

Service Of Thanksgiving
For The Life OF



Gina L. Bush
14 Sept. 1969 – 7 Feb. 2024

First Baptist Church, Grand Cayman
Thursday, February 22nd, 2024
3pm

OFFICIATING MINISTER
Pastor: Kyle McLean

Worship Pastor: Dave Jorge

Interment at Prospect Cemetery

Order of Service



Opening Song - Through It All Congregation
Opening Prayer Pastor: Steve Brady
Song & Tribute - Above All kingdoms and Thrones Katrina & Kristiana Ebanks
Obituary Harry Bush (Audio Recording)
Song - Thank you Lord For Your Blessings Harry Bush

Tribute from Mother Pastor: Dean Evans
Tribute from mommy, brother, sons, aunt Hon. Heather D. Bodden, MP Savannah
Tribute from nieces, nephews, cousin, friend Decia Foster
Hymn: I will sing of my Redeemer Congregation
Encouragement (Video Recording)
Sermon Pastor: Kyle McLean
Song of tribute - Knowing You'd Be There Harry Bush
Family Prayer Pastor: Dean Evans
Closing Remarks Pastor: Kyle McLean
Closing Song - Will the circle be unbroken Congregation

Pallbearers

Joshua Bent
Nathan Bent
Robert Ebanks

Cody A. Bush
Jared Bush
Shimarc Fisher

Honorary Pallbearers

Harry Bush
Dean Evans
Cody C. Bush

Charlie Bush
Amos Dixon
Gerrille Diaz

Foster Diaz
Christopher Diaz
Erick Diaz

Usherettes

Sara Chung
Hannah Bush
Yumi Ebanks
Shara Rockett

Guest Book Attendant

Decia Foster
Carlene Bush



Obituary

To the marital union of Mr. Charlie Bush & Miss Ellamae Evans were born the eldest me Harry Bush and I was followed by my beautiful and loving sister, Gina who was born on September 14th 1969. After our parent's marriage dissolved our mama had two more sons namely John Evans and Dean Evans. Mama married Kenneth Ebanks and to this union was born "mamas breast milk as Gina would affectionately call him our younger brother Robert Ebanks.

Our father Charlie Bush later remarried Jessie Ebanks, Mommy J as she is affectionately called. With Mama's consent, at a tender age, Gina and I went to live with daddy and his new wife Jessie, who then took on the role of a loving and endearing mother in raising Gina and I. Our father and Mommy J shared all parental responsibilities with love and much respect towards each other, and with this a beautiful family bond was created. Whilst being raised by Mommy J, she also accepted the care of her niece Katherine, affectionately known to us as "Penny". Gina and Penny were inseparable, and we are so grateful that they we able to see and spend time with each other in January.

Throughout these years and until adulthood Mommy J continued to care for and guide us; we are eternally grateful for the love and care that she showered us with. We are also deeply grateful to Mama, for the love and care the you've provided to each of your children; we thank you for the gift of life you gave to us, we love you deeply and dearly.

Several years later our family was blessed with our youngest sister Marjorie, her birth tightened our family bond and made our little family unit feel complete. In the years growing up, I fondly remember the occasions where my younger sister Gina acted as my older sister, bossing us around, giving us unsolicited (but valuable) advice and always reminding Marjorie that she (Gina) was the older sister.

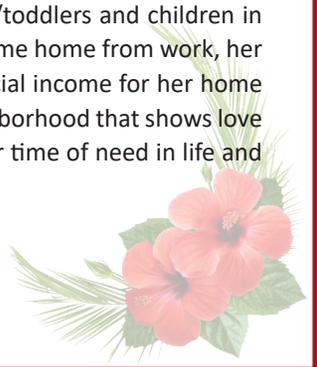
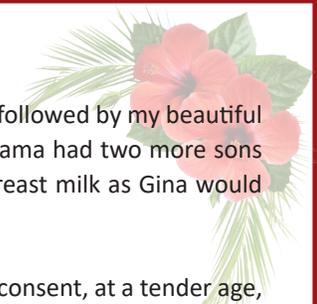
They say "it takes a village" to raise a child, and truly, our family was no different. Throughout our years growing-up, for several years, we were so blessed to also be nurtured and cared for by Miss Ida Andrade. Her involvement in our lives created an invaluable life-time bond for which we are most grateful and thankful. Growing up and into our young adult years, we attended the Church of God Full Gospel Hall where Christ's teachings and our Bible lessons were instilled in our lives.

