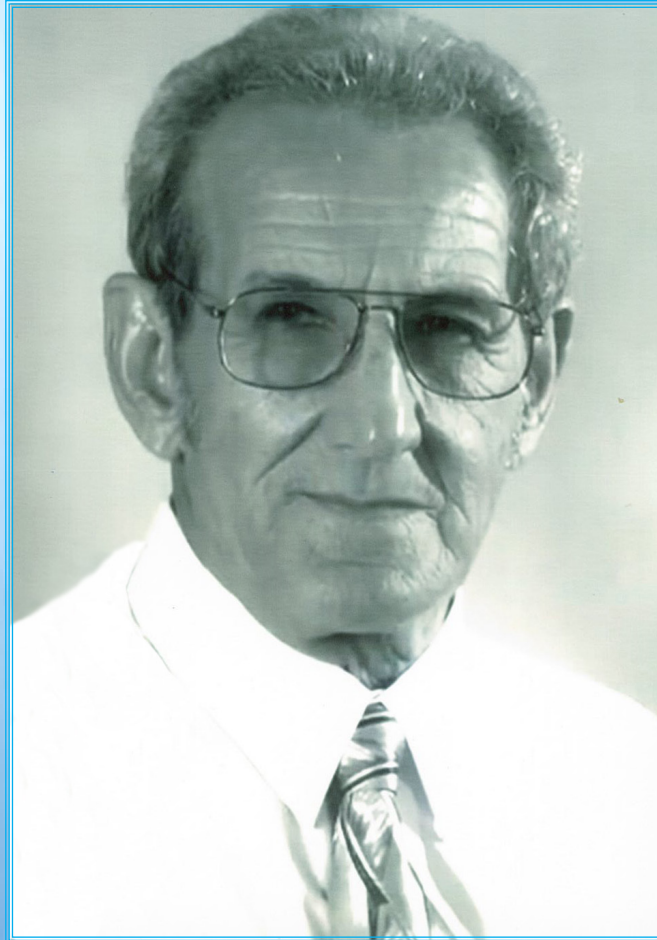


In Loving Memory
For The Life Of



Cardinal William Mowbray DaCosta

March 31, 1935 – February 17, 2024

Cayman Islands Baptist Church

163 Pedro Castle Road

Savannah, Grand Cayman

Saturday, March 16, 2024

Viewing at 1:00 & Service at 2:00 PM

Officiating Pastors:

Pastor Bubba Hooker & Pastor James Arch, Cert. Hon, JP (Ret.)

Interment at Eden Cemetery, Pedro Castle Road

Order of Service

Musical prelude Nickolas DaCosta
Opening Remarks Pastor Bubba Hooker
Opening Prayer Pastor Bubba Hooker
Scripture Reading, II Corinthians 5:17-21Nephew, Damien Pierre DaCosta
Hymn: How Great Thou Art..... Congregation
Obituary Hon. D. Kurt Tibbetts
Tribute from wife, Joy DaCosta..... Heather Bodden
Tribute from sister, Zelpha BoddenZelpha Bodden & Lauri Webster
Tribute, Chamber of Commerce, Grand Cayman CEO, Wil Pineau
BEA/Lifetime Achievement Award Pre-recorded video
Musical tribute: When Peace Like a RiverAnne McIntosh, (as Puritan's staff stands)
Tribute, Rotary Club, Grand Cayman A Rotary Member
Video montage
SermonPastor James Arch, Cert. Hon, JP (Ret.)
Closing song: Life is like a Mountain Railway.....Renwick Conolly & Rex Watler
Closing prayer and Benediction.....Pastor James Arch, Cert. Hon, JP (Ret.)
Ringing of the bell, (Seafarers Association) Denniston Tibbetts
Recessional..... Nickolas DaCosta

Pallbearers

Morgan DaCosta
Woody DaCosta
Waide DaCosta

Dylan DaCosta
Damien DaCosta
Johnathan Bodden

Honorary Pallbearers

Mowbrey DaCosta
Jason DaCosta
Wilbur DaCosta Jr.
Drayson DaCosta
Wayne DaCosta
Steve McField
Colton Moffitt
Delroy Willie
Mitch Ebanks
Stanton Ebanks
Rex Watler

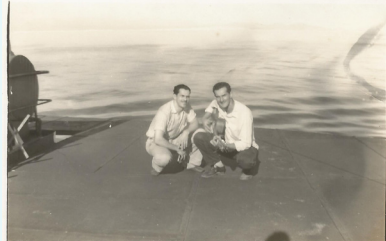
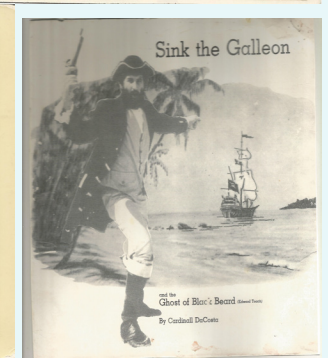
Johnny Jackson, Jr.
Stephen Van Roekel
Samuel Van Roekel
Billy Adam
Robert Henning
Gilroy McDowell
Gene Merren
Lindo Bodden
Albert Sarino
Harwood Jackson
Renwick Conolly

Usherettes

Lisa Prendergast
Karen McKee
Any Forbs

Guest Book Attendants

Hortense Rennie
Cherry de Guzman
Lauri Webster



Obituary

Cardinal William Mowbray DaCosta was born in Savannah on March 31st 1935, the 4th of 7 children born to Olga, (nee Wood) and Augustine ("Tina") DaCosta. Cardinal and his siblings were brought up by loving, caring, nurturing parents who taught them well. Born in this order were: Lindo, Wilbur, Audrey, Cardinal, Hartmann, Zelpha and Kadie. Zelpha, aged 83, is now the last surviving sibling.

As a child, Cardinal was sickly; his mom called him "Tad Tad" and kept him as healthy as possible. "Cardie", as he was later nicknamed, assisted younger brother "Hartie" with chores to gather wood, back water, fish, shoot rabbits and plant ground food. Close childhood friends were: Albert Hislop, Philip Yates, Lee and Harwood Jackson, brothers Otto and Halsey Watler, brothers Hubert and Jay Bodden.

"Cardie" attended the 1-room Savannah school. It was customary to leave school at age 14. Soon, he found a job in town with Mr. Clayton Merren at his pressing shop and for 3 years, 6 days a week, he daily bicycled there and back. In '52, at age 17, for 5 years, Cardinal worked for the US Merchant Marines and was trained in navigation.

In '56, age 21, Cardinal joined National Bulk Carriers on PetroKure, a T2 tanker, the first of 4 supertankers, 673' long, built in '52 by CEO, Daniel Ludwig who'd leased a huge shipyard in Kure, Japan. Cardinal's usual routes were: Venezuela for crude oil, or up through Persian Gulf to load Kuwait's and Saudi Arabia's crude and exit via Suez Canal to Caribbean refineries to unload. At times Japan's refineries were used. Cardinal had joined as Wiper, then on to Fireman, then to Ordinary Seaman and 4 months later was promoted to Quarter Master. One day, the captain told Cardinal: "We're approaching Venezuela. I've been advised their Harbor Master and Pilots are on strike. Do you think we can dock this ship?" Cardinal's reply: "Sir, you give the instructions and I will follow." The ship docked perfectly. Cardinal recalled: "The captain stepped up and shook my hand as we left the wheelhouse together."

