

Feminifer





I gave this drawing to Grandma Jen last year for Christmas. She used to keep it at her bedside table. My favorite thing about it is her smile, I hear her laughing every time I look at it.

– *Jared*

Mass of the Resurrection

For the Life of

Jennifer Joy Goodison

November 27, 1951 - May 1, 2026

at the

St. Andrew Parish Church

Half-Way-Tree

Saturday, June 13, 2026 at 10:30 a.m.

OFFICIATING

The Very Reverend Canon Sirrano Kitson

The Reverend Franklyn Jackson

ORGANIST

Audley Davidson

CANTOR

Kevin Williams

INURNMENT IN THE COLUMBARIUM

MUSICAL PRELUDE

REMEMBRANCE.....*Marvin Hall* (Son)

THE SENTENCES *The Clergy*

RECEPTION OF THE ASHES

All: And also with you.

A black and white photograph of a large group of approximately 15 people, mostly young adults, posing together indoors. They are arranged in several rows, with some standing in the back and others sitting or kneeling in the front. The group is diverse in age and appearance. The setting appears to be a living room with a lamp and a framed picture on the wall.





O God of grace and glory, we remember before You this day our sister Jennifer. We thank You for giving her to us, her family and friends, to know and love as a companion on our earthly pilgrimage. In your boundless compassion, console us who mourn. Give us faith to see in death the gate of eternal life, so that in quiet confidence we may continue our course on earth, until by Your call, we are reunited with those who have gone before, through Jesus Christ Our Lord.

All: Amen.

HYMN: Joyful Joyful, We Adore Thee

Joyful, joyful, we adore You,
God of glory, Lord of love;
Hearts unfold like flow'rs before You,
Op'ning to the sun above.
Melt the clouds of sin and sadness;
Drive the dark of doubt away;
Giver of immortal gladness,
Fill us with the light of day!

All Your works with joy surround You,
Earth and heav'n reflect Your rays,
Stars and angels sing around You,
Center of unbroken praise;
Field and forest, vale and mountain,
Flow'ry meadow, flashing sea,
Chanting bird and flowing fountain
Praising You eternally!

Always giving and forgiving,
Ever blessing, ever blest,
Wellspring of the joy of living,

Ocean-depth of happy rest!
Loving Father, Christ our Brother,
Let Your light upon us shine;
Teach us how to love each other,
Lift us to the joy divine.

Mortals, join the mighty chorus,
Which the morning stars began;
God's own love is reigning o'er us,
Joining people hand in hand.
Ever singing, march we onward,
Victors in the midst of strife;
Joyful music leads us sunward
In the triumph song of life.

THE COLLECT

First Lesson:

Lamentations 3: 22-26, 31-33

Solae Panton & Sahai Panton
(Granddaughters)

Psalm 23: THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD

Tune: Happy Wanderer (All Stand)

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

Refrain:

He lives! He Lives! He lives!
I Know that my Redeemer lives
He lives! He lives!
He lives within my heart.

My soul He doth restore again
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake. **R**

Yea, tho' I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me,
And Thy rod and staff
me comfort still. **R**

My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows. **R**

Goodness and mercy, all my life
Shall surely follow me
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling place shall be. **R**

Second Lesson:

2 Corinthians 4:16 - 5:9

Jared Hall (Grandson), **Pixie Hall,**
Eve Hall, Zora Hall (Granddaughters)

THE GRADUAL HYMN: Blessed Assurance

Blessed Assurance Jesus is mine
Oh, 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 burst on my sight
Angels descending bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love. **R**



Perfect submission, all is at rest
I in my Saviour am happy and blest;
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness,
lost in His love. **R**

THE GOSPEL: John 14: 1-6 & 27

HOMILY

THE APOSTLES' CREED (All stand)

Priest: In the assurance of eternal life given at Baptism, let us proclaim our faith and say:

All: I believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth. I believe in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord. He was conceived by the power of the Holy Spirit and born of the Virgin Mary. He suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died and was buried. He descended to the dead. On the Third day He rose again. He ascended into heaven and is seated at the right Hand of the Father. He will come again to judge the living and the dead. I believe in the Holy Spirit, the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life Everlasting. Amen.

