

Celebration & Thanksgiving Service for the Life of Ruth Veta Louise Frederick

02 February 1932 - 18 September 2023

Bodden Town Seventh Day Adventist Church

153 Bodden Town Road

Sunday 08 October 2023

1:00pm Viewing

2:00pm Service

Officiating Ministers

Pastor Carlon Nyack

Pastor Maurice Chambers

Pastor Ivor Harry

Pianist

Mary Lou Woods

Elder Bentley Vaughan

Private Interment on Lee Roy Frederick Beach

"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith." 2 Timothy 4:7



Order of Service

Musical Prelude and Slideshow

Entrance of Family

Words of Comfort.....Pastor Maurice Chambers

Hymn - *Shall We Gather at the River*.....Congregation

Prayer for the Family.....Elder Bentley Vaughan

Scripture Reading – *Psalms 27:10 & John 14:2-6*.....Dr Hazel Brown

Remarks from SDA Conference.....Pastor Ivor Harry

Tributes:

Daughter, Son-in-Law, & Granddaughter.....Pre-recorded Video

Son.....Carla Sue McLaughlin

Brother & Family.....John Stanley Douglas

Church Family - *Wonderful Grace of Jesus*.....Church Choir

Cayman Islands Seafarers Association (CISA)Denniston Tibbetts, *President*

Ring of the Bell..... John S Douglas, *Vice President CISA*

Special Song – *Goodness of God*.....Williams Quintet

Life Story.....Carl Brown

Hymn - *Master, the Tempest is Raging*Congregation

Sermon.....Pastor Carlon Nyack

Hymn - *Hallelujah, We Shall Rise*.....Congregation

Closing Prayer & Benediction.....Pastor Maurice Chambers

Pallbearers

Hendrik-Jan van Genderen

Sean Douglas

Vernick Frederick

Dr. C Andrew Brown

Joseph Woods, Jr

Richard Pascal

Honorary Pallbearers

Roger Dale L Frederick

John S Douglas

Denver Douglas

Elbert Connor

Tyrone Powell

Leighton Powell

Tad Welcome

Douse Dixon

Baldwin Jackson

Charles Clifford Jr

Dennis Pascal

Aldrin Pascal

Charles Frederick

Alexander Frederick

Vanguard Anderson

Curtis Powell



Usherettes

Carla Sue McLaughlin

Sharon Buckley Omeir

Guest Book Attendant

Ethel McLean

Sign Language Translator

Judith Gordon



The Life Journey of Ruth Veta Louise Frederick n e Douglas

Ruth Veta Louise Frederick n e Douglas was born on Tuesday, 02 February 1932 as the firstborn child of Edith Valda Douglas and a father who refused to accept or publicly acknowledge her as his offspring. Her mother in turn decided to name her newborn daughter after the father’s wealthy family’s daughters and one of their ships. When she was born, her eyes were blue, so she became known as “Blue Jane” even though her eyes soon turned brown. Edith, as a young woman who worked as a maid in the homes of the affluent in George Town and had no support from her baby girl’s father, found it unmanageable to take care of her daughter. A lady in the neighbourhood decided that she would rescue this baby and raise her. This lady was Ms Elsie Bernard and Veta as toddler and little girl called her “Attie”. There was no formal adoption paperwork as in those days, people who could not take care of their own children would just hand them over to family or close friends to raise. When Veta came to the awareness of herself as she grew older and realised that she was in effect forsaken by both parents, she called Ms Elsie, her “Guardian”. Ms Elsie ensured that Veta had all the basics she needed as she grew up in George Town and even sent her to Ms Priscilla Godfrey to learn to play the mandolin, which she enjoyed very much. Veta’s brother, John Stanley Douglas, was born to Edith about 3 years after she was born. Although he was also given away by Edith and lived in North Side, she was very happy to have a blood relative she could openly call her own.



Around the age of 7, Veta went to the Old School House on the waterfront that was across from what is now known as the Elmslie Church. Her formal education ended there when she was about 14 years old. She recalled strict lessons from Teacher Hill. Those were the days when you walked to school barefoot and went for a swim in Hog Sty Bay afterwards. Ms Elsie worked as a cook in the Commissioner’s house at the time and Veta had many stories to tell of her experiences during that period, especially about the Bernard’s donkey that somehow came to eat grass in the Commissioner’s yard and then was chased home in the evening by Veta and her friends.

As a teen, a Chapel Church of God missionary known as Sister Glassman, offered her the opportunity to go to Triple C High School when it started. Veta wrestled with the decision of whether she could manage going to high school with no other monetary support or whether she should use her ambitious streak to make some money so she could be independent. She declined the offer and decided to learn how to make sisal slippers and bags to sell. This was hard work, but she persisted because now she could start her little savings and purchase little personal things that young ladies need. Sister Glassman continued to be supportive and enjoyed recording Veta working the sisal with her camera and movie camera. Sadly, in later years when Veta asked, those pictorial records were reported as lost.

Veta enjoyed it when her brother came to George Town on his way to sea or to visit, they spent time together and had some good laughs together.

