

Celebration of Life  
For



*Natalie Patricia Adolphus*

Sunrise: January 19, 1935 – Sunset: January 29, 2025

The Seventh Day Adventist on Smith Road  
George Town, Cayman Islands

Date: February 23, 2025

Time: 2pm

Officiating Minister:  
Pastor Jerome Bevans

Pianist: Elder Victor Heman

Interment at The Dixie Cemetery

## *Order of Service*

Opening Remarks .....	Pastor Jerome Bevans
Opening Prayer.....	Dr. Lorna Jackson
Scripture Reading – John 14: 1-3 .....	Elder Glenville Hodgson
Congregation Song .....	What a Friend We Have in Jesus
Tribute from daughter, Jill McDonald .....	Ms. Karen Thompson
Tribute from sons, Christopher & Anthony Truman .....	Deputy Premier Kenneth Bryan,MP
Tribute from grandchildren .....	Ms. Donna Bush
Tribute from granddaughter, Tyra Powell.....	Ms. Donna Bush
Tribute from great-granddaughter, Braelynn Walton .....	Ms. Donna Bush
Natalie’s Life Story .....	Ms. Karen Thompson
Special Item - Well Done .....	Pre-Recorded
Video Tribute - Scars in Heaven.....	Pre-Recorded
Words of Comfort and Blessing for the family .....	Pastor Jerome Bevans
Closing Song-It is Well .....	Congregation
Benediction .....	Pastor Jerome Bevans

### *Pallbearers*

#### **In Church**

Mrs. Tyana Walton  
Ms. Marquett Rockett  
Ms. Kenya Truman  
Ms. Tyece Walton  
Ms. Moesha Truman  
Ms. Suriya Douglas  
Ms. Shenelle Bholu  
Ms. Zariah Truman

#### **Out of Church**

Mr. Akeem Truman  
Mr. Brittanio Walton  
Mr. Nick Stewart  
Mr. Shayce Bush  
Mr. Triston Walton  
Mr. David Hamil  
Mr. Donovan Edwardo Tatum

### *Honorary Pallbearers*

Mr. Anthony Truman  
Mr. Christopher Truman  
Mr. Akeem Truman  
Mr. Rhymiech Adolphus  
Mr. Crispin Martin  
Mr. Colin Cunningham  
Mr. Elington Turner

Mr. Benjamin Turner  
Mr. Bing Thompson  
Mr. Tyris General  
Mr. Bruce General  
Mr. Fernando Martin  
Mr. Carlton West  
Mr. Dave Rockett(deceased)

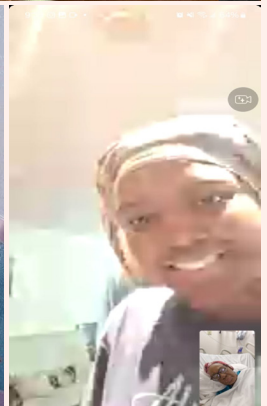
Mr. Shayce Bush  
Mr. Triston Walton  
Mr. Kevin Ebanks  
Mr. Heath Christian  
Mr. John Rojas

### *Ushers*

Mrs. Grace Giron  
Mr. Carlton West

### *Guest Book Attendants*

Mrs. Sue Griffiths  
Ms. Alice McField  
Ms. Chenice Zayas



## *Eulogy - Natalie Patricia Adolphus*

Natalie Patricia Adolphus (née Martin) was born on the 19th January 1935, the first and only child of her beloved mother, the late Monica Martin at the family home in Martin Square, George Town, Grand Cayman.

Blessed with a long, full and, for the most part, happy, active and productive life, our beloved Natalie, passed peacefully to her heavenly home shortly after 10:00 p.m. on the 29th January 2025 at the grand age of ninety with her loving daughter, Jill and her three beloved grandchildren, Tyana, Marquette and Rhymeich at her bedside.

Natalie had a happy and loving childhood. Having been raised in the home of her very strict but extremely caring and supportive grandparents, the late Mr and Mrs Arthur Martin, the Patriarch and Matriach of MARTIN SQUARE, who, along with her mother's siblings ensured that she was lovingly looked after, nurtured and cared for, as if she was their very own.