THE PRAYER OF INTERCESSION

Leader: For our sister Jennifer let us pray to the Lord who said, "I am the Resurrection and I am Life." Lord, You consoled Martha and

Mary in their distress. Draw near to us who mourn for Jennifer and dry the tears of those who weep.

All: Hear us, Lord

Leader: You wept at the grave of Lazarus. Your friend, comfort us in our sorrow.

All: Hear us, Lord

Leader: You raised the dead to life. Raise our sister Jennifer to eternal life.

All: Hear us, Lord

Leader: You promised paradise to the thief who repented. Bring our sister Jennifer to the joys of heaven.

All: Hear us, Lord

Leader: Our sister Jennifer was washed in Baptism and anointed with the Holy Spirit. Give her fellowship with all Your saints.

All: Hear us, Lord

Leader: She was nourished with your Body and Blood. Grant her a place at the table In Your Heavenly Kingdom.

All: Hear us, Lord

Leader: Console Jennifer's family in their grief, surround them with your love and strengthen them with the grace and peace of Your love.

All: Hear us, Lord

Leader: Comfort us in our sorrows at the death of our sister Jennifer. Let our faith be our consolation and eternal life our hope.

All: Hear us, Lord

President: Lord Jesus Christ, we commend to you our sister Jennifer who was reborn by water and the spirit in Holy Baptism. Grant that her death may recall to us your victory over death and be an occasion for us to renew our trust in Your Father's love. Give us, we pray the faith to follow where you have led the way and where you live and reign with the Father and the Holy Spirit, to the ages of ages.

All: Amen.

Offertory Hymn: All Things Bright and Beautiful (All stand)

(During this hymn, an offering will be taken for the Tuesday Charity Ministry, which was very dear to Jennifer's heart)

Refrain:

***All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful:
The Lord God made them all.***

Each little flow'r that opens
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings. **R**

Three photographs of the Williams family. The first photo on the left shows a family of four: a man, a woman, and two young girls, all smiling. The middle photo shows a man wearing sunglasses and a woman wearing a large hat, both smiling. The third photo on the right shows a man and a woman, both smiling.



All: We lift them up to the Lord.

Priest: Let us give thanks to the Lord.

All: It is right to give God thanks and praise.

Priest: It is right and a good and joyful thing, always and everywhere to Give You thanks. Father Almighty, everlasting God, through Jesus Christ our Lord; who rose victorious from the dead and comforts us with the blessed hope of everlasting life. For to Your faithful people, O Lord, life is changed, not ended; and when our mortal body lies in death, there is prepared for us a dwelling place eternal in the heavens.

Therefore, we praise You, joining our voices with angels and archangels and with all the company of heaven, who forever sing this hymn to proclaim the glory of Your Name.

All: Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of power and might; Heaven and earth are full of Your glory, Hosanna in the highest. Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.

Priest: Let us proclaim the mystery of our faith.

All: Christ has died, Christ is risen, Christ will come again.

Priest: Father, calling to mind... in songs of everlasting praise.

All: Blessing and honour and glory and power; be yours forever and ever. Amen.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

President: As our Saviour has taught us, so we pray:

All: Our Father in heaven hallowed be your name; your kingdom come; your will be done on earth as in heaven; give us today our daily bread. Forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us. Save us from the time of trial. And deliver us from evil. For the kingdom the power and the glory are yours now and for ever. Amen

THE BREAKING OF THE BREAD

Priest: We break this bread to share in the body of Christ.

All: Though we are many, we are one body, because we all share in one bread.

THE AGNUS DEI

Lamb of God, You take away the sin of the world, grant her rest

Lamb of God, You take away the sin of the world, grant her rest

Lamb of God, You take away the sin of the world, grant her rest eternal.

Priest: The Gifts of God for the people of God.

All: Our souls will feast and be satisfied, and we will sing glad songs of praise to Him.







