

**SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING  
For The Life Of**

*Claribel Athline Miller*



**January 26th 1929 – July 16th 2023**

**The William Pouchie Memorial United Church  
North Side**

**Saturday, July 22nd 2023**

**11 am**

**OFFICIATING MINISTER  
Rev Rohan Forrester**

**COMMITTAL  
Old May Bay Cemetery**

## Order of Service

Musical Prelude .....	Olivere Watler
Opening Remarks .....	Rev Rohan Forrester
Opening Prayer .....	Rev Rohan Forrester
Opening Song - "How Great Thou Art" .....	Congregation
Scripture Reading - "The Lords Prayer" Psalms 23 .....	Church
Song - "Because he Lives" .....	Choir
Special musical - "On Eagle Wings" .....	Janelle Tibbetts
Video presentation .....	Jared Tibbetts
Scripture reading - "Psalms 100 .....	Edna Carter
Tribute from Son .....	Waide Watler
Obituary .....	Honorable Kurt Tibbetts
Song - "Holy holy holy Lord God Almighty .....	Choir
Seafarers Tribute .....	Denniston Tibbetts
Message .....	Rev Rohan Forrester
Closing Song - "One day at a Time" .....	Congregation
Benediction .....	Rev Rohan Forrester

### Pallbearers

Chester Watler  
Waide Watler  
Arek Watler

Chet Ebanks  
Stefan McLaughlin  
Shane Walton

### Honorary Pallbearers

James Powell  
Ezzard Miller  
Kurt Tibbetts  
Jared Tibbetts  
Rudy Watler  
Emilio Watler  
Otto Watler  
Charles Watler  
Melbourne Watler  
Josh Hamilton

Patrick Watler  
Norman Bodden  
Jessie Bodden  
Wilmer Dixon  
Chris Powell  
Chad Powell  
Charlie Miller  
Timmy Walton  
Jack McLean  
Robert Wood

Robert Bodden  
Tony Powell  
Paul Bodden  
Tommy Bodden  
Churchill Wood  
Orman Wood  
Charlie Powell  
Eddie Powell

### Usherette

Denise Walton & Jacynth Tibbetts

### Guest Book Attendant

Sherry-Suli Hernandez

## Tribute to Mommie

Mommie, I love you dearly and I will miss you sorely.

I know you are resting safely in the arms of the Lord because you were a strong believer and made your peace many years ago.

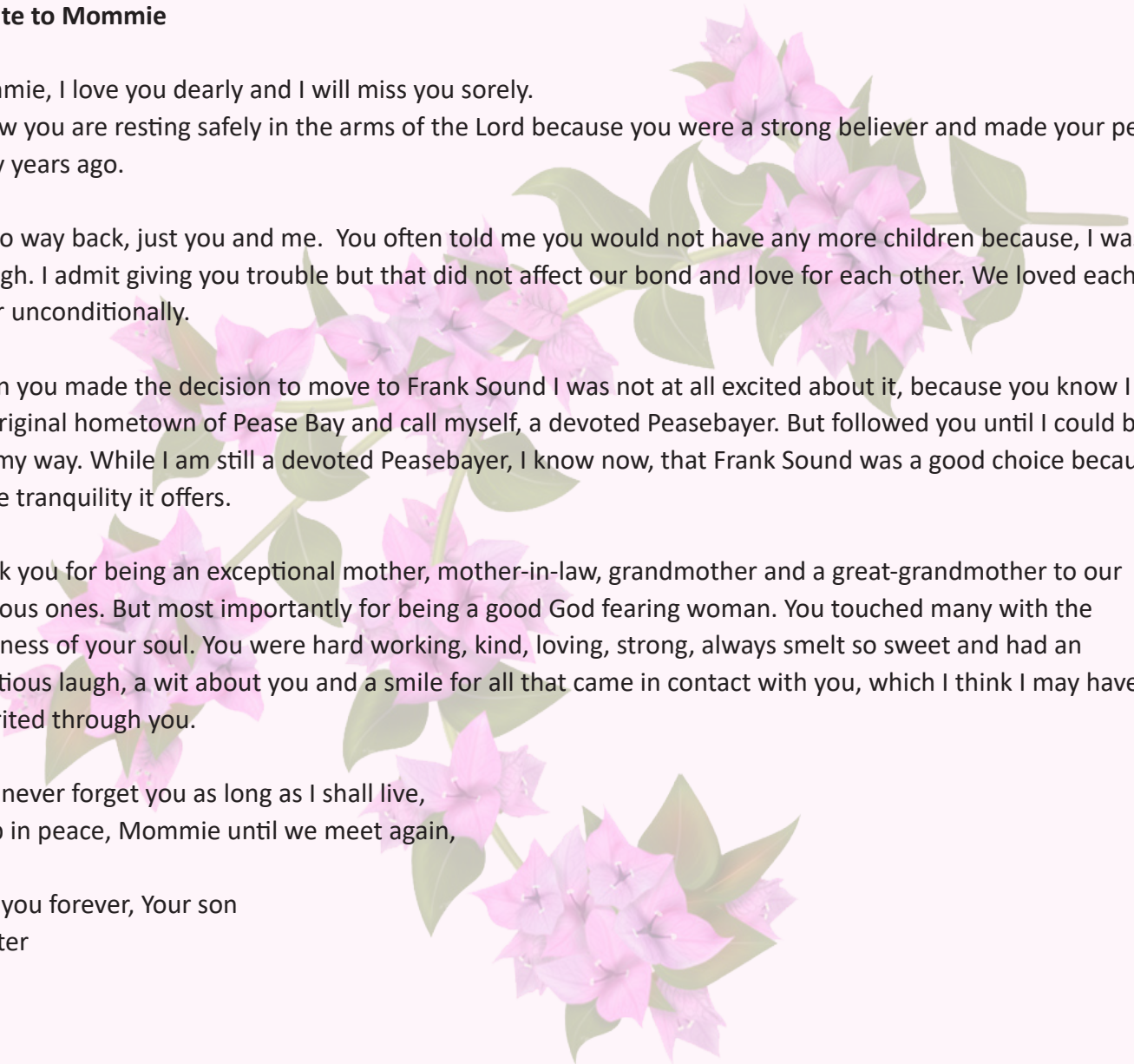
We go way back, just you and me. You often told me you would not have any more children because, I was enough. I admit giving you trouble but that did not affect our bond and love for each other. We loved each other unconditionally.

