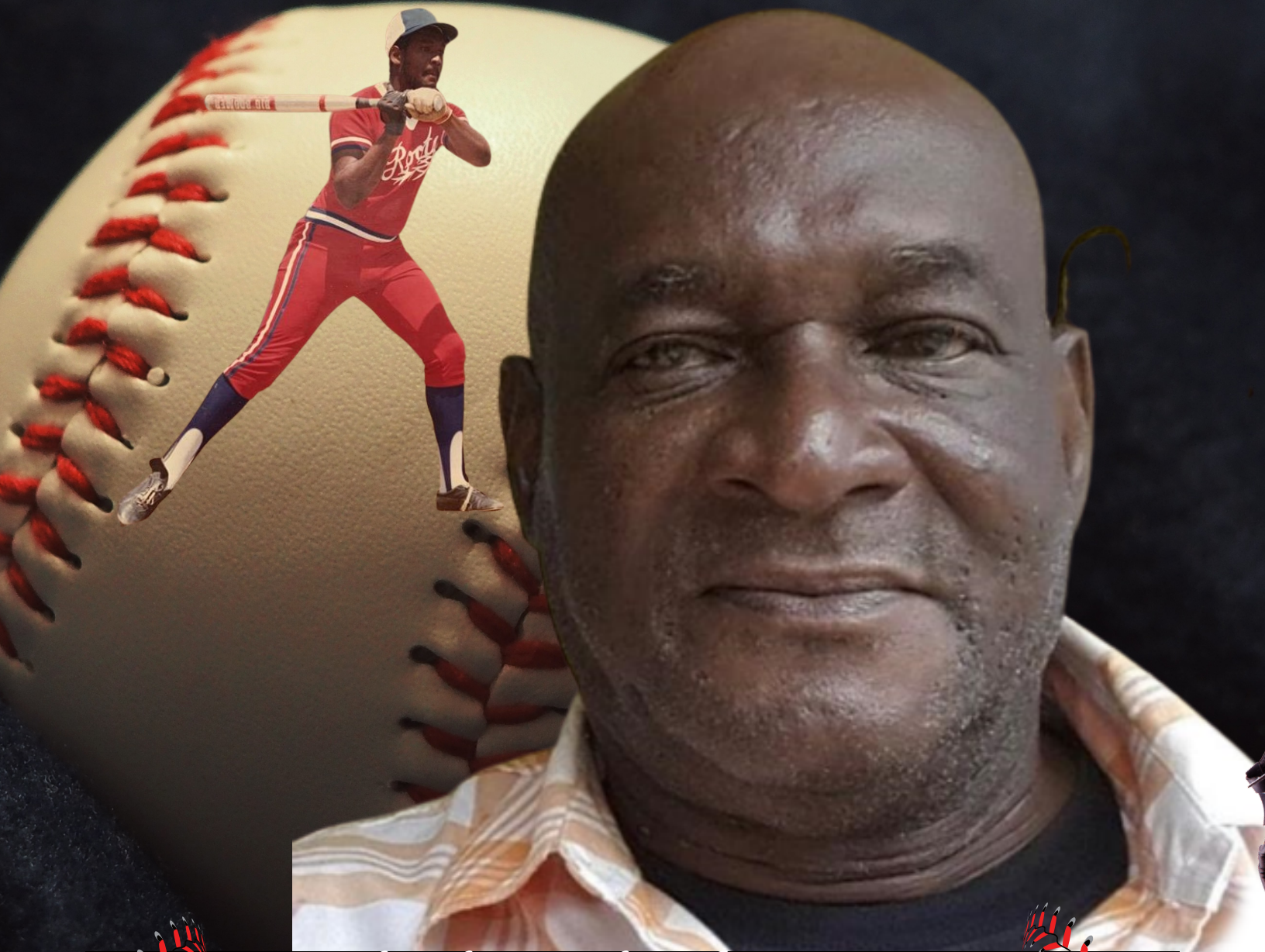


The Final Homerun **Jerome Kurtney Hill**

First Swing: 12th January, 1953 | Final Homerun: 30th January, 2022



Wednesday, 23rd February, 2022

Road Town Methodist Church

Service: 9:30 am

Officiating Minister - Reverend Dr. Keith D. Lewis

Interment: Road Town Cemetery

Please wear a mask and adhere to social distancing protocols.



Those Left to Mourn

Revelation 21:4

'He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death' or mourning or crying or pain, for the old order of things has passed away.'

Mother

Emmerline Hill (Deceased)

