

Honoring

THE LIFE OF



EDINGTON
CHRISTOPHER EBANKS

18TH MARCH, 1971 - 8TH NOVEMBER, 2024

SATURDAY, 23RD NOVEMBER, 2024

VIEWING AT 9:00AM | SERVICE AT 10:00AM

WESLEYAN HOLINESS CHURCH

WEST BAY, GRAND CAYMAN

Order of Service

Opening Remarks	Pastor Phillip Eckstein
Opening Prayer / Scripture	Pastor Garrett Haylock
Song	Congregation - What a Friend
Class of 1987 Tribute	Kattina Anglin
Tributes	Vanda Powery
Life Story	Vanda Powery
	Slide Show
Words of Comfort	Pastor Phillip Eckstein
Closing Song	Congregation - Amazing Grace
Closing Remarks /Prayer	Pastor Phillip Eckstein

Pallbearers

Mr. Duran Ebanks	Mr. Travis Ebanks
Mr. Dawit Hydes	Mr. Arek Nicholson
Mr. Darren Powell	Mr. Quinton Ebanks

Honorary Pallbearers

Mr. Merrill Parchment "Ebanks"	Mr. Justin Ebanks
Mr. Clint Ebanks	Mr. Darvin Ebanks
Mr. Robert Ebanks	Mr. Creston Powery
Mr. Lee Ebanks	Mr. Darley Powery
Mr. Solomon Ebanks	Mr. Kenneth Ebanks
Mr. Bruce Ebanks	Mr. Eldon Ebanks
Mr. Nicholas Powery	Mr. Ashton Ebanks

Guest Book Attendant

Mrs. Keisha Powery- Roberts

Pianist

Mrs. Reina Jefferson

Ushers

Mr. Steve Menzies
Mr. MacTare Ebanks

Tributes

To Our Daddy

You made us men

Men who are proud to be your sons, you are love unconditionally by everyone

Thanks for the talents, we inherited your fine artistic touch,

and we'll forever miss you with big hearts you gave us to love so much

To see you smile was always the best,

Things got hard the day you left, our lives without you feels a mess

Living the days of life that we have left, for you we stay strong and do our best

But without you Daddy man starts to stumble, fighting this pain just trying stay humble

Wish I could arrive and see you at home, Sipping cors light just in your zone

Making you proud is always our goal, because we love you from deep in our soul

As we eliminate problems in people home from our soul you take control

As we spin the cranes up in the sky, we know you up here by our side

As we set the clocks with the hands of time, every second you'll be remembered, and your face will shine

We really don't have no regrets, Proud to be you sons till our last breath

Set sail and rest, We love you Daddy, We Love you, KeKe



To My Brother

Bobo, my heart is in disbelief. You were not just my brother; you were one of my five protectors. Mommeh always told me that my brothers would protect me and would be there if I ever needed help. Now, I'm down to three. I will always remember when you'd drop everything for me, whether it was taking the time to check on me, help fix my car, or putting your talented hands to work, repairing my jewelry like it was a masterpiece. Even just this year during your battle, you came to Aria's birthday party and also to make sure my shutters were secured for the storm season. No task was too small or too tedious for your td. You had a way of making me feel safe, no matter where we were. You always had the tools, the patience, and the heart to make sure everything was just right, just to see me smile.



I know the last few years were hard, but even when things seemed impossible, you would somehow find a way to remind me of your love and hope. I will always remember your exact words, "everything will be alright", "we are going to be alright" as we begun our long drive from Health City in East End, with your shades on, the windows down and your hand resting out the window. Your love will forever keep me grounded. It lives in the lessons you taught me, in memories of your quiet strengths, and in my love of your sons. I promise to be there for them and to love them even more, just for you. I'm blessed to have had you as my brother and even though its time to say goodbye, I am comforted in knowing that you are now with Mommeh and Lance and will be watching over us.

I Love You Bobo, guidance & protection always, Love Beth.

To Our Brother

Tribute by Song: The Garden

Love, Clint, Robert and Lee



To My Bobo Chris

Chris I will always cherish the memories of us all living together in Birch Tree Hill and your help with raising me. The most fun memories. What I will always remember is when you first bought your yellow truck. I loved that truck, more than you I think. You would always ask if I wanted to come for the drive to Burger King with you and Lance or you and Clint. You would make me feel like one of the big guys on the drive. I just want you to know that I will always love you for that Bobo and I will always be proud to call you My Brother.

