

Service of Thanksgiving

FOR THE LIFE OF



GEORGETTE VADINE EBANKS

September 19, 1927 - October 17, 2023

Church Of God Chapel
Walkers Road and Academy Way
George Town, Grand Cayman

Saturday, November 18, 2023
Service at 2:00 pm

Officiating Ministers
Pastor Alson Ebanks, Cert. Hon., Pastor Vernon Webb, Pastor Corey Anderson

Organist/Pianist
Olivaire Watler

Violinist
Samuel Rose, Cert. Hon., JP

ORDER OF SERVICE

Opening Remarks..... Pastor Alson Ebanks, Cert. Hon.
Prayer..... Pastor Vernon Webb
Scripture Reading: Psalms 19: 7-11, 27:4-5.....Pastor Corey Anderson
Hymn “*How Great Thou Art*” – Stanzas 1, 3, 4..... Congregation
Tribute from the Community of Christ Church..... Pastor Vernon Webb
Tribute from Triple C School Marjorie Ebanks
Tribute from Brother..... Margaret Powell
Tribute from Daughters / Son-in-law..... Miriam Bush
Tribute from Grandchildren..... Tara Rivers
Tribute from Great Granddaughter..... Video Song
Video & Memories Presentation
Hymn “*I Come To The Garden Alone*”Congregation
Life Story..... Gilbert A. McLean, JP
Sermon..... Pastor Alson Ebanks, Cert. Hon.
Closing Hymn “*It is Well With My Soul*” - Stanzas 1, 3, 4..... Congregation
Closing Prayer.....Pastor Vernon Webb



PALLBEARERS

Woodward "Woody" DaCosta
Leighton "Lee" Henry
Jason Henry

Johnney Johnson
Per Undheim
Jeremy Yates

HONOURARY PALLBEARERS

Corey Anderson
Carl Brown
Brent Bush
Anthony (Tony) DaCosta
Anthony Eden
Randolph "Randy" Greenfield
George Booth Hurlston
Paul Hurlston Sr
Gilbert A. Mclean

Henry Orren Merren III
Eldon Rankine
Alfred "Freddy" Smith
Danny Stamps
AL Thompson Jr
Vernon Webb
Christopher Wight
Alphonso Wright
Andrew "Greggy" Yates

USHERS

Carl Brown
Miriam Bush
Anita Khan
Alphonso Wright

GUESTBOOK ATTENDANTS

Georgia Anderson
Jewel Bodden

*Interment will follow at the
South Sound Community Cemetery*

Please drive with lights on dim

LIFE STORY OF GEORGETTE VADINE EBANKS

Georgette Vadine Ebanks (nee Hurlston) was born on Monday, September 19, 1927, in her maternal grandparents' house (where Sunset House Dive Resort is now located). She was the first child and only daughter of George Eric Hurlston and Lily Viva Hurlston nee Eden. When Georgette was six years old, her only sibling, Booth, was born on January 16, 1934. She couldn't have been more delighted to finally have a sibling and her love for him never wavered. As she got a little older, she was allowed to care for him, which she did conscientiously, making sure not even a mosquito would bite his sweet head.



Georgette grew up under the loving care of her Christian parents, who were very intent that their children receive the best education available. Through the hard work of her father who was a seaman, sailmaker, ship's caulker and farmer and her mother who was an excellent seamstress, they were able to afford sending their children to school. Georgette remembers her parents being caring neighbors, always willing to share some food and ground provisions, especially with those in the community who were sick or in need. Witnessing her parents helping those in need as a little girl stayed with Georgette and inspired a golden rule she would live by.

Georgette fondly recalls staying with her South Sound family during her mother's illness following the birth of her brother. Though she enjoyed her time there, her fear of the croaking lizards on her grandparents' house wall was one she maintained even as an adult. Anyone visiting Georgette's house at night or late evenings will recall that one had to become half gymnast to leap in with enough swiftness to ensure no frogs or lizards entered her house.



Georgette's childhood household was busy, with multiple generations living in one house and other family members visiting regularly. Georgette learned to wash and iron her own clothes from an early age. Helping with the cleaning of the house and washing dishes were daily chores, with the kitchen having to be thoroughly cleaned before sundown. These were habits that she maintained throughout her life even when her eyesight was declining.

Energetic and adventurous, Georgette enjoyed playing many of the everyday games of yesteryear as a little girl, from hopscotch to marbles. One of her favorite pastimes was eating long mangoes in the sea with her best friends, June Jackson and Ermyn Merren.

As a little girl, Georgette attended her Cousin Nettie Hurlston's school, where she learned to form the alphabet on a slate. Later, she was taught the basics of reading, writing, and arithmetic in the homes of sisters Millie and Mari Rankin and Connie and Erna Walter.