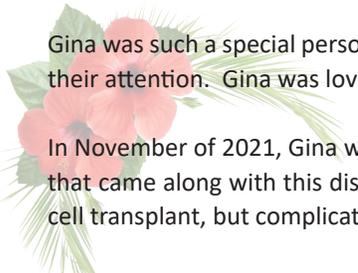
In her younger years, Gina attended the Truth for Youth School, Savannah Primary School and progressed on to The Cayman Islands Middle School. Gina's hobbies including sewing, drawing, painting and cooking. At the age of 16, to the deep satisfaction of her parents and loved ones, Gina graduated from The Cayman Islands High School in 1985.

Being the friendly, kind and talkative person she was, Gina took on her first job at the Hyatt Regency. There, she met many tourists various of whom were returning for years. While she worked there, she received an acclaimed award for her work ethic and professionalism. Subsequent to this, Gina worked at various jobs to provide for herself and family throughout her twenties.

Gina was later blessed by God with two wonderful sons, Joshua and Nathan Bent. Gina raised both of her sons while sacrificing a lot of her own personal wants and needs to ensure that theirs were met. Gina later became a single parent when Joshua and Nathan were ages five and seven. Gina was always determined to raise her sons with the utmost respect. She encouraged them, prayed over them, guided them and pushed them through their schooling for the best education possible. This paid off, as the eldest Joshua, recently graduated as Valedictorian of the Level 3 cohort of the Construction Management Graduates from the Public Works Department Trades Programme. Joshua also received the Levi Allen – Pursuit of Excellence Award and is now fully employed by CUC. Nathan, her youngest, is a multi-talented young man, who has a love for fashion and sewing, like his mom. Nathan is currently pursuing his tertiary education at the University College of the Cayman Islands. Gina is, was and will always be so proud of her sons. A job well done to you, my sis. I am so proud of all you've achieved in your lifetime and I'm deeply honored to call your sons, my nephews.

In her later years, Gina's caring and loving disposition were evident and played out as she cared for babies/toddlers and children in her home. Whether it was collecting them from the school bus-stop or caring for them until their parents came home from work, her smile, warmth and hugs drew babies and children to her arms. This work over the years provided the financial income for her home and for the care of her two heart strings, Joshua and Nathan. We are also so thankful that Gina lived in a neighborhood that shows love and care for their neighbors. We have so much love, admiration and respect for each of them as they, in her time of need in life and subsequent to her passing, were there for her and her sons.





Gina was such a special person to us, she had a loving yet mischievous way about her, always seeking a laugh from others once she had their attention. Gina was loved beyond measure, there are no words to express the beautiful impact she had on our lives.

In November of 2021, Gina was diagnosed with acute myeloid leukemia and indeed had many struggles as she battled each challenge that came along with this disease. Through the generous help of CINICO, Gina received various forms of treatment as well as a stem cell transplant, but complications continued to arise.

During Gina's illness, I frequently sang to her over the phone, she expressed the fact that she found comfort with this as it often assisted her in falling asleep. Gina's fight was a difficult one, she fought long and hard to stay alive for her sons especially until given the okay to come home on December 22nd, 2023 to spend Christmas with them and the rest of us, her family.

Marjorie, my sister, played an instrumental role during Gina's sickness. Marjorie traveled back and forth overseas for two and a half years; she took care of all family and life administrative duties, just to mention a few. Marjorie, I thank you so very much, my baby sis, for your love and for all that you did for our dear sister until February 7th 2024, when she passed on from this earthly life for her place in the arms of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. To Mommy Jessie, we thank you also, for all that you did and for staying by Gina's bedside daily until her last breath that fateful morning.