When you made the decision to move to Frank Sound I was not at all excited about it, because you know I love my original hometown of Pease Bay and call myself, a devoted Peasebayer. But followed you until I could better find my way. While I am still a devoted Peasebayer, I know now, that Frank Sound was a good choice because of the tranquility it offers.

Thank you for being an exceptional mother, mother-in-law, grandmother and a great-grandmother to our precious ones. But most importantly for being a good God fearing woman. You touched many with the goodness of your soul. You were hard working, kind, loving, strong, always smelt so sweet and had an infectious laugh, a wit about you and a smile for all that came in contact with you, which I think I may have inherited through you.

I will never forget you as long as I shall live,  
Sleep in peace, Mommie until we meet again,

Love you forever, Your son  
Chester



## Our tribute to Ayee

We called you Ayee, because that is the name Waide assigned when he first began to talk, and you thought it was adorable.

When Chester introduced me to you, we took to each other right away even though you would remind me at times that I was from George Town, usually because my cooking was different. You would say I was a city girl.

We arranged regular Sunday afternoon visits until it was time to make it official.

I remember seeing you and Papa Mac come to town, in that white Ford truck, early every Saturday morning to Kirks Supermarket, in its original location and I would look out for you from my mothers store in Bodmers Building. You would dress up to come grocery shopping all powdered up, hair sprayed down with Aqua Net and a handkerchief always visible.

After five years of being married you told us you wanted us to come to Frank Sound and build a home near you and you put that into action. Well, good thing, because we were each other's keeper.

We shared lots of good and bad times, but more good than bad. We did many things together on weekends. Like going to the Botanic Park for Papa Mac to show us around the nature walkway that he trailed, looking mangoes, sitting under the big, beautiful trees, in the cool breeze those days and entertaining visitors, going for a drive out, visiting your family in Pease Bay and friends in North Side and East End. But nothing like when it was crab season because that was your favorite. We would all pile into Papa Mac's truck and go in the land or on Queens Highway where the crabs were plentiful. You washed and put those bags on the line to dry and held them for us to load the crabs in. Then you went home and washed them outside in a big bucket, boiled and picked every piece, then called me to come bring the white rice and sweet potatoes and I had to do the cooking. Now that was a feast! You loved seafood too and we went in search of that very often. You made the best steamed fish, stew conch, fried lobster and baked beef with all the breadkind stuffed around the edges at Christmas and I made the rice and beans and pink potato salad, the only one Chester will eat and how could we forget your many and best cassava cakes ever. Moist and stretchy of course, because you wouldn't have it any other way.

