

Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of



Mary Elizabeth Blake

7 March, 1953 - 4 June, 2023

George Town Seventh Day Adventist Church

Thursday 15th June 2023.

2:00 p.m.

Interment at the Prospect Cemetery

Officiating Ministers

Pastor Carlon Nyack

Pastor Dr. Ivor Harry

Pastor Vaughn Henry

Order of Service

Musical Prelude Emerson Piercy
Opening Remarks Pastor Moses Espinosa
Opening Prayer Pastor Vaughn Henry
Opening Song #15....“My Maker and My King” Congregation
Scripture Reading “Psalms 51: 6-12” Elder Bentley Vaughan
Special Song:“Untitled Hymn” First Baptist Sanctuary Choir
Tributes:
- HSA Ms. Lizzette Yearwood, JP, CEO of HSA.
- Honorable Dwayne Seymour
Life Story Honorable Sabrina Turner
Song: #100“Great is thy Faithfulness” Congregation
Sermon Pastor Carlton Nyack
Closing song #181“Does Jesus Care” Congregation
Prayer for the Family Pastor Dr. Ivor Harry
Benediction Pastor Vaughn Henry

Pallbearers

Allan Blake
Arthur Blake
Andy Blake

Marlon Bodden
Martin Bodden Jr
Damien Bodden

Honorary Pallbearers

Wilfred Blake
George Bodden
Vincent Anthony Bodden
Ernest Boyd Bodden
Ernesto Gallego
Samuel Whitelocke
Carl Barnes
Emerson Piercy
Alain Hernandez
Michael Ebanks

Jack Smith
Joey Woods
Milton Blake
Worrell Bodden
Winston Bodden
Joseph Bodden
MacDorm Fredrick
Elbert Connor
Samuel “Douse” Dixon
Manley Dixon

Benny Moore
Beresford McKenzie
Robert Wood
Jerome Burrows
Clarrington Scott
Dr. Eugene Foley
Kenrick Webster
Easton Russell
Glenn McLean

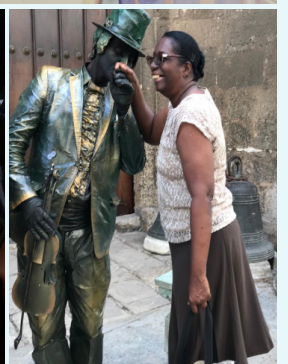
Hon. Dwayne Seymour
Henry Parchment
Dadford Dixon
Martin Grayson Bodden
Louis McField
Michael McField
Stephen Best
Orlando Mason
Anhill Carasana

Ushers

Eziethamae Bodden, MBE
Cassandra Yates

Guest Book Attendants

Marva Solomon
Karen Bodden





Life Story

Mary Elizabeth Blake Nee Bodden

Mary Elizabeth was born on March 7th 1953, the first child in the union of Martin Bodden senior to his queen Madrie Mae. It is worth noting that as we read the rest of this life story, there is a common thread through this story that points to God, family and intentional thinking. See if you can spot it as I read on.

From childhood, Mary had a mothering spirit, a kind and sweet disposition. It was evident from a tender age that Mary was going to be a nurse. One of precious memories of little nurse Mary played out in the caring of neighborhood dog, after he meet a neighbor's ire. Mae, her mother recalls Mary taking in the dog, cleaning its wounds and bandaging it up without the excitable squeamishness that would overtake many of adult.

As Mary grew the embers of caring for other began to glow and she did not have long to wait for more patients to care for as she was soon joined by brothers George, Tony, Ernest and sister Deborah as Martin Sr went off to sea and return each year to a bouncing baby. Mae needed all the help she could get and Mary, in her quiet way, was always there to help. Despite the absence of her father, Mary had distinct memories of times when he was home, fishing or gardening in the yard. To her many hats, Mary could now add, disciplinarian and cook. She enjoyed playing marbles and the joy that came with sacking the boys out of their pretty treasures.

As a teenager, Mary was quiet and shy, preferring the company of her family and close neighborhood friends. Many regaled her for her beauty and with that beauty, the suitors came calling. Mary didn't let the newfound attention steer her off her goal and when her aspiration turned to work, it was evident she would choose nursing. but in a segway, she asked to become a secretary instead. Being supportive parents, Mae and Martin enrolled Mary into courses to learn shorthand and typing skills.

One of her first jobs was at Wholesome Bakery where she quickly realized that her passion was not in sitting behind a desk but her original love; nursing.

So in 1973 She enrolled in the auxiliary nurses course to begin her studies. But as life would have it, one suitor caught her eye and many of us know, it only takes a spark. Wilfred, a laborer from Jamaica, met Martin senior and asked if (as in those times) he Mae call on Mary. Those years of courting were tender as 'Blake' as he was affectionately known would visit the house to sit and speak with Mary. But she was never alone. Little Marlon was always by her side, keeping a watchful eye that his big sister was not giving too much of her attention to this new gentleman. If it were not Marlon, one of the other brothers would be not too far away.

In February of 1973, the two were married just as she completed her auxiliary nurses course. Shortly thereafter, their first child Arthur was born in October 1975. In that time Mary had received her nurses' license and began working at the Georget Town hospital.