Father

Captain Wendell Parsons

Daughters

Aisha Hill

Kamaria Hill

Sherene Hill

Son

Salim Hill

Grandchildren

Alesha Smith

Aaliyah Smith

AJoni Hill

Alyssa Hill

Madison Massicote

Brothers

Guy-Michel Hill

Wayne Parsons

Sisters

Irma Peets

Marilyn Norman- Harvey

Dennise Moolenaar

Laverne Franklyn

Verdelle Parsons

Brother-in-Law

Basil Peets

Sister-in-Law

Abigail Hill

Aunt

Leona Escalara

Honorary Pall Bearers

Austin Todman

Freddy "Jorado" Matthias

Elton "Ellibit" Smith

James "Butchie" Eddie

Berth "Bigman" Henley

Ken Boynes

Essau Vanterpool

Nieces

Alesha Franklyn

Abena Franklyn

Nephews

Akeem Montgomery

Alpha Franklyn

Special Nieces

Nadia Peets

Shurna DeFour

Zyska Payne

Kanya Moore

Taylor Hill

Special Nephews

Brian Peets

Khalid Williams

Khaunda Williams

Darian Hill

Joshua Hill

Special Cousins

Gracita Abraham

Hugh Dennis

Jacquelyn Parsons-Browne

Patricia "Pat" Parsons

Godmothers

Eileene Parsons, OBE

Adina Henley

Pall Bearers

Guy-Michel Hill

Salim Hill

Khalid Williams

Kenrick Thomas

Dave Smith

Rhodni Skelton

Honorary Pall Bearers

Neil & Vern Frett

Kermit "Webb" Frett

Royston Percival

Kevin Letteen

Steve George

Alward "Tonic" Forbes

Special Friends

Delrease Varlack

Management and Staff of Varlack Ventures

Steve George

Management and Staff of Speedy's, Virgin Gorda

The BVI Softball Association

The BVI Horsemen Association

The Management & Staff of Penn's Medical Centre

Diane Griffith

Jessica George Zimmerman

Bryan "Chinaman" Blyden

Ulric Scatliffe

Orin and Danet Saul

Dexter Gonzales

Neil & Vern Frett

The Blyden Family

Almond Brewley

Enid Thomas

Barbara, Dean & Bernard Smith

Ashley Ritter

Alward "Tonic" Forbes

Ashley Ritter

David Smith

Butchie Eddie

Vern (Old Oak) Maduro

Notty & Teddy Benjamin

Dalton Powell (Bolo)

Clyde Vanterpool

Liston Sprauve

Christopher Powell

Captain Calvin Thomas

Johnny Green

Elvis Sprauve

Ms. Shirlyn Farrington

Dr. Sherraine Augustine and Ethaen Augustine -

Ethaen's Farm

Cynthia Thomas, Donna Edney, Yvonne

Christopher, Therese Hodge

Wesley and Gretchen Penn

Melva Hodge and Marjani Christian

Cecil "Chicken" Hodge

Those Left to Mourn

Psalm 34:18

**"The Lord is near to the brokenhearted and saves
the crushed in spirit."**



Cousins

Shaquan Tyson

Jevon Boynes

Richard, Kenneth and Echelle Pearson

Danyelle and Patricia Pearson

Kaeden Boynes

Lakesha Hamilton-Williams

Rameika Scarborough

Patrice Knight

Richard Pearson Jr.

Richelle Pearson

Zida Abbott

Shelia Caroline

Jacqueline Edwards

Arthur Edwards

Ashley Boynes

Clifton Boynes Jr.

Lori Tyson

Kareem Boynes

Chardonnay Tyson

Qeion Boynes

Wayne and Cordell Vasquez

Gregory Escalara

Lucas (Sonte) Escalara

Albert, Patrick, James and Paul Parsons

Bennet, Berchel "Junior", Henry "Johnny"

Wilbert "Jackie" Smith

Mitchell Parsons

Cecil Forbes

Gena, Peggy, Mellonie, Harriet Smith

Collette Rogers-Anthony

Khiyana, Jahima and Janea Parsons

Jacqueline and Jasmine Parsons

Leslyanne, Jeffers, Michelle and Aribella Parsons

Mica, and Alexandra Parsons

Rashard Pearson

Dahjanany Wyatt

Raven Pearson

Raphael Pearson

Raymond Pearson

Rhjan Pearson

Alia Wyatt

Caron Wyatt

Rashon Pearson

Janiyah Hamilton-Williams

JaLani Hamilton-Williams

Nylon Knight-Graves

Rhilee Pearson

Dioni (Lulu) Escalara

Edris Parsons

Muriel Parsons-Sellars

June Baptiste

Adele Smith

Nicole Smith-McDermott

Laurie Sellers

Jahsheba Williams

Jeffrey Majette

Ralph Baisden IV

Alexis M. Doward

Armani Doward

Sean Dickerson

Bernel Manners

Jahli Galloway

Erin Martin

Earl McDermott

Noah Roy

Janet Smith-Williams

Bernice Gruel

Donna and Jessica Parsons

Dawson and Kenisha Small

Kenny Dianne Davis,

Denise Daniel

Betty Wilson

Oliver "Sonny" Wilson

Brianna Francis

Amarie and Alexcia Doward

Jarell A. O'connor

Shreene Wilson

Chamel Wilson

Col. Alfred E. "Freddy Plow" Francis

Jawara Williams

Ahmad, Jamal and Jimique Parsons

Tamboura

Brandon Baptiste Shelya

Sean Williams

Dawne, Neil, Tessa, Cleve, Alexis "Alex:"

Crew, Tiffany, Ajah, Rafael "Rafa"

Jayden Smith,

Gregory and Jeyda Gruel Massicote

Kwanza Jones

Te'ron Newkirk

William and Jamieson Jeffers

Kevin and Kenneth Small Jr.

Nailah Newkirk

Ushers

Mary Flemming

Beverlie Hodge

Carmen (Gwenie) Todman

Magda Forde



The Eulogy of Jerome Kurtney Hill

Jerome Kurtney Hill was born on 12th January, 1953 to Emmerline Hill (Adeline) and Captain Wendell Parsons in Tortola, Virgin Islands. He was a loving son, brother, father and grandfather. He had many nicknames: Jerry, Jip, Pikky Head, LawLaw, the Home Run King and Current. He also had many talents such as mechanical and carpentry skills, an outstanding sailor and could wash a car like no other. He was also an outstanding softball and baseball player.

