

# **SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING**

**for the life of**

*Pastor Wesley David Nyack*



**December 31, 1951 – August 11, 2023**

**THE KINGS SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH  
213 Mango Turn, Walkers Road  
Grand Cayman, Cayman Islands**

**Sunday, August 27, 2023  
Viewing 12:00 pm – 1:00 pm  
Service at 1:00 pm**

**OFFICIATING MINISTERS**

**Dr. Kern Tobias  
Dr. Peter Kerr  
Dr. Ivor Harry**

**PIANIST**

**Jamian McFarlane**





## **ORDER OF SERVICE**

Opening Remarks.....	Pastor Kevin Danvers
Opening Prayer.....	Pastor Reinaldo Dracket
Congregational Hymn .....	<b><i>It Is Well (#530)</i></b> ..... Pastor Maurice Chambers
Scripture Reading.....	<b><i>Revelation 21:1-5</i></b> .....Pastor Franklin Grant
Video Condolences, Inter-American Division – Dr. Leonard Johnson.....	Pastor Al Powell
Condolences, Cayman Islands Government.....	Deputy Governor, the Hon. Franz Manderson, Cert Hon, JP
Tribute from Wife - Carol Nyack.....	Carla Sue McLaughlin
Tribute from Sons - Wesrol David and Carlon Wesley Nyack.....	Pedro Lazzari
Tribute from Daughters-in-Law -Erika Nyack and Heidi Ordaz-Nyack.....	Judith Alexander
Special Music .....	<b><i>Goodness of God</i></b> .....Cayman Islands Conference Choir
Tribute from Siblings.....	Pastor Moises Espinosa
Tribute from In-Laws - The Gopauls .....	Kathy Arline
Tribute from Nieces and Nephews.....	Dianne Mohammed
Tribute from Extended Family .....	Brianna Bodden
Tribute from the Atlantic Caribbean Union.....	Dr. Peter Kerr, President
Tribute from the Cayman Islands Conference.....	Dr. Ivor Harry, President
Tribute from the South Caribbean Conference.....	Pastor Leslie Moses, President
Special Music.....	Williams Quintet
Eulogy.....	Dr. Wilton McDonald
Introduction of Speaker .....	Pastor Andrew Campbell, Vice President
Special Music.....	<b><i>We Shall Behold Him</i></b> .....Shanda Gallego
Sermon.....	Dr. Kern Tobias, Caribbean SDA Union President
Prayer for the Nyack Family....	Pastor Caple Thompson
Congregational Closing Hymn.....	<b><i>When We All Get to Heaven (#633)</i></b> .....Pastor Vaughan Henry
Benediction.....	Pastor Vaughan Henry

### ***Participants***

#### **Pallbearers**

Ernest Bodden  
Phillip Bodden  
Joey Woods  
Martin Bodden  
Michael Woods  
Winston Ramkissoon

#### **Honorary Pallbearers**

Jack Smith	Earl Alexander
Edgar Case	Elbert Connor
Samuel Wright	Wilfred Blake
Truman Myles	Pedro Lazzari
Earling Myles	Winston Bodden
Glen McLean	Milton Blake
Holman Moore	Osgood Christian
Edgar Bennett	Ezequiel Amador
McDorn Frederick	All Adventist Pastors



**Funeral Coordinator**

Karen Bodden

**Guest Book Attendants**

Yvette Myles  
Charmane Bodden  
Pauline Greene  
Karen Lazzari

**Ushers**

Janetta Hemans  
Brianna Bodden  
Victoria Nelson  
Sharon Buckley  
Elena Calzado  
Cheryl Taylor  
Hanna Bodden  
Joyce Rankine

Ina Ramos  
Marva McPherson  
Cynthia King  
Mercy Davine  
Mauvette Duncan-Cole  
Janet Browning  
Raquel Brito