By '57, all 3 brothers were working on National Bulk ships and progressing up the ladder, yet all were seriously discussing ideas to create businesses back home. In meantime, they religiously saved their funds. Since Mr. Merren had passed in '51, people had asked if Cardinal would reopen a drycleaners. In '58, the 3 brothers decided to launch Puritan Cleaners, Ltd., on the waterfront, (where Rackam's is today) with a pressing machine purchased from Mr. Merren's defunct shop. The 3 rotated trips to sea allowing one to remain to keep Puritan open.

Cardinal joined Bernuth-Lembcke's ships for one year, then went on to get his greencard and started working on yet another US ship. He joined as an Oiler, rising to Assistant Engineer. His last voyage was taking ammunitions and heavy equipment into Seoul, South Korea, (close to the Demilitarized Zone between South and North Korea). Due to simmering contentions, it was still classified as a warzone, so his ship was outfitted with radio and deck guns manned by US Navy Armed Guards. Later in June, Egypt (Suez Canal's owners), closed it due to the Six-Day War, thus ending Middle East's quickest oil tanker route. Cardinal then decided it was time for his 15-year seafarer career to end and since he was soon to be a father again, returned home in January '68 to run Puritan as CEO.

Hotels like Sea View, Pageant Beach, Bay View, Beach Club, Coral Caymanian, La Fontaine and Holiday Inn, kept Puritan busy and Puritan added laundry, drapery, rug cleaning and rental linen services. Cardinal later stated: "We chose the name Puritan because Puritans were known for having very high standards and our customers should expect no less from us." In '60, Cardinal and Hartmann acquired Myers water pump dealership, naming their division DaCo Water Specialists. They imported pumps, tanks, did installations and filtering and water softening.

Cardinall loved singing and cut his first 45 record in the late '50's, named "Me Casa, Su Casa". For years he sang and played guitar with harmonica at events. People's favorite request was: "Please Release Me". He and wife Susan also sang the "Hawaiian Wedding Song" at weddings; one year he won the Country and Western award.

By '77, Cardinall and close friend, Honorable EXCO member for Tourism, Mr. Jim Bodden, had been brainstorming ways to increase tourism in the slow months and Cardinall brought Florida's Gasparilla Pirate Festival to Jim's attention. Jim acted quickly calling ours "Pirates Week" and appointed Rudy Selzer as Chairman, Colin Panton as Deputy and Cardinall as Chief Pirate. Silvia Bodden, who'd been researching Caribbean history, presented Cardinall with the words to "Pieces of Eight". Cardinall and the late Elgin Welds then went to Jamaica to record it. Unable to sleep the first night, haunted by a somber-sounding drumroll beat in his head, Cardinall awakened Elgin pestering him to go to the studio to lay down the track. The song became a fast-selling 45 hit record, kids especially loved it. The following year, Silvia wrote: "Dockside Ditty" and Fred Pells wrote: "The Ghost of Edward Teach", and "Sink the Galleon". Cardinall recorded all 3 in time for '78's Pirates Week. For the yearly "landings", Cardinall dressed in his pirate garb and mingled with other pirates "kidnapping" our governors.

In '80, Cardinall purchased his brothers' shares renaming the business to Puritan Cleaners (1980), Ltd. For 23 years, the business operated on the waterfront. In '83, it moved to its current Eastern Avenue location. Centennial Towers, Elgin Ave and Savannah Countryside were dropoff points; however, after Covid only Savannah Countryside remains. For the past 66 years, Puritan has employed many. Currently, it employs 30. Some long-standing employees, (in years) are: Gilroy McDowell, (39), Hilda Barnes (34), Delroy Willie (32) and Hortense (25).

Cardinall later recorded several CD's of love songs, Country and Western songs and lastly a gospel album, which he presented to his beloved sister Audrey, a previous pastor, before she passed in 2012.

Cardinall loved fishing. An 18-footer was his first, a 24-foot Chaparral later. In '90, he finally obtained his long dreamed of 48' Hatteras which he renamed "Cay Lady" and led one of the Million Dollar Month's fishing tournaments out to sea. Family, friends enjoyed trips to Stingray City, Little Cayman, trolling around the island and on 7-Mile Banks. In '91, he made a trip to Cuba with the late Captain Arlin Tatum and sons Mowbrey and Jason.

On a family-held birthday celebration for Cardinall, brother "Hartie" and sister-in-law Jeannie presented Cardinall with a gift and Jeannie's fitting words were: "You've come a long way from the barefoot and bucktoed Savannah days and through many trials, adversities and errors, you've prevailed, Cardie!"

In '61, Cardinall was married to his first wife, American, Susan (nee Garrett), and to this union were born: Pamela, Olga, Charissa, Mowbrey and Jason. The union later dissolved. Grandchildren are: Colton Moffitt; Kadie and Holly Jackson; Liana, Drayson and Dylan DaCosta; Abbey, Bethany, Sarah and Sam Van Roekel. (Susan passed in January 2023.) In '96, Cardinall remarried Joy, (nee Henning). She was a faithful companion and remained at his side on trips to hospitals and was holding his hand in his final moments at Health City at 5:30 am on February 17th. On his 2023, March 31st birthday, Cardinall called a pastor and gave his heart to Christ on the phone.

Cardinall lived an extraordinary life of dedication and service to his community. In mid-70's, Cayman's blood bank was formed. He was one of the first 3 donors, (along with the late Maas Bernard and the late Mrs. Joyce Prendergrast). He served on the Liquor Board, on Vision 2008's committee for Finance and Tourism, and CITA, (Cayman Islands Tourism Association), was a member of the Seafarers Association and sponsored several beauty pageant contestants and a football club. While in Rotary Club, he was helpful in starting the Bonaventure Boys Home and Francis Bodden Girls Home. In 2017, Cardinall was awarded the BEA/Lifetime Achievement Award for recognition of the following: Startup of a long-standing business, implementing 7-Mile Public Beach and Pirates Week, and was a founding member of the Jaycees, Rotary Club and Chamber of Commerce.

Tribute to My Darling Husband Cardi

Today is a very difficult day for me as I say goodbye, my darling.

Cardi, your passing has left a deep void and my life just won't be the same without you.

We began our lives together in Tampa, Florida in 1996 on the 25th of January and the next 28 years were a wonderful whirlwind of adventure combined with the highs and lows of life.

They say many people go through life without experiencing true love. Well, I am humbled and privileged to say that I was blessed when you came into my life. When I met you, I immediately knew I had a best friend, a confidant, a partner that truly loved me, and a wonderful husband that would be with me for the rest of our lives.

You always had a song in your heart for me and my ears would often be surrounded and calmed as you sang melodic selections that displayed your never-ending love for me. Your beautiful voice will forever resonate in me wherever I go as you are still just a thought away.

Having been a seaman, you were never afraid to step up to the task at hand. The attitude you had engrained within was a belief that anyone could achieve whatever they desire in life as long as they were focused and determined.

You were also caring and giving; you always went out of your way to assist everyone as you saw the need.

I treasured our marriage vows through thick and thin, through good times and bad times, and until death do us part. I will also follow your kind words of advice, "Joy, take care of yourself." You spoke of a few last wishes, and I promise to complete your desires.

Cardi, your last words, "I love you, I love you" will always be held precious in my heart. Thank you for creating beautiful pages of memories in this storybook we call life and know that you, and our love, will live in my heart forever.