Jerry was a family man and loved his family and children, Aisha, Kamaria, Salim and Sherene, they were his heart and soul. He was kind, caring, quiet, humble and loving. He did not have much to say, but listened and was aware of all that was happening in the BVI and around the world from politics to sports and the weather. He was a radio man and tuned in to baseball and basketball games religiously. Jerry played softball for two champion teams in the BVI and St. Thomas in the United States Virgin Islands (USVI). In the BVI, he played for The Jets and The Roots teams. In St. Thomas, he played for the Vikings and the Bionic Stars. He won championships with all four teams. In 1978, he travelled to St. John, USVI with the Astros team to compete against their champs and in 1975 he travelled to Panama to represent the BVI All Star National Team. His friends, Butchie Eddie and Freddy "Jorado" Matthias said Jerry was the best left fielder in the BVI during his softball playing years and was referred to as the Home Run King. Yes, he hit some long towering home runs. It was amazing to see him play ball!

He was also a mentor to his younger brother, Guy-Michel Hill, whom he taught to read, write, swim, ride bikes, make kites and trouble the girls. The list of things he taught Guy is extensive. As a young boy, Jerry would go fishing around the mangroves, from Wickhams Cay, Baugher's Bay and White Bay with his friends, Ken Boynes, Butchie Eddie and Arthur Titley in their self-made boats from Mr. Roache's woodwork shop. His mother welcomed those fat yellow tail and other type of fishes that he would bring home. The family always had food thanks to "Jip" and Mammy would have the starch and veggies prepared and ready for Jerry's return from his fishing escapades.

Jerry's first job was at the ship yard, where he worked with other young men of the day and his second job was at the BVI Electricity Corporation where he served as Linesman. Jerry brought home his pay and gave it to his mother willingly and without question. What a son! He had a heart of gold! That kindness continued after relocating to St. John where he worked as a sailor and sometimes co-captain, when the crew of Varlack Ventures travelled abroad to purchase new boats for passenger service from St. John to St. Thomas. During those early years of working in St. John, Jerry would send boxes of food and money home to support his children. To show his love and affection to them, he also sent money to Guyana to purchase gold jewellery for them. Jerry had an unconditional love for his children. He had a few bumps along the road, but like the prodigal son, he returned home to Tortola and picked himself up bit by bit.



The Eulogy of Jerome Kurtney Hill



Jerry started working washing and cleaning cars to support himself financially. He took pride riding his bicycle down to the Waterfront where he had customers for his car washing business and his repeated customers - Lonely Brewley, the late Raphael Stoutt and others can attest to the service they received from him which kept them coming back.

In 2012, Jerry began to notice that something strange was happening with his vision, causing him not see well. Shortly thereafter, he suffered a mild stroke. His sister, Verdelle, was instrumental in getting him to St. Thomas where he had eye surgery to correct the blindness.

In 2017, the hurricanes demolished his "dread pad," a name given to the rooms he occupied at the family home at 202 Main Street, it was at this point that he moved in with his elderly father, Wendell Parsons, and differently-abled brother, Wayne, in Huntums Ghut and where the evidence of his humble and caring side shone through more than ever.

Jerry assisted with their care and whenever you saw Mr. Parsons or Wayne, you saw Jerry. The three of them were always together, shopping, going to the doctor, and for drives on Sundays. The story doesn't end there because whenever the caretaker left for vacation, Jerry did it all by himself: cleaning, cooking, washing, lifting Wayne in and out of bed, and just making sure that everything was okay. He did it all without complaint and love.

Every Sunday, Jerry made the rounds and called his family, starting with his children and ending with his sisters in New York, just to catch up and see how everyone was doing. "Wa it is?" he would say. They talked about what he cooked that day, he became a great cook and often bragged about his pumpkin rice, turkey drumstick, and veggies, some of which he also planted. He made sure to take a plate of food to his sister, Marilyn, every Sunday. His sisters in New York were looking forward to tasting his hand as they were making plans to come home to celebrate their mother's 100th birthday, had she been here with us, but she is here in spirit. Those Sunday calls will be missed.

Ever the caring person, the afternoon when the ambulance was called, although feeling sick, Jerry made sure to put Wayne in his bed and ensured everything was in place before he walked down the steps to the ambulance. Oxygen was all he needed, and we did not know that would be the last time he walked those steps. His death was so unexpected because his children and siblings spoke to him faithfully the entire time he was in the hospital, but God knows best.

Jerry did not only pick himself up, but he dusted off every bump on his journey. He continued to hit home runs, displayed with his BIG HEART and on 30th January, 2022, he made his final home run swing.

***A loving son, brother, father, grandfather, cousin and friend!
He will be missed! Rest in Peace as we know you are going to heaven!
We All love you Jerome aka Current.***





Order of Service

Sentences.....Minister

Hymn.....What a Friend We Have in Jesus

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. <i>What a Friend we have in Jesus All our sins and griefs to bear! What a privilege to carry Everything to God in prayer! Oh what peace we often forfeit, Oh what needless pain we bear, All because we do not carry Everything to God in prayer!</i></p> | <p>2. <i>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.</i></p> |
| <p>3. <i>Are we weak and heavy-laden? Cumbered with a load of care? Precious Saviour, 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 wilt find a solace there.</i></p> | |

Opening prayers

MOST GRACIOUS GOD, we turn to you in the sorrow and grief of our bereavement, praying that we may find the strength we need in your sustaining grace, so that even as we mourn the death of one whom we knew and loved, we may not be overcome by this trial but we may hold fast, trusting in your goodness and mercy. Assure us, O Lord our God, that death is not the end of those who trust in you, and may our hearts be composed in the Holy Spirit that all fear and bitterness may be swallowed up in the light and peace you give to your troubled children; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

ALMIGHTY AND ETERNAL GOD, who by the Holy Spirit minister to us in our weakness, and by the victory of your Son, Jesus Christ, have given us the pledge of eternal life: lift us, we pray, above our present distress and sorrow and shed the light of your grace and glory upon us; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Eulogy.....Guy Hill (Brother)

Tribute.....Reynell Frazer

Responsive Psalm 23.....Congregation

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want:

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:

for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Order of Service



Thou prepares a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

**Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.**

Epistle.....Revelation 7: 9-17Aisha Hill (Daughter)

Gospel.....John 14 1-6, 27.....Minister

Hymn..... How Great Thou Art

1. Oh Lord my God!

When I in awesome wonder

Consider all the world thy hand Have made

I see the stars; I hear the rolling thunder,

Thy Pow'r throughout the universe displayed.