THE COMMUNION OF THE FAITHFUL

HYMN: As the Deer Pants

As the deer pants for the water,
So my soul longs after You.
You alone are my heart's desire,
And I long to worship You.

Refrain:

*You alone are my strength, my shield,
To You alone may my spirit yield.
You alone are my heart's desire,
And I long to worship You.*

I want You more than gold or silver,
Only You can satisfy.
You alone are the real joy-giver
And the apple of my eye. R

You're my friend and
You're my brother,
Even though You are a King.
I love You more than any other,
So much more than anything. R

HYMN: Great is Thy Faithfulness

Great is Thy faithfulness,
O God my Father,
There is no shadow of
turning with Thee;
Thou changest not, Thy
compassions they fail not;
As Thou hast been, Thou
forever wilt be.

Refrain:

*Great is Thy faithfulness!
Great is Thy faithfulness!*

*Morning by morning new mercies
I see; All I have needed Thy
hand hath provided; Great is Thy
faithfulness, Lord, unto me!*

Summer and winter, and springtime
and harvest; sun, moon, and stars,
in their courses above join with all
nature in manifold witness to Thy
great faithfulness, mercy and love. R

Pardon for sin and a peace that
endure to, Thine now dear presence
to cheer and to guide; strength for
today and bright hope for tomorrow:
blessings all mine, with ten
thousand beside. R

AVE MARIA Indira Perez (Solo)

POST COMMUNION PRAYER

All: Almighty Father, we thank you
that in your great love You have fed
us with the spiritual food and drink
of the Body and Blood of Your Son
Jesus Christ, and have given us a
foretaste of your heavenly banquet.
Grant that this sacrament may be to
us a comfort in affliction, and a pledge
of our inheritance in that kingdom
where there is no death, neither
sorrow nor crying, but the fullness
of joy with all your saints through
Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

HOLY CITY Kevin Williams (Solo)





THE COMMENDATION

President: Let us commend our Sister Jennifer to the mercy of God our Maker and Redeemer; Heavenly Father, by your mighty power You have given us new life in Christ Jesus. We entrust Jennifer to your merciful keeping in the faith of Jesus Christ your Son our Lord, who died and rose again to save us, and is now alive and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit in glory forever.

All: Amen.

CENSING OF THE ASHES

Priest: May God in his infinite love and mercy bring the whole Church, living and departed in the Lord Jesus, to a joyful resurrection and the fulfilment of His eternal kingdom.

All: Amen

Priest: The God of peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, The great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant: make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight; through Jesus Christ, to whom be the glory for ever and ever.

All: Amen

(The Minister then dismisses the people with these words)

Priest: Alleluia! Christ is risen!

All: The Lord is risen indeed. Alleluia

Priest: Let us go forth in the name of Christ.

All: Thanks be to God.

RECESSIONAL HYMN: To God Be The Glory

To God be the glory, great things he hath done
So loved he the world that he gave us his Son,
Who yielded his life an atonement for sin,
And opened the life gate that all may go in.

Refrain:

*Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
let the earth hear his voice!
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
let the people rejoice!
O come to the Father
through Jesus the Son,
And give him the glory, great things he hath done!*

O perfect redemption,
the purchase of blood,
To every believer the promise of God;
The vilest offender who truly believes,
That moment from Jesus a pardon receives. **R**

Great things he hath taught us,
great things he hath done,
And great our rejoicing thru
Jesus the Son; But purer, and higher,
and greater will be; Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see. **R**



AT THE COLUMBARIUM

HYMN: It is Well with My Soul

When peace like a river
attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast
taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Refrain:

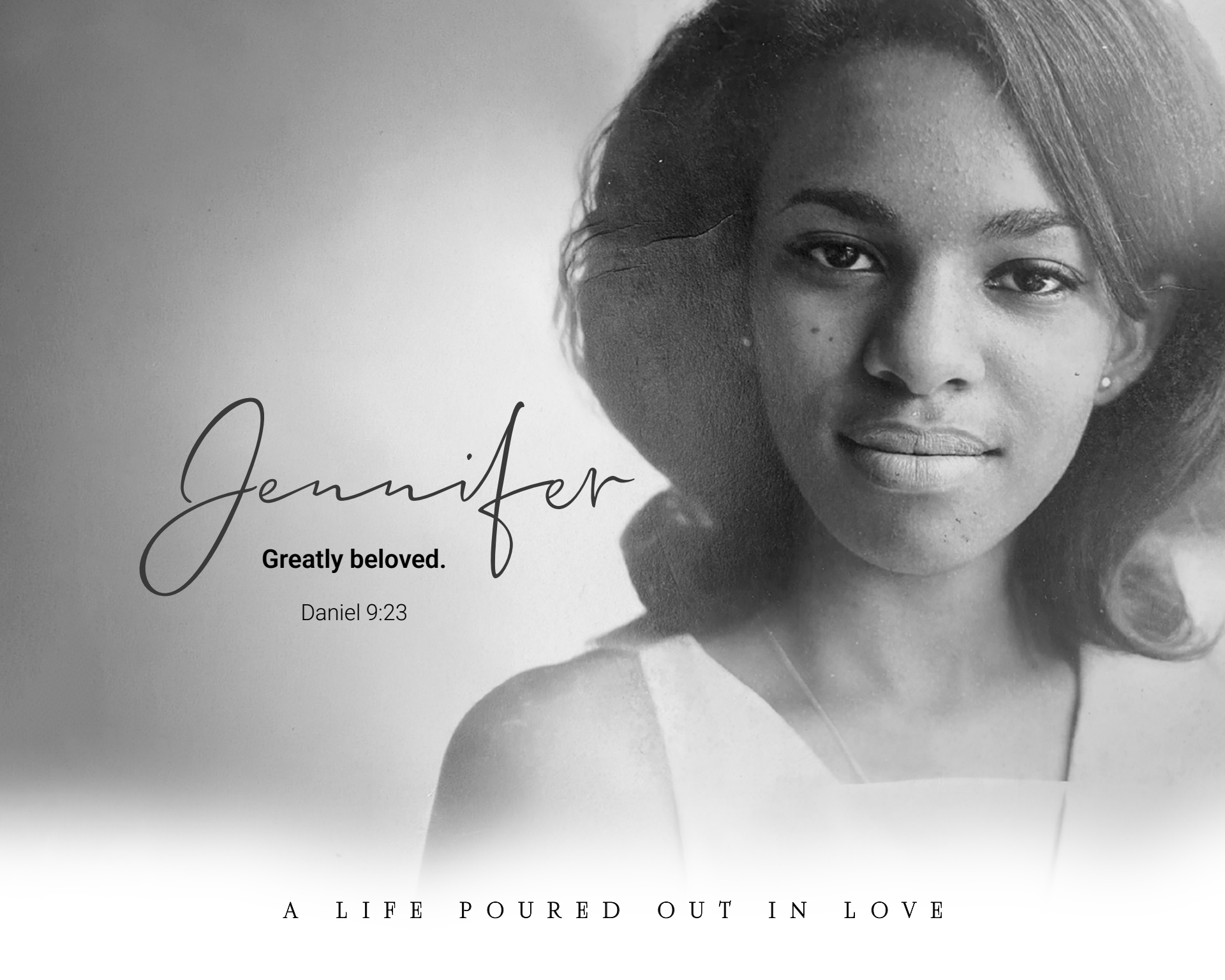
*It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.*

Though Satan should buffet,
though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control:
That Christ hath regarded
my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own
blood for my soul. R

My sin—oh, the bliss of
this glorious thought!
My sin, not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross, and
I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the
Lord, O my soul! R

And Lord, haste the day when
the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
The trump shall resound, and
the Lord shall descend,
Even so, it is well with my soul. R

Urn Bearer: **Jared Hall**
surrounded by her other grandchildren

A black and white portrait of a woman with dark, wavy hair, looking directly at the camera with a gentle expression. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, top. The background is a soft, out-of-focus grey.