Love Solomon



To My Cousin Chris

The memory that stands out to me is when you drew me this picture when I was 9 or 10 years old. I then drew the same picture a few days later for a art competition in Primary school and won! The picture was also sent to Japan. I modified the picture a bit but this was all you.

Rest in Peace bobo,

Brett



Tributes (Continued)

Tribute to My Friend, My Love

As I sit writing this tribute in your honor, I can barely fathom the realness of your passing. It just seems not too long ago that I was this teenage girl who used to take the school bus in Boatswain Bay, and you were this handsome teenage boy who was doing the same. You were Mr. popular that most people called "KiKi" and I was the quiet, shy Powery girl that belonged to Creston and Doley. We had known each other but had not been formally introduced and so one day you decided to approach me as we were waiting on the school bus to pick us up at Hell Gas station to take us to school. You introduced yourself to me and me the same. We got on the bus, and we sat together and talked the entire ride to school that morning. Little did I know that I had just met the love of my life but also more importantly made a best friend for life!

We shared many dreams and ambitions during those high school years as we navigated our teenage love and seeing each other at school or on the bus was not enough, we had to spend countless hours on the telephone as well. I can hear your aunts now hollering at you "boy, get off the phone" because by that time we had probably been on it then about 2 hours to say the least! After my graduation in 1989 we continued our relationship but soon went our separate ways and begun as they say "adulting". During those 17 years apart, you had your boys, Justin, Duran and Travis and I had my daughter, Alexia. But you always kept in touch with me by calling me for Mother's Day or for my birthday because you never forgot it and periodically just to check on me. Then as life would have it my brother, Nicholas became ill with kidney failure, and we were overseas for his transplant in 2006, and you called me to wish me my usual birthday and Mother's Day greetings. But somehow the conversation was different that time, maybe it was because you had lost your precious brother, Lance, to kidney failure and so the conversation seemed even more meaningful. The conversations continued more frequently and before you knew it, we were going on our first date again!

You were an affectionate person and had a softer side that not too many people got to see. I eventually introduced you to Alexia who was only 3 years old at the time and it took some getting used to for both of you but soon a bond and love was shared. I used to say that you two were a lot alike because of having birthdays only one day apart! You became her protector and loved her just like she was your own. You used to say, "she's mine but she's not mine". You had a love for animals and so does she and so our backyard was almost a little farm with parakeets, rabbits and Zaine the rottweiler and Lola our house dog that both of you loved dearly. You played an important father role in Alexia's life by helping with school projects, attending school functions, teaching her to ride her bicycle, flying a kite, and going to Barcus with the dogs. You had now become a "girl dad" and did all the girlie things as well such as tea parties and wearing a tiara when she wanted to play "dress up". I had become PTA school President, and you were so supportive by helping out at any function that we hosted.

During these years you struggled with alcoholism but one night you decided that enough was enough and you wanted to get sober. Before you knew it months had turned into a year of sobriety, and you were so proud of yourself and so was I. You emphasized the importance of family life to you and the importance of making positive changes to live differently. You always spoke so highly of your family and how much you loved them. I really wished they knew how much love you had for them.

On February 23, 2013 we decided to take the next step in our relationship and got married. We had a beautiful wedding with family and close friends celebrating with us. We had made our teenage dreams come true, we were now husband and wife, and I was so proud to be your wife and proud to call you, my husband. Your sobriety continued for years, I can remember when you went to work at your brother's, Clint liquor store, it was the most nervous time for me because I was so afraid of you relapsing, but you used to reassure me every time that you were good and it was okay and I believed you.

Because of your sobriety you had now had your driver's licence and your own vehicle, a truck that you got refurbished that used to be for my late grandma, Aletha Powery. You took such pride in that truck because you had accomplished getting it back on the road. During our time together we travelled with my family overseas on many occasions and had many birthdays and other important celebrations with you. Alexia was now entering her teenage years, and you were panicking more than I was about the possibility of her dating. I remember the conversations the two of you would have and that any future boyfriend would have to endure a real drilling session and that you would put the fear of God in him. But we knew it was all out of love for her. You were a skilled jeweler and showed your love by making jewelry for me and Alexia. You were also a skilled carpenter, and my dad always said that the two of you should have gone into a maintenance business together because you were a lot like him and took pride in the work that you did.