Veta ended her sisal making venture to become a nanny taking care of children including the then Commissioner’s children. Ms Elsie had a lovely 2-story home which she used as a guest house in George Town, situated partially where the Bay Harbour Centre is now. Many people from Cayman Brac and the eastern districts would stay there if they had extensive business in town or young men waiting to catch a ship with National Bulk Carriers. Veta, a beautiful young lady, would meet many young men at the guest house who wanted to catch her eye but Ms Elsie was strict and watched like a hawk so there was little chance for any of them. But, one day, this handsome young man from Bodden Town showed up and charmed her. She recalled that they would sit in the swing on the upstairs porch looking out to the sea and talk for hours. Ms Elsie would check on





them frequently as she was not enthused. This was Lee Roy Frederick; he was waiting to fly out for his next trip to sea. They wrote letters to each other for several years and when he returned home would make sure to visit frequently.

When the Turtle Soup Cannery Factory opened in 1952, Veta, like several young ladies across Cayman was happy to get a job there. She was happy to meet girls from the other districts as in those days it was not so easy to get into George Town. Veta saved as much of her earnings as she could so that she

was able to purchase her first piece of land. She bought a small property in George Town from Ms Elsie and made sure she kept the receipt and deed of ownership handy as Ms Elsie's family were concerned that she might have received it for free.



In her early twenties, she gave her heart to the Lord and became a member of the Full Gospel Hall Church where she made many friends. She had stories of times when the Church had revival meetings in the Bay Islands, Honduras. The trip by boat, stop in Swan Island, and the fun of using latrines built over the bay when the sea was rough with the splashing waves offering a nature bidet experience were all chapters in Veta's life journey.



When the Turtle Soup Cannery Factory closed in the mid-50's, Veta then went to work as a waiter at Pageant Beach Hotel. She was promoted to head waiter and would often tell how she did not need a piece of paper to write down the meal requests of the guests. It was while working there that she met an Austrian gentleman and his German pregnant wife. They really took to Veta, and she took to them so much so that they asked her to come to Austria and take care of their baby. This was in the time when all arrangements for such travel had to be made by mail. This family arranged everything with the British Council when they went back to Austria, and Veta soon left Cayman and went to Jamaica to catch the ocean liner TN Ascania bound for Southampton with a stopover in Lisbon. Going to Jamaica for the first time, she arranged travel to Kingston to visit her mother who had left Cayman soon after John was born. Veta often told of being at the closed gate of her mother's home and speaking with two little boys who she figured were her half-brothers. She told them she wanted to speak to their mother but when the little boys came back to the gate, they said she was not home.

Veta, although disappointed, left and continued the long journey to Austria on the Ascania. After a stop in Lisbon, Portugal, Veta disembarked in Southampton and took a ferry to the Hook of Holland. From there, she told how she caught a slow train that took her through the beautiful countryside of Holland with its endless fields of beautiful flowers and impressive windmills, on through to Munich, Germany where she was met by the Austrian gentleman, Mr Kalinka. She said she wanted travel by slow train so she could see these countries as she passed through. This journey was quite the adventure for a brownskin girl from the Caribbean in those times and places where memories of World War 2 were still fresh, and the Cayman Islands was not shown on any maps. Veta then moved with the family to the small town of Werfen in Austria. Veta had many adventures during her years in Austria and told those stories many times to anyone who was willing to listen. While there, she kept correspondence with her mentors in Cayman and with Lee Roy.





After a few years, the family in Austria decided to take an extended stay in the USA as they had business there as well. Veta did not want to join them, so she decided to go to England and look for a job. At that time many people from the West Indies were coming to England to work. This time, on the way back to England, she travelled by slow train through Liechtenstein, Switzerland, and France where she caught a ferry back to England. She found a job with a retired couple as their house daughter (helper) and lived with them in London, just across from Hyde Park. While in London, she received more letters and postcards

from her mentors in Cayman on places of historic interest to visit. She made sure she visited them all. Her brother John would come and visit with her when his ship docked, or he was waiting for another call to go to sea. Together they had some nice adventures in London.



Correspondence with Lee Roy continued and eventually he asked her to meet him in Trinidad so they could get married. Veta decided that Lee Roy appeared to be her fate, so she left England in 1960 on the ocean liner Flandre bound for Port-of-Spain, Trinidad. They were married on 19 December 1960 and made their way back to Cayman.



When they returned home, Lee Roy was heartbroken because the house for which he had sent money to his father to ensure it was ready for his new wife was not complete. So, they rented a home in Bodden Town while work continued to complete the house. Lee Roy soon got a call to return to sea in early 1961 and shortly after Veta realised she was pregnant with their first child, Gelia. Lee Roy could not get off his assigned ship in time for the birth of his daughter, so he arranged for Veta to spend the

first few weeks with their newborn child with one of his sisters. He returned home soon after.



Sadly, Veta's next pregnancy in 1964 ended in tragedy when due to an unmentionable event, she lost her twin boys at the gestational age of 7 months, one stillborn and the other lived for 7 days. Veta will be buried next to her infant boys (Lee Mark Frederick and Roy Mark Frederick) on the family beach.

In 1966, Veta gave birth to her son, Roger. He did not receive oxygen quick enough after birth and suffered from hearing loss as a result. In time, Veta and Lee Roy travelled with their young children to Puerto Rico, New York, and Canada for various adventures.



In the early 1970's, Veta rededicated her life to the Lord when she became a member of the Bodden Town Seventh Day Adventist Church being baptised with her husband and daughter all on the same day after evangelistic tent meetings by Pastor MacMillan. She immersed herself in studying the Bible and being involved as best she could while dealing with the dramas of her home life.



