



*Service of Thanksgiving  
& Remembrance for the Life of*



*Cicley C. "Betty" Lyons nee Bush*

**27th December 1950 – 11th July 2024**

**Wesleyan Holiness Church  
Northwest Point Road, West Bay, Grand Cayman  
Saturday, 3rd August 2024  
2:00 p.m.**

**Officiating Ministers:**  
Brother Phil Eckstein  
Pastor Garrett Haylock, Cert. Hon.

**Pianist:**  
Mrs. Reina Jefferson

**Interment at the Northwest Point Cemetery**



# Order of Service

Musical Prelude.....	Slide Presentation
Words of Comfort and Grace.....	Brother Phil Eckstein
Hymn - "I Shall Know Him" .....	Congregation
Prayer .....	Pastor Garrett Haylock, Cert. Hon.
Scripture Reading - Psalm 91 .....	Mrs. Reina Jefferson
Special Song - "I'll Fly Away" .....	The Harmony Singers
Tribute from Father .....	Ms. Katrina McLaughlin
Tribute Sisters & Brothers .....	Ms. Katrina McLaughlin
Tribute .....	Brother John Jefferson, Jr.
Tribute from Son .....	Mrs. Cindy Scotland
Life Story.....	Mrs. Cindy Scotland
Special Song - "Give me Jesus" .....	Mrs. Daphne Orrett & Mr. Rupert Ackerman, Jr.
Message .....	Pastor Phil Eckstein
Hymn - "It Is Well With My Soul" .....	Congregation
Closing Prayer.....	Pastor Garrett Haylock, Cert. Hon.
Benediction .....	Brother Phil Eckstein

## Pallbearers

Don McLaughlin, Jr.  
Juan Pablo Valerio, Jr.  
Tyrell Bush  
Derome McLaughlin  
Tariq Hanni  
Chadd Bush

## Guest Book Attendants

Erika Conolly  
Michelle Bodden

## Ushers

Rickey Bodden  
Hope "Mully Ann" Rasinen  
Karen McField  
Kim Bodden

## Honorary Pallbearers

Charles A. Bush	Alexander Conolly
Charles "CC" Bush	David Bodden
Avalon Bush	Lyndhurst Bodden
Robert Bush	Trent McCoy
Arnold Hanni	Ricky Tibbetts
Don McLaughlin, Sr.	Francisco Zarama
Juan Pablo Valerio, Sr.	Andrew Campbell
Christopher McLaughlin	Wyatt Bodden
John Jefferson, Jr.	Jaxon Bodden
Ricky Bodden	Barry Martinez
Hank Bodden	Jeoffery Parsons
Bernie Bush	Kennedy Powery
Eric Bodden	George Karoba
Garfield Powery	Rupert Ackerman, Jr.
Harlan Powery	Mario Ebanks
Enfield Bush	Billy H. Ebanks
Grayson Liberty	Timothy Munroe
Randy Moore	Vaughn Monroe
Roylee Moore	Niko Whittaker
Grayson McLean	Stephen Ebanks

# Life Story

As the sun shone brightly above, the trees rustled gently back and forth rocking the cooing doves that held onto its branches. In the little white West Bay clinic below, you could hear coming from it the only competing sound (a faint high-pitched cry of a child) in the quietness that was ubiquitous in Cayman in those days. Inside, a brand new miracle of life was born...a baby girl. The day was a Wednesday, the 27th of December in the year of our Lord 1950; the same weekday that her mother Leila Mae Bush ("Mae Mae") was also born on, and whom she and all her siblings would call "Mama". She herself would be named Cicley Carmena, and upon her arrival into the world she continued to herald her arrival by exercising her lungs for the first time with her cries. Given that she had just missed Christmas Day and Boxing Day as well, one could understand the child's heartbreak. Cicley would in time learn that she was truly blessed, for as she grew older and realized the significance of the days, she knew that she would get something on Christmas Day, Boxing Day and her birthday! God was really good to her she would think, as He always would be throughout her life to come! To her mother and father (Charles A. Bush) who she would later call "Dada", it was a blessing to have a third day to celebrate the arrival of their little gift from God. Greeting her also anxiously was her new big brother CC (Charles Clifton), whom she would in time affectionally call "Bobo" as a pet name, and which the other eight siblings to come would also do.

