



*A Service of Thanksgiving
For The Life of*



Annisa Lee Magrita Woods



22 July, 1946 - 03 September 2024

Wesleyan Holiness Church
Saturday 14 September 2024
10:00am

Officiating Ministers
Pastor Phil Eckstein
Pastor Alson Ebanks Cert. Hon.

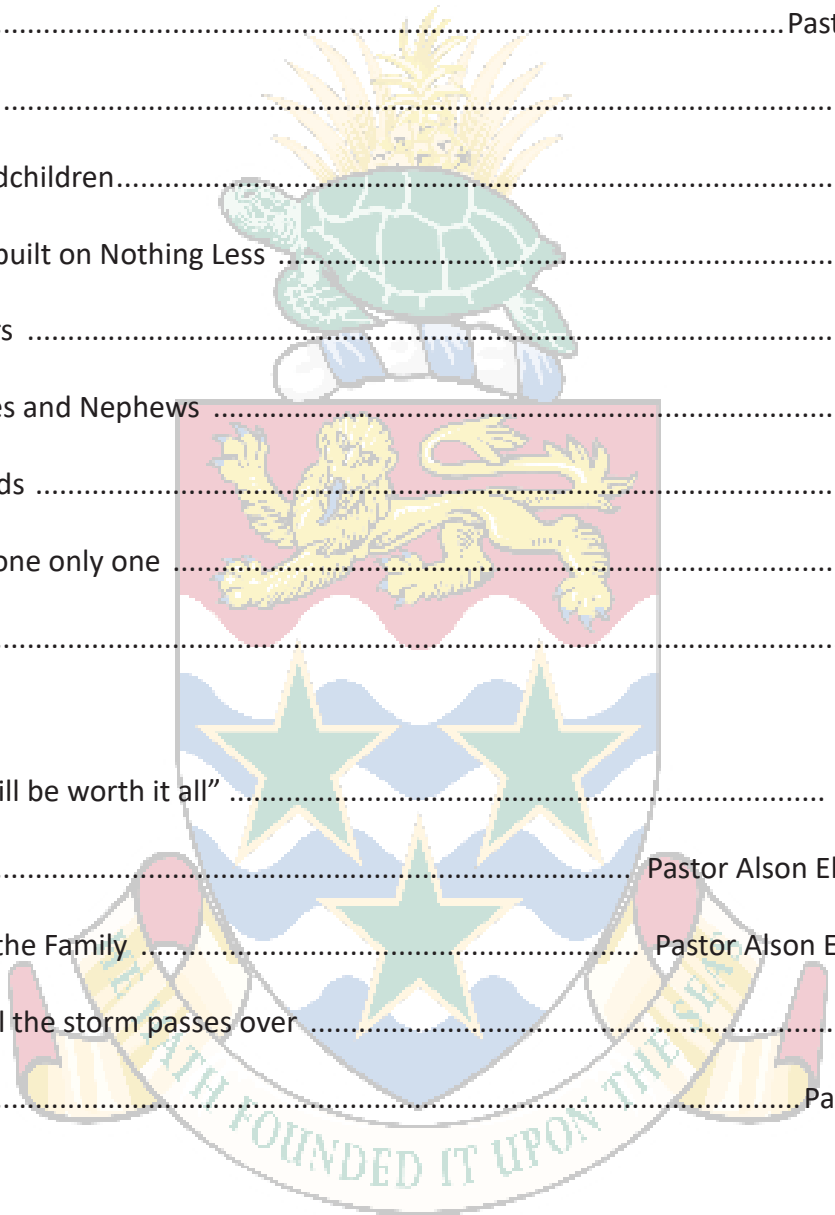
Pianist: Mrs. Reina Jefferson

Interment
Boatswain Cemetery



Order of Service

Opening Remarks	Pastor Phil Eckstein
Scripture Reading” Proverbs 3:5”	Pastor Phil Eckstein
Opening Prayer	Pastor Ellen Peguero
Tribute from Sons	Mario Ebanks
Tribute from Grandchildren.....	Gavin Woods
Song: My Hope is built on Nothing Less	Congregation
Tribute from Sisters	Julie Hunter
Tribute from Nieces and Nephews	Julie Hunter
Tribute from Friends	Julie Hunter
Song: Yes there’s one only one	Congregation
Obituary	Daphne Orrett
Slide show	
Special song: “It will be worth it all”	Harmony Singers
Sermon	Pastor Alson Ebanks Cert. HON.
Special Prayer for the Family	Pastor Alson Ebanks Cert. Hon.
Closing Hymn – Till the storm passes over	Congregation
Benediction	Pastor Phil Eckstein



