

Service Of Thanksgiving For The Life Of



Martha Onisia McField

27 April 1930 – 21 August 2023

First Baptist Church of Grand Cayman
920 Crewe Rd

Saturday, 2 September 2023

Viewing 1:00 pm – 2:00 pm

Service at 2:00 pm

OFFICIATING MINISTERS

Pastor Bentley Robinson

Pastor Kyle McLean

Musical Interlude

Samuel Rose

Pianist

Pastor Dave George

Interment at Dixie Cemetery
(Please drive with your lights on dim)

Order of Service

Welcome	Pastor Kyle McLean	
Opening Hymn..... “Amazing Grace”	Congregation	
Opening Prayer.....	Minister Ellen Peguero	
Scripture Reading.....John 14: 1-7	Darren Dixon	
Tribute from Son	Dr. Steve McField	
Tributes from Daughters.....	Jacqueline McKenzie	
Musical Tribute..... “Blessed Assurance”	Mennen Langlios	
Tribute from Grandchildren	Jacqueline McKenzie	
Musical Tribute from Great Grandchildren	“Jesus Loves Me”	Mennen Langlios
Tribute from Oneil’s Family.....	Delene Hurlston	
Tribute from Olga’s Family.....	Hon. Franz Manderson	
Hymn..... “It Is Well with My Soul”	Congregation	
Obituary	Gloria McField	
Sermon.....	Pastor Bentley Robinson	
Closing Song.....” When We All Get to Heaven”.....	Congregation	
Closing Remarks	Pastor Kyle McLean	

Pallbearers

Nathan Narcisse
Duran Whittaker

Marcel Jackson
Lovane Joven

Joshua McField
Timothy Myles

Honorary Pallbearers

Dr. Frank McField
Albert Jackson
Kadeem Miller
Morris Dunbar
Michael Nixon
Kyle McLean
Leighton Elliott

Christopher Robinson
Dr. Steve McField
Hon. Franz Manderson
Seymour Morgan
Paul Smith
Stephen Morgan
Allan Myles

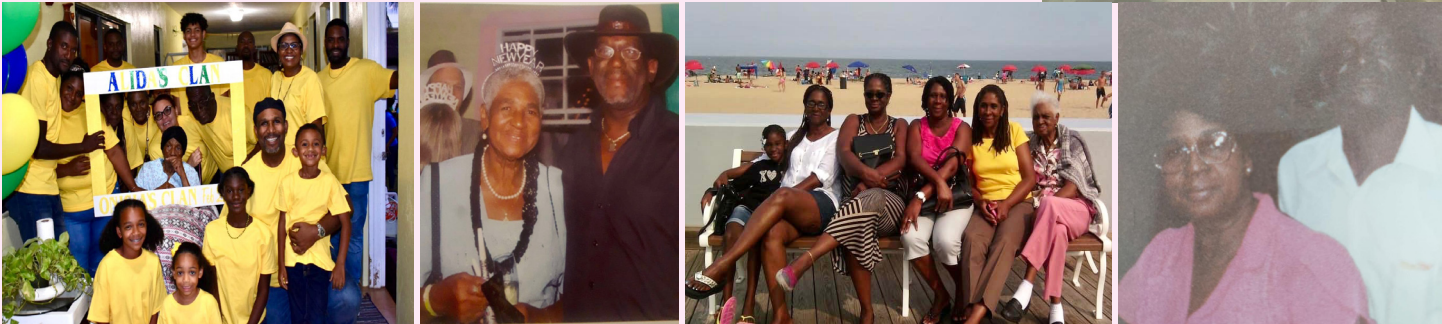
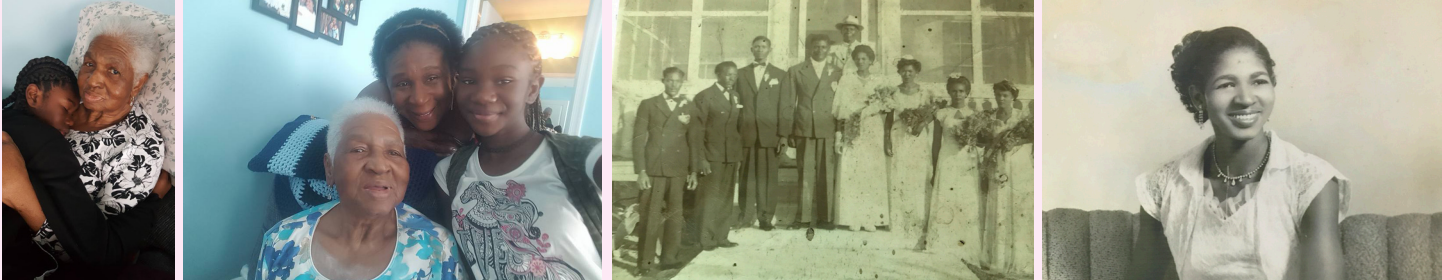
Reginald Nixon
Neville Narcisse
Clay Coleman
Andre Morgan
Tony Dixon
Samuel Myles

