

SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING
For The Life OF



GEORGE MCLEAN

September 12, 1938 – January 7, 2025

George Town Seventh-Day Adventist Church
Sunday, February 2, 2025 at 11:00 A.M.

Officiating Minister
Pastors Carlon Nyack

Interment

Prospect Cemetery

Order of Service

Opening Remarks Pastor Carlon Nyack
Opening Prayer Pastor Carlon Nyack
Opening Song “One day at a time” Congregation
Life Story D. Kurt Tibbetts OBE,JP

Tributes:

Esabel Norah McLean Delisa Sandoval
George William McLean, Albert & Anna McLean and Rosa & Callroy Harris
..... Georganne Rankine
Daughter and grandchildren “The Prayer” Donnie McClurkin & Yolanda Adams
Jorijete McLean-Le’Gare, D’Angelo, Denayé and Darian
Glen, Nora, Sara and Austin Felicia Deslandes
Grandchildren and great-grandchildren “Dancing in the Sky” Dani and Lizzy
George Charles McLean Hon. Kenneth Bryan, MP
Nieces and nephews “Until then” Georganne Rankine

Scripture Reading Revelation 21:1-5 Ginger Osgood
Sermon Pastor Carlon Nyack
Closing Song “How Great Thou Art” Congregation
Closing Prayer Pastor Carlon Nyack

Pallbearers

Mr. Albert McLean
Mr. George McLean
Mr. Austin McLean
Mr. Glen Merren

Mr. Dennis McLean
Mr. Jessie Bodden
Mr. Javier Meza
Mr. Charles Miller

Honorary Pallbearers

Mr. Melvin McLean
Mr. Alfredo McLean
Mr. Eddie McLean
Mr. Lee Seymour
Mr. John McLean Jr.
Mr. Elsmer Range
Mr. Neil Godfrey
Mr. Denston Tibbetts

Mr. Kurt Tibbetts, OBE,JP
Mr. Henford Jeffords
Mr. Leo Parchment (Huttie)
Mr. Edwardo Grant
Mr. Roberto Xatruch
Mr. Myron Melvin Phillips
Mr. Kengee Lito Suazo
Mr. Wellhim Hunter

Ushers

Ginger Osgood
Gina Borden
Gaile McLean

Guest Book Attendant

Yolanda McLean Seymour

The Life of
George McLean
September 12, 1938 – January 7, 2025

George McLean, aged 86, of Breezy Way, George Town, Grand Cayman, passed away on January 7, 2025, following his second battle with cancer.

Born on September 12, 1938, in Bonacca, Honduras, George was the eighth child of Miriam Gozel and Charles McLean. From a young age, George found his calling on the water, and sailing the high seas became his passion. In his early twenties, George made his way to Grand Cayman, Cayman Islands, where he began his journey as a seaman. He met Lucille, his first wife. George and Lucille settled on Goring Avenue, Grand Cayman, near Lucille's family home. They had four children, first came George William McLean Jr, then another boy Albert Lee McLean, third child and first daughter Deborah Eloise McLean who preceded him in death in 1999 and the last child of the four Rosa Viola Harris nee McLean.

After retiring from life at sea, George transitioned into a career in construction. As a skilled mason, he worked for prominent companies like McAlpine and Arch & Godfrey. George was part of the teams that built notable structures such as Kirk Home Centre and Lacovia, and he contributed to countless homes across the Island. He earned a reputation for being the fastest and cleanest block layer in Cayman.

Later in life, George welcomed his daughters Grace McLean, Jorijete McLean Le'Gare, and son, Melvin James.

George met Norah in Bonacca, Bay Islands of Honduras, and after a few years together, they were married. From their union came their youngest son, George Charles McLean. George also embraced Norah's younger children, Sara and Austin McLean, as his own, lovingly adopting them into his family.

Throughout his life, George was a provider, a dedicated father, grandfather, and great-grandfather. He was known for his hardworking nature and his deep love for the ocean and the land. Whether fishing, farming, or building, George was always engaged in something meaningful. He was also a gifted storyteller, captivating those around him with vivid tales that brought laughter, wisdom, and intrigue.

Though George was a man of great strength, his health began to decline in his later years. After 86 years of a full and impactful life, he was called home on January 7, 2025. He joins his parents, daughter, brothers: Hoover, Charles, David, Ronald, Alvin, Alvis, Thomas, Foster and John. His sisters: Ena, Zoila and Lila on the other side.

He is deeply missed by his wife, Esabell Norah McLean; his brother, Alfredo McLean; his children: George William, Albert, Rosa, Grace, Jorijete, Melvin, Sara, Austin, Nora, Glen and George Charles; grandchildren: Albert Jr, Nicholas, Vanessa, Adam, D'Angelo, Denayé, Darian, Rolando, Jerry, Hector, Lizeth, Glen, Ariana, Kylie, Kody, Hayley, Eviannah, Gia, Emmanuel, Brandon and Mason, great-grandchildren: Alena, Javier, Isaias and Jequiany and a host of relatives and friends.

May perpetual light shine upon him.

Graveside Service

Opening Remarks Pastor Carlon Nyack
Opening Prayer:..... Pastor Carlon Nyack
Laying of family Floral Tributes “I come to the Garden Alone” pre-recorded music
Committal..... Pastor Carlon Nyack

*When we all get to Heaven
The Old Rugged Cross
When the Roll is called up yonder*

Benediction Pastor Carlon Nyack

I Come To The Garden Alone

When We All Get To Heaven

I come to the garden alone, While the dew is still on the roses
And the voice I hear falling on my ear, The Son of God discloses

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: And He walks with me and He talks with me
And He tells me I am His own
And the Joy we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever know

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!

He speaks and the sound of His voice,
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing
And the melody that He gave to me within my heart is ringing

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.

I'd stay in the garden with Him,
though the night around me be falling,
But He bids me go, through the voice of woe,
His voice to me is calling.

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

When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder

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.

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 of earth shall gather over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there

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.

Refrain: 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

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.

On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share when His chosen ones shall gather
To their home beyond the skies, and the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there

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.

Let us labor for the Master from the dawn till 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.

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.

Acknowledgement

The family of the late George McLean wishes to express their heartfelt gratitude and 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 Cayman Islands Seafarers Association, the Department of Financial Assistance, the lovely people at Jasmine, Mr. Scott Ruby and staff at the Bodden's Funeral Services.

May God bless you all, and may his light continue to shine upon each of you.