Thank you for giving me this opportunity for this obituary. I would like to mention the people who stuck by her side. I would like to firstly thank her sons, Joshua and Nathan. I would also like to thank the Bush family, including Mommy J, my sister, ex-wife, present wife, my four children, nieces, nephews, aunts, uncles, and cousins. I would also like to thank the Evans family; Mama, Aunt Betty as well as our brothers Dean and Robert; and last but not least, my uncle and his family from Dad's side who reside in Roatan, Honduras. Thank you all.

It is also important that we mention that Gina had a special friend that is among us today and that is her caregiver from Miami, Miss Belkis. Belkis is a Cuban-qualified doctor who cared for Gina 24 hours a day, 7 days a week whilst she was receiving treatment as an out-patient in Florida. I know you grew to love Gina very much and we all thank you for taking great care of her. Belkis, you are and will always be a part of this family.

I would like to take this opportunity to acknowledge our Aunt Betty who also played an instrumental role during Gina's illness. Thank you for the love and care you have given to Gina and may God bless you abundantly Aunt Betty for your love and kindness. From the Bush and Evans family.

We would also like to acknowledge all visiting family members from overseas and those joining us via live stream, today. Gina is preceded in death by our father Charlie Bush and younger brother John Evans.

Gina leaves to mourn her passing parents Ellamae & Kenneth Ebanks, Jesslee Bodden "aka" Jessie Bush, brothers Harry Bush, Dean Evans, Robert Ebanks, sister Marjorie Bush-Dixon

Sons: Joshua Bent and Nathan Bent

Nieces: Stephanie Bush and Heidi O'Connor, Nephews: Cody A. Bush, Jared Bush, Tyler Bush, Cody C. Bush, Charlie Bush, Amos Dixon

Sister-in-law Carlene Bush – ex-sister in law Lillian Curbello-Bush

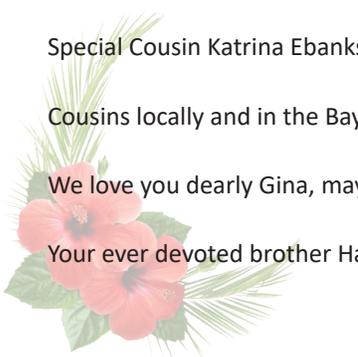
Aunts: Betty Baraud, France Lynee, Florence Dorthy Wilson Uncles: Rudy Evans, Forster Diaz & Christopher Diaz

Special Cousin Katrina Ebanks, Childhood caregiver: Mrs. Ida Andrade, Caregiver during recent illness: Belkis Gomez

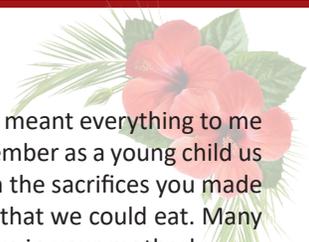
Cousins locally and in the Bay Islands of Honduras (Roatan) A host of other relatives, friends, and co-workers

We love you dearly Gina, may your soul Rest in the Lord's eternal peace.