Veta fought hard to ensure her son had access to appropriate education and in the early 1970's she brought him to school in Jamaica. She again decided to go to her mother's house in Kingston as she took in guests from Cayman regularly. After verifying who she was by her passport, her mother agreed that the family could have a guest room but were warned that she did not want her Jamaican family to know of the familial relationship. Veta accepted this as she needed someone to leave her son with in Kingston so he could attend a special school for the deaf. It was also an opportunity to meet her own grandmother who was originally from Cayman Brac. Luckily, this arrangement did not last very long as the Cayman Islands Government decided to set up a Deaf Unit at the George Town Primary School so Roger came home after one year.



During those years her husband was at sea for the large part of every year and when the allotment he sent home was reduced, Veta decided to get a fishpot and a water glass made. This meant going in the sea every few days to empty the fishpot and reset with more bait. Her children had to eat fish in some form or the other for breakfast, dinner and supper for several years. Throughout her life in Bodden Town, Veta's solace and relaxation was time spent on the beach and in the sea. Summertime was the time for going in the bush in Lower Valley and the area now known as North Cayman Palms to look mangoes and being ready to move very quickly if one of the Watler's bulls showed up.



In the late 1970's Veta travelled with her daughter to Tennessee to get her settled in university, and with Roger in the early 1980's to get him settled at a high school for the deaf in Florida. She was happy to attend the graduations when both of her children completed their studies in the USA.

In 1985 Veta's daughter bought her mother a car so she could be independent and return to the working world. She was so happy to have her own vehicle and drove that green, 1981 Chevy Impala Coupe until it could go no more. Having her own transport meant she was able to get a job at Margaret's Boutique and shortly after she went to work at the Fosters Food Fair Airport Store as a cashier. Veta enjoyed this work and was soon at the point that Mr David Foster asked her to train many of the new cashiers. She worked there until she retired in 1993.



In 1986, Lee Roy moved out of the matrimonial home to follow his own path and they remained cordial with each other until his passing in 2000.



In 1988, Gelia met Hendrik and Veta really appreciated how much of a gentleman he was to her family. So much so that according to Gelia, Veta's face would light up in a most brilliant smile when she saw him more so than with her, Gelia. Maybe he brought back memories of her happy times in Europe. When her daughter and Hendrik married in the mid-90's and Veta longed for grandchildren. She was ecstatic when her one and only grandchild, Anja, was born in 2000.



Her last trip to Europe was to Holland in the summer of 2001 when she joined Gelia and her family. She was excited to see Hendrik's family and visit historic castles, windmills, zoos, ride the trains, canal rides, and even managed to get a side trip to Antwerp, Belgium.

Hurricane Ivan destroyed her home in 2004 and she lived with her daughter, son-in law and granddaughter for almost 4 years until she moved into her totally rebuilt home in 2008. As did many people in Grand Cayman, Veta lost many of her keepsake letters, photos, and books from her life collection. No longer wanting to live on her own, Emmie Santiago became her live-in helper. Veta was not a

person to sit down and do nothing so Emmie found herself assisting with everything from planting the grounds to painting to cooking to crafting, you name it Veta would do it. She always had some project going around the house or yard.

Veta started to have heart issues in 2012 and in 2013 at the age of 81 she bravely had open heart surgery in the USA to replace and repair heart valves. This was another adventure with her Cayman support team of Hazel, Sharon, and Gelia. She was excited after the surgery as it was her first-time seeing snow flurries since she left Europe in 1960. Her recovery went well, and she was soon back in action with her activities. Unfortunately, instead of the replaced valve lasting for the 20 years promised, it started to fail about 7 years after the surgery. She found out that the device had been recalled in the USA for frequent failures but by that time her health was starting to deteriorate. She also suffered greatly with the pain of osteoporosis for many years, which kept her from doing much of the activities she enjoyed doing. She always said her body had given up on her while her mind remained alert and desirous of more activity.



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Veta enjoyed the fellowship of the BT Seventh Day Adventist Church family and served as best she could. Her baked egg custard was well received as the desert after Sabbath lunch fellowship meals after church. She enjoyed having visitors and they were certain to hear a story about Austria, her growing up in George Town or get a tour of seashell collections. After she retired from work, birthdays became a big thing for her.



In later years as her health deteriorated and she aged, her few social outings became celebrating birthdays, especially at Lighthouse Restaurant where Captain Guiseppe and his team treated her like a queen. In later years, it was Casanova, Cayman Cabana, and the last one just this February gone when she celebrated her 91st birthday at Ristorante Pappagallo.

A few years ago, she did a DNA test with Ancestry and was very excited to confirm the relatives of her father. This led to a friendship with one of her paternal cousins who kindly gave Veta old family photos with her father, his siblings and her paternal grandparents. Veta accepted these and having in her heart forgiven her parents for forsaking her as a baby, made sure to show and tell her visitors how pleased she was to have them.

When the Covid pandemic came in 2020, she joined the Church's prayer circle by telephone as Zoom was not her forte. In her younger years, Veta enjoyed stamp and coin collecting, Full Gospel Hall Church Conventions, loved taking photos, and maintained a large collection of photos from her twenties and her travels. She also enjoyed crafting, scrapbooking of interesting news events and stories in local newspapers. Like many ladies of her generation, she amassed a collection of whatnots and enjoyed following any news of the British Royal family. As Lee Roy was at sea for most of each year, she became handy with a drill, hammer, machete, crowbar, and many other tools as she was not afraid to tackle jobs around the house that needed to be done in his absence.