After a quick stay at the clinic it was time for mother and child to leave for home which was at Dada's family compound in Thatch Walk. There lived her father's parents Eustace and Clarinda Bush who were affectionally known as "Ganfather" and "Gan Gan". Growing up as a toddler she would have been surrounded by her cousins Lois, Olsie and Ola, her Aunt Nana's daughters and whom would have been her and CC's playmates. She and CC had a close bond in those very early years being the first two of what would be ten. They navigated and figured out this new world together, and would teach in time what they learned to their younger siblings. Since her father was the only boy in the family, she had nine aunts who would have dotted over her and whom had affectionate names such as Taidy, Nin Nin, Nene', Aye', Tee Tee Rinda, Aunt Sis, Sugu, Lillian, and the aforementioned Nana. Eventually, her father who was now surrounded by 11 womankind and all the estrogen that could fill a pharmacy, decided to move two of his own and his young son a couple hundred yards north to where is now next to the Turtle Farm. There he built a wooden house on stilts which the young family would now call home, and Mae's Mae's mother "Grandma Lee Lee" (affectionately known as Ma'am) joined them and would help take care of the growing brood. Another stalwart figure that was always around was "Auntie" or Aunt Valderine, Lee Lee's other daughter and a third mother figure to Mae Mae's children.

Not too long after when Cicley was two she then became a big sister to David. However, before David came along Cicley had been anointed the pet name of "Betty". Later in her teenage years she was asked by her future sister in-law Rita Mae Bush (nee Evans) (CC's wife) and who was also a childhood friend, why she was called Betty given that her birthname was Cicley. She laughed, which was her favorite thing to do, and said that when she was a toddler her Mama would put a dabble of 'Betty Sweetened Condensed Milk' (from Jamaica) on the tip of her finger and feed her with it; this was before more modern baby formulas like Enfamil and it would help get babies and toddlers to sleep at night. On the can of Betty Condensed Milk was a little girl with curly blonde hair who looked like her. Given her sweet tooth for the milk and the similarity to the little girl on the can, her Mama and family members naturally started to call her "Betty"...and it stuck. When David started to talk, he couldn't say "Betty" but instead pronounced it "BaBa", this again stuck as all the other siblings that came after David would also call her this. David himself got the same treatment given that the younger sibling "Ola Mae" beneath him couldn't say David but "Dae Dae" instead, and that stuck as well and the tradition of pet names would continue for all her other younger siblings: Christine (Nanan), Avalon(Avie), Darlene (Dal Dal), Valmalee (Val Val), Jackie (Jack Jack) and Ronnie (Ron Ron). When her own son Clifton was born, he would be called Cliffie...but we'll get to that.

In September 1957 at the age of six going on seven Betty started school (as was customary of the children in those days to start around the age of seven) at the Town Hall School in West Bay. She would have left her younger siblings David and Ola Mae at home; a few days after her new baby sister Christine was also born. Prior to school, her parents like all other parents taught their children how to write the alphabet and to count so that they would be prepared. As she grew older she would also help her younger siblings with these skills. To learn to count she like other children would have an empty cocoa tin filled with "nickers"; nickers came from the beans of the cockspur tree and were hard, gray and about the size of a marble. With these she would learn how to do addition and minus; the Caymanian version of an abacus. If you weren't paying attention, another child may have rubbed them on concrete and pressed them to your skin....it could give a nasty burn. Her teachers were Miss Beulah Smith who was the Principal and three sisters, Genevieve Bodden, Miss Iris and Miss Hope. Going to school every day in those days was not a guaranteed thing, because families were much larger back then and sometimes the older children would have to stay home to help their mother tend to the children. A letter may have to be written with a little white lie about why a child could not attend, but everyone did it and teachers were understanding. Sunday School and Bible School went together with Christmas and Easter like peanut butter and jelly, and she was happy to attend these as they were a little more relaxed and social. At Christmas practice for the Christmas Program Miss Bowman was the teacher, and it was always a special time given that the cold fronts would start to come from the North, the air would be fresh and cool and as a child she knew that Christmas Day, Boxing Day and her birthday was around the corner.

At home at Christmas time she would go on the ironshore with her parents and siblings to 'back sand' in thatch bags to take up to the yard. Mama would make a broom out of Rosemary branches, and the children and Dada would dump the sand in patches throughout the yard and smooth out the mounds. Mama would then come with her Rosemary broom and spread the fresh white sand out evenly, and would let Betty have a go at it as well. Then of course would come the most blessed day of the year, Christmas. Mama would make Cayman style beef with all the side dishes, and heavy cakes, while the children would get an apple or orange, which were as rare as gold back in those days. Dada would make wooden toys such as gigs and other things. The food was excellent, gifts were of simple means but that was all relative, for if you grew up in a Caymanian home at Christmas, you really were the richest person in the world! These traditions that are quintessential Caymanian, were the closest feeling of Heaven on Earth that she and her family would feel. It was also a feeling that transcended her family compound and emanated across the little rock in the middle of the sea that she called home. Sometimes when she was finished piling the sand in her thatch sack, she would look out to the sea and beyond the horizon and wondered what was out there.