Growing up in simpler times, she would oftentimes fondly recall all the fun times she had; playing until dark with all of her cousins and friends from the area, swimming together in Hog Sty Bay, climbing the many surrounding fruit trees laden with mangoes, guineps, naseberries, plums and the like that grew in abundance in the yard of the old family home and the neighbouring lands.

When prompted by a distant memory, Nackie as she was affectionately called by her children and grandchildren loved to tell stories of the early morning treks when she and her cousins Ninny, Marie, JD and Margie Mae would wake up before dawn to ensure that they reached early to their Uncle Ashward's grass piece with their pans and containers to collect fresh milk to take back home to their loving grandmother who would be waiting at the wooden stove to fix their morning porridge before sending them off to school

Upon attaining the required age of seven, like most of the children in George Town back in the early-mid 1940's, Natalie began her formal education at the old school house at Dobson Hall on the waterfront under the tutelage of her first and only teacher, the late Teacher Hill. She was a keen learner and, in her later years, would give much credit to both her grandparents, along with her aunts and uncles for the important role they each played in her upbringing and the love and support they provided to her kind, gentle, loving, hardworking and devoted mother, affectionately known to all whose hearts she claimed, lovingly as "Montee".

As a young single mother, Montee was faced with the very difficult decision to leave her parents home in search of paid employment. In so doing she knew that she would have to entrust them with the care of her only child at an early age, Back in those days, It was was not easy to find paid employment, especially for young women like Monica who had never really worked outside the home of her parents.

As it turned out, fate was kind and she was quickly able to gain full time employment at the newly opened Carnation Inn where Mrs Ena Forbes, who, along with her very industrious husband, the late Mr Champie Forbes, JP had just recently opened the doors of their small but very popular family style shop and restaurant serving up delicious local dishes, and snacks.

Conveniently located in the heart of Savannah, serving the surrounding areas of Newlands, Pedro, all the way up to Bodden Town, business was good and, following in the same footsteps just like her own blessed mother and other siblings, including her brother, Charlie, Montee was an excellent cook who needed no training in the kitchen. She was also an excellent housekeeper, both being skills that she would later teach and pass on to her only child and daughter. who would hone both skills to perfection during her more than thirty years working in the local hospitality industry which was still in its infancy stages and also in the United States, where she made her home between 1964 and 1980. Despite the long hours that the small team of three would have to put in, starting each day except Sundays at the break of dawn until the store and restaurant closed at night, both Montee and later on, her daughter Natalie would make many long lasting friendships with the neighbouring families, both in Newlands and Savannah, family, whose little girl, Jane was the same age and lived right next door.

Back in those days of yesteryear, the news that the Second World War had ended was still to come, the basic food staples of flour, sugar and lard were high on the list of food rations and eking out a meager living with a few shillings here and there, life in general presented more than one's fair share of challenges. Jobs were few, mosquitos, ticks in and the dreaded descent of sandflies at dusk were plentiful. Times were simple but not for the lazy, idle or those that were afraid of hard work. As time passed, little Natalie dearly missed her mother and the knowledge of this brought great feelings of sadness for both. Although Monica would always return home to visit as often as her duties allowed, there was however one big downside as the distance from her place of work was too far for her to make the trek on foot to and from the home of her parents in whose care their little granddaughter, Natalie was entrusted. Such was life for most back then. It was the one great sacrifice that as a mother.

Notwithstanding the long periods of separation between the two, there was no lack of the love that was showered upon little Natalie by her beloved Papa and Mama along with all her aunts, uncles, many cousins and childhood friends. For those who knew her, back in her younger days, Natalie loved music and loved to tell the many stories of the many escapades shared with her favourite cousin Ninny whilst attending the strictly supervised local dances in the Town Hall during which they would sit and make fun of the older folk on the dance floor or even better yet, trailing behind their cousin JD and his best friend Nathaniel while they waited on the other side of the Town Clock to make scary noises to frighten poor Miss Frances on her way back home from supervising the younger girls at the dance.

When regaling listeners with her many tales of their many adventures, Natalie would oftentimes recall how she and Ninny had in fact been raised more like sisters than first cousins. With that infectious laugh of hers, she would share that they were not only confidants, she would also explain that they were partners in crime who defended each other without fear and favor, taking on every battle together head on throughout their school days, adolescence and adulthood. She would always make sure to speak of their unwavering loyalty, love and support for each other, both with open heart, regardless of the given circumstances, stating very proudly and emphatically that this was because their beloved Papa had always taught them to always put the needs of family first, with the knowledge and understanding that in Martin Square, 'Family love is limitless and as such, remains unconditional'.

