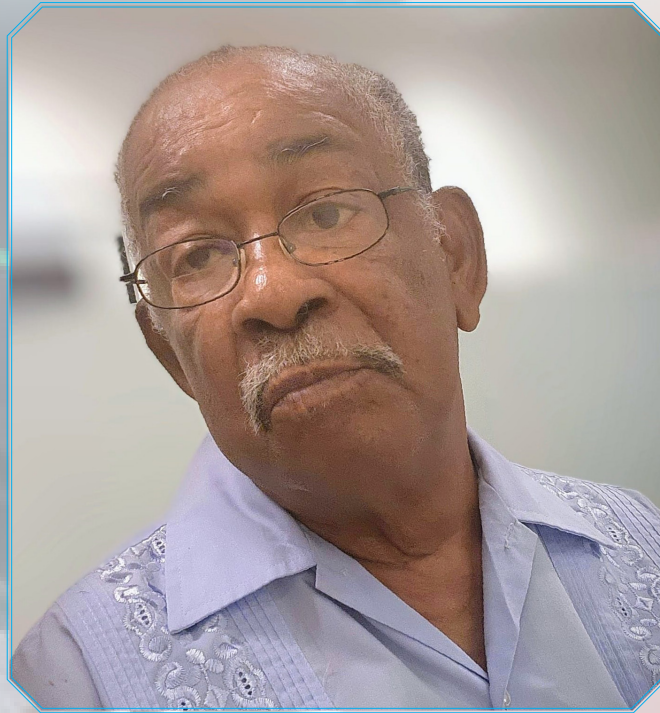


Celebrating the Life of



William "Bill" Benjamin Simmonds

Sunrise: August 15, 1947 – Sunset: December 29, 2023

Craddock Ebanks Civic Centre, North Side

Sunday, January 21, 2024 at 3pm

Viewing: 2pm - 2.50pm

OFFICIATING MINISTERS

Pastor Conway King

Pastor Maurice Chambers

Keyboardist

Joylyn Ebanks-King

Interment at the North Side Cemetery

Please turn off all cell phones when entering the Civic Centre

ABSOLUTELY NO PHOTOGRAPHS PLEASE

Order of Service

Video Presentation/ Musical Interlude

Opening Remarks Pastor Maurice Chambers

Prayer Pastor Conway King

Scripture Reading- "John 14 1-3" Pastor Conway King

Opening Hymn "What a Day That will be" Congregation

Tributes from:

Wife: Helen Simmonds Mrs. Kerry Nixon, JP

Special Song from Wife "There You'll Be" - Faith Hill"

Children: Mrs. Nellie Pouchie-Solomon

Special Song from Children "Jealous of the Angels"

Grandchildren: Mrs. Terri Forbes & Miss. Azariah Graham

Special song from Grandchildren- "Farther Along" Miss. Anjelina Greene

Nieces and Nephews Miss Marilyn Hines

Jamaica Family members Mr. Sheldon Dwyer

Life Story Mr. Donnie Dixon

Song- "Jesus Paid It All" Seaside Sisters

Sermon Pastor Maurice Chambers

Prayer of Comfort for the Family Pastor Conway King

Benediction Pastor Maurice Chambers

Closing Song - Pre-recorded "Amazing Grace, My Chains are Gone"

Pallbearers

Glenwood Ebanks
Dorin Greene
Albert Hines

Errol Locke
Shaun Simmonds
Matthew Watler

Honorary Pallbearers

Damian Chambers
Gary Chisholm
Roy Conolly
Donnie Dixon
Sheldon Dwyer
Ryan Ebanks
Hank Ebanks
Rafael Ebanks
Ronald Forbes
Ronnie Forbes
Ricardo Graham
Jared Greene

Alexander Greene
Warvin Harris
Fitzroy Hines
Delroy Hogarth
Victor Hogarth
Warren Hogarth
Wycliffe McDonald
Ransford McLean
Gregory Morgan
Thomas Morgan
Roland Pouchie
Linsford Rankin

Rodney Rivers
Adrian Rivers
Nelson Smith
Jerry Smith
Hubert Smith
Crosby Watler
Lloyd Watson
Anthony "Tony" Watson
William Whittaker
Barrington Williams

Ushers

Mrs. Terri Forbes & Miss Marilyn Hines

Guest Book Attendant

Mrs. Karen Forbes & Miss. Kristen Forbes

Life Story

William Benjamin Simmonds, affectionately known by all as “Bill”, was born on August 15, 1947 in Mocho, Clarendon, Jamaica. He was the tenth child of twelve children born to Hezekiah and Etheline Simmonds.