**GRAVESIDE SERVICE**

Opening Remarks.....Pastor Obed Babb  
Prayer.....Pastor Obed Babb  
Congregational Hymn.....**Because He Lives (#526)**.....Pastor Andrew Campbell  
Floral Tribute  
Committal.....Dr. Ivor Harry  
Hymns.....**How Great Thou Art (#86)**.....Congregation  
**When the Roll is Called up Yonder (#216)**  
**In The Sweet By and By (#428)**  
Benediction .....Pastor Maurice Chambers

**Thanks and Acknowledgments**

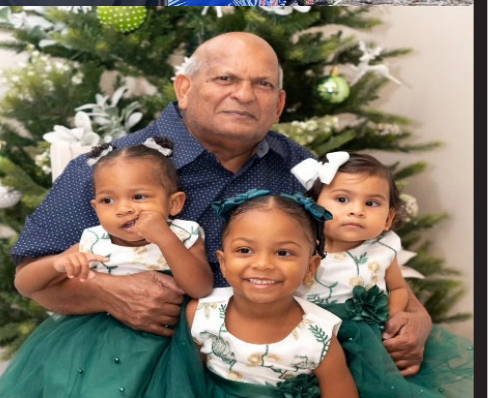
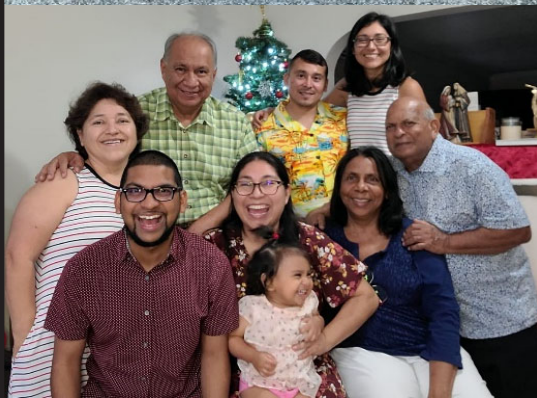
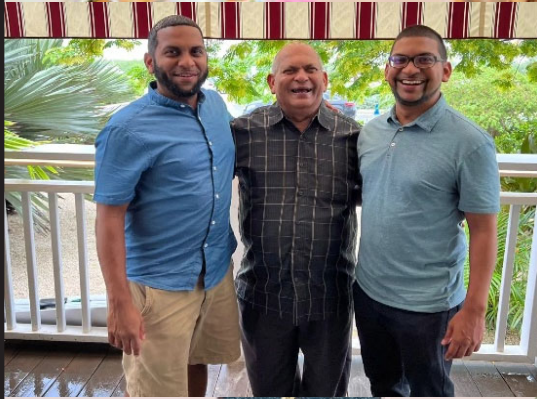
Our heartfelt thanks to our many friends, church families, the entire community of the Cayman Islands and overseas for the outpouring of condolences, countless acts of kind gestures, and abundance of prayer have sustained and ministered to us during tough times. In his honor, we invite you to join us for the Repass at 154 Longfellow Circle, Midland Acres.





you are not dangerous to











## EULOGY – PASTOR WESLEY DAVID NYACK

The questions beg: Was Wesley David Nyack a truly inspired visionary? Was he a performer, or was he a man called by God and led by the Holy Spirit?

One of his favorite quotations from the book *Ministry of Healing* was, "Christ's method alone will give true success in reaching the people. The Savior mingled with men as one who desired their good. He showed sympathy for them, ministered to their needs, and won their confidence. THEN He bade them: Follow Me" (p.143).

Wesley David Nyack was born in the southern district of Siparia, Trinidad and Tobago, on December 31, 1951. He grew up on 12 acres of land with luscious fruit trees, a small cocoa estate, goats, and sheep. At home, he spent many hours under the large Tonco bean tree with his guitar and reading several books such as *The Great Controversy* and *Testimonies for the Church*. He enjoyed bathing with the cold spring water after carrying enough water each morning with his brothers for domestic use. He always bragged about his uniqueness, not just his height, but being "the last of 13 children, born on the last month and the last day of the year. You couldn't get it better than that," he would say.