There were no secondary school facilities in the Cayman Islands before 1941, so when some members of the local Church of God helped to establish Triple C School in October 1941, this provided the perfect opportunity for higher education. Georgette and her brother, Booth, began attending in 1942. Georgette's teachers taught various subjects, from grammar, Art, and Bible studies to Latin, world history, and etiquette. Georgette excelled as a student and especially loved the English language and poetry, and often dreamed of attending school overseas to become a journalist. Her favorite poets were Emily Dickinson and Lord Byron. As a teenager, Georgette wrote several poems, such as 'No One Has Seen The Wind' and 'The Sea Shore'. Georgette was thrilled when a short story she wrote was submitted to an American publication by one of her teachers for which she received a small sum of money when it was published.

But Georgette's carefree life would slip away when her father was killed during World War II, when the merchant ship on which he was a crew member was torpedoed in 1943 by a German U-boat. The death of Georgette's father had a lasting impact on the family both financially and emotionally. As a result, Georgette's brother Booth dropped out of school to work various jobs to assist the family and eventually went to sea in 1950 at the age of sixteen.



Georgette was very grateful that she was able to continue school and fulfill her family's wishes to complete her studies. She was one of the seven students in Triple C's first graduation ceremony in 1947, and she was the first in her family to graduate high school. Georgette was always very proud to mention that her mother was quite involved in the making of the graduation gowns and caps for the ceremony.

Georgette's social activism emerged at this time. On August 19, 1948, she and four of her fellow female graduates joined 19 other George Town women in signing a strongly worded letter to petition for a woman's right to vote in elections that day. Georgette always said, "... it wasn't even in my mind at the time that I could be doing this for my children and grandchildren. . . all I knew, I was doing it for me!" Although unsuccessful, this simple act later inspired 358

women from all districts of Grand Cayman in 1957 to petition once again. The Sex Disqualification (Removal) Law was finally passed on December 8, 1958.

Following Georgette's passing, Ms Virginia Bodden is now the last surviving signatory of the 1948 petition as well as the last graduate of Triple C's 1947 graduating class.

After graduation, Georgette worked briefly as a teacher's aide but spent most of her time caring for her sick mother, who died at 57 in 1950. Watching her once vibrant mother, whom she loved and admired so dearly, bedridden affected Georgette profoundly.

In 1951, Georgette married Albert Nathan Ebanks, whom she had met as a teenager when he was in the Islands Home Guard during World War II. During their courtship, Nathan had a severe fall in 1946 from the George Town Lookout above Fort George and subsequently received treatment in the United States. Unfortunately, the injury would affect his decision making throughout his life. To this union were born 3 children – daughters – Anita, Ella and Laura.

And there was more hardship to come for Georgette. The forced sale of her family house in 1952 and the surrounding land holdings would impact her financially. However, it was the loss of connection to her ancestral home, where four generations of her family were born, including her first child, that saddened her the most.

After losing the ties to her family property, Georgette migrated to the United States with her baby, Anita, and settled in New York City, where many of her cousins lived. Her seaman husband Nathan's home port was also located in the city. Living in a big city brought excitement but many challenges for a young woman, especially when Georgette welcomed their second daughter, Ella. Yet despite limited resources, Georgette ensured her young children sampled many of the city's wonderful child-centered activities, from parks to museums. Georgette had an immense love of culture. She worked many jobs, with the last being as a nanny and with assistance from her family living there and her brother, she managed to make ends meet while living in New York.

When Georgette moved back to Grand Cayman with her two young daughters in the late 50s, the economic opportunities for women were limited. She worked part-time at the Galleon Beach Hotel and Capital Traders before securing full-time employment with HO Merren & Company.

Georgette and Nathan's youngest daughter, Laura, was born in 1963 and unfortunately their marriage continued





to break down, and it wasn't long before Georgette became a single mother again. Like many single mothers during this period, Georgette struggled to provide for her children, and she often relied on the support of her brother, extended family, her Church, and above all, she said. . . "Help from my Heavenly Father!" But what Georgette lacked in financial resources, she made up for with love. Many happy times with her daughters were spent behind their great-grandmother's South Sound house on the beach during moonlit nights or taking them to the Public Library to borrow their favorite books. Georgette always called her young family a "book-loving family." Those who knew Georgette best knew that her family was her world, and she would often say that her three daughters were the best thing that ever happened to her. She was an amazing mother whose love was always evident through her acts of kindness, thoughtfulness, hugs and kisses.

Georgette was always interested in the future and the protection of the

Cayman Islands. This was evident from the early days attending the political meetings of Mr Ormond Panton, with her cousin, Lassie, to her support of various political individuals of today. In the years before her stroke in 2021, Georgette could be heard contributing to the lively discussions on local radio shows, voicing her concerns about serious issues affecting the country and advocating for positive change.

But long before Georgette was "running up her mouth" on the radio as she called it, she was a civil servant. Joining the service in 1969, she worked most of her years at the General Post Office in George Town. One of the highlights of her time as a civil servant was a three-month United Nations Postal Service course she attended in St Lucia in 1979. Following this training, Georgette became Supervisor of Incoming and Outgoing Mail at the George Town Post Office and took great pleasure in meeting and assisting people from all walks of life.



