



A Celebration of Life

Wayne Cromwell

'K9'

Simmons



29 December 1967

*-
24 April 2025*





Somerset Seventh-day Adventist Church

6 Beacon Hill Road, Sandys Parish, Bermuda

Thursday, May 15, 2025

11:00 a.m.

Order of Service

Officiant: Pastor Carlyle Simmons

Musician: Zayne Bean (Somerset Seventh-day Adventist Church)

The Processional Clergy & Family

Welcome Pastor Carlyle Simmons

The Opening Prayer Lynette Wilson

The Opening Hymn..... **Amazing Grace** (Page 108)

Words of Comfort..... Bishop Stephen Jones
(United Holy Church of Bermuda, Inc.)

Scripture Reading:

Psalm 23 Susan Masters

Musical Selection..... Samantha Smith

Tributes..... Clifford Stevens II and Irwin Trott

Obituary Tamara Stevens

Musical Selection..... Samantha Smith

The Eulogy Pastor Carlyle Simmons

The Closing Prayer Pastor Carlyle Simmons

The Recessional Song..... **Blessed Assurance** (Page 462)

Interment: St. James Cemetery, Sandys

Amazing Grace

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

The Lord has promised good to me,
His Word my hope secures;
He will my Shield and Portion be,
As long as life endures.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we'd first begun.

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 now burst on my sight;
Angels, descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Refrain

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

Refrain





Obituary

Wayne 'K9' Cromwell Simmons

29 December 1967–24 April 2025

Wayne Cromwell Simmons, the second child of Vera and Oliver Simmons born on December 29, 1967, beloved husband, father, brother, uncle, cousin and friend, passed away peacefully on 24 April 2025, leaving behind his loving wife, Antoinette Simmons, his precious children, Samuella and Waynae Simmons and older sister, Truell Landy. Although he would jokingly deny he was younger.

Growing up, Wayne developed a love for God, music and singing as a member of the First Church of God Youth Choir on Sound View Road, Somerset under Pastor Leon Herbert. Wayne was sort of a mischievous boy. When he did not listen to his mother telling him to stay still in Church while Pastor Herbert was preaching, his mother would grab him on his thigh and pinch him telling him he better not scream or else. Well you know my boy paid attention. Those were the days! The choir was 'top notch' singing all over the island in many churches, concerts and even travelling to Brooklyn, New York to sing. The Youth Choir held a special place in those years and many of those friendships remained dear today.

As children, swimming below the house in the summertime was the best. Fishing with Daddy out on the 'Point' behind the house, making bait with sardines and flour and not to mention digging for cockworms when the tide was low. Wayne spent a lot of time going on walks with Dad to West Over Farm, maybe that's where he developed a love for animals.

Wayne's greatest love and passion was for dogs, especially German Shepherds. His first dog 'Mutt' was not allowed on the property. Daddy was not having his well manicured yard (small as it was) and well tended vegetable garden destroyed by some mutt. Well, Wayne found a way around that. He kept the dog next door at the neighbour's yard. Early every morning before school and last thing at night, he was with his best friend. Everything was great until one morning, he found his 'barker' unresponsive. Someone, and thank God he never found out who, had fed the mutt hotdogs. It was a sad day. He cried so much. Everyone cried that day. Tears turned to anger. Whoever did it would never confess it now! However, that didn't deter Wayne. After that, he had many dogs in his yard and in other's yards. He just loved the K9s!

Wayne loved to travel from a young child. He and Truell spent many summers with their cousins, Mar and Ricky and the boys in Virginia. In his early teens,

Wayne was excited to accompany his Mom on a trip of a lifetime to Israel.

Wayne attended West End Primary and Cedar Grove School then went on to attend the Robert Crawford High School for boys. Once leaving high school, Wayne worked in the construction industry as a laborer with Keith Simmons who started his first construction business then with David Dunkley as a truck driver.

On the weekends he and his buddies used to enjoy a few libations and its effects at Disco 40 where he first met Antoinette. Wayne would try hitting on her every weekend but her sister Clifftina, told him one weekend that he needed to stop drinking if he wanted to be with her sister. Since that night Wayne stopped drinking and began ordering coke sodas. A year later they started dating when Antoinette returned from college and the rest is history.