4. And when I think that God, his Son not sparing,

Sent him to die, I scarce can take it in;

That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing

He bled and died to take away my sin.

CHOROUS

Then sings my soul, My Saviour God to thee;

How great thou art, how great thou art!

Then sings my soul, My Saviour God to thee;

How great thou art, how great thou art!

5. When Christ shall come with shouts of acclamation

And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!

Then I shall bow in humble adoration

And there proclaim, my God, how great thou art!

2. When through the woods and forest Glades I wander

And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;

When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur

And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze.

Sermon..... Reverend Dr. Keith Lewis

Apostles Creed

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 life everlasting. Amen.



Order of Service

Prayer of Thanksgiving.....Minister

Hymn.....It is Well With My Soul

1. 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

3. My sin, oh the bliss of this glorious thought (a thought)
My sin, not in part, but the whole (every bit, every bit, all of it)
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more (yes!)
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

**It is well (it is well)
With my soul (with my soul)
It is well, it is well with my soul**

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

4. And Lord, haste the day when my 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!

Commendation.....Minister

The Lord's Prayer.....Congregation

The Benediction.....Minister

Recessional Hymn.....When We all Get to Heaven

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.

**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.**

While we walk the pilgrim pathway
Clouds will overspread the sky;
But when travelling days are over,
Not a shadow, not a sigh.

While we walk the pilgrim pathway
Clouds will overspread the sky;
But when travelling 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

Tributes

The moments we share are the moments we keep forever...



I've never called you by your Government name or many aliases. you were always UNCLE JERRY to me. Making sure I made it from the boat to Granny's house from the time I was a little boy. Made me like baseball from all those Pittsburg Pirate games featuring Bonds and Bonilla. One of my favourite uncles, when I delivered food to you the afternoon before you went to the hospital, never in my wildest dream did I think that would be the last time I would've seen you. It saddens me deeply but I am glad to know I regularly saw and spoke to you; always asking me if I spoke to my mother because you all talked every Sunday. SIP warrior athlete, father and a good uncle. To my cousins Aisha, Kamaria, Salim and Sherene, love alone! **Khalid Williams**

.....

Cuz, when I got the news that you passed away, I couldn't wrap my head around it. When I first met you, Teddy and Wilbert working for Varlack Ventures and Transportation Services boat companies, through, daddy and Auntie Grassy you all were more my protectors than my cousins and it made me feel so special. Life was not always easy for you, but you made it through by the grace of God and the love of families - only God knows. RIEP Cuz till we meet again. **Your Cuz, Jacquelyn Parsons- Browne**

.....

Jerry, you were always the quiet and humble one. You were always there for everyone. You were an excellent softball player and you loved to go fishing. Growing up with you was a blast. You were a Humble Brother, a Good Brother, a Good man with a beautiful spirit and a wonderful Soul and you displayed that Humility to the end. Rest In Peace, Love, & Soul my Brother, and I know that you will be God's Helper. So long my Brother, I Love You.

Laverne and Family

.....

Cousin Jerry, we were saddened to hear of your passing. You will be missed. May you rest in eternal peace. GOD BLESS your soul.

Forever Love,

**The Children of auntie Mary Hill-Edwards and
The Hill, Percival and Georges Families**

.....

Cousins are the best of both worlds because they are friends whose hearts are bound together by the love of Family. Jerry, we had the opportunity to hang out with you for Thanksgiving 2021, and you have touched our hearts in so many ways. God took you home to rest and as time passes and we're apart, you, my cousin, will stay close in our hearts.

Rest in Peace - Your Washington DC family, Adele Smith, Nicole Smith-McDermott, Earl McDermott and Noah Roy

Before I moved to live in the islands, my mother's boyfriend had a Rambo knife. One of the many annoying questions I had in my early youth was if I could be John Rambo. Obviously, for various reasons, all critical thinking adults would say no I can't be Rambo (especially talking to my eldest sister), that was until I asked my uncle Jerry. Not only did he say I can be John Rambo, he brought up that my uncle Guy had a Rambo knife (really just a fishing knife with a compass on it) and got it for me without me even having to bring up. Now at this time of my life I had no idea what adults did with their time but being an adult myself, and seeing how just being an adult can keep family from spending real time together, because we are always busy doing what adults do, I now appreciate the fact that he sacrificed his whole morning and afternoon to help me craft my bow, arrows, black coal for war paint and sacrificed a red old school Budweiser t-shirt so I could get my Rambo bandana (sorry uncle Guy if it was your shirt and not his), found the perfect guinepe tree branch to carve a bootleg M-16 and off we were to the top of the goat rock to hunt for communist Chinese goats and Soviet Russian sheep through deep bush and barbed wire. I say we because he also pretended to be the white colonel guy who helps Rambo. Talk about an adventure in babysitting. Some might think this to be a fond memory but the truth of the matter is, after all of that, at the end of the day, my uncle Jerry said I sucked at being Rambo (we saw no goats or no sheep on that day), but it's the fact that when I said I wanted to be something, anything, he believed in me. That evening, we watched wrestling together and I said I wanted to be a pro wrestler, he said I would make a way better wrestler than I would be Rambo, but I would have to get big like he was. Many people told me I could not do this as well over the years, but over the years I studied my uncle Jerry's eating habits and when it was time for me to put on the pounds, I was a pro because I learned from an eating master (his son Big Hill has also mastered this technique), although I never found fame or fortune in the wrestling business, if it was not for my uncle Jerry, planting the seed that I could, I would have never even made the attempt. Try or flee, succeed or fail, some people need the world to have their back, but sometimes, just sometimes it needs just one other person to believe in whatever off-the-rails ideas that make up the person you are. Because of my Uncle Jerry, I never joined a military army or navy, but because of my uncle Law Law, I achieved all of my dreams, and even though I never got to pile drive Jerry the King (uncle Jerry never liked his matches), by the time I was ready to follow my path of being the Franchise, my Uncle Current, the most electrifying uncle in family entertainment got to live and see that I grew to gain the common sense to just want to be me and you have to love and appreciate the family members that are proud of you for being you. I don't know how many of our personal memories are public. But you never stopped letting women know that I was your nephew and I never stopped letting them know that you were my uncle. Let fables and legends of the glory times begin.