Two more sons followed Allan, just 11 months after Arthur and Andy in 1980. Life for the young couple blossomed and looking to raise their little family on their own, Mary and Blake began the arduous task of building in Bodden Town. Although it was hard going, working full time, caring for the boys and building a home, they did it and by 1981, they had moved into their little home on Kipling Street. Mary and Wilfred worked as a team, picking up where the other left off; the children always having one parent to help with homework and bedtimes.

In 1982, when Mary was expecting yet another routine pregnancy, little complications arose, and Mary had to spend more time resting. If not at work, she filled her days learning to play the piano, crocheting, and making dresses. These hobbies would form a strong link in her life as she became older and needed things to do. She passed many of these skills on to her children and grandchildren. Thinking her quest with boys would continue, Mary and Wilfred were surprised in 1983 that the new addition was not another son but a daughter, and breaking tradition of “a” for the starting name; she called her Julie Ann. By this time, Arthur, 8, Allan, 7, and Andy 3, were beside themselves with a sister.

Blake was becoming more involved in church life, becoming an ordained Elder in 1976, the couple took on many roles in the church. You name the position and Sister Mary did it. Of note, however, was her time as VBS leader with Sis. Maxine Goldburn. Mary learned valuable lessons and yet another passion arose, teaching children.

Mary’s life continued in the way, giving back to her community, being a loving and supportive wife, raising her children in the love and fear of the Lord, all while shining her light bright for all to see.

Then came the grandchildren; the first Tyrese was a joy. She could not wait to get home to take him for walks or to take him to church. 16 grandchildren later and each one has been to church with her, sat by her side, sang hymns with her, baked, played games and enjoyed time with their Nunnu. Nevermind, her strictness and organized way of doing things, you still got hug, a cuddle and a “love you” when you left.

In 2011, Mary received the Cayman Islands Certificate and Badge of Honor for her exemplary work within the community. In 2017, She received the long service award for over 30 years of service to the health service authority.

In the end as in the beginning, she spent the last few weeks with her mother, sharing stories, reminiscent of the good old days, and strengthening her faith in God. After a brief illness, Mary passed away on June 4th, 2023, her mother’s birthday.

What does an exemplary woman of God look like? Humble and Kind? Compassionate and caring? All who met Mary left with a sense that they were the most important person to her. If we went around the room, and we could if time allowed, the hundreds of stories, we could talk about the times we have had with this beautiful soul. The tributes alone stand testament to this.

Left to mourn her passing are:

Mother: Madrie Mae Bodden

Husband Wilfred Blake

Children: Arthur, Allan, Andy and daughter Julie Bain

Daughters in law: Chantell, Veloneek, Kayann

Son in law: Jonathan Bain

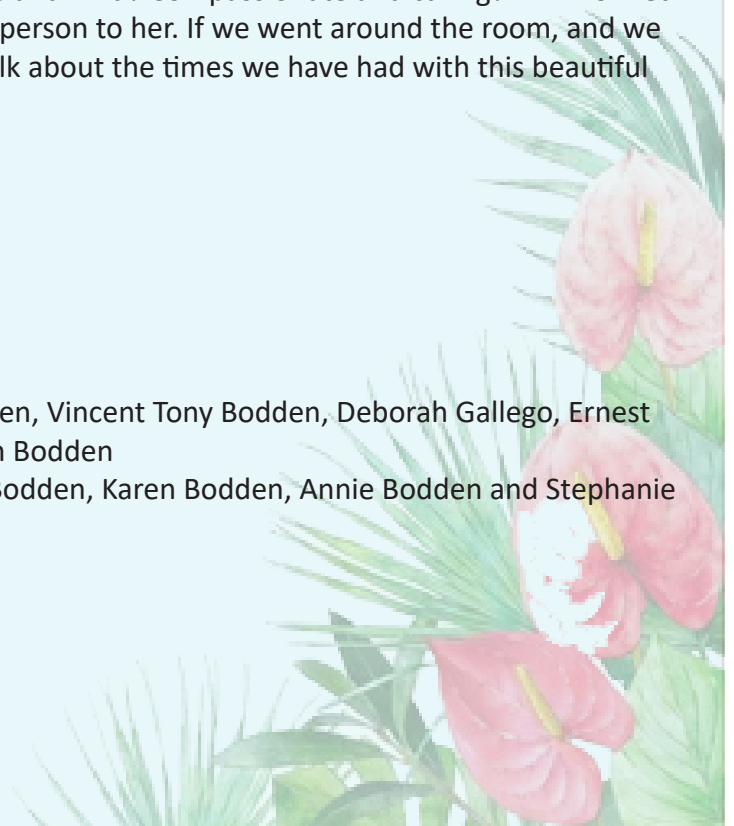
Brothers and sister: Warrol Bodden Pearson, George Bodden, Vincent Tony Bodden, Deborah Gallego, Ernest Boyd Bodden, Ellen McField, Martin Bodden Jr and Marlon Bodden

Sisters in laws: Marlenis Bodden, Cheryl Bodden, Tessine Bodden, Karen Bodden, Annie Bodden and Stephanie Bodden

Brother in law: Ernesto Lambert Gallego

Grandchildren (16)

Great Grandchildren (1)



Tribute from Mother

To my daughter, Mary:

I cannot find the words to say. What do I say?

Firstly, I thank God for the day you were born – my first child. My first daughter.

I thank God for sparing my life to see you grow into a loving daughter, mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother. I thank Him most of all for coming into your life and that you accepted Him as your personal saviour. God has done so much in your life, like giving you the desire to become a nurse – helping others while sick.