# Life Story

Preteen years would come and she and her many cousins, friends and siblings were now aware that they were princes and princesses on a jewel in paradise. Adventure abounded and they explored and swam in the 'sand hole' in the area called "Devil Rays" close to the ironshore which was a few yards south and north of her family yard. It had gotten its name "Devil Rays" from the devil ray stingrays that were perhaps seen there on multiple occasions in years gone by. On Saturday evenings Betty would go pick wilks along the shoreline which she found to be a very fascinating endeavor, even though she was afraid of getting too close to the edge. Accompanying her would be her brother CC, cousins Harley, Gigi, Lulu and Bessie and many more. Being of limited means but resourceful, they would collect and wash the glass soda bottles that soda came in and take them back to the store where they would be paid an English penny, which was the currency at the time. The Hula Hoop had just come out then, and Betty loved playing with it along with her friends Ticka (Elstein) and Anita Bush, Cathy Bush, Kareen and Rita Mae amongst others at parties.

Easter was a big celebration, and she would go to the regatta boat races at Galleon Beach with the family. It was an all-day event and families would take a picnic basket and lay a towel under the shade of the pine trees; the adults would sit there while the children swam in the water. The big event were the boat races, both sail and engine powered and she like all teens with a little bit more freedom from parents appreciated the social event. On the last Friday of the month she would go with her friends and her teachers to North Side on the church bus driven by Whelan Bush or Brother Croft. This was a big adventure indeed; North Side might as well have been on the other side of the world or felt like it and this is where she would start to test and go outside of her 'world' in West Bay.

At home being the oldest sister she was looked up to by her younger siblings, as she would be a little mother to them and would teach and play with them. Ola Mae being the next oldest daughter naturally gravitated to Betty for guidance, and Christine behind her as well saw first hand how to conduct themselves as young ladies and this became a template that would be passed down to the other younger sisters; Darlene, Valmalee and Jackie. Betty though took the template from her own mother Mae Mae, who herself had a strong quiet reserved demeanor. Mae Mae and Aunt Valderine also took this from their own mother, Grandma Lee Lee; so all the girls had these very strong resilient intelligent women to look up to. Speak to everyone down from Betty to the youngest Jackie, and although you may see slight differences in each they all inherited and emulated how their elders conducted themselves. You've heard many stories about families of little means and this one is no different, and collectively Betty and her family bonded together and piece-by-piece, year-by-year they built themselves up from where they started. In a few years to come, the bond would be stretched due to distance and circumstance from decisions that Betty would have to make on her path in life and away from her 'jewel in paradise' that she called home.

Around 1967 when she was 17, she went to 'Secondary Modern School' (known as the Annex) next to George Town Primary School. Cousins Bessie, Lulu, Woozie, and Rita Mae and her cousin Dalkeith, Alice Mae, Clara Fae and then McKeeva and others a little later were some of the contingent from West Bay. There she did her Final Exam (or the Finals as they would say), and once you passed that it was the end of your schooling. After this she went to "Sylvia Gill" school in the vicinity where Three Sisters shop was and where Hard Rock Café is today; there she would learn typing and other vocational skills. There were not too many office jobs in those days to be had, so her first job was at Wilbur DaCosta's restaurant (Silver Sands) in West Bay in the nights. When you're in West Bay, and you say "West Bay" it is meant by the four-way stop area...for the non-West Bayers out there; it's like saying New York, New York. Wilbur's had just opened and that was the hot spot, and where "all the pretty girls were working". Everyone would park their cars in the vicinity just like what you see at drive-ins in the movies of that time and hang-out, eat, and socialize ...this was the original 'social network' of that generation. After Wilbur's she went to work at By-Rite in George Town, that too was the new 'in place'.

Down the road from her family house, there was a club called Blue Horizon which was managed by Mr. Clifton (Clifton Conolly). Mr. Clifton was a former Caymanian Chief Engineer on cargo ships who had met his wife (Leonor Conolly) in Columbia while going in and out the ports there. Also at Blue Horizon was Mr. Clifton's son who was also named Clifton, but was nicknamed "Papi". Papi was a bit of a local celebrity given that he sang with his band the Tornados at the club regularly. Cayman being a small place, Betty knew of him from working at By-Rite, and now that he sang at the club she would on the very, very rare occasion go there chaperoned by her brother CC and her friends to see his band. Eventually Betty and Papi got more acquainted, and a courtship was started. Love started to blossom and they were going steady as boyfriend and girlfriend. As it progressed, the intention was to get married, however, a Caymanian tradition of 'Marl Road Politics' derailed what could have been and Betty who had conceived now had to decide which path in life her and her unborn child would take. She was never one for drama and always tried to remain serene, so one day she walked down to the ironshore in front of her house, looked out at the horizon and wondered again what was beyond it.