**Sir Franchise-Drake
Khaunda Williams**



Tributes

The moments we share are the moments we keep forever...

My dear friend, Jerome "Current" "Lawlaw" Parson is gone. It is a little hard for me to process, I had just spoken to him days before. I left Tortola for the US mainland in 1974, but our friendship remained strong over the years. We had so many wonderful memories together before my departure. The most rewarding and enjoyable moments together were being team mates on the "Jets" softball team and winning the BVI softball championship in 1974. Not too many folks gave us a chance, except miss Gwen Evans, one of our staunch supporters. I am going to miss him dearly. My condolences go out to the family. **Renardo Benjamin**



I lost a good friend, someone who I had known from childhood. We went through thick and thin together. We competed in everything. He was the best left fielder I have ever seen. I will miss reminiscing on the memories we shared when I returned home.

Rest In Peace my brother. -Butchie



A Tribute for one of my FAVORITE Cuz Lawlaw. We use to tell people we were siblings. This man would call me from TOLA to St. Thomas on a regular to hail me. He would say "Hi Pat I just checking on you cuz wha going on". I am happy I got to speak to him before he left while he was in the hospital. No more heartache, No more sadness.

The battle is done. Cuz faded away like the stars in the morning. I am so glad that we linked up for many, many years and shared our lives with love and togetherness as family should and made wonderful memories. I'll never forget you.

#Currentgone4everloved.

LoveAlone Your Cuz Pat (Treysa)Parsons.



We are saddened by the passing of our Beloved Cousin Jerry. On behalf of the Late Uncle Jimmy Parsons' Family we would like to offer our deepest condolences. We pray that the Lord will continue to bless and comfort you all in this time of bereavement. Rest in Eternal Peace Jerry till we meet on that Beautiful Shore.

Auntie Bessie, Albert, Patrick, Patricia, James Jr. and Paul Parsons and their children.



We ask God to console and comfort your hearts on the passing of Jerry so truly unexpectedly. It is our prayer that he rests in peace with the love of Christ for His people. His work and caring for you will be truly missed, for he was there for you in a time of need and was very loving of him in his unique and jolly ways. He always made sure we could reach out to you and we will miss him dearly.

May God honour your labours of love Jerry.

Stay strong my brother and uncle Wendell, Wayne and Verdelle. We love you all. Bless

Emma Leona Parsons Escalera and Lulu (Dioni Anthony) and family. Condolences.

Jerry, my big brother, and friend, I am lost for words, as I find myself taking deep breaths and shaking my head, after being awakened by my sister Lavern crying, "Jerry is gone." I immediately felt an emptiness in my gut. Jerry was the brother anyone would love to have. He was kind, caring, humble, quiet, and loving. He did not have much to say, a mannerism he displayed from when he was a boy, and continued to display those same mannerisms throughout his life. He did not have any ill feelings towards anyone but always managed to give a smile or hug. He really looked out for me as a young girl. I have never seen Jerry dance one day in my life, but he would ask Mammy to take me dancing if I wanted to go. I was honoured to spoil Jerry, as was said in his later years. Anything for Jerry, as long as I had it, was his. I can go on and on about the wonderful son and brother he was. Every Sunday for the past years, Jerry called his three sisters in New York, just to see how we were doing -"Wha it is" when we connect. If he did not reach us, he would call right back. I am going to miss those calls. I still can't believe he is gone. Rest in peace, my brother. I know you are going to heaven.

Love always, Dennise (Doots)



Jerry was comprehensive, attentive, and caring to me. He was a person without complaint, everything that I did, he would always say, "it's okay." He had a wonderful and kind heart with everyone he knew and knew how to control his feelings. He was a great person who always wanted the best for me. The Lord did not give me the opportunity to get to know him more, but he gave me the strength for this unexpected departure, but by faith, I know you are in heaven in a good place. You will forever be living in my heart.

Goodbye Jerry. **Jessica (Captain Parsons and Wayne's Caretaker)**



Everything in life happens for a reason
God does not close one door
Without opening another one.
Just prepare for what you're planning for.
Have faith and believe.

Abby, Josh, Dorian and Taylor Hill



Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.
Our deepest sympathy goes out to the Parsons family
For the loss of a son, a father and a brother Jerry.
May the good Lord comfort them in this time of Bereavement.

Coming from Carlisle France (better known as Pep-c) and family. May his soul Rest in Peace.

Tributes



The moments we share are the moments we keep forever...