Although our marriage didn't last the way we planned we remained close friends and in constant contact. I was always there for you and so when you fell on hard times you asked for my help, and I willingly did so. I could tell that you were seriously struggling with your health and became very concerned for you. I called for you and learnt that you had been taken to the ER by ambulance and so Vanda and I rushed to be by your side. Before we knew it, you were receiving your diagnosis. The last year and half had been difficult for you with receiving various chemo and radiation treatments along with not being able to really speak. But because of our connection, I could understand you just fine. As time and your illness progressed you became frailer, and I watched you fading away. It was the most difficult thing for me to watch but I knew I had to be there for you and do all that I could because of the love and friendship we shared. But most importantly, I made sure that your spiritual well-being was attended to before it was too late. You always reiterated your desire for your family to be involved and kept up to date with everything you were dealing with and your care plan. They were so loved by you, even when you still had no voice, your non verbal communication spoke loudly of this love.

On Thursday night 7 November I visited you one last time to say my goodbyes, and I talked to you briefly, sharing important things with you. I knew you could hear me because you gave signs that made me know. It brought me back to our time when we would share one good thing about each other before going to sleep and that night I shared that I loved you and thanked you for helping me raise Alexia but also to thank you for loving me too because I know you did! Then on Friday, 8 November at 4:30am I received the call from Nurse Simone, that you had taken your last breath and were now gone. I know you are no longer suffering but it is difficult knowing that I can no longer see you or talk with you.

So, sleep in peace and in the arms of Jesus until we see each other again, I love you, Chris.

Love Bethany

Tributes (Continued)

Tribute for Chris, My Dad

I've been trying to come up with the perfect way to express my thoughts about someone I never imagined my life without. I'm going to try my best to fully encompass who Chris was to me.

I had the honor of meeting him at the early age of three, when I felt he needed to meet my approval for my mom to continue dating him. While things were a bit rocky at first—me biting his leg repeatedly every time he hugged or showed affection toward my mom because I thought he might be trying to steal her away from me but he didn't give up. He was patient and loving, and I soon realized he wanted to love me as his own as well.

I received further confirmation of this when my biological father moved to a different country a couple of years later. Devastated by this upheaval in my childhood, Chris was there to reassure me that he would remain a constant in my life, while also respecting my relationship with my biological father. He left the "Dad" label open for me to use, or calling him Chris was just as good and would suffice. I called him "Dad" sparingly, as if there were a limited number of tickets I had left to use the word, and I wanted it to be a special occasion when I did.

I soon realized that my mom had truly found someone who accepted me and loved me unconditionally, despite having no obligation to do so. Chris had a love for animals that he quickly passed on to me. It soon became our family pastime to convince my mom to continue growing our "farm" which was really just our backyard. No parakeet, rabbit, dog, or parrot could go unnamed or unloved.

Additionally, his abilities as a chef were one of my favorite qualities. Being a picky eater my whole life especially as a child made it a struggle to find food that I liked. When he discovered I enjoyed his frying pan-cooked sausage, he made it for me every morning before school. He was always great at doing little acts of kindness that many people wouldn't notice. Whether it was his patience while teaching me to ride my bike, eating my strange concoctions inspired by my Food Network obsession, or doing figure eights together on our bikes in our driveway every Christmas season, Chris found a way to make every day special.

He attended every Christmas program and cheered the loudest when I sang in the choir. He always let me call March my birthday month, despite his birthday being one day before mine. He appreciated my humor and laughed at all my jokes even the ones at his expense. Although I joked that I would take care of my mom and send him to the Pines to be cared for when he got older, the truth is, I would never have been able to separate those two lovebirds.

While their marriage did not last, their love for each other certainly remains in this life and in every lifetime. Our Sunday night drives requested by him always consisted of the three of us getting ice cream from Dairy Queen and parking somewhere to eat dinner afterward. I can still recite his order: a large Mango Cheesecake Blizzard with whipped cream on top.

During my preteen years, I started losing interest in the Sunday night drives, but he requested that we continue the weekly family time even if it meant him and I debating what was "hip" on the radio at the time. His kindness extended further into his craft of jewelry making. When my sensitive ears couldn't handle fashion jewelry, he would sit in his workshop for days on end, creating earrings that wouldn't irritate my skin. I still wear the pieces he made for me, and I will forever cherish his creative ability.

