

Service of Thanksgiving
for the Life of



Roberta "Pal" Esli Watler

23 May 1931 - 13 March 2024

Church of God Chapel, Bodden Town, Grand Cayman

Date: Thursday 21 March 2024

Time: 3:00 p.m.

Viewing: 2:00 p.m.

Officiating Ministers:

Pastor Winston Rose MBE

Pastor Ellen Peguero

Pianist: Pastor Hyacinth Rose Cert. Hon.

Interment at the Watler Cemetery, Savannah
(next to the Savannah Church of God Full Gospel Hall)

Order of Service

Musical Prelude	Pastor Hyacinth Rose Cert. Hon
Opening Remarks	Pastor Winston Rose MBE
Prayer	Pastor Winston Rose MBE
Scripture - Proverbs 3: 1-14	Hon. Anthony Eden OBE
Hymn – Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus	Congregation
Life Story	Pastor Ellen Peguero
Family Tribute	Judith Watler
Tribute from Cayman Islands Seafarer’s Association	Denniston Tibbetts
Message	Pastor Winston Rose MBE
Hymn – Because He Lives	Congregation
Benediction	Pastor Winston Rose MBE

Pallbearers

Paul Watler
Gary Watler
Raymond Brown

Philip Hydes
Stephen Watler
Peter Watler

Honorary Pallbearers

Hewitson Watler
Alister Watler
Gene Hydes
Charles Watler
Chris Watler
David Watler
William Jackson
Aidan Jackson
Colby Jackson
Carden ‘Mickey’ Henning
Joe Henning
Robert ‘Bobby’ Jackson
Vincent Zimmer
Eugene ‘Pixie’ Bethel

Wayne McGill
Russell McGill
Mike McGill
Pat Salinas
Owen Farrington
Otto Watler
Bob Thompson
Antonio ‘Danto’ Gutierrez
Booth Hurlston
Paul Bodden
Athens Jackson
Hon. Roy Bodden
Bill Jackson
Paul Roberts

Edward Miller
Seymour Morgan
Claude Bailey
Brenton Parchment
Olson Jackson
Evans Jackson
Astor Jackson
Semes Coe
Hamlin Stephens
Egbert Jackson
Hon. Wayne Panton
Hon. Osbourne Bodden
Sammy Jackson

Ushers

Mrs. Norma Jackson and Mrs. Sissy Powell

Guest Book Attendants

Ms. Cordella Chollette and Ms. Juliette Nicholas

Service Hymns

'Tis So Sweet To Trust In Jesus

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

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

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

Yes, 'tis so sweet to trust in Jesus, Just from sin and self to cease
Just from Jesus, simply taking Life and rest, and joy and peace.

I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Precious Jesus, Savior, Friend
And I know that Thou Art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

Because He Lives

God sent His son, they called Him Jesus
He came to love, heal and forgive;
He bled and died to buy my pardon
An empty grave is there to prove my Saviour lives.

Refrain: Because He lives; I can face tomorrow.
Because He lives; All fear is gone
Because I know, I know, He holds the future.
And life is worth the living just because He lives.

How sweet to hold a newborn baby
And feel the pride and joy He gives,
But greater still that calm assurance
This child can face uncertain days because He lives.

Life Story

Roberta Esli Watler (nee Jackson), known lovingly as Pal by all family and friends, was born in Newlands, Grand Cayman, Cayman Islands on 23rd of May 1931 and passed away on the 13th of March 2024. She was the daughter of the late Mrs. Esme Vanessa Jackson (nee Bodden) and Capt. William 'Willie' Robert Jackson. Her siblings were Colby, June, and Noreen, whom all preceded her in death.

Most of Pal's childhood was spent in George Town growing up in the old homestead on South Church Street. Pal grew up attending the Church of God Chapel in George Town where her mother, Mrs. Esme, was the lay pastor. Pal attended Government School, as well as Triple C School in George Town. However, when Pal was about 16 years old Mrs. Esme returned to live in Newlands and was the lay pastor of the Bodden Town Church of God Chapel and Pal attended Church with her. When Pal married and moved to Lower Valley, she didn't attend Church as regularly as she used to, but when she did, it was always the Chapel. Pal didn't obtain her driver's licence and thus was hindered from attending many social functions, including Church.

On 28 January 1953 Pal was united in marriage to Melbourne Alister Watler of Lower Valley. To this union was born Hewitson Olney, Walt Steven, Melbourne Alister (a baby boy who survived only 3 days) and Esme Vanessa.

Pal ensured that her children were raised with faith, that they knew how to pray, and that they attended Sunday School. Now, each child has a different memory of Sunday School as whichever church had pre-arranged transportation to pick the children up is where each respective child would attend; e.g. Hewitson remembers attending Sunday School at the Chapel Bodden Town, Walt remembered attending Sunday School at Savannah Church of God Full Gospel Hall, and Esme remembers attending Sunday School at both the Savannah Church of God Full Gospel Hall and the Savannah United Church.