Guest Book Attendants

Wendy Williams
Michelle Joven

Ushers

Kerry Nixon
Carmen McField
Cheryl Myles



THE OBITUARY OF
Martha Onisia (pronounced Oh-nee-see-ah) McField
27 April 1930 – 21 August 2023

Martha Onisia McField, affectionately known as Nana by her family, was born on the 27th April 1930 in the Isle of Pines, Cuba. She was the second of three children born to the union of Alida Dixon of the Cayman Islands and Eric Hewitt from Jamaica. Martha lived to the grand age of 93 years old. Her life was remarkable not only for its duration but for the breadth and diversity of experiences and close bonds that marked these years. Martha's childhood began in the most humble existence. From the age of 8 or 9 years old, Martha was helping her mother to wash and iron clothes for homes in Cuba. Here she became accustomed to hard work and fluent in Spanish, which was her first language. Though her days in Cuba were difficult and marked with poverty, she spoke fondly of her time there and loved to speak and sing in Spanish, whenever she could.

At age 10, Martha had a close brush with death when her appendix ruptured while her father rushed her in his arms to the nearest doctor. Unfortunately this doctor did not have surgical supplies, so he performed the emergency appendectomy without anesthesia. Martha survived, carrying the physical scar as a reminder of her ordeal. This was the first of what would become numerous health challenges that she successfully overcame during her lifetime.

As a teenager, Martha grew into a beautiful young lady but it was her determination, strong work ethic and entrepreneurial spirit that became her most defining attributes. In school, in addition to mastering Spanish, Martha learned to read and write in English. However, she did not learn how to speak English. This would present a challenge for her when at age 15, she returned to the Cayman Islands with her mother and siblings to care for Martha's grandfather – the late Captain George Dixon. This family returned to her mother's birthplace in East End. These days, Martha recalled with greater apprehension.

At the time she left Cuba, that island had been in the height of its popularity and economic prosperity. In contrast, when she sailed back to the Cayman Islands in the mid-1940s, she arrived to no electricity, no tourism, and no major economic opportunities. To compound her challenges, Martha's inability to communicate in English, left her isolated.

Martha would always say with a chuckle, "People that talk about the Good Old Days --- weren't there. Life was hard." Still, Martha dreamed of a better life and suffered ridicule because of the ambitions she held as a woman. Fortunately, she had learned from her mother to ignore what others thought was the proper place for a woman. Her mother, Alida, had gone to sea with her father Capt. George Dixon and sailed to Bluefields, Nicaragua and beyond. Her mother hadn't settled down to start a family of her own until she was forty years old. And yet, between ages 40 to 44, she had three children which would become a strong family lineage.

So rather than give into despair, Martha set off at a young age to begin charting her own course in life, defying what others thought was possible. Within a few short months, she found a job in West Bay as a live-in Nanny and housekeeper. Less than 2 years later, on 19 March 1947 at age 17, Martha was wed to Charles Verdun (Bulla) McField by Reverend George Hicks. Charles adored Martha who was beautiful and possessed a unique confidence. The couple had 6 children, George Verdun McField, Frank Swarres McField, Verda Lucille Jackson, Beulah Ohilda McField, Floris Yolanda Mitchell and Martha Onisia Dunbar.

With a growing family, Martha and Charles worked effectively as partners, to earn a living for their family. Her husband was an accomplished fisherman and carpenter. He regularly put food on their table and could build anything that Martha could imagine. This was a fruitful partnership that would give rise to many successful endeavors over the years that provided for their family, for generations to come.

As a young wife and mother, Martha learned to turn her challenges into advantages. While speaking predominately Spanish had initially made it difficult for her to form friendships, she used her knowledge of Spanish to pursue trade. She began sailing between Cayman and Cuba, to acquire produce which she sold in the market. This was a great novelty at the time because women rarely worked outside of the home – whether it was their own home or someone else's home. But Martha defied stereotypes which sought to limit what she could achieve, whether these stereotypes were based on gender, race, class, education or other prejudices.