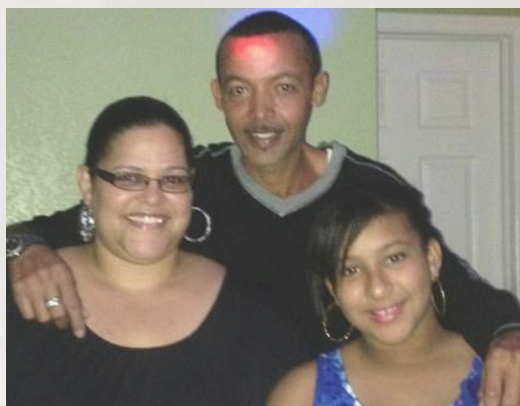
As I mentioned, my parents' divorce in my teen years led to fewer interactions with Chris, but communication remained open. There wasn't a birthday, holiday, or random check-in just because that we didn't hear from him. Although I wasn't present in the last couple of years because of being away at university and unable to leave the United States I always sent my love to him. I had the opportunity to see him this past summer, and I did not know that it would be the last time I got to hug him and communicate with him.

I've dreaded writing this tribute because it means the unfortunate is true, and I do not want to accept this finality. However, Chris will always remain in my heart because I still feel surrounded by his love. So, I hope he's sticking to our Sunday tradition, enjoying a large Mango Cheesecake Blizzard with whipped cream.

Finally, I'm cashing in my special occasion ticket because I love you in this life and in every lifetime, Dad.

Rest peacefully,

Love Alexia



Life Story

On Thursday, 18 March 1971 a beautiful baby boy, Edington Christopher Ebanks affectionately known as Chris was born to Edward Merrill Ebanks and Ethel Laverne Ebanks. He was the second child to this union joining his big brother, Lance. Later joining this union was his younger brother Clint. As life continued, his late mother had three additional children, Robert, Lee and daughter, Simalee. He also has a brother, Solomon, by his father, Merrill and stepmother, Lyda. During his childhood he enjoyed the saltwater and mostly fishing with his cousins especially Kelsey. Even though the young boys didn't have a boat engine they were skilled and knew how to maneuver using the paddles. His mother and his aunt Marjorie always tried to instill Christian values into his life and so Chris attended the Wesleyan Holiness Church (formerly Pilgrim Holiness Church) as a boy. He was always known to be respectful and caring with a pleasant personality. As a young boy he attended the West Bay Primary School now renamed Sir John A. Cumber Primary School from 1976 to 1980. He continued his schooling at the Cayman Islands Middle School before finishing his education at the Cayman Islands High School in 1987. Chris loved his family and dedicated himself to provide for his mother and siblings throughout his high school years.

Chris was affectionately known to his West Bayas as "Keke" and was quite popular amongst the ladies. However, he had eyes for a special young lady in Boatswain Bay by the name of Bethany Powery. This was a friendship he respected, and they grew to love each other but their lives took them on separate paths, and they moved on to explore and grow.

After leaving high school, Chris joined the booming construction industry and thereby developing great carpentry skills which he continued to use and perfected during his lifetime. Chris had a love for the arts and honed in on his artistry skills through sculpting and jewelry making for numerous years. Throughout this time, he was employed as a sculptor and jeweler at Passman Jewelry by Bernard K. Passman from 1988 along with other excellent Caymanian jewelers such as his cousin Kelvin Ebanks, Jimmy Ebanks, Eldon Ebanks, David Ebanks, Paul Rivers, Darley Powery and the late Mitchell Ebanks to name a few.

During his young adult life, Chris endured the loss of his older brother Lance, who passed away on April 22, 1997, and in his later years the untimely death of his beloved mother Laverne, on June 1, 2008. Chris was devastated by the passing of both, which had a significant impact on his life.