Pallbearers

Mr. Richard Parchment
Mr. Jean Eric Smith

Mr. Giovanni Myrie- Smith
Mr. Marlon Crowe

Mr. Marlon Aaron Crowe
Mr. Edmundo Woods

Guest Book Attendants
Ms. Francis Robinson
Ms. Danette McLaughlin
Mrs. Tasha Menzies

Ushers
Wesleyan Holiness Church

Honorary Women

Florence Ebanks-Woodson
Pat Forbes
Darlene Owens-Elliott
Dolcy Powery
Barbara Jackson
Janet Eastman
Jewel Walker
Cleo Ebanks
Lorna Ebanks
Jessie Odonnell
Freida Gail Blake
Ann Stephenson
Sonia Gould
Christine Mitchell
Christine Welds
Velma Powery-Hewitt
Kimberly Woods
Carol Ann Ebanks
Darene Watler

Gena Wilson
Lamour Parchment
Julie Hunter
Charlene Powery
Rachel Powery
Hilda Ebanks
Pauline Barnes
Yvonne Warwick
Diana Crowe
Essie Mae Wright
Marie Powery
Marjorie Rivers
Dorothy Clarke
Miriam Anglin
Kerry Powery
Nancy Powery
Margarite Powery
Winklett Ebanks
Eileen Ebanks

Elsita Ebanks
Reselda Ebanks
Karen-Ann Powery
Janet Johnson
Miriam Rodriguez
Delia Smith
Monica Ogalvie
Launa Green
Francis Robinson
Dena Anglin
Jolene Powery
Linda Evans
Denita Bauer
Marcia-Ann Hydes
Maxine Panton
Pearl Russell
Lisa Lovell
Ysabella Woods

Honorary Pallbearers

Clayton Woods
Stacey Woods
Gavin Woods
Alex Woods
Cardel Powery
Rivington Powery
Garfield Powery
Harland Powery
Gerry Powery
Leslie Powery
Eric Powery
Keith Powery
Byron Powery
Alan Bush
Delano Bush
Charles Parchment
Paul Parchment
Brian Parchment
Robert Hunter
Sheldon Davis

Eric Smith
Carlos Robinson
Kyvon Robinson
Jordan Robinson
Johnny Anderson
Lyle Hill
Donald Mclaughlin
Mckenzie Robinson
Rodney Anglin
Rolston Anglin
Nayon Anglin Jr.
Joseph Anglin
Avalon Anglin
James Anglin
Paul Anglin
Cachas Anglin
Shane Ebanks
Robert Ebanks
Tommy Ebanks
Eckers Ebanks

Mario Ebanks
Maclern Anglin
Dennis Mchayle
Everton Mchayle
Raglan Roper
Ivan Farrington
Charlie Ebanks
Orrett Connor
Franz Manderson
Bruce Smith
Gary Wong
Jeremy Scott
Gavin Dixon
Clinton Powery
Gary Watler
Dean Miller
Rodney Parchment
Dalmain Reid
Richard Collins
David Barnes

Obituary/Life Story

Annisa Lee Magrita Crowe was born to Lee and Gloria Crowe on the 22nd of July 1946. She was born in the home of her grandparents, Aaron and Theresa Powery. She was the oldest of five children, Lana Mae, Ceta, Marlon and Bethann.

Annisa was a very lovable and kind sister, and she helped her mother with their care. She and Lana Mae were especially close, and went to school together.

She attended Town Hall School, was a good student and had a close group of friends.

Annisa started her Christian experience early, being raised in the (Pilgrim Holiness Church), now Wesleyan Holiness Church, and took part in various holiday functions-Mother's Day, Father's Day, Easter and Christmas programs. She loved to sing and knew many hymns by heart. She went to Sunday school with her mother Gloria, and her grandmother Theresa, they never missed a Sunday.

Then she met, fell in love and married Clayton Earl Woods on the 20th of December 1961. Out of that union was born their two sons Clayton Cameron (Ron) in 1963, and Thomas Stacey (Stacey) in 1966.

By this time the family had moved to New York City. Three years later Stacey was discovered to have special needs, and ultimately Autism.

The family lived in New York until 1972, when the marriage ended and Annisa came back home with her two sons.

Knowing that she had to provide for her children, she immediately went to work. She had several jobs she worked as a secretary at Coopers and Lybrand, then she was a front desk receptionist at the first Holiday Inn for several years, and was even a telephone operator for Cable and Wireless.