He attended the Siparia Hindu School since his parents, Ramcharran and Sukhia Nyack, were Hindus. They accepted Christ as their Savior later. After primary school he left the security of his home and went to live with his beloved brother Mohan (deceased) to attend the Southern Academy of Seventh-day Adventists in San Fernando. At this school, he worked hard and was able to recite five verses of scriptures each week.

At age 14 he was baptized by Pastor Sebros at the San Fernando Seventh-day Adventist Church, but he became a member of the Cocoyea Seventh-day Adventist Church. There he developed rapidly under the tutelage of the leaders. By age 16 he was a young preacher who couldn't be seen behind the pulpit, so Bro. Semper built him a personal platform to use each time he preached. He always had a sermon in his pocket, just in case anyone did not show up.

After attending a promotional program at Caribbean Union College (now University of the Southern Caribbean), he felt a strong call to enter the ministry. His sister Rosalind (deceased) supported his decision, and helped him to save for college, to fulfill his desire.

In 1975 he entered the Campus of Caribbean Union College, and he graduated in 1979 with a bachelor's degree in theology. He later earned his master's degree in religion from Andrews University in Michigan. While still a student, he was employed by the South Caribbean Conference for six months to assist the Los Bajos church.

After graduation he was a colporteur in Canada for three months, and then he returned to Trinidad to get the good news of his assignment as an intern pastor of the Carolina, Felicity, and Chase Village churches for two years.

In 1981 he married Carol Gopaul and, after their honeymoon in Barbados, he was greeted with the news that he would be the district pastor of the Tabaquite district of four churches. That was the couple's first district as a ministry team, and they worked and mingled with the community. In that district, one of his churches was Torrib Trace, with a dozen faithful members. Within his three years pastoring there, he was able under God's guidance to replace the tiny building with a beautiful edifice, filled with more than 50 members. At Brothers Road Church, he turned the teenagers loose by having them as Bible workers, lay



preachers and everything else during crusades. Today, two outstanding Bible workers are a testament to that effort, and one is here with us today. In Tableland, he and Carol resurrected the children's department. In Tabaquite, he trained young men as lay preachers and give them the freedom to preach the Word in tents and churches. They both developed the membership in various ways, including through family life seminars, cooking classes, camping with the members and mingling within the community, serving as needed.

Then in 1984, he was ordained as a minister of the gospel and also elected as Church Ministries Director for the South Caribbean Conference. This meant he no longer was responsible for four churches, but now had certain responsibilities for all 127 churches in Trinidad and Tobago. He moved to the conference's headquarters, and for four years his portfolio included Personal Ministries, Sabbath School, and Welfare Ministry.

Those years were extremely busy and flew by quickly, as he traveled around the country training laymen on how to preach and give Bible studies. He equipped them by preparing a manual with all texts and topics to be used in their preparations. With his effervescent personality, and being one who sees possibilities in anything that appears impossible, he moved the conference to new heights in those areas. Indeed, the Balandra annual conferences were always highly motivating for the hundreds of laymen who attended, who went home after the weekend empowered and on fire for the Lord. This is when Pastor Nyack became known as Wesley "Fire" Nyack. Amid all this busyness his first child, Wesrol David, was born in 1986.

Regarding his responsibilities for Sabbath School, all officers were trained quarterly on content delivery and other essential areas. And the Community Services department became more visible in the communities throughout the twin islands.

At the next Quadrennial Conference session in 1988, Pastor Nyack was reelected to the same position for another four years. As a devout worker, he continued serving with dedication and vitality under the leading of the Holy Spirit. He conducted several crusades in Trinidad and Tobago, where hundreds were baptized.