Jennifer

Greatly beloved.

Daniel 9:23

A L I F E P O U R E D O U T I N L O V E

Jennifer Joy, the seventh of seven, our baby cousin.

Little did we know that you would be the first to leave us. Without much of a warning you slipped away, leaving behind your beloved son and daughter along with their spouses and your six precious grandchildren who will always keep your memory alive in our hearts.

We had a most wonderful childhood as all seven of us lived just up the road from each other and our parents always knew where to find us when they needed us. They saw to it that we always met on a Sunday afternoon and walked down to St Andrew Parish Church for Sunday School, which was the beginning of our Christian journey.

When we grew up and had our own families, we still remained very close. Our children all grew up together, following in our footsteps as one big family centered in the home of our grandparents at Orchid Path in Mona where we all looked forward to Aunt Madge's custard.

After many years some of us migrated to the United States and formed another little outpost in Atlanta Georgia, but we never lost touch. We looked forward to having Aunt Alice, Dawn and Jenny visiting and our numerous shopping trips, some even late at night. Walmart at midnight was a special treat. We celebrated many birthdays and anniversaries together and have so many memories of happy joyous times together.

We will miss you Miss Jen but always with Joy (pun intended as that is exactly what you brought) and love as you were a blessing in our lives. We will miss your delicious cakes and the tender care you took of your gorgeous orchids making your home and garden an enviable thing of beauty.

We know you are resting in peace in the everlasting arms of our Saviour according to his promise for his children who loved him and always followed his words faithfully. He saw that your work was done and took you home to be with him.

Till we meet again dearest Jen as we know you have joined our band of Guardian Angels and we will always feel your presence in our midst and remember you with love.

Norma Young
Cousin

Jen and I would speak nearly every day, supporting one another, reminiscing about our younger years growing up and our time working at Life of Jamaica. Today, I simply want to wish all of you a truly blessed day filled with reflection, cherished memories, and the comfort of happy times shared.

It goes without saying how incredibly special she was to me. Over the years, as we navigated life's highs and lows, she embodied grace, humanity, strength, and wisdom. She never forgot my birthday and always instilled values and morals that made me a better person—doing so in the most articulate, gentle, and pleasant way.

She was a tower of strength in my life and made an indelible mark on my heart, for which I will remain eternally grateful.

Today, I take this opportunity to let the family and friends know that my thoughts, spirit, and prayers are with you all during this difficult time. May the Holy Spirit provide comfort and guidance, and may God's richest blessings and abundant love surround you now and always.

Sending much love.

Peter Phillips
Friend

I know I am very fortunate. Jennifer's love and friendship toward my family and me were among the great blessings bestowed upon my life.

The first thing I admired about Jen when I met her was her dedication to her children as a newly separated mother. Marvin was in Grade 1 or 2 and Aiesha was still a toddler; Jen devoted herself completely to them. I suppose she reminded me of what life must have been like for my own mother at a similar stage. Jen's love for her children, her sister and brother, her grandchild, and her son and daughter-in-law was unquestionable. Family was everything to Jen—always.

Initially, our relationship was professional at Life of Jamaica, but as the years passed, our families grew closer and closer. Jennifer was serious about her work. She set high standards for herself and for everyone around her, and she had little patience for those who were content with mediocrity. It came as no surprise to me when she was appointed as Danny Williams' Administrative Assistant. She flourished in that role and earned the respect and admiration of all who worked with her.

We later worked together at Victoria Mutual, but by then I considered Jen one of my closest friends. She was always interested in Eva and our three daughters. Her counsel—and there was plenty of it—helped make me a better husband and father. Our conversations were often filled with her joyful and gregarious personality, and with a smile that seemed to light up even the most serious discussions. Jennifer loved life. She loved to laugh. She cared deeply about her friendships. You could go to her for anything; she was always there for you.

I came to love Jen as I love my own sister. I did not call her often enough, but whenever I did, she was welcoming, available, and never made me feel guilty for the time that had passed since we last spoke. It pained me to see her suffer during the last weeks of her life, but I take comfort and joy in knowing that she is now in Glory. I feel confident saying that because she was strong in her faith.