Then she got the job that would define her. On January 14th 1985 she joined the Cayman Islands Immigration Department, a position she held until her retirement on July 31st 2006.

Throughout this entire time she raised her boys, and continued to care for Stacey unwaveringly until her death. She never remarried, as her boys were more important to her than her own happiness.

Annisa was also a great cook, second only to her mother Gloria, and her grandmother Theresa, at age 2-3 she would stand on her tiptoes by the kitchen counter watching them, and Theresa saying to Gloria, "we need to get her something to stand on" and within days a stool was made for her. She was a wonderful mother and grandmother, a great niece and cousin and a great sister to her siblings. She was very close to her parents especially her mother, and had a special bond with them until their passing. She was a sweet, kind person to everyone.

In 2016 she started getting shortness of breath, and by the end of the year was diagnosed with pulmonary fibrosis, which gradually worsened. A year or so later she fell and broke her hip and had a hip replacement. Several health issues followed, which contributed to her gradual decline. Eventually she started to experience a gradual decline in memory and cognition, partly due to the extreme isolation during the Covid lockdown.

Annisa is preceded in death by her parents Lee and Gloria, her brother Crawford, her grandparents Aaron and Theresa Powery, her grandmother Jemima (Grandma Mimie) Clark, her uncles Norman Clarke, Barricks and Billy Powery and her aunt Lera Parchment.

Annisa we know you are in heaven with Gloria, Lee, Grandma Theresa and Grandpa Aaron and all our loved ones that have passed on before. Go in peace, and we will all be together one day.

Tribute to our beloved mother.

My mother was one of the strongest, bravest and kindest people to grace this planet. Without her my brother and I wouldn't be here today, I wouldn't be the person I am. She was everything to us and more and there's no way I could even quantify the importance she's had in our lives.

We consider ourselves lucky to have been raised by such a wonderful woman. My brother was especially lucky, as she doted on him to a degree I cannot describe. She made sure he was always dressed nice and well cared for, and always made sure she gave him that final extra spritz of cologne before he walked out the door to go anywhere. She was an amazing cook second only to my grandmother, and I have missed her cooking these last several years, as she was unable. I fondly remember that the first meal that I had when I would come home would be a pot of turtle meat hot and ready and she waiting for me to take the first bite.

She was sweet and kind to everyone, with an amazing smile and kind words. I remember once asking her why it took her so long to grocery shop, and it was because she would stop and talk to anyone and everyone, always graciously with that amazing smile. Even when she would visit me in the states and we would go shopping, she would start up conversations with people. She loved her grandchildren fiercely and worried about them being safe. I am glad she got to see them become fine adults, in part because of the values she taught me, which I of course passed on.

There's not enough time or words to express how great she was so I will just finish with this ...

Mama, we cannot thank you enough for all you did... but we'd like to try

So for all the many times you went out of your way to make things easier for us, we thank you.

For being the sweet voice we needed to hear, the comforting shoulder we needed to cry on, and the warm smile we needed to see, sometimes all at once...we thank you,

And for the countless gifts of love you've given us, the big ones, and the little ones and, all the in-between ones... we are forever grateful.

We love you and will miss you until the end of our days and are reunited once again in heaven.

Rest in Peace Mama

Your loving sons Ron and Stacey.

"But a woman who fears the Lord, she shall be praised.

Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her at the gates"

Proverbs 31:30-31

To Grandma,

Thank you for possessing a borderless love. It was a love that traversed oceans, entered by way of telephones and landed in our hearts. What an experience to be loved by you! You were unmatched. Thank you for being there any chance you could manage and for your unshaking faith that we'd always be reunited again soon. Being loved by you felt like the love of five mothers. If everyone could feel how fiercely you championed your grandchildren, they'd surely give up all their endeavors and only seek the admiration you had for us. You too were like a spotlight-- bright, energetic and unwavering. There was no better feeling than attention from you. You were immeasurably invested in our well-being, proud, and always made us feel like we put the sun in the sky. Thank you always for your warmth. It brought us reassurance on days that felt unknown and a satisfaction that despite your distance, someone had our back. Thank you also for your mind; Grandma, you had abilities with words. When you spoke, whether for good or ill, it was felt. There was a lesson in each syllable and wisdom in each sentence that we'll carry with us forever. Thank you always for encouraging us to be kind, to care about what we do and to seek happiness. At times, your wisdom felt so elementary, but as adults we understand those lessons and realize they are some of the highest lessons to be learned. Thank you for teaching us love in its purest, most unadulterated form. We are eternally grateful to have been paired with you in this life. What an honor it has been to have been loved by you, protected by your prayers and watched over by you. Thank you for everything and all that you were. Forever in our hearts Gavin, Alex and Ysa

Our Sister, Our Friend

Our sister Annisa was an extraordinary person. She was a loving Daughter, an amazing mother, grandmother and friend. She had unwavering strength and a kind heart. She faced challenges with courage and grace. Her resilience taught us the importance of staying strong in the face of adversity and always looking for the silver lining.