We shared so much in common – our love for the Lord, family, and travel. I will never forget our many trips with your siblings when you were younger: like the trip to Miami with your sister Deborah, laying on the bed – curlers in your hair and Vicks Salve in your hand.

Although, as a mother, it was hard to see my child hurting, I thank God for allowing us to spend your last days on this earth together. I will forever hold near to me our many conversations and how often we spoke about the Lord.

Mary, only the Lord knows the reason why He called you home on my 92nd birthday. My heart is sad today, but I am glad that God saw that you were in pain and did not want you to suffer anymore. I love you and will always love you 'til death.

Your loving mother, Madrie Mae Bodden. Rest in eternal peace until we meet again.

TRIBUTE FROM CHILDREN and GRAND CHILDREN

We children learnt many lessons from our mother. Every single interaction with mommy was special. It was either a lesson being taught, a plan being made, or simply an opportunity to laugh at something. But at the center of it all, was love and togetherness; family.

Some of our fondest memories of her were scattered around Sundays. Mornings were filled with the buzzing of a garden shears or the hum of a lawn mower; the smelling of the laundry soap of the mouthwatering meals she made. Later, lawnmowers were replaced with grandkids, bath pans under the mango tree, baking, cooking and dominoes. The weekly Sunday afternoon round of dominoes we would play with Dada and friends were sometimes a highlight because she could not wait to tell us about Dada losing multiple games the night before, with a little exaggeration of course. Dominoes became the way we solved a problem or told an inside joke. It became a way for us to connect and laugh when our busy lives took us away from each other. There was no shortness of laughter when a domino game was afoot. No matter the milestone, she would be there; the first bike, car, job, relationship, baby blessing, house blessing, graduation. You name it and she found a way to be there. Always caring, smiling proudly at the back, sometimes worrying, if we will be ok.

Mommy had a wonderful parenting style; one that in some way all of us have used on our own children. Firm when it was needed, and fun as often as possible. She ensured we learned valuable lessons when we misbehaved but would just as swiftly shower us with love and compassion. An easy memory to share was whenever we had a disagreement, she would say “If one thinks the sky is blue and the other believes the sky is green, then leave it be. You’re both right.” That taught us perspective and agreeing with differences; a skill I use today.

We will miss you mommy, more than words can say. Sundays will never be the same. Thankfully we shared beautiful times with you whenever we could, and that brings comfort. We will play dominoes again one day for sure.

Tribute from Husband

May- May, my bride, words cannot express my gratitude for the life we had. The trips we have taken will forever be a highlight of our life together. From our first trip to Jamaica when you met my mother to the trip to England where we met my father. Each port of call brought adventure and a new love. Do you remember making the dominoes out of the toothpaste box? Or the time we took Julie to university, and we went on a cruise after? Do you remember the walks on the beach after work because the house was too quiet or the first grandchild when the laughter returned?

Each point along the way, you were there by my side sharing the load and the successes. When I was ordained as an elder in 1977 and you helped in VBS. When we moved to Bodden Town church to grow the congregation you took on many roles including Sabbath school teacher, women’s ministry leader and AY leader. When we moved to Northside and helped build the church we made even more friends until we returned to Bodden Town.

Your piano playing meant that I could sing along with you to help you keep pace. Oh, the places we went and the friends we met along the way. You were so organized, honest and practical. You taught our children resourcefulness and tact; that a job well done is a job worth doing. When we had our differences, they never lasted long. They always end in a hug and kiss. My bride, I will miss you and soon we will be united in Christ! I want to end the with a sweet child poem:

Roses are Red.

Violets are blue.

Sugar is sweet but not as sweet as you.

Sleep in peace, my bride until we meet again.

A TRIBUTE TO MY DEAR SISTER

Mary was the epitome of a virtuous woman as described in Proverbs 31:10. With tears in my eyes and a prayer in my heart, asking God for strength, I take these few moments to reflect on her life. Mary was my sweet, loving, kind-hearted and caring sister. She was not only my sister, but my best friend and confidant. I will never forget the wonderful times we shared together. From the many shopping trips, people-watching, family gatherings at 'Big Yard', outings, camporee trips overseas, and lots of vacation to name a few. One special trip I will never forget is our last vacation together, when I treated her for birthday to Veradero and Havana, Cuba. She was so excited when I told her where we were going. I will never forget how overjoyed she was. George, Martin, Martin's best friends Stephen and Allain, my daughter Shanda all took Cuba by storm. One thing people may not have known was her fear of flying. Whenever she would get in the plane, she would close her eyes and would not open until she landed. She would ask "are we there yet?" I would reply, "not yet, sis" She would hold on to the seat in front of her and assure her that God would take care of us. She enjoyed every moment of that trip and always talk about it whenever we would get together. Mary was beautiful, inside and out, and always put others first. Mary wanted to be a nurse from a very young age. I will never forget when her dog was injured, I watched her bandage up her dog as she would a patient. She was so compassionate. 49 years of service was a testament of her commitment, dedication and passion to the service of others around her, Her caring hands has left indelible mark on all those who loved her and knew her. My sister loved her family, her siblings, and adored her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. They were her joy. Every time we'd go shopping, Mary would fill up the trolley, ensuring that each grandchild gets something. Her laugh was contagious and whenever we met for girls' night out (Ellen, myself and Mary) what a time we had. Mary was the rock to the Bodden's family. Whenever we met at 'Big Yard', Mary would say to me 'you reach with that cornbread?' My husband would greet her saying "How's my Marysita?" She would blush and laugh. I would tease her dear husband, Blakey letting him know he was my favourite brother-in-law and would have the biggest grin on his face. She would greet my children and always ask my son, "Owie, when was the last time you played checkers?" And he would respond, "I'm waiting on you to beat me up!" They both would laugh. Another fond memory is one day Mama, Mary and myself were playing a board game called "Ludi". I said to Mary, "now Mary we are going to kill anyone that is in our path. We will not have any mercy. When it was her turn to play, Mama was just the target to get kill and Mary was between a rock and a hard place. She said to me, "No Deborah, I can't kill Mama!" I would reply "Kill her, kill it!" Mary would respond "No!" I said "but you would kill me though!" We all laughed together. That was my sister, Mary. My family is grateful for these lovely memories. Today there is a void, but I am consoled of the many memories she left behind to cherish. I am blessed to have had that close bond with my sister. I know that she is no longer in pain and I am filled with hope that one day, we shall see her again. Let us hold to her legacy and love our families while we have to opportunity to do so. Rest well my sister until we meet again.