In the weeks since her passing, I have often felt out of sorts because I miss my friend. I hope that we will meet again one day, if my own life is deemed worthy enough to allow me to be where I believe she now is.

Jennifer's friendship enriched my life beyond measure. I will miss her always, but I will remain forever grateful for the gift of having known and loved her.

Allan Lewis
Friend

Words are inadequate to express how I feel from this loss, having to say goodbye to one of the most important people in my life. Jennifer was more than just a best friend to me; she was a constant in my life for over forty plus years and Godmother to my daughter, Candice.

We shared many life experiences together; we had conversations almost daily and there are many times we would discuss challenges we faced and at the end of our conversation we would be laughing about it. That was us, we shared a friendship that was built on love, loyalty, support, laughter, tears, joy and a lifetime of memories. Through every season of life, she was there. Some people come into our lives for a moment, but Jennifer has been a part of my lifetime journey.

Her love for Candice and role as her godmother meant so much to me, and that bond will never be forgotten. I will miss her loving and caring ways and that infectious laughter.

I am so extremely grateful that I was able to spend some time with her on the day we said goodbye and I got the opportunity to tell her how much I love her. My heart is broken knowing I can no longer pick up the phone to hear your voice, laugh with you, or share life with you the way we always did.

Thank you for the decades of friendship, for your unwavering love, for the memories that I will carry forever, and for simply being you. You leave behind a space that can never truly be filled, but also a love that can never be taken away or forgotten.

Rest peacefully, my dear friend, you will never leave my memory.

Your friend,

Tina Newman
Friend



Grandma Jen,

It is difficult to find the right words to say goodbye to someone who meant so much to me. I met you when I was just 12 years old, and over the years, what began as an introduction—as one of your Eeshi's posse of friends—grew into a bond that I will always cherish.

You stood quietly by, watching me grow from your daughter's friend into the mother of your first grandchild, and throughout every stage of that journey, you remained a constant source of warmth and kindness.

Through the years, I came to know and love you deeply. We shared a connection that went beyond titles and circumstances—one built on genuine affection, laughter, respect, and understanding.

You were impeccable with your word. You made the sometimes difficult task of showing up look effortless. For the last 26 years, whenever Jared was on the island, you faithfully showed up for "Grandma Jen Thursdays" which turned to Mondays with

the additional grandkids. You never asked anything of me except the opportunity to spend time with your grandson. You treasured those moments, and he was blessed beyond measure to be loved so deeply by you. Your consistency, devotion, and unwavering presence spoke volumes about the kind of woman, mother, and grandmother you were.

I will miss our little moments together—the giggles we shared at family functions, our conversations, and especially teasing you about how you seemed to be reversing in age with every passing year. You carried yourself with such grace, beauty, elegance, and spirit that it was impossible not to admire you. You had a way of lighting up a room without ever demanding attention.

Thank you for the love you showed me and for the role you played in my life. Thank you for the example you set through your faithfulness, your strength, and your commitment to family. Your kindness left an imprint on my heart, and your memory will continue to bring a smile to my face, even through the tears.

You were deeply loved, not only by your family but by so many whose lives were touched by your warmth and generosity. You will be deeply missed, but never forgotten.

Rest peacefully, Grandma Jen. Your legacy of love, warmth, beauty, grace, and, of course joy will live on in all who had the privilege of knowing you. I am grateful that our paths crossed so many years ago, and I will carry the memories of you in my heart always.

With love,

Shakira Walton
Jared's mom



We loved Auntie Jen dearly, and will miss her always. Her beautiful orchids reflect her spirit and admirable strength which will never be forgotten. Especially missed is her “belly laugh” “resounding through “Rockstone” house and our Spiritual sharing. We take comfort in Hebrews 11 Verse 1 ‘Faith is being Sure of what you Hope for and Certain of what you do not see.’ In knowing that your soul Lives on; as Life does not end here. This world is transitory. Rest in Eternal Peace our beloved Auntie Jen and may you ‘dwell in the house of the Lord forever.’