Oh my! and then came the boys. You were over the moon that the family was growing and planted a tree in honor of each birth because you had a great green thumb on each hand, which Arek inherited from you. You helped care for them in so many ways and they have many dear memories, so many to tell; but vividly remember you and Papa Mac picking them up from Sunday school to take them on the Sunday tour, like visiting Big Man in North Side and Ermond in East End and always coming back with some food and cake. You would take us to Pease Bay with you to spend the day with your older siblings.

If we were sick, you were there in a flash with your home remedies and rubs and those soft hands that massaged us so timely and meaningfully. You picked tamarind leaves and put them in the bathtub for us to soak in when we got chickenpox. You and Mac put chairs under the almond tree to watch us ride our go-carts and motorbikes and ran to our rescue, to bandage us up, if we would fall. You would fry fish and fritters and Papa Mac would pick out all the bones, because we were afraid of swallowing them. You would come to the roadside at 3:45, if Mom called to say we were coming up on the bus at 4, because we shared our time between Newlands and Frank Sound. You came to our front door every morning to tell us to drive safely, kiss us and wish us a good day. You parted our fights, called Mom on us if we didn't listen or had an accident.

You always told Arek that he had the prettiest face and made much of Waides height, saying that he was tall just like your brothers. On Friday, before your passing, we visited you and you were so excited and started to talk up a storm and give us kisses. On Saturday the same thing and that is why we were so surprised when you didn't wake on Sunday morning.

We're glad you got to see us grow up as you always admired our accomplishments and said you were proud of us. Also, happy you were able to know and love our kids, Madi, Aussie and Arie.

We are all so thankful for having you as long as we did, for the care and love you showed us and of course, we are very sad to have lost you but very grateful you were afforded a long life. You were healthy and aware up to the end. Thank you, Miss Sandy, for being the best caregiver ever!

Papa Mac asked us before his passing, twenty years ago, not to leave you and we are pleased to have fulfilled his request. We found a note, after you passed, that you wrote many years ago that said Judy is my daughter-in-law, but I think of her as my daughter.

There are so many many memories and stories that we will hold dear forever.

You are deserving of your heavenly rest as your work on Earth has been done with such humanity.

Missing you, Love you always,

Judy, Waide, Arek

### **Tribute to my Granny**

Granny, as much as I knew this day would come, accepting the reality is very painful. People say life goes on and I have been trying to be strong but the days following your passing have been really rough whenever I think of you.

I thank God for the countless fond memories that I have of you which will live on forever in my heart. I probably cannot scratch the surface trying to put these memories down on paper but there are some which stand out more than others. Granny, my earliest memories with you is spending days at work with you at The Chocolate Box, where you would let me help you with the cash register and as payment you gave me an over indulgent amount of sodas and chocolates, this is most likely the birthplace of my M&M and Fruit Nut chocolate addiction. I remember when the guys working on the port came in to buy stuff, they would say to you, "This Chester son?" and your prompt response every time was "This is my grandson". I used to think that response was a bit rude; however, as I grew older and discovered my own sense of humor which I may have to credit you for as well, I appreciated that it was just a witty response.

Though driving was never your thing, if Mac was coming into West Bay, you made certain that he found time to come to visit me and take me with him to the Bothwell chicken farm in Batabano, which for a boy my age was like going to an amusement park. I have fond memories of visiting you and Mac in Frank Sound and accompanying him into the grass piece along Frank Sound Road, where I ate mangos until my belly felt like it would pop and having to run from one of the cows Mac was tending to.

The unconditional love you gave to me as a child and on into adulthood is appreciated more than I may have told you, but I hope you knew how much I love you. Your telephone calls to check in with me and later on to check on my children, were special treats that will not be forgotten. Even when you went to the US on an extended stay you still made a point to call and check in. I was always grateful to hear your voice, and one of my favorite calls were your official notice to say "the guineps are ready".

I once read somewhere that a grandparent is a gift that should not be taken for granted because many lose them before you can get to know them. I am so very thankful to God that you were blessed with a long life and we were blessed with time to enjoy having you, Granny.

To many of your loved ones you were Attie or Ayea but you were and forever will be my Granny. I loved having you in my life and although you are no longer here in the physical form, Granny, you will live forever in my heart.