Like many of the older generation, Pal had a hard life early on when no electricity or running water meant doing housework without modern conveniences. Her grey hair and well-worn hands tell the story of hard work and dedication to her family as a stay-at-home mother and wife— the unrecognized Domestic Executive! Melbourne went to sea for many years, and as a result Pal was both mother and father to her children, ensuring that the family was well taken care of and that quality of life, not quantity, was a must!

Yes, Pal didn't have the conveniences of modern-day living, but in addition to all the other daily chores, she ensured that her family had the best homemade bread, slow-cooked beans (stewed beans), macaroni and cheese, fresh beef, fried barra, and her notorious upside-down pineapple cake! Pal was committed to family and was the reason for so many happy times we enjoyed and will forever be remembered. She was a strong woman, a pillar of strength to her family. Pal had a lovely sense of humour and enjoyed a good laugh.

Perhaps her most memorable quality has been her dedication to taking care of us, up long hours of the night nursing us when we were sick; long journeys by boat and Greyhound bus to Port Arthur, Texas, to visit eye doctors for Hew and to give birth to Walt as she had complications, and later to see allergy doctors for Esme— by then there were flights to Houston, but still these were long journeys for a strong, humble Newlands woman! Between 1980-1985, Kay (Melbourne's first cousin) asked Pal to work in the canteen at the Cayman Islands High School, known as 'Ms. Kay's Canteen', which was the only time she worked outside of the family home.

Pal was a very quiet and gentle lady but would stand up for what she believed in and for that she was affectionately known by her family as "Politickin' Pal"; over the years she had been very involved in the Bodden Town Elections and had nominated a few politicians for that district.

Pal was a born again Christian and an active member of the Bodden Town Church of God Chapel until she was no longer able to attend Church regularly. However, she was very pleased when the Church Members visited her at home every 2nd Sunday of the month, and she enjoyed singing with them and repeating the many Scriptures she knew by heart. Pal also enjoyed the youth group that stopped by each December just before Christmas to sing carols!

We often chuckle at this little story: when Rev. King of the Savannah United Church visited Mrs. Ginny (Pal's mother-in-law) each Saturday evening he invited Pal to Church. However, Pal consistently replied, "Thanks, but no thanks.", until one Saturday afternoon Pal had enough and told Rev. King that he was "like a shepherd stealing sheep". Rev. King, quite astonished, asked what Pal meant by her statement, and Pal answered, "You know that I go to the Chapel, why are you trying to get me to go to your Church?" As a result, Rev. King didn't invite Pal to Church again!

Life continued to offer challenges. Pal had macular degeneration, which resulted in the loss of vision in both eyes, with only very limited peripheral vision remaining. As such, she was not able to read her Bible, but her children bought her a CD player with the Bible Scriptures on CDs and each morning her dedicated Caregiver, Patsy, ensured she listened to the Scriptures.

Her second son, Walt, passed away 21st of September 2020 after a short illness. It was after his death that she was diagnosed with heart failure and given her delicate age she and the family decided not to proceed with any surgical interventions. She had numerous bouts of hospitalization related to her heart failure but was always treated and discharged to return to the comfort of her home where she always yearned to be. Towards the end of April 2023, she had to be placed on oxygen 24/7, and during this last year there were visits to the hospital by ambulance that resulted in short periods of hospitalization, whereafter she was able to return home. In early November 2023 she told Esme 'I am going to die', so in a panic, Esme called Jasmine. Jasmine's Nurses and Caregivers visited, assessed, and were happy with the care Pal was receiving, and as such returned every other week for simple check-ups.

On Sunday 10th of March 2024 Pal's breathing was laboured and she had retained fluid relating to her heart failure. The ambulance was called, and she was taken to the George Town Hospital for treatment. On Wednesday 13th of March 2024 at 10:30am she passed away peacefully.

Through all the hardships Pal has been BLESSED, and today we are here to celebrate her wonderful, humble, God-fearing life of 92 years, 9 months and 19 days!

Given the blessedly long life she lived, many of her friends have preceded her in death. However, friends who are left to mourn include Laverne, Alicia, Laurel, Melva, Edna, Dottie, Pansy, Sybil W., Betty Lou, Sybil J., Carolyn, and Joyce.

Left to mourn her passing is her loving husband Melbourne, son Hewitson and his wife Sue, daughter-in-law Martina, daughter Esme and her husband Gene, and 5 grandchildren: Paul and his wife Tracie, Alister, Gary, Hannah, and Farrah, our 'brother from another mother' Raymond, and numerous other cousins, nieces, nephews, grandnieces, and grandnephews.

You will be severely missed, and forever loved!
Rest in eternal peace, Pal.

"To live and be loved is the most natural expression of our being."



Family Tribute

A Poem for You

You were always my anchor, to weather through every storm. A compass to lead me home safely, to the family we both created. We were destined to navigate life's great journey together, my one and true companion. You taught me what love is, you taught me how to love and you taught me that love will endure always. You showed me it's okay to cry for those you love and miss, because a loss is never easy, but we are never left alone.