I'm going to miss you uncle Jerry! You were such a kind & gentle soul for your size. You were always so nice to us. I'm going to miss when you called mommy every Sunday & asked "whaitis?" You will be truly missed & always loved!

Your Niece, Zyska

Wha you sayin? That was the first question you would ask when we meet or talk on the phone and I always replied that God is good, you would quietly say All the time. Words cannot really explain how I am feeling but in your memory, I would live on. I cherish the things you taught me as a youth and young adult growing up in Road Town and I'm proud to state that we NEVER had a fight or argument EVER over anything in this life. Rest easy Big Brother, Till we meet again. That we will.

Your Brother, Guy

This has been a very difficult tribute to pen. I did not grow up with my father so my memories of him, in my former years, are few. In compiling the tributes for the preparation of this booklet, I read the memories that were shared by my cousins, Khaunda in particular, and I cannot relate to the person that was being described. I wish I had the opportunity to know that person. My mother always told us "your father loves you very much, he is a good man and he would do more if he could." I never heard her say a bad word about him. However, as a child, it was difficult to comprehend my mother's words when all I wanted was my father. When my father returned home I was in my early twenties, an adult, and very closed off to forming a relationship.

I loved my father very much, but it was hard for me to let my walls down and let him in, but he tried and the walls slowly came down. My father called me for every birthday and on Sunday's religiously and I saw the pride in his face whenever we met face to face. In the later part of my father's life he moved in with my grandfather, I think it was after the hurricanes of 2017, and served as their caregiver. He worked tirelessly and down to the day he was taken to the hospital, he was concerned about leaving them and ensured my uncle was securely in his bed before he walked down the stairs to the ambulance—caring for others even in his moment of pain. I think my father poured everything he had into taking care of my grandfather and uncle as a means to make amends for the time he was unable to spend with me, my sisters and brother. He took that role seriously and he did it well. God knows it must not have been easy, especially knowing my father's former years, but God knew his heart. My father was a very humble and kind person, very soft-spoken, a trait I think I received from him, I've never heard his voice raised. He was very forgiven, my sister and I often asked him difficult questions about his early years, in trying to comprehend his big heart, and he would always say, "leave that alone," which we did. Daddy is no longer with us and time has run out. There is no more opportunity to get to know him better or for me to tell him that I love him, something that I will have to live with for the rest of my life. I know you can't hear me say the words, daddy, but I love you and all your children loved you. You are now at rest and we will do our part to ensure that your final resting place is a comfortable one.

Rest in Peace -Your Daughter, Aisha

My father left when I was very young so I don't have any childhood memories of him. My mother always used to say, "Your father is a wonderful man, he took care of you the best he knew how and he loved you all very much!" But as a child, it was very frustrating and disappointing trying to understand why my father was absent from my life. When my father returned home I was in my early twenties, but I must say he made every effort to build a relationship with us and I was very appreciative of that. The last time I saw my dad was on 20th January, 2022 at about 6:30 pm when he walked into the ambulance. I never thought in a million years that would be the last time seeing him. Oh, how I looked forward to our Sunday phone calls, not a Sunday would go by without him calling me bragging about what he cooked and just catching up on or week. While daddy was in the hospital he called me twice a day. Every time I spoke to him he sounded so strong. The last time we talked was the Wednesday before he passed. Before he hung up the phone he said, "I love you Kammy, take care of yourself" I froze.....Death is selfish and cruel because it leaves us without an explanation. It is so final; there is no do over. You cannot hug or kiss again. You cannot ask why this happened and expect an answer. Death leaves you with so many feelings you don't understand. We must embrace our loved ones and tell them every day how much you love them, create lasting memories. I loved my father and he will forever be in my heart.

Your daughter, Kamaria (Sege)

Dear Jerry,

It's with a heavy heart that I am writing this to you. As your big sister, I have always looked at you all as my children. From birth, I was caring for you and loving you like my own. When I left Tortola and came to New York it was just as hard for me leaving you as it was for you missing me and crying for your big sister. I was always thinking about you all; what you were doing, how you had grown and how things were going in school. When I came back home after four years of being away, what a reunion we had! No matter the time or distance away from one another our reunions were always a blessing. When you went to St. John to live for a while and then came back home for good, we were all so happy that you were with Mamie in your dread pad. I am truly going to miss our Sunday chats. I looked forward to your calls every weekend just to catch up on life; gardening, cooking, and your role as a caregiver. I was surprised to hear about all the things you cooked; pumpkin and rice and preparing your turkey a week before Thanksgiving. I loved to hear how you cooked on Sundays to last for three days and would take food for Marilyn to eat. Losing you this way was so unexpected, and I am so sorry that you're gone. I love you and miss you dearly.

Your Sister, Irma



Tributes

The moments we share are the moments we keep forever...

Upon learning of the passing of Jerome Kurtney Hill, the father of Aisha Hill, Deputy Secretary in the Office of the Deputy Governor and brother to Superintendent of Prison, Mr. Guy Hill.

In discussing his life with his daughter she painted a picture of an avid softball player who enjoyed the sport immensely but it was even more striking to learn about the story about the man he became in his later years, caring for his elderly father and differently-abled brother. To be able to offer such support, love, patience and kindness is simply remarkable and is a reflection of the man who he truly was. In today's world when people are busy and life move by quickly, as we get caught up in day-to-day activities, people do not take on responsibilities to care for others with enthusiasm as he did.

Over the past weeks, following the death of her father, Aisha has been focused on making sure that her father is laid to rest the best way she can. It must be very difficult for her to say goodbye to him, but the funeral will serve as a final way to allow her to do so. Aisha has collected so many tributes and photographs of her father, shared them with me and told me the stories behind them, and we have learned about the people who encountered him on a daily basis and enjoyed his company or simply received his kindness through a smile or a hug. She has learned so many special things about his life and the man he became.