But there were two hobbies that she enjoyed most, collecting seashells and growing all manner of flowers, fruits, herbs, and occasionally vegetables in her yard and by Roger's place. The beach and seaside were wonderful to live across from, but the unrelenting salt spray presented many challenges to growing fruit trees. So, the fruit tree growing enterprise went to Roger's yard. Here she toiled on her own before Emmie joined her in 2008 and then they were both digging and planting and watering to get the mango, neaseberry, banana, papaya, breadfruit, ackee, sweetsop, tamarind, cherry, and guinep trees to catch. Veta thought it made more sense to wake up at 4am when it was pitch black outside to pull bush in her yard or on the beach before the sun got too high and hot. By 10am, she was done and then it was rest and inside chores she tackled.



For the past several years, old age prevented Veta from attending church as she would have liked to. However, with the support of church visitors and YouTube Church services, she kept her faith and relationship with Her Saviour. To keep herself occupied she took up colouring and painting, she was prolific at these up until the 2nd quarter of this year when it just became too much effort. The designs in this programme are all from her colouring books.



In the last couple of years, the passing of many of her friends from childhood days, work life, Church, as well as people she felt closely connected to, saddened her. She particularly felt the loss when her best friend in Bodden Town, Eulalee Frederick who was also one of her sisters-in-law as well as a Church sister passed in early 2022.



After a serious bout of double pneumonia in May/June this year, it was not expected that Veta would be able to come home. After many prayers and songs of praise from her Pastors, Church family, family, and dear friends, Veta awoke from days of being non-responsive. Veta slowly began to talk and request ice chips and ice cream. While in the hospital, the very attentive care of her 24/7 caregivers from Caring Hands (Roniche, Roselyn, Jen, Tanisha) and Trudy (who was contracted separately) made sure her needs were taken care of. She was very weak but determined to get better and get home. Veta was able to come home by 17 June 2023 and slowly regained some strength. However, she never returned to the strength she had even a month earlier as her body was much weaker. She always said that old age is a terminal disease because you just can't get better. Veta was taken back to the hospital on 15 September 2023 where it was discovered that she had acute kidney failure and due to her age was not a candidate for dialysis. She insisted that Saturday night that she wanted to

go home. The next day Veta went home on palliative with her caregivers and Jasmine. Her family had a lovely Sunday evening with her for which they are grateful. Veta passed peacefully the early afternoon of 18 September 2023 while holding the hand of Pam, her sister-in-law who she called sister.

Ruth Veta Louise Frederick was preceded in death by her parents, infant twin sons Lee Mark Frederick and Roy Mark Frederick, husband Lee Roy Frederick, and her Guardian, Ms Elsie Bernard.

Left to mourn her passing are her daughter and son-in-law - Gelia Frederick-van Genderen and Hendrik-Jan van Genderen, son - Roger Frederick, granddaughter – Anja van Genderen, brother and sister-in-law - John Stanley Douglas and Pam Douglas, nieces and nephews, many other relatives, and dear friends.

Sleep in Peace, Mother, Mummy, Mama, GanGan, Madam till we meet again.



One of Veta's prayers written and recorded for her children, 29 January 1996

*Our Father,
We are grateful for thy guidance. Show us, as Joshua was shown how to make the most of life, so that we may live each day at our best, secure in the courage and strength that comes from walking hand in hand with thee.
In Jesus name, Amen*

Tributes

My Mother, Madam

My mother, Madam, Mom, Mummy, GanGan—where do I even begin to honor the incredible woman she was? Sometimes, we'd playfully tweak the spelling of GanGan to NagNag, embracing her reluctant sense of humor and reminding her that, at times, she was very good at being a "NagNag." As I reflect on her life, especially as I matured, I came to recognise the true meaning of the "R" in her first name, Ruth—**Resilient**. Resilience was the hallmark of her journey, steering her through challenges from life's humble beginnings as the illegitimate child of a disadvantaged maid in George Town to a point where she lacked for nothing in this world.

Among those close to our family, it is known that for years, Madam wanted me to document her life story and transform it into a movie. While she may not have been familiar with movie actresses to suggest who could play her role, she was steadfast in her desire to share her story. She loved a camera so probably would have played the role herself. Today, we gather to celebrate her life, offering gratitude for her presence in this world and for a brief moment, we shall reflect on snippets of her life journey in hopes that it will inspire others with life challenges to persevere and find their own path to peace and fulfillment.



Madam's resilience emanated from her earliest years. As a baby, she survived falls from the bed while her mother was out on the town, she was taken, cared for and comforted by Ms. Elsie Bernard, who later became her Guardian, filling the void of a mother's warm embrace which she never truly experienced.

At the age of 10, Madam encountered a slice of the fear of World War 2 in Cayman when a German submarine torpedoed a ship near George Town Harbour, and a local boat went out to rescue the sailors. She vividly recounted the survivors, many severely burnt, being treated at the small Government hospital.

Throughout her life, she demonstrated resilience, exemplifying that true old fashioned Caymanian work ethic. She navigated numerous challenges, saved diligently, and even acquired deeds to two properties before embarking on her European adventure. During her travels, she faced trials and temptations but from her accounts never succumbed to them. Madam's journey of self-discovery took her to Europe and full circle back home to Cayman, where she embraced the promise of love and marriage, upholding her commitment despite the unexpected turns.

Madam was a fierce protector and warrior for her children, fighting for their support and care. She cherished the warmth of home and the solace of faith over society's spotlight. She found joy in the simplicity of life and the camaraderie of dear friends, family, and Church fellowship cherishing the happy times, laughter, and hugs.