Here are a few of our cherished memories:

From Lana Mae

“When we both attended West Bay Town Hall School, I was so very happy because I had a “BIG Sister”, there to always protect me. Even in her own games of baseball she would quickly say “My little sister can play on Jackie Boat side” (meaning I could play on both teams), and I would always wonder why, especially since I did not get to play much with my own friends; so after a while I asked her why, and she replied ‘you see, I do not want anyone to think they can hurt you and get away with it’, and also so that we can be play together; I often thought about that and realized how much she was there for me.

My sister was also the most scornful person I knew, at lunch time we would meet for lunch which was mostly the same

thing every day - good old Saltine Biscuits and thinly sliced Jamaican canned cheese which Mamma would place between

every 2 biscuits and carefully seal the packet so that, when Annisa opened it, she would have half of the pack.

‘Here is your

share, she would say, then ask,” why didn’t you bring your water?” and I knew the reason she was asking, because we had one bottle drink we had to share; when I told Mamma and, she asked her about it she said ‘Mamma you know I am very scornful, and I don’t want to drink her backwash” but then mamma would say “but she must drink yours?” After that we never had that issue again.

My favorite memory is the way my sister loved and cared for her 2 sons, but especially Stacey, he was her life, her everything. honestly, you would have to see her attention given to him, to get him ready and dressed for wherever it was he was going he was always immaculate and what I think I loved most was her standing and waiting for his transportation to pick him up, and she would say ‘StaceStace’ did mummy put cologne on you? He would just have a look on his face as if to say,” how many times?” Then she would say well I have it right here, and then there she goes, his last spray, a tap, hug and more kisses than one could ever imagine for one little son. I will also miss hearing Stacey say to his mom “Bye Bye BABES “as that was what he called her whenever we held the phone for him to say something to her. I will never forget that lasting bond between a Special Mother, my sister Annisa, and her Special Needs son Stacey... Forever in my heart.

From Ceta:

Sis I miss our special chats, but most of all not hearing your sweet Songbird voice that will always linger on! Lovingly always in my Heart!” My poem for you

*“If Roses grow in Heaven, Lord, please pick a bunch and place
them in my sister’s arms and tell her they are from me.
Tell her that I Love her and miss her, and when she turns to smile,
place a kiss upon her cheek and hold her for a while.
Because remembering her is easy, I do it every day, but there’s an
ache within my heart that will never go away!*

From Bethann:

"To my Darling Big Sister There are so many memories, but the one I am most fond of is you singing with that beautiful voice and me wishing I could sing just like you; so, it was such a delight for me when doing my chores on Saturday mornings with my bedroom door open and my music playing on the porch, and you would stop by my door when heading out to work and bringing Stacey or going grocery shopping and you would say: 'You have a beautiful voice too, but the music choice not so much' - in your joking manner. So, I got a bit more into your type of music, Anne Murray or Crystal Gayle and I can't leave out Kenny Rogers, that really seemed to get your approval. I will miss your smile and that way you would lean your head over when you couldn't stop laughing.

Sleep in peace. Love Forever, your Baby sis."

From Elsa:

"It was such a pleasure to meet my sister Annisa for the first time on Nov.22nd 1993 when I came to Cayman from Cuba. We shared little time together, due to our different work schedules, I worked days, and she worked nights; but I cherished the times we shared at Thanksgiving, Christmas and family birthdays!

Annisa was an amazing mother who loved her sons and grands dearly! She was a wonderful cook; we all enjoyed her Turkey and the best green bean casserole you ever tasted.

Always very joyful and loved her family. She will always be remembered and loved by all of us!"

Our sister's legacy lives in the values she instilled in all of us, in the love she showed to our family, and in the positive

impact she had on those who knew her.

Sister, thank you for being our role model, confidant, and our best friend. Thank you for the love, the laughter, and the life lessons.

