

# **SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING**

## **For The Life OF**



**Charles Chambers**

July 22nd, 1985 – June 23rd, 2025

Cayman Islands Baptist Church

July 11th, 2025

3:00p.m.

Officiating Minister

Pastor Bubba

## Order of Service

Slideshow: ..... “Father of Mine”

Welcome and Opening Prayer:..... Pastor Bubba Hooker

Congregational Song: ..... “Blessed Assurance”

Tribute from Mother: ..... Read by Denton Chambers

Tribute from Evelyn: ..... Read by Sarah Chambers

Tributes from Children

Congregational Song: ..... “In Christ Alone”

Message of Encouragement: ..... Pastor Bubba Hooker

Recession:..... “By Faith”

## Pallbearers

Mr. Denton Chambers

Mr. Shem Chambers

Mr. Zion Lawrence

Mr. Wayne Bodden

Mr. Hubert Reid

Mr. Agustín García

## Honorary Pallbearer

Mr. Charles Chambers Jr.

**Hello everyone,**

I am Charles O'Connor Chambers Jr., the son of Charles O'Connor Sr., and I am proud to carry on his name in honor of my dad. Honestly, I've been trying to find the right words to say to him, but no words can truly describe him or how loved he made me feel.

So I'll say this – this is not a goodbye; it's a "see you later."

Everyone knew my dad as a friend, but to me, he was the best dad I could ever ask for. He was always there when I needed him, no matter the circumstance. I can say the same for my baby brother and my older sister—he would drop everything to make sure we were okay.

Even though you're not walking this earth with us anymore, we know you're still here with us in spirit—just as real as ever. I feel your presence every night when I go to sleep.

I'm going to miss everything about you: how kind you were to everyone, how loved you made me feel, how genuine and wise you were—the list goes on and on.

My dad was deeply loved by everyone, and I want to thank all of you for showing him what it means to truly live. That love is what gave him the strength to fight until he couldn't fight anymore, and for that, I am forever grateful.

Going to the house will never be the same—walking in and seeing him sitting on the porch with his coffee in his hand. I'll miss how he made his Kool-Aid because, boy, he made the best Kool-Aid I've ever tasted. Every time I visited, I'd leave with a cup in my hand.

It still doesn't feel real. I've tried to process it as much as I can, but there will always be things I can't do without thinking of you.

Like I said before, this isn't goodbye—it's "see you later." You will always be missed.

As I sit here typing this, searching for the right words to say, I realize there are no words—no words big enough, deep enough, or strong enough to describe what you mean to me.

Daddy, from the very beginning, you were my protector, my guide, and my greatest comfort. You were the one who made everything feel safe. You worked so hard to make sure we were always taken care of and never let us feel like we were going without. Even the smallest, simplest moments with you became the sweetest memories—treasures I will hold in my heart forever.

One of my favorite childhood memories was going to the DVD store every single weekend to pick out a new movie to watch together. It may have seemed like such a little thing at the time, but to me, it was everything... because it was our time.

My heart breaks over and over again knowing we won't get to share those moments anymore—that I'll never get to hear your laugh, feel your hugs, or see your smile again in this lifetime.

This journey was the hardest, most overwhelming, and scariest one of all—for you and for all of us. But Daddy, through every moment of pain and fear, you never gave up. You fought with a strength and courage that left all of us in awe. You showed us what true resilience looks like.

And now, even though it hurts so deeply to let you go, I can finally feel some peace in knowing you're no longer suffering. You can finally rest, free from all the pain.

I know your biggest worry was always making sure we were okay—and I want you to know, Daddy, that we are okay. We'll hold each other up and carry on, just like you'd want us to.

I never imagined a life without you, but here I am, learning how to live in one. These past weeks have been the hardest of my life—the most tears I've ever cried—but don't worry about us. We'll make it through, because the love you gave us will keep us strong.

I will love you forever and always.  
Sincerely Your babygirl.



## Eulogy for My Brother Charles

It's difficult to find the right words to express what my brother Charles meant to me and to so many of us gathered here today. But it's important that I try, because he meant a lot, and he deserves to be remembered in a way that truly reflects the impact he had on our lives.

Charles wasn't a man of many words, but when he did speak, his words carried weight. His presence wasn't loud, but it was undeniable. He wasn't just my brother, he was also a friend. The kind of friend you could rely on, the kind who showed up when you needed him most.

Thinking back, I honestly can't recall a single moment where Charles held a grudge or made an enemy. He loved people deeply and in return, he was deeply loved.

He carried a quiet strength and had a calming way about him. Even in the middle of chaos, Charles could bring peace and steadiness into a room. He never did anything halfway. If he believed in something, he stood by it with full conviction. Yes, he could be stubborn and opinionated, and he definitely had his own way of doing things. But that's part of what made him so uniquely Charles. He followed his heart, trusted his instincts, and walked his own path.

Some of my favorite memories of him are from our younger years. He used to take me and his family crab hunting on weeknights, just out there in the dark, laughing and searching together. And then on the weekend, he'd cook a feast for us to share. Those days weren't just about the food or the crabs, they were about being together and he knew that. He valued that.

I also remember the mornings he'd drop me off at school, music blasting in the car. He drew a lot of attention pulling up like that, but I wasn't embarrassed. Honestly, I felt cool. I was proud to be riding with my big brother, proud to be his little brother.

It's those simple, joyful moments I'll carry with me forever.

What I'll miss most, is who he was in the everyday moments. I'll miss his confusing sense of fashion and his eclectic taste in music. There were times I couldn't tell if he was Jamaican, Caymanian, or Honduran. I'll miss his sarcasm, his sharp perspective, his ideas, and the way he could make me laugh even on my worst days. I'll miss that smile, his beautiful, easy smile.

Though his body is no longer with us, his presence is far from gone. It lives on in our stories, in the lessons he left behind, and in the love he poured into those around him. To those who knew him as a son, a father, a partner, a brother, or a friend, I know this loss cuts deep. But I also hope you feel proud. Because Charles was someone truly worth knowing. And his presence brought light to every life he touched.

Charles, thank you for being my brother. I'll carry you with me, always.