You are an incredibly special woman, who means so much to so many. You've seen and overcome more than we will ever know. You proudly held us when we were born and happily watched us grow. You took a genuine interest in our lives, while you swept and scrubbed and stitched. We would slowly come to find, that this dear little lady, we endlessly love and cherish.

For us you became a second beacon of light, as you wholly took us, making us feel at home, and made each one of us yours as well. Included at all gatherings, excited to see your uplifting cheerful character. We are honoured to be a part of your big family.

We love your soft and rosy cheeks, your freshly set and perfect hair. We love the deliciously cooked dinners and tasty treats you'd offered whenever we were there. We love to spend time chatting, just reminiscing about how things were, and hearing a wealth of knowledge that could only ever come from you.

Solely you could get away with criticizing us with that sparkle in your eye, with only the best intentions at heart, you'd tell it with a grin. We are grateful that you would not take any nonsense and were firm but fair to keep us in check.

You didn't have to, but you were always there to give a helping hand. You really thought the world of us, and we hope you felt this too, because that's the God's honest truth, you are everything for us. Though you are sadly no longer here, we will feel your love forever still. Thank you, for always being you.

From your loving family, eternally missing you.

Written by Alister Watler



Tributes

A marriage of more than 70 years could never be reduced to a single page, and more so, words are perfectly inadequate to describing life with my Pal.

Our home was no castle, but she was my queen. Our life was no fairy tale, but she was my dream come true. Work was always hard, but my Pal was always my best support. I built us a fort, and she repaid me with a love as deep as the sea. Pal was able to bless everybody she met with kindness, compassion, and joy. All people adored her, and I was blessed above all to have her as my wife.

Being Pal's husband was the honour of my life, and I will love her forever.

Melbourne

My Dear Mother;

She was a hard worker who always found time for her family, including her extended family.

Growing up I fondly remember her taking me aboard, visiting British warships when they were open for tours by primary school students.

I also enjoyed my mother taking me on picnics to Pease Bay beach. Before returning home we would visit with Cousin Eileen and her family.

When Daddy was at sea, we would visit Grandfather Willy in Newlands for several weeks. She often sent me to deliver lunch/dinner to Aunt Ursie (Ursula) and her disabled son Dell. I would hop on my bike and peddle to Pedro. I also made deliveries to Cousin Inez Coe who lived a short distance away.

Mama always made pineapple upside down cake for my birthday. Those were easy to bake, but she also made heavy cakes that required her to make her own starch or flour from casava, bottler, corn, or yam. She also baked the family's bread.

She worked very hard keeping house. Her old gas fuelled wringer washer was very prone to breaking down, and we couldn't always get spare parts or the skilled repairman who could cobble it together and magically make it run again.

After I married Sue and my parents bought a satellite dish, we would spend Saturday night at my parents' house eating cheeseburgers and watching wrestling and Dallas. After Paul was born, Mama was his regular babysitter, and the two were companions until Paul started preschool.

After I obtained my driver's licence and a car, I would take her to visit family and friends, and on Sundays, I would frequently drive her to church.

I remember this and so much more. You will always be in my heart and never forgotten.

Hew

To my dearest Mommy, from Esme

Ma you pulled a fast one on me; I was so proud of you on Wednesday morning when you ate your warm cornmeal porridge and burped a few times, I thought you were shifting gears and in a couple days you would be home with us. Well, I now have proof that God answers prayers, as I had been praying that you would not lay and suffer- so yes you went home, to your Eternal Heavenly Home, Wednesday morning – about 2 hours after your breakfast! You were an exemplary Mother to us. You were a humble lady, didn't want or need fancy stuff but you ensured that all our needs were met. We laughed many times and I have beautiful memories to hold on to for the rest of my life. Each day I stopped to see you and Daddy, we spoke on the phone and we said our "I love you" ...

Writing your tribute is very difficult and words are not coming, only tears... and then I found this very old, yellowish poem in an inspirational book that I'd given you, "to my loving Mommy, 30/03/1998";

"Mother, you mean so much to me...

Mother you brought me up so lovingly, with so much thought and care, and set a fine example that I'm always proud to follow. You did the things that counted... things I'm thankful for today.

You have always given so unselfishly... the values you've taught me, the sacrifices you've made for me, the confidence you have given me have all contributed to make my life happy and full.

You helped me and encouraged me to do my very best, preparing me and showing me the way to handle problems in life.

And when things weren't working out and I was worried, you cheered me and inspired me to make a new beginning... You understood and gave me hope as no one else could do.

Mother, in a world of uncertainty nothing means more than knowing your love and loyalty only grow stronger."

-Larry S. Chengges



Tributes

From Sue

Miss Pal: a Christian, a Mother, a Mother-in-Law

Saturday evenings Miss Pal would start phoning her family looking for a Sunday morning ride to church. We all answered the call at one time or another, but most often Hew or Walt drove her to the Chapel in Bodden Town. Being a Christian was an important part of her life; she liked the visiting and catching up, but most importantly she restored her spirit in the weekly prayers, sermons, and hymns. Was Miss Pal born sweet and kind? Or did it take work to smile, to listen, to be positive? To put others before self. To turn the other cheek. So much of what we admire about this lady came from a strong faith supported by a Christian community.