As we reminisce about her life, we think about the generational trauma endured by our ancestors down to our parents and have a better understanding of why things were the way they were. Madam was profoundly thankful to have a family of her own, showering us with love and nurturing. In her later years, I felt honoured to provide the support and care she needed.

Her unwavering faith and trust in the Lord carried her through life's trials. She stood firm on the promise of Psalm 27:10, finding solace and strength in her faith. As she aged, the last year transitioned into a phase where our conversations grew more heartfelt and face-to-face. She found peace with who she was but longed for more time on this earth and better health. She marveled at reaching her 90s, appreciating the life God had granted her.

Now, as I stand at the precipice of a world without her, I grapple with the strangeness of being an orphan on this earth. We will continue to build Madam's essence through pictures and words, ensuring her legacy lives on within us, for as long as we live. Madam's indomitable spirit of resilience, faith in God, and love will forever guide and inspire us.



Sleep peacefully until we meet again.

Gelia, daughter

Tribute to My Mama

Today, I bid my Mama farewell with my heart heavy and worn. From the moment I was born, she held me tight as she sensed that I would have challenges. Through sleepless nights, hospital visits, and countless tears, she was there to wipe away my worries, helping to calm my fears.

She was determined to find answers and traveled to Jamaica when I was a little boy, searching for the truth. With my deafness identified, my Mama did her best to get help for me. She never wavered, never lost hope or faith that I would be ok. She pushed me to learn as best I could, to find my own way and to live independently. With every sacrifice Mama made, I could feel her unwavering love for me. I thank her for everything, for all that she did for me.



I know that she worried deep within her heart as she was concerned for my future when her time on this earth was done. My Mama's love is a love that will endure and with faith I will continue to live on until it is my turn.

I miss going to visit her and enjoying the endless supply of strawberry ice cream at her home. Those moments, so precious, are forever engraved in the depths of my heart.

Though today I say goodbye, with a broken heart I know that on that happy resurrection day, we'll reunite, embrace and never again be truly apart. So, until that blessed day, when we meet again, I'll hold my Mama close in my heart.

She was my rock, my guiding light, forever in my thoughts, my Mama, shining bright, the Queen of my heart.

From her loving son, Roger

Memories of Ms Veta

In 1988 I arrived in the Cayman Islands to work for the Water Authority under a two-year contract with the United Nations. Because I met Gelia, the love of my life, these two years in these wonderful islands have been extended indefinitely. Gelia introduced me to Ms Veta and I think she liked and accepted me right away.

Ms Veta loved to talk about growing up in Cayman, her travels and adventures in Europe and her challenges in life. Her stories were shared with a great level of detail. I did not always have the patience to listen to all the details, but it was clear that for Ms Veta a story was not complete until everything had been told. In reflection I realize that Veta's life story is an eyewitness account of the social development of the Cayman Islands. Her stories provide invaluable insights from the perspective of an older Caymanian who herself was very much part of that social development. These stories have given me a great deal of appreciation and understanding of the Cayman Islands and are one of the reasons for me feeling so much at home here.



I always joked with Gelia that I was Ms Veta's favorite son-in-law as it seemed that I could get away with so much more than Gelia. Ms Veta loved me for who I am and she saw that my relation with Gelia was good and blessed. Ms Veta was longing for a grandchild, and in 2000 her wish came through when Anja was born, she is her only grandchild and she loved her dearly.



We have a family tradition of preparing an elaborate Christmas dinner each year. Uncle Stanley, Pam and first cousins Sean and Sabrina joined Veta, Gelia, Roger, Anja and I each year for dinner as we enjoyed each other's company. Veta loved to eat good food before her health declined and she looked out so much to that annual Christmas dinner with her close family. On Christmas morning we unwrapped the Christmas presents, and Veta was always so excited about everything Santa Claus had brought for her no matter what it was. Oft times gifts

Gelia received from her own friends would be claimed by Ms Veta as she would say the gift suited her (Ms Veta) better or hint that she could make good use of whatever it was. Of course, the present unwrapping had to be photographed and she made sure that she looked good in every photo.

Ms Veta had a tradition of calling us every birthday and singing happy birthday. Also, on other special occasions such as our wedding anniversary, Father's Day, Christmas and Easter she prepared an elaborate handwritten card to make us feel special. She took great care in selecting the right card and had it written up many days in advance of the occasion.

Over the last few years Ms Veta's health declined but Gelia's mission was to make sure that her quality of life was good until the very end. Ms Veta was admitted to George Town Hospital on Friday 15 September. Gelia and I had a weekend without any obligations, and we spent a lot of time with Ms Veta. When she came home on Sunday 17 September, Gelia and I realized silently that she had come home to die. Gelia, Roger and I spent that last Sunday night with her, and she was in good spirits, as sick and worn out as she was. Sue helped us to make a hand cast and we had a lot of fun and joked around. We did not realize this was the last time that we would spend with Ms Veta, but that evening was special and touching. It was our farewell.

Sleep in peace,
From Son-in-law, Hendrik

In loving memory of my dear grandmother, GanGan,

Today I pay tribute to a remarkable woman who brought so much love and joy into my life. GanGan was not only my grandmother but also my mentor, prayer warrior, and my biggest supporter. As her only grandchild, I was truly blessed to have shared such a special bond with her.

From the moment I came into this world, GanGan showered me with love and affection. She would often recount the excitement she felt when she learned she was going to be a grandmother, and I believe that joy only grew with each passing day. Since I was the only grandchild, she called me her precious one and only. In those early years, she would read me countless stories, nurturing my love for reading and imagination.