For most everyone who would be old enough to remember what life was like back going back in time to the 1950's and 60's, such memories of Natalie will no doubt return an image of a young, pretty, neatly dressed young girl in her Sunday best, always seated in the Martin family pew inside the eastern wing of the Presbyterian Church on the waterfront, where she worshipped both as a child and young adult. After moving from Cayman with her young daughter Jill, first to New York in 1964 and then over to New Jersey a few years later, Natalie became known wherever she went for her sense of fashion and style of dress. Indeed, she and her Jill would both be known in local circles as one of the most fashionable and best dressed mother/daughter duos to embark or disembark on the tarmac of the still relatively newly built Owen Roberts Airport. No ifs or buts, that she was. Matching hat, gloves, bag and shoes; seemingly one for almost every other outfit. Oversized sunglasses; and not to be outdone, there was pretty little Jill, all dressed up to the nines, wearing matching pantsuits, pretty readymade frocks, shiny patent leather shoes and pretty socks, ribbons and bows to match every outfit. Montee, not to be outdone, could also depend on Natalie to either bring or send by someone returning home from the States her share of pretty frocks and colorful house dresses always making sure that her much beloved mother's needs were met. She also managed to make sure somehow, to bring a little something special for everyone, even if it was a small pack of pretty handkerchiefs or some hairnets and stockings for her grandmother and aunts back home. It can truly be said that back in those days of long ago, so little meant so much and for all her kindnesses, and thoughtful ways, she will be long remembered by those whose lives she touched in so many ways.

Upon completing her formal years of education in 1959 at the tender age of 14, Natalie immediately embarked on finding steady work wherever she could so that she could make life for both herself and her hard working mother somewhat better. A couple years later, in 1962, her first dream to find a decent paying job so that she could help to pay for the blocks and material to build a small but comfortable home to call their very own began to take shape. Upon learning that the first of several hotels on the West Bay Road had just been fully opened for paying guests visiting the Island and was actively seeking local staff both in the kitchen and the housekeeping department, both Natalie and Montee together with a small group of friends and family from the local neighborhood, decided to try their luck and show up to be interviewed by the general manager of the fancy new hotel which would in time would be known as the (Old) Galleon Beach of Hotel. Montee, who was hired on the spot in the housekeeping department, would remain as head housekeeper for a number years until the frailties of life and limitations caused her to slow down. Montee would be joined by the others, including Natalie and her two special Byrd cousins, Dan Dan and Dolly.

At the age of twenty five, Natalie met and married the late Denzil Adolphus and from this union their only child, Jill was born. Shortly after, the marriage ended in divorce and it was at that stage that Natalie decided that it was time for her to seek a better life for herself, her aging mother and infant daughter.

After working at the Galleon Beach for almost two years, the doors of opportunity opened for some of the original group of friends and family to travel to New York where some would put down roots and remain. Others like Natalie and her two Byrd cousins gratefully accepted the opportunity to find much better paying jobs to help them provide better lives for their children and families, also vowing to return home to their beloved Cayman Islands as soon as they could see themselves clear to do so. Little did Natalie know that it would take her the better part of sixteen years to do so. First, she settled in Brooklyn where she met Anthony Lee Truman, Sr, the father of her two sons, Anthony Lee, Jr and Christopher Lee both of whom would spend their early childhood with their big sister, Jill at the residence which they shared on Stone Avenue. Following the birth of their second son, Chris, her relationship with their father came to a timely end and Natalie decided it was again time to begin a new chapter and begin life afresh for herself and her three young children.

This time, she decided to move across the river from New York to New Jersey where she was able, within a very short time to find well paying employment as a housekeeper with first one, and later on a second lovely family, both of whom loved and treated her and her children as one of their own. The warm, close and long lasting relationship shared by Natalie with both of these families proved to be of a long and lasting nature, some fourteen years later when Natalie suddenly found herself having to once again pack up the family and return home to Cayman in 1980 to assume the care for her precious Montee who had recently suffered a debilitating stroke. It was also during their stay in New Jersey, that Natalie, would be blessed with a very special godson, the little boy of a close friend she had met shortly after moving to New Jersey, who would become her fourth child” and Jill, Junior and Chris would be blessed with the addition of to the family of a very special “ little brother” Randy (Randall Truesdale), who she has since loved and treated as her very own.