During childhood, he assisted with the family farmland inclusive of attending to the animals, prior to going to school on a daily basis, which would explain his love and passion for farming and rearing animals, which he continued to maintain up until his illness.

On February 24, 1970, Mr. Jerald Smith of North Side brought Bill and his brother, Roderick, to Cayman from Jamaica on work permits to do construction and farming work. From that day, Cayman became his home until his passing.

On February 26, 1970, Bill had the pleasure of meeting Helen at her parents’ wedding. It seemed to be love at first sight because they shortly became a couple and, in February 1973, their first daughter, Pauline, was born. On his 27th birthday, August 15, 1974, he married Helen, the love of his life. In February 1975 (on Pauline’s 2nd birthday), their second child, Susan, was born.

Bill continued to work in the construction industry with numerous construction companies such as McAlpine, Hurlstone Construction, and Allied Construction. Bill contributed to the construction of many buildings and homes in Cayman such as the first Royal Bank building, Piccadilly building and car park, the Court House, the Legislative Assembly building, quite a number of million-dollar homes on Seven Mile Beach, Yacht Club, and Rum Point, to name a few.

Bill worked hard from day one to provide for his family and built the family home which they moved into in November 1977 and he remained until his illness. In November 1979, his last daughter, Charlotte, was born.

He fully embraced and adapted the Cayman traditions including “backing” sand for the yard at Christmas times. He suggested to Helen to make small baskets for the girls so that they could be involved with the sand backing tradition also, and this was a family event every Christmas season for many years.

Bill had always been very practical and believed in helping himself and ensuring the same attributes were instilled in his children and grandchildren. He and Helen enjoyed during crab season to go to catch crabs so that a new staple would be available for family meals. Over the years, he was able to teach Charlotte and his first grandchild, Marco (who preceded him in death) how to catch crabs, which he was very proud to see them doing.

He would look forward to spending time with his children and grandchildren, whether on weekends, birthdays or the various holidays, as he truly enjoyed family events as simple as they may seem.

One of Bill’s favorite meals was a good fish dinner, and it was his pleasure to go fishing from the shore as well as set a fish pot, a ritual he and Helen did on a weekly basis up until his illness began and he could no longer stand for long periods of time. When he was unable to go fishing any longer, he would purchase fish from the North Side fishermen so as to always have some fresh fish at home. From a very tender age, Bill learned about farming and had a profound love for same. He believed in showing the younger ones about farming so as to ensure “there was always something to eat”. While he had hired a number of farm workers over the years, he was also very hands on with same in the evenings and weekends, along with Helen. They both ensured their daughters were involved with the farm work, a chore that the daughters did not necessarily like at the time but have grown to appreciate. Matthew and grandson Marco would accompany him to the farm on many occasions. Grandsons Alexander and Jared during summer times that were spent in North Side also were subjected to partaking in the farming events. It was Bill’s pleasure to be able to offer any and everyone who visited him something from his farm or yard, whether it was ackees, breadfruits, mangoes, plantains, naseberries, tomatoes, etc.

In addition to the farming, Bill also raised a number of animals over the years, whether it was cows, pigs, rabbits, chickens, dogs, or goats, there was always some form of animal under his care even up until his passing.

Following his retirement from construction in early 2002, Bill purchased a bus and obtained a Public Transport permit and commenced a bus service from North Side, something that was lacking for a number of years. He was a stickler for neatness and strongly believed in taking care of his possessions. His bus was always clean - and don’t you dare slam his bus door! He continued to drive the bus for a number of years until he developed arthritis in his knees which made it difficult for him to sit for prolonged periods.