Jerome Kurtney Hill will be remembered for many things but most importantly for his role as a father. A father to four children and one who I know very well as a soft-spoken, professional, kind and loving person, Aisha. I have seen her experience joy, intense sadness and pain over the past weeks, sometimes all occurring within hours. Aisha you will miss your father dearly but be reminded of these words: "A father is neither an anchor to hold us back nor a sail to take us there, but a guiding light whose love shows us the way." – Unknown

Your father was very proud of the woman, daughter, sister and mother you have become. Continue to make him proud and continue to call on God, as you have done to this day, to guide your steps.

Please accept my deepest sympathies for the loss of a man who many will remember as an amazing athlete, a father, a friend and simply a kind and honourable neighbour. May you have happy and meaningful memories to bring you comfort in the days ahead.

Wishing you my sincere sympathies for the loss of your dad.

Sharleen DaBreo-Lettsome
Permanent Secretary, Office of the Deputy Governor

The Virgin Islands Softball-Baseball Association and extended Softball Family mourn the loss of Jerome "Law Law" Hill. He is remembered as an outstanding outfielder and hitter with teams such as the Jets, Astros and Roots. As a fan, Mr. Hill rarely missed games played at the Road Town field and he was a very faithful Hurricanes and Power Outage fan, giving his support and encouragement at all times. We offer prayers and condolences to the family of the late Jerome "Law Law" Hill during this time.

#yourlegacyliveson

Virgin Islands Softball-Baseball Association

We extend condolences to the family of softball player, Jerome "Law Law" Hill, including his brother, 1984 Los Angeles Olympian, Guy "Toby" Hill and the softball fraternity. The Jets, Astros and Roots, were among the teams he played for.

Rest in Peace Law Law.

VI Sports and Culture

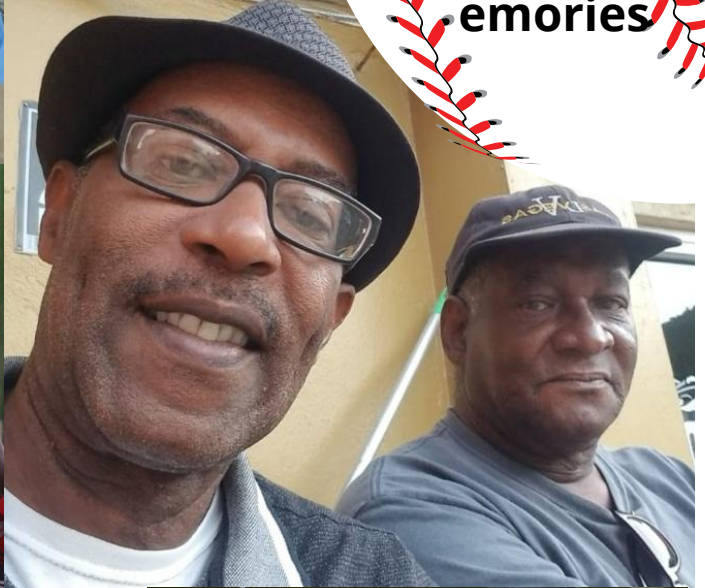
My Dearest Current / My Sweet Lawlaw,

About 20 years ago, I had the pleasure of meeting you and we became instant Friends. Over the years, those that knew of our friendship would wonder and ask "Well How"? They are such and unlikely match. But those that knew, knew that we had a very special bond (I loved you and you loved me). You were always the one to check for RITA. Anybody see RITA? I'll get to the Taxistand (Waterfront) and everybody, one after the other "Current looking for you". When you got your phone and my number you didn't have to ask anyone again for me as my phone stayed ringing. If you didn't see me for more than a week you called. I'm going to miss those calls. Current, your death has left me so heartbroken and in disbelief. Thank you for always watching out for me and I will miss you terribly. Rest until we meet again. I LOVE YOU and I'm happy to know that you knew it.