Your sister, Deborah.

Tribute from George

Mary and I have always been close. Our fondest memories are when we were little kids and listened to our paternal grandmother, Grandma Madeline say the Lord's Prayer over and over and over every night before we fell asleep. One of our favourite things to do together was Mom's dishes. Mary would be at my left washing and I would be at her right side rinsing.

In 2019, a nice little group of us travelled to Cuba to enjoy time downtime and to celebrate Mary's birthday. The time spent together was fun and we always talked about returning someday. I'll always hold the fond memories close to my heart.

Receiving the news last Sunday morning, June 4th, has left me broken but I'm comforted by the fact that you will be reunited with our Daddy, who I know will receive you with open arms.

Sleep on, my dear sweet sister, until we meet again on that glorious day.

With all my love

George "Gego" Bodden

MY DEAREST SISTER MARY

I am blessed to call you sister; I also call you friend. I am still at a loss for words over your passing. Mary, you were such a loving and caring person. When me, you and Deborah got together it felt like there was never enough time because we never wanted to part from each other or leave to go home. We had so much fun, so much to share and talk about. And oh, don't forget about the laughing when the three of us burst out laughing I believe the whole Island could hear us. You had this saying whenever we discussed something and a question was asked, your reply was always "wha you think sis."

You were truly a woman of noble character who worked with eager hands to help provide for your family. You watched over the affairs of your household and did not eat the bread of idleness. You loved your job and set about your work vigorously, your arms were strong for the task.

You had great strength and dignity and was wise beyond your years. All of us, and especially your children can truly arise and call you blessed.

A woman who fears the Lord is to be praised.

Sleep in Peace my sister – May light perpetual shine, until then... "wha you think sis"!

Ellen

Tribute from Ernest Boyd

When I heard the news that my eldest sister had passed away, usually I am a strong person but the tears started to fall and then all the precious memories start to come back to my memory. For a few years I was the baby in the family and she was the eldest girl so she took the responsibility to care for me. I remember the night my mom was in the hospital giving birth to my younger brother so Mary had to cook supper for us and she did not have any bread I remember her asking my brother to get a breadfruit off the tree and she made breadfruit and she put butter on it and mix milo for us so we could have supper. I have lots of wonderful memories of my sister that will always remain in my heart especially at parties and somehow we end up in the same church together. It seems that all her life she took care of people since her profession was a Nurse and I was happy that for the last three weeks of her life I was able to give back a little care to her in some small way by bringing porridge and soup for her almost every day. Sis I will always missed you and I hope to meet you in the great getting up morning when I will see all my love ones.

RIP my sister one love all the time,
Your loving brother Ernest(Boyd).

Tribute to Mary

I had the pleasure of meeting Mary at her parent's home in Breezy Castle over 40 years ago.

We became friends and in October 1983 we became family.

She remained the same kind and friendly person to me and I to her. I am heartbroken that she has left us but I know she loved the Lord. I will miss her and she will always be remembered.

Sleep in peace dear Mary,
Much love, Eziethamae

Tribute from: Anthony V Bodden

My Dear Sister Mary,
My other siblings has said it all. So say hello to Daddy for us. Sleep until we meet again. And know that I will always love you.
You broken-hearted brother "Tony"

Tribute from: Worell Bodden

Mary, it is so sad knowing you are no longer with us as a family. But your sweet memories will remain in my heart forever.
I love you.
Your broken-hearted brother Worrell-

Tribute from Mart

Mary, our nurse “Florence Nightingale”, was a wonderful sister.

I remember us all living in Breezy Castle, opposite the George Town Fire Station, and in the evening, Mary would cook some of the most delicious meals which had us drooling for more. Mary was like a mother to us and was just as protective and strict at times as our parents Madrie and Martin Bodden Snr. I remember Mary walking around with the belt around her neck, waiting patiently to use it on the first one of her younger siblings to misbehave. Luckily most of us behaved except for Marlon and me - we always found a reason to fight, but still, she never seemed to have the heart to use it on us. What I actually believe is that she didn't beat us because she simply couldn't catch us as we would always run away from her just for the fun of having her chase us.