Bill made every effort to be informed regarding the happenings with the Government and the country’s affairs. He would consistently listen to the news and political debates of the Legislative proceedings. When necessary, he became involved in the political events in North Side and assisted as needed, such as being instrumental in the construction of the North Side public beach facilities in Cayman Kai many years ago.

Bill was a lover of cricket and for many years on Saturday morning he would tune into Jamaica radio station RJR for the cricket commentating. Once the cricket games started to air on the TV, no one could watch anything if cricket was on.

For a number of years, Bill battled with a number of health issues, which escalated since 2022 when the ambulance was called for him and he had to be hospitalized on a number of occasions. On August 28, 2023, during his regular six-week check up with the kidney specialist, the doctor ordered a test due to the shortness of breath he was experiencing at the time, which resulted in him having to be hospitalized on September 1, 2023, due to complete kidney failure. He was transferred to Health City on September 5, 2023, and endured many ups and downs which he fought assiduously until his passing on December 29, 2023 at 10.30pm.

William “Bill” Benjamin Simmonds was preceded in death by his parents; four brothers; three sisters; grandson, Marco Rankine; brothers-in-law Ricardo Ebanks and Eddie Ebanks; and sister-in-law, Jewel Forbes.

Left to mourn his passing and cherish his memories are his devoted wife of 49 years, Helen; three children, Pauline Greene, Susan Graham and Charlotte Simmonds; sons-in-law, Dorin Greene and Ricardo Graham; grandchildren, Alexander Greene and his wife Peyton; Jared Greene; Ashantae Graham; Anjelina Greene; Azariah Graham; and J’Vaughn Miller; great-grandchildren, Asia and Anaya Greene; sisters, Nellie Simmonds, Nettie Simmonds; Lily-Bell “Kitty” Smith; and Olive Travers; brothers-in-law, Hubert Smith and Ransford McLean; sisters-in-law, Melrose McLean and Ella Ebanks; Godson, Oshane Watson; special friends, Fitzroy Hines and Anthony “Tony” Watson; nieces; nephews; cousins; and a host of other relatives and friends.

May his precious soul rest in perfect peace and light perpetual shine upon him.

Bill, it breaks my heart to let you go. You were my first true love, my life partner, and my friend. I am blessed to have known you for 53 years, 49 years as your wife. I couldn't ask for a better husband as you were also a great father and provider for our family, we were never in need of anything.

As I was never able to drive you would be the one to take me places that was too far to walk, until the children got their license. I truly enjoyed all the time we spent together, whether it was fishing, where you would always want to check if you caught more fish than me, crabbing, going to supermarket, where you would just wait patiently in the car; doctor visits, you name it, it was always us both. Bill, you were always so caring, especially to children. I can still remember when we would go to town and take your godson, Oshane, and his mother with us and you would gladly keep him in the car, or I would take him to the supermarket with me while his mother went to do her errands. You loved your godson as you did your grandchildren and his parents made sure to keep you up to date with his school accomplishments as you always instilled in your children, grandchildren, and godson that schoolwork was most important, and you always encouraged them to work hard and behave in school so that they could get a good job and get something for themselves.

You taught me all your skills and knowledge on farming to the point that it seemed that anything I planted was sure to grow. Together we farmed the land, raised the animals and the children. Any handiwork to be done I would always be happy to assist you with. There are so many memories that I will cherish forever.

I was always by your side no matter what, truly fulfilled our vows of for better or worse, in sickness and in health. Your health was always my top priority and I had to take on roles that I did not know I could do, such as taking your blood pressure, checking blood sugar level, administering insulin and keeping a record so your doctors would have a clear picture of your daily well-being between visits as I didn't want you to become too ill and my worst fear was to lose you too soon. It was very heartbreaking during the 120 days that you spent in the hospital to see you fighting through and not being able to provide you with some comfort. I prayed hard every day for God's healing touch.