Then he received a call from the Cayman Islands Mission to come over and help. His hand trembled as he held the letter and called his wife. Actually, it was the second call to the Cayman Islands; it had been sent one year before, and he had turned it down. But he prayed, and the Lord guided. On January 11, 1989, Pastor Nyack, Carol, and young Wesrol set foot on the beloved Isles of Cayman. They loved the people and adopted Cayman and its people as their very own. They worked, played, and prayed for and with the members of their new community, and adopted quite a few Caymanian sisters, nieces, brothers and many grandchildren as family over the last 34 years. The Nyacks' doors were always wide open.

Here in the Cayman Islands, he directly served 11 churches: George Town, Bodden Town, Maranatha, Ephesus, East End, North Side, Newlands, Cayman Brac, Berea, Bethel, and Bethany. Pastor Nyack also served on several committees in the West Indies Union in Jamaica, Atlantic Caribbean Union in Bahamas, and the Cayman Islands Mission/Conference. Locally, he held several conference offices: Church Ministries, Family Life, Welfare Ministry, Sabbath School, and Personal Ministries.

All his church activities were infused with faith, and another notable example of this was the building of the Bodden Town Youth Hall. Starting with \$5,000 dollars and a whole lot of faith, Pastor Nyack led the



church's dedicated members, supplemented with services from skilled men in the community, to get the building started. They completed the youth hall in record time, and Pastor Nyack dedicated the Sabbath School classrooms for the children to have a place of their own.

He also had the privilege of putting some of the finishing touches on the North Side church before it was dedicated.

In 1996 Pastor Nyack was transferred to Cayman Brac, and spent seven beautiful years there. He built a home there for his family with the intention of staying. Genuine relationships developed with churches of all denominations on the Brac, as he easily engaged with others. The church held its first island-wide health fair because of this community and church partnering. The first camp, Roca, was well received by all. He visited other churches and they visited and fellowshipped with the SDA church. There were times when other pastors would ask him to fill in for them during Sunday morning services and of course, Pastor Nyack considered these requests as blessings and opportunities.

In December 2003 Pastor Nyack was transferred back to Grand Cayman. Here he built the family's home with the assistance of Holman Moore. He served the Bodden Town church for another seven years, and also other churches. And after he retired in 2016, he was still very active in ministry, doing all he could to advance the gospel.

What an awesome privilege it was for him to travel to so many different countries, with his family, to preach the gospel. In later years he stood with his young pastor son as a dynamic duo, belting out the gospel and blessing the people in several countries. In addition, Pastor Nyack, his wife, and sons conducted seminars during these visits. Throughout his decades of ministry, hundreds were baptized. And, in March this year, he, Carol and Wesrol had the privilege to witness the ordination of young Pastor Carlon Nyack.

Pastor Wesley David Nyack loved the Lord, serving Him with vision and an unshakeable commitment to tell everyone, from all walks of life, that they too can have the joy of eternal life through our beautiful Savior, Jesus Christ. In every country that he ministered, and with every endeavor, faith was Pastor Nyack's life support. His legacy is that of a life well lived, a life of love, generosity and faith. Rest from your labor, beloved soldier of Christ.

#### **TRIBUTE FROM WIFE – CAROL NYACK**

“Carol, I love you and want to marry you” were the words that boldly but sincerely rolled off Wesley's lips that early morning after an all-night prayer meeting in Toronto. This came without warning or preamble just dry but so sincere. We were student colporteurs (canvassers) after graduation from Caribbean Union College (now USC) with plans to further our education. In shock and wondering what happened during the prayer meeting, he continued “you don't have to answer now but I will wait on your answer later”. The rest of the day became a ball of confusion for me.