On July 29, 1988, Georgette retired. She then had time to delight even more in her role as grandmother to her first grandchild, Satina. Later, Georgette took care of her youngest granddaughter, Janelle, after she got out of school in the afternoons. She was overjoyed when her first and only grandson, Jason, was born. Georgette cherished her years as a grandmother and enjoyed her visits with each of her grandchildren, always reminding them of her love for them and the importance of prayer. She enjoyed discussing the latest happenings with her family during birthday celebrations and yearly Christmas dinners, and having spiritual conversations with her grandson or hearing about the many travel adventures of her granddaughters, which filled her equally with dread and exhilaration. Georgette loved her brother, Booth and her cousin, Capt. Paul very much and maintained a close relationship with them over the years. She spoke with them on the telephone almost every day until the last few weeks when her health declined significantly.



Moving into her own house in the early 1980s was an accomplishment that Georgette was truly grateful and thankful for, as during her struggles it seemed almost impossible at times. But her prayers were answered by the God that she served. Georgette enjoyed tending to her fruit trees and flowering plants after retirement, sharing ackees and breadfruit with family and neighbors, and arranging bouquets of the flowers she grew for Church. Sharing whatever she had was the golden rule Georgette lived by, and she loved cooking her family bean dinners with coconut milk and cornmeal dumplings, turkey meatballs, and vegetable soup.

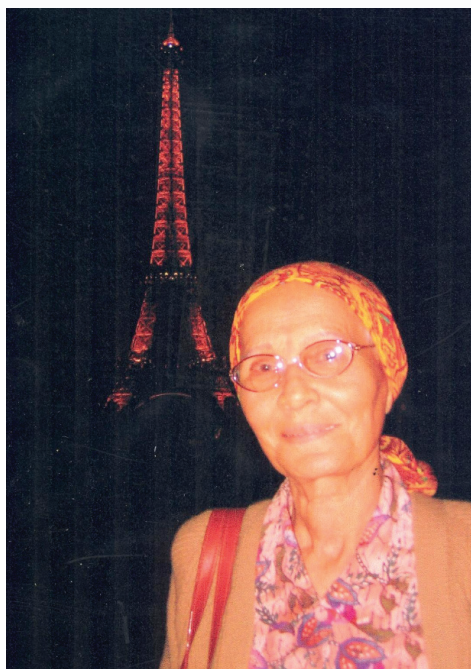
Georgette was raised in a Christian household and attended church with her parents as a child. She was an active member of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (now known as the Community of Christ) and was baptized in 1963. Over the years she held various positions within the church

such as Sunday School teacher, the Priesthood role and as a member of their social committee. She always enjoyed hosting overseas church members from the US, allowing them to stay in her home during their visits. Helping with Vacation bible school was another activity which she found such joy in doing. She was a devoted Christian who made reading the Bible daily and praying an important part of her life.

Georgette dreamed of traveling, and as a young girl, she first traveled through books. Her first journey off the Island was in 1951 to Jamaica on the PBY Catalina flying boat with her infant daughter Anita, to obtain her US visa. Then, Georgette traveled by sea to Jamaica aboard the motorboat Caymania to catch her flight to New York. This sparked a lifelong love of travel. After retirement, Georgette



took vacations with her children and grandchildren, touring around the Caribbean, many states in the USA, the West Coast of Canada, the Highlands of Scotland, England, and Western Europe. Before losing sight and mobility, her last adventure was in Rome, gazing up at Michelangelo's famous frescos in the Sistine Chapel. Though travel was a dream fulfilled, one of Georgette's greatest dreams was to become a great-grandmother before she died. She was over the moon with the birth of her great granddaughter, Luca. Luca was Georgette's greatest joy. They had a special relationship, and Luca loved singing to her Ganie G during her many visits.



As one of Cayman's early suffragettes, Georgette was recognised with numerous awards and was one of the interviewees in the documentary: "Her Story is Our History..." In 2015, the National Museum created a special exhibit honoring her contribution to women's history in the Cayman Islands. Also a voice actor in her time, Georgette is the voice of Miss Hettie at the Museum to this day. While the younger generations may never have had an opportunity to meet Miss Georgette, as she is lovingly known, they can hear her voice. A voice that will be missed by many, but especially by her immediate family.

In October 2021, Georgette had a stroke which left her bed-ridden. She was cared for attentively and lovingly by her



long-time helpers, Rita and Phyllis; together with caregivers from Caring Hands (Diana, Shauna, Tanesha, Claudette, Suzette, Iris and Mervis). After a brief illness, Georgette passed away peacefully at home with her three daughters by her side on Tuesday, October 17, 2023, at age 96. She entered the world surrounded by love and left it surrounded by love.

TRIBUTE TO OUR DARLING MOTHER



“Who yah Mama is?” And we would answer, “Miss Georgette from South Sound.”

Yes, Miss Georgette was our mother! And being a mother was one of the most important parts of her life, a role that gave her so much pride and joy. Our wonderful Mother dedicated her life to being ever so loving, nurturing, patient, giving and supportive... always putting our needs before her own, which made a huge difference in our lives... molding us into who we are today.

She was one of the strongest women ever, and we were extremely blessed to have her as our matriarch.... stories of her quiet strength, courage, and dignity will continue to provide a role model for future generations of our family.