My life has forever changed with your passing, but I put faith and trust in God to comfort me during the grieving moments when memories flood my soul and provide the strength to continue until that one sweet day when we will meet again.

You were loved by many, but God loved you more as he saw that you were tired and took you home. Rest in peace now Bill and know that you will be forever loved and missed.
Your heartbroken wife, Helen



Having to write tributes to loved ones after they have passed is never an easy task, so today I have chosen to write about my Daddy because he already knew everything that he meant to us. What we have left now are just memories to cherish.

My Daddy was a quiet but no-nonsense man. He was strict and did not believe in holding an argument. He said what he had to say and that was it. He believed in hard work and did so diligently until his failing health didn't allow him to any longer.

I am the eldest of three girls to Daddy's disappointment as he really wanted a boy, but each time along came a little girl. One of my particularly favorite memories is always hearing the story of when I turned two years old, and the middle sister Susan was born. What a birthday present for a little two-year-old girl and of course celebrating her birthday, just her and her Daddy because Mommy was in the hospital.

Growing up, being the eldest child, a lot of responsibility was placed on me. I had to learn and do a lot of things both inside the home and in the yard. And Daddy being the mason man and farmer that he was, ensured that we all got our dose of learning about various tools and their uses and let's not talk about Old MacDonald's Farm because I swear that's what it was. We had every animal you could imagine at some point or the other and yup, you guessed it, we were responsible for feeding them etc. From goats to pigs, chickens, rabbits, and cows. Oh, the cow and hearing the dreaded words on a Saturday morning, "Pauline it's time to get up and go milk the cow". "Mannnn, why?!" Listen I pouted every step of the way outside to milk this cow in great fear and trepidation of her kicking me. I made such a fuss that Mommy eventually came and rescued me from that task!

Escaping chores was never going to happen for us which included trips "up in land" early Saturday mornings to Round Key or behind the house. We had to learn and assist with planting and keeping the ground free of weeds. The best thing about having a Daddy who farmed though, was becoming an adult, visiting his home, and never leaving empty handed. There was always something to take home be it plantains, tomatoes, peppers, you name it. Whatever was in season he would give me to take to my home, whether I needed it or not.

Our family meant everything to Daddy, and he worked tirelessly to provide for our needs. We weren't rich but we didn't want for anything either. He always found ways to instill the work hard and get paid mentality in us as he gave us projects during the summer holidays and would pay us. One such project one year was to paint the fence he had recently erected around our property. During the tenure of this project, I somehow convinced Daddy to pay me in full with a promise that the painting would be completed. Well, I got paid in full and needless to say never completed the project. Daddy never called me out on it but I don't think he ever forgot and every now and then after becoming an adult he would remind me of my ploy and call me a "genall".

There were some fun times to remember too, like Sunday drives to Tortuga Club and finally being allowed to go in the sea. Most exciting though were Saturday afternoon trips to the grocery store at the then, Cayman Foods because soft hearted Daddy would always let us get something we wanted. For me it was always the latest pop, teen magazine or teen novel.

Daddy also loved cricket, fishing and wrestling and the cartoon, road runner and let me not forget politics! Our childhood was anything but boring with Daddy!

Going to North Side for weekly visits always included something regarding politics because he paid close attention to what was going on locally as well as in the US. Not being particularly fond of political discussions, I would always tell him "Daddy I didn't come here to talk about politics. Keep it up and I'm not coming back to North Side". That statement did not faze him, however.

After my baptism in February 2000, one of my greatest prayers were for that of my family to surrender their lives fully to God. As the years went on, we saw answers in small ways such as Alexander praying for his Papa to stop smoking so that when Jared visited he wouldn't get sick. The exact year has slipped my memory now but it was while away on a family vacation that we called home that my Daddy informed us that he had quit smoking. Imagine the joy of that little boy Alexander when he heard the news that his grandfather had quit smoking. Oh, the faith of a little child. Years later those two little boys continued praying for their grandfather and this time the prayer was for him to stop drinking alcohol and again those prayers were answered, and Daddy quit drinking for good a few years later. It would be many more years of praying before the God answered again but on 3 July 2022, Daddy surrendered his life in baptism at the North Side Seventh Day Adventist Church.