Well, I thought about his proposal and prayed about it, and like Mary, 'kept it in my heart and pondered' for a while. I didn't want to make a mistake nor take away from the ministry of such a devout and dedicated man. Couple weeks after we returned to Trinidad, we went straight from the airport to meet his wonderful parents and special big brother who readily embraced me. The experience was such a happy and warm one, filled with love, was a clear indication of where he got the fine character traits he possessed. It told me he was a product of humility, love and contentment. Finally, after meeting many significant people in his life and he meeting mine, I gave him a definite yes on Sept 24<sup>th</sup> 1979. He went away as though he was walking in the clouds.



I admired his comfort level, and non-threatening way he made people feel as he shared the Word. He had an amazing ability to recall so many Bible texts from memory on any subject. He simply allowed the Bible to speak for itself as he compared line upon line and precept upon precept.

During our 2 years of courtship, he literally swept me off my feet treating me with grace and the essence of courtesy. With his larger-than-life personality, courtship was so exciting! His generosity appeared golden on many levels. Nothing was ever too much to present me or to share with others that is, family and non-family. Everything was always big and exciting. Our engagement on Christmas night was a complete surprise.

When I took those vows on July 12, 1981, I looked with starry eyes in admiration at my soon to be husband. From that day forward he was my everything - my handsome knight in shining armour, my confidant, my lover, my spiritual partner and my best friend. I knew once he was around, all things would be fine. I became his babe, bob, honey, mommy and I answered to all. For me he was 'Babe', that name he heard me call last and his eyes opened in response, while breathing his few minutes of consciousness.

As a young pastoral team he felt we were invincible. For me, the learning curve was steep, but I had a great teacher as my husband and pastor. He was my consultant whenever I had to conduct cooking classes, health seminars, youth and children's workshops, etc. When it came to public speaking, he would support me in every way required. At times even when my voice trembled as I spoke or got brain freeze, he would still say I had done well but days or weeks after we would revisit the event and then take the role of my critique. He always encouraged me to give my best and the Lord will equip me. He surely pulled me out of being introverted.

Throughout our lifetime of 42 years and 1 month together, he tried to be everything to me, our courtship never ended, his last night we sipped one of tea together, he sipped, I sipped while he gently robbed my aching ankle. We kept trying to outdo each other with love by expressing ourselves in little and big ways, placing our secret notes under pillows and surprises hidden in plain sight in and around the house igniting peals of laughter. The element of surprise and joy kept our love alive.

'Our better or for worse' came from my affectionate, romantic, thoughtful and Godly husband who nurtured my heart and kept inspiring me to reach higher with his voracious appetite for God, love, life, adventure and surprises. Yes, my better half's positivity and sunshine radiated in our home and my heart.

Through the years, the concept of a helpmeet came clearer than ever to me. We began as two imperfect beings who believed in each other. As our journey continued we forgave, loved and assisted each other to develop and continue growing and keeping the kingdom of God and His righteousness our central focus - a 'better' that has been more wonderful than I could ever imagine it being!

Our family altar remained active and alive up to 3 hours before his final breath. Reading of God's Word daily, songs of praise and asking God's blessings kept our home as a haven. Prayers were not limited to just us, our two sons and their families, but extended far and wide locally and internationally. His phone calls and greetings usually ended with bless you or let me pray with you. He never let opportunities pass him to remind someone to settle their life in the Lord whether that was in the supermarket, parking lot or at a function. As his wife, I learned that 'patience is a virtue'. There were times when I would have gone through all the aisle and get the items needed and he is still in the first aisle or the parking lot interacting with those who are happy to see him or vice versa. I would let him do what he likes doing best - talking about the goodness of God to others.

As the 'house-band', my husband was such an example for me. He sought to band our household exhibiting the love for God, love to me and his sons and their families. Those precious 3 granddaughters were his pride and joy. Our home was filled with worship music, his guitar playing and lovely tenor voice harmonized with us to make beautiful melodies. Up until his last Friday evening at sundown worship he was making melody with the grandchildren. His eldest granddaughter refused to leave the house the last Wednesday prior his passing, except he played his guitar and sang a few choruses for them to sing together. Family worship was done in simplicity, vibrancy and sincerity.