If Christianity is known by its adherents, then mothers are known by their children. Esme, Walt, and Hewitson are examples of hard working, well-mannered Caymanians. Proud of their roots – Jackson, Bodden and Watler – proud of their country and proud of their family's contribution to its development. Miss Pal's children gave her the greatest joy in producing five smart, lively, good looking grandchildren, but also broke her heart when Walt died.

Her family expanded to include an American, a Honduran, and a West Bayer. Perhaps the most daunting thing about matrimony is acquiring a mother-in-law. Jokes and stories teach us to be wary of our mothers-in-law, but I do not have firsthand experience of this stereotype because Miss Pal was patient, kind, and helpful. I look back on my time as a Watler and realise how blessed I was to have Miss Pal in my life.

My dear Grandma, as I always affectionately called you. I thank you for treating me as if I was your own daughter and for teaching me many things, one of which being how to cook your top Caymanian dishes to keep making for the family.

You have only just left us, but I have this empty feeling in my heart. I am really struggling now that I have lost both my mothers.

After every visit you'd say that I didn't have to leave "just yet" and to stay a "little longer", I would reassure you not to worry, because I would see you again tomorrow. Now that you are no longer with us, it's hard to think about anything else but wanting to share another moment with you.

I will always admire that in your 92 years of life, you still continued to have a strong unwavering love in God, something I aspire to follow as you did. I have faith that one day we will see each other again in heaven and I will be reunited with my darling Walt.

Your love will forever brightly shine over us, even if we cannot reach out to hold your hand. But though you're not here with us in body, it is comforting to know we still have you in spirit, in our hearts, and in all our beautiful memories.

Love you forever, your Daughter-In-Law,

Martina.

My Mother-in-Law

In the beautiful mosaic of our life, each piece represents a person who has touched our heart and shaped our journey. Today, it is with a heavy heart that I bid farewell to a significant and irreplaceable piece of my mosaic, my Mother-in-Law, a woman who not only gave life to the person I married but also enriched mine in countless ways.

As I ventured into the bond of marriage with Esme, I was met with open arms and a welcoming smile by Mrs. Pal. She never treated me as just an addition to the family, but rather embraced me as one of her own, nurturing our relationship with the tenderness that only a child of God could offer. Her wisdom had no end, and her kindness was a beacon of light in the moments of darkness.

In her presence, I found a second home, a sanctuary of love and understanding.

To speak about her is to speak about resilience, about the warm embrace of love, and about the nurturing soul that she was. As I trace back the intricate lines of memories that weave the rich tapestry of her life, I am met with images that are both poignant and inspiring. She was a woman of boundless grace, whose heart echoed with the laughter of life, whose spirit was an eternal flame that sparked hope and joy wherever she went.

She had a magical way of turning ordinary moments into extraordinary memories. Each interaction with her was a lesson in kindness, compassion, and unadulterated love. She had an unparalleled affinity for nurturing. It was as if she whispered to life itself, encouraging it to bloom in the most splendid ways.

As I sit here, amidst a cacophony of mourning, I find solace in the beautiful memories she has left behind a rich legacy of love that transcends time and space. Her physical absence leaves a void that is almost palpable, but I find comfort in knowing that her spirit lives on, a beacon of light that continues to guide us from the realms beyond.

As I bid her farewell, I aspire to live a life that resonates with her teachings, to be a vessel of love, kindness, and compassion, embodying the essence of the beautiful soul that graced our lives with her presence.

Dear Mrs. Pal, as you have now reached your heavenly journey, may you find eternal peace, boundless love, and joyous reunions with loved ones who have gone before you. You were a melody of love, a symphony of grace that enriched our lives in countless ways. Your song may have reached its finale on this earthly plane, but in our hearts, it resonates endlessly- a timeless symphony of love that will reverberate through the generations to come.

Goodbye, my dear Mother-in-Law. You will be missed, but your melody will play on, in our hearts, in our lives, and in the love that binds us together, forever.

I will remember you forever. Thank you for enriching my life.

Your Loving Son-In-Law

Gene

Tributes

Tribute to Grandma

Departed this world – Roberta Watler, who ceaselessly answered with great good cheer to “Pal.” The five of us most privileged to have called her “Grandma” will forever cherish the memory of a dear, kind soul. When we were young, and our world was new, she was our first friend, our first teacher, and our most exemplary role model. What did she not teach us of love? Grandma could be utterly relied upon for the most affectionate greetings and was always ready to spend her time telling us stories or jokes. What did she not teach us of faith? She was to be found every Sunday at the church founded by her mother and was a shining example of honouring tradition. How is it that when childhood troubles arrived, we found ourselves at her door? Grandma could be trusted to listen to our secrets, be generous with her good advice and patient instruction, and comfort us with her infectious positivity. Through countless hours spent in her company her name is permanently etched on our hearts. Her noble spirit will forever inspire us to loyalty and graciousness, and we commit to following in her footsteps.

