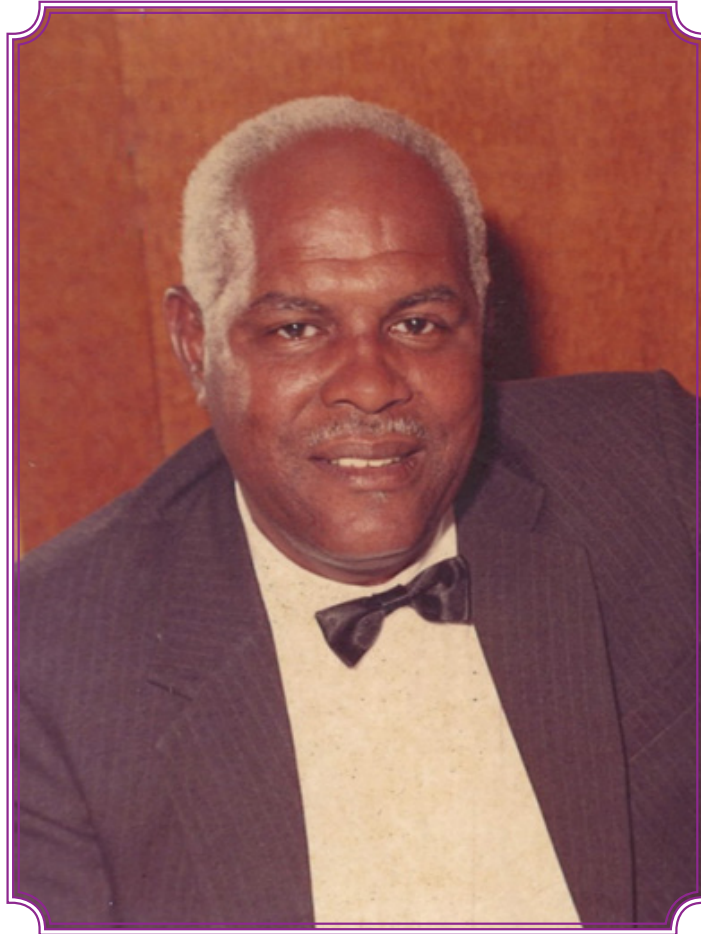


Service of Thanksgiving
For the Life of
Marcel Donovan Goring
“Donny”



17 July 1936 – 28 December 2024

Church of God (Universal), Walkers Road, George Town,
Grand Cayman, Cayman Islands

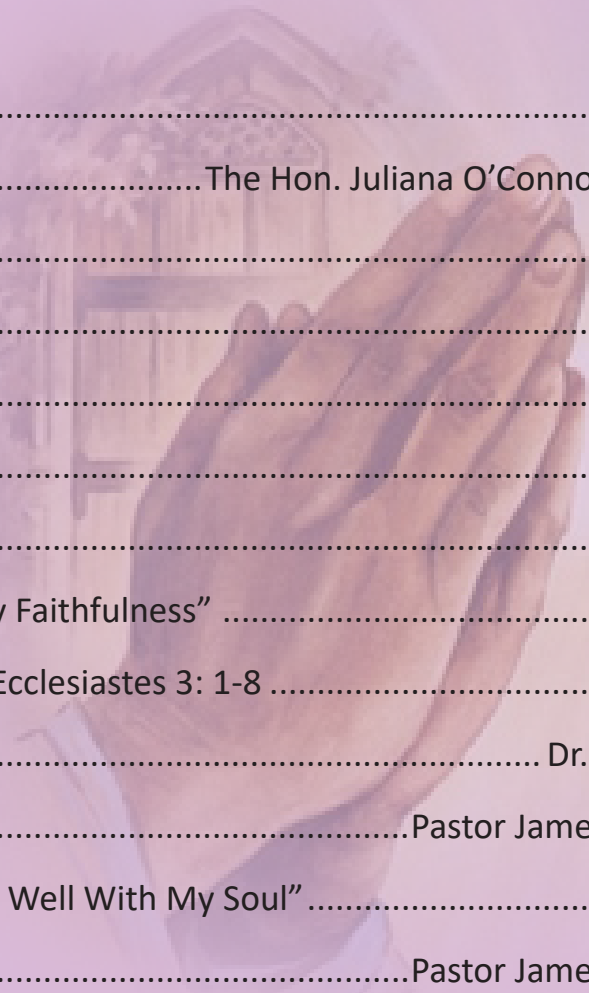
Date of Service:
Saturday, 25 January 2025 – 10.00am

