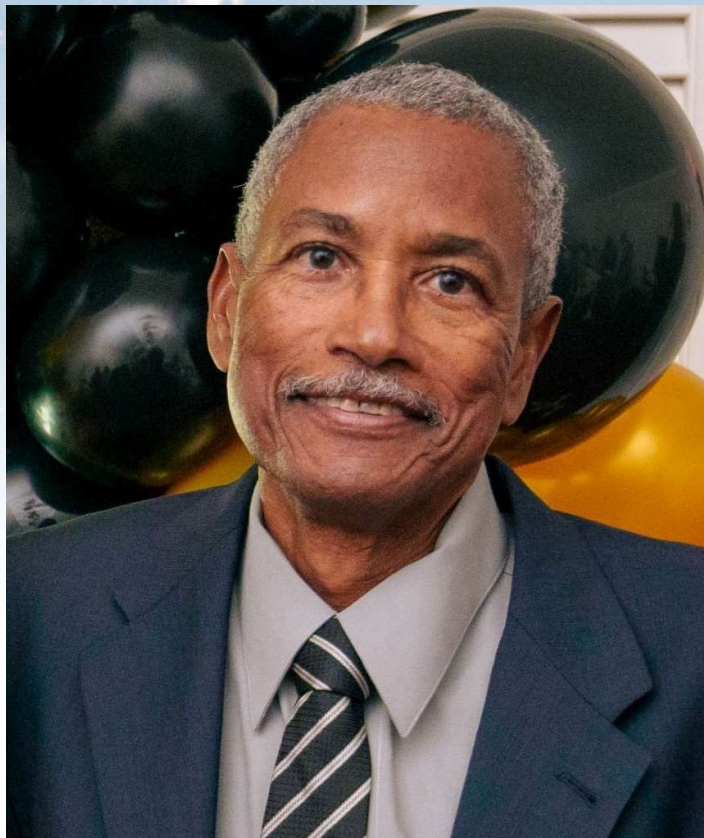


Honoring
THE LIFE OF



EDWARD (NED) LOUIS SOLOMON

FEBRUARY 13, 1951 - AUGUST 12, 2024

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31st 2024

11:00AM

HILLSIDE BAPTIST CHURCH

CAYMAN BRAC

Order of Service

Opening Prayer and Remarks.....Pastor Audley Scott
Opening Song.....How Great Thou Art.....Congregation
Scripture Reading.....Faith Scott
Tributes.....Kerry Nixon
Special Song.....Scars In Heaven.....Casting Crowns
Hymn.....Amazing Grace.....Congregation
Life Story..... Pastor Audley Scott
Sermon.....Pastor Audley Scott
Hymn.....It Is Well.....Congregation

Ushers

Lee Hurlstone

Jay Holiness

Guest Book Attendant

Ilene Porter

I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me. Philippians 4:13

Honorary Pallbearers

	Jamaal Solomon	Wayne Kirkconnell	
	Garfield Solomon	Kenrick Solomon	Mitchell Solomon
			Curtis Solomon
Albert Hislop	David Wight	John Jefferson, Jr.	Paul Thompson
Alison Whittaker	Delano Lazarri	John Nixon	Perry Panton
Allan Moore	Delano Solomon	Kenny Ryan	Peter White
Alzee Walton	Denley Stewart	Kirk Frederick	Phil Bodden
Andrew McLaughlin	Denver Solomon	Kurt Tibbetts	Rayburn McLaughlin
Anthony Eden	Dervin (Busta) Mclean	Larry Cayasso	Rayburn Scott
Antoney Reid	Eldon Whittaker	Larry Washburn	Raymond Scott
Archie Rivers	Floyd Hill	Lennox Moxam	Reginald Nixon
Arthlee Evans	Fred Cayasso	Lonny Tibbetts	Renard Moxam
Avery Hurlston	George Solomon	Michael Kirkconnell	Renford Barnes
Bobby Bodden	Gillis Welcome	Neils Godfrey	Rodney Webb
Bradshaw Watson	Gordon McLaughlin	Nigel Ebanks	Roger Lindwood
Brother Jay Holiness	Graham Conolly	Olson Levy	Shane Foster
Casey Conolly	Hamid Charles	Orrett Connor	Sheldon Scott
Charley Farrington	Handel Whittaker	Osbourne Thompson	Sr. Alden McLaughlin
Charlie Savage	Henry Harris	Pastor Alison Ebanks	Stanly Hill
Chris Walters	Hugh Chin See	Pastor Bently Robinson	Stuart Conolly
Chris Moore	Issac Eddie	Pastor Dave George	Tim Dempsey-Jones
Churchill Bodden	Jack Hunter	Pastor French	Timothy Adam
Clayton Conolly	Jason McLaughlin	Pastor Stanwyck Myles	Vernon Smith
Collin (Taylor) Finley	Jay Welcome	Pastor Stephen Ryan	Wayne DaCosta
Curtis Conolly	Jerry Williams	Pastor Steve Brady	Wendell Solomon
Damian Christian	Jim Ross	Patrick Sinclair	William Nixon
Dane Walton	John Henry Ebanks	Paul Connolly	Woodward Terry