Paul

Tribute to Grandma

Ohhh Ms Pally Wally... I sit here now, feeling alone, sad, and broken-hearted. Our jokes will go unfinished, never to be again. How I will miss your sweet, sweet laughter, bellowing through our homes.

You truly are a Grand Mother, the Matriarch of our family. Always exuding wisdom, love, and goodness to further enrich the family. You have our unconditional respect and admiration, instilling in us that above all else, family came first. Never mincing words, you always gave it as it is. Your presence gave us peace and comfort in every situation, you became our safe haven.

You and Grandpa are testament to what true love means, with love that never faltered, love that is everlasting. We were always in awe of how much one would worry, when the other was not in sight. But with just a touch, it would put you both at ease.

You are the kindest soul I know, always putting others' wellbeing high above your own. Your hard work, sacrifice and dedication to the family will forever be remembered and inspiring. Everyone will know how amazing you were and what you mean to me.

As we used to say, “I’m for you and you fah me”, this is never ending, this will hold true perpetually.

Love,

Ali-Boo

Dear Grandma,

Saddened we all are, but happy and grateful for the memories you left us with, the life lessons you shared, and the endless sarcastic remarks you passed, being that your beautiful contagious laugh always followed behind.

During our summer breaks from school, Alister and myself would regularly visit to share lunch and afternoon naps together. We would then gather again to watch the 6 o'clock news on tv, where you'd let it be known that everyone was to “hush”, and after the headline news had passed, you'd abruptly shut off the tv to ask, “What were you saying?”.

Your cooking was always a staple for family gatherings, but when you gave the galley up, as Grandpa would say, the women of the family followed closely behind in your footsteps but could never match the original that you were.

I will never forget looking into your little, teeny eyes, while you fidgeted with your fingernails.

Love you always,

Your GayGay (Gary)

Tribute to Grandma

Roberta Esli Watler

She is a woman I can call my grandmother with pride; carrying a vivacious energy wherever she went, her laughter filling any room with joy, casting contagious smiles on everyone around her. She is a woman that has taught me grace and beauty whilst showing me how to remain strong, witty, and fierce. She is a woman that has inspired and touched the lives of everyone she's met.

May her spirit live on, continuing to guide and teach us every day.

Farrah

Tributes

Tribute to Grandma

“What is grief, if not love persevering?”

Given all the love we have for you, I can only imagine the abyss of grief we all will live through until again reunited with you.

You loved us warmly and deeply and showed it every day of your life in many ways, like the foundation you built for the family as the matriarch, your impeccable and inimitable cooking, your frisky attitude and sweet chuckle, your constant presence as a pillar of stability in the family- the list could go on for miles!

But with everyone having something different to offer as to what you did to make them feel your bountiful love, I'd like to offer what I think was the biggest example of the love you had for us:

As age and varying illnesses took much of things like your sight or memory away, we saw that you didn't need those things to express your love for us. When you could no longer see us, you recognised us by our voice. When you had times of confusion and forgetfulness, and you didn't quite know who was who, or who we each “were for”, you still showed how deeply you loved and loved us. Because you didn't need to see us, or know who we were at all times to know you loved us; whenever you didn't recognise me, or didn't immediately know I was your granddaughter, you still knew you loved me, and you still happily expressed that love- a love that I always felt in the moment, and one that I know I will feel forevermore.

This love, your love, was seemingly woven into the very fibre of your being, into the light of your soul. And while the memory of things like taking naps with you, sitting at the dinner table alongside you and Papa, your ridiculous and impressive love of all things sweet (to only be able to bake you one more pineapple cake!), or seeing you posed off on the porch in your oversized 'darkas' all bring warmth to my chest and tears to my eyes, there is something radical about the fact that your love didn't rely upon your senses, or the sharpness of your mind, but rather it was as though love was intrinsic to you, and it is that intrinsic love that we continue to feel even when you're no longer with us.

You may have been only a small moment within the universe, but you were everything to all of us. You were a constant in the lives of your children and grandchildren- the promise of your presence never broken, and you were a blessed addition to your in-laws, whose lives you became woven into. How blessed we all are to have had someone like you to call family?

I don't know how I will brace a world without you. Everything and everywhere is duller. You are like glitter, your mark made in every place you ever were, and that only makes your absence even more apparent.

I am so deeply heartbroken and have been utterly thrown off my axis by your passing. But in spite of that, I am ever grateful that you didn't suffer in the end- you went peacefully just as I, and all the rest of the family, prayed for.

So, while my world is still spinning, I find comfort in knowing that you were greeted in Heaven by people like Aunt NoNo, Aunt June, Aunt Jackie, Aunt LouLou, Aunt Patsy, Uncle Walt, Uncle Bill, and many more.

While no longer earthly, I know you all walk alongside us, and protect us as we move through our lives- and how lucky we are to have an angel like you guiding us now.