Officiating Minister
Pastor James Arch, Cert. Hon. JP (Ret.)
Pianist: Sis. Esther Jackson

Interment at Prospect Cemetery



Order of Service



Opening Remark.....	Pastor James Arch, Cert. Hon. JP (Ret.)
Prayer	Pastor James Arch, Cert. Hon. JP (Ret.)
Scripture Reading - John 14: 1-7.....	Mrs Debra Jean Brown
Hymn - “How Great Thou Art”	Congregation
Tributes:	
Daughters	Mrs Donna Powell
Son.....	The Hon. Juliana O’Connor-Connolly JP, MP, Premier
Sister.....	Ms Charmaine Moss
Slide Show	Media Team
Nieces & nephews.....	Mrs Dawn Pringle
Extended Family	Ms Ava Christian
Close Friend.....	Mr Lenny Hew
Hymn - “Great Is Thy Faithfulness”	Congregation
Scripture Reading - Ecclesiastes 3: 1-8	Mrs Keisha Miller
Obituary	Dr. Stephenson A. Tomlinson
Sermon.....	Pastor James Arch, Cert. Hon. JP (Ret.)
Closing Hymn - “It Is Well With My Soul”	Congregation
Prayer for Family	Pastor James Arch, Cert. Hon. JP (Ret.)
Benediction	Pastor James Arch, Cert. Hon. JP (Ret.)

Order of Recession

Pastors, members of the platform, urn, family and congregation

Pallbearers

Mr Russell Reid
Mr Garfield Goring

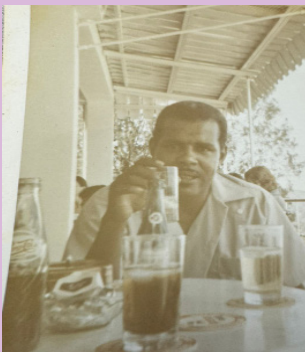
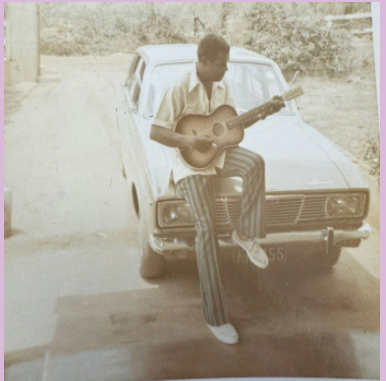
Mr Michael Goring
Mr Gilbert Miller

Ushers

Ms Gia Christian
Ms Anya Rankine

Guest Book Attendant

Ms Halle Powell
Ms Ava Christian



Obituary

Marcel Donovan Goring, affectionately known as “Donny” was born on 17 July 1936 in Kingston, Jamaica. He was the third of six children, together with adopted brother Lindon Wilson, born to Victoria Goring (née Brown) and Huxley Goring.

In his former years, Marcel attended the Central Branch Primary School in Kingston, Jamaica. He went on to study at Kingston College where he completed his secondary education. It was during his tenure at Kingston College that he developed his love for sports, a passion that he carried throughout his life. After graduating from Kingston College, he took his first job at Cable and Wireless, Jamaica which provided valuable experience and a strong foundation for his extensive working life.

In 1955 he married Ms Faye McDonald and in 1956, they welcomed daughter Donna into their small family. In 1959 Marcel and Faye migrated to the United Kingdom where he took a job at the Post Office and later at the Jamaica High Commission (Passport Office).

Marcel and Faye returned to Jamaica in 1966. Marcel wasted no time in putting his skills and experience to good use in various career fields. His working life took him to organizations such as Carpet Mills and VW Dealership (otherwise known as “Sinclairs”).

In late 1970, Marcel joined the ranks of Civil Servant with the Jamaica Government. His service to country took him to the Stamp Office and the National Housing Trust. It was evident from his profession prowess that Marcel was a highly skilled and respected individual. He continued to grow and develop in his professional life and saw several promotions in his career.