Your Grandson, Chet

### **Tribute from Great grand babies**

Dear Great grandmother,

We are so sorry that you have left us.

We just wish you could have stayed a little longer to watch us grow some more.

But we did know and love you and enjoyed coming over to visit. We will miss you.

All our Love, Madison, Austin and Aria Watler

## Tribute from your Caregiver

Ayee it was my pleasure to have cared for you over the past five years.

I put you on a healthy diet ensuring that you received fresh and wholesome fruits and vegetables every day. Of course, you had your fish because you did not eat any meat, only seafood.

While we had our quarrels some mornings at bath time because you just did not feel like being bothered at times, I had to convince you that it must happen. After it was all said and done you would look up at me and wait for your kiss on the head and then you would reach for my face to smack my cheek. We shared this affection daily.

I am heartbroken to have lost you sooner than I expected but satisfied knowing I gave you my full attention and that you were well cared for and was happy with me.

Rest peacefully in the arms of your savior,  
Will always remember and love you,

Sandy

### My tribute to Attie

I have always been grateful to Attie.

In everyone's life there is a hero, someone we admire and want to be like.

I know I had not told her often enough but she was that person for me.

Attie used to remind me how I was the first baby to land in Cayman on the first flight that landed at what is now Owen Roberts Airport, when I was just 2 weeks old weeks old, and my bed was made in the drawer of my grand parents chest of drawers.

She had always been a tower of strength and inspiration in my life.

Even when I was struggling with endless doubt and insecurities,

I never doubted that I was truly Loved by her.

Her Love was always there in the faith she had in me, and in the Encouragement she gave me.

It showed in the sparkle in her eyes when she supported my Struggle to become my own person, always standing by when I Needed reassurance.

I will always be grateful for her strong way of helping me become

All that I am, giving me the confidence to face the world.

I was given the gift of being born into a family of Love, a caring Watler Family.

My parents instilled all the Christian principles in their children, and my youth

Was spent with Attie as my second mother. She helped to shape the person

I am today, and was quick to guide me in the right path as I grew over the years

Through her Love she gave me warmth, security and stability helping me achieve the most out of life.

From a solid upbringing I have found strength, a source of power that I draw from to manage my life.

Attie had a special talent that made her a wonderful Aunt.

I credit her for my well-being and I Thank Her from deep within my heart.

Precious Memories, Shirley Ann

## Memories of Attie

Attie has been part of my life from as far back as I can remember. She was like a second mother. At a young age, more of my waking hours were probably at the old homestead than at my parent's home. Many family friends often stopped by there; I wanted to be around the excitement and not miss out on anything. I remember Edward Powell and I often played together there while his mother worked with Attie to care for 'Grannie' and 'Grand Father'. Needless to say she didn't spare a scolding whenever she thought we needed it. Attie baked bread regularly, which I looked forward to. My cousin Chester delighted in smothering that bread with butter, brown sugar, or condensed milk and I had my share! Her scrumptious fried barracuda, fritters and stretching cassava cake were the best in the world!

I spent many summer days with her in Pease Bay and once in Red Bay at her nephew's house while he was off the island. Attie told family history and entertaining tales that others didn't share.

Once when my mother was overseas with my sister Jem, she would check on me and Daddy to ensure we had enough to eat.

When Daddy became immobile, she and her late husband Mack would drive from North Side to Pease Bay to assist him in the evenings.

After her husband passed away, I purposely spent more time with her to help fill the lonely hours though she kept herself busy. I enjoyed our drive-outs, whether visiting one of her siblings or sightseeing. She enjoyed coming to my home for a change of environment and a break from her housework, bringing her bag of crochet thread, needle and pattern. She didn't believe in being idle.

Attie was used to working hard all her life. She kept her head and hands working when she became less mobile. I'd take her newspapers, and she would keep me in the know. Morning and evening, she kept on top of the news from the radio, TV, and the press. I'd call and ask what new and she would bring me up to speed. During the day, she worked those hands with the crochet needle or tatting shuttle. When I took an interest in learning tatting, she tried teaching me, but my brain and fingers must have already been too old for that. ☹️ I didn't make much progress. The truth is, as she said, I wasn't practicing what she taught me between lessons.

☹️

Attie was generous and loved sharing her baked goods and whatever grew in her yard. I loved going by to pick seasonal fruit like limes, mangoes, guineps, plums and breadfruit.

