

*A Celebration for the Life of*



*Blanca Lucilla Allen*

February 23, 1932 - June 19, 2024

Sunday, June 30, 2024, at 1:00 PM  
George Town SDA Church  
Internment at East End Cemetery



# Order of Service

Musical Prelude..... Jamiean McFarlane

Opening Remarks.....Dr. Ivor Harry  
President, Cayman Islands Conference of Seventh-day Adventists

Congregation Song.....#623.....Until Then

Prayer.....Pastor Maurice Chambers

Scripture Reading .....Dr. Wilton McDonald

Special Song.....King Seventh-day Adventists Church Choir

Tributes:

Husband.....Grandson, George (Jarrett) Allen

Daughter .....Granddaughter's, Ciara Best-Swaby & Bianca Vega

Special Song.....East End Seventh-day Adventists Church Choir

Obituary.....Hon. Sir. Alden McLaughlin

Special Song.....Ciara Best-Swaby & Alton (Mark) Hamilton

Message.....Dr. Shion O'Connor

Prayer for the Family.....Pastor Caple Thompson

Congregation Song.....#626.....In a Little While We are Going Home

Instructions/Benediction.....Pastor Kevin Danvers





# Participants

## Pallbearers

Alton (Mark) Hamilton      George (Jarrett) Allen  
Randy Connor              Samuel Dodd  
Howard Peterson             Ernest McFarlane

## Honorary Pallbearers

George Allen                      Gary Scott  
Locksley Gould                 Echard McLaughlin Jr.  
Ernest Dunbar                 Nicholas Graham  
Chris-Wayne Swaby

## Special Friends

Cynthia Scott                    Jasmin Hoyt

## Ushers

Veerila Elliott                    Joyce Rankin  
Marva McLaughlin

## Guest Book Attendants

Olivia Gourzong                Racquel Gourzong

## Video

Howard Peterson



## Until Then

My heart can sing when I pause to remember  
A heartache here is but a stepping stone  
Along a trail that's winding always upward,  
This troubled world is not my final home.

### Chorus

But until then my heart will go on singing,  
Until then with joy I'll carry on,  
Until the day my eyes behold the city,  
Until the day God calls me home.

The things of earth will dim and lose their value  
If we recall they're borrowed for awhile;  
And things of earth that cause the heart to tremble,  
Remembered there will only bring a smile.

### Chorus

But until then my heart will go on singing,  
Until then with joy I'll carry on,  
Until the day my eyes behold the city,  
Until the day God calls me home.

This weary world with all its toil and struggle  
May take its toll of misery and strife;  
The soul of man is like a wailing falcon;  
When it's released, it's destined for the skies.

### Chorus

But until then my heart will go on singing,  
Until then with joy I'll carry on,  
Until the day my eyes behold the city,  
Until the day God calls me home.

## Hold Fast Til I Come

Sweet promise is given to all who believe—  
"Behold I come quickly, Mine own to receive;  
Hold fast till I come; the danger is great;  
Sleep not as do others; be watchful, and wait."

### Chorus

"Hold fast till I come," sweet promise of heaven—  
"The kingdom restored, to you shall be given."  
"Come, enter My joy, sit down on the throne;

Bright crowns are in waiting; hold fast till I come."  
We'll "watch unto prayer" with lamps burning bright;  
He comes to all others a "thief in the night."  
We know He is near, but know not the day—  
As spring shows that summer is not far away.

Yes! this is our hope, 'tis built on His word—  
The glorious appearing of Jesus, our Lord;  
Of promises all, it stands as the sum:  
"Behold I come quickly; hold fast till I come."

## In A Little While We Are Going Home

Let us sing a song that will cheer us by the way,  
In a little while we're going home.  
For the night will end in the everlasting day,  
In a little while we're going home.

### Chorus

In a little while, In a little while,  
We shall cross the billow's foam;  
We shall meet at last, When the stormy winds are past,  
In a little while we're going home.

We will do the work that our hands may find to do,  
In a little while we're going home.  
And the grace of God will our daily strength renew,  
In a little while we're going home.

We will smooth the path for some weary, wayworn feet,  
In a little while we're going home.  
And may loving hearts spread around an influence sweet!  
In a little while we're going home.

There's a rest beyond, there's relief from every care,  
In a little while we're going home;  
And no tears shall fall in that city bright and fair,  
In a little while we're going home.

## We know Not The Hour

We know not the hour of the Master's appearing;  
Yet signs all foretell that the moment is nearing  
When He shall return 'tis the promise most cheering  
But we know not the hour.