He was the quintessential “man for all seasons”. He was always very polished, never spoke in colloquial terms and had impeccable memory. He never left his Cross or Parker pens which added to his perfect penmanship. He was ever the gentleman, always immaculately dressed and never without a handkerchief and signature colognes. He had an unwavering love affair with Country and Western music and could be heard blasting the ballads from his stereo daily and would play backup on his trusty Hillman Hunter guitar.

Marcel was blessed with two more children, Debra Jean, in 1972 and son Tarik in 1977. As part of his fatherly duties, both to his own children and his nieces and nephews, he was always willing to help with homework, but don't make the mistake of looking up in the ceiling as “the answer was not there”. This was true to Marcel's character, he was always the comedian, and would sometimes stretch the truth, just a little, to add to the comedic value.

True to his Caymanian heritage, Marcel travelled back and forth between the Cayman Islands and Jamaica for a number of years choosing to return to his roots, the Cayman Islands, in 2003. He ended his working life at the Doctors Hospital formerly known as the “Chrissie Tomlinson Memorial Hospital”.

Marcel lived a life of service and that he is where he felt most fulfilled. He was an avid sports enthusiast and would spend many of his days, if not working, picking up athletes to take them to practice or a sports meet. He was also heavily involved in track and field in his own right as he was a track and field umpire in Box 1 at the Gibson Relays.

Marcel was from a certain mould of men. He was firm but had a powerful respect and warmth in every encounter with others which allowed him the privilege of having friends from every station in life. He was a man of great compassion and extended himself consistently to help others.

Despite his many responsibilities and commitments, he always made time for his family. This helped to define the man he was. His nieces and nephews will tell you that he taught all of them to drive a car and that he was present at every family function and event.

On 24 December 2024, Marcel fell ill at home and had to be admitted to hospital.

On 28 December 2024 at 10.58pm he made his transition from this life.

He is survived by:

Daughters: Donna and Debra

Son: Tarik

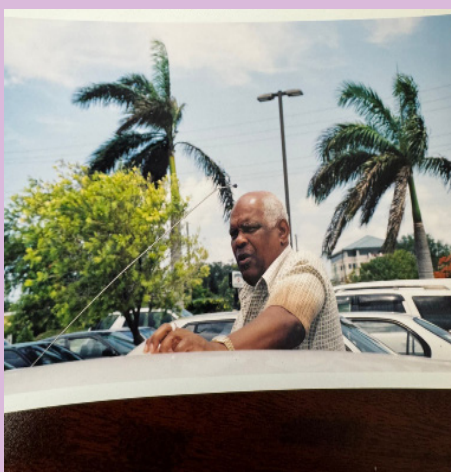
Sons-in-Law: Richard and Christopher

Sister: Lilieth Keeling

Grand Children: Simone, Christian and Emmanuel

Great-Grand Children: Kymani, Carey, Sienna and Christian-Cruz

Nieces, nephews and other relatives and friends.



Tributes

My dad

Dear friends, family, and colleagues of my father, it is my honor to reflect on the time that I spent with my father and by extension my husband Christopher and children, Christian and Emmanuel ("Manny" as daddy nicknamed him). Despite the fact that daddy is no longer with us, I am most grateful for the time we spent together, and I will always cherish the memories in my heart.

Daddy, meeting you, I saw how much I looked like you. I saw myself in your eyes, your lips, your smile. I could tell that you were a gentleman whose statue commanded a high level of respect, even in your golden years. You struck me as one who sat with kings and people in high places. Perhaps that perception was formed as a little girl when I first saw your face on a card that read "Marcel Donovan Goring - High Commissioner Office".

Daddy, God has given me a special love for you. It's an unconditional love, that no matter what the past held, the power of love and the Holy Spirit, erased it all. Life is more meaningful when we love, when we support and build-up each other.

On our last trip in 2023, it was evident that you had decreased in your physical capacity, though your mental faculties were still strong. I was so inspired by you, your drive and enthusiasm even though you were getting up in age. I am grateful to God for that trip that allowed us to share some special days together and strengthen our bond.