As I grew older, it became my turn to listen to GanGan's captivating tales of growing up in the Cayman of 1930-1950s and her travels. It seemed that almost every adventure began with the words, "Well, when I was in Austria..." Her stories painted vivid pictures in my mind, transporting me to far-off places and instilling in me a sense of wanderlust. My GanGan's tales of her experiences in distant lands serve as a constant source of inspiration and solace for me, especially now as I embark on my own journey in Europe, far away from family and friends.

GanGan's pride in me was unwavering. She supported me in every endeavour, attending almost every Christmas concert during my primary school years and cheering me on in my academic accomplishments. The bittersweet moments of leaving for university were made easier knowing that she believed in me and would cover me with prayers daily.



One of my fondest memories is exploring GanGan's collection of old books. It was like stepping back in time, discovering hidden treasures and immersing myself in the stories of the past. Her seashell collection was equally impressive, and she always lit up when we brought her shells from our beach adventures. She found joy in the simple pleasures of life, whether it was swimming, telling stories, taking pictures, enjoying a good meal, celebrating special occasions with her family, ensuring her yard and Roger's were well tended, or collecting endless empty bottles, boxes, used Christmas paper and bows because you never know when you're going to need one.



occasions with her family, ensuring her yard and Roger's were well tended, or collecting endless empty bottles, boxes, used Christmas paper and bows because you never know when you're going to need one.

Her counsel, prayers, and stories helped to shape me into the person I am today. I am eternally grateful that I had the opportunity to visit GanGan this past August, to express my love and appreciation for her. Though it pains me to bid her farewell, I find comfort in the knowledge that she is no longer burdened by pain.

Sleep peacefully, my dear GanGan, until we meet again.
Anja, "the one and only"

Brother and Sister-in-law Tribute

My sister Veta and I were born to Edith Douglas. She was unable and unwilling to care for us, so Veta was raised by Elsie Bernard and family in George Town, and I was raised by our great aunt Patty in North Side.

Veta came to North Side to visit once when we were little children, I remember we played in the bush...and smoked some plantain leaves in a homemade pipe, if I recall correctly. We didn't meet up again until I was in high school when I boarded with her at Elsie Bernard's house. By this time Veta was working at the Turtle Canning Factory. Later she worked at Pageant Beach. She was always a hard worker and bought herself a bicycle, which she graciously loaned to me from time to time.

Once I left the Bernard's house, Veta and I didn't cross paths too often, except when she and some friends would come to All Day Meetings at the Church of God in North Side. I enjoyed seeing her on those occasions.

While she was working at Pageant Beach, Veta met a family from Austria, and they hired her to be a nanny to their son. Veta's time in Austria was very special to her. She loved to tell stories, frequently, of her adventures and all the people she met. When this family relocated to London, she and I would meet up on weekends to see the sights, as I was between ships there, and working at the local Seamen's Club.

We didn't see each other too often after that. She had married and lived in Boddin Town, and I was living in North Side when I was home from sea. I always stopped at her house for something to eat on my way to North Side, and for a very entertaining chat.

A few years later, she met Pam, and they became good friends. The next part I am going to read are Pam's words.

Veta was always very welcoming, and we spent many a peaceful afternoon chatting and laughing on the front porch. I enjoyed her stories, and her wonderful sense of humour. She had great insight. You could always learn something new about family history, Veta was a wealth of knowledge and always eager to share and learn more. Once the family DNA testing was done, she had new avenues to explore.



We had some of the best times with family dinners on the beach, birthdays, and our annual Christmas get together was filled with love, laughter, good food, and excellent company. And Veta, as Madam Matriarch, sat at the head of the table and reigned supreme. I will never be able to make cranberry sauce again without thinking of her. I think she loved it because of the dash of orange liqueur I put in—a secret ingredient we didn't tell her about.

As the years went by, Veta struggled with health issues. She always bounced back though, and never lost the will to live or her beautiful smile, which lit up her whole face. It was very hard to watch her

slow deterioration during my weekly visits, but she was a fighter and her determination to meet life's daily challenges was admirable. She was cared for so lovingly, not only by family, but by the caregivers I saw most frequently, Che and Jen.

Veta, my sweet sister, your long battle is over, and suffering has come to an end. You leave a wonderful legacy behind in your children, granddaughter, and all the family that loved you so much. You have earned your rest.

Sleep peacefully. Love always.

John & Pam Douglas

Tribute from Nephew and Niece

We remember Aunt Veta for her welcoming heart and warm smile. Always ready with a hug, and always interested in what we were up to. We cherish our memories of family fun on the beach, and front porch Christmas dinners. Seeing Dad and Aunt Veta sitting together, deep in conversation with silly paper party crowns on their heads never failed to bring a smile. Good times that live in our hearts.

Love and miss you, Auntie.

Sean & Sabrina



Tribute from Nephew and Niece

We have fond memories with Aunt Veta. As children we often visited Aunt Veta and family on Sunday afternoons. She always was glad to see us. She had a collection of sea shells and butterflies and always would be showing off the newest addition to the collection. We would often swim in "auh weta's" white hole on her beach with the family.

At Christmas time there was the young weeping willow tree (Casuarina) in the sand bucket decorated with balloons, then in later years, she had a white Christmas tree which would be up in the corner with the rotating lights of green, blue, red and yellow. It was the first white Christmas tree we had seen and enjoyed watching it change with different colours. She was so proud of that tree.