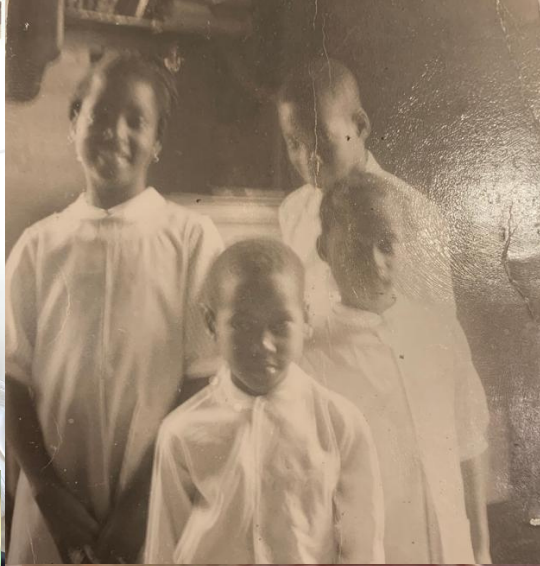
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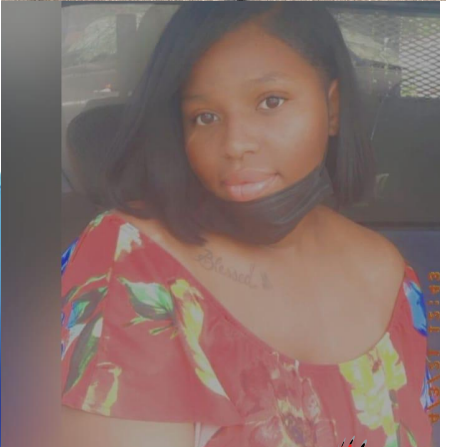
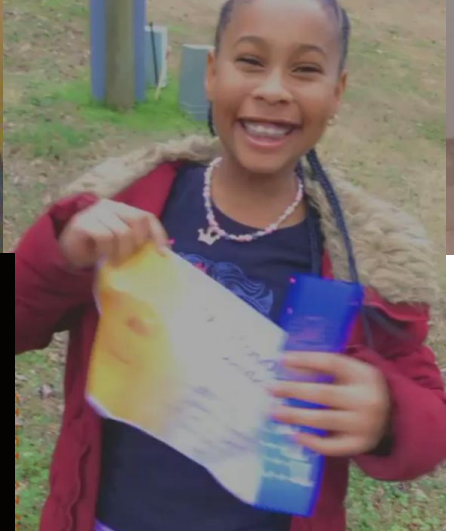
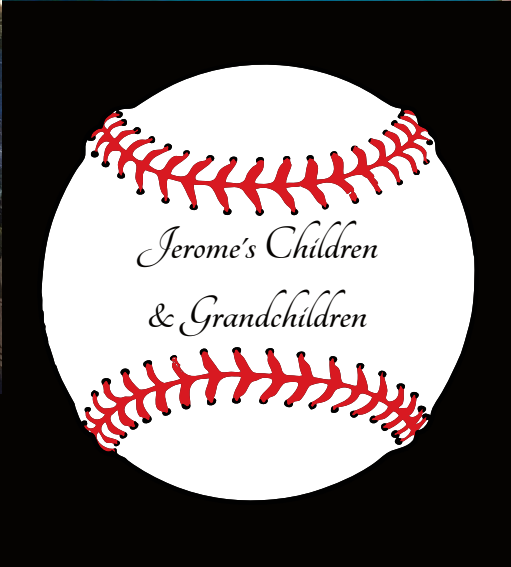
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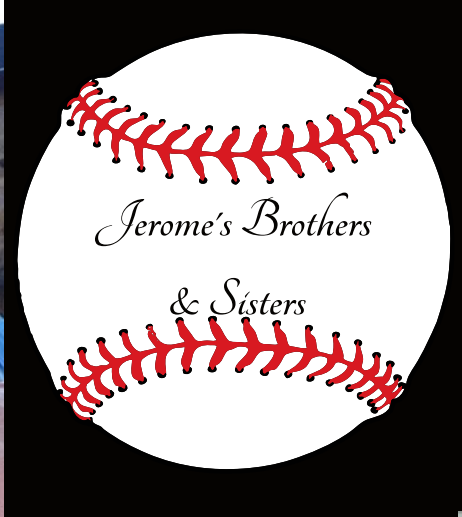
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.....that time can never erase



Jerome was a loving father & grandfather..



A humble & caring brother.



Graveside Hymns

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 of earth 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.***

*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.*

*Let me labour for the Master
From the dawn till setting sun,
Let me talk of all His wondrous love and care;
Then, when all of life is over,
And my work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there.*

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.

***This is my story, this is my song;
Praising my saviour all the day long.
This is my story, this is my song;
Praising my saviour all the day.***

When We All Get to Heaven

*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.*

*When we all get to heaven,
What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all see Jesus,
We will sing and shout the victory!*

*While we walk the pilgrim pathway
Clouds will overspread the sky;
But when travelling 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?*

*Onward do the prize before us!
Soon His beauty we'll behold;
Soon the pearly gates will open
We shall tread the streets of gold.*

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

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.



Graveside Hymns

And Can It Be

And Can it be, that I should gain
an interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused His pain?
For me who Him to death pursued
Amazing love how can it be,
That thou my God shouldst die for me.

'Tis mystery all the Immortal dies
Who can explore his strong design
In vain the first born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine
Tis mercy all! Let earth adore,
Let angels minds inquire no more.

He left his father's throne above
So free, so infinite His grace
Emptied himself of all but love
And bled for Adam's helpless race
Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For O my God, it found out me.

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose went forth and followed thee.

No condemnation now I dread
Jesus and all in Him is mine
Alive in Him my living head,
And clothed in righteousness divine
Bold I approach the eternal throne
And claim the crown,
through Christ my own.

In the Sweet By and By

There is a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar.
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

**In the sweet, by and by,
we shall meet on that beautiful shore.
In the sweet, by and by,
we shall meet on that beautiful shore.**

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love
And the blessings that hallow our days.

Will Your Anchor Hold

Will your anchor hold in the storms of life?
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,
Will anchor drift, or firm remain?

**We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll;
Fastened to that Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love!**

Will your anchor hold in the straights of fear?
When the breakers roar and the reef is near;
While the surges rave, and the wild winds blow
Shall the angry waves then your bark o'erflow?

Will your eyes behold through the morning light
The city of gold and the harbour bright?
Will your anchor safe by the heavenly shore,
When life's storms are past for evermore?

Nearer, My God To Thee

Nearer, My God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

Thought, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto Heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee
Nearer to Thee!

Heartfelt Thanks



The Family of the late Jerome Kurtney Hill would like to express gratitude and deep appreciation for your kind expressions of sympathy during our time of bereavement. Your presence helped to lighten our burden.

Thank you to the Doctors and Nurses at the Dr. D. Orlando Smith Hospital, who made sure his brief stay there was comfortable. A very special thank you is expressed to Camille Merry for the work she did in creating a memoir of tributes and capturing in graphical form elements of his life.

Special thanks is also expressed to the many individuals who assisted with the funeral preparations; the family is grateful for your kind support.