John comes as near as anyone to being so. Without a doubt, John has already heard his Lord's welcome: “Well done, good and faithful servant! You have been faithful with a few things... Come and share your Master's happiness”

Graveside Service

Sentences Rev. Christopher Mason

Hymn- "Blessed Assurance"

Scripture Reading- Psalm 23.....

Laying of floral tributes- "When Peace Like A River"

Committal..... Rev. Christopher Mason

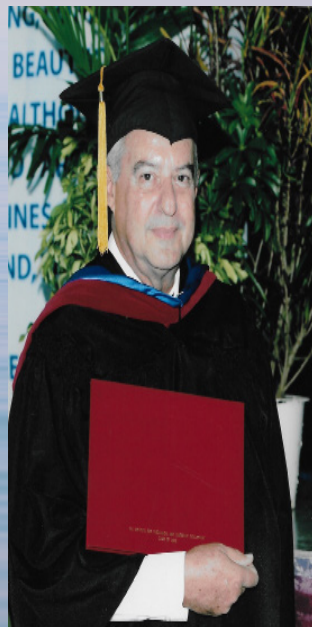
Prayer Rev. Yvette Noble-Bloomfield

Hymns

"The Lord's My Shepherd"

"Abide With Me"

Benediction Rev. Christopher Mason



Acknowledgements

*The family would like to express their sincere gratitude to the family members, friends and clergy members who visited, prayed, called, sent gifts, food or messaged during this very difficult time. Special thanks to the Garcia family for their consistent love, support and care during John's illness and to his caregivers Ms. Grace Williams, Ms. Charmin Bennett and Ms. Bernice Thomas, Dr. Enoka Richens, Dr. Cummins and the staff at Mount Sinai, Encompass Health and Westside Memorial Hospitals. Thanks to Bodden Funeral Services for their professionalism and support.
Your loving care has touched us all and we will forever be grateful.*