Prior to and after his baptism, Daddy had several incidences where the ambulance had to be called. One such time being the morning of 1 September 2023 the ambulance had to be called for Daddy because of issues breathing. Daddy was admitted to the HSA as he suffered complete kidney failure. On September 5th 2023, he was transferred to Health City Cayman for a permanent dialysis port and following the procedure and being prepared to be discharged, his health took a turn for the worst and he remained in Health City. We visited as often as we could to Daddy's delight. Eventually he lost consciousness, had trouble recognizing and remembering who we were at times. He had to be prompted many times to say who we were, but for whatever reason, I was always someone else. Daddy spent 120 days in the hospital, and it was the last two days of me visiting him that he said my name without any prompting. We were praying diligently for a breakthrough and a miracle and though there was a few times that we saw God's mercy upon Daddy, it was with great sadness on 29 December 2023, that my Daddy passed away.

The pain that followed was one that I cannot put into words. Daddy is no longer with us, so now I can only ask God for the strength to remain faithful with the promise that I will see him again one day. The Bible says in 1 Thessalonians 4:13-14, "But we do not want you to be uninformed, brethren, about those who are asleep, so that you will not grieve as do the rest who have no hope". I can only now ask God to restore my hope and renew my spirit as I hold fast to His word as in Revelation 21:1-4 He promises that He will wipe away all tears from our eyes and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. I am assured that Daddy is no longer suffering and I look forward in hope to that resurrection day. May we live faithful and with hope until then.... Rest easy Daddy!

Your broken hearted,
Pauline



Its with a very broken heart that I am attempting to write this tribute. Daddy and I had a very special bond, my sisters always said that I was his favourite. I felt great love and pride from my father.

Daddy was a man of few words and he only spoke once, and we knew we had to listen.

There are only 2 times I can remember getting a whipping from my Daddy when I was younger, which was when my sister and I broke down the shower curtain AGAIN, guess he was tired of having to fix the shower curtain that Sunday evening and made us have it. From that evening on, we made sure to be careful with the shower curtain. The next time was when I was a teenager and threw pepper sauce in my cousin's sister's face. Both times I was extremely shocked as I was not accustomed to Daddy whipping me.

Daddy always had some form of animal raising, whether it was pigs, cows, goats or rabbits. During the time he had rabbits, Daddy would pay my sister and I to feed the rabbits and give them water when we were on summer breaks. While we liked getting the allowance, we did not necessarily like the chores, therefore we negated to feed the rabbits for a number of days until such time as some of them succumbed to their hunger.

I remember when Daddy would take my sister and I on a rotation basis to the farmland to assist with attending to the crops. I absolutely hated it, nonetheless, didn't have much of a choice until the time when he gave me watermelon seeds to plant three to four next to each yam hole. As I didn't want to be there, I just took all the seeds and put them in one hole, when he asked if I did as he instructed because I finished so quickly, I promptly answered "Yes, Sir". Well, when the watermelons began to bear, he realized what I did, which resulted in the expected watermelon crop being ruined. Needless to say, to my joy, he didn't take me back in the farmland again.

Another memory I have that made me know I had a special spot in Daddy's heart is when as a teenager, during the summers I did not want to get a summer job, but Pauline had a summer job and was saving her money to buy a bicycle. When she had saved up enough money, she left it for me one morning to give to Daddy for him to buy her a bicycle when he went into town. When I gave him the money, I asked him if he was going to buy a bicycle for me too and he didn't answer but when he came back home, to my delight he had 2 bicycles, I was so happy.

I always looked forward to Mommy's Miami trips to do our back-to-school shopping, as Daddy would take us to the supermarket, and he would always tell us to make sure we get what was on the list that Mommy left and would also allow us to pick up whatever we wanted. We got extra chips, different cereals, cookies etc, which never happened when we went to the supermarket with Mommy, as she only got what was on her list.