Attie will be remembered for many reasons. She loved a generous splash of perfume even at bedtime. She was lighthearted. Her laughter could be heard before she was seen. I recall my father telling me as a teen I was just like her with my laughter. She could be stubborn, yet she was committed to her word. Her 'No' meant 'NO', and her 'Yes' meant 'YES'. I admired this about her.

In recent times, our visits became shorter as she became less talkative. She will be sorely missed, but the many precious memories will linger.

I am beyond grateful to have been blessed by her life.

May she sleep in peace until Jesus Christ comes the second time.

Niece, Sue.

## **Tribute to Attie from her beloved Niece Jem**

It is so easy for me to share my memories of my dear Attie. We loved and cherished every moment we had together, from me as a little Tot taking the path from our home to the Homestead as she was taking care of our grandparents and I had to see them every day. As I got older our visits became more interesting as she told me stories of her childhood and her siblings. I enjoyed hanging out with her in the detached kitchen. I can proudly say she made the best pink potato salad. I recall her saying Jem Jem please go sweep out for me, she knew I enjoyed helping her. When she moved to North Side I visited her more on the weekends and as she got older I loved taking her for drives and to get a hair cut. On the way home she always wanted a to stop for a BK Fish Burger. She loved me to paint her toe nails red. She was a simple lady not fussed about anything, but loved to look nice. She enjoyed her gardening, always had fruit trees, and whatever she planted, it grew, her pineapples were the best. One sweet memory I have of her from a little girl is seeing her doing Crochet and Tatting. It was her favorite hobby and I will cherish the pieces she gave to me. There are so many memories to share but time do not allow me to today but I will cherish every moment I had with her. I will never forget my last visit with Attie on the evening of July 9th, she was not in a talking mood but I know she knew it was me. I held my cheek close to her mouth and she kissed me. At every visit she told me I love you and I know its you Jem from the way you kiss me, you always kiss me different. Sleep in peace my dear Aunt, your niece, Jem and I will forever love you.

### **Our Tribute**

Attie was like a special Aunt to us. She was our Mother's best friend. They loved to crochet at night by lamp light. We would go across the road to her as she didn't want to leave her parents alone. I learned to crochet sitting at their feet with some of their left-over thread. I think I was about 7 and Bubba usually went to sleep or played with his trucks. We spent as much time in Mr. Freddie's kitchen as we did ours. When she had Chester, we didn't have Den yet so Bubba and I played with him and taught him how to walk. As we grew up, she was our person to tell all our problems to. She always listened. When we got Den she was her little angel and got to go with Attie and Momma everywhere they went while we were in school. After growing up Den always made sure to get Fish sandwiches from Burger King for Attie when she worked at the Chocolate Box. When she was able, she always came to eat Thanksgiving Dinner with us or any of our children's Birthday Parties. She always wanted fish. Like Bubba says, there was only one Attie and Pease Bay has lost a really special lady.

Love, Sissy, Bubba and Den



## Tribute to Attie

Attie, you were my second Mom – what can I say?

Growing up, Chester and I were like brothers, and you never treated me any differently than you did him. As we found time to run to the beach, play marbles or make slingshots, you always seemed to be there in the old outside kitchen cooking for us whatever you had for the day and setting us down by the table at the kitchen window, where you would always come over and your first question was, “ What mischief you two had been up to?” – to which our reply was always “None” – and your reply was for us to be careful, or “Robert, it is time, Algar said to be home by night or before”.