She was a woman of strong faith and instilled in us the importance of God, prayer, sisterhood, hard work and always doing what is right. We promised her that following her passing that we would continue to remain close as Sisters and supportive of one another.

Anita's Memories

I have so many special memories of my Mummy or Mummy Lum as I called her, and we only have a few minutes to share those this afternoon. Growing up she was always there for me, especially dealing with my difficulties spelling and issues with English homework. She was my walking Dictionary even into adulthood.

She loved reminding me about how I learned to walk with my chubby little legs on her grandfather, Miothan Eden's front porch where Sunset House is now located.

In 2010 I accompanied Mummy to Miami for her eye surgery. Although it was both challenging before and after the surgery, we each enjoyed our one-on-one time together, the companionship and the long talks on a variety of topics. Another important memory is the weeks interviewing my mother for the special exhibit honoring her that the Museum, especially Debra Barnes Tabora, the Curator, needed in creating it. I learnt so many new facts about Mummy during those sessions.

Another of my most precious memories are those special Sundays with just her and I together at her house. Oh how Mummy enjoyed my breakfasts of very soft scrambled eggs using coconut cream, corn grits, baked beans, and creamy spinach. And of course, a cup of her favorite herbal tea, Twinings Camomile, Honey & Vanilla. I would teasingly say to her “You don't have an appetite you have an appa-slack”. Those special times will live on in my memory forever.

Your loving first born daughter, Anita



Ella's Memories

Love is the word that embodied you, my Precious BabeBabe, with so many cherished memories here are a few of some very special ones.

When you'd read my favorite storybook you brought all the characters to life while imitating each voice in such a fun way as I nestled against your arm in your big hammock. You didn't hesitate to read it again if I asked you to.

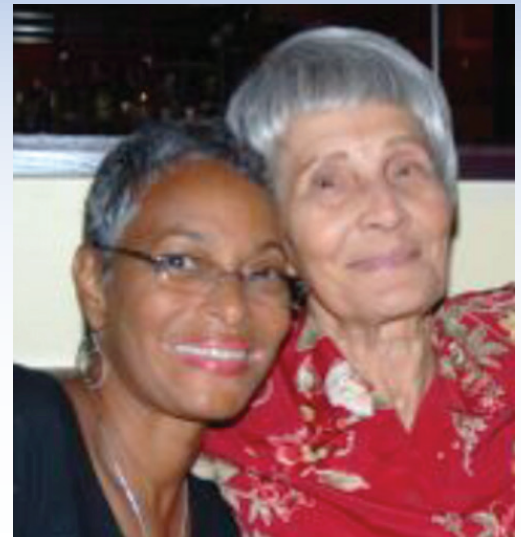
Moonlight nights you enjoyed pointing out the big and small dipper among the stars in the sky. Those nights were always fun, educational and filled with so much laughter, hugs and kisses.

Your many thyroid checkups in Miami included trying any new restaurants on Miracle Mile. Ruby Tuesdays restaurant at Dadeland Mall had a soup which became your favorite and a must on every trip.

You had three favorite places for our after lunch Sunday drives. The first place would be just a bit past South Sound dock next to the boat which didn't have a name so we decided to give it a name 'No Name Boat'. Here you would enjoy the gentle sound of the lapping sea and feeling those soft breezes while sitting in your beach chair. Second stop would be on the side next to Burger King listening to the waves breaking against the iron shore. Last stop would be our special place in the North Sound which always had the strongest breezes. You'd close your eyes and breathe in that fresh sea air. Those outings were filled with stories, singing hymns and saying how super much we loved each other.

BabeBabe thank you for almost 70 years of constant and consistent Love. I'll forever miss you, my comfort is the knowledge that you're in that Beautiful Place with JESUS.

Your Loving second daughter, Ella



Laura's Memories

As the youngest and due to the significant age gap between my sisters, Mommy and I had many years with just the two of us living together and we shared a very close bond. She often told me that some of her friends didn't realize that she had a third daughter – to which I joked “your pregnancy must have been the best kept secret in Cayman!” I remember as a young child all the wonderful presents Mommy would buy for me. From books to my first Barbie doll, which I still have to this day. As I got older, I realized the sacrifices she made to provide those gifts, but that was my Mommy always doing things that brought others joy.

Following the birth of our daughter, Mommy allowed Lee and I to stay with her while our house was being built, which we enjoyed and appreciated immensely. She happily became our “on call” babysitter whenever needed, but especially during Janelle and Jason's school holidays. Mommy traveled with my family on many trips over the

years. I will always remember the trip to Paris, when we thought Mommy would be too tired to visit the Eiffel Tower at night to which she firmly told us “I didn't come all this way to stay in the hotel room”! So that night we all enjoyed seeing the Tower lit up.

Mommy was a worrier even though she took everything to God in prayer. I recall during one of my visits with her while she was in hospital, she said “I hope you are wearing shoes and not sandals” since I mentioned that it looked rainy outside. That was my Mommy, always thinking about me even when she was very sick herself.