Martha was a trailblazer who used her courage, intuition and entrepreneurial spirit to create one income-generating opportunity after another. Using her husband's carpentry skills and the family's savings, she and Charles built and opened a local bar named, 'Top Star'. Top Star became a popular gathering place with many stories emanating from this watering hole. However, when Martha saw the negative consequences that this business posed to her community and family, she closed the bar just as quickly as she opened it. She then repurposed the same structure to become a restaurant and corner store.

While the demands of being a mother, wife and shop owner were daunting, she still found time to be a community activist. She organized and spoke out for her own and other children in the George Town area. The most memorable clash came when her son Frank was attending the school that was located on the iron shore, in the vicinity of the current Royal Watler Terminal. The iron shore had two big blow holes, and one day her son Frank fell into one of them and was rescued by a fellow student, Eldon Nixon. Shaken up by the dangers the children faced at school, Martha advocated pointedly for the school to be relocated. This eventually happened and the school moved to the present site of the George Town Primary School. Coincidentally, the site was adjacent to McField Square. Other students at that time recall Martha along with Myrtle Connor and Frances Ramoon, standing up to the excessive beatings that the children were receiving from some teachers at that time.

Martha didn't back down from a challenge. She learned to speak English and was very generous with the bountiful provisions that came from the fertile grounds in McField Square. She also shared the excess fish caught regularly by her husband and father-in-law who were excellent fishermen. By serving as a community organizer, Martha quickly built enduring friendships with other families, both within and adjacent to, McField square.

During the Cuban revolution, Cayman received its first waves of Cuban migrants. It was then that Nana converted the restaurant into a boarding house for refugees, which she rented to the Government. She also used her language skills to serve as an interpreter for the Government. She had also began working shifts along with other Caymanian women, as a housekeeper and cook for a prosperous family owning a home on 7 Mile Beach. When she and Charles had saved enough, the couple constructed their own home in 1962. Martha did not shy away from rolling up her sleeves to help with construction. Whether it was backing sand and conch shells to improve the roads, or helping to construct their own home, Martha stood by her husband's side on these projects. The end result was a fine, three bedroom concrete house with a large front and back porch, a kitchen, dining area and family room, located in the heart of George Town.

The couple had achieved the Caymanian dream and could easily have settled. But Martha was a visionary. So, just two years later, Martha seized an opportunity to improve prospects for her family which was comprised of her husband and 5 children, at that time.

As a consequence of the political upheaval in Cuba, and as a Cuban born person herself, Martha accompanied by two of her children travelled to the US Embassy in Jamaica, where she obtained asylum from the US. As a result, in May 1964 when Martha arrived in the United States for the very first time with her 3 eldest children – George, Frank and Verda, she did so as a Green Card Holder and Permanent Resident. This gave her and her family the right to live and work in the US. Later that year, Martha was joined by her husband and their other 2 children.

Making this bold move was not without its hardships. It meant that once again, Martha and Charles were starting over from scratch to establish their family. The family had arrived at a very difficult political time in the US. In addition to racism and the remnants of segregation, the US was entering a brutal war in Vietnam that claimed many young lives. Her eldest son, George would head off to this war and the fear for his wellbeing would weigh heavily upon her. Her other son, Frank, joined the ROTC in college and devoted himself to academia.

Throughout all of these challenges, Martha did not give in or give up. She and Charles worked tirelessly, and within just five years, the family had purchased their own home in Staten Island, New York in 1969. It was a 3-story, multifamily residence that provided the family with rental income and a large enough home base to house their

large family and host many Caymanians who would visit the US either when working on ships or travelling by air. By this time the family had welcomed their sixth child, a daughter who was Martha's namesake. During this time in New York, Mavis Spencer moved to New York. The two shared a special friendship from their days together in Cayman, where they met and bonded over their common ability to speak Spanish and their pioneering spirits. Mavis would remain like a sister until the day Martha died.

While her son George returned home safe although shaken by the Vietnam war, the family experienced tragedy on another front in 1970 due to the sudden death of her sister, Olga. Martha's mother, Alida, was also beginning to experience dementia. Martha therefore found herself at a relatively young age becoming the matriarch of the Alida clan, so named for the many descendants of Martha's mother, Alida Dixon. It is amazing to think that this relatively small family, which began with Alida and her 3 children – Olga, Martha and Oneil – would blossom into 25 grandchildren each starting families of their own. Over the generations, these three branches would produce many, many more grandchildren, great grandchildren and great, great grandchildren. Martha treasured her large family and embraced this daunting role of Matriarch, which she held until her death. Upon her sister's untimely death, Martha welcomed three of her sister's children (Samuel, Paula and Nuvia), who lived with her for a period. Other nieces including Mary Sue and Phyllis would also come to pursue training and job opportunities. The bonds between Martha and her nieces and nephews were particularly close because of they shared an enduring grief at the loss of their mother.