While this grief is a tremendous weight on my heart, I can only be so honoured to bear it, because what a blessing it is to have been able to love someone as I have loved you.

I look forward to seeing you again, but in the meantime I know you'll always be near, loving and protecting me in spirit.

I love you, Gramma.

Hannah



P- Passionate about all good.

A- Achieved everything she loved.

L- LOVED her family, friends, her God, and her Church.

Pal was always a loving, caring person- we were always there together in the happy times and the sad times.

She always believed if we stood together that we could be strong, trusting in Our Lord to guide us. So now you have gone on to reap your Heavenly reward.

We carry on knowing one day we will meet again where there won't be any parting.

So, rest in peace, dear one, knowing when the roll is called up yonder, we will all be there, to be reunited once more.

Love always,

Alicia

Tributes

Ms. Pal was the kindest, loveliest, most selfless person you will ever meet. She treasured every moment of family time and always had a smile on her face. This beautiful woman, inside and out, was a wonderful friend to us. She loved me, Cindy, my daughters and their spouses and my grandkids without hesitation and always opened her heart and home to us. Your kind heart, loving personality and infectious laugh will be missed. RIP forever. We all love you.

With Love,

Philip, Cindy, Ashley, Tiffani, Chris, Ali, Deuce, Jade and Colton

Tribute from Patsy

I first met Ms. Pal when I came to work for Gene and Esme when Hannah was an infant, and I was employed to care for her. Ms. Pal would walk over every day to check on her first granddaughter! I found Ms. Pal to be a very kind and caring person.

When I went on rollover in 2011, Ms. Pal had a fall and broke her wrist, and upon my one-year rollover period in 2012 Esme and Walt asked if I would return to Cayman to work for Ms. Pal and Mr. Mellie, and I returned in Sept 2012 to work and care for them.

When I began working for Ms. Pal she was able to teach me how to cook Caymanians dishes, and she eventually "turned her pots up" as she said, or as Mr. Mellie says "gave up the galley" and I ran the household chores. We had some good fun times as well, I would take her shopping, to doctors' appointments, to visit with Ms. Laurel, Ms. Melva and Ms. Ruby of blessed memory. We had a special bond; you see I lost my mother in 2011, and Ms. Pal was able to mend the pieces of my broken heart as she took me as her daughter. She was a kind, loving lady and over the 12 years we had some fun times, and I will miss being by your side caring for you.

Thank you for the precious memories.

Rest in Peace Ms. Pal.

To a Lovely Lady:

Miss Pal, taking care of you was a joy. You always reminded me to be kind, and truthful, and that God would bless me. "Take good care of old people, Marcia, so when your time comes it will be the other way around" she'd say to me.

I miss you so much, but God knows best, and as you always said, "What's to be must be", which I believe.

Rest in peace, Miss Pal.

Marcia

Hello everyone, name is Rachael Grey Dunkley, and I work with Miss Esme, but sometimes assisted her and the family with the care of Miss Pal (and Mr Mellie). Miss Pal was a very caring and loving person who loved her family. She would always try to do something on her own without anyone assisting her.

Miss Pal would always run her jokes so we could laugh. Some of the jokes that Miss Pal would say to me are "Rachael this is hot, too hot, like Northside love", and she would also let us know that she is not a "Lower Valley girl", she is a "Newlands girl and Newlands born". When Miss Pal finish eating and her tummy was full, she would say, "Belly full and bunkey glad. Can't hold no more. Can't hold no more." I would also watch Miss Pal looking through the window as she watched the cars on the road.

Miss Pal was a very strong woman who would put on a fight when it came to her health.

Miss Pal, I love and miss you dearly.

Rest in peace, Miss Pal.

Rachael

I have such wonderful memories of Aunt Pal since my childhood. My mother and I spent most summers at my grandmother's house, which was across the street from Aunt Pal and Uncle Mel. Some of my best childhood memories are going across the street to play with Esme. We were especially lucky to be there on Saturday evenings, that was Aunt Pal's famous hamburger night. She made the most delicious hamburgers. When we were grown, my cousin Jane Ann and I would reminisce often and wish we were back there eating one of Aunt Pal's delicious hamburgers. She was not only a good cook, as well as a wonderful mother and wife, she was a generous person with an open heart. She opened her home to me while I lived with her, and Uncle Mel after I graduated from college. She treated me wonderfully and made me feel so welcome. It was such a pleasure getting to know her and spending time with her during that time. She was so funny- I think that's something a lot of people may not realize who didn't know her well.

Rest in Peace Aunt Pal, I know you are in Heaven and reunited with your loved ones that were waiting for you there. The world was a better place for having you in it. God bless you and your dear soul, Aunt Pal. God Bless and bring comfort to your family who is mourning the loss of their dear Wife, Mother and Grandmother; I know they are missing you terribly.