Mango season was always Mary's favourite time of the year. I remember her taking the round “stringy” mangoes, and pounding the ripe ones against the wall until they got really soft, biting a hole in the side, and sucking out the juice. She also taught us how to eat guineps and ensured she bit and cracked the seed before giving it to us younger siblings to prevent us from choking being the careful and caring person she was. Mind you, we weren't happy that by biting the guinep first meant her drool was all over it, but we appreciated her reason for doing so later in life. Following her as an example, I did the same thing with my daughters, who were also unhappy with my drool!

For Mary's 66th birthday, we went to Cuba for a celebration and boy did we celebrate! Even though the little dance she put on only lasted a few seconds, I was amazed at how well she danced to the salsa and Merengue music. Mary went everywhere with us, enjoyed every moment of Cuban life, and often talked about planning a trip again. She really enjoyed herself and the hospitality from our friend, Alain, and his Cuban family.

Mary, I am so happy you spent the last few weeks of your precious life with Mama at “Big Yard” as we call it. You got your share of Nam Doc and East Indian mangoes from our tree. You really enjoyed those, and they couldn't ripen quickly enough before you asked my wife Anita for more. She enjoyed bringing them to you. Every time Anita brought another couple of mangoes to you, your face would light up as you asked “These for me?” When she told you yes, you would say, “Oh, thank you Annie. I love you!”

Mary kept me on my toes with the mango deliveries. In fact, just a day before she went into the hospital for the last time, she “bad me up” when I came to visit her and Mama because she thought I had forgotten my promise to bring her mangoes. With a stern look in her eye but a smile on her face she said “Mart! You promised me mangoes and I want them!” I had to laugh and simply say “Sorry!” I was hurrying to go to work so I quickly made my way back home for the mangoes and brought them over for Mary. I said “Ok, here you go sis!” to which she replied “Thank you Mart!” and then whispered “Put them in this bag because I have to hide them from Mama!”

I can hardly believe the roller coaster of emotions over the next few days. From teaming up with Allan to encourage Mary to go to the hospital on Friday evening after what was a very weak and laboured day to a phone call with Mary on Saturday morning and hearing her reports of a good night's rest with her much stronger voice; from Sunday morning having my final WhatsApp exchange with Mary about her even better rest the night before and good feeling that morning to just a couple hours later receiving the call that Mary's condition had deteriorated significantly, rushing to the hospital, and learning of her passing on my arrival at the hospital.

My heart was broken as I received the news; I couldn't believe my biggest sister was gone. Mary has always cared for and served others her entire life with a kind, gentle heart, and, in the moments after her passing, I had to do the same. One by one, I contacted my siblings to deliver this sad news as delicately as I could. While those conversations were hard, none was harder than the one with Mama who was celebrating her 92nd birthday that day.

On Sunday, June 4th 2023, two life moments were marked – Mama's birth and heaven gaining another angel.

Sleep on, my dear sister. Enjoy the celebration with Daddy who I know will welcome you with a big smile, open arms, and a tear in his eye.

Tribute from baby brother, Marlon

Mary, my love, this is not the sort of message I enjoy writing. I am so broken-hearted that I am at a loss for words. Your passing was so sudden, so unexpected, and so hurtful to me.

I have so many fond memories of you loving, caring, and protecting me especially in my younger years and even now as an adult.

I recall many nights when you returned from work, how you picked me up from sleeping with Martin Jr to sleep with you. I recall always smelling and playing with the fine hairs on your arms that tickled my face. You always told me that I was your baby.

I had no idea that you would be taken away so quickly, and I have no idea how I will escape the pain of your absence. The space you left behind cannot be filled. How will I ever be content without you around or being part of my life?

Mary, I have to stop writing now. I can't do this as it's simply too painful. All I will now say is that you lifted me up all my life, and now it's time for me to lift you up.

I will miss you telling me how much you love me.

I will miss hearing you say how glad you feel when you see me.

I will miss you. I will always love you so much.

Rest in peace big sister, you have given me all I need.

Your little brother, Marlon

A TRIBUTE FROM YOUR ONLY BROTHER-IN-LAW

Mary or 'Marysita' as I affectionately called her, had a kind, sincere and caring spirit. Over the years, Marysita never changed. She was humble, and attentive to the needs of others, always esteeming them above herself. She made people very comfortable to be around. Always filled with laughter.

A fond memory relates to my time at the Cayman Islands Health Services Authority. I had the privilege of not only being her brother in-law, but also her colleague. From time to time, Marysita and I worked together in the Ambulance and Emergency Unit. I admired her work ethic and the passion she had for what she did. One time we were stationed in North Side. The old clinic as I remember, had an office to the front and the clinic located in the back. There were different doors. She said she'd remain in the front. I said to her, "if something happens to you in the front, you're on your own." She thought about it, quickly changed her mind and remained with me at the back of the clinic.

It's not easy to accept her passing, but I'm filled with comfort and peace knowing that she can now rest from her labor, from her suffering, from her trials and from all that beset her in this life. Marysita fought a good fight, she finished her race, and she kept the faith. Rest my beloved Marysita. By God's grace, I look forward to that glorious day when we shall meet again.

-Ernesto 'Lammy' Gallego

TRIBUTE TO MY AUNTY MARY

Aunty, I will never forget your sweet smile and your lovely heart. You were a hard working woman, always spending time with the grandchildren by Nina .