It was a Sunday, the 5th of January 1969 and Betty gave birth to a baby boy, Clifton (the name was inevitable given that his father, Uncle CC and grandfather had the name) and right away he was nicknamed "Cliffie". Mama, Auntie and Grandma Lee Lee along with Dada was there to see the newest member of the clan. After a short stay in the hospital, Betty and her baby went to stay at Miss. Elsa's; Mama and Dada's house was now a bit crowded given that Darlene, Valmalee, Jackie had come along and Mama was also seven months pregnant with Ronnie. Betty had Cliffie christened at her family church, which was Pilgrim Holiness Church at the time and today is this church, Wesleyan. She would take him up to Aunties and spend time with her there and also down by Corita's. Corita's sister Christine lived in New York and there was a community of Caymanian's around the Bronx and Brooklyn areas. Now with a young child, Betty had to think about both of their futures and New York seemed like a good option. She would have to leave her son behind for a while and get herself set up in New York and eventually bring him up. So on 20 October 1969 with a lump in her throat, leaving all that she had known behind and a piece of her heart she left into the unknown beyond the horizon.

Upon her arrival in New York and getting acquainted with the Cayman community there, shortly after she got a job with a family in Long Island as an Au Pair looking after the family's children, some of which were the ages of her siblings back home so it came naturally. She did various jobs after that and started to navigate her way through the concrete jungle of New York. Back then it wasn't the Disney themed Times Square most people think of now, as parts of it was a rough, run down place with crime and violence

# Life Story

rampant at that time in the now early 70's. Years later when Cliffie did go live with her, he asked her when they were driving through a dilapidated industrial part of Manhattan if there had been a war there. She laughed and replied, "you would think so by the looks of it". She had her wits about her and although city people would think that island people were maybe naïve, it was the opposite, because island people were used to people being more genuine and in the city there were a lot of disingenuous people and it was easy to tell who they were.

She got a bit of her footing in New York that first half year and then went back home the following year in 1970 to see Cliffie and her family; she would do this up until he was six. In those early years when she went back, she and Cliffie who was now a toddler would meet up with Papi and spend some time together, most likely on the beach. If she didn't go home she would meet Mama and Dada in Miami and who would bring Cliffie up. Being a single mother she still wasn't financially secure enough yet to bring him up with her. However, she had met an Irish-American Police Officer (Bill Lyons) around 1974 and they got married in 1975. The next year in 1976, mother and son were finally reunited and she sent him to St. Joseph's Catholic School in Staten Island where they lived. Although they had seen each other every year since she had left, she realized soon that she had a little Crocodile Dundee on her hands; this was before there was a fictitious character by the name, so Cliffie was the original. At the back of the apartment complex where they lived and in the middle there were trees and bush. When she went to find where he was playing outside, she knew where to look. His accent was thick West Bayer and there were a lot of frequent pronunciation lessons she gave him as she didn't want him to stand out too much when he started school. When she could tell he was exhausted, she would appease him and speak in a Caymanian accent, although he realized she was starting to lose her accent and turned the tables on her and gave her pronunciation lessons. She was quiet and reserved but he was animated and very busy learning this new world. On one occasion at his new school which had a church across the road from it, she went with him on orientation for the first day with the other parents. A boy who would be in his year was talking to him in ear shot of her. At one point he asked Cliffie if Betty was his mother and he replied, "yes she's my Mom" which he now called Betty. The boy responded, "your mom is beautiful" and walked off to his. Betty asked Cliffie what he was taking to the boy about and he told her what he said. She asked him if he told the boy that his mother was beautiful too, and he replied, "Mama told me not to lie in church", which took her off guard and a small laugh came out. Hearing this he continued, "she said you shouldn't laugh either" with a serious face. She had to close and twist her mouth to contain any more laughter. This would be the dynamic between the two of them for the rest of their life, the composed and poised Island Girl and her straight-shooting son.