Jan and Catherine

Tributes

Tribute to my sister-in-law and our aunt, Roberta Watler, affectionately known as Aunt Pal

We all have such fond memories of Aunt Pal over the years especially when we had family gatherings on Sunday afternoons at Gin Gin's, which were even more special when members of the family were visiting from overseas. More recently, we also have such good memories of get-togethers at Christmas time at Esme's or Walt's houses or across the street at one of our houses where there was always plenty of good company, good laughs, and plenty of good food to eat.

Aunt Pal was known as a great cook who was famous for her beans and macaroni and cheese. Whenever we visited her house, she always offered us something to eat, and her meals were delicious. Even when she had retired from the kitchen, whenever our dad especially went over to visit, Aunt Pal always insisted that he stay and have something to eat with her and Uncle Mel.

Other than the great family gatherings, there are also other very fond memories of Aunt Pal. When Uncle Mel was out to sea, as children, we all looked forward to the weekly trips to George Town with Mr Charlie Christian as our chauffeur. As Aunt Pal did not drive, he would always stop to take her and the others that needed (or wanted) to go. Mr Charlie would make sure that we visited all the stores in town – Comart, By-Rite, Merren's and Kirk Supermarkets and later, Cayman Foods. Every trip ended up with having some good laughs. Over the years, Aunt Pal was very connected with a wide circle of friends and family that kept her up to date with happenings within the community and with family members overseas. We could always rely on her to keep us abreast of what was going on with our family and friends.

We will certainly miss seeing Aunt Pal sitting with Uncle Mel on the front porch of their house across the street as well as her hugs and kisses whenever we met. We will also miss her for her very contagious laugh whenever a joke or memory was shared. She was a great wife, mother, grandmother, sister-in-law and aunt.

Sleep in Peace, Aunt Pal. We will miss you!

Charlie, Judy, Peter, David, Chris, Stephen, and their spouses and children

It's hard to put into words how much Aunt Pal meant to me. Like most Cayman women of her age, she lived through difficult times filled with hard work and discipline, and like them, she persevered through her inner strength, faith in God, and most of all, her love of family. Aunt Pal was a strong – and to me, a delightfully feisty, no-nonsense woman that let you know in just a few words how she felt about you – and what she gave to me, what I felt from her, was her joy in connection – her unending warmth and love. It wasn't complicated. There were no conditions. No pretence. Just her warmth and happiness in being with you and doing what she could to let you know how much she cared for you. A glass of water when you were hot. A question about how you slept. About what was going on with you. These are the simple ways that she showed she cared for you...that she loved you, and that you were one of "hers".

I've never felt more at ease than when stepping into my aunt and uncle's house after a long flight and hearing my Aunt Pal's voice excitedly welcoming my mom and I back, telling us to get changed, put our bags in "our" rooms, and to come and sit down and relax... and in just a couple words, saying how glad she was to see us. I can hear her voice in my head, her exact tone and inflection, and it pains me so to know that I'll never hear it again, that my mom and I will never have the chance to sit with her and my calm, strong Uncle Mel, catch up on the going-ons of friends and family, share old stories and jokes, and just have a good old chat. To hear her laugh. To have her welcome me home once again.

Aunt Pal, who fought hard to stay here with all of us she loved, has gone to another home. I selfishly – longingly - want her here with me – with my cousins Esme and Hew and their spouses Gene and Sue; with her loving and kind daughter-in-law Martina; with her grandchildren Paul, Alister, Gary, Hannah and Farrah, my Uncle Charlie and his family, her friends and our large and loving extended family of cousins - and most importantly - with her beloved spouse, my Uncle Mel...but she is being welcomed home today to the arms of our Lord. And I can only hope that that welcome, that reunion, is a tenth of the welcome that I have received from her over the years – and hope to have when I see her again.

RIP forever in our hearts Laverne and Debbie.

I have such fond memories of my Cousin Pal, she was such a caring person. Loved her visits to Port Arthur, where she would stay with our Uncle Bill (Olney Bodden). The times that I had visited Grand Cayman, Pal and her sisters June and Noreen would cook unbelievable meals, and telling stories that would have us laughing so hard. I am blessed that she was in our lives. Forever in our hearts.

Love,

Susie McGill-Salinas and family

Tributes

Our love and condolences to Uncle Mel, Hew, Esme and the family. Can you imagine the celebration in Heaven with Patsy, Leonard, June, Noreen, Pal, Uncle Bill, Uncle Bing, Aunt V and Miss Lovice? Beautiful! All of them talking at once!
Mike and Connie McGill

Tribute from Danto

I will always remember how Ms. Pal received me with open arms from when I started coming by there 20+ years ago. I first met the family when I came to paint for Gene and Esme.

Ms. Pal was a kind, caring, and loving person, and she treated me like real family. When I first met her, she was still very active in the home and needed her fridge painted. However, she was concerned that she would be without the fridge for 3 days or more, I reassured her that I could paint her fridge in less than 3 days, and when I was finished she was very pleased with the job I did. Over the years I would visit, and we would sit and chat, her, Mr Melbourne, and myself.

I will miss those lovely chats, but I know she will be looking down from above and watching over us.

Rest in peace, Ms Pal.