My heart was so full when Daddy came to the hospital to visit me when Marco was born. I really didn't expect him to come as he was disappointed that got pregnant so young but it sure met the world to me when he showed up.

He took Marco as the son he never had. He used to pick up Marco from preschool every Friday evening so he could spend the

weekends with him and Mommy. As Marco grew up, he would get up early on Saturday morning to go in the farm with Daddy. Daddy always said that he could always call on Marco to come help him. On many occasions, he would mention how much he missed Marco even during his recent illness and time in the hospital.

I was always but phone call away when Daddy needed anything and when I needed someone to talk to I would call him, and he was always ready to listen and provide his feedback.

I will really miss our political discussions, which my children called “political arguments” as he and I are very passionate about politics however sometime didn’t see eye to eye because nobody could say anything bad about PPM to him. Boy did we have some “healthy discussions”. I made sure during his time in the hospital to keep him updated with the political news.

Since 2000, Daddy had his own personal barber, Ricky, whom he took as his second son. Daddy had the greatest respect for Ricky and had faith that in addition to cutting his hair, if something needed fixing that he could call on Ricky to help and know that Ricky would show up as promised. Even in the hospital he told Ricky he needed his hair cut, unknowing that the nurses would cut it when necessary and of course Ricky walked with his clippers and was well ready to start trimming Daddy hair, when the nurses told him no, they would do it because of the machines that were hooked up to him. It was always Ricky’s pleasure to assist Daddy, which is what he called him as well.

Once Daddy got to the stage where he was no longer driving, my sisters and I (and even Ashantae) would rotate taking him to his doctor appointments and it was then that we realized how serious his health conditions were as Daddy was a very private man who didn’t believe in making a big deal out of anything so he would usually tell us that the doctor said he was ok.

My concern became heightened when ambulance had to be called for him on more than one occasion. Most times Mommy would call me first and I would have to call my sisters and we would meet them at the hospital. I would always stay by his side for as long as I needed until I was certain that he was stable and settled. One of the times when he was admitted, and I went to visit he told me “I could hear your footsteps coming as I am always sure you would come every day to visit me”. My Daddy knew I loved him very much.

The last 120 days of his life when he was hospitalized really took a toll on me. There were very few days that I didn’t go to visit him due not feeling well or school meetings for Azariah. I was there most days and sometimes twice a day. There were many days I would sit in Health City parking lot crying because of the state he was in and my inability to help ease his pain and provide him some comfort. I prayed so hard for healing and strength if even for him to be able to help himself in the bed. While God did pull through quite a number of miracles as Daddy had many very low times and kept bouncing back (he fought hard to stay with us) God saw that Daddy was very tired and could not endure any more so he called him home on Dec 29 2023, which broke my heart intensely. I am however comforted that he is pain free now and no longer suffering.

Daddy loved me and my family beyond measure and he knew he met the world for us, we truly loved and appreciated him.

Rest in peace Daddy, until that sweet day when we meet again.

Love always and forever, your heartbroken daughter, Susan and “2nd son”, Ricky



Daddy, I just don’t know where to start and what to say, I have started my tribute about 3 times and just can’t find the words, so here it goes now with tears in my eyes.

Daddy was my rock, my hero, he was always there for me. He was also a very disciplinary person. Even though Daddy didn’t beat me growing up, I can remember being locked out of the house on several occasions for not being home at a certain time.

I remember if I wanted to go places and if Daddy and Mommy didn’t know the parents or the person that I was going with, I could not leave the yard.

Daddy’s friends would always say that I looked like Daddy’s relatives in Jamaica, and he would say, yes, she is my blackjack, which is what he would always call me.

As I got older and hearing my cousins calling him “Rasta”, I started to call Daddy “Rasta” as well when I would rub my hand through his hair.

Daddy used to raise pigs, goats, chicken, rabbits, and he even had traps made to catch the agouti also known as Cayman rabbit, and when he did, we would sometimes have rabbit for dinner. When Daddy would kill his pigs, as I was very brave and not afraid of anything, he would give me the foot or the tail to go frighten Pauline and Susan with, which was my delight.