The years would pass into 1980 and Cliffie was starting to miss Cayman, and so she allowed him to return in the summer of that year. Betty's marriage dissolved shortly after in 1982 and she moved over to Bayridge, Brooklyn, almost the exact distance across the Verrazzano-Narrows Bridge from where she had lived in Staten Island. While working at Excelsior Fitness Gym in Manhattan in the mid-80's she became friends with a young Danish model who was only a year older than Cliffie. She was like a little sister to her, and she and Connie would keep in touch over the years and they would meet up in Europe. (In recent years Cliffie kept Connie up to date about his Mom's health and her recent passing). 1988 came and it was time for Betty to return to her little island; she had missed out on so much since she left as a teenager. She got reacquainted with her beloved family and friends Judy Anne Ebanks and Lynne Whittaker, whom she would have a strong bond with the rest of her life. Upon her return she worked at Britannia Company from 1988 to 1989 and in 1989 started at Maples & Calder as a receptionist working more notably with Tim Ridley and Tony Travers (and earning her third pet name of "Betty Boop" while there). Tim would come visit her in the past few years (2022-2024) and stated that, "She was a very lovely, elegant and charming lady, and brought real New York-Caymanian style to Maples reception". However, after ten years back home and Cliffie was a now a grown man (she would now address him as Cliff sometimes) and working on the sea like his forefathers at Atlantis Submarine, the Big Apple beckoned her again. She returned in 1998 and went to work as a receptionist at Forstmann-Leff until 2005. After that she would work her final job from 2006 to 2015 at Beveridge & Diamond and retire. In the early 2000's Betty had travelled to New Orleans to meet up with Mama, and her extended family on the Jefferson side for a family trip. Amongst them were George, Anjie, Brother John (Sr.), Tom and Betty Jefferson, Olga Jefferson, Sarah Extain and others. She loved and appreciated her family on both sides and always tried to keep in touch.

Betty had been diagnosed as early as 2000 with Parkinson's but kept it to herself being the private person she was. She had coped extremely well and her doctors marveled at how well she had gotten along, and one time had been asked to come to a meeting of doctors as evidence that her doctor who was treating her was correct in his statements about her. Cliff didn't know about her condition until 2015 when she finally told him, and he then started to research about the disease and how he could possibly help mitigate the symptoms. He had learned that a bacteria/probiotic called Bacillus Subtilis could help slow or even reverse the growth of plaque on the brain which is what causes the onset of Parkinson's. He would have it sent to her so she could take it daily. The years would pass and given best efforts, she could see that the disease now was slowly starting to affect her walking and her motor skills. In 2017 Cliff went to live in London to study Software Engineering, and would go over to New York and visit her. He could see the slow change in her and she was not as spritely when he went back in between visits. On 20 June 2020 at the height of the Covid pandemic and lockdown, Cliff received a call from Betty's neighbor Marie (who called Betty every night to say goodnight) in the apartment complex that Betty had passed out in her apartment and she and the superintendent found her. Betty was taken to a hospital and Cliff called and coordinated her care with her doctors. He made the decision right away that he would have to leave England and take his mother home, especially with no end in sight of the pandemic. He eventually could get a flight out of London to Cayman (the US was in lockdown) that was organized by the government and with the help of his second cousin Cindy Scotland (and Betty's first) and at the time Andre Ebanks who headed the Cayman Islands Government Office in the UK. He arrived in Cayman late August 2020, did two weeks quarantine, came out for 3 days to be with family and went straight to New York. It took him nine weeks to pack her belongings in her apartment to get it ready for sale, while coordinating movement from one of the care homes she was in to one closer to the apartment. Finally on 18 Nov. 2020, with the help again from his cousin Cindy and her husband Mark Scotland, Cliffie accompanied Betty by private jet from New Jersey to Ft. Lauderdale, and finally to Grand Cayman. It was a miracle to have gotten her out of New York and the care homes at the time where many people were dying from Covid, but it was accomplished. After quarantine both went to live with her sister Christine, where she was nursed back to health as she had gotten painfully thin while at the care home in New York.

# Precious Memories



# Precious Memories



# Life Story

Eventually they moved out and Betty was relatively good for a long period with rarely a doctor visit. However, the scourge of Covid caught up with her during the week of Hurricane Beryl and when Cliff came home on the afternoon of Friday July 5th 2024 he sensed there was something wrong with his mother and it was not lethargy as would happen with Parkinson's disease. She was taken to the hospital shortly after by ambulance and it was discovered she had had a stroke and the next day that she had Covid. Being the fighter she was she fought it until Thursday 11 July 2024 until her body could not go on no more. Family members were called by Cliff and amongst the talking of her family, she was quietly breathing and listening as she always did, and with her eyes closed passed peacefully at 5:43pm. May her soul rest in eternal peace.

Left to keep her memories alive are her son Cliff Conolly, father Charles A. Bush. Sisters: Ola Mae Bush, Christine Hanni, Valmalee Valerio and Jacqueline Ebanks. Brothers: Charles C. Bush, Avalon Bush and Robert Bush. Sister-in-Law: Rita Mae Bush, Lillian Bush, Donna Bush, Ynes "Mary" Bush. Brother-in-Law: Arnold Hanni, Don McLaughlin Sr., Juan Pablo Valerio Sr. and Errol Ebanks, nieces, nephews, and a host of other relatives and friends.