In New York, Martha worked multiple jobs, often at the same time. She invested her modest earnings wisely, just as she had done in Cayman. She had gone from being an owner of her own home and businesses in Cayman, to cleaning other peoples' homes as a domestic helper once again. But she had a plan. She went back to school in the US and undertook vocational training on multiple occasions. Through her training programmes she secured jobs as a bank teller in Manhattan, a Nurse's Aide at St. Vincent Hospital in Staten Island New York, a Den Mother at Wagner College and eventually a home health care provider.

As Martha's eldest children began to leave home, to pursue their own lives, her husband Charles had also been diagnosed with emphysema which he developed after years of working as a commercial painter using lead paint that was common at the time. Martha pivoted once again, finding a way to earn a living closer to home. She became a foster parent to four autistic children who again filled their home with joy and activity.

In 1977, while attending a Pentecostal Church in New York, Martha received Jesus Christ as her Lord and Savior. This was a huge turning point in her life as her faith in Jesus became her defining focus after this point. Martha loved to attend church, she devoured scripture and she loved to sing. Her faith would become not only her anchor, but through her testimony and example, she would see her children also being drawn to Christ. Ultimately 3, George, Verda and Beulah, pursued Christian ministries as well.

While in New York, Martha had reconnected with her father. He was living in Florida and when he fell ill, Martha went to this bedside to care for him and eventually to bury him in January 1978. Later that same year, Martha and her family moved to Florida. New York winters had become challenging for her and Charles, so they sold the home and once again relocate.

Within a year, Martha had resumed her entrepreneurial activities, and began making frequent trips between Miami and Cayman to sell goods whilst also checking in on her elderly mother. In Miami, she was embraced by the Cuban community and formed strong business associations that gave her access to wholesale purchasing. She leveraged these relationships to build "Gloria's Variety Store", so named after her eldest granddaughter who was like her shadow, following her everywhere. Miss Onisia's shop, as the store was also known, was located adjacent to the couple's original house in McField Square. It sold everything from salt beef to bedspreads and from figurines to clothing. The business was a success due to Martha's ability to connect with customers and to buy the things that people wanted. Gradually, Martha spent more and more time in Cayman until she moved home permanently to care for her mother who had refused to leave Cayman. During this time, Martha

and Charles set their hand to two other large construction projects. The first was to build a 2-story concrete building known as the C&M building and the second was to build a new home in Red Bay.

The couple largely built these structures with their own hands. This was particularly impressive as Charles had become quite ill with a disease that was taking its toll on his lungs. But, whatever they set their minds and hands to, they couple achieved together. Around this time, Charles was baptized and also became a Christian. The couple vowed that one unit within their new building could be used for Ministry.

This unit became an anchor for the opening of the Open Door Christian Church, so named because it began in the C&M building even before the building fit out was completed with doors and windows. Martha was a faithful participant, and accompanied by her grandchildren she attended church regularly with morning and evening services on Sundays, midweek prayer meetings and even choir practice. Over the years as the church grew and got established in other larger premises, other Christian endeavors would occupy the C&M building. This included a tract ministry by Sis. Pearline Donald and Beulah's Rehoboth Ministries that provided after-school care and would eventually go on to launch Meals on Wheels. Eventually, her son Pastor George took over the space to also form a church there. Martha also supported other developing churches including the Church on Hospital Road which is now known as the Agape Church.

Tragedy struck again, this time with the death of her husband, Charles, in November 1992. It was also the year her son, Frank, was elected to Government for the first time. With her husband's passing, Martha could no longer contemplate working in the store. So she began to work taxis where she could use her love of talking and hosting others, to serve tourists arriving on cruise ships. Nana loved this work but had had to give it up when she developed neuropathy which caused pain in her feet.

She eased away from paid employment, but did not stop working on behalf of the Lord. With a lot of time on her hands following her husband's death, she and her cousin Jean, started cooking at home on Sunday mornings and delivering meals to elderly shut-ins within the Church community. She burned through two stoves doing this ministry, which they called 'Bread from Heaven'. She also prepared meals at Christmas and delivered them to families in need.