Wayne and Antoinette started selling an all natural dog and cat food, biscuits and supplements (delivery only), also bringing in personal protection dogs for clients. Then they opened a pet food store called K9 Imports and Pet Supplies. Few years later, they transformed it into a barber shop, then sold the business couple of years later. During that time, Wayne joined the Bermuda K9 Performance and Education Club (now known as the Bermuda Working Dog Club). He was enthusiastic about dog training as he was excited regarding his dog's progress. He enjoyed talking (endlessly) to other dog enthusiasts and trainers sharing what they learned in class.

In 1997, Wayne and Antoinette were married and five years later had two beautiful children, Samuell and Waynae Simmons. It was their dream to have a boy and a girl. Wayne, was a devoted and loving father. He enjoyed transporting his children from Adventureland Nursery and then to collect Antoinette from work. While driving home, they would sing songs and practice their ABCs and 123s. During Christmas breaks, they all traveled to Florida to take the children to experience the rides at either Walt Disney World or Universal Studios. On one occasion, when Waynae was about five, Wayne took her on the tea cup ride. He had to hold her to his side when the ride started to spin because she wasn't big enough to sit alone. Well, if you know Waynae, you know she wasn't having that. She squirmed trying to get out of Wayne's grip, but failed.

Wayne enjoyed his time as a father to his children. He was definitely patient and family came first to him. He often gave advice when asked for his opinion on certain situations. Reflecting on his experience with life, he often shared his thoughts on what he believed was right, with conviction.

During Covid, in late 2020, Wayne worked for the Department of Health as a driver to convey Covid test samples from various testing stations around the Island and delivering to the Lab to get the samples tested.





Wayne enjoyed the job as he got to meet and talk to the testers at the testing stations. He could not just pick up the test samples and go as he loved to talk and always had a smile on his face. It's like he had to do a background check on the testers to see if he knew your parents or any of your relatives ie. "who are your people, what parish your family from"? He made their day when they saw him, they would shout out "Hey Unc"!

Wayne loved to chat about current events and would often be seen at West End School early in the morning, after dropping the children to school, having a hearty pow wow with his mates. He had a warm smile and a jolly laugh that was engaging and kept you talking for hours on the phone. The conversation would often be about day to day stuff or a bit of gossip here or there.

Wayne was always very loving and caring. He had a very tender heart under that saucy exterior and would cry like a baby if something touched his heart. He was very devoted to his parents; caring for his father up to his passing. Wayne will be sadly missed by those who loved and had the privilege of knowing him.

Wayne's Family

Parents: the late Oliver and Vera Simmons; loving wife: Elizabeth Antoinette Simmons; loving children: Samuell and Waynae Simmons; brother to Truell Landy. Father-in-law: Clifford George Stevens; mother-in-law: Inez Elizabeth Stevens; brothers-in-law: Clifford George Stevens II and Gordon Bowen; sisters-in-law: Clifftina Bernice Bowen and Tamara Ginee Antoinette Stevens; nephews: Jonathan (Rebecca), Joshua Landy; nieces: Lakayann Outerbridge, Jayde Russell (Rico), Jaylen Ever (Shomari), Starr Bowen and Samori Stevens; great-nephews: JahZion, JahZiel Furbert Landy; DenXurioh, Damani, Delijah Landy and Russell Wells; great-nieces: Sarai Tucker-Outerbridge, Raya and Rhyli Wells; aunt: Esther Smith; cousins: Muriel Bertoli (Special Cousin) (Gigi), MayLouise Hayes (Richard) USA; Richard (Carol deceased), Alfred, Mae (Richard deceased), Randy (Joyce) USA, Alliston, Robert (Roseann deceased) Smith, Elizabeth Perret (Rene deceased), Susan Masters, Marigold Busby, Terry Smith, and numerous other relatives and friends in Bermuda and USA.