Your ever devoted brother Harry Bush



Tribute from son Joshua



Mummy, I don't know where to begin my tribute to you I would write a book and it would not be enough. You meant everything to me more than words can explain nothing in this world can come close to the love I feel for you mummy. I can remember as a young child us going back and forth on who loved each other the most to which you always won because it was evident with the sacrifices you made for us. You labored on two different jobs to make ends meet and you would do without food yourself just so that we could eat. Many nights when we were sick or crying from the departure of our father you would lose your sleep to console us in your motherly way. Despite all the challenges we faced you put aside your own feelings and kept strong through your faith that life would get better. I am forever grateful to have a wonderful loving mother to be there for us. I am glad I expressed this to you in person before your departure through words and actions. In November 2021 when you were airlifted to Miami for medical aid I was lost, I did not know what to do with myself. However, with your words of encouragement and my eagerness to excel forward with my education successfully I did it all for you and I am glad to hear you say you were proud of my accomplishments. While you were abroad, I entered the working world for the first time to which your teachings in raising us has been implemented. Anyone I have encountered have often said you have good manners, you have been raised well, I still receive these compliments to this day. I am glad you knew and saw what I have achieved and become to make you proud mummy. I am indeed thankful that we communicated daily which made it feel like you were here at home. All the times when you returned home, I was honored and grateful to spend time and keep your company, like driving you to your appointments and spending hours at the hospital. Even little moments like this I appreciated being with you mummy. I did all I could whether it was financial support or emotional encouragement you reassured me to take care of Nathan and myself. Don't worry about you to which I disobeyed because you knew I would risk it all for you whether I win or lose it did not matter in return for all you did for us in the past and now. I thank you for all the advice you have given me and I am also glad we shared personal stuff with each other as you were the only person I trusted. This tribute is not enough to describe how much of a caring, thoughtful loving mother you were. I will look after and guide Nathan and I will continue to keep striving for greatness. I will become the man you raised me to be. I am so thankful to have you as my mother and as my best friend. Once again thank you mummy for everything you have done for us. My love for you mummy will never die, it is forever embedded in my heart until we meet again. Your first-born Joshy

*From my heart to you
Tribute from son Nathan*

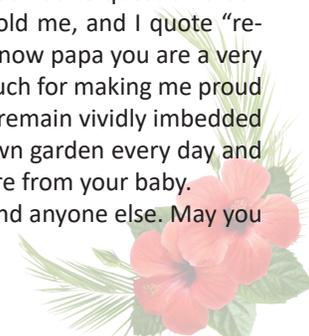
February 7th, I became a shadow of my former self. I not only lost my mother, but I lost someone who is irreplaceable, who was there for me always at any time. I lost the one person that I never would have imagined losing at such an early age. Writing this tribute is just a small fraction of what I have to say.

My brother and I meant the absolute world to her. Every milestone she has a vivid memory of and even some evidence. All my teeth and even my hair from the first time it was cut. So, it still hasn't clicked to me that other important milestones you won't be here to see them. When I crawled, walked, ran, cried, you were there. Now you won't even be there when your grandkids repeat the cycle. Recently I decided that if I have a daughter her middle name would be Gina. It would be her first name, but you are the one and only irreplaceable Gina.

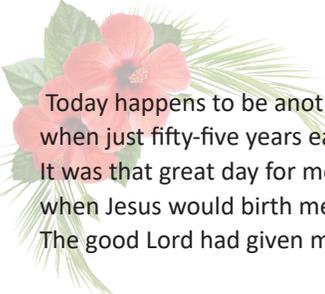
I am the replica of young Gina but the opposite gender. She would always be reminded of her younger self whenever I do something out of pocket. My short temper, my outspokenness and my brutal honesty were all passed down from her to me. Although they might not be positive characteristics to my personality, they came from her so I am grateful because now I will always be reminded of her.

When I sit down and think about it you blessed me. Up to this day I still get complimented on how respectful and well-mannered I am. All of that I credit to you. A true fighter with determination and a well put together mind that is what you were. You successfully raised a reflection of who you were and wanted us to be. No matter how hard it was to get through to me you tried and tried until you did. That I admire from you.

The last week of your life I was there by your side. I am so grateful that I got to see you smile when I was around. I might not have been the best at comforting or expressing myself, but I made sure I tried those last few days, and I hope you left knowing that I did care so much about you. When I rubbed your head and massaged your feet it eased the pain for both you and I. Pulling night shifts with Grandma Jessie was something I knew I had to do and was willing to do. Despite having school in which I kept telling you I was on holiday. I stayed EVERY SINGLE night because you told me I was your comfort and it made me so happy to see you happy given the situation you were in. I pray that I made you feel loved by me. You always questioned if I loved you and I am so sorry you had to question that. Everything you have taught me I will never forget. Everything you told me I will never forget. You always told me, and I quote "remember how I raised you guys" and I will. Thank you for leaving behind some heart felt messages like "You know papa you are a very handsome young man. I am very proud to have you as my son I thank God every day for you. Thank you so much for making me proud of you. Mommy really love you with all my heart forever." Your voice, face, and the memories we shared will remain vividly imbedded in my brain. It would be as if I had a flower for every time I thought of you I would be walking through my own garden every day and night. Then I would pick a bunch of roses and tell God to place them in your arms and to let you know they are from your baby. To conclude this is a letter from my heart to you titled "From my heart to you." I love you more than myself and anyone else. May you peacefully rest in Gods everlasting loving arms now.