Later, Rehoboth Ministries paired with Rotary to launch Meals on Wheels in 1997. Beulah realized that elderly Caymanians, even when they were in need, were too proud to accept handouts from just anyone. So Beulah asked her mother to introduce her to elderly people in the community. Martha was happy to see this legacy continue, and she gladly took Beulah around from one house to another, vouching for her daughter. As a result, Meals on Wheels was firmly established, beginning in the George Town area.

As an early member of the Church on Hospital Road, around 1994, Martha went on a Mission trip with other sisters and brothers from the Agape Church where they flew into Hong Kong. They took the train into Beijing where she, along with her church sisters and brothers, strapped bibles onto themselves and smuggled them in communist, mainland China. When recounting her experience, Martha would smile when asked by her grandchildren exactly how many Bibles she could fit on her person. By the Grace of God the mission was a success. When her family learned of her mission, they were amazed at her courage, even as she was getting older. Thankfully, not all of her ministry activities were so dangerous. She was part of Women's Aglow and the women's group from the Elmslie Memorial Church along with her niece Baba, and friends June Walton and Eloise Reid. This foursome socialized together and whether their travels took them to the beach or on an exotic cruise, they enjoyed each other's company tremendously.

Still, Martha's life was punctuated by hardship. In 2004, Hurricane Ivan ravaged Cayman and caused massive damage to her house located adjacent to a canal in Red Bay. Her memories were washed away as the seam swells purged her photos and most of her possessions. Temporarily displaced, the shock of the event coincided

with the start of her dementia. However, it was the death of her first born son and living companion, Pastor George in 2007, that proved her greatest loss. She couldn't fathom how her son could be gone before her. She took refuge in her faith even as her dementia was progressing.

Her grief and illness notwithstanding, Martha did not retreat from the world. She visited her daughter Verda who was the only child not to return to Cayman. She spent time with her older grandchildren Genesis and Paris, helping them with their young families whenever they expressed a need. Sometimes Martha could sense a need that wasn't spoken. This was the case when she joined her granddaughter Felicia when she went to Nursing School in Florida along with her young daughter. Felicia would joke and say... "Okay family...some kids get a car when they go to college. How come I got Nana?" But Martha loved being back in Miami and seeing Felicia complete her own dream of becoming a fully qualified Registered Nurse.

As the older children graduated with first and second degrees, Martha was in the front pew cheering them all on and proudly hosting dinners afterwards to celebrate their accomplishments. By now, her granddaughter Gloria had gotten married. As the couple had no children, Nana declared herself as belonging to Gloria and Michael, and the three greatly enjoyed travelling together. Their adventures took them to Hawaii twice and even once to Las Vegas. Nana loved being young with them and in her late 70s climbed to the top of Diamond Head mountain in Hawaii, reciting during the whole journey to the top... "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me".

At the age of 80, she received a devastating diagnosis. She had breast cancer that had spread to her lymph nodes under one arm. Doctors initially planned a very conservative treatment. However, with one look at the spritely 80 year old that walked into their office, they ripped up that plan and presented a full treatment plan – surgery, chemotherapy, and radiation. Nana endured it all supported by daughters Beulah and Verda, who each served as her care givers. Within a year, Martha was declared in full remission.

While in Delaware and now suffering with very short term memory, Martha received another horrible blow. Whilst she had escaped the worse effects of cancer, her daughter Yolanda had been diagnosed with cancer and died after a short illness. While Martha's memory was severely impaired at this time, somehow she seemed to remember that Yolanda was gone and grieved without enquiring about her again. This was how profound this loss hit her, that the memory of her loss was permanently etched in her ailing mind when nothing else seemed to make a lasting impression. In Delaware, Martha continued her Christian worship by going with Verda to a seniors' worship group called the Golden Agers. She would travel between Verda in Delaware and Gloria in Cayman, for a couple of years, until her health no longer permitted this travel. During these trips home, she craved all social gatherings, so parties would be held. On one notable visit, her 84th birthday and the day her great grandson Grayson was christened, a party was held. Samuel Rose serenaded the birthday girl on his violin and local storyteller Twyla Mae Vargas recounted colorful stories of Cayman's past. Nana was radiant that day, dancing with friends and recalling stories of her own.