## Tributes

Dear Mom,

They say a child can start to remember from two and a half, but I found out that I can remember before that. In fall of 2020 I had left England to come get you from New York via Cayman, and take you back home. I started to pack all your belongings, and the first thing I went searching for were photo's that you had on the shelf in a closet. Photo's that for many years you always told me, "let's not do that now..tomorrow", but tomorrow never came.

Up until that day I had these blurred images in my memory that preceded full consciousness that a child eventually develops. It was a dreamlike figure coming toward me, emanating warmth, enveloping me, making me feel safe, as if we were connected by an invisible force. It was like an abstract painting, and I was up too close to get any real definition of the figure. Over the years the images would come to me randomly and would fade a little more and more over time, but one thing remained was the warmth and that jolt of electricity that haunted me.

I honed in on finding the old vintage photos, ones I had an instinct were willing me to find them. Out of the old photo envelope I pulled one with white edges around it. I turned it over, and I froze staring, waiting for my brain to catch up with my eyes. The blurred images in my memory suddenly manifested onto the photo, and came into focus. My mind stopped racing, it only wanted to focus on the face...it was your face smiling back...the blurred image that took fifty years to come into focus and reveal itself. It was you with me in your arms, and slowly my mind started to piece that moment and others together. You were that mysterious figure that lived in my memory for so long, even before I was supposed to be able to remember. Right then I put it all together and solved the big question I lived with for so long; I was remembering the first time you returned back to me and although you were unfamiliar to me visually, the child instinctively realized it was his mother, by the bond that cannot be broken even from time and distance. I sat just gazing, making my mind reconnect with the past and replay the faint images it had saved... as if to make up for the time that we had lost ....real again.

Mama helped raise me and we both loved her dearly and she was our Mama, as we did Dada also. Although due to circumstance as I child, and being raised by her I thought she was my mother. She was a mother to many and had to share her attention, but when I was old enough to understand and was told you were my mother, I was a very happy boy. I was torn when I had to leave Mama and Dada, and my playmates Ronnie, Jackie and Valma to go to New York, but at the same time I was happy to have my own mama who I didn't have to share. It didn't take long for me to fall in love with you and I came to bond with you as I did with Mama. I used to make little things for you that your dear sister Darlene had taught me, and would get roses from Mrs. Dennehy who lived across from us to have and run to you when you came home from work in the afternoons.

You travelled distances to get me and to take care of me, and when it was time that you needed care, a pandemic could not stop me from coming to get you and take care of you! You've gone ahead again to prepare for me, and as always, we will reunite again!

**Your loving and loyal son,  
Cliffie**



# Tributes

To my sweet darling daughter Betty,

Oh how my heart is aching, this feels like a a dream, or even a nightmare, especially having just lost David. I will forever hold on to my memories of you. You were so full of life and such a vibrant and beautiful child and woman. I will always cherish those days, taking you with me to Barkers on our little crabbing trips. Watching you from my boat, while you sat on the shore, a stick in hand and holding down on a crab waiting for me to come back in. I would ask you, "been waiting a long time?" And you'd respond with, "yea! Waiting for you! We can go now?"

When you left for New York, you took a part of me with you and I thought about you each and every day. I am turning 100 years old in just a few days, however, having lost two children within two months this year has diminished my joy. I miss you Betty and I will love you forever.

**Love Dada**



My Dear Sister,

I write this tribute with such a heavy heart! Knowing that just 2 months ago we lost our dear brother David, and now you, another link in our family chain has been broken and that is hard to accept. However, we cannot question the great Father above, as he knows best for each of us. I am so grateful for the many years and all of the memories we shared growing up together.

I remember whenever you used to work part-time when we were younger, you would always find something to bring home for your siblings. When we were kids, we used to play games at night inside the house that were lamp lit – like jacks and other games.

As my older sister, I always looked up to you. I admired your beauty, quiet and loving personality. Knowing you were leaving to go to New York, I was so sad because you were such a good sister, who always listened and helped your younger siblings the best that you could. I didn't want you to leave us to go to New York, so the night before you left, I remember hiding your clothes that you were going to wear away, but you found them. I cried so much that day because I didn't want you to leave, and I missed her so much.

After I retired, I had planned to spend some time with you in New York and I would have been able to cook and bake your favourite meals and cakes; you were a queen of hearts for your Caymanian dishes and cakes. However, you got sick and returned home before I could retire, and I did not get to fulfil this.