His life was filled with his family, relatives of nieces, brothers and sisters, and extended non-blood family. My husband made our home a happy one, always filled with sunshine, love, happiness and lots to share with anyone who entered our home. They couldn't leave without something to taste from what he or I cooked. He was proud of his culinary skills too! He enjoyed playing with his sons and every so often would invite the children from far and wide to join in the yard to play football, basketball, fly kites, go fishing or ride bikes. When the granddaughters came they were his everything, and they loved their papa so much. His last active week he was playing Ring a Round a Roses with the three of them. Whenever 4 yr old Ava felt he needed to do more games and he wouldn't, she would hold his hand and take him to the timeout corner. Of course he cooperated. Their loving hugs and kisses to him from head to neck and cheeks swelled his heart with joy unlimited. Having them snuggled around him, playing the guitar and singing with them gave him great joy.

My husband was such a great provider. Though accumulation of wealth was never his focus, we never felt deprived nor in need, he always found a way to meet our needs because he trusted completely in God whom He knew created and owns all things. Our boys knew that daddy would provide even when I didn't think it would be possible. I knew that if I mentioned something I needed I would not just get that but more than enough of similar. I remained cautious on what I'd say I liked.

He always made the provision for our little family to travel together on vacations. As the years rolled on, our vacations became more purposeful and more enjoyable. This meant which ever country he was needed to do seminars and preach to bless others, that would be our vacation at our own travel and accommodation expenses. He felt if you are going to bless the people, you do that and not be a financial burden to them. He utilized whatever talent we had on those trips, to Europe, U.S.A, Canada, Belize, Honduras, Dominican Republic and islands in the Caribbean. Eventually our vacations took a different form. Any country needing our services, we went to, and enjoyed the experience. The people there as well as we were blessed.

Because of his unshakeable faith and sincerity, I learned how to love unconditionally, how to freely give without expecting anything in return, how to trust in the Lord totally. He would say "you can depend on God to take care of any situation, pray and leave it in His hands". As a man of prayer, his mantra was "prayer is the solution to every problem". He didn't just talk with God in the morning or evening worship but throughout the day while going about daily activities. Our boys recall that for almost a whole year one song that he sang during morning worship was 'Give me Jesus'. Just 2 days prior to his passing during our morning worship he read the promise in the book of Psalms 91:11 "He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways" He stopped the reading and asked me very excitedly, "you didn't hear that?, let me read it again," After reading, he said, "angels at your side! Angels are your guard, you have nothing to worry about or fear! He always believed that the Lord sends us reminders and assurances about His love, grace and mercy so that we can continue leaning on Him.

He knew that the Lord was in charge of his life and was contented to accept the Lord's will. One of his popular songs was, the 'Goodness of God'. No matter what the situation was in his life, he would say, he was doing well. He was certain the Lord's grace and mercy brought him through that health crisis in February. He knew it was not because of anything good he had done but the prayers, of the whole world, it appeared. He told me the Lord had been merciful because I didn't want to let go of him. I told him "since you are the only one who understood me like you do, you have postpone to stick around so we can grow old gracefully together".

Indeed, the last 4 years were so special for us as empty nesters, and the vow of 'in sickness and in health' became a reality. Never before was he ever sick in bed so spending 4 days in the hospital was huge for us. However, after recovery, we had the luxury of spending all our time together. Longer worship sessions, digging deeper in the Word, loving each other with all we have, giggling so often together, having fun and sharing everything. The night before he passed, we shared our last cup of tea together - he sitting at the bedside rubbing my recovering broken ankle while we both sipped from the same cup. The morning of his passing, I rubbed the soles of his feet to which he responded, "O that feel so good" I never imagined 'till death do us part' would be a part of our love and life story so soon.