Nathan Bent



A TRIBUTE TO MY ONLY GINA LOIS

Today happens to be another day of defeat of loss for me,
when just fifty-five years earlier, when my heart was filled with such great joy and glee.
It was that great day for me of 14-September,
when Jesus would birth me His gift, not October, November or December.
The good Lord had given me my daughter, Gina Lois.

Not in any way to lessen the gemstones of my sons.
But Gina Lois was what I yearned for to brighten my world, like the dawn's first light on horizons.
A girl child, I thought, that would ever be by my side.
A child that would grow to build lasting bonds of gold with her mother throughout her years of fading tide.
A child that, even though make mistakes,
could have her forgiving mother to cradle, bandage her bumps, bruises and scrapes.

But as in this life, we have to contend with dark powers of evil and strife.
Powers that were relentless to tear apart at any cost our life.
Our golden chains that had once woven together a Mama's heart at birth,
had then through unknown slight threatened our journey together on this earth,
unwinding paths that test our worth.

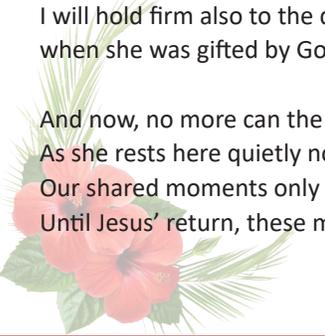
This is a time a parent seek not for, a day for me yet once again,
for just a few years earlier my soul had been struck with a similar pain.
My beloved John was then also a great joy to my heart,
but that prince of darkness would then again inflict his mastery of art.

July-2019, the sudden darts of his relentless rage had proved his desire for us all.
But for my Gina Lois, with my looks, my smile, but no not tall.
It was too early a departure before a length of time she now sleep,
leaving only memories that bind, forever in Mama's broken soul that I weep.

Though ruptured from our start, when she was just a babe so small,
Her wounds and scars, like guiding stars, to Mama's arms she would call.
In my embrace, she'd have her place, a journey marked by love and grace,
Back to the heart from which she'd part, her Mama's love that can't replace.

Oh my dear Gina Lois, through times both bright and gay,
In moments filled with cheer or strain that came our way.
Though seasons of our giggles follow, under West Bay skies of rain,
In days of joy we'd often borrow, and in a mother's secrets' chain.
I her Mama felt it all as only a mother can. But for those years of anguish apart,
I will fill from that blessed Man, memories that God alone can impart.

Memories of her 7 ½ pound birth, her first look of dependence for my trust,
With her, joy found its rebirth, in Gina Lois' laughter, a bond unbreakable and just.
Times also filled with her unexpected visits, Christmas lights, and hush-hush gaffing,
Future plans together drafting, in a mother's book our stories grafting.
I will hold firm also to the days of celebration in the birth of her greatest joys,
when she was gifted by God with the birth of Joshua, then Nathan, her boys.



And now, no more can the adversary claim from my Gina Lois in her peaceful sleep,
As she rests here quietly not a whisper, in slumber her soul deep,
Our shared moments only paused, but now her story must leap,
Until Jesus' return, these memories engraved forever I'll keep.

But now for you both my grands; Joshua and Nathan. My words I exhort to you is this: let "no man take your crown!"

In the shadow of your loss, is profound and deep,
you brothers mourn, yet in faith you must steep.
Jesus' words, are a balm for souls so weary,
"Blessed are the poor in spirit," your path not dreary.

Joshua, in humility, embraced your need,
For the kingdom of heaven, your heart must plead.
"Blessed are they that mourn," you Nathan heard,
Take comfort in heavens promises, if tomorrow entered.