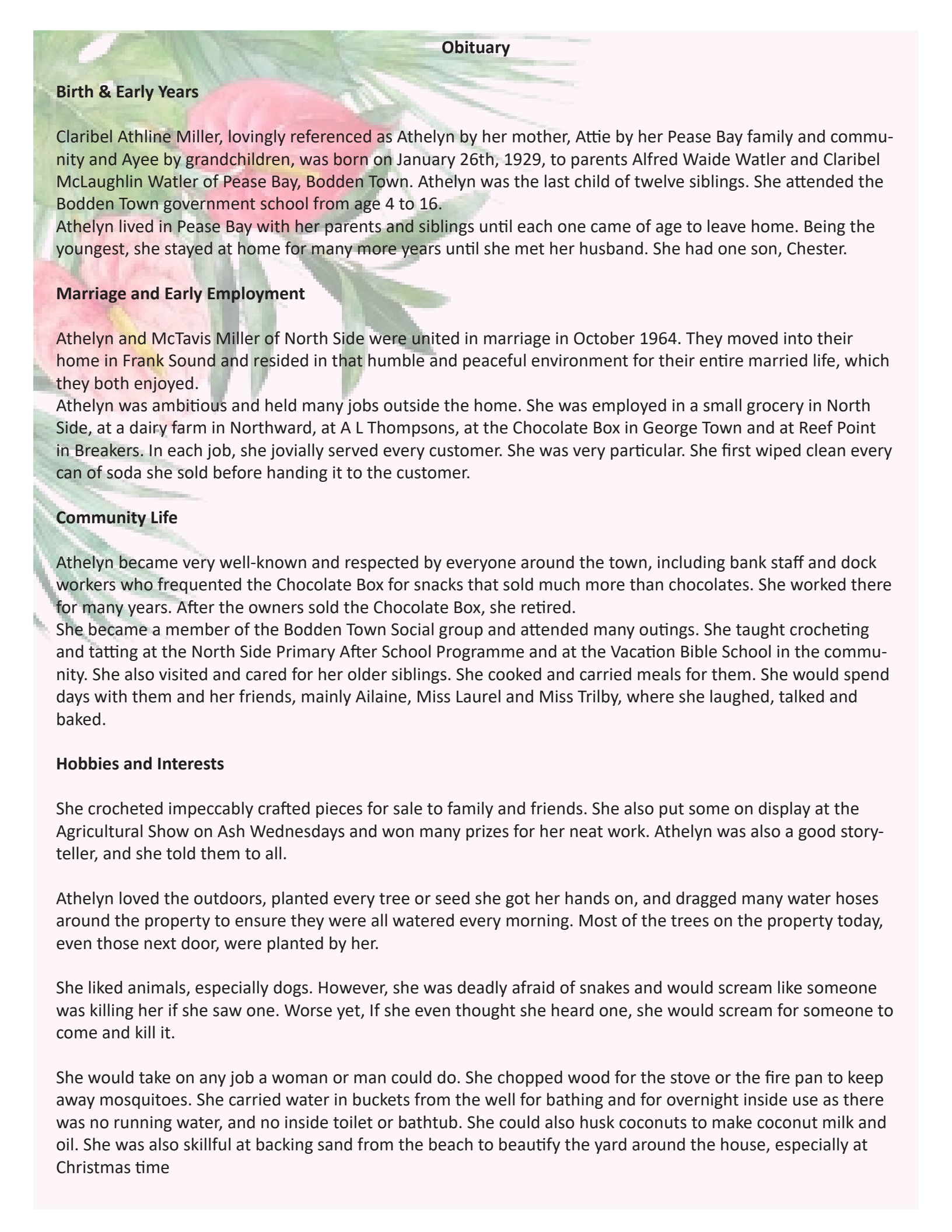
Attie, my words may be small, and I know you cannot hear it, see, or read it, but my respect and love for you has never faded. You were a beautiful soul.

As you take your final journey, may your soul rest in peace.

Forever with love,

Your second son -- Robert





## Obituary

### Birth & Early Years

Claribel Athline Miller, lovingly referenced as Athelyn by her mother, Attie by her Pease Bay family and community and Ayee by grandchildren, was born on January 26th, 1929, to parents Alfred Waide Watler and Claribel McLaughlin Watler of Pease Bay, Bodden Town. Athelyn was the last child of twelve siblings. She attended the Bodden Town government school from age 4 to 16.

Athelyn lived in Pease Bay with her parents and siblings until each one came of age to leave home. Being the youngest, she stayed at home for many more years until she met her husband. She had one son, Chester.

### Marriage and Early Employment

Athelyn and McTavis Miller of North Side were united in marriage in October 1964. They moved into their home in Frank Sound and resided in that humble and peaceful environment for their entire married life, which they both enjoyed.

Athelyn was ambitious and held many jobs outside the home. She was employed in a small grocery in North Side, at a dairy farm in Northward, at A L Thompsons, at the Chocolate Box in George Town and at Reef Point in Breakers. In each job, she jovially served every customer. She was very particular. She first wiped clean every can of soda she sold before handing it to the customer.

### Community Life

Athelyn became very well-known and respected by everyone around the town, including bank staff and dock workers who frequented the Chocolate Box for snacks that sold much more than chocolates. She worked there for many years. After the owners sold the Chocolate Box, she retired.

She became a member of the Bodden Town Social group and attended many outings. She taught crocheting and tatting at the North Side Primary After School Programme and at the Vacation Bible School in the community. She also visited and cared for her older siblings. She cooked and carried meals for them. She would spend days with them and her friends, mainly Ailaine, Miss Laurel and Miss Trilby, where she laughed, talked and baked.