Lovingly submitted by the Family

Tributes

Daddy, I miss you so much. I never thought this would ever happen to you at such a young age. It doesn't even feel real. You were my best friend (even though I never said it) , you were someone I can come to and get a straightforward opinion. I loved how my dad would put his two cents in, even though I wasn't talking to him. One thing about my dad was that he can talk for hours. I recall the times when he would run into the store to get a couple of things and when he took too long, I would go in and look for him and there he was, talking to somebody. There were also occasions when he would tell me that we're only gonna be here for a few minutes and the few minutes turns into hours. I'm gonna miss all his phone call gossip when we were in the car driving. I'm gonna miss the times when my dad would ask a stranger walking down the street, if they wanted a daughter when I would annoy him too much. My dad was someone who didn't care what any one thought of him and he always spoke his mind. I'm gonna miss all the good and bad times we had. I'm gonna miss the phone calls we made to each other and trying to be the first one to hang up on one another. Every time I think of you, I just remember you saying that before you pass, you wanted to see Sammy and I walk down the aisle, or see your grandchildren, or see me graduate. I'm just gonna miss your presence here with me. I hate that you had to leave me so soon; having me in pain. I know you're in a better place right now and I want you to keep looking over me and our family. I love you dad

Your loving daughter, Waynae Simmons



When I received the message that my dear friend had passed, I did not know how to feel. Upset of course, that I would not be able to have contact with him anymore, but at the same time glad that he is not suffering.


He, of course never let on that he suffered mind you. On the occasions that we did reach out to check on one another he always appeared to be upbeat and positive. Which is why his passing is so difficult for me to process.

One of my fondest memories was at First Church of God Soundview. We sang in the choir and we had lots of those down home church services where God moved. I remember his sister Truell was running and jumping the church pews and he was running along right behind her. It was a blessing to witness them praising and ministering God together.

Even when he stopped attending regularly, we kept in touch. He helped me a lot with getting my boarding and grooming businesses off the ground in Bermuda. He also taught me lots about handling and dealing with dogs which was a huge help with my Animal Warden job.

The day he told me that he was unwell he was so blasé about it, like saying he just had a hamburger and fries for lunch. Well, you know I had to use food for reference in here somewhere.





His family, Antoinette and children, Waynae and Samuell were like family to me too. I am sending my love and heartfelt condolences to them as I know he will be a big miss to them as well. He was the definition of a family man. Please give them lots of hugs and let them know that at least one of those hugs you gave is from me.

Thank you for allowing me this opportunity to send a tribute to my dear friend.

All my love, Allison Roberts-Wolfe



I would like to extend from the Ratteray family, our deepest sympathy to you Antoinette and family.

In my growing up years on my mother's side of the family, I was told her father had two brothers. She would tell me of, Uncle Henry and Uncle Oliver brothers to my grandfather Albert Joseph Barclay Simmons (Called Barclay or Buck Simmons).

They each own property on West Side Road and because of the shared property boundaries on West Side Road their names were common when we boys went to swim at Callahan Bay. We would say oh, that's uncle Oliver's side and that is uncle Henry's side, and we would be swimming on Grandpa Barclay side.

Then the word came that Uncle Oliver had a son named Wayne, and I have known Wayne for years, although we did not play marbles together, we have had an intimate acquaintance with each other because of the bond of family. As such we often had casual conversations on events of the day or just how are you doing.

Recently however, I was doing some early morning walking and when walking past his home I would hear, good morning cousin and I would reply to Cousin Wayne good morning to you. He would be sitting in the car waiting to take his wife Antoinette to Town. And then there were the other conversations that I would have with him when working on the apartment complex next to his home.

I would say to my wife as we walked up West Side Road Wayne is up early this morning and full of life. You see He was a man that carried a happy spirit every time we chatted. Recently, I was looking for him to get some information, so we talked, and he told me he was in the hospital, and I expressed to him that I was in Boston getting treatment, and there sparked another common bond between cousins.

It is with a sad spirit that there has been a separation in our family, and as I journey through life, I am reminded that Jesus Christ died on the cross so that one day death will be no more. My hope is in the promises that Jesus Christ gave, will be our reality soon.

Submitted by: Cousin G Albert Ratteray



I know you always acted like I was your baby sister, but no I was the eldest. You were my baby brother. But truth be told, I liked it. You felt like my protector.