Meekness, the mantle you Joshua to adorn,
A pilgrim on earth, your spirit must borne.
Hunger and thirst for righteousness, is Nathan's plea,
Filled with God's grace, in Him, you're free.

"Blessed are the merciful," a call to forgive,
Through your grief of loss, you will learn how to live.
Pure in heart, Joshua you to see God's face,
In every trial, setback and disappointment you find His grace.

Peacemakers, this role you Nathan must embrace,
Be called the children of God, is a divine grace.
Persecuted for righteousness, you must stand firm and tall,
The kingdom of heaven, your final call.

Reviled and scorned, for Jesus' sake, be found,
Your reward is in heaven, divinely bound.
"Blessed are ye," a comfort to your strife,
In your Mum's passing, is the hope of eternal life.

Boys be bound in faith, through loss you must trod,



Tribute from mommy Jessie

Silent Tears

Silent tears fall down my face
A lonely ache I can't erase,
they speak of pain, they speak of sorrow
of all the things waiting on the morrow.

They speak of love, they speak of loss
of all the things that come at a cost,
they speak of dreams that have been shattered
of all the hopes that once all mattered.

Silent tears fall down my cheek
a language that I cannot speak,
they tell a story, they share a pain
of all the things that we can't explain.



Tribute from friend Arlene Forrest

To My Sweet Friend Gina

I don't know how to start this, but I am going to try. My sweet friend Gina you are asleep in Jesus my heart is broken on your passing. Our time in life had a gap and I was so happy when we reconnected again. I have never forgotten our special friendship during our school days which entailed doing our schoolwork together...our special times together meant so much to me. Now you are gone from my sight but not from my mind and heart. Rest in peace my sweet friend until we meet again.

Love always your friend.

PS. Roses are red, violets are blue, I have never found a beautiful soul like you.

Tribute from Aunt France

Life is precious and often too short.

Gina, when I invited you to my house for lunch before I left the Island to live in England, I never thought that my goodbye to you on that day was final. My heart aches at the thought of a world in which she is absent.

To her boys, I promise to be there for you in any way I can. Gina, you will be in my heart, always.

Love you,
Auntie France

*Tribute from Uncle Foster, Uncle Christopher,
Cousins in Roatan*

The day you left and gained your wings. Our heart were broken, we prayed for your healing here on earth but heaven needed you. You left us with memories, and we still love you dearly. You were an extraordinary person. We know our love cannot bring you back but as family, we will continue to help and support your dear boys. Rest in the arms of the Lord our sobrina & Prima.

Tribute from Cody, Charlie, Amos & Heidi

Dearest Aunt Gina I can hear you say:

Do not stand at my grave and weep.

I am not there; I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow,

I am the diamond glints on snow,

I am the sun on ripened grain,

I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you awaken in the morning's hush

I am the swift uplifting rush.

Of quiet birds in circled flight

I am the soft stars that shine at night.

Do not stand at my grave and cry,

I am not there; I did not die.

Sleep well in the arms of Jesus from nephews and niece

Tribute from your baby brother Robert

In loving memory of our dear sister Gina, a devoted mother and caring sister. A true symbol of love and strength. Gina's unwavering dedication to her two boys, Nathan and Joshua, was evident in every moment she spent with them. Her greatest wish was to see her boys grow up into fine young men, and her love and guidance will forever live in their hearts.

Despite her facing her sickness and challenges and undergoing difficult treatments, Gina remained a pillar of strength and enduring spirit shining bright in the face of adversity. Her courage and resilience were an inspiration to all who knew her.

I will never forget all the late-night talks and laughs we had together. She would always call me Mama's breast milk, she would say I stole the remaining breast milk that was left for her, then I would reply Madea you always have a comeback or get me back, that word Madea was for her Boi. I will miss you dearly Sis, until we meet again.

Rest in peace, Madea. Your love will always be a guiding light for Nathan, Joshua, family, friends, and those who were fortunate enough to know you. I love you Sis.

