

**SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING
For The Life Of**



MAX ALBERT WATSON

May 7th, 1926 – August 19th, 2023

**George Town Seventh Day Adventist Church
Smith Road, George Town, Grand Cayman**

Sunday September 3rd, 2023

Service at 3:00 pm

OFFICIATING MINISTER

Elder Truman Myles

PIANIST

Sis. Rosemarie Forbes

Interment at Prospect Cemetery

Order of Service

Opening Remarks and Prayer	Elder Truman Myles
Congregational Hymn.....	<i>Day by Day</i>
Scripture Reading.....Romans 8:18 – 30.....	Mrs. Rosemarie Navuki
Obituary	Mr. William H. Adam
Tributes from Children and Grandchildren.....	Ms. Leah Watson
Tribute Song from son William - The Leader of the Band.....	Introduced by Mr. Renwick Conolly
Slideshow Presentation	Memories
Poem – Crossing the Bar.....	Ms. Leah Watson
Sermon	Elder Truman Myles
Congregational Song.....	<i>Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me</i>
Benediction	Elder Truman Myles

Pallbearers

Bruce Wright
Tevita Navuki
Reginald Delapenha

Renwick Conolly
RobertLee Jackson
Ralston Ebanks

Honorary Pallbearers

Steve Hart
Van Phillips
Charlie Murray
Max Preston Watson
David Kimball

Robert Bradley Ebanks
Richard Watson
Dimitri Watson
James Ebanks

Memorial Register Attendant

Norah Ebanks

Service Hymns



Day by Day

Day by day, and with each passing moment,
Strength I find to meet my trials here;
Trusting in my Father's wise bestowment,
I've no cause for worry or for fear.
He, whose heart is kind beyond all measure,
Gives unto each day what He deems best,
Lovingly its part of pain and pleasure,
Mingling toil with peace and rest.

Every day the Lord Himself is near me,
With a special mercy for each hour;
All my cares He fain would bear and cheer me,
He whose name is Counsellor and Pow'r.
The protection of His child and treasure
Is a charge that on Himself He laid;
"As thy days, thy strength shall be in measure,"
This the pledge to me He made.

Help me then, in every tribulation,
So to trust Thy promises, O Lord,
That I lose not faith's sweet consolation,
Offered me within Thy holy Word.
Help me, Lord, when toil and trouble meeting,
E'er to take, as from a father's hand,
One by one, the days, the moments fleeting,
Till with Christ the Lord I stand.



Jesus, Savior Pilot me

Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee—
Jesus, Savior, pilot me!

As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boist'rous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me!

When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest—
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not— I will pilot thee!"

Life Story of Max Albert Watson

Max Albert Watson was born in Grand Cayman on May 7th, 1926, the second son of Ionie Veronica (Vera) nee Bodden of George Town, and Albert Edward Watson of Canada. His parents had met, married and resided in Florida until the passing of their first son when he was just a toddler. Shortly after this they separated and Vera returned to Grand Cayman being pregnant with their second son, Max. Because of this Max did not get to know his father but was raised and lovingly cared for by his mother and grandmother, Rachel Ann Bodden, whom he lovingly referred to as Grandma Aickly Ann.

Max attended the old Government School on the waterfront until the age of 16, where he was taught by Messrs. Ferdinand Hill, Clifton Hunter and Ms. Una Bush. He had a keen aptitude for learning and his favourite subjects were Arithmetic and History, but he also enjoyed Poetry.

In 1958 he married Carolyn Loveta nee Ebanks and to this union was born four children: Maxine Loveta, Vera-Mae Patricia (Robin), Max Preston and William James. His other children by Eva Bella Ebanks preceded him in death – Dorothy Maxine Ebanks as a young toddler and Ollen Watson Ebanks in 2012.

He remained very close with his only living sibling, his beloved sister Josie, until her passing in 2004, as they both lived next door to each other throughout their lives.

Max did not go to sea as many of his peers did; his first job was as a fisherman which not only brought in a little income but provided food for his mother, grandmother and sister. He initially borrowed and used Mr. Arthur Bodden's boat but eventually built his own boat which he also rented out for additional income. For a short time, he worked at the Post Office delivering mail on bicycle, he also worked with Mr. Bertie Bodden salvaging scrap iron off the Balboa, and as a truck driver for his uncle Vibert Bodden, transporting sand, firewood and thatch rope etc.