My husband was a man of great faith, a man of humility, a man of love and compassion, a man of vision, knowledge and understanding, tremendous patience and tolerance. He was a great family man, father and the best husband. I was blessed to be loved by such a wonderful, God fearing man for 42 yrs. Until we meet on resurrection morning.

#### **TRIBUTE FROM SON – WESROL NYACK**

With heavy hearts yet profound gratitude, we gather to celebrate the life of my dad, who dedicated his existence to spreading love, compassion, and faith.

Dad was an exceptional individual, a beloved father, an inspiring pastor, with an extraordinary force of positivity that has left an indelible mark on countless lives but more so, on mine.

He was a man who highly valued family life not only with us, but he also made strangers feel like family.

What is the measure of a man? Is it the amount of money he has? The power he holds or the possessions he owns? Is it the professional success he's achieved over the years? I believe the true measure of a man is how much love he gives; how selflessly he shares whatever he can to help others; how consistently he lifts up those around him with a kind word, a funny joke, a compliment, a humble ear, or the very shoes off his feet. By this measure, my Dad was immeasurable.

As a father, he was always very supportive of Carlon and me. He did everything in his power to make us feel happy and comfortable. His wisdom was boundless, and his guidance was always grounded in love. Whether it was through late-night conversations, shared laughter, or quiet moments of understanding, he nurtured a bond that will forever remain unbreakable. His ability to listen, his patience, and his genuine interest in our lives were testaments to his profound fatherly love.

He was always involved in activities with us, whether it was riding bicycles, getting us ready for sports day, coaching our football team, spelling, flying custom-made kites, creating our own band, and the list goes on.

- He was a band leader.
- He was a coach.
- He was a fisherman.
- He was a mentor and counselor.
- He taught us to be honest, kind, and to treat everyone equally.

I cannot count the number of times people would tell me they wished they had a father like mine. I know I was blessed to have such a great person in my life.

He loved and cherished his three granddaughters; they were his heartstrings, and they loved their Papa so much.

He was so generous, always making everyone feel happy and special. That was a gift he had – no matter who you were, that is how he made you feel. He truly was the life of the party; he would light up any room or building he walked into. He was kind to everyone, no matter who they were.



As a pastor, his spiritual leadership touched souls in profound ways. His sermons resonated deeply, as he seamlessly wove together profound teachings with relatable anecdotes.

His humility and authenticity made the message of faith accessible to all, and his commitment to walking alongside his congregation during both joyous and trying times was a testament to his compassionate heart. But perhaps his greatest gift was the positive impact he had on everyone fortunate enough to cross his path.

He had an uncanny ability to uplift spirits, offer words of comfort, and infuse hope even in the darkest of moments. His legacy of kindness and empathy is etched into the hearts of those he interacted with, and the ripples of his influence continue to radiate outward, shaping the lives of generations to come.

Today, as we gather to remember and honor him, let us reflect on the joy he brought, the lessons he imparted, and the love he shared. His memory will forever serve as a guiding light, reminding us to live with open hearts, to cherish our connections, and to hold steadfast in our beliefs.

As we say our farewells, we do so not with sorrow, but with the knowledge that his legacy will continue to flourish, inspiring us to be better, to love deeper, and to walk the path of faith with courage and grace.

#### **TRIBUTE FROM SON – CARLON NYACK**

Many knew him as Pastor Nyack or “Fire Nyack,” a man of God, a man of prayer, a man of faith. They knew him a man of love, a man of laughter, with a great sense of humor. A people person, a man of passion, a man of vision, a man of care and compassion, a true giver. One who was genuine and down to earth that anyone could talk with. But I knew him as Dad/Paps.

Growing up, Dad was a family man. He was always there for Wes and me, and we knew that once Dad was around, everything would be taken care of. He supported us whether it was church, Pathfinders, football, basketball, cricket, tennis, running, beach days, fishing, camping, playing in the school band; whatever it was, he was present. And not only for us as his boys, but he also was present for all of our friends and neighbors, whether here in Cayman or in the Brac.