Robert Ebanks



A TRIBUTE TO MY SPECIAL COUSIN KATRINA EBANKS NEE EVANS

Gina, there are so many wonderful things that I could say about you today and memories of our times together as cousins, but time does not allow me. Losing you has been very difficult for me. I experience moments of shock and I just break down and cry. We had such a special relationship as cousins. You were the sister I never had, but genetically connected, which made our bond so much stronger and one that we truly valued. I recall when we worked together several years back. We sat beside each other, sharing one long desk. We had moments of laughter and sharing secrets. Even learning from each other. I recall starting before you did and training you on the company software.

During your illness, there were countless conversations. Hours of long talks; no breaks in between. We had so much to discuss and just not enough time. You frequently expressed how much you loved your children and that you had to fight for them. You told me that I have to get better Katrina, to share what God has done for me, and to be a living testimony for him. God is not finished with me yet. I would reply by saying, "No He Isn't" and by "His Stripes You Are Healed" in Jesus' Name Amen. You may not have been healed the way we had all hoped you would be, but you are healed completely.

We would ALWAYS end by saying how much we loved each other.

Gina, you may have left us physically, but your spirit lives on among us. You live on in your children and within us as your family members.

I love and miss you more than words can express. There are no words in the Websters' Dictionary to describe just how much I miss you. RIP GG! Until we meet again, a time that will never end.

Your loving and close cousin, Katrina Ebanks nee Evans

Tribute from niece Stephanie

Funny
Facety
Bold
Brave
Strong
Stubborn
Full of love

Gina was unapologetically Gina and she embodied all of the above.

You knew where you stood and how she felt whether you liked it or not - one of my favorite characteristics about her.

There's a gap in my relationship with her. One I wish wasn't there, but I am thankful because we don't always get a chance to bridge gaps, and I got the chance to do that with her.

She is one of the bravest, strongest women I know and without a doubt a mother after my own heart. I was blessed to not only bridge the gap with Gina but also her boys.

There's a verse in the Bible that says, 'Train up a child in the way they should go and when they are old, they will not depart from it.' And she and her sons are a true testament of that.

A little less than a week before she passed I heard her say to one of them - 'remember what I taught you,' and I have no doubt that they will because of who they already are. They are amazing young men, and it is because of the mother that she was. She loved them beyond measure, and she made sure she lived for them as long as she possibly could. She did not go down without a fight because she was fighting for her boys.

In the last few weeks of her life, there were painfully hard moments as she fought her battle. It wasn't easy, but she kept smiling that infectious smile, kept fighting, kept her faith, and kept rolling her eyes when something annoyed her....that of course made me smile even in the hardest of moments. When I sat with her in the hospital, she would talk sometimes for hours about her childhood and all she did to her brothers. I'm not sure if or when they learned not to cross her but boy, she made sure to get her point across to them. Her stories I will never forget and up to this very moment - they make my heart smile.

Even towards the end of her journey, Gina was still so very full of life and would put you in your place if necessary. It amazed me how she kept her spark - it never once went out.

I admire you more than I can ever say and it is an honor to call myself your niece. I miss you more than you could ever know. I love you, Sparky.

Tribute from nephew Tyler

My Beloved Aunt Gina,

Look at all the people who gathered here for you today, people who love you so dearly. At the time of writing this I didn't know what to say or how to say how I felt. So, everything I say, I say with pure raw emotion for a beautiful soul like you. I am your nephew and that is a blessing that I could brag about on and on.

Aunt Gina, your electric smile from ear to ear, never failed to encourage everyone in the room to do the same. You were the main focus at any family function you attended. You could chat some foolishness. Speaking of, I remember sitting in your backyard with Joshua and Nathan talking foolishness about my father, your brother as per usual. Stories about your childhood with him, what a rebel you were, so fierce and fiery always ready to fight, just like how you fought till the very end of this long and hard battle with leukemia. Every time I enter your house all I'll be able to picture is you sitting in the couch peering out through the window just thinking. To this day I always wonder what you were thinking about.