### Hobbies and Interests

She crocheted impeccably crafted pieces for sale to family and friends. She also put some on display at the Agricultural Show on Ash Wednesdays and won many prizes for her neat work. Athelyn was also a good storyteller, and she told them to all.

Athelyn loved the outdoors, planted every tree or seed she got her hands on, and dragged many water hoses around the property to ensure they were all watered every morning. Most of the trees on the property today, even those next door, were planted by her.

She liked animals, especially dogs. However, she was deadly afraid of snakes and would scream like someone was killing her if she saw one. Worse yet, If she even thought she heard one, she would scream for someone to come and kill it.

She would take on any job a woman or man could do. She chopped wood for the stove or the fire pan to keep away mosquitoes. She carried water in buckets from the well for bathing and for overnight inside use as there was no running water, and no inside toilet or bathtub. She could also husk coconuts to make coconut milk and oil. She was also skillful at backing sand from the beach to beautify the yard around the house, especially at Christmas time

## Family Life

Athelyn never forgot her Mama and Papa and all the hard work they put into maintaining the home in Pease Bay, being a large family. She did not have worldly wealth and riches, but her large family was never deprived of basic needs such as food, shelter, a safe place to sleep and much love. As a young adult caring for her elderly parents, she didn't have conveniences, but she learned how to improvise and make the best of what was available at the time.

She helped her father to bring his produce out of the land for sale or barter. She and her family raised chickens and cows and would slaughter them, particularly at Christmas. They both sold the meat and gave to the people in the community who could not afford to purchase it. This became an annual family event which everyone looked forward to.

She told stories of the fun times spent at Maxine's, one of her best friends and her family across the road. She said they had partially adopted Chester because they didn't want him to come home and he didn't want to leave their house. They grew up like siblings, so much so that he even had a small room in their house. She often spoke of the many times Maxine packed everyone into her Rambler and drove anywhere they wanted to go, often stopping on the side of the road for the children to relieve themselves in the bushes. She talked about all the fun with Algar (Allie), another good friend and Jim Wood. She was afraid to drive a car but loved a drive out and was Papa Mac's co-pilot.

## Travels

Athelyn didn't like aero planes, but after much persuading from her sister Marilyn and accompanied by Shirley Ann, she finally ventured to make a trip to Florida, where she stayed for a few months with Marilyn until she called Judy one Thursday afternoon to say, "come and get me tomorrow". With not much notice, off we went to collect her.

## Christian and Health Values

Athelyn attended and was baptised at the Bodden Town Seventh-day Church in her adolescent years. Her mother, being a staunch Presbyterian, was displeased after she learned of her decision, so Athelyn was not allowed to return to that fellowship again. In the later years of her life, Athelyn regularly attended the William Pouchie Memorial United Church in North Side, until she could no longer get out. She enjoyed the sermons of Mr Orman Williams, and she looked forward to the church groups, whether from the United church or Adventists visiting and singing. She also appreciated visits from Reverend Forrester who prayed with her and encouraged her to keep the faith. Athelyn was blessed with great strength and perseverance and made much of little. She also had a remarkable memory especially when she often recounted her experience in the 1932 storm. She was afforded a long healthy life and played an essential role in her family as a confidant. She liked to laugh and was known for her loud laughter. She will also be remembered for her outspokenness, her generosity and a true Christian Cayman kind spirit.