I recall how fond you were of playing dominoes. We were anxious to play but didn't realize it was also a trap as you didn't want us to leave when it was late and when we returned the next day, you would ask "what took you so long". You quickly prompted us to sit down for a promised "6-love". When we spoke on the phone, you would always ask, "are you coming this way?" Our last talk was December 3rd 2024. I recall the conversation well, you said "Donna!" I responded, "no daddy, it's Debra Jean." You asked, "are you coming this way?" I never knew that would be the last time I would hear your voice. Instead of my usual Christmas calls with you, it was one from Tarik to say you were hospitalized.

Daddy, I will never forget your laughter, your smile the sound of your voice when you called my name. You often bragged that you named me. Your voice told me that you loved me, and I felt it when I held your hand.

You were a special part of our lives and our memory of you will never leave us. "[We won't] cry because it's over, [but we will] smile because it happened. The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen or even touched, they must be felt with the heart."

Dad, you are in my heart! Chris, Christian and Emmanuel were fond of you and will always love and miss you. Sleep well Daddy in our Saviour's arms.

Love, Debra Jean



To my "da" / "daddy" / "Castro"

It is extremely difficult to put into words just how much you meant to me. I have not known any other life, than life with you. From my earliest memories, you were always there to support and guide me through life's challenges. You taught me the value of hard work, pride and self-worth. Your unwavering love and kindness will always be a source of comfort and inspiration.

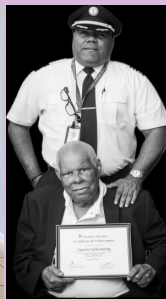
I'll never forget the times we spent together, from our family vacations to your endless supply of dad jokes. Your love of adventure and willingness to take risks taught me to live life to the fullest. You were my superhero – invincible, strong, brave, wise and dependable. You impacted my life in so many ways. I am so proud to be your son and to carry on your legacy. I remember the many times you helped me with my timetables especially on a Sunday evening while you were cooking dinner. I will never forget when you would ask me the answer to 9x9 and I would start looking up in the ceiling. You would sometimes call Keisha and ask her to take a look up in the ceiling to see if there were any numbers floating up there because I was looking for the answer to 9x9. On occasion, you would call Russell and tell him to ride his bicycle down to the house because I needed help finding the numbers in the ceiling. Though you may have made a joke out of it, I appreciate the time you took to help me, ensuring that I had a strong educational foundation and securing my success in the future.

As a senior civil servant for many years, you achieved so much in your career, and I was so proud of your achievements. I often wondered why sometimes you would be missing from the dinner table but as I grew and took on responsibilities of my own, I understood these selfless acts. Your passion for life and for your family was evident in the many ways you gave of yourself, acting as driving instructor, comedian, mentor and friend. Dad, you touched so many lives during your life but what made you truly special was your generosity and willingness to help others. Whether it was mentoring young professionals or volunteering at our local Disapora, you made a difference in the lives of so many.

As I watched you decline over the last several months, I felt my whole world caving in as you were the constant in my life. I could always depend on your sound advice and encouragement in every situation. I am eternally grateful for the many sacrifices you made to ensure my well-being. You poured yourself into me and I can only hope to be half the man you were. You were a stalwart both in your personal and professional life. My achievements and successes are because of your diligence as a father, provider, counselor and friend. I could never repay that debt, dad. Thank you, thank you, thank.

I felt like my world stopped on the 28 December 2024 when you took your last breath, I feel like I can't go on without you in my corner. Thank you for being my role model, my friend, and my dad. I will always cherish the memories we shared together and strive to live up to your legacy.

Love, Tarik



**Mission
Accomplished !**

My brother, Donny

Donny was the third child of six siblings, but as the fourth sibling, I always felt an incredibly profound bond with him. From a young age, Donny displayed an innate sense of responsibility, often taking on the role of protector for his sisters.

His career took him to many jurisdictions and of note, in 2003, Donny made the life-changing decision to move to the Cayman Islands but no matter how far he travelled, he always returned to Jamaica to spend time with me. Each visit, no matter how brief, was a meaningful occasion. He would inevitably leave Tarik, whom I raised with all the love I could muster, treating him like my child. This signaled the depth of the bond we had as brother and sister that he would entrust his son to my care. The moments we shared, filled with laughter, stories, and the warmth of family, were truly special and something I will always treasure.