Dear Paul & Family,

*So sorry for your loss, an indescribable void to bare.
Heartbreaking!*

We often think we are somewhat all alike, but our journey begins with foundations set for us with Grande potentials orchestrating life's lessons and directing us to pace and seek out higher standards while keeping an open mind. Life continues to be a balancing act.

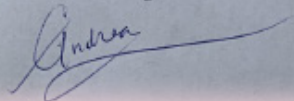
The balancing act you are now tasked with will be overwhelming. You will continue to have unanswered questions. Focus now and do not get derailed by small obstacles, you are stronger now than you have ever been. With utmost caution, analyze each piece of advice you receive from others who genuinely have good intentions. They genuinely do care.

Difficult and exhausting, a whirlwind of emotions, trying to fit the pieces together, pieces that were for many years so fine-tuned are now lost. There are no band-aids large enough to cover your personal pain. Tears are a language, emotions unspoken. Grasp all the blended laughter and tears, hold those memories you and your entire family created together and hold them close to your heart.

Every day as you gaze up searching the vast blue sky above, Paul, you can be assured your loving Grandmother, Roberta Watler / "Pal", now claims her very own gentle white cloud - she is at peace now!

My Deepest Sympathy,

Andrea Brundage



Sweet Memories



Sweet Memories



Graveside Service

Prayer Pastor Ellen Peguero
Hymn It Is Well With My Soul
Scripture Reading Pastor Winston Rose MBE – Lamentations 3:22-26, 30-33
Floral Tribute
Committal Pastor Winston Rose MBE
Hymns - How Great Thou Art - All to Jesus I Surrender - Blessed Assurance - Great Is Thy Faithfulness Congregation
Benediction Pastor Winston Rose MBE

It Is Well With My Soul

When peace like a river attendeth my way;
When sorrows like sea billows roll,
Whatever my lot, Thou has taught me to say;
"It is well, it is well with my soul."

Refrain: It is well with my soul; It is well, it is well,
with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come;
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
and hath shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin... Oh the bliss of this glorious thought;
My sin, not in part, but the whole
Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Oh my soul.

For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live:
If Jordan above me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life;
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

But, Lord 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait,
the sky, not the grave, is our goal;
Oh trump of the ange!! Oh voice of the Lord!
Blessed hope, blessed rest for my soul!

And Lord haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
the clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound and the Lord shall descend.
Even so it is well with my soul.

Blessed Assurance

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

Refrain: This is my story, this is my song
Praising my Savior all the day long
This is my story, this wis 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,
Fill'd with His goodness, lost in His love.

Great Is Thy Faithfulness

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

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

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

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

Acknowledgements

The family of the late Roberta 'Pal' Eslu Watler wish to express their sincere gratitude to the many relatives and friends whose prayers, love, comfort, and support has been deeply appreciated at this very difficult time.

Pal was lovingly cared for by her Caregivers, mainly Patsy and Marcia, with assistive care from Rachael and Princess, and we publicly acknowledge and thank them for their dedicated, loving care over the years - words cannot explain our heartfelt gratitude. There is no "I" in team and we worked together as a team; that said we confirm that there is an "I" in Believe and an "I" in Faith!

Many Thanks to all of our overseas family, namely Aunt Laverne & Debbie, Susie, Catherine, and Jan, who travelled from the US to be here with us to celebrate Pal's life; we truly appreciate you taking time out of your busy schedule to travel to Cayman to be with us.

Special Thanks to all the Staff, Nurses, and Doctors of HSA Cayman Islands and of Health City Cayman Islands for their wonderful care over the years. Special mention to Dr Thane and Dr Gallo, Nurse Jennifer and Nurse Kimesha from the Bodden Town Clinic. Special mention to Nurse Shemika Rankin, Medical Ward, HSA George Town, all of the EMT and the Emergency Room Staff at HSA, and finally the staff at Jasmine- THANK YOU!

Thank you to Roy J., who rescued us last Thursday with a pump and generator, and to Raymond and Athorn for all their assistance at the cemetery.

Thank you to Scott and the Bodden's Funeral Home team.

How Great Thou Art

O Lord my God! When I in awesome wonder,
consider all the worlds Thy hands have made
I see the stars; I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed.

Refrain: Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee
How great Thou art! How great Thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to Thee
How great Thou art! How great Thou art!

When through the woods and forest glades I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees,
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze.

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing,
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin.

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
And take me home, what joys shall fill my heart!
Then I shall bow in humble adoration
And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!

All to Jesus I Surrender

All to Jesus I surrender,
All to Him I freely give;
I will ever love and trust Him,
In His presence daily live.

Refrain: I surrender all,
I surrender all.
All to Thee, my blessed Savior,
I surrender all.

All to Jesus I surrender,
Humbly at His feet I bow,
Worldly pleasures all forsaken;
Take me, Jesus, take me now.

All to Jesus I surrender,
Make me, Savior, wholly Thine;
Let me feel Thy Holy Spirit,
Truly know that Thou art mine.

All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to Thee;
Fill me with Thy love and power,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.