Thank you, everyone, for taking time to honor our precious Sister Annisa

POEM

Author Unknown

We thought of you with love today
but that is nothing new
We thought about you yesterday
and days before that too,

We think of you in silence
We often speak your name
All we have are memories
and your picture in a frame.

Your memory is our keepsake
with which we'll never part
God has you in His keeping
We have you in our hearts.

We will always love you Aunt Annisa. Until we meet again.
Love Delena,Michelle,Kyndl and Zy

Tribute to my Beautiful Aunt

Aunt Annisa "Beautiful" as I called her, we shared a close connection all my life without my realizing until this moment. Growing up with her home next door meant I usually saw and heard her (how she loved to sing), before I was going to my grammas home the next door over.

When I got employed at the airlines and worked at the airport it was such a joy to pass through outbound immigration and see her beautiful smiling face ready to hug and kiss me, sometimes in front of passengers as she expressed her joy and pride of our family relation to the passengers.

My aunt was pleased to see all our families thrive and expand as she became a grandmother at the time I was starting my own family. Through the years vacations were planned with my mom, brother, aunts, cousins and always grandma.

During her retirement Aunt Annisa loved to share her life stories of when she lived in New York, but the story she always re-shared was about the day I was born, how mommy and her hot head resulted in my early birth and she had to cancel her date with a handsome Columbian man that had given her this beautiful ring and she was sure he intended to sweep her off her feet! I always laughed and apologized for ruining her moment and she always ended that story with I was worth missing that date.

Aunt Annisa and I really got close in the last three years as her health became more challenging I became the daughter she needed to get things done. Aunty started to refer to me as her daughter she didn't birth but she had the same kind of maternal love for, my mommy would say back to her "I'm sharing her with you."

Aunty thank you for loving me and opening up to me to share the many stories of your life, I shall miss those moments when you had a lot to say, and your threats about if I ever came by and didn't wake you for my visits how mad you would be with me. My Sunday afternoons will no longer be the same now as I will only have the memory of seeing your beautiful face and bright smile light up like a child when we walked into your room, you were so happy to see us and find out how church went.

Rest in Peace Aunty

With Love Always

Tiffany and Family



Poem

I thought I saw her face today in the sparkle of the morning sun. And then I heard the angel say, "Her work on earth is done." I thought I heard her voice today, Then laugh her hearty laugh. And then I heard the angel say, "There's peace at last." I thought I felt her touch today in the breeze that rustled by. And then I heard the angel say, "The spirit never dies." I thought that she had left me for the stars so far above. And then I heard the angel say, "She left you with her love." I thought that I would miss her and never find my way. And then I heard the angel say, "She's with you every day."

Rest in Peace Aunt Annisa

Love Brianna





Graveside Service

Song: *In the Sweet By and By* Congregation

Prayer Pastor Phil Eckstein

Committal

Songs Congregation

When we all get to heaven The Old Rugged Cross

Benediction Pastor Phil Eckstein

In the Sweet By and By

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

Refrain: In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blessed;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise
For the glorious gift of His love
And the blessings that hallow our days.

When We All Get To Heaven

Sing the wondrous love of Jesus, Sing His mercy and His grace
In the mansions bright and blessed, He'll prepare for us a place.

Refrain: When we all get to Heaven, What a day of rejoicing that will be
When we all see Jesus, We'll sing and shout the victory!

While we walk the pilgrim pathway, clouds will over-spread the sky
But when traveling days are over, not a shadow, not a sigh.

Let us then be true and faithful, trusting, serving every day
Just one glimpse of Him in glory, will the toils of life repay.

Onward to the prize before us! Soon His beauty we'll behold;
Soon the pearly gates will open; We shall tread the streets of gold.

The Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross, the emblem of suffering and shame;
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best, for a world of lost sinners was slain.

Refrain: So I'll cherish the old rugged cross, till my trophies at last I lay down
I will cling to the old rugged cross, and exchange it some day for a crown.

O, the old rugged cross, so despised by the world, has a wondrous attraction for me;
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above, to bear it to dark Calvary.

In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine, a wondrous beauty I see;
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died, to pardon and sanctify me.

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true, its shame and reproach gladly bear;
Then He'll call me some day to my home far away, when His glory forever I'll share.

Thanks and Acknowledgements

*Dr. Christian, Dr. Archeta, Dr. Jah, Dr. Bromley, West Bay Clinic, HSA Critical Care Unit, Health City, Caregivers,
Garfield Powery, Wesleyan Holiness Church, Wesleyan Encouragement Ministry Team,*

CINICO and Bodden Funeral Home