Donny's passion for sports, particularly track and field, was infectious. He ignited excitement in the community children, inspiring them to give their best at every practice. He never missed a weekend opportunity to take them to their training sessions, ensuring they were well-fed, energized, and ready to excel. He willingly chose to share his responsibility with me, and through this, we created cherished memories of teamwork and encouragement that will forever hold a special place in my heart.

Now, standing here as the only surviving sibling, my heart aches with a profound sense of loss. Each memory we created is a testament to the love and joy he brought into our lives, and I will always carry that feeling with me.



A Tribute to Our Uncle Donny From His Nieces and Nephews

I know that Uncle Donny was unanimously the favorite uncle for all of us. He made us all feel special and always had time to spend with each of us individually and collectively.

Uncle Donny lived in England for quite some time and returned to Jamaica a born English man! He easily was the most eloquently spoken Goring that I know of, as I've never heard him speak a word of patois in my life! If one of us was explaining something to him, and we were fumbling with words and said something like "and yuh know what ah mean Uncle D," he would immediately say "now don't tell me no "pu pa pu pa" come straight man" and give that infectious laugh of his.

Uncle D. lived with our family for a while at our Constant Spring Home. I recall that he loved animals and always had pets around. He first started with birds, doves, I think they were. Of course, once he had them, they became our (Russ, my brother, and I), responsibility to care for them. Next came the rabbits, those were something else, but by then, I was older and smarter, so Russ got it worse than I did.

Then, Uncle D. decided that because there were so many nieces, nephews and friends of Russ, who lived on our avenue, in order to keep track and maintain some semblance of order, he'd put us in group order! He orchestrated Groups 1,2,3 and 4. With him being in control of all groups!

Group 1 - being the eldest cousins had of course only Donna and I.

Group 2 - had Russ, Wayne, Wendy, Feron, Carla, and God knows who else, and some other boys from the avenue.

Group 3 - had Gar, Kiesha and Tarik.

Group 4 - brought up the rear with the youngsters.

We had so much fun with these groups and still do. I remember clearly, Uncle D. would plan fun activities with specific groups at certain times and other groups would know it's not their turn. We always enjoyed these times with him.

A wonderful thing Uncle Donny did for all of us was to become our driving instructor. I believe it was only Russ that he did not teach to drive. Yes, Uncle Donny taught most, if not all of his nieces and nephews to drive. He was very calm, conscientious and diligent in teaching us all. I'll never forget the three-point reverse and parallel parking, and practicing that hill without rolling back. He made sure that each of us were well prepared to do the driving test and knew that road code book so that there were no repeats when we went to do that test.

Uncle Donny always had an arsenal of jokes to dole out when we were together. He always made sure that he had a new story to tell us, so we'd crack up rolling on the floor with laughter. I remember him telling us about a garage he went to and a young fellow attempted to direct him to maneuver out of a tight space. He shared that the young man told him "jus follow wha mi a tell yuh man...reverse back, reverse back!"

So, Uncle D stopped and said to the young man, "Hold up Old master, I can only reverse one way, and that's back"! The young man continued to give the instructions without understanding what Uncle Donny meant, "yea man, jus gwan come...to you, to you, yea, yea, now to me to me, same suh! Needless to say, Uncle D, called that "pu pa pu pa!"

There are so many more stories we could share with you, but you would be sitting here for many more hours and it would be selfish of us to take all of your time.

Our Uncle Donny was loving, kind, generous, and full of life. He loved his family, loved to laugh, cared about people and always had a kind word and a joke to share. He lived a full life. We know his physical body will be missed, but his spirit lives on eternally without pain and his memory will remain with us always.

As Ecclesiastes says, there is a time for everything, a time to be born and a time to die.

Sleep well Uncle Donny.

From All your loving Nieces and Nephews





Poem for our Grandpa

By: Illona Blake

"I know we are all feeling a little bit sad
That we've lost our Grandpa, our friend, and our dad.
Together we have cried an ocean of tears
As we feel so empty and hold many fears.