### Chorus

He will come, let us watch and be ready;  
He will come, hallelujah! hallelujah!  
He will come in the clouds of His Father's  
bright glory but we know not the hour.

There's light for the wise who are seeking salvation;  
There's truth in the book of the Lord's revelation;  
Each prophecy points to the great consummation  
But we know not the hour.

We'll watch and we'll pray, with our lamps trimmed and  
burning;  
We'll work and we'll wait till the Master's returning;  
We'll sing and rejoice, every omen discerning  
But we know not the hour.



## TRIBUTES FROM THE GREAT-GRANDS

### Tribute to Ma:

You may have passed on but the memories will live on with us forever. I remember when you came to stay with us in New York when Zoe was born, you gave us the warmest hugs, we laughed together, you introduced me to pear cider and till this day I think of you when I drink it. We had the chance to bond with you for months and that was very special to me. When we came to Cayman to celebrate yours and Pa's anniversary we saw what true love is. These moments and time spent were priceless. Thank you for embracing us and loving us the way you did. I will carry those special moments in my heart forever. I wish we would've had more time, but I know you now are resting peacefully. Ma, thank you for loving Zoe and I. May you rest in peace.

Love always, Madison and Zoe Allen

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To Our Ma, from your boys Meshaq, Knowledge & Chozen: you have given us good times, hugs and kisses. I remember one time when I (Meshaq) gave you a hug, you didn't want to let me go. It is the little things you did to show you love me. Ma you have lived a good, fulfilled, long and happy life. Please know that your life had a lot of meaning; you have been wonderful to grow up with and we are so thankful to have you in our lives. We want you to know that we love you very much and it is hard letting you go but it's time for you to rest with God. We will miss you, love you and appreciate you always.

Sincerely, your great grandsons

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## TRIBUTE FROM JARRETT

Ma Allen,

What can I say about Blanca Allen?

She was obviously a loving and caring soul who left the world better than when she got here. She raised 3 beautiful children and 2 grandchildren. She was a God-fearing woman but had a great sense of humor with just a little bit of mischief. I'll always remember her farina and her signature scent when I was a child. She always told me stories about my Pops and my uncle Willie and what kinda guy he was. I'll always remember how cute it was when she cursed someone out or how no matter how old I was I had to hold her hand. Ma I always thought I had more time but I understand why you had to go. You're needed in heaven, you put your time in and earned your place. Ma I love you and miss you and don't worry about Pa, he'll be fine.

Love Always, your Grandson, Jarrett.

We were deeply saddened to hear about the passing of Blanca Allen, affectionally called Ma, a dear friend to the family for over 35 years. Our hearts are heavy and we can only imagine the pain and loss the family must be feeling.

Over the years we have had the privilege of sharing countless memories with Ma, from laughter-filled moments to times of support and encouragement. She was more than just a friend. She was a confidant, a mentor, a mother, and a home maker who found that nothing was too much to do for any one. Her warmth, generosity and her unwavering optimism inspired us in ways that cannot be expressed.

We will always cherish the memories we made together from shared experiences to inside jokes. Ma had a way of making every one feel loved and her presence made a significant impact in our lives. Carol, please note that you and your family are in our thoughts and prayers during this difficult time. Ma may be gone but her legacy will live on in our hearts. May you find peace and comfort in the love and support that surrounds you and your family.

The Hoyte Family

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## TRIBUTE FROM THE EAST END CHURCH

In the year 1988, Elder George and Sis. Blanca Allen was transferred from the Brooklyn Temple Seventh-day Adventist Church in the USA to the East End Church. I was not aware at that time of the reason they wanted to become members at this church until I started asking questions.

Elder George is the grandchild of our Pioneer Elder Gilbert McLaughlin. Sis. Blanca was just there by his side supporting him.

Sis. Blanca was not a leader but was a good follower. She encouraged us younger women to be good mothers and wives and to work willingly for the Lord. She would assist in helping in the following departments: - Deaconess, Women's Ministries, Prayer Ministries and Treasury. She never taught sabbath school but made the lesson reviews interesting with her comments. She was most active with the choir as she had a lovely alto.

She would tell us to always remember to be the women of Proverbs 31 and make God happy above all. As she grew older, she suffered with health issues but still God in His tender mercies let us have her until in her 90s and we praise Him for this blessing. Today we weep because it will be a miss to not have her here with us anymore, but we do have that blessed hope of Jesus coming back for us to be with Him forever and we rejoice that she is resting in Him. Until then, our hearts will go on singing!  
Sleep in peace Sis. Blanca till we meet again.