Daddy was very supportive when it came to our education, he was there for all our high school graduations and I remember Daddy taking Mommy and I to Miami for my high school graduation present and the highlight of that trip was how much he loved Chinese food, especially shrimp fried rice.

Growing up I was always helping out, whether it was backing sand from the beach across the road from the house or blocks and cement when Daddy was building the apartment. When Daddy became too weak to carry the 50-pound bags of animal feedings from the vehicle it was my pleasure to be able to help him with this chore which I continue to do to this day.

There are so many memories I have of him, I remember every Friday evening he would wait until I get home from school and we would go to his ground to pick gungo peas, mangoes, watermelons, just to name a few. I would also go with him and Mommy on Saturday mornings from around 5:30am and the times I didn’t go I made sure to have breakfast ready for them when they returned.

Susan and I would always fight about any and everything and it was my delight one day when she had bite me and threw my food on my clothes, that Daddy made me bite her back.

Whatever my Daddy ate I sure had to try it too and I also loved his cooking whether it was grill or roast fish, fish teas, steam fish, fish run down you name it. There was only one time that I was so disappointed, which was when Mommy had got some turtle meat (also a favorite of his) and put it on under low fire and ask Daddy to watch it until she come home, yep Daddy did just so, he got up add a little water and season to it. Then he turned the fire high and went to lie down and unfortunately, he fell sleep and it was when he smelled the food burning that he jumped up. I was so looking forward to some good turtle dinner, only to get home and look into the pot to see everything burnt, not even one piece of turtle meat was left unburnt for a little taste, that really hurt my appetite that day. Daddy and I didn't always see eye to eye but back in 2018 I started going to him about the issues and challenges I was experiencing and now I will sure miss those heart-to-heart talks and his no nonsense advice that he always provided.

Daddy was the first person I told when on March 23, 2020, I found out that I was pregnant. He didn't believe me at first because he knew that I was trying so hard, it took 3 months for him to be convinced that was I not joking.

Daddy was a very caring person and if we didn't come to North Side on weekends, he would always call to check if we were ok. I also remember him constantly calling to check on me and J'Vaughn when he was born as he was pre-mature, and he wanted to make sure we were doing ok.

I am glad I got to witness Daddy being baptized in July 2022 by Pastor Thompson and comforted that he accepted Jesus as his Lord and Savior. Daddy fought very hard during the last episode of illness, and I am so thankful that we got to say our goodbyes to him before he took his last breath. I am comforted that he is now at peace.

Daddy, I am so thankful that I got to spend 44 years with you, and you knew how much we loved and appreciated you. Thank you for being there for my baby and I am really going to miss coming home and seeing you and J'Vaughn sleeping or sitting in your recliner watching either the news or cricket.

I will always miss you, but I know you ae in a better place where there is no pain, Sleep on my dear Daddy until we meet again.
Love and Miss you, your broken heart "blackjack", Chelena



To Papa,

As I sit here and reflect on all the times we had together, I can't help but smile and cry at the same time.

As many of you may know, Papa raised goats along with other animals over the years. Growing up I was absolutely scared of goats, and I remember one particular time at a family gathering, the goat pen door was open and a few goats stepped out. Well I didn't stick around and took off running while yelling "GOATS LOOSE," trying to warn everyone.

When the coast was clear Papa informed me that I saved everyone from a baby kid. After that I overcame my fear and every time I helped him with the goats he would jokingly remind to not let any of the baby goats loose.

I could sit here and account for all the good times we had but then we'd be here all week.

You helped teach me the importance of hard work and always counselled me to not be quick to anger. Thank you for always being a listening ear and having witty remarks that often left us rolling with laughter. It was hard watching you struggle physically, but you always put on a brave face. Thank you for everything Papa. Love Always, Alex



In the tapestry of my memories, my grandfather's presence is a thread woven with love, wisdom, and kindness. His gentle laughter echoed through the years, creating a melody of warmth that still resonates in my heart.