I will always love you, miss you and cherish all these precious memories forever.

Your loving baby daughter, Laura



Lee's Memories

Ms Georgette or Mommy as I called her was like a “second” mother to me, who welcomed me into her family circle over 40 years ago. She always told me how much she loved me and that I was like the “son she never had – just like a born son”. I also told her many times how much I admired and loved her.

She was a kind and caring lady who always asked about how my family overseas were doing and that she was praying for them all. We had many conversations over the years about a variety of topics from family values to local & world events. But she always ended by encouraging and reminding me of the benefits of reading the Bible and the Daily Bread books.

I will forever cherish and remember all the good advice she gave me and the love she demonstrated.

Your loving son-in-law, Lee



TRIBUTE FROM BROTHER

My dearest sister, we were the only two children of our parents. I was born on 16 January 1934, and you were 6 years and 4 months older than me. The day I was born they brought you into the room to welcome your baby brother and when you were leaving you said “good night my little brother”. Up until the last time we spoke to each other (two weeks before your passing) you still reminded me that I was your little brother. Our dad was a seaman and went to sea often therefore our mother would stay at home taking care of the house, our father’s plantation, and her disabled mother. As a result, our mother would often call you to help take care of me. My earliest memory is you giving me a bath you would bathe, dress me and comb my hair, which in those days they didn’t cut a boy’s hair until 3 years old I inherited my hair from our mother’s side and you from our father’s side and I remember you saying “I am a girl and I should have the good hair”. Every afternoon you gave me a bath and dressed me and carried me around the neighborhood. I recall one particular evening you were crossing Cousin Valida’s house with me on your hip and she said “why don’t you let Booth walk as he is too big for you to carry” to which you replied that I might hurt my little feet. That’s how much you cared for your little brother.

Your little brother was quite a scamp at times like every boy can be. Our mother raised chickens and when the chickens stopped laying eggs Mom would kill them to eat. You could not stand the sight of the chickens being beheaded and would go away somewhere else. As a result of your dislike of this one day I decided to save the chicken’s head and when you came out, I chased you with it. You ran around the house screaming with me chasing you with the chicken’s head and laughing until you fell and skinned your knee. Our mother gave my little bottom a good spanking and I never did that again.

You could climb trees as good as I could. I remember one day you, me and the neighbor’s girls (June and Pal) were up in the guinep tree, and a frog jumped on you and you climbed down from that tree a lot faster than you climbed up and in the process your skirt got hooked on a limb and we had to rescue you.



One day we were looking for mangoes in Capt. Denham Thompson’s cow pasture and when we were coming out and not paying attention suddenly before us was his big bull. We dropped our basket of mangoes and climbed the nearest tree which was a Logwood tree that has lots of thorns. The sharp thorns didn’t stop us from climbing that tree to get away from the bull. We were in the tree for about 15 to 20 minutes before the bull wandered off, however coming down the tree was a different story as we got stuck with the thorns multiple times. Despite all the mangoes in that pasture we never went back there because of our fear of the bull.

We had a happy childhood until 1943 when the boat

that our father was working on was torpedoed in November. Our mother never got over the loss of our dad. The last letter that she received from dad stated that he was coming home for Christmas. Since then whenever we hear the song "I Will Be Home For Christmas" it makes us sad.

We both attended Triple C School but in 1944 I left, and you continued and graduated in the school's first graduating class. I went to sea at 16 years old and left you at home with our mother who died shortly afterwards, and I didn't return home until 1958. Our mother's family property was left to our youngest aunt who sold the property and Georgette was left with no place to stay. So, I assisted Georgette to go to Jamaica with her young daughter, Anita, to obtain a visa for the United States. She lived for several years in New York, and I continued to assist her. In January 1953 I went to visit you in your apartment and to say goodbye as the next morning I was leaving to fly to California to join the ship going to Japan. Every time I came to port, I would call you to come to visit until one trip I called and got no answer. I did not see you again until returning home to Cayman in December 1958 where you had been ever since. I made frequent trips to sea and when I came home we both lived together in our paternal grandmother's house. You finally got your own home in Windsor Park during the time that I was working with heavy equipment. So, I brought a machine and planted a breadfruit, ackee and lime tree in your yard and you were so happy for them.

You had a happy life in your own home with your 3 wonderful daughters. I would come and visit you and eat with your family and enjoy your company. Your daughters would bring you up to my house for a visit or you would call me or I call you on the telephone. Then Covid came along and I told Georgette that I would not visit anymore since our job involved being around a lot of people and I didn't want to bring the virus to her. She understood and said it was so thoughtful of her dear brother and we just continued to talk on the phone. I would call you every day and often sing hymns for you even when my voice was damaged because of illness you still enjoyed listening to me sing.

I got a call from your daughters that you were getting sicker, and you were leaving us. Your daughter put the phone by your ears, and I spoke my last words and I sang my last song for you which was "I come to the garden alone". My sister, you are gone to be with your eternal Father, but your memories will still be with me.