May God cradle you in His loving arms and may your soul have sweet rest and peace until we meet again.

From your dear wife, Joy.



Tribute From Daughter, Olga

You left without saying good-bye

Left all your earthly dreams behind

To fall in the warmth of the Master's hands

The Sheep who never strayed from His eternal plans

I'm Missing You!

As I began to write my song for you, tears fell from my eyes realizing that I will not be able to sing with you here again, but I will keep practicing so that I can sing with you up there when it is my turn to leave here; EARTH, a place where shadows fall and sorrow comes and goes, yet my dream is to hang on, hold the sail, uphold the type of a legacy you left behind. I miss singing with you! I miss your smile! I miss your authoritative voice! I miss sharing ideas and talking business! Oh! but you would always say "I like your idea but hold it there!" I knew that last word was not going to be mine.

I was so taken aback and short for words when you called me up June last year and told me you had given your heart to God on your Birthday, March 31st. Up until then, I suspected you had, and I just kept praying it was true. You proved it to me when, no matter what trials you had, you kept singing gospel songs until the bittersweet end. When I visited your bedside you knew it was me; I held your hand, and when I left your side, I never said good-bye, only that I loved you. I already miss hearing your ringtone on my phone checking on me and family and how it went at work for the day. I'm missing you so much dad!!

Love, Olgie

At almost 6'3", dad was larger-than-life, gung-ho, strong-willed, talented, energetic, industrious, sharp-minded, a perfectionist. Nothing daunted him, ramming head-on into challenges. We kids probably thought we'd an SAS drill sergeant for a pa! For leisure, in '60's, dad loved skiing, racing Sunfish sailboats, singing and flying lessons with Tom Hubble, later it became all about fishing. By '75, there were 5 of us.

In 60's, as hotels opened, dad arrived late, but never forgot my chocolate malt balls from "Mackie's Store". He was a romantic too, sneaking in on mom with flowers, giving me a sign to shush; they'd kiss and tease me for looking. At 3, dad would drive with me standing beside him on the bench seat, I'd hang onto his neck and he'd sing me 'Hang On Sloopy'. At 3 1/2, I pestered him to let me help press pillowcases, finally he stood me on a milk crate, showed me how, saying: "If any kink, don't grab it, the ladies will rerun it". He exhorted the ladies to stop the roller press if needed. As mom fixed nightly suppers, dad serenaded me with Elvis' songs. He looked and sounded like Elvis. Dad's friend, Philip Yates, thought so too and booked dad slots in a US nightclub and a recording studio. I heard women swarmed him when he sang and he'd a hard time exiting. Enamored, but newly married, me small, he forfeited it all, returning home. Dad made his last trip to sea before my sister Olga was born, bringing mom and I Hanboks (Kimonos). The night "Olggie" arrived, neighbor Freddy carried mom to hospital. No phones. At midnight we stopped at Puritan to inform dad. He and Uncle Hartie were busy washing 2 huge mountains of hotel sheets. Charissa, "Charie" followed "Olggie" by 3 years, but for many years, after school, as Olga and I finished our homework we'd help sort clothes, getting home late.

Mid-60's, I'd overhear dad lamenting to mom that fellow Jaycees and government were reluctant in comprehending that a portion of the West Bay beach was needed for the public before it all got sold. Finally in 1972, government set aside 640' of the beach and it became 7-Mile Public Beach. I helped rake vines, burrs. Later, large holes created by extracting sand to build the airport were filled in by marl. Government set a rule it cannot be sold unless by public consent.

Running Puritan wasn't easy. Ordering parts from USA brought headaches. Seemed tricksters sent bogus parts. Dad would fume and threaten to call USA's Better Business Bureau. Later with sandwiches and coffee mom made, he'd return to spend hours under a machine, fixing it with just his ingenuity. At times I went along to hand him tools. Later my brothers assisted. Sometimes at Puritan, I'd see dad hang his head and murmur: "I dunno why I ever came back here!" Mom had wanted him to remain in USA when they'd first married. He'd toyed with the idea, but when he and friend, Jim Bodden ran for '72 election, both had to give up their US green cards in order to run as candidates. Mr. Jim won, dad's fate was sealed.

In '73, dad got an 18-foot boat. I was 11. Many evenings he'd phone saying: "Pamela, hurry up'n fix tuna sandwiches'n coffee, we're goin' fish'n! I wanna catch that tide!! Time'n tide wait on no man!" He'd drive up, I'd jump in, off we'd go skipping across North Sound to his favorite spot, "Suck Fish Hole"; he'd find it just eying the treeline. Soon we'd have Muttons, Trevallies, Yellowtails, later cleaning them by flashlight. Mom always asked: "Wha'd y'all catch?" If nothing, dad's laughing reply: "Wet backside'n hungry belly!" Every May full moon, dad caught 40lb Muttons there!

In '77, dad released "Pieces of Eight"; it became a well-loved record. '78's Pirates Week, a visiting American swordfighter taught dad to swordfight. I'd watched them practice nights at waterfront Puritan. They performed it at Royal Palms. With lethal-looking replicas, they parried, shouted, whirled, twirled, their swords clanging, clashing. At the last, the American thrust into dad's chest, red oozed, dad fell, playing dead; people murmured, gasped. Seconds later, dad jumped up laughing pulling out the ketchup/water pouch we'd mixed. He'd played the part to the hilt! Too bad it wasn't caught on film!

As a kid, I thought dad was Superman: Age 3, granny's kerosene lamp blew up, its flames towered! Dad grabbed and flung it outside. Age 4, at supper, I kept banging my chair against the kitchen door. Dad kept warning. Suddenly, the latch gave way, I was falling backwards, my head about to hit the cement step; he grabbed me in midair. I'd overhear dad regaling mom with stories...one of him being in a Cuban bar when loads of Batista's gun-toting soldiers suddenly surrounded him thinking he was Castro then accusing him of being one of Castro's men. Luckily, a fellow seaman explained they were from Cayman. Then there's the story of the 24 Cubans coming to Cayman in 1963. Dad was ringleader and with help of brother, Hartmann, Mr. Ducan Merren and others, they rounded them up and back aboard their plane to leave. (Loxley Banks has dad's voice recording of it.) Then, he and Harwood Jackson had gone spearfishing towing their fish on a rubber tube. The towline kept jerking. Thinking Harwood was teasing, dad yelled: "Quit it!" and turned to see a large shark. They ditched fish, swam to the reef, spearguns ready as the shark circled around their feet. When it left, they swam ashore. One Sunday, dad came home, shirt bloodied, head gashed. He'd been salvaging stuff off a metal-hulled wreck in East End with friends and a block and tackle had fallen from up high. Mom was aghast he'd almost been killed. In '73, lightning struck a tall standing fan in a doorway; it exploded ablaze. In seconds, dad swung from the facing over it feet first like Tarzan, landing on the other side to yank the plug. When we were sick, mom ran with aspirin, dad with alcohol. With huge, massive hands he'd rub us down, fevers were broken in seconds. Age 12, dad sped me to hospital where Dr. McGladdery did an appendectomy. I still recall the muffler's "Zzzzz" as we flew. One Sunday hospital called. An AB+ mother-in-labor was hemorrhaging and needed a transfusion fast. Dad was an AB+ donor. I radioed dad fishing out on 7-Mile Banks on CB. Soon, he roared up the canal, water sloshing onto people's yards, threw me a rope, yelling: "Tie'er up" and shot off. Mom and babe were saved. Once out fishing, dad snipped a lead wire, a 1/2 inch piece flew in by his elbow and disappeared. He hurried in, ran to a doctor, by time they'd located it, it had travelled up to his shoulder! Doctor said luckily it hadn't reached his heart! Another time, a line tangled around dad's finger, he leaned out over the boat yelling: "I'm gonna lose my finger!" Suddenly the line popped,