Since you returned home, whenever we visited you, it broke my heart each time to know that you couldn't communicate with us like you used to. When I baked your favourite cake and brought it for you and told you what it was, your face would light up like a Christmas Tree!

Recently, I came to spend the evening with you. It was just the two of us and although you couldn't communicate like you would have liked to, I still enjoyed my time with you and will always treasure that time spent with you.

I try to find some solace in that you are no longer suffering and that you are in a far better place today. However, that does not ease the heartache I have to bare as I am missing you so much. I thank God always for having such a beautiful, kind and loving sister! I love you and I pray that we will meet again one day! I love you Baba!

**From Your Loving Sister, Ola Mae Bush**



To my Dear Sister Baba,

I don't know where to start. I still can't believe that you are gone, but I want to dwell on the good memories I had with you! When I started high school, you thought it was such a distance for me to walk to take the school bus, so you sent me money from New York to purchase a bicycle so I could ride to the school bus stop.

I remember back in those days we did not have a telephone, so we had to go to our cousin Lois' (Nono's) house to receive the calls from you. I was so excited to talk to my Baba. In the later years, we would visit you in New York and our bond grew closer and closer. Those memories will forever be etched in my heart. You were always so excited when Mama and I would visit you, because you knew we were bringing stew turtle from Cayman; Mama would make her BBQ chicken there along with her potato salad, and who could forget that potato salad! Being reunited with you and to share Caymanian meals was like Heaven on Earth to see the joy on your face.

I love you forever and ever Baba!

**Your broken-hearted sister, Christine**

# Tributes

Our Dear Baba,

We were very young when you left Cayman, but we never forgot the memory of you. We were always so happy when you made your visits each year and you made sure to bring us something special. When you came back to live and we were older, we would have beach days with you and just hang out and there was much laughter; something all the sisters in the family shared an affection for. You were such a beautiful woman inside and out, and it was something for us as young women to aspire to and emulate. You showed your love to your family all the time, because there was so much catching up to do from the years you were away.

We love and miss you Baba, but will catch up again with you one day and sit, laugh and share our thoughts.

Rest in Peace.

**Your loving sisters, Jackie and Valmalee**



A tribute to my favorite sister Betty: Cicley Carmema Lyons (nee Bush)

I will always cherish the sweet memories of you and I growing up together, with you and I being the oldest of ten children. We were Mama's greatest help, and that always made her so proud of us.

You were always so beautiful, and so classy. I remember when you would call to tell me about the nice pants and shirts that you had bought for me, and shoes to match when you were working in town. I would say "Okay take them home and me and you will deal with the cost after". I always tell Rita Mae that only you and her could buy clothes and stuff for me, it was always something about her that reminded me of you. You were working at By-Rite then, and I was working at Cable and Wireless. I will always cherish those memories, just like I will always cherish your wonderful son Cliffee, my favorite nephew. He would always be your special gift to me. I remember you saying that his dad's (Papi) name is Clifton, and my name is Clifton, that's why you were going to name him Clifton. I also remember that you would tell me, "CC you have two cute kids though", and you were so blessed to have such a wonderful son.

I will always love you, my favorite sister Betty...rest in peace until we meet again...

**Your loving brother (CC) Charles Clifton Bush and Family.**



Tribute from Your Brother Avalon,

I write this tribute with a heavy heart to my dear sister Betty, and who like my siblings affectionately called Baba. My sister had a noble act of selflessness like non other! When we were younger and she began working at By-Rite Supermarket, she would bring home TV dinners and sometimes Napoleon ice cream, at which time was heaven-on-earth when we got that ice cream.

Her acts of kindness was always appreciated, and I can remember my first two long pants were bought by her. She told me,"you must only wear these pants to church", and had her unique way of kissing you by smelling the back of my and her other younger siblings wrist.

As time passed, we were separated across the ocean for many years after she left for the States. When she would return home she always mistook me for David, my older and her younger brother. Despite the mix up we laughed about it and were just happy to have her return home.

My first daughter's mother worked at Britannia and managed to get Betty a job there also, but she left after a year for another opportunity at Maples & Calder. I will always cherish and remember the good times and love she showed to me and my siblings. My dear sister was a sweet soul, she was quiet and such a beautiful woman. May her beautiful soul rest in eternal peace!

I love you and will miss you dearly!

**Your broken hearted brother,  
Avalon**

# Tributes

To my eldest Sister, "BaBa",

It is a bit difficult to find the words. As a child at the age of seven months you left to go live in New York. I never got to know you as well as my older siblings did, but whenever you came back to visit it was a big deal for our family and we all looked forward for the day of your arrival. Cliffie and I grew up like Brothers, and I remember when you decided to have him come live with you in New York, it did have an effect on me because he was my childhood playmate in our early years.