Your loving and broken hearted little brother, Booth Hurlston

TRIBUTE TO OUR GRANDMOTHER (GANIE)



Ganie was a kind and caring person who loved God and her family fiercely! Every time we spoke she told us how much she loved us and that the only person that loved us more was God. She would even write beautiful birthday cards or letters telling us that.

A few times when we went shopping with her we would overhear her speaking with a friend or someone she met in the supermarket about our family. She took great pride in all of us! She even used to carry a photo album in her handbag and we can just see her now pulling that out to show someone our recent family photos!

Satina's Memories

You had a way of closing your eyes when you were listening. It's often the way of writers. And if anyone knew beyond all else that you were a writer, they knew that to delight you meant indulging you with the most descriptive language. When I returned from that trip to Russia years ago, I presented you with a wooden hand-painted egg I bought after visiting Savior of the Spilled Blood in St. Petersburg. I had entered the cathedral just as a boy's choir began singing, and when I shared that with you, I had to explain the interior's scale and how shadows from the lit candles flickered against the blue mosaics. You were so immersed in that memory that I joined you there and realized that I had forgotten those angelic voices made me cry. You loved that. You didn't want to just hear about my



experiences; you wanted to live them. See them in your "mind's eye"; as you called the place you painted pictures with words.

You were a lover of details when your eyes worked. Shades of purple could be an hour-long conversation for us. Lilac was your favorite. And if I confused shade with color, you corrected me.

Butterfly wings took your breath away, or the way the morning dew jeweled the leaves of a tree, or a pearl button on a blouse. You made the perfect French-style scrambled eggs with just evaporated milk and salt, and you could edit my writing by just hearing me read it, inserting a semicolon when I got ahead of myself and put a full stop. You delighted in excellence and, sometimes, mischief. But even when no one was watching, you were a lady. Pinky fingers up. I will love you, always, and I know you loved me.

Tina

Janelle's Memories

Ganie, I loved when you read to me as a child or told me a story of your childhood. You had a wonderful voice for telling stories – expressive with a lovely tone which brought what you were reading to life. You loved books so much – you would read your Bible, devotionals, novels or children's books to my brother and I. You took us to get our first library card. You also told me as a young person you had read almost all the books in the library at that time.

You loved looking at nature – looking out your window or walking in your garden watching birds, butterflies and dragonflies that you called "needlecases". You would always put water in your garden's bird bath for the birds to drink from and bathe in. I remember during our family visit to Loch Lomond in Scotland, when you touched the water, you were so excited to feel how cold it was. I'm glad I have a picture that captured your emotions at that moment.

You were so excited to be a great grandmother and wanted Luca to call you "Ganie G". You told me that you were one of the last of your friends to become a great grandmother. I'm sorry you became a great grandmother so late in life, and wish that you and Luca could have had more time together. I'm glad you and Luca got to sing songs to each other. You were able to feel how strong her little legs were getting and learn that she had a love for books and stories just as you did. I will continue to share my many fond memories of my time with you as a fantastic grandmother.

You gave me a bookmark that said "Love is the button that holds hearts together". You were our family's button!

Janelle



Jason's Memories

During the holidays as a child, I remember you took me many times to ride my bicycle at the Catholic school's parking lot or at Eden Centre. Some days we would go into town to visit your friends at the Post Office and afterwards walk by the waterfront to Norberg's Bakery. You would get a bit embarrassed with me at times as I would eat so many of the rumcake samples. I recall you saying "Jason there won't be any left for the tourists!"

As I got older, we occasionally drove along the seaside with the windows down, as you enjoyed smelling the sea breeze. On one of our last times out before your eyesight got worse, we went from West Bay to East End - you remarked on how much the island had changed. But there was always a gentle smile on your face as you shared special memories of your past and the 'old Cayman'.

Throughout the years, I enjoyed eating with you during some of my lunch breaks. If I started to eat my food out of the container you'd reprimand me! You'd always stressed how important it was to plate out my food, use all the proper cutlery and napkins even if I was eating alone. You always instilled proper etiquette.

Over the last several years, on weekends I would read inspiring stories from your devotional books and scriptures. You would often reflect on how the stories from Max Lucado's book, 'Grace for the Moment' made you feel (getting emotional at times) - expressing how we should apply some of those principles to our lives. I miss spending time with you Ganie and will cherish all those memories for the rest of my life!

Jason



TRIBUTE TO SISTER GEORGETTE FROM THE COMMUNITY OF CHRIST CHURCH

Ms. Georgette, with just the mention of her name one would naturally associate her as one who enjoyed a long and outstanding career in the postal service. However, she was also known as a spiritual leader, a social activist and as a historian as well.

She attended what was once known as the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints now renamed the Community of Christ situated in George Town. She served as a member in various capacities such as a Sunday school teacher, the Priest hood, and our social committee.

Our church history has recorded that there were several women from the South Sound community who regularly attended the church in the 1920's. After Ms. Georgette's return to the island, she indicated her desire to become a member and was baptized on March 9, 1963 by Brother Darwin Bush at Smith Barcadere in South Sound.

She was a very faithful member and took her baptism seriously, so much so that she accepted the invitation to join the PriestHood and was ordained to the office of Priest on May 18, 2003.