He'd lost a big fish though! One Sunday before dad got a CB, his fishing buddy, Mr. Jervis, wasn't able to go out to 7-Mile Banks, so dad asked if I'd like to saying he really didn't want to carry me out that far. I was 12, I answered: "Yes!" Soon we were out of sight of land, dad trolling, water a cobalt blue; suddenly we'd no power. He rolled up his line, went over to assess, came up saying we'd no propeller. He grabbed his spare saying: "Pamela! You know how to handle this boat! If anything happens to me, head the boat on this compass bearing and you'll reach George Town Harbor!" Over he went, propeller in hand, wrench in pocket, shearing pin between his teeth. I sat frozen worried if I rocked the boat he'd fumble and drop the pin. He was under so long I was scared a shark had gotten him and relieved when he reappeared. Night of Puritan's '93 fire, dad drove back and ran into thick smoke hauling, grabbing items to save. Dad talked incessantly of owning a Hatteras, finally acquiring it. He was in his element, Penn rods bending, whizzing, setting drags, fighting; hauling in Kings, Wahoos. On a Little Cayman trip, rods out; porpoises surrounded, jumping, weaving as we trolled. I yelled: "We gotta pull up lines!" Dad yelled back: "Nah, won't bite, too smart for that!" They stayed alongside most the journey. We parked between Mr. Bing and Gene Thompson off Owen Island. At nights, the 3 boats turned on their lights and lit up the area like a huge aqua swimming pool. We'd swim till late.

In early '80's, dad quit cigarettes, butter, breads, no steaks, little sweets; admonishing us to do same. Dad never had HBP or sugar. Last February, "Miss Anne", mom's prior caregiver, began caring for dad. They'd sing gospel songs together, he was grateful for her and she led him to Jesus. He called a preacher and over phone, gave his soul to Christ, saying: "Pamela, I've decided to profess Christianity. When I get out of here, I want to help as many as I can to God." Dad couldn't see, nor move nor barely hear, but his brain ticked, never forgetting anything, working math quickly in his head. This February at Health City, dad asked me: "Did you see Jesus?! He was standing right by the door!" I knew then the end was near.

If I could turn back time ...it would be to hear: "Pamela, hurry up'n fix coffee'n sandwiches, we're going fish'n! I wanna catch that tide! Time'n tide wait on no man!" Fishing with dad was always boatloads of exhilarating fun.

Your daughter, Pamela

"Time Machine"

These tiny grains of sand
Slip thru' our fingers
One by one

We look back
But can never go back
Our hearts
Plea

For one
Moment more
A time machine perhaps
To step into the black n white photos
To hear his and her sing-song laughter
Ring
To their dancing eyes
Sparkling

There is no going back to the late 50's when they first laid eyes on each other in the parking lot after a service of the week-long convention waterfront church

The warm breeze of Hog Sty Bay bombarded by a springing, burning, hot quest that he know her name, because, after all, she was sitting safely in a car outside Full Gospel Hall Church, and no one else knew she sat there - with those eyes - those blue-green Caribbean Sea eyes, just sitting there, listening, as he dug his head thru' the back car window & said: "Y'all seen Mama? Oh! And who might you be?!" Breathless, his brown eyes met her smiling blue ones....

Time machine, please
To the 60's when the Girls entered this world
To the 70's when the long-awaited Sons arrived and all childbearing ceased

Time machine for
The halcyon days of childhood birthday beach parties, hot sun pounding down on Spotts Beach, setting every grain of sand ablaze in white glory

Time machine for
The wet green jungle in the front yard with Mommy's voice trailing after us in our giggling fray: "Here's your swimsuit, Sweetie! Put it on so you can go out in the rain!" And, our li'l bodies shivering delightfully in the wet sprinkles, outside, in our own jungle, in our own yard, the world a giant, magnificent playground of wet, red clay puddles, our toes digging into each one, of softly swaying coconut trees, the green hush of soft rain, safe and cool

And her blue eyes...

Laughing at us in the rain
Laughing at us in our joy

Your daughter, Charissa

“Abandoned”

I hate this earth
And all its memories

All its longings
And its yearnings
Never fulfilled

He flew away on the wings of
Morning
Here I am
Mourning

I hate this earth
And all its musings
Its silly useless trappings
Never fulfilling

I love my Dad
And how he conquered this
Earth
And handed it to me

I love my Dad
But he's now fled
And now the Lord
Will take me up
Into His Bosom
Into His Care

I love my Dad
He will not come to me
But I indeed will go to him

I hate this earth
And all its memories
It has taken my most
Cherished Memory

Your daughter, Charissa

From your eldest son Mowbrey

Your most significant accomplishments may have occurred before my birth, However, growing up around your spirit's energy—full of vigor and tenacity- gave me insight into how you achieved so much. This same unyielding determination was evident in your role not only as a devoted father but also as a hard-nosed businessman and a dedicated citizen, addressing needs and taking action for your country without question or hesitation.

Following in your footsteps may have not been the most challenging thing I have done but it was the hardest. Which turned out to be the most rewarding.

Hot steam pipes, grease-covered hands, with iron wrenches, and brut force we battled together to make sure things kept running. Many times you and I worked into the night on equipment, to be sure the business could open without any setbacks on scheduled work.

What I have learned from you is to stand for what you believe in, set goals, and leave no stone unturned until you have finished it. Sayings of yours: Don't take any wooden nickels. With everything you do, do with all your might, things done in half are never done right, And, you don't know how you look till you have had your picture took.

Memorable Moments: Being the only boat at the sandbar on a Sunday, picnics in the 25-foot boat with Mom, you, and us 5 kids in the channel of mangroves near Duck Pond. Deep sea fishing for 28 days straight when a million-dollar month was really a month. Catch and release of the 250lb marlin that won our crew a prize.

Dad, I will carry with me forever the memories of being out on that deep blue ocean and you, behind the wheel shouting with excitement each time a fishing rod would suddenly bend down with the reel screaming announcing a big fish just got hooked. For me that deep blue ocean will forever represent you.

Tribute to My Dad

This so hard to fathom that I now lost you dad just a little over a year of losing mom, imagine. Wow, how do I grasp this! Time always has the final word and timing of things is so frustratingly unfortunate sometimes. As your birthday is coming up too ...

Well this is it now dad; that "Final Curtain" that you sang about in one of your favourite songs "My Way" by Frank Sinatra. You had a good run though and accomplished a lot in your 88 years of existence. I only wish that I could do as much as you did as in regards to things for the Cayman community and more as there were so many accolades including your passion: music.

You were a soldier to the end fighting that inevitable day and I will have to try to mimic your strength and continue to be as stubbornly strong in life like you from here on out for whatever I have to face and I know I too will have to face that "Final Curtain" one day. Even though there were some scars that you left 'unhealed', that I was hoping could have been closed, I will have to have solace in the hope that God has his mercy and has forgiven and the scars will close in time.