The move back home in 1980 after being away for sixteen years were not without its challenges and took quite a lot of adjustments. Once again, Natalie was facing the prospects of finding full time employment and starting all over from scratch whilst at the same time, feeling blessed that she was able to assume the role as her mother’s care. The little house that together they were able to build for Montee on the family plot in Martin Square back in the late 1960’s had weathered several major storms was in need of substantial repairs. Natalie also had to find the means to make the necessary additions and renovations to allow her to provide a comfortable home for herself, and her now rapidly expanding family, including little Randy, who by then had become a fixture in Martin Square during his visits to spend time with his Cayman Family.

Not being one to shirk her obligations to her family or be put off by the challenges of life. Natalie knew that her precious mother was now totally dependent upon her and she needed to ensure that she was able to make adequate provision for her care and comfort during the remainder of the limited time left for her on this earth. She also knew that she would have to be prepared to make some major sacrifices, placing her trust and faith in the God she had served as a child and young woman. Albeit, now older and wiser, with health issues of her own, she also recognized that she would need to find a job, and if need be two, in order to meet the needs of her family and fulfill her duties as a daughter, mother and soon to become grandmother. Once again, this remarkable woman and daughter of the soil was no stranger to hard work. Shortly after her return home she was able to secure a job in the housekeeping department at London House.

Albeit, being extremely grateful for the opportunity to provide for the immediate needs of her household, as with all hourly paid work in the hotel and hospitality industry where guests are seasonal and hours are significantly reduced, during the low season hours when her hours at London House were reduced, being an extremely hard and dedicated worker, she was able to secure a second job at Grape Tree where she spent many happy years in the employ of her beloved boss, Mr Fred, who, along with all the guests and co-workers made her feel very much loved and appreciated. It was also during this time that she would find it necessary to supplement both incomes from her two full time day jobs to take up a third full time night job at the Education Department where she faithfully remained until faced with fading health and a life that was to a great extent subject to age related limitations.

During the latter years of her life, our beloved Nackie would take much comfort in her daily calls from dear friends and family. She also looked forward to her daily visits from her daughter Jill and her two sons, Junior and Chris who live just a stone throw away. Their beloved Nackie also enjoyed and very much looked forward to the regular visits of her two beloved grand daughters Tyana and Marquette who she affectionately called Cricket as well as their children. Never a day went by that she did not keep an eye or an ear out for her precious Rhymeich and his little one who was the pride and joy of his loving great grandma.

Time and the length of her given years will not allow us to give her credit for all the things that she has done to make the lives of the many souls she touched and the many acts of love she has shown to those that reciprocated her love and kindness in return. To lose our mother is to lose a pure soul who has blessed and guarded us constantly throughout our lives. Everything we are, and everything we hope to be is thanks to our beloved mother. May her sweet soul rest in peace and light perpetual shine upon her.

She leaves to mourn her beloved daughter Jill Adolphus, her two sons, Anthony Truman, Jr and Christopher Truman, special son Randall Truesdale, grandchildren Tyana Walton, Marquette Rocket, Rhymeich Adolphus, Akeem Truman, and Juvan Truman, Tekwan and Anthony Truman, Kenya and Moesha, Zariah and Maria Truman, ten great grand children through whom is passed the legacy of love she leaves behind, along with a host of close friends and family including: Angela Gregory, Garrett Gregory, Dorette Gregory, Carlton West, Elton Turner, and Special Cousin Ninny.



## *Tributes*

Thank you so much to everyone for being here today to celebrate the life and honor the memory of my mother. To explain just how much my mother means to me is an impossible task, but I want to make sure that I pay tribute to my mother at her funeral.

My mother was one of the strongest, bravest, and kindest human beings to grace this planet. Without her, I wouldn't be here today, I wouldn't be the person that I am, and I wouldn't have the life I have. She is everything to me, and more, and there's no way I could ever quantify the importance she has held in my life. My mother was the best mother a person could ask for.

Mom, we had some good times together. I remember you could not do much for yourself anymore, and I told you I would have to get a helper.