I will always remember you, Aunty and have you in my heart. We cannot question God and ask him why, He knows best. May the good Lord continue to strengthening and comfort the Blake family, our grandmother, her mother Nina, brothers, sisters, children, grandchildren and great grandchild

Love you with all my heart

Olivia

AUNTY MARY

Aunty Mary as I would call you, what can I say I am at a loss for words when I heard the sad news of your passing. I am so very saddened but the memories we have created will last a life time and will always be cherished and remembered as long as I live. The first time I met you was when I came to Cayman to visit the family before my wedding and you was there to greet me and how I felt like I had a big sister here in Cayman from the first time I saw you. You and your husband also came to Jamaica to my wedding and how my family loved you as you are always so humble and sweet. I know we always had our little chats and I could tell you anything in confidence and I know I would never hear it again and you would also would do the same. I remember Martin and I would plan the parties and me and Nina would do mostly all the cooking and I would say to you and Debra me and Nina cook so you and Mary must do the cleaning up and you would always say that is fair and would do it willingly. I have a lot of memory but one stood out in my mind when your daughter Julie was graduating from University and my family and you and Nina travelled to her graduation. We was shopping and I leave my husband in the store to watch the kids while I shop and he got distracted and start to shop also and Bre Bre and Eli start to play hide and seek and I remember we could not find Elihandro for about three minutes and we was so frightened and you remain calm and said tell the store owner to close the doors of the store and you quickly took control of the situation while me and Nina was there panicking. We started to search the entire store and I remember you was the one that found him hiding in between the clothes and how happy we were and you said to buy a leach and leach him unto me. But we had a great time together at the time share and eating and having lots of fun and shopping. My last time I saw you was about a month before your passing I went to the BT clinic to get some blood work results and you was the nurse that triage me and we spoke about fifteen minutes and you told me you was not feeling so well and I said to you Aunty Mary I think it is time for you to stop working now and she said I told you I was going to stop on my Seventy birthday but I am still working. We were very close as we attend the same church and I would always encourage her to bring the kids to Sabbath School as I was the Children's Ministry leader and she would always help me with VBS and sometimes help me teach the kids in the Baby's class. I will always treasure the good times, the laughs, the jokes and the many happy times we shared. I will always love and missed you.

RIP sis.



A Tribute to My Aunt Mary

Owe is what she says any time we meet and greet. Owe "When last you played checkers?" and my reply would be "Still wanting on you to beat me up!" Lol ..she always made me feel comfortable because of her easy going personality and smile ah boy still can't believe she's gone... but God saw that she was tired and needed rest if I'm faithful some day by God's Grace we will meet again I can't be there to pay my last respect but God's knows if it was possible I would be ...my Condolences to the rest of my Family Nena, Mom, Andy, Allan Arthur Julie Uncle Blake and all who knew and loved and Appreciated the one and only Nurse Mary my Aunty God Bless everyone who listened to the reading of this Tribute so in Closing...

"Let not your heart be trouble ye believe in God believe also in me in my Father's house are many mansions if it were not so I would have told you I go to prepare a place for you and if I go to prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself that where I am there ye may be also. St John 14:1-3

As We Look Back

By Clare Jones

As we look back over time
We find ourselves wondering
Did we remember to thank you enough
For all you have done for us?
For all the times you were by our sides
To help and support us
To celebrate our successes
To understand our problems
And accept our defeats?
Or for teaching us by your example,
The value of hard work, good judgment,
Courage and integrity?
We wonder if we ever thanked you
For the sacrifices you made.
To let us have the very best?
And for the simple things
Like laughter, smiles and times we shared?
If we have forgotten to show our
Gratitude enough for all the things you did,
We're thanking you now.
How much you meant to us.
~ Your loving nieces and nephews

TRIBUTE TO MY MOTHER-IN-LAW

For my dearest Mother-in-law, Ms. Mary Elizabeth Blake, affectionately known to us as "Nunu." If there was anyone that we could count on, it was her. She would be there whether it was moral support or just a shoulder to lean on. It counted in every aspect.

Recalling the fond memories of her life with us. There are times when she didn't glimpse me for 3 or 4 days, I was guaranteed to get a visit by the door.

Chantell! Chantell! - Yes, ma'am - I haven't seen you in a while, so I came to look for you. How are things?

Good, thanks. And you? - Responding to that with a little tiredness in her voice was, "Child a little tired but good."

On another occasion, there was -

Our Sunday evenings underneath the mango tree playing dominos. These days were full of joy. With mixed partnerships and playing teams as the evening progresses. One evening it was she and I teaming together. She beckoned, using her mouth as she said, "Let's give dem a six" which we laughed afterward while taking our respective seats at the domino table.

Many of our conversations happened under the mango tree. Whether it be our spiritual talks, or happenings in life. She was an affirmed follower of Christ whose commitment never wavers throughout her being.

We know that Nunu was proud of each one of us and the way we've contributed to the life of the family. All our uniqueness and the way our better halves complimented us. For this, she was grateful for the people they've turned out to be today.

Words can't describe the way she has made me feel that I was no less than her own. I was privileged to be a part of celebrating life with her, and she will be forever in my heart. I thank the Lord almighty for such an amazing, kind-hearted lady that I have gotten the liberty to call my Mother-in-Law, Ms. Mary Elizabeth Blake.

Sleep in Peace Ms. Mary "Nunu"

Gone but not forgotten.