You were a warm soul who took to everyone, but don't get her upset, you weren't afraid to tell people about themselves. The countless acts of kindness that you portrayed, from babysitting, to taking everyone in like one of your own, I always felt like your third child around you, when I was down and out, you were there with the advice to help me, when I needed someone to talk to, you were there for me, even when I didn't need someone to talk to you were always there for me. I hope you continue to be here for me as I go through life. I'm sure God smiled upon you, and how could he not smile upon such a beautiful creation.

Aunt Gina's legacy is one of love and compassion. She always preached to me Joshua and Nathan how important it was for us to grow up together, keep in touch and have a good relationship with one another. While we've grown up and grown apart, I want to make one last promise to add to the ones we promised not to tell my dad. I'll always be here for your sons, my cousins, like I've always tried to be. We all know how animated and comical my Aunt Gina was, she always wanted attention and what a surprise, she always gets what she wants, I hope you're smiling from up above. A beautiful woman with a beautiful heart her laugh and smile contagious, that's the Gina who we are celebrating today.

From your favorite nephew,
Papi.

Graveside Hymns

I'll fly away

Some glad morning when this life is o'er,
I'll fly away;
To a home on God's celestial shore,
I'll fly away (I'll fly away).

Chorus
I'll fly away, Oh Glory
I'll fly away; (in the morning)
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by,
I'll fly away (I'll fly away).

When the shadows of this life have gone,
I'll fly away;
Like a bird from prison bars has flown,
I'll fly away (I'll fly away)

Chorus
Just a few more weary days and then,
I'll fly away;
To a land where joy shall never end,
I'll fly away (I'll fly away)

You Raise Me Up

When I am down and, oh my soul, so weary;
When troubles come and my heart burdened be;
Then, I am still and wait here in the silence,
Until you come and sit awhile with me.

You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;
You raise me up, to walk on stormy seas;
I am strong, when I am on your shoulders;
You raise me up...to more than I can be.

You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;
You raise me up, to walk on stormy seas;
I am strong, when I am on your shoulders;
You raise me up...to more than I can be.

There is no life – no life without its hunger;
Each restless heart beats so imperfectly;
But when you come and I am filled with wonder,
Sometimes, I think I glimpse eternity.

You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;
You raise me up, to walk on stormy seas;
And I am strong, when I am on your shoulders;
You raise me up...to more than I can be.

You raise me up...to more than I can be.

The God on the Mountain

Life is easy, when you're up on the mountain,
And you've got peace of mind
Like you've never known.
But then things change and you're down in the valley;
Don't lose faith for you're never alone.

Refrain:

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
We talk of faith when we're up on the mountain,
But talk comes easy
When life's at its best.
But it's down in the valley of trials and temptations,
That's where faith is really put to the test.

There Is Power In The Blood
Would you be free from the burden of sin?
There's power in the blood, power in the blood;
Would you o'er evil a victory win?
There's wonderful power in the blood.

Chorus:

There is power, power, wonder-working power
In the blood of the Lamb.
There is power, power, wonder-working power
In the precious blood of the Lamb.

Would you be free from your passion and pride?
There's power in the blood, power in the blood;
Come for a cleansing to Calvary's tide;
There's wonderful power in the blood.[Chorus]

Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow?
There's power in the blood, power in the blood;
Sin stains are lost in its life giving flow;
There's wonderful power in the blood.[Chorus]

Would you do service for Jesus your King?
There's power in the blood, power in the blood;
Would you live daily His praises to sing?
There's wonderful power in the blood.[Chorus]



Graveside Service

Prelude: Jealous of the Angels

Guitarist.....Bro. Dan E. Ebanks

Song: Amazing Grace Katrina Ebanks

Prayer Pastor Steve Brady

Committal Pastor Kyle McLean

Song - Crying' For Me (Audio Track) - Lillian Curbelo-Bush

Song - Thank you, Lord, For Your Blessings Harry Bush

Song - Put your hand in the hand that stilled the waters..... Harry Bush

I'll fly away

You raise me up

God on the Mountain

There is Power in the Blood

Benediction Pastor Kyle McLean

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