I am grateful that I was fortunate enough to have been raised in the family business-Puritan Cleaners that you were able to start with the help of your 2 brothers Wilbur & Hartman, and proud of you for that. It instilled in me what it meant to work from an early age-the tender age of 8 as I recall, which has guided me in my work life today and thank you for the business knowledge that you passed on to me.

I still have the white Pearl brand drum set that you gave me for Christmas when I was 14. They were spared by Hurricane Ivan so that was a 'sign' to never part with them. And so the 'sign' was that my oldest son Dylan, that looks just like you I might add, 'pushed' me to finally get them back together so that I could pass on the 'musical bug' to him and teach him how to play, although I taught myself. If only I could get him off the Playstation though... haha ... working on it dad! The drum set will always be cherished and a lasting memory of you and is actually basically like an 'heirloom' now and I promise to make Dylan a 'seasoned drummer'.

A proud moment for me was backing up you, a 'music legend', on drums for a song one night when I was with Regeneration Band and I hope I made you proud too dad.

Looks like I got the singing talent from you too though because I like vocals as you did. It has definitely resonated right through my family because my daughter Liana is a 'songbird' and you always enjoyed her singing to you. My youngest son Drayson is the sports guy as his passion is basketball. I'm working on passing on this awesome trait to him still somehow though, just need to get him off the Playstation too ... haha ...

All my life I was told that I look just like you and now Dylan hears the same that he looks like me. He constantly hears me saying that I think he looks more like you than I do, as I mentioned before ... so the memory of you lives on when I look at him ... I see you ...

I will cherish all the great memories we had out in the speed boat as a kid, in the big boat-Cay Lady, when I was older, fishing for big game fish and going to the sand bar, pizza nights for the kids at your place, just to name a few. Oh and I remember watching you perform at Pirates Week and other events dressed up as "Blackbeard" singing your infamous pirate songs that you were well know for. I was so proud to boast to friends "that's my daddy".

I will always remember a true saying of yours; "Don't take any wooden nickels from anyone" that needs no explanation. To this day it always make me laugh when I love to tell people another saying you had; "If the dog didn't stop to take care of business(expletive word), he would have caught the rabbit!" Indicative of the setbacks that we face in life that we have no control over.

The last physical embrace at the hospital 2 days before your passing when you clutched my hand so tight and would not let go will never be forgotten. I will always say and believe that that was your way of telling me goodbye almost as if you knew it was me, as you could not respond verbally, I think you knew it was me. Every time I would shift my hand for your nails to not dig into my skin; you thought I was pulling away. You pulled me back like those times you fought those big marlins out on the high seas, is what it felt like. I just left my hand there and let you hold it as long as you wanted or needed to. You even grabbed my arm with your other hand and held me tight. It felt as if you wanted to take me to the other side with you. A cherished moment etched in time. Little did I know that would be the last time I would even hold your hand. You scared me a couple times as I felt a release and I looked to see if you were still breathing but you were. I was like "whew" ok he's still breathing.

Well dad ... sadly that is our final handshake then ever and so I will have to say goodbye and sign off to you with that as a lasting memory, etched in my heart, mind and soul forever.

Love your youngest son and child Jason-the 'Baby' of the Family



Zelpha Bodden – (Sister)

My Heart is sad on the loss of my big brother. I remember looking forward to his many visits and the times we spent together, whether it was here on Island or in Tampa. I'm glad to know that on one of my recent visits to him at Health City, he'd professed to me he'd given his heart to God. On my very last visit to him there, he seemed to know I was present and squeezed my hand as I prayed for him. He was always supportive and kind and I will miss him checking in on me regularly. I will always cherish the good memories and I send all my love to the rest of the family.

To my papa

I am honored to call myself your granddaughter. I had the opportunity to see a side of you that not many people got to see. To me, you were a handsome, charming, and hardworking man. You were a perfectionist, and everything had to be done your way. I find these same qualities in myself, and they have helped me to accomplish so many things at such a young age.

You always knew how to put a smile on my face. You made me feel like the most special girl in the world. You never failed to remind me of how beautiful, intelligent, and talented I am. You also never missed an opportunity to brag about me to everyone you met. You always said "that's my granddaughter, so make sure you take care of her". You encouraged me to do well in my studies and you never doubted my ability to achieve greatness. You saw my interest in becoming a doctor and you tried your best to help in any way possible. I am forever grateful for the support you gave me. I felt every ounce of love that you poured out to me, and I can only hope that you felt mine too.

I've thought about you every day since you departed. I wish I had more time to spend with you, but God had other plans for you. I will miss hearing your voice over the phone. Every time we spoke you would ask "how many more years do you have left until you graduate as a doctor?" The last time I spoke to you, my response was "2 more years". You told me "I'm asking God to give me 2 more years so that I can see you graduate". I really thought you would live to see that day, but sometimes, things don't go as planned.

I'm also going to miss going to your house and hearing your stories about "back in the day". I always enjoyed eating pizza and celebrating special occasions with you. I will miss hearing you sing and play your guitar. But most of all, I will miss hearing you say, "I love you sweetheart" or "I'm so proud of you". I will cherish every memory with you.

You left an empty space in my heart and I'm not sure how I will recover from this. I promise to push through the tough days so that I can fulfill OUR dream of seeing me become a doctor. I hope to carry on your legacy and make you proud.

You will always be in my mind and in my heart. I love you always papa. Until we meet again.

Your granddaughter,
Liana

Tribute to my Papa

I don't want to remember you like this papa.

I still wish you were alive to see me become a chef and succeed in my dreams to work for a big-time hotel or restaurant or maybe even have my own restaurant one day. That would be cool to own my own business like you did and I know that you would have been proud of me for that!

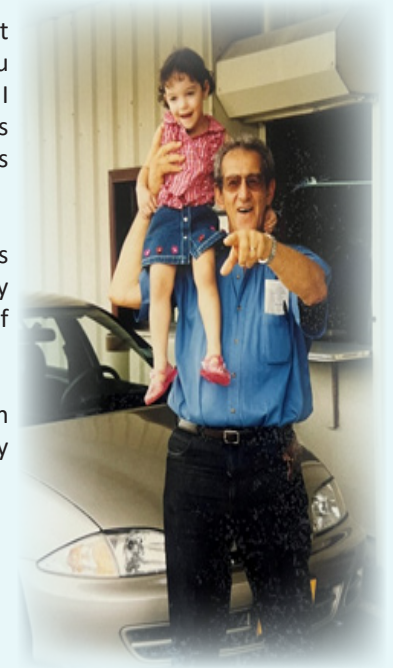
I will always remember you for your amazing Caymanian stories and about how you grew up as a little kid, then as a teenager going out to sea for work on those big ships and basically travel the world.

I loved going by your house celebrating all holidays and birthdays and hearing you sing and laugh with everyone. I was so grateful that you gave me my first electric guitar. I was so excited that night, but my dad was even more excited than me that you gave it to me! I haven't used it in a while, but I will honor you and learn to play it and practice more. I like to sing now too so will practice that also and wish that I could sing as great as you did!

I'm so happy that you were alive and strong to know that I graduated high school. I'm also thankful for the cake mixer that you and Ms. Joy gave me for my graduation present. It was the best gift and I have not stopped using it!

I will work hard and become a chef for you papa. I will always love you and thank you for all that you have done for me and will make you proud and keep chasing my dreams...