Ma, what can I say, about my Ma? My beautiful, funny, spit-fire but God fearing, sweet, loving, caring, kind hearted, honest to a fault, homemaker, chef, baker, couldn't keep a secret grandmother? She put definition to the phrase, "tell it like it is" cos if it's one thing you knew about Ma at your first interaction was that she wasn't gonna hold nothing back - don't care who it was or what it was about. She was short in stature but made up for it in personality. She enjoyed a good belly laugh (usually at someone else's expense) but was quick to pacify and remedy the hurt with a back rub, a hug, a kiss or a sweet baked treat she had made. She was always up to something in the kitchen - and maaaaan could she throw down in there. Some people are either good at cooking and others at baking but she did both exceptionally well....so it's no small wonder that we love the kitchen too. Meals were ALWAYS sweetened with love that you could taste in every bite. Being raised in a home with parents and grandparents is a blessing....it's like we had 2 sets of parents - Ma and Pa would come and sit and wait for us for hours to pick us up from school. She would walk down to the front road to meet me off the school bus (on the times that they couldn't drive to town). She would always bring me croissants wrapped in paper towel from Hyatt as an after school treat. Ma was my friend, my confidante, my heartstring and I was hers. Her love for music and singing was passed down for generations and she had the sweetest alto anyone could dream of - which is where my love for it began. She was a fashionista, always with her nails well done and polished - holding them together with crazy glue if any decided to break, which is why she couldn't understand why I bit my nails so much. Ma promised me from the time I was in High School that she would move to wherever I went to go to College and stay with me until I was finished. She tried all she could to keep her promise and she did drag Pa all the way to Jamaica for a month (or more) and stayed while I was in medical school - having my favourite meals cooked and waiting for me when I got home. And when she couldn't be there with me physically, she would often leave voice messages on my phone "This is Ma. Call me back!" Ma wanted more than anything for me to meet a nice young man one day and give her some more great-grand babies, so much so that she tried to set me up with every man she thought was a suitable bachelor - even bringing home the number for one on the back of a supermarket receipt one day, and then asking me for days after if I had called him yet. Even though the great-grand babies from me were not to be had while she was still alive, I'm so glad she got to meet my husband and with a smile on her face and a twinkle in her eye, remarked "well he's a good lookin' one; they don't make them like that anymore", to which I smiled from ear to ear, knowing that I had made her wish come true. Thank you Ma for loving me like you did, for being there for me always, for being my shield, protector, defender and biggest cheerleader. "Te quiero Ma". I will make sure I live to see you in Heaven so you can respond like you always do "Te quiero mucho!"

Love always, CiCi

### Tribute to my Godmother

Today, I consider myself blessed and highly favored to be the Godchild of this precious woman we called "Mamie".

I remember how she encouraged me to be faithful to the calling God had given me and to always strive to be the most dependable and faithful worker of the Lord.

During my years of service at the East End Seventh Day Adventist Church, she was my constant "go-to" after Sis. Cecely and Bro. Varion Pierson, who were the family the church had appointed to help me to grow into the person I am today.

Mamie made room for me and my children in her home and it was our great joy to spend Sabbaths at their home. What lovely times we spent there! It was always sweet. We would spend time singing and worshipping together, as we were all singers and part of the choir. She took my girls, Darlene and Sonya, who sing tenor and alto respectively, under her wings. Deirdre is a soprano and her daughter Carol really help Dee to sing for the honor and glory of God. It made the Sabbaths fun.

Mamie always encouraged me. I could not have asked for a better godmother. I thank God for bringing her in my life and my daughters Darlene, Deirdre and Sonya also share these sentiment's as well. We had so much good times. Our last time spent with her, we sang together some of her favorite songs. We did not know that it would be the last time on this earth, but we are looking forward to singing again around the throne of God. Sleep with Jesus Mamie. We will miss you but we know you are sleeping in Jesus so we will remain faithful so we can sing around the throne of God together once more.

From Cynthia and her daughters Darlene, Deirdre and Sonya.





# Graveside Service

Opening Remarks.....Pastor Vaughn Henry  
Congregation Song.....#600.....Hold Fast Till I Come  
Opening Prayer.....Pastor Caple Thompson  
Floral Tribute.....  
Committal.....Dr. Shion O'Connor  
Special Song.....Bro. Gary Scott  
Closing Prayer.....Pastor Vaughn Henry  
Closing Song.....#604.....We Know Not The Hour



## Special Thanks

The family and friends of the late Blanca Lucilla Allen wishes to extend warm wishes and gratitude to everyone who has visited, called, messaged assisted or contributed in some way since her passing. We treasure all the memories, laughter and tears shared. A special thanks to Bodden Funeral Home.