## Final Days

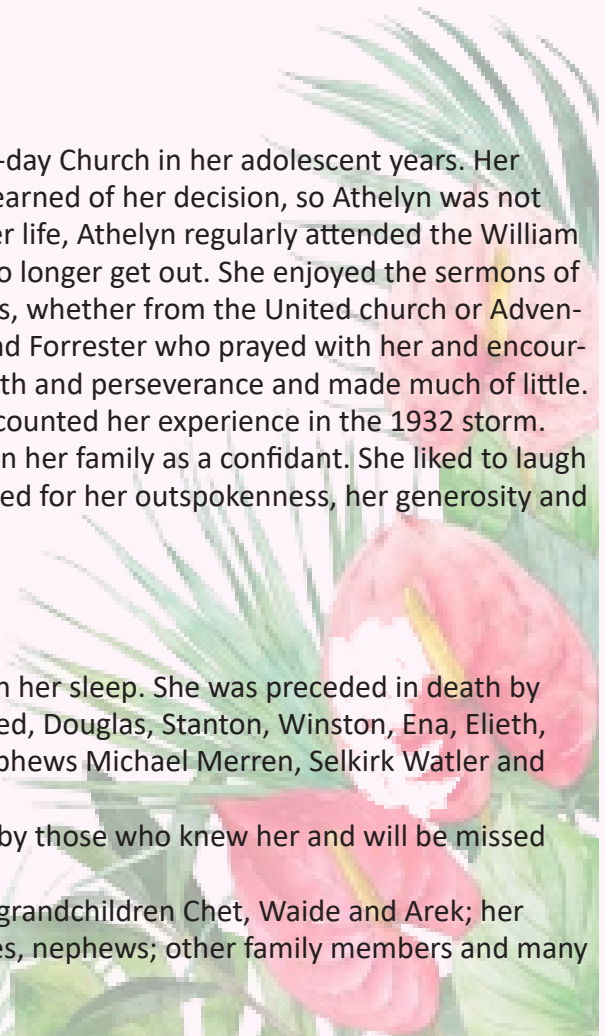
On Sunday morning, July 16th, 2023, Athelyn passed peacefully in her sleep. She was preceded in death by her husband, William McTavis Miller, her parents, her siblings, Fred, Douglas, Stanton, Winston, Ena, Elieth, Michael, Bert, Marilyn, Patrick and Margaret and her beloved nephews Michael Merren, Selkirk Watler and Vashni Bush.

Her life was a blessing and a memory to treasure. She was loved by those who knew her and will be missed beyond measure.

Left to mourn her passing are her son Chester, his wife Judy; her grandchildren Chet, Waide and Arek; her great grandchildren James, Kalie, Madison, Austin and Aria; nieces, nephews; other family members and many friends; and caregiver Sandy.

A life well lived is a legacy of joy, pride and pleasure,

A living, lasting memory, our grateful hearts will treasure.



## Graveside Service

Opening Remarks ..... Rev Rohan Forrester  
Prayer ..... Rev Rohan Forrester  
Committal ..... Rev Rohan Forrester  
Songs ..... Congregation

*What a friend we have in Jesus  
The Old Rugged Cross  
I'll Fly Away  
When we all get to Heaven*

Benediction ..... Rev Rohan Forrester

### What A Friend We Have In Jesus

What a friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry everything to God in prayer!  
Oh, what peace we often forfeit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged; Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
Can we find a friend so faithful, Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness; Take it to the Lord in prayer!

Are we weak and heavy laden, cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Savior, still our refuge, take it to the Lord in prayer!  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.

#### I'll Fly Away

Some bright morning when this life is over  
I'll fly away  
To that home on God's celestial shore  
I'll fly away

I'll fly away oh glory  
I'll fly away (in the morning)  
When I die hallelujah by and by  
I'll fly away

When the shadows of this life have gone  
I'll fly away  
Like a bird from these prison walls I'll fly  
I'll fly away

Just a few more weary days and then  
I'll fly away  
To a land where joys will never end  
I'll fly away

### The Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,  
the emblem of suffering and shame;  
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best,  
for a world of lost sinners was slain.

Refrain: So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,  
till my trophies at last I lay down  
I will cling to the old rugged cross,  
and exchange it some day for a crown.

O, the old rugged cross, so despised by the world,  
has a wondrous attraction for me;  
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above,  
to bear it to dark Calvary.

In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,  
a wondrous beauty I see;  
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,  
to pardon and sanctify me.

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,  
its shame and reproach gladly bear;  
Then He'll call me some day to my home far away,  
when His glory forever I'll share.

### When We All Get To Heaven

Sing the wondrous love of Jesus, Sing His mercy and His grace  
In the mansions bright and blessed, He'll prepare for us a place.

Refrain: When we all get to Heaven, What a day of rejoicing that will be  
When we all see Jesus, We'll sing and shout the victory!

While we walk the pilgrim pathway, clouds will over-spread the sky  
But when traveling days are over, not a shadow, not a sigh.

Let us then be true and faithful, trusting, serving every day  
Just one glimpse of Him in glory, will the toils of life repay.

Onward to the prize before us! Soon His beauty we'll behold;  
Soon the pearly gates will open; We shall tread the streets of gold.

### Thanks & Acknowledgement

*The family of the Late Claribel Athline Miller would like express our gratitude for the many expressions of kindness during our time of loss.*