You laughed at me and said "Jill, no helper, not coming here not in this house." I laughed with you because I knew at some point I would have to get you a helper. Glassean and I will miss our daily routines with you Mom from 6 AM and 4:30 PM. I would check to see if the helper is treating you good , where you respond "will be you two guys again oh boy!! What you up for? sorry for the helper". Then you going to say " I'm good you two". Wherever you are, you will always be in my heart."

Thank you, mom, for everything.

**Love your daughter, Jill MacDonald**

### **A tribute to our mother Natalie Patricia Adolphus**

Our mother Natalie was a great woman until her last breath.

Even in sickness, she talked so strong and said she loved us on her dying bed.

I, Anthony affectionately called "Junior" by my mother put her through hell and hackney!

I am the middle child who has always been the rebel, but my mother loved me to the bitter, even though I was very bad she always put up with me and she and she always showed her love for us.

She was always there for us, especially when me or Chris got in trouble, or when I was in and out of jail. Oh, Natalie, me and Christopher miss you!

You are our heart and soul.

We love and miss you, but you will always be alive in our hearts.

May you rest in the arms of Jesus peacefully until we meet again.

**Your heartbroken sons Junior and Christopher.**

SIP Natalie my second mother who showed me unconditional love always.

When I was a little guy natalie took me in as one of her own children, she was a dear and very close friend of my mom. Growing up Jill, Christopher and Anthony were my sister and brothers from our weekends in Rock Creek, going to Brooklyn visiting Tyris, Camrick and Ernie and trips to Cayman. Life was nothing short of amazing, she was a very important part of my life I'm so thankful to have experienced Life with Natalie, it was always an adventure.

Thank you for everything Natalie.

**Sleep in peace love, Randal.**



Nakki,

I could write a book on the 40 years that I have been blessed to have you in my life.

You were so loyal, hard-working, and ambitious, funny, and stern!

You made struggle look like a walk in the park! You took care of a village! Your mother, your kids, your grandkids and your great grandkids, you were there for all of us.

I miss you!

Some days are bad, some days are worst and some days I managed to get by fine.

I thank God for the 90 years and nine days he gave you, but I somehow feel selfish, as if that was still not enough time.

Ma, Nakki, Adolphus, Gramma... Just a few of the names we effectually called you, oh how I miss you.

Thank you for everything you taught me and thank you for always loving me and my children.

Still in disbelief that I must live without you for now, but I am happy to know that one day I will see your face again when I reach heaven.

Sleep well, in my heart you will forever be alive in my memories, this is not goodbye; this is only a see you later.

We love you so much!

For many years you were known as "Nakie," and it was not until I gave birth to my firstborn that she was able to talk that you became Grama. Oh, how you took pride in sharing the story of how you became affectionately known as "Grama".

I have learned many lessons from you, including how to care for, raise my children, and make a means for providing and taking care of my large immediate family. Whether it was phone calls, us talking about food with you responding saying "I could eat something good" or front porch talks about grocery shopping tips by looking for the weekly specials in the newspaper, replenishing my pantry or freezing milk, bell peppers and bread to be readily available for my family when needed, or the gentle talks about my life encounters for which you would always remind me to have faith, pray, trust God and leave all else to time.

Thank you for instilling in me from the age of 13 the value of hard work by taking me for my first-ever official job as a cashier down at the Greenery (Fosters). Your example of working 2 or more jobs tirelessly showed me that there is no substitute for hard work and that with determination and perseverance, I can achieve anything.

Grama you were always the peacemaker and took pride in giving back, often giving in secret by calling the person to the side without bragging to others. Many would visit, and you wouldn't allow them to leave empty-handed. Your kindness touched the lives of countless people despite facing your own challenges. Your example has taught me the true meaning of selflessness which has inspired me to exude the same throughout my life.

Nakie you will always be remembered for your unwavering faith, kindness, love and selfless dedication to others. Though you may no longer be with us, your spirit will continue to guide us in our own lives, and your memory will always be cherished. Thank you for your many sacrifices, your care and concern, your words of wisdom, your love and everything that you have done for me and my family.