TRIBUTE TO MY MOTHER IN LAW

Mrs. Mary Blake I'm so proud and honored to have called you mom, you welcomed me from the very first day she saw me. She said "all I need now is a little bow". My darling mother in law deserves garland's, not wreathes, praises, not tears, smiles, not sorrows, happiness, not sadness.

You're one of the strongest women I had the privilege of knowing, you fought valiantly even til the end. Thank you for raising the man that I love and for instilling in him that quiet strength that's one of his many amazing qualities.

Your son, grand kids and will miss you. You were a shining light and we will hold you forever in our hearts.

Sleep well, mom. We will always love you.

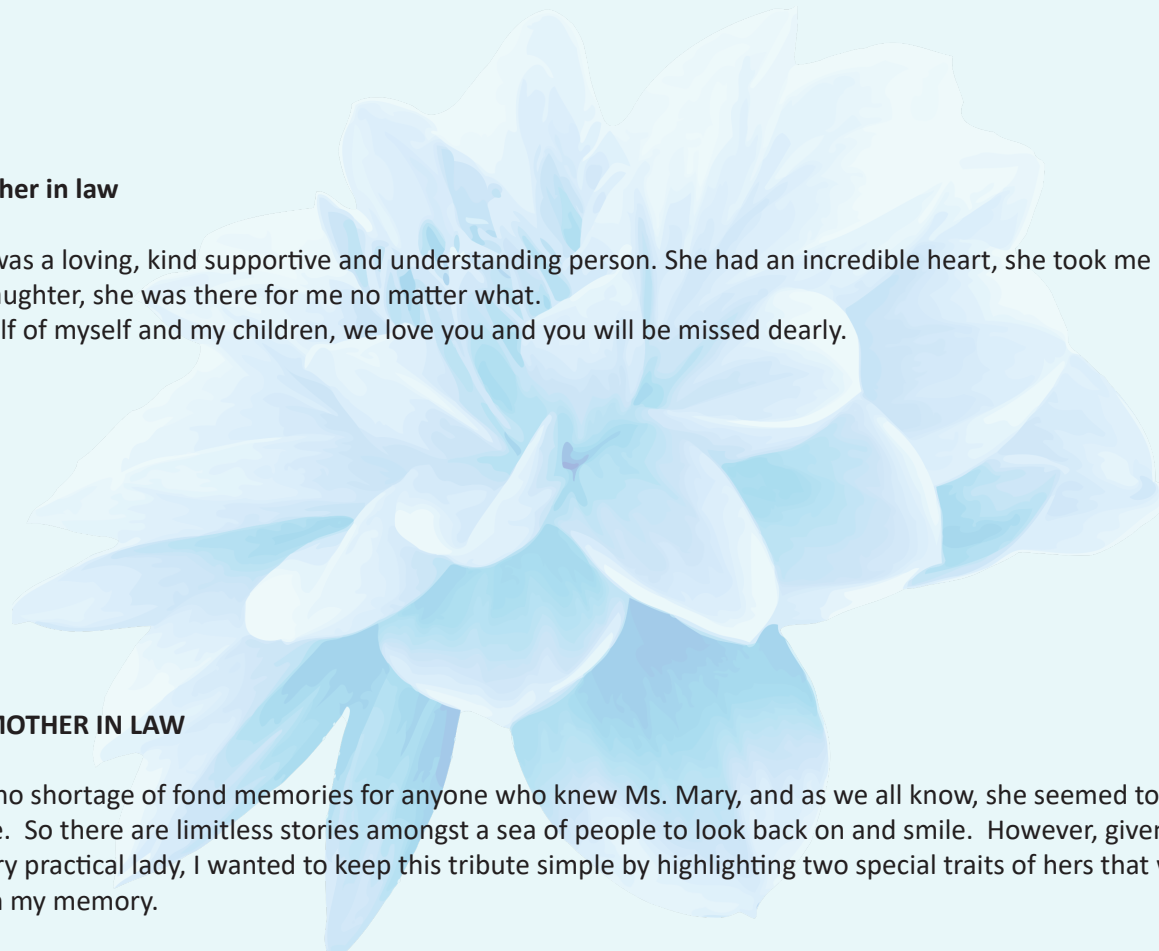
~ Vel

To My mother in law

Ms. Mary was a loving, kind supportive and understanding person. She had an incredible heart, she took me in like I was her own daughter, she was there for me no matter what.

So on behalf of myself and my children, we love you and you will be missed dearly.

~ Kayann



TO MY MOTHER IN LAW

There is no shortage of fond memories for anyone who knew Ms. Mary, and as we all know, she seemed to know almost everyone. So there are limitless stories amongst a sea of people to look back on and smile. However, given Ms. Mary was a very practical lady, I wanted to keep this tribute simple by highlighting two special traits of hers that will always be etched in my memory.

One of the things that I always admired about Ms. Mary, was her ability to instill a calm in whatever place she graced with her presence. Whether it was the living room of her house, the church halls, or at work, she always brought a sense of calm along with her. Things that were complicated became simple around her. This ability to instill calmness flows from one of her most profound traits, and that was her simplicity. She kept things as uncomplicated as possible. It was in her simplicity that things were made calm.

I hope we are all able to be a little more like her. Life is too short for everything to be complicated.

Ms. Mary I will remember our times together, and I truly wish we had more time, but I can move along knowing I will see you on the other side. Sleep peacefully

Love always, Jon

Tribute to Mrs. Mary Blake from H.S.A.