But Grandpa would want us to know he's in a good place
And that he's watching us all with a smile on his face,
As we have made him so proud, as proud as can be
That he has raised such a beautiful and special family.

Thinking back now, I really must say
I feel lucky and privileged to have known Grandpa to this day.
For in my life, you have played a special part.
The memories I will treasure and keep close to my heart.

For me, I am glad my little baby he got to meet.
And for all of us, be grateful, his life is now complete.
To each one of us he has loved and cared.
As a family, be thankful for the good times we shared.

Although he has gone, we will always be together,
And his spirit will live on in each one of us forever.
When you look to the sky, look for the brightest star,
As that will be Grandpa looking down on us from afar.

And now I would like to thank the good Lord above
For blessing us with our Grandpa, with his kindness and love.

Dear God, if it is not too much fuss,
Take extra special care of our Grandpa, for he is very dear to us.

Grandpa, if you are listening, say a prayer for us every day.
Be sure to protect us and guide us on our way.
We know when God called you, you had to go,
But we want you to know, Grandpa, we miss you and love you so."



TRIBUTE TO OUR 'GRAMPS'

It's never easy to say goodbye to someone who has been such a special part of your life, no matter their role, the duration of time they spent in your life, or the frequency of which you saw them. When they have passed on it leaves a hole, not only in our hearts, but in the world. The hole that Gramps has left in this world will no doubt stand forever and that I can say with utmost certainty, as the love and energy Gramps exuded from every ounce of his body was one that was kind, patient, innocent and most importantly everlasting.

Gramps never got bored of the repeated questions my sisters and I would ask; he never grew tiresome of hearing us rant about the stress of school, never ignored our begging hands when our 'hungry bellies' as he'd call it saw his stash of pistachios, and never complained about how without a doubt, we would ravage the fridge for tangerines and/or grapes whenever we visited. In fact, he would always listen with the most enthusiasm; eager to answer all our questions, ready to laugh at our dramatized school worries, to give us advice on how to better the situation, and ALWAYS willing to share.

We thank Gramps for all the memories, all the Christmas gifts, all the cryptic calls inviting us over for a visit which always ended with us receiving surprise envelopes labelled with our names and filled with a little spending money. We will miss all the sweet words of affirmations, all the snacks and all the jokes.

We are so grateful that when we temporarily moved to Cayman Brac, even with old age and sickness, you took a trip to the Brac to visit and spend time with us, to make sure we were settling in well and to give us the comfort of a familiar face.

We will eternally consider ourselves the most blessed girls to have experienced such a warm and gentle soul, so we'll wait a while until we meet again, and then you can kiss the coco and rub the tum tum one last time. We love you, Gramps.

With all our love,
Gia, Ava, & Halle



**A tribute to Marcel Donovan (Donny) Goring
By Leonard "Lennie" Hew**

"Good friends we have and good friends we've lost." The lyrics of a well-known song. My friend Donnie has gone physically but the memories of his friendship will last forever.

It was many years ago that I met Donnie while he was at Kingston College, where my younger brother attended, and I was at St. Georges on the opposite side of North Street in Kingston. Coincidentally after leaving school, we were employed by Cable and Wireless where we gained valuable experience for our next employment, he with Jamaican High Commission in England and I with the Cayman Islands Government.

Donnie was always cheerful and a good supporter to his co-workers, giving good advice when necessary. Whenever we met, we always reminisce about the day he invited me to take part in a race at his school's sports day. It was the old boys 100 yds sprint and I said "no" due to the fact that I never attended Kingston College. His reply was that it is his invitation. I won the race, but I disappeared before the prize giving ceremony. We always had a good laugh.

He will be remembered as a gentleman and a credit to his family and friends. I am happy that I was able to enjoy a few visits with him after he retired here. He will be surely missed and his memory will forever be with us. May his soul Rest in Peace.

TO: DONOVAN "DONNY" GORING

It is with a heavy heart that we bid farewell to our beloved alumnus. Donovan "Donny" Goring was a cherished member of our community, whose unwavering love and dedication to his alma mater, Kingston College were evident throughout his life.