Dad had this unique ability to connect with the smallest child to the most senior, with the most simple, to the top officials. He was always thinking about what he could do to positively impact anyone he interacted with. He always had some money in his pocket to help someone in need at the grocery, gas station or wherever.

I remember my final year in primary school; I asked him to train me to run so I could do well on Sports Day. Every morning Dad and I would train. We started off around the house on Cayman Brac, and eventually extended to the road where he would drive behind me every day. Praise God, that year I came first in every race that I ran.

Dad was a bundle of energy who never seemed tired, and even if he was, that was never expressed. He always had time for us. I will never forget the time we drove from Miami to Mexico just to see Montemorelos University – what a crazy but fun adventure that was. We didn’t speak Spanish and we got lost, but we knew God was guiding us and we made it by God’s grace.



Dad didn't have to encourage me to go into ministry. His life was the greatest example and testimony of Jesus to me. We saw how he lived according to Romans 1:17, which says the "just shall live by faith," and he truly lived by faith. Everything he did, he consulted the Lord in prayer. He emulated Jesus and walked in His footsteps. Every decision he made, he consulted the Lord. Our family altar was established, and he accepted our contributions of skits, songs and other creative activities we did, but he made worship come alive when he played his guitar and sang, with his rich tenor.

Young and old can testify of Dad's amazing love. We knew he knew how to love because of Jesus' love! We saw how he related to our Mommy, how tender he would become with her at times. There was so much joy and excitement in his eyes during the many times he did sweet gestures for Mom, and he would include my brother and me in all his thrilling plans and pranks, too. We experienced his sincere love even in the tender manner with which he chose to discipline us if needed.

He was simply the best Dad, and he also was the best husband and grandfather. He loved us and wanted us to be happy. When my wife, Heidi, joined our family, he was just elated that I found the love of my life. Later our daughter Amaya and her cousins came, and Dad became like a child with his granddaughters. He was so excited to do everything with them. They loved their Papa.

I thank God for allowing Dad to be my pastor, and then my colleague and partner in Ministry! We preached together and had a special Father and Son Ministry that began in 2008. We did campaigns together all over the world, in more than 10 countries. We baptized together, did visitations, funerals, hospital visits, baby dedications, and one of the very last things God gave us the blessing of doing together was communion service at the East End Adventist Church on June 24, 2023. I had the greatest mentor in ministry, and I praise God he was able to see me ordained in March this year.

Yes, it is difficult, and we all are going to miss him, but God gave me a special text at the beginning of the year: Romans 8:18 (NKJV) – "For I consider that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." In other words, whatever suffering, pain or challenge we are experiencing right now, it's nothing in comparison to the future glory of Heaven, where we will never experience death, sorrow, crying, sickness or evil again because of what Jesus did for us on the cross of Calvary! Dad lived with that hope!

We know he is sleeping in Jesus, waiting for His Second Coming, which Dad preached about for more than 40 years. We continue to hold onto Jesus and the blessed hope! We don't mourn as those who have no hope (1 Thess. 4:13-18).

He is asleep waiting for the resurrection morning, to hear the voice of the Life Giver say, "Well done, good and faithful servant; you were faithful over a few things, I will make you ruler over many things. Enter into the joy of your Lord" (Matt. 25:21).

Revelation 14:13 says: And I heard a voice from Heaven saying, "Blessed are those who die in the Lord from now on. Yes, says the Spirit, they are blessed indeed, for they will rest from their hard work; for their good deeds follow them!" He has left a great legacy because he lived for, and lived like, Jesus.

Let us all be faithful to Jesus until the end so that we can see our loved ones who are asleep in Jesus again! We will meet Daddy again, and what a meeting that will be when we get to Heaven! Let's hold fast and live for Jesus, and be a blessing to someone until He comes!