Love you always your "lookalike" grandson, Dylan.



Tribute to Papa.

I honestly don't know where to start. I will begin by saying I could have never asked for a better grandpa than you papa, you meant a lot to me. It is very hard to move on without you. I may not show my emotions out, but I think about you almost every day.

One of the things that I really miss about you is when you and Ms. Joy invited us over for pizza nights at your old house. I will miss hearing you sing and tell us your stories of when you were out to sea. I know you were proud of me for making the Cayman Islands Basketball National Team. You were always there supporting me and giving me money to help with my trips overseas. You were always the one to give me the highest donation out of everybody and that always made my day. I will forever love you papa and I know God has special plans for you up there.

Love your youngest grandson – Drayson.



From Kadie Jackson

Dear Papi, I know you must be in heaven surrounded by angels who are singing with you and caring about you as much as God loves His children. You are in a place where there's no pain, sorrow, and shame anymore and the devil is not there! I imagine you are in the presence of the Lord God almighty every moment living blissfully with all of God's disciples walking and hearing clearly again. I miss playing piano for you here, but I leave it for the angels to do for me up there. Love, Kadie

From Wilbur Jr (Will) DaCosta

Tribute to my Uncle - Cardinal M. DaCosta - a much respected, pioneer Caymanian businessman

My Uncle Cardinal was born March 31, 1935 died Feb 17, 2024, third son and child of seven children to Augustine DaCosta and Olga Wood DaCosta in their family home in Savannah.

His eldest brother Lindo DaCosta was born in 1922 and served in the Home Guard during the second World War. Lindo was tragically killed in 1942 at the hands of another young man from Bodden Town. My Uncle told me this tragedy struck the family very hard and his mother never really recovered but because of the strong bond of love that already existed the tragedy helped strengthen this bond among the remaining 6 siblings and their parents. My father Wilbur, Uncles, Cardinal and Hartmann formed Puritan Cleaners Ltd. In the early 1960s, Uncle Cardie became manager of Puritan and a breadwinner of the family together with his parents and siblings. Making a living in Cayman I imagine was tough in those day but as you all know, Puritan Cleaners Ltd., after lots of hard work became a thriving business in Grand Cayman, and is still going strong today with a great team and Olga and Mowbrey, his children, at the helm.

Uncle Cardie was a much sought-after musician, singer/guitarist and provided great fellowship in the Church and the Savannah Community and all of Cayman.

As a young boy he took me out fishing with family and friends, and one, of these early fishing, trips he taught me how to swim. And in later years when Pirates Week started he became very active in his role as Cayman Pirate BlackBeard, and sang the Pirate's Week – Classic song which I believe he wrote "Pieces of Eight".

He is and was a true Cayman Hero and legend to his DaCosta family, friends and Cayman community. A true community, and business leader. May his soul rest in peace and God bless us all. Lovingly, Will

From Wayne DaCosta

My Wife and I visited with Uncle Cardie in late November 2023 and that is when I discovered that he had given his heart to the Lord. I was thrilled to hear this and it was inspiring to know that my Grandmother Olga's, Aunt Audie's and my Father's prayers were answered. My Grandmother's perpetual wish was that all her family would be with her in Heaven.

I asked Uncle Cardie if he had made his heart right with Jesus and he affirmatively said yes! And Aunt Joy chimed in and said "yes he did, he prayed some months ago and asked the Lord to come into his heart to forgive him of his sins" and that sealed it for me.

After enjoying some good music with him on my phone, and prior to leaving I told Uncle Cardie that I wanted to pray for him before we left and he said "I want to pray for you, Patty and children first" and he prayed the most beautiful prayer for us. Then we prayed for him. It was the most awesome moment and we truly felt God's presence.

There is a lot more that can be said about a Son, Father, Uncle, Husband, Friend, Hero, entrepreneur, leader, entertainer, musician, seaman and a man of the soil that stood up strong for his people and his country on many occasions.

He was truly loved and admired by many and he will be missed. Rest In Peace with the Lord my dear Uncle.

With much love, nephew Wayne and family, Patty, Aaron and Ashley DaCosta

From Holly Jackson

Dear Papi, Oh I miss you already with your kind eyes and pure heart. I'll miss your singing voice and how it combined with mine when we sang "How Great Thou Art." My heart sank when I first heard of your passing. I knew in my mind that someday your death would come but not so soon. I wish I could have had more talks with you about my dreams and passions and listen attentively to your stories of your boat trips.

I'm mostly going to miss telling you about my achievements in school; it's really upsetting that I will not be able to give you my diploma for Graduation to hold. I'll also miss the pizza nights we would have at your place along with Nana Joy, Uncle Moby, Uncle Jaja, Aunt Lety, Dylan, Drayson, Lele, Kadie, Daddeh and Mommeh. Just being around all of you made me feel at home. I was so happy when you gave your heart to the Lord. I bet the angels welcomed you with open arms when you left us. I know deep down that you are in heaven now, but why did you have to leave so soon? For two nights straight I cried. I want you back Papi. I miss you. With lots of Love, Your granddaughter, Holly

From Johnathan Bodden

In long ago days, all of Savannah it seemed gathered at Spotts on a Saturday by the Cottage. One of my earliest memories of Uncle Cardinall was how he showed me the proper way to swim in the sea. "Let me see how you swim" he said. When I splashed too much he said "No man, this is how you do it". "You have to glide through the water" as he demonstrated the proper swimming technique. "When we were young we would compete to see who could swim the best without making any splash". I go in the sea often and ever since that day, his instructions flash through my mind.

He was always looking to learn and wanted to know what you thought on a particular subject. Listening intently, he would offer his opinion or advice on another way something could be done. So really, he was passing on wisdom after considering how you thought about something first.

When I last spoke to him, my Mother, brother and I saw him less than two weeks before he first stopped talking. His mind was clear and he went through how he started "the Cleaners" with his brothers in details I had not heard before. When we first entered the room he very much had his sense of Humor and proclaimed himself the "Last of the Mohicans". What he was for sure was one of the last hard working, determined and dedicated Caymanians of his day. Knowing how he would check in on my mother, his sisters and all of us through the years, his guidance and interest will be missed. With Love Johnathan Bodden (Jon Jon)

From Morgan DaCosta

My Uncle Cardie - For the love of country and for the benefit of the people of the Cayman Islands, first. "He did it his way and made no apologies". Rest in Sweet Peace Uncle Cardie, with love, Nephew Morgan DaCosta and family Jocelyn, Kelsey and Hart

Tribute to my father-in-law

I didn't think that today I would be writing a tribute to you, Mr. Cardinall. Your passing is something I was not expecting right now. I was used to receiving your calls asking how the kids were doing or to invite us over to your house.

You've been a part of my life for the past 27 years and you knew how special you were to me, not only because you were my father-in-law but because you were the person that gave me the opportunity to work for you in Cayman. I am forever grateful for that opportunity after you interviewed me over the phone and hired me same time.

On October 7th, 1997, I arrived in Cayman to work at Puritan Cleaners and to meet with you. While I was waiting, I saw a handsome young guy come to the front counter to help a customer. I didn't know he was your son and little did I know he was going to be the father of my children whom you adored; Liana, Dylan, and Drayson.