From tales of his youth to shared moments of quiet reflection, he imparted lessons that shaped my character. A true pillar of strength, his legacy lives on in the cherished memories we created together.

Papa, your impact is etched in my heart, a timeless tribute to a life well-lived. I will always love and miss you, Jared

Dear Papa, The moment I heard you were gone, I became speechless as my body went into a state of shock. I couldn't believe my Papa was actually gone after all the fighting you've been through. Till this day, that moment still replays in my head.

I consider myself so lucky and blessed to call you my "Papa". I will never forget the impact you've had on my childhood as you've shown so much love to me throughout the years.

As I write this so many heartwarming memories flood through my mind such as: when I tried so hard to convince you to come "Grand Parents Day" at Prospect Primary School knowing full well you not going no further than our house in Spotts Newlands or Fosters Countryside; the times I would come to visit you in North Side and you would always give me at least one dollar when we were leaving; and when you would come to the house every Thursday to drop off something from the farm for us.

Some memories I am truly going to miss are the "arguments" you and Mommy use to have about anything to do with politics EVERY SUNDAY WITHOUT A DOUBT; rubbing my hand over your soft hair; driving you to your doctor appointments when no one else could especially when I was home from University; you offering me something to eat whether it was crackers, orange, shrimp, shrimp fried rice (knowing that was your favourite), coffee, ANYTHING!!!; you asking "Shanty you run today" even if it was a Sunday and seeing your face light up whenever Mommy use to video call me while I was at University to talk to you in the hospital.

The bittersweet thing about you being gone is that you won't have to suffer anymore. Going to the hospital and seeing you in that state, really took a toll on my heart.

When I was leaving to go back to University in September 2023 the last thing, I told you was "make sure you're here when I come back home" and you did that indeed.

And I will never forget your last words you said to me before we left for vacation in December was "hi baby".

Papa, God was ready was another angel; please tell Marco, Uncle Eddie and JewJew hi for me. I love you Papa!! Always and Forever,
Your FIRST Granddaughter Shan



Papa and I were very close. One of my favourite memories, is when we would go by the house on Sunday for a little bit, he would ask us if we wanted some shrimp, crackers or bread with butter or whatever he was eating. When we are ready to leave Papa would say "Helen go get some money and give these children before they leave" . When I would give him a hug he would always say "Papa, sweet girl".

I really wanted Papa to hurry get out of the hospital as I did not like to see him in there, but now I miss going to visit him and will also miss going to North Side on Sundays and spending time with him and Granny, visits to North Side will not be the same now.

Papa, now you are in a peaceful place. I love you so much that I will always keep you in my heart. I will miss you, Papa.
Love always, your "sweet girl", Zarie.



Papa, you have gone and left me, now who will I watch TV with, who will share their oranges with me? and who will I pull bush with? I loved sleeping next to you and spending time with you and granny in North Side. I will miss seeing you sitting on the porch each morning waiting for me to arrive. As I am only three years old, there are not a lot of memories, but I thank you for all you have done for me. You were not just my Papa, but the father figure in my life. I will love and miss you always, Your lil JJ.







Graveside Service

Prelude	“Come Morning- The Nelons”
Opening Remarks	Pastor Maurice Chambers
Prayer	Pastor Conway King
Laying of Family Floral Tributes- Pre-recorded song “Heaven was needing a Hero” ... Family & Friends	
Committal	Pastor Maurice Chambers
Hymns by Seaside Sisters/Congregation	“Till The Storm Passes By” “Father, I Place into Your Hands” “It Is Well” “Amazing Grace”
Benediction	Pastor Maurice Chambers



Acknowledgements

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Special thanks and appreciation to the Doctors and Nurses of Health City Cayman Islands, particularly the MICU team and Doctor Tarun, Dr. Lowe-Jones of HSA, Bodden’s Funeral Home for their compassionate services, Junior Hines and Felisana Ebanks.

May God continue to richly bless each of you.