**Until we meet again, Love always Tyana.**

**Dear Gramma,**

Words can't express what we're feeling right now. It was just the other day we all sang happy birthday to you but little did I know it would be the last time I would see you. The fun times we shared after school talking about how life was when you were younger especially when me and Shayce used to give you trouble. As I sit here writing this trying to find the words to express how I feel about you, all the memories just flood into my head. At first I didn't want to believe it even as I write this I don't believe it but I know one day we will all meet again. I can't forget the time that you told me that you wanted to go to the eye doctor one morning. You grabbed your walking stick and me and you walked until my mom stopped us" she said well grama , where it is you taking my baby" you told her we were going to the eye doctor- you were strong willed and determined and I always admire your independence. Even though your gone I know your watching over every single one of us seeing every move we make in this life.

**Until we meet again grama love you! Triston**

**Dear Grandma,**

I don't know where to start  
so here is a poem I found to explain what's in my heart,

I thought of you with love today,

But that is nothing new.

I thought of yesterday,

And the days before that too.

I think of you in Silence,

I often speak your name.

All I have are my Memories,

And your Picture in a frame.

Your memory is my keepsake,

With which I'll never part.

God has you in his keeping,

I have you in my heart.

**Your granddaughter Zariah**

**To my great grandma affectionately known as grandma,**

You brought love, wisdom and laughter to us all as a family. Thank you for all you have done for me and the role model you were. I hope I am half the woman you were and hope to continue to make you proud. Even though I am far away, my mind still thinks of you and my heart yearns to see you one last time. I keep thinking of the memories we shared, the conversations we had, the hugs and the kisses you gave. I will forever hold them close to my heart. My heart breaks that you are not here with me. I hope to keep my final words to you that we should meet again in heaven. Untill then grandma, rest and I will always love you.

**With love always,  
Tyra**

**Dear Grama,**

I've had some special times with you like this one time I was sick and mommy left her phone with me and I asked you "what do you want to eat" and you said "from where? Bento? Where will you get the money from?" I said "I don't know, I will just order on my mommy account". Then you started to laugh. I will miss your hugs, you telling me how pretty I am and calling me your sack of flour.

**Rest in peace Grama.**

**Love Braelynn**

**Ladies and gentlemen,**

We gather here today to honor and remember the life of Natalie, a beloved cousin, mother, and friend. As we mourn her passing, we also celebrate the incredible legacy she leaves behind—one of kindness, love, resilience, and, of course, a wicked sense of humor.

Natalie had a way of bringing joy to any room she entered, often with just a sly comment or a perfectly timed joke. Her humor was infectious—sharp, clever, and always delivered with a twinkle in her eye. She had a unique gift of making us laugh, even in the most difficult of times. Whether she was teasing someone lovingly or sharing a funny story, her laughter was a reminder that life is too short to take too seriously.

But beyond the laughter, Natalie was a constant source of strength. She faced her battles with courage, never losing her spirit or her ability to find light in the darkest moments. Her warmth, wisdom, and love were felt by all who knew her.

Though we will miss her deeply, we find comfort in knowing she is now at peace. We will carry her memory forward, remembering the lessons she taught us, the love she shared, and the joy she brought into our lives.

Rest in peace, Natalie . Your laughter will forever echo in our hearts.

**Thank you.**

**From the General Family, Ninnie, Fannie, Tyris and Bruce**

**Gramma Tribute**

Though you may no longer be with us your memories will forever remain in my heart.

I am deeply grateful for your kindness, love, your jokes, and everything you are.

I know you are in a much better place now and I will always cherish and appreciate the fact that you are my great grandma.

**Tyce Walton.**



*Graveside Service*

Opening Remarks .....	Pastor Jerome Bevans
Prayer .....	Pastor Jerome Bevans
Floral Tribute—A Song for Mama .....	Song: People Like You - Pre Recorded
Committal .....	Pastor Jerome Bevans
Committal Songs.....	Pre Recorded
Softly and Tenderly	
I Come to the Garden Alone	
Blessed Assurance	
Benediction .....	Pastor Jerome Bevans

*Thanks & Acknowledgement*

*The family of Natalie Patricia Adolphus would like to thank everyone for the outpouring of love, support, and prayers during this time.*

*The family would like to recognize the effort and dedication of Bodden's Funeral Home.*

*Natalie isn't gone from us, but she is asleep in the arms of Jesus.*

*May God continue to bless and keep you all!*