Tracy Alberga
Niece

My Auntie Jen, my Auntie Hennifer, my mother#2, my extra mother,

I don’t really have the words but I want you to know that you’ve meant the world to me. For being the first person to hold me without a pillow when I first got home.

Thank you for being more than just my mummy’s little sister—for being my Auntie Jen, in all the ways that meant something special, for all the ways you took care of me all of my life. I’ll carry all my memories of you with me always.

Rest now. No more fighting.
You are so loved!

Shelleyanne Spence
Niece

Death always startles with its suddenness, its finality.

Even when a loved one is sick. The initial reaction is one of shock.

Even though we believe in the resurrection this feeling is magnified.

Our minds and faith tell us one thing, but our bodies and hearts cry at the separation and loss that is all too real and unavoidable.

Still, we celebrate our loved ones even in their passing, because we know that life, not death is the final reality.

RIEP Jenny

Love always,

Al and Leonie Alberga
Brother and Sister-in-Law

My younger sister Jenny.
Gone too soon.

She was kind to me in so many ways, but one thing she made clear was that her children were my children, my child was her child—and that is how we lived. As youngsters we shared a bedroom, and you could easily tell which side was hers and which was mine. She was impeccably tidy and organised; I had a sign on my side of the dresser that read THINK. When she came to my high school, she called me Miss Dawn—and so all my classmates called me Miss Dawn, right up to this day.

She was fiercely independent, so unlike me. My friends became her friends, but I was HER protector. We shared our children, and she shared her grandchildren with me too.

God rest her soul till we meet again. I loved you so much, Jenny, and I always felt that love returned.

Dawn Edwards-Taylor
Sister



I see your spirit shining through Marvin and Aiesha everyday.

Your sense of humor, persistence and your deep love for family in Marvin and your creativity, love of nature and resilience in Aiesha.

These are your greatest legacies and they will live on through them forever.

Rest in Peace J, knowing that your love for your family will never leave us.

Philip Hall
Marvin & Aiesha's dad

Me and Grandma Jen had this ongoing joke/ritual. Every time I came back home to Jamaica, the first time we saw each other— we would have an extra long hug. We would hug for like 10 or 15 seconds? Or until we'd both start laughing and then I'd let her go.

Sorry Grandma... but I'm never letting go of you again. From now on, I'm gonna hold on to every piece of you I can find. The time we'd spend together every week, every sweet moment and memory. The way you talk. Your laugh. Your smile. I won't ever forget. I love you Grandma and I always will.

Jared Hall
Grandson

Nana Joy.

How do I miss you when you are everywhere?

I feel you at the early morning Friday market at Papine. I can hear you laughing with your grandchildren playing dominos and eating Domino's on your weekly Nana Joy pizza night. I can see you in Eve's red lipstick at church, looking over Pixie's shoulder at the sewing machine, admiring Jared's art, and in Zora's plaits that you warned me I was going to have to learn to do (I never did).

Why do I miss you when you are everywhere?

You are fully woven into the fabric of our lives. I know you will be with me, impatiently waiting for Marvin to be ready to leave for the function, cutting cake for our birthday, and right beside us on the plane, waiting to take off on our next trip. We'll think of you always tasting country chocolate, star apple, matrimony, rocky river ice cream, or a really good chocolate cake.

Where do I find you when you are nowhere?

I'll look for you among the orchids and peonies. I'll look for you in your pew at church, in the salt marshes of Essex and the chilly hills of Greenwich. I'll look for you beaming with pride over the accomplishments of your kids and grandkids.

See you soon. I love you like you were my own.

Sarah Hsia
Daughter-in-law



In 2002 when I nervously made the official call to let you know my intentions for your daughter, you instantly welcomed me with open arms and big love. Family meant everything to you, and you showed it over & over, day by day, week by week, time after time. Always caring, in-terested, willing, able, offering, available to do whatever you could for your family and close friends, even if it was a simple gesture – like a card for my birthday, or something from the market that you knew I'd appreciate.