We were very close growing up. You had to hang with me a lot when Mom and Dad were working! We'd ride to town on the bus and I'd didn't mind playing with you because we only had each other. We had fun together.

When you called me a few weeks ago and said let's talk, I was concerned but played it down to the usual stuff you called about. Then we talked and I saw you! It was not what I expected at all. Not you, my baby brother!

I was so happy that we had the time to talk. And then you were gone! It happened so fast. Wow!

I still can't believe you are not here but I know that Father knows best! Our lives have always been in His hands and we have to trust Him!

Rest in peace baby brother. I love you and I'll see you later!

Your big sis, Truell



Though I was not fortunate enough to spend much time in Wayne's company, the moments we shared left an indelible impression that I carry with me still. Each time our paths crossed, I was greeted with that unmistakable warm smile of his—a genuine reflection of his character that never dimmed, even on his busiest days.


What struck me most about Wayne was how he could make you feel like the most important person in the room, even when he was clearly rushing between family responsibilities. He always found time for a heartfelt hello, a quick check-in, or a moment of connection. In our hurried world where people often pass each other like ships in the night, Wayne anchored himself in genuine human connection, if only for those brief moments.

However, nothing illuminated Wayne's character more brilliantly than his devotion to his family. His eyes would light up at the mere mention of Antoinette (Ann), Samuell or Waynae. They were not just the center of his universe—they were his universe. The love he had for them radiated from him like warmth from the sun. He spoke of their accomplishments with such pride, and their everyday moments with such joy that it was impossible not to be moved by the depth of his commitment to them.

As we say goodbye today, I hope we can take comfort knowing that Wayne's legacy lives on — may not necessarily in grand achievements; but in those everyday moments of connection, he prioritized, in the example of devotion, he set out for his children, in the partnership he built with his' Ann', and in the standard of integrity he maintained throughout his life.

Wayne showed us ***that it is not the quantity of time you spend with***





someone that matters most, but the quality of presence you bring to those moments. His life reminds us that in the end, what people remember is not your hurry, your stress, or your busy schedule—it is how you made them feel, even in the briefest of interactions.

May we all carry forward a piece of Wayne's spirit—finding time for a smile and a hello, and loving our families with unrelenting commitment.

Loving written by Cousin Walette and family



I first met Wayne at Olive Banks Kennels, use to be located just above Warwick Pond, where he was working with Neville Bean. Back then, I didn't even know what his job was—but what I quickly came to understand was his deep-rooted passion for German Shepherds.

Wayne had been involved with shepherds for many years. He was a regular face at dog shows and actively involved in the clubs. He played a role in forming the Canine Education and Performance Club, which is now known as the Bermuda Working Dog Club, and he remained a dedicated member.

He was always a vibrant presence—a proud owner and breeder of German Shepherds. I used to buy dog food and disinfectant for kennels from him. That's just the kind of person Wayne was: always involved, always helpful, always connected to the needs of the dog community.

My instructor, David Deleissegues, who sends his condolences as well, when he first met Wayne, both of us remarked how much he reminded us of Egon, a legendary German Shepherd breeder and trainer. From that day forward, we affectionately called Wayne "Egon"—JoJo Fray and Dean Caton will remember that clearly.

Wayne wasn't just part of the dog world—he was a personal friend of mine. He was passionate about the breed, knowledgeable, and always willing to share what he'd learned, starting from his early days at Olive Banks. He will be sorely missed by me and by the entire dog community in Bermuda. His input, his wisdom, and his friendship made a lasting impact.

Rest in peace, Wayne. Thank you for everything.

Your Friend, Charles Butterfield

Von Tarahaus Kennels



I can't remember how Wayne and I connected, it must have been the love we both have for dogs. Wayne was responsible for me owning the best dog I ever had. Wayne imported a protection trained German Shepherd, "Fesso" more than 25 years ago and I am certain to present Wayne still talked about him. He would come

by the house and say "Wayne, that dog is a beast I am serious". Wayne, Ann my family and I vacationed to Williamsburg Virginia before they were married and of course Fesso (the dog) went along as well. It was a FAMILY vacation!