Sister Georgette would subsequently be elected to serve as a delegate to attend our 1986 World church conference held in Independence Missouri.

Many can recall the attributes of this very elegant Saint. She was very passionate about the welfare of others and would often give advice on the benefits of maintaining your body as a temple of God. She was also a strong advocate of forgiveness.

Potluck lunches were one of her favorite social events where she would prepare her famous turkey balls. Church members would also look forward to her bringing one of Laura's blueberry cheesecakes. She delighted in watching Brother Corey and Brother Vernon compete to see who would get the biggest slice of the cheesecake.

Sister Georgette also had the ability to recall from memory one's birth date and personal telephone information. She took a special interest in the fund-raising activities. Especially when it came to the bake sales often held on the doorsteps of the A.L. Thompson hardware store in George Town. One could always depend on her to show up to assist with the serving of cake and beverages.



She was always available to assist with any of our church activities.

Sister Georgette continued to attend church on a regular basis even for Wednesday night prayer service. Indeed, it was a delight to see her in attendance on special occasions such as Mother's Day accompanied by her three daughters. Even as her eyesight grew dim, she would often get one of her daughters to transport her to church and only stopped attending with the advent of COVID.

Her legacy will continue to live on in the memories of her church family, especially those who attended her Sunday school classes. Their lives were impacted in a very dynamic and positive way by Sister Georgette.

Church members will long remember and cherish her kindness, goodness, and forgiving heart.

Gone but will never be forgotten; may her soul rest in eternal peace.

The Community of Christ.



Ms. Georgette, as we all called her, was a larger-than-life woman who contributed tremendously to the fabric of the Cayman Islands.

Ms. Georgette was enrolled in Triple C School in 1942 just one year after the fledgling school was started. Triple C was the place to be and her parents saw that and enrolled her and her brother Booth right away. Ms. Georgette was to spend the next five years at the new school and graduated in the first graduating class of that school in 1947. She recalled that the school had no name at the time, but within a short time the students in 1944 led by their new principal, Carolyn Mernen, chose the name of the school in a rather unusual way. Triple C School became a huge influence that would help to form her character, her attitude and her commitment to duty and to the Lord and she never forgot that.

I knew who Ms. Georgette was when she worked in the Post Office but had no interaction with her. Upon her retirement and availability and my desire to know more about the early days of Triple C School, I started to visit



her; it was not difficult to get the information I was seeking. She gushed with appreciation for her teachers and the school and told me so many stories that made us both laugh. But her highest praise went to Ms. Hehr, a teacher who was a perfectionist with language and made sure the students both spoke and wrote properly. That training and discipline paid off and was reflected in the way she expressed herself. Her love and devotion for her alma mater continued throughout her life. There was no doubt that she loved Triple C School - all three of her daughters are graduates-- again showing the confidence and loyalty she had in the school that had meant so much to her as a young girl.

She often called in to the radio programs and just mentioning the word Triple C School and Ms. Georgette would take over with stories that were saturated with warm memories and love for the school that had prepared her for the challenges of life. One of the first challenges facing these five new female graduates was the fact that they could not vote even when they reached 21 because it just wasn't allowed. She and the other four female graduates, though still in their teens, emboldened by their education and maturity, along with others, challenged in 1948, just one year after her graduation the male dominated leadership and the laws of the land to demand the right to vote. History proves that was not to be, but it sent the message that these young, educated, and empowered females would not accept being second class citizens. That was Ms. Georgette - Bold, strong, articulate and outspoken but always with respect. She could debate but was never combative. She never lost an opportunity to brag about Triple C School and wanted to keep up with whatever was happening. Just make sure you said nothing negative about the school. She just wouldn't allow it!!

I grew to respect and admire Ms. Georgette highly. She was a role model for me as a Christian leader. I enjoyed our visits and loved her stories. I hoped that I could be as bold and as articulate as she was in expressing my opinion in whatever I held dear. Triple C was high on her list and mine too!!!



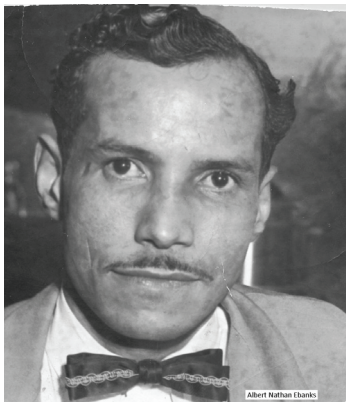
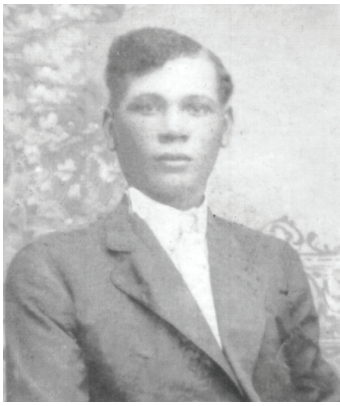
She was a product and a true friend of Triple C School. Today we applaud her life at this service; we thank her for her loyalty and we will always retain (as some of this is written in the archives of Triple C School) the memories of a student whose love for her school went beyond mere words and empty gestures. Thank you, Ms. Georgette. Thanks for the model and example you were to all of us. Rest in peace; we'll reminisce some more in heaven!!