We moved back home to Jamaica, then along came Solae and Sahai, and you were always there for the important and just about all the not-so-important moments in our lives. You were always there. A certainty. The first to arrive to help set up, the last to go after helping to pack up. If ever there was someone we could count on it was you, Mom.

A glance at our WhatsApp conversations over the past couple years, and it's littered with your care, offers to help and affirmative responses to every/any request.

"Good morning Sandor, do you want some sorrel?"

"I can take you"

"Do you need the newspaper?"

"I have more newspapers for you"

"Did the vet come?"

"How are the puppies today?"

"What time should I be there?"

"I left market stuff in the carport"

"Ok, I will"

"Ok will do"

"No prob"

"Will do"

"Done"

And about 1,000 "OK"s for the many times I asked a favour and you answered positively immediately.

There's a huge gap in our hearts now you're gone. Sunday Dinner just won't be the same without you. We miss you so much Nana.

Love Always,

Sandor Panton
Son-in-law

Nana had a way of making everyone around her feel loved. She is someone that I will always look up to, and I hope to be half as caring, warm, and kind as she was. She was a source of comfort and warmth to everyone who knew her and had a beautiful gift for making everyone feel at home with her.

I am so blessed to be one of the grandchildren she loved so deeply and to have experienced the special and meaningful relationship she fostered with each of us. She was so dedicated to knowing and loving us, and I will forever miss her comments about me loving bread a little too much, her Roma Coco with bread and butter, papaya enzyme tablets after dinner, her choco-late chip banana bread, of course, Nana Joy days.

These are just a few of my favourite memories. I could never fit everything that she means to us into so few words so I'll simply say that I miss her, I love her so much, and I am so thankful that we got to call her ours.

Solae Panton
Granddaughter



Nana is a once-in-a-lifetime human being, and it's hard to understand or process that I won't see her again: That I won't see her smile or hear her laugh. She's so ingrained in my life and everything we do as a family that this doesn't feel real.

She's perfectly compassionate and always knows what to say, or does the perfect favour that says "I love you". She is the picture of joy and of reliability. If I told Nana to pick me up at 6am, I could count on her to be there at 5:55.

I'll miss her Roma Cocoa and buttered bread, and I'll miss the excitement of going to Florida or Atlanta with her. I'll miss her chocolate chip banana bread she would always bake for us, and I'll miss the way in which she never failed to help or be a rock for the people around her.

Even though she isn't physically here anymore, I still feel her presence every day. I have her productivity, her helpfulness, and her joyful spirit. In that same way, I see her in my mother—in every orchid, in the way she meticulously plans something, and in every time she has to make sure something is extremely tidy.

She will continue to live on in all of us who loved her.

"Don't be sad that it's over, be happy that it happened."

Sahai Panton
Granddaughter

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The family wishes to express their sincere thanks and appreciation for all your love, support and prayers.



When Great Trees Fall

by Maya Angelou

When great trees fall,
rocks on distant hills shudder,
lions hunker down
in tall grasses,
and even elephants
lumber after safety.

When great trees fall
in forests,
small things recoil into silence,
their senses
eroded beyond fear.

When great souls die,
the air around us becomes
light, rare, sterile.
We breathe, briefly.
Our eyes, briefly,
see with
a hurtful clarity.
Our memory, suddenly sharpened,
examines,
gnaws on kind words
unsaid,
promised walks
never taken.
Great souls die and

our reality, bound to
them, takes leave of us.
Our souls,
dependent upon their
nurture,
now shrink, wizened.
Our minds, formed
and informed by their
radiance, fall away.
We are not so much maddened
as reduced to the unutterable
ignorance of
dark, cold caves.

And when great souls die,
after a period peace blooms,
slowly and always
irregularly. Spaces fill
with a kind of
soothing electric vibration.
Our senses, restored, never
to be the same, whisper to us.
They existed. They existed.
We can be. Be and be
better. For they existed.





She was loved.
She was *love*.