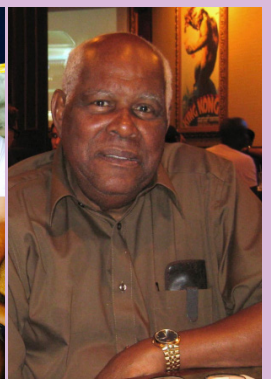
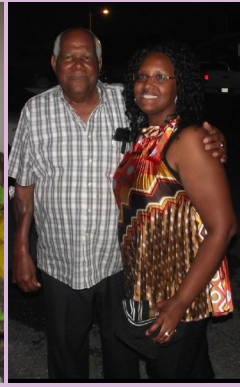
His stories of his time at Kingston College were filled with fond memories and a deep sense of gratitude for the education and experiences he received. He was an encyclopedia of sporting memories, especially track and field.

"Don's" love for his alma mater was not just about nostalgia; it was about a genuine belief in the power of education and the importance of giving back. He often spoke about how Kingston College shaped his life and career, and he was always eager to ensure that future generations could benefit from the same opportunities.

As we remember "Donny", we celebrate a life well-lived and a legacy that will continue to inspire us all. His dedication to our community, his kindness, and his unwavering support will be deeply missed. We extend our heartfelt condolences to his family and friends during this difficult time. Rest in peace, Donovan, your love for your alma mater will forever be remembered and cherished. FORTIS CADERE CEDERE NON POTEST. THE BRAVE MAY FALL BUT NEVER YIELD.

KINGSTON COLLEGE OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION
CAYMAN ISLANDS CHAPTER.





Graveside Hymns

The Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away, stood an old rugged Cross
The emblem of suff'ring and shame
And I love that old Cross where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain

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

Oh, that 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

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

In the old rugged Cross, stain'd with blood so divine
A wondrous beauty I see
For the dear Lamb of God, left his Glory above
To pardon and sanctify me

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

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
Where his glory forever I'll share

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

T'was Grace that taught my heart to feel
And Grace my fears relieved
How precious did that Grace appear
The hour I first believed

Through many dangers, toils and snares
We have already come
T'was Grace that brought us safe thus far
And Grace, it will lead us home

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 first begun
T'was Grace that brought us safe thus far
And Grace will lead us home

Blessed Assurance

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

Refrain: This is my story, this is my song
Praising my Savior all the day long
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long.

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight.
Angels descending bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Savior am happy and blest.
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Fill'd with His goodness, lost in His love.

Graveside Service

Opening Remarks/Prayer Pastor James Arch, Cert. Hon. JP (Ret.)
Hymn "When the Roll is called up Yonder"
Act of Committal Pastor James Arch, Cert. Hon. JP (Ret.)
Hymns Congregation

"What a Friend We have in Jesus"
"Blessed Assurance"
"The Old Rugged Cross"
"Amazing Grace"

Benediction Pastor James Arch, Cert. Hon. JP (Ret.)

When the Roll is Called up Yonder

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound
and time shall be no more
And the morning breaks eternal bright and fair
When the saved diverse shall gather over on the other shore
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there

When the roll is called up yonder
When the roll is called up yonder
When the roll is called up yonder
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there

Let us lay before the Master from dawn 'til setting sun
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care
Then when all of life is over and our work on Earth is done
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there
When the roll is called up yonder
When the roll is called up yonder
When the roll is called up yonder
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there

What a Friend We have in Jesus

What a Friend we have in Jesus
All our sins and griefs to bear
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!

O what peace we often forfeit
O what needless pain we bear
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged
Take it to the Lord in prayer

Can we find a friend so faithful?
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness
Take it to the Lord in prayer

Are we weak and heavy laden?
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge
Take it to the Lord in prayer

Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He'll take and shield thee
Thou will find a solace there (in his arms)
In His arms He'll take and shield thee
Thou will find a solace there

Acknowledgements

The family of the late Marcel Donovan "Donny" Goring wishes to express their heartfelt appreciation to the many friends and family who have visited and shared words of comfort and prayers during our time of bereavement. Special thanks to the staff of the Health Services Authority, Mr Scott Ruby and staff of the Bodden's Funeral Services and caregivers Jodi and Deborah.