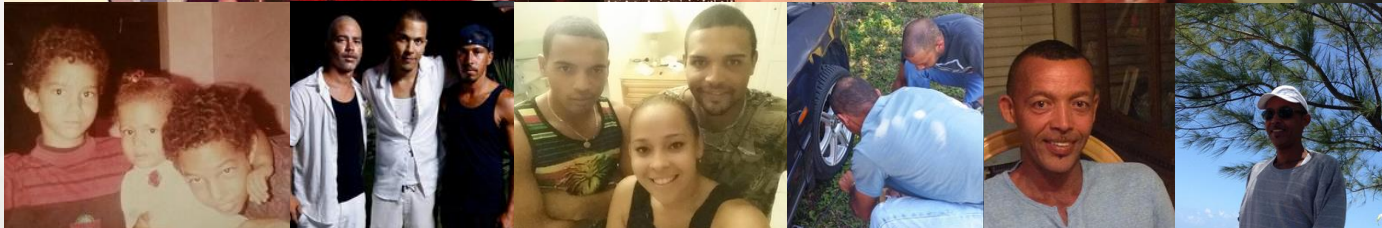
Chris began a new chapter in his life as a father with the arrival of his son Justin in 1990, soon welcoming two more sons, Duran in 1992 and Travis in 1994. Chris was a loving and affectionate father and provided for his boys the best way he knew how to. His personal challenges sometimes made his role as a father more difficult. However, he was committed to ensuring their needs were met. As his boys grew into young men, they continued to make Chris proud, with Justin becoming a qualified Rolex technician, Duran and Travis advancing in the construction, property maintenance and tourism sector. Chris became a grandfather to a beautiful princess, Janelle by his son Duran. This warmed his heart and made him very proud to be called grandfather.

In 2006 Chris rekindled his relationship with Bethany who now also had a young daughter, Alexia. During this time, he accomplished many personal goals by gaining his driver's license and joined his brother Clint driving the tour buses as well as assisting in the operations of the liquor store. He also continued with carpentry side jobs and built his own jewelry workshop at home where he would turn broken pieces into masterpieces of art. Chris and Bethany considered their upbringing and Christian values and knew that their love and life together would bring them to marriage. After several pre-marital sessions, they were married on February 23, 2013 amongst friends and family. This was a time in his life that he was truly joyful. Despite all the things in life that led them to separate, they remained as family and very close friends.

In 2023 Chris' health was of great concern and he too realized that it was serious and needed health intervention. During this time, he received the heart aching diagnosis of throat cancer and Bethany, his brother Clint, his niece Dairilys supported by his family, made sure that he was receiving the best medical care and support. As his health continued to decline, he again recognized his Christian upbringing and called on Pastor Garrett Haylock to visit with him. Jasmine Hospice Care was arranged to provide him with palliative care and end of life transition and in the early morning hours of Friday, November 8, 2024 Edington Christopher Ebanks lost his fight with cancer.

In Chris' last days he lived as those of us who live in Christ; we live with a hope to be reconciled with our Savior.

Left to mourn his passing are his Sons Justin Ebanks, Duran Ebanks, and Travis Ebanks, his Stepdaughter Alexia Powery-Morris, his Granddaughter Janelle Ebanks, his Brothers Clint Ebanks, Robert Ebanks, Lee Ebanks, and Solomon Ebanks, his Sister Simalee Ebanks, his Nieces Dairilys Ebanks, Zoe Hydes and Aria Hydes. his Father, Merrill Parchment "Ebanks", his Step-Mother Lyda Ebanks, his Ex-Wife Bethany Powery, his Uncles, Bruce Ebanks, Kenneth Ebanks, Ashton Ebanks, David Ebanks, his Aunts, Marjorie Bush, Shirley Ann Blair, Valda Hylton-Taylor, Carlene Nicholson, Vicky Ebanks, Faylene Ebanks-Suckoo, Linda Ebanks, Edith Williams and a host of other relatives and close friends.



Graveside Service

Opening Remarks: Pastor Phillip Eckstein
Scripture - Psalm 23 Congregation
Tribute Song from Cousins: "Jealous of the Angels" (Prerecorded)
Floral Tribute:..... "Wind Beneath My Wings" (Prerecorded)
Committal:..... Pastor Phillip Eckstein
Prayer:..... Pastor Garrett Haylock
Benediction:..... Pastor Phillip Eckstein



Thank You

With deep appreciation, we want to express our heartfelt thanks to his extraordinary nurses—Ash, Simone, and Nina—along with the dedicated team from We Care Professional Care Service. Your compassion and commitment have touched our lives in ways words can hardly capture. We also extend our sincere gratitude to Dr. V. Binoy from Health City and the staff at HSA. Lastly, to his beloved family and friends, for your unwavering support.