On behalf of the Board, Management and Staff, both former and current, our deepest condolences to the family of our dear friend and colleague of fifty years, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake.

When we heard the news of Ms. Mary's passing, we were both shocked and deeply saddened. Words, even the very best of them, cannot pay tribute or truly capture the sense of loss we feel. Mrs. Mary, as she was affectionately known, was a genuinely kind, caring, thoughtful, and warm individual.

Albert Einstein said, "The value of a man should be seen in what he gives and not in what he is able to receive." Ms. Mary was a woman who gave. She generously gave us her knowledge, expertise, and skills serving in healthcare at the HSA for 50 years - that alone speaks volumes to her level of commitment and loyalty.

While we mourn the loss of a colleague, we pay tribute to her and celebrate a life that was well lived. A life committed to the cause of ensuring the safety and quality care of patients who entered our hospital patient care areas, operating theatres, and clinics, and those who called on our help within their homes. Not many people leave behind such a legacy of dedication.

In 1973 Ms. Mary entered the health service field via the Practical Nurse Programme at the then George Town Hospital. Following the successful completion of her training, she was deployed to various departments within the hospital as a Practical Nurse. In the patient care areas, she was well-known and respected for her kind and caring spirit. She was able to calm the most belligerent of patients. One patient in particular, would accept care from no one else but.... MAY-REH! That's what he'd holler all the time.

In the 1990s, Ms. Mary moved to the Central Sterile Unit where she worked as a CSR Technician and later assumed the responsibility of CSR Supervisor after completing her certification for the position. Throughout her years of service, Ms. Mary was a valuable, pleasant, cooperative, helpful, and dedicated individual. She was a member of our HSA family who was known for her firm but gentle spirit and reliability - she would stay back late to make sure that everything was done and if she called in sick, you knew she was sick. She was passionate about her job so much that even when it came time for her to retire, she continued to work.

The HSA continues to celebrate a low rate of hospital surgical infection due to the diligent and thorough work of Ms. Mary, who played a vital role in the establishment of the Central Sterile Unit as we know it today. Her contribution to infection control and patient safety was invaluable. We will long remember her humility, tenacity, and ability to make the best out of whatever situation she was facing.

In June 2021, Ms. Mary was transferred to Primary Health Care Services where she mainly provided coverage for the Eastern Districts (i.e., Bodden Town, East End, and North Side Clinics). She displayed deep empathy for the residents of these communities, especially patients in the home care service. She was very flexible and, on various occasions, volunteered to provide coverage for other clinics during times when the team experienced staffing challenges. Ms. Mary will be greatly missed by the Nursing Staff, Central Sterile Unit, and Primary Health Care teams, in particular.

The effect of Ms. Mary's passing continues to be felt at the HSA, but we know that this is a particularly difficult and painful time, more so, for her family – among them is her son, Arthur Blake, who is still a part of our HSA family. May God give you all the courage and strength to bear this irreparable loss but also grant you loving memories to hold in your hearts forever. Ms. Mary's contribution to the HSA will never be forgotten. She will always be a part of us.

May her precious soul Rest in Peace.



Graveside Service

Opening remarks and prayer Pastor Carlon Nyack
Laying of the family floral tributes Musical interlude
Committal of the body Pastor Dr. Ivor Harry

*Fairest Lord Jesus
All the way my savior leads me.
This is my father's world*

Benediction Pastor Vaughn Henry

Fairest Lord Jesus

Fairest Lord Jesus,
Ruler of all nature,
O Thou of God and man the Son!
Thee will I cherish,
Thee will I honor,
Thou art my glory, joy, and crown.

Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

Beautiful Savior,
Lord of the nations,
Son of God and Son of Man!
Glory and honor,
Praise, adoration,
Now and forevermore be Thine!

All the Way my savior leads me

All the way my Savior leads me;
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt His tender mercy,
Who through life has been my guide?
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in Him to dwell;
For I know what'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well;
For I know what'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well.

All the way my Savior leads me;
Cheers each winding path I tread;
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living bread;
Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul a-thirst may be,
Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo, a spring of joy I see;
Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo, a spring of joy I see.

All the way my Savior leads me;
O the fullness of His love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above,
When I wake to life immortal,
Wing my flight to realms of day,
This my song through endless ages,
Jesus led me all the way;
This my song through endless ages,
Jesus led me all the way.

THIS Is My Father's World

This is my Father's world,
And to my listening ears,
All nature sings, and round me rings
The music of the spheres.
This is my Father's world;
I rest me in the thought
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas;
His hand the wonders wrought.

This is my Father's world,
The birds their carols raise;
The morning light, the lily white,
Declare their Maker's praise.
This is my Father's world;
He shines in all that's fair;
In the rustling grass I hear Him pass,
He speaks to me everywhere.

This is my Father's world,
O let me ne'er forget
That though the wrong seems oft so strong,
God is the Ruler yet.
This is my Father's world;
Why should my heart be sad?
The Lord is King; let the heavens ring!
God reigns; let the earth be glad.

Acknowledgement

*Special thanks to Doctors and Nurses Health Services Authority, Health City, and caregivers:
Ms. Carol, Kayann, Lavern Laliue, Shawmane Alamilla.*

We extend our heartfelt appreciation and sincere gratitude to our many relatives and friends, well-wishers and prayer warriors who were instrumental in bolstering Mary during her illness – we could not have done it without you all.