In 1950, after several attempts to secure employment with Captain Rayal Bodden, he was finally hired by Mr. Rayal to work on the building of the old light plant in Merinque Town. Their relationship turned out to be a positive influence for Max and he ended up staying for 14 years with Mr. Rayal, from whom he learned carpentry and shipbuilding. He attained the level of Finishing Carpenter and as Mr. Rayal was contracted by Government's Public Works Department, Max was involved with building the customer counters in the George Town Post Office as well as finishing work in the Presbyterian Church. He eventually progressed to Head of the Carpentry Department of Public Works.

Max was naturally mechanically inclined and had a keen interest in cars. He became a self-taught mechanic by reading old car manuals from Mr. Rayal's Auto-shop, and after much tinkering with his first vehicle - an old Crosley. He proudly opened his own garage on Eastern Avenue in 1964 where he continued to work until his retirement at age 70. He was an excellent auto mechanic and maintained a good reputation for his work, with many of his customers refusing to take their cars anywhere else for repairs.

After retirement he took up fishing again as he loved the sea; and after the passage of hurricane Ivan in 2004, and the resulting destruction of his home on Bodden Road, he purchased a trailer and moved to his property off Queen's Highway for a time. Since he had stopped driving by then, he needed something to keep him occupied so he took up farming again as he had done in earlier years behind his

garage. He loved, immensely, the satisfaction of harvesting and being able to share the fruits of his labour. He planted bananas, sweet potatoes, ackees, sweet sops, mangoes, coconuts, sugar cane, gungo peas, peanuts etc. His motto was to plant trees so that others can benefit in later years.

When he finally accepted that living alone was not the best thing for someone his age, he eventually moved in with his eldest daughter Maxine and son-in-law David, where he enjoyed the final years of his life.

Although he had been raised by a Godly mother and grandmother, and always had a strong belief in God and in doing what was right, it was not until he was 94 years old that he made a public decision for Christ and was baptized on August 8th, 2020.

Max was blessed with good health throughout his life time, although he did have minor health concerns later in life, on an ongoing basis. It was one of these relatively small issues which persisted for the last month of his life, that eventually triggered his peaceful passing, at home, as he preferred, on August 19th, 2023. Heart-breakingly, only three days later, his beloved son William James succumbed to his injuries from a stroke experienced a month earlier.

Max was preceded in death by his parents Ionie Veronica (Vera) and Albert Edward Watson, sister Josephine Jackson, brother Albert Watson, son Ollen Watson Ebanks, daughter Dorothy Maxine Ebanks and beloved grandson Abishai Zilin Watson.

Left to mourn his passing are children Maxine Loveta Kimball, VeraMae Patricia Watson, Max Preston Watson; daughter-in-law Shernett Vinell Watson; son-in-law Arthur David Kimball; grandchildren Robert Bradley Ebanks, Leah Sarai Watson, Richard Albert Watson, Rachel Elisabeth Ebanks, Dimitri James Watson; granddaughter-in-law Jamie Lynn Ebanks; great grandchildren Cayden Alexis Ebanks, Abigail Zara Watson and Harper Lynn Ebanks, along with nieces, nephews, cousins and friends.



Tribute to our Father

Although daddy had grown up without the benefit of a father present in his own life, he did a fine job in raising his children. Daddy was a quiet, humble and respectful man who always taught us that our actions would beget consequences. He was serious about discipline, and did not accept bad behavior from his children. In fact, he is remembered for having us go and pick our own switch when we had done something which warranted a spanking. As a matter of fact, the whole neighborhood of children was sure to not misbehave if he was anywhere around.

We have many fond memories of family outings when we were children. Almost every Sunday daddy would drive us to West Bay so that we could visit our maternal grandparents and other family members. Another enjoyable event was the many picnics that he took us for. Sometimes it was a family picnic, other times a group picnic with some of his friends' families. We all loved the swimming, pounding almonds, eating the freshly caught seafood and just the general environment of clean, fresh sea air.