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,

If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;

If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,

Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;

If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,

Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,

And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew

To serve your turn long after they are gone,

And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,

Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,

If all men count with you, but none too much;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute

With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,

Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,

And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

--Rudyard Kipling

Hymns

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.

Chorus:

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 see the brook, and feel the
gentle breeze.

Chorus

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.

Chorus

When Christ shall come, with
shout of acclamation,
And take me home, what joy shall
fill my heart.
Then I shall bow, in humble
adoration,
And then proclaim: "My God, how
great Thou art!"

Chorus

Amazing Grace

Amazing grace! How sweet the
sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am
found;
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart
to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace
appear
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils, and
snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe
thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to
me,
His Word my hope secures;
He will my Shield and Portion be,
As long as life endures.

Yea, when this flesh and heart
shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

The earth shall soon dissolve like
snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here
below,
Will be forever mine.

When we've been there ten
thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's
praise
Than when we'd first begun.

It Is Well

When peace, like a river,
attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, thou hast 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 hath regarded my
helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for
my soul.

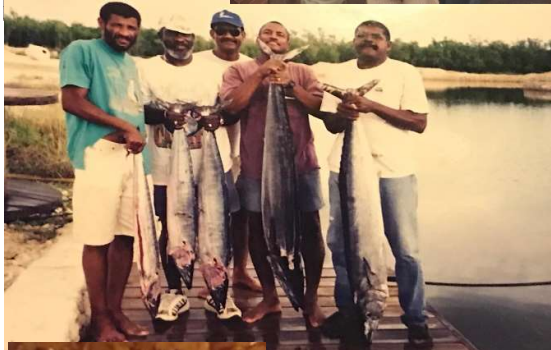
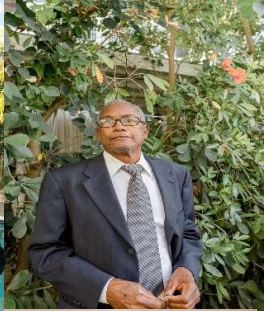
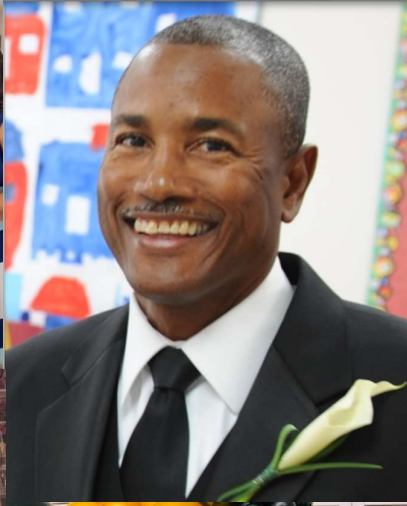
My sin—oh, the bliss of this
glorious thought!
My sin, not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it
no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O
my soul!

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 angel! Oh, voice
of the Lord!
Blessed hope, blessed rest of 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.







ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Our family wishes to express our deepest gratitude to all friends and well-wishers who called, visited, prayed or contributed to the many blessings we have received during this time.

To the doctors and nurses at the Health Services Authority, the Staff of Jasmine Palliative & Hospice Care and Theo R Bodden Memorial Funeral Home for their tireless devotion and care, we thank you very much.

May God continue to bless you all.
Your kindness and sympathy are more appreciated than words can ever express.