When Wayne and Ann united as one, I was honored to have been TOLD that I was Samuell's Godfather. Wayne came to me and said "look, um got a lil bie and you are Godpa". I said "congrats Wayne, but I have all Goddaughters that will break my tradition" he told me, "well you just going have to break it because you are Godpa", I laughed and said "ok Wayne I am Godpa". Then came Waynae, Wayne came again "hey got a lil girl you know the deal", I simply said "no problem Wayne".

We had lots of good times together, laughs and name sake. All I can say is, gone too soon you will be deeply missed.

From Godpa Wayne Matthews



Oh Wayne, Oh Wayne, Oh Wayne...

We used to call him Gretzky on the job site, Wayne Gretzky, like the hockey player. That was our Wayne.

I first met Wayne in the early '80s. I had just started my own construction business and was in a shop in Somerset when he walked in. I don't remember exactly how the conversation started, but I mentioned I needed a laborer. It was around noon. I asked if he wanted the job. He said yes. I told him, "You've got to start now, meet me at the job site at 1 p.m." And sure enough, he showed up. That was the beginning of a journey that lasted all the way until I retired.

Wayne was a good man. Loyal. Dedicated. He never wavered when it came to the task at hand. Even after we stopped working together, we kept in touch. We'd talk for 30 to 60 minutes at a time, mostly about dogs and the old days.

He was a strong individual. I could tell he was going through something, but when I'd ask how he was feeling, he'd always say, in that unforgettable tone: "I'm kicking it, Simmons." I'll hear those words in my head for the rest of my life.

I still can't believe you're gone, Wayne. I wish I had the chance to say goodbye. The last words I said to you were, "Take care of you first."


I could go on and on about Wayne, but I'll end by saying this:

Antoinette, I am so sorry for your loss. To Samuell and Waynae, some things we never get over, but we do get through. Be strong, and keep the faith.

And one more thing: I never knew his real name was Cromwell. If I had, I never would've let him live that one down.

From Keith Simmons





There are many in this gathering today who will have known Wayne far better than me. And each of you will have had your own treasured connection with Wayne. Each of you will carry in your heart your own happy memories of him. I suspect that many of these memories will involve the sound of laughter. Memories of Wayne with a broad smile on his face. With a bright twinkle in his eye. For he was a man who carried within him an innate, palpable, and very real kindness.

I knew Wayne mostly through his wife, Antoinette. Seeing him almost daily, as he would wait in his red car to collect Antoinette from town after work. Every day it was Wayne. There. Constant. Waiting to bring home his hard-working and diligent wife. There to support her and care for her. And I know Antoinette loved him deeply.

In my happy memories, Wayne will always be positive. He will always be genuine. He will always be upbeat. This is because – truly – Wayne was a very amusing man, who liked to kid with you and joke. A man who saw great value in humour as an antidote for the world around us.

And Wayne was a man who met the adversity of his illness head on - with great courage. Who did not falter, when many could have done, and many would have done. Who remained authentically upbeat and cheerfully positive. Whose smile stayed faithful to him and who, by that positivity, brought strength to all of those around him, when they too needed it.

To Antoinette, to the children, and to all of their extended family. Yes, Wayne has moved on from this mortal world. And he has done so far too soon. But Wayne is not gone – and certainly he is not gone from our hearts. For all of those here today, know that Wayne is still with us. Living on in each happy memory of him. I will remember him smiling.

From Scott Pearman, MP, JP



A Tribute to Egon

Over 30 years ago, an angry man stormed into my yard looking for his Rottweiler puppy. And I mean angry. I had to quickly explain that I didn't have his puppy, but I did know where he could find it. I remember thinking to myself how lucky I was that I didn't have his dog—because in that moment, I honestly thought he might take me out instead!

Years later, under much better circumstances, our paths crossed again. We began training dogs together, and soon after, he joined the Bermuda K9 Performance and Education Club. That's when my real friendship with Wayne—who I eventually called "Egon"—began. Our bond was built through our shared love of dogs. I had a Doberman, and Egon had Cora, his German Shepherd. We traveled to Chicago to train our dogs, strengthening not just our skills, but our friendship. One day we were working on trust where we had to get