Some of our neighbors on Bodden Road, especially the elderly, depended on daddy to provide fish, breadfruit and mangoes for them over the years. Acquiring these things provided opportunities for more quality time with daddy. He would often take his sons and nephew when he went out fishing; and when going for mangoes up in the cow pastures of Lower Valley, all his children, his nephew and neighboring youngsters and elderly alike jumped on the back of his truck and returned a couple hours later, with sacks of mangoes as well as a few ticks.

Daddy was a hard worker, and in order to beat the heat, he always went to work before sunrise every morning. When he wasn't busy working on cars, he would do a little farming behind the garage on Eastern Avenue. He also built a merry-go-round for us there, by attaching a length of wood to some part of an old car that allowed us to push ourselves around and around with our feet. We, and our cousins spent many happy hours there while daddy worked out front.

Daddy may not have travelled away from the islands, but he was keenly interested in what was going on in the wider world and made sure he kept up to date by reading the newspaper, listening to the radio and later on, watching TV. He also loved to lie in his hammock and listen to baseball and other games.

Daddy was well known, highly regarded, and heavily depended on by Caymanians across the island because of his mechanical ability, conscientious dealings with, and considerate and self-sacrificing treatment of, his fellow man. Known as the 'transmission man' he was consulted on any problem concerning engines of all kinds. He took pride in the fact that all his sons followed in his footsteps with a love for, and understanding of, mechanics and machinery.

Since he was one of only a few mechanics on island in the beginning, it was not uncommon for us to hear people knocking on our house door 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning for daddy to get up and go to rescue them because their car had broken down somewhere.

During his years of running his garage he mentored and trained a number of local men/youngsters as well as his own sons. In due course, he started a business with his friend and associate, Mr. Charlie Murray, importing car windshields. He, of course, would also install these at his garage.

After mama and daddy divorced, he had to learn to cook, and while he learned how to make a good pot of Chili the standing joke was about a Rice Cake that he attempted. Apparently, he didn't realize that the rice had to be boiled first, so having put it in the oven straight out of the bag, he waited for a very long time for this cake to cook. Of course, it never did, and had to be thrown out.

Even though daddy did not attend church regularly he always looked forward to attending Watch Night Service on New Year's Eve at the Chapel church. We are so happy that he had given his life to the Lord before his passing and we are assured that as long as we do the same, we will see him again.

We love you, Daddy.

Maxine, Robin, Preston and William.



Graveside Service

Opening Remarks and Prayer	Elder Truman Myles
Scripture.....1 Thessalonians 4:13-18	Elder Truman Myles
Committal.....	Elder Truman Myles
Songs	Congregational

God be with you till we meet again

O God our help in ages past

It is well with my soul

Benediction Elder Truman Myles

God be with you till we meet again

God be with you till we meet again;
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep in love enfold you;
God be with you till we meet again.

Chorus

*Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again*

God be with you till we meet again!
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again!

God be with you till we meet again!
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again!

God be with you till we meet again!
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again!

O God our help in ages past

O God, our Help in ages past,
our Hope for years to come,
our Shelter from the stormy blast,
and our eternal Home.

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
sufficient is Thine arm alone,
and our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
or earth received its frame,
from everlasting Thou art God,
to endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
are like an evening gone,
short as the watch that ends the night
before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream
bears all its sons away;
they fly forgotten, as a dream
dies at the op'ning day.

O God, our Help in ages past,
our Hope for years to come,
be Thou our Guard while life shall last,
and our eternal Home!

It is well with my soul

When peace like a river attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot Thou hast taught me to say,
"It is well, it is well with my soul!"

Chorus

*It is well with my soul!
It is well, it is well with my soul!*

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin, not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to His Cross, and I bear it no more;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

Thanks & Acknowledgement

The family of the late Max Albert Watson would like to express their heartfelt gratitude to their relatives and friends for their support and sympathy during this difficult time.

*Special thanks to his caregiver Deborah Gordon and AAA Caregivers Agency.
Also, to the staff of Jasmine as well as Pastor Espinoza and the members of this church who visited him.
May God Bless you all.*