I will always remember the smile on your face every time the kids visited you. I know they will cherish all the photos I took to capture every moment they spent with you. On more than one occasion you said to me, "Lettie I am proud of you. You are a good mother and you have done a great job raising my grandkids. Everything that they have accomplished is because of you." I will forever cherish the memories we shared at your house and I'm forever grateful for your love and support to my kids.

You were so proud of each one of my children. You always mentioned how much you wanted to live to see Liana graduate from Medical School as a Doctor. I really thought you would live to see that day and we are deeply saddened by this. You were also happy when Dylan graduated from High School, even though you couldn't be there because of your health condition. However, you made sure that Joy was there to represent you. You were proud of Drayson for being selected to play for the Cayman Islands National Basketball Team and always gave him some extra cash to take on his trips overseas.

The last days we spent at the hospital with you before you passed away, you held onto our hands so tightly that I couldn't believe how much strength you had that night. I can only assume it was you trying to say goodbye.

Every time I look at my son Dylan, I will see you, because he is the one that looks like you the most.

R.I.P. Mr. Cardinall

Your daughter-in-law Lettie, as you always called me.



From Waide DaCosta

Uncle Cardie and I had a long, loving relationship. He was a pioneer in so many fields, the business/commerce and music industries to name a few. He was a Stalwart Caymanian and fought hard for the rights of his beloved Caymanian people and their beautiful islands. May his wonderful soul rest in peace. Your loving nephew Waide and children, Selena and Waide Jr.

From Jane (DaCosta) Panton

Dear Uncle Cardie, my first memories of you are with your guitar and that big booming voice entertaining at our family gatherings. I was probably 5 or 6. This was my introduction to guitar music and I have loved it ever since. As children and adults, we always looked forward to Uncle Cardie coming and bringing his guitar and big voice to entertain us.

I will never forget the gratitude to you that my Mommy often expressed to you for looking after her and her children while Daddy was away at sea. Daddy only stopped going to sea after the 5th of 7 children. She was ever grateful and we siblings are grateful.

As I grew, I saw the amount of hard work that you put into your business and along with watching my own parents, Uncle Hartie and your 3 sisters put so much love, care and hardwork into what they made a living at, instilled in me a strong work ethic. I kept hearing from my parents the obvious mantra that you must have adopted from your parents "things done by halves are never done right". Rest in sweet peace Uncle Cardie. I know you are now reunited with all of our loved ones gone on before – there are many. With lots of love, Jane, Wayne and Cody.

From Woody DaCosta

Dear Uncle Cardie,

THANK YOU!; For always standing up for what was best for our Beloved Cayman Isles. Your heroic actions those many decades ago of leading the charge to stop at all costs, the Communist Party of Cuba from landing at Owen Roberts Airport. Your bold actions back then resulted in our most precious Verdant Isles steering away from the path and thus the shackles of Communism. Today, we enjoy freedoms you were willing to give your ALL for.

THANK YOU!; For having sound vision, foresight and tenacity to fight to save something for our people, consequently, thanks in large part to your endeavours, today we are fortunate to have Seven Mile Public Beach located on the best part of SMB.

THANK YOU!; For your key role in creating Pirates' Week to be the stop gap measure between Low and High Tourist Season.

THANK YOU!; For your Passion for Music, for it ushered in the first Pirates' Week Song (Pieces of Eight – will ring in my ears forever) and Song Competition, which set the Stage for our Annual Song Competition highlighting local Musical Talent.

THANK YOU!; For "saying the things you truly felt, and not the words of one who kneels" when defending our Homeland. They were inspirational to me.

THANK YOU!; From me for your always Supportive Words, your consistent presence and financial support during my Election efforts.

Godspeed our Baritone Crooner! Your grateful Nephew Woodward (Woody) DaCosta and family Shirley, Katie, Armie and Castle

From Damien DaCosta

FootSteps to follow and memories to last a lifetime. This is what we will cherish in our hearts in the years to come. Our Uncle Cardinal left many amazing accomplishments and accolades, great memories and songs to remember.

I always remember him saying "you got that DaCosta handshake son", when I shook his hand. This memory will always bring a smile to my face as this gave me great pride in knowing my Papa Wilbur taught me well. People would say "hang on to your shoulder when Wilbur shakes your hand".

I know we will mourn today and tomorrow will remember a true Caymanian legend. Rest in Peace dear Uncle. With love your grand-nephew Damien DaCosta and family.

From Lauri (Bodden) Webster

Dearest Uncle Cardinal, it spoke volumes to your character to observe how all of your sisters; Aunt Audrey, Aunt Kay and Mom Zelpha, always adored you along with their unwavering will to pray most for you to ensure you remained close to God. You were also one of the top inspirations for all of their own musical talents I'm sure, along with many more from the younger generations that will continue to follow the legacy you left with us, musically and beyond. We all loved to hear you play your guitar and sing at our regular DaCosta family gatherings through the years. You will be greatly missed and take solace in knowing those that proceeded you in leaving this earth will now have you there to sing along with them again. Your Loving niece, Lauri Webster and family

Uncle Cardinal will always be remembered by us for his entrepreneurial and leadership qualities that he passed on. His love for music and his incredible voice filled our house when he brought his guitar and belted out hymns along with Mommy. The most incredible thing that we admired about "Uncle Cardie", even to the end, was his love of Country & his very sharp mind that never failed him.

We shall meet again Uncle.

Mitch, Mark, Matthew & Stanton Ebanks

Classified Advertising

**PURITAN CLEANERS
"THE BEST AROUND"**

Will continue their **SPECIAL**
on shirts until **February 15.**
1 - 5 shirts at 1/10 or 1/2
for 10/6.

CAYMAN TROPIGARB
next door are specializing
in **Hand Finished Dresses,**
Blouses, Shirts, etc., of
fine Irish Linens and famous
ENGLISH COTTONS.

Custom jobs at **Bargain**
Prices.

NORTH CHURCH STREET
GEORGE TOWN.

Today, we bid farewell to a remarkable individual—a pioneer in business, a Rotarian, a talented musician, a seasoned seafarer, and above all, a devoted family man.

Cardinal Da Costa's journey with the Rotary Club of Grand Cayman was one of dedication and service. As one of our founding members, he played an integral role in shaping the very fabric of our organization. His visionary leadership, unwavering commitment, and boundless compassion laid the groundwork for the transformative impact we continue to make within our community.

Cardinal Da Costa attended the founding Charter Presentation Rotary Club meeting on 28 January 1966. This is an event of significant historical importance to the Cayman Islands and as such made him a founding member of a club that has gone on to serve this community from then to present day.

Cardinal Da Costa epitomized the spirit of service and dedication that defines Rotary International. Throughout his tenure with the club, Cardinal Da Costa exemplified the true essence of humanitarianism. His visionary leadership and boundless compassion propelled the Rotary Club of Grand Cayman to new heights of philanthropic endeavors, leaving an indelible legacy of positive change and upliftment in its wake.

Cardinal Da Costa's impact extended far beyond the confines of the club meetings and projects. He was instrumental in Club's initiative to build the Bonaventure Boys Home and coined the phrase "not a remand facility but a caring home for boys" subsequently Cardinal's involvement in this project helped support the establishment of the Francis Bodden Girls Home. Cardinal Da Costa's selfless dedication touched countless lives and left an enduring legacy of compassion and goodwill.

When researching the historical significance of the Rotary Club of Grand Cayman we found the following Article printed in Tradewinds Thursday February 3 1966 For Puritan Cleaners and I think the phrase "The best Around" sums up our Rotarian friend quite superbly.