As an adult now who knows the Living God, what I can say is that He who is watching over us throughout our Lives is the same God who heard your voice, even in your last moments and by his Grace and compassion he would have received you into his Heavenly place of rest.

I thank him for giving me the opportunity to say to you at the Hospital that I Love you, not knowing that it was the last opportunity that I had.

**May your beautiful soul rest in peace.**

**Robert (Ronnie)**



Betty as we knew her, lived in New York for almost 20 years before moving back home to Cayman. Judy Ann met Betty through another mutual West Bayer, prior to Betty's move to NY. On one of her visits from New York, Lynne would be introduced to Betty and as they say the rest is history.. with these 3 – Betty/Judy Ann/Lynne. Betty moved back to Cayman in 1988 and the friendship blossomed even more.

Times spent together would include spending weekends in Rum Point with Judy Ann, having lunch on the beach at Rum Point or at Morritts in East End.

She was not a person that liked a lot of fanfare.....or large gatherings ....Hanging out at each others homes was her preference and even before she came over she would call and ask "who's there or going to be there".. our response was always the same, "no one that you don't know" even if it wasn't always true.

"Prim and proper" appropriately describes our friend Betty - well mannered, neat, tidy and formal with her hair perfectly groomed and her clothes immaculate, always well dressed. Her vehicle was a goldish/platinum Thunderbird!

Betty moved back to New York in 1998 and we visited her on 2 separate occasions. Lots of fond memories from those trips, endless retail therapy with show-n-tell after. Lots of good laughs and reminiscing about times spent together in Cayman and making more memories there.

Betty's apartment was within walking distance to a number of our favorite stores...making the shopping easier, albeit we should've taken a taxi on the way back! She was a late sleeper, because she was a night owl...not really getting up until 12pm. By that time we would have left her apartment with arrangements in place from the night before as to the time/place we would meet for lunch....or if we were out all day then we would arrange to meet for dinner.

Betty lived in NY and loved NY but as noted above was not one for 'fan fare" so outings at night were not her thing. We did manage to get her to go to the Jazz Club "Blue Note" in the Village. Although that almost never happened. We were out and got back later than planned and she was not happy. She was very meticulous and didn't think we would have enough time to get dressed. She was refusing to go but we would not allow it as the reservation at the Blue Note was made and the Limousine booked, so after much persuasion she finally gave in and we had a very lovely and enjoyable evening. We had a fancy ride in but took the subway back... it was a great night!

Betty took sick and was hospitalized in June of 2020. Cliffie coordinated with her doctors from Windsor, England where he was living and immediately made a decision and pack up, leave, go get his mom and bring her back to Cayman; where she would be better cared for and be amongst her family and friends.

We visited with her as often as possible and while she struggled at times to make conversation, .... she would often remark when we arrived..."I was wondering when the two of you were coming or you took a long time to get here?" ... It was not easy seeing our Betty like this but we were glad that we were able to spend as much time with her as we possibly could reminiscing about our times together here in Cayman as well as in NY.

She will be forever missed and lovingly remembered, but she's in a better place and now and at peace.  
May her sweet soul Rest in Peace and love perpetual shine upon her.

**Judy Ann & Lynne** - *"When someone you love becomes a memory, the memory becomes a treasure".*

# Service at the Graveside

Prayer .....	Pastor Phil Eckstein
Hymn .....	“Amazing Grace”
Committal.....	Pastor Phil Eckstein
Hymns .....	“What a Friend we have in Jesus” “When we all get to Heaven” “How Great Thou Art”
Benediction .....	Pastor Phil Eckstein



## Acknowledgments

The Family of the late Cicley C. Lyons (nee Bush) would like to express their deepest gratitude to all their relatives and friends for their prayers, support, assistance, visits, and telephone calls which was a relieving comfort to them at this most difficult time. A heartfelt thanks to Doctors Christian and Jackson, nurses at the Medical Ward and Ambulance staff of the Health Services Authority for their consistent and excellent care over the years. Special thanks to her Caregiver: Claudia Hayles for her loving attention and compassionate care over the many years. Deepest gratitude to Jessie and Mitchel Smith for the digging and building of the vault, your kindness is a blessing! Warmest thank you to Pastor Phil Eckstein, Pastor Garett Haylock and Sherina Lloyd for her unwavering commitment to the service. Also to Scott Ruby and his team at Bodden Funeral Services - your compassionate and thoughtful attention to the family will never be forgotten. May God keep and Bless you all the days of your lives.