Marjorie Ebanks

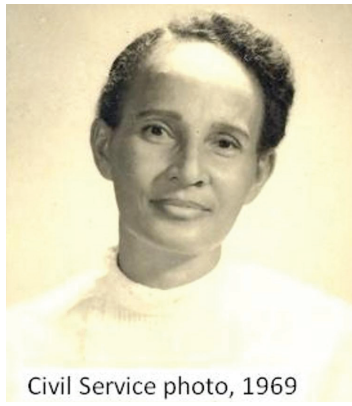


Returning on the Caymania with Anita mid-1950s





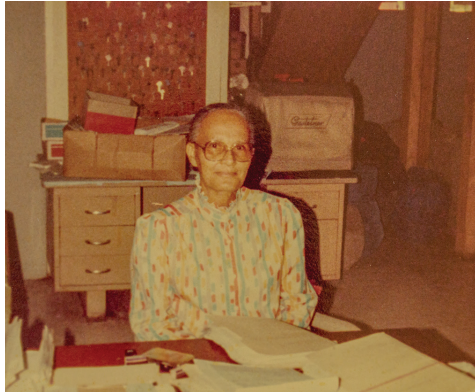
Albert Nathan Banks



Civil Service photo, 1969



scenes of the Cayman Islands at Office, 1980s



At the launch for 'The Southwell Years' book with her brother booth, 2003



At the Public Library, 1990s



Her 65th Birthday





31 FaceTime with her youngest granddaughter Janelle, 2015



His Eye Is On The Sparrow

Why should I feel discouraged, why should the shadows come,
Why should my heart be lonely, and long for heaven and
home,

When Jesus is my portion? My constant friend is He:
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

*Refrain: I sing because I'm happy,
I sing because I'm free,
For His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know He watches me.*

"Let not your heart be troubled," His tender word I hear,
And resting on His goodness, I lose my doubts and fears;
Though by the path He leadeth, but one step I may see;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

Whenever I am tempted, whenever clouds arise,
When songs give place to sighing, when hope within me dies,
I draw the closer to Him, from care He sets me free;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

God Will Take Care of You

Be not dismayed whatever betide,
God will take care of you;
Beneath his wings of love abide,
God will take care of you.

*Refrain: God will take care of you,
Through every day, O'er all the way;
He will take care of you, God will take care of you.*

Through days of toil when heart doth fail,
God will take care of you;
When dangers fierce your path assail,
God will take care of you.

All you may need He will provide,
God will take care of you;
Nothing you ask will be denied,
God will take care of you.

No matter what may be the test,
God will take care of you;
Lean, weary one, upon his breast,
God will take care of you.

Great Is Thy Faithfulness

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

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

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

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

'Tis So Sweet To Trust In Jesus

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

*Chorus: Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him;
How I've proved Him o'er and o'er
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus;
Oh for grace to trust Him more.*

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

Yes, 'tis so 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.

GRAVESIDE SERVICE

Scripture Reading : Isaiah 55:6-9..... Pastor Corey Anderson

Prayer..... Pastor Vernon Webb

Hymn *Oh Beulah Land*

Committal..... Pastor Vernon Webb

Hymns: *His Eye Is On The Sparrow, Great Is Thy Faithfulness, God Will Take Care of You, Tis So Sweet To Trust In Jesus, Higher Ground*

Closing Blessing Pastor Vernon Webb

Higher Ground

I'm pressing on the upward way,
New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
Still praying as I'm onward bound,
"Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."

*Refrain: Lord, lift me up, and let me stand
By faith, on heaven's tableland;
A higher plane than I have found,
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.*

My heart has no desire to stay
Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
Though some may dwell where these abound,
My prayer, my aim, is higher ground. [Refrain]

I want to live above the world,
Though Satan's darts at me are hurled;
For faith has caught a joyful sound,
The song of saints on higher ground. [Refrain]

I want to scale the utmost height,
And catch a gleam of glory bright;
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found,
"Lord, lead me on to higher ground." [Refrain]

Thanks and Acknowledgement

The family of the late Georgette Vadine Ebanks would like to express their sincere thanks and deep appreciation to all relatives and friends, both overseas and in Cayman, for their outpouring of love. Your prayers, calls, written messages, and numerous acts of kindness during our time of great loss will always be remembered. Your personal memories of our Mother brought us such comfort and joy and will never be forgotten. Special thanks to Dr. Yin, Dr Fiona Robertson, the doctors and nurses of the HSA emergency and medical ward, the staff at Jasmine, her devoted helpers and Caring Hands' caregivers for their compassionate care. Special thanks to Scott Ruby and the team at Bodden's Funeral Home and Pastor Alson and the staff at the Church of God Chapel. And our special thanks to Pastors Vernon Webb and Corey Anderson and all the members of the Community of Christ church for all their assistance with the funeral.