The Cayman Islands Chamber of Commerce President Joanne Lawson, the elected Council, membership, and Staff wish to express our condolences to Mr. Cardinal Da Costa's wife, Joy, and children Pamela, Olga, Charissa, Mowbrey, and Jason, and grandchildren. Mr. Cardinal has contributed substantially in so many ways to the work of the Chamber and the welfare of our community.

59 years ago, this month 10 visionary Caymanian business and elected political leaders representing every district in Grand Cayman established the Chamber. Mr. Cardinal was among that distinguished group which included the late Derek Wight, William S. Walker, Capt. Theo Bodden, Colin Panton, John Smith, Harry McCoy, Warren Connolly, Anton Bodden and T.W. Farrington. These leaders drafted and approved the Chamber's 17 objectives which have stood the test of time. The Chamber's foundation is firmly rooted in the contributions of the 10 founders and 41 elected leaders who have served as President since 1965. Each leader has contributed in his or her way to strengthening the founders' vision.

Mr. Cardinal was an active and engaged member and an outspoken contributor to our organisation's progress and success. He served on a range of committees and task forces, always advocating for balanced and sustainable economic development. He was passionate about the development of tourism and a promoter of all things Caymanian including his music.

He looked beyond his business interests to speak out when necessary to protect and preserve the Caymanian way of life. He, along with other business leaders in the 1970s encouraged the Government to preserve a stretch of land along West Bay Road which would later become the Public Beach that so many of us enjoy today. He supported efforts to secure and protect beach access and endorsed many beautification and anti-littering initiatives.

Over my 30 years as CEO of the Chamber, I received regular calls and emails from Mr. Cardinal on numerous topics and had lengthy discussions about how the Chamber could assist. For Mr. Cardinal, there was no middle ground or compromise if public policy meant eroding the Caymanian way of life. To recognise his contributions, the Chamber Council conferred its highest recognition: Honorary Membership in 2015 – the organisation's 50th anniversary. The late Harry McCoy received this honour in the 1990s.

Mr. Cardinal's contributions to the work of the Chamber, his business, and his community will always be remembered. Cayman has lost another business pioneer. His legacy will live on in the work of the Chamber and other community organisations that he helped to establish. Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him.

Tribute to Mr. Cardinal from the Savannah/Newlands community group

Today, we stand together, united in grief but also with gratitude for a life well lived. We pay tribute today to a man who never forgot the community he grew up in and demonstrated the values it instilled in him by constantly seeking to contribute to the community and his beloved Country. Mr. Cardinal Da Costa was a Caymanian stalwart who loved his country and community and we loved him back. We not only mourn his loss but also celebrate the imprint of kindness he left on our hearts.

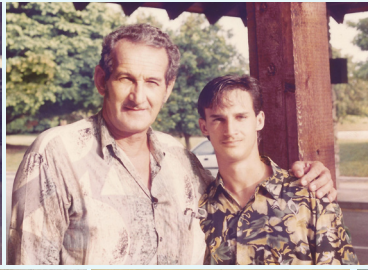
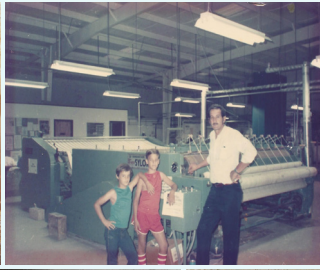
In his professional field, he left a legacy which is a testament to his innovative spirit and hard work as he established Puritan Cleaners. Decades later, when Countryside Shopping Center was built he would ensure that a branch of Puritan would be located there no doubt to ensure that his beloved community had easier access to the services and opportunity to all be sharply dressed like his other customers!

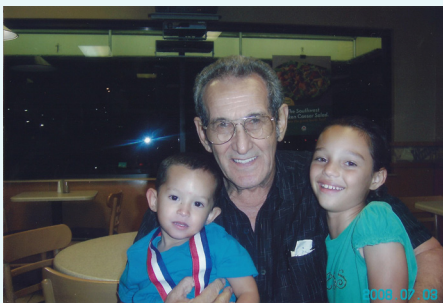
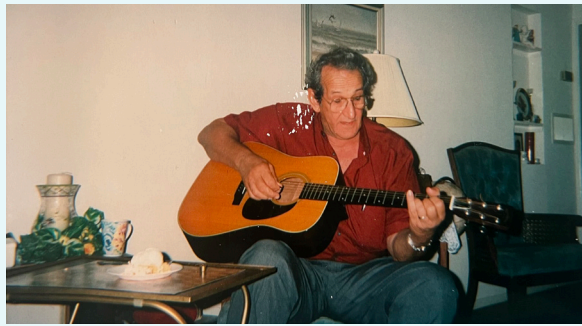
Mr. Cardinal also possessed an innate ability to connect with people with his tremendous voice and personality. He enamoured everyone with his great singing talent! He was always so eager to entertain at community functions across the island, especially here in our Savannah/Newlands community during Christmas. Each year at our senior citizen Christmas party, he would play his guitar and entertain the seniors throughout the evening with his music and especially loved the song "Silver Bells". We can still hear him singing now. As each Christmas comes around, he will be missed by all who knew and loved him.

Mr. Cardinal, thank you for the lessons you taught us, the love you shared and kindness shown. Your kind spirit was a source of inspiration and a beacon of love to all you encountered.

Rest in peace beloved Mr. Cardinal. Your journey on this earth may have concluded, but your spirit and your impact will forever resonate with us.









Graveside Service

Opening Remarks and Prayer	Pastor James Arch, Cert. Hon. JP (Ret.)
Committal.....	Pastor James Arch, Cert. Hon. JP (Ret.)
Song Tribute: Wings of a Dove	Son, Jason DaCosta
Hymn: Blessed Assurance.....	Congregation
Hymn: When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder.....	Congregation
Benediction	Pastor James Arch, Cert. Hon. JP (Ret.)

Blessed Assurance

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine
Heir of salvation, purchase of God
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood

Chorus:

This is my story, this is my song
Praising my Savior all the day long
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long.

Perfect submission, perfect delight
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight
Angels descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love

Perfect submission, all is at rest
I in my Savior am happy and blest
Watching and waiting, looking above
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love

When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder

When the Trumpet of the Lord shall sound
and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the
other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there

Refrain: When the roll is called up yonder,
when the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
when the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there

On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead
in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share
when His chosen ones shall gather
To their home beyond the skies,
and the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there

Let us labor for the Master
from the dawn till setting sun,
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care
then when all of life is over
And our work on earth is done
and the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there.

Acknowledgements

The family of the late Cardinal DaCosta would like to thank everyone for your presence here today to pay your last respects to a beloved husband and father. We express our heartfelt thanks to his caregiver, Anne McIntosh for her attentive dedication and love. Special thanks to Seafarers Association, the doctors and staff of HSA, Health City Hospital, Savannah Medical, Dr. Glatz, Dr. Barefoot and to all musicians who contributed to Cardinal's musical productions and to musician Rex Watler who lent not only his musical talents to Cardinal's CD's but also stood as a close friend to Cardinal to the end. Thanks also to Scott Ruby and staff of Bodden's Funeral Home and our sincere appreciation in their assistance in coordinating the funeral.

II Corinthians 5:17: KJV: "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold all things are become new."