After several years, Martha grew older and weaker. When she seemed quite close to death, the call was made that if we wanted to honour her wish to be buried in Cayman, then it was time to bring her home. Felicia and Gloria flew to Delaware in April 2019 without any real plan for how they would accomplish this. There are no commercial airports in Delaware and by now Martha was bedridden and quite frail. The two explored all options including renting a mobile home, when they stumbled upon an air ambulance company that agreed to have one crew drive from Florida to Delaware to help lift and transport Martha to the airport and another crew to fly into a private airfield to collect her and fly her to Cayman. When the daring plan was executed, Martha moved home via air ambulance and Beulah again became her primary caregiver.

Martha was a survivor so it came as little surprise that the woman once believed to be on death's doorstep, lived for another four years. Yet, hardships continued. In April 2020 during the height of the COVID-19 lock

down, she turned 90 years old but the party was held via Zoom. Later that year, she began to suffer from poor circulation requiring a major operation to save her life. At 90, she survived this ordeal which was repeated earlier this year at age 93. Even at this grand age, Martha was a fighter and survived the major surgery. By now, her care had become too much for Beulah to manage and Martha was living in the Pines Retirement Home. She had a couple more bouts in and out of hospital but when it was clear that these frequent hospitalizations were not improving her quality of life and were taking a toll on her, the family agreed to move her into a more comfortable setting at Jasmine.

On her last full day of life, while spending time with her youngest daughter and namesake, Martha was alert and peaceful. She had found relief from the endless interventions to save her life. On her own terms she soaked in her surroundings and smiled. On the 21st August 2023, before sunrise, Martha took her last breath and departed this world to take up her heavenly home.

There is no doubt that she is in the arms of her heavenly savior, surrounded by her sisters and brothers in Christ who preceded her. In heaven she is whole again, she has her voice again and the glint of joy in her eyes will no more be marred by pain or suffering. I know she sings for those of us she leaves behind, "it is no secret...what God can do. What he's done for others, he'll do for you. With arms wide open...he'll welcome you. It 'tis no Secret what God can do".

Martha Onisia McField is preceded in death by her parents Alida and Eric, her husband Charles, her siblings Olga and Oneil, her children George and Yolanda, and her twin, great grandchildren Christopher and Brent Robinson.

She is survived by 4 of her children Frank, Verda, Beulah and Martha; 12 grandchildren Marcel, Gloria, Felicia, Heather, Paris, Nathan, India, Onisia, Genesis, Kadeem, Joshua and Marisa; 18 great grandchildren and 1 great, great grandchild; a large host of nieces, nephews and other family within Alida's Clan; and Special friends Mavis Spencer, Eileen "Baba" Myles, Pauline Yates and Alma McKenzie.



Graveside Hymns

Great is Thy faithfulness

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

Chorus:

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

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

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

'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus

'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus, just to take Him at His word;
Just to rest upon His promise, just to know 'Thus saith the Lord.'

Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus! O for grace to trust Him more!

O how sweet to trust in Jesus, just to trust His cleansing blood.
Just in simple faith to plunge me 'neath the healing, cleansing flood!

Yes 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus, just from sin and self to cease.
Just from Jesus simply taking life and rest, and joy and peace!

I'm so glad I learned to trust Him, Precious Jesus, Savior, Friend!
And I know that He is with me, will be with me to the end!

When the Roll is Called Up Yonder

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

When the roll, is called up yon-der, When the roll, is called up yon-der,
When the roll, is called up yon-der, When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there.

On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share;
When His chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Let us labor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun,
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care;
Then when all of life is over, and our work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Graveside Service

Opening Remarks Pastor Bentley Robinson
Prayer Pastor Kyle McLean
Committal Pastor Bentley Robinson
Hymns Congregation

Great is Thy Faithfulness
Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus
When the Roll is Called Up Yonder
Because He Lives
How Great Thou Art

Benediction Pastor Kyle McLean

Because He Lives

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

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

How sweet to hold a newborn baby And feel the pride and joy he gives;
But greater still the calm assurance;
This child can face uncertain days because Christ lives.

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

Because He Lives

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the worlds Thy hands have made,
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy pow'r thro'out the universe displayed.

Chorus:

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

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

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

Thanks & Acknowledgement

The family would like to sincerely thank the extended family members and friends who have prayed, called, visited, or messaged on social media in loving support during this very difficult time. The outpouring of love has been overwhelming, and we appreciate every thought and act of love. Special thanks to staff at the Pines, Jasmine, and the Health Services Authority.

*In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to: Meals on Wheels (www.pledgeasenor.com)
or Jasmine (online at www.Jasmine.ky or EFT to Butterfield #02101033726)*