Her vibrant personality...the grin from ear to ear, we won't forget.

Sleep on our dear aunt.

With love, your nephew and niece, Denver and Ethel



TRIBUTE TO AUNT VETA FROM YOUR NIECE SYBIL BERRY AND FAMILY



Words cannot express the way I feel after your passing. I am so happy that I had a close relationship with you while you were alive, which even grew stronger after my mother's passing. You reminded me so much of her, with all the good qualities you both had in common. Both of you had a heart of gold, friendly, loving, kindhearted, and always had a smile on your faces, despite whatever challenges you were going through.

Whenever I visited you, without fail you would always say that you were so thankful to God, and that God have been so good to you, despite of any challenges you were facing that day. I was so delighted whenever you had your birthday parties and Gelia would invite my mother, I believe I was more excited than my mother to attend your birthday parties, because it was such a pleasure to see both of you interact with each other, you both would talk, laugh and make jokes, you were a very true sister-in-law, Mother, Aunt, friend and most importantly, a child of God. I am so happy that I had the opportunity

of visiting you at the hospital, two days before your passing, even though you may not have recognized me, it was just comforting to be there and to pray for you.

Aunt Veta, you will be sadly missed, and it is so heart breaking to see you go, but I believe God had other plans for you.

Your memory is my Keepsake with which I'll never part.

God has you in His Keeping I have you in my Heart.

Rest in peace Aunt Veta until that glorious day when God returns to take you home.

Your loving niece, Sybil

Tribute from Special Friend

Tribute to my special friend and sister in the Lord. Sister Veta was a special lady, she was kind, loving and had a joyful spirit. We shared a friendship that started 40 plus years ago. I came to live in Bodden Town in 1979 and we became friends in 1980 and remained close friends over all the years that followed.

I have such fond memories of her especially the Saturday nights Elbert and I spent with her at her home watching movies. Those were special times lots of fun and laughter watching the old-time movies, Big Valley, Bonanza, and especially the Andy Griffith show with the hilarious Don Knotts starring, and many others.



At the time we were just starting out as a young couple and didn't have a T.V., so we always looked forward to the invitation from her. It was always a joyful time, she treated us like her own, and we will miss her and forever be grateful for the friendship and the time we shared together.



After the movie era was over for us, we talked about God and his goodness. She would always ask me what I thought about what was happening in the world today and if I believe that Jesus was soon coming. We prayed many times together and encouraged each other to remain faithful regardless of what was happening. And Sis Veta did just that.

To me you were someone special, someone honest and true, you'll never be forgotten, I thought the world of you.

*"So don't think of her as gone away, her journey's just begun
Life holds so many facets, this earth is only one
Think of her as living in the hearts of those she touched
For nothing loved is ever lost, and she was loved so much".*



Rest in peace my dear sweet friend until we meet again,
Beautylee & Family

Tribute from Bodden Town Seventh-day Adventist Church

Ms. Ruth Veta Frederick joined the Seventh-Day Adventist Church in Bodden Town by baptism on April 1, 1972. She was a consistent member with a strong faith that grew over the years. Even though she chose not to be "up front", she was a staunch supporter of the church's different programs and events, including the Pathfinder Club. Sis. Veta, though quiet, was unafraid to stand for or against any situation with which she took issue.



For many years, Sis Veta sat in the 4th pew from the back on the right side of the church. When she was no longer driving, Emmie, who was her caregiver at the time, chauffeured her and they both sat together in the same pew.



In recent years, when failing health dictated that she could no longer attend church in person, she wanted to be kept up-to-date with the happenings, and she fully embraced the online worship service. She often remarked that she was happy that the church members hadn't forgotten her. She also enjoyed their visits. Whenever asked for her favourite song, she would say, "They are all special". This, of course, made it easy to share a song with her. She had a long-standing prayer partnership with Sis Suzanne Terry (aka Ms. Susie), ending only when she passed away last year.

She had a faith that never faltered. Hebrews 11:1 says, "Hope is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen." She lived with an expectation of the imminent return of Christ. She looked through spiritual eyes for that city where the builder and designer is God.



Today, we lay her body down to rest for a short time. We, too, are looking for that new earth. That day will be like the poor little street kid who was injured and was taken to the hospital. The nurse handed him a set of toy soldiers, which he had often looked at through the shop window. Running his fingers over it, he kept saying, "No glass between, no glass between." 2 Corinthians 13:17 says, "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face". One day, there will be no veil when we will meet again. We, too, are looking for that city, up close and personal, with no separation between us and our Saviour.

Sis Veta will continue to be missed.

We pray for God's blessings and comfort to her family and friends during your grief.

Tribute from Family Friend

I met Ms. Veta 34 yrs ago when I started working with Ms. Gelia for a few hours each Saturday. My first impressions of her were that she was a beautiful woman who loved her family dearly. As I got the opportunity to spend more time with her, I realized that she was so much more than that. She was smart and funny, energetic, and poised.

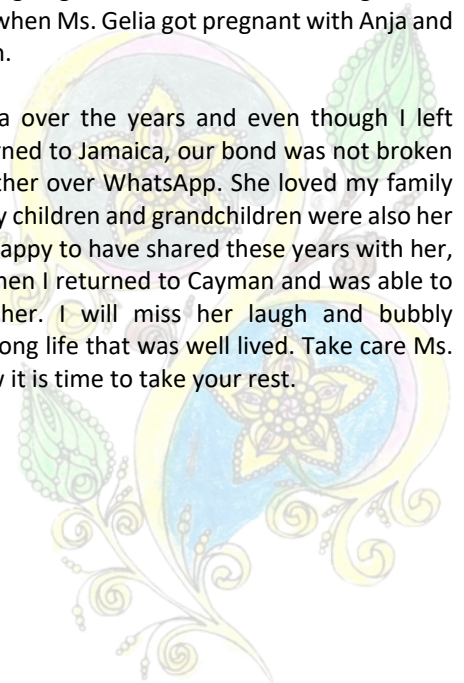
She had a way of telling stories that got you interested immediately. We talked a lot about her life and her experiences because she lived such an interesting life and had so many different stories to tell. Ms. Veta had an excellent memory, so she would share with me incidents that happened to her in great details and with clarity. She had a sharp mind and so she could answer any questions you had for her on any of these stories.



Ms. Veta loved nature. She liked going to the beach and tending to her flowers. We were both so excited when Ms. Gelia got pregnant with Anja and over the moon when she was born.

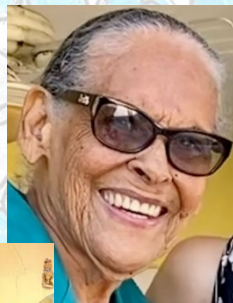
I learned so much from Ms. Veta over the years and even though I left Cayman a few years ago and returned to Jamaica, our bond was not broken as we would often talk to each other over WhatsApp. She loved my family like her own, and like Ms. Gelia; my children and grandchildren were also her children and grandchildren. I am happy to have shared these years with her, and especially this last summer when I returned to Cayman and was able to spend some quality time with her. I will miss her laugh and bubbly personality, but I am happy for a long life that was well lived. Take care Ms. Veta, you fought a good fight, now it is time to take your rest.

May your sweet soul RIP.
From Levita Wilson & Family



Memories





Graveside Hymns

It's 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 Thee,
Precious Jesus, Savior, Friend;
And I know that Thou art with me,
Wilt be with me to the end.

I come to the Garden Alone

I come to the garden alone,
While the dew is still on the roses;
And the voice I hear, falling on my ear,
The Son of God discloses.

Refrain:

And He walks with me, and He talks with me,
And He tells me I am His own,
And the joy we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.

He speaks, and the sound of His voice
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing;
And the melody that He gave to me
Within my heart is ringing. [*Refrain*]

I'd stay in the garden with Him
Tho' the night around me be falling;
But He bids me go; thro' the voice of woe,
His voice to me is calling. [*Refrain*]

God on the Mountain

Life is easy, when you're on the mountain
And you've got peace of mind, like you have never
known
But things change, when you're down in the valley
Don't lose faith, for you're never alone

For the God on the mountain, is still God in the valley
When things go wrong, He'll make them right
And the God of the good times, is still God in the bad
times

The God of the day, is still God in the night

You talk of faith when you're up on the mountain
But talk comes so easy, when life's at its best
Now it's down in the valley of trials and temptations
That's where your faith is really put to the test

For the God on the mountain, is still God in the valley
When things go wrong, He'll make them right
And the God of the good times, is still God in the bad
times

The God of the day, is still God in the night
The God of the day, is still God in the night

Amazing Grace

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch; like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

The Lord hath promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

Graveside Service

Opening Remarks.....	Pastor Carlon Nyack
Prayer.....	Pastor Maurice Chambers
Hymn	<i>It's Sweet to Trust in Jesus</i>
Hymn - <i>I come to the Garden Alone</i>	Laying of Floral Family Tribute
Committal.....	Pastor Carlon Nyack
Hymn.....	<i>God on the Mountain</i>
Hymn.....	<i>Amazing Grace</i>
Benediction.....	Pastor Carlon Nyack

Acknowledgements

Special Thanks & Acknowledgement

The Family of Ruth Veta Louise Frederick (*aka Madam*) wishes to extend sincere thanks and gratitude to the many relatives and friends for the numerous calls, messages, visits, and condolences sent locally, as well as from abroad. We appreciate your prayers and support over the years and throughout this period of grief.

Our heartfelt gratitude to all of Madam's caregivers during her last years through Caring Hands, especially Roniche, Jen, Roselyn, Tenisha, and Raycie as well as Trudy Morrison who was privately contracted, and Marlene Powell who so willingly filled in when needed. Thanks to Emerita Santiago who was Madam's Specialist Caregiver for many years but returned to the Philippines this year due to her own medical situation.

Special thanks to Pam, her sister-in-law who religiously came to visit with Madam every Wednesday to encourage and keep her company, to Andrew Carter who faithfully visited almost every weekend whether she was at home or in the hospital singing inspirational songs and praying with the conviction of his faith, and to the BT Seventh Day Adventist Church family and Pastors for their prayers and support.

Sincere thanks to the staff of the HSA for their care of Veta over the years with special mention of Dr Nichols, Dr Kreigal, Dr Lowe-Jones, Dr Thane, Nurse Sharon Buckley, and Nurse Tamara Ebanks-Smallling.

Special heartfelt thanks to Hazel, Carla Sue, and Sharon who provided Gelia and her family solid and unwavering support over the years.

Thanks to Bodden's Funeral Home for their sensitive care of Veta's earthly remains.

Thank you all for taking the time to be here today to celebrate Veta's life and honour her memory.

May her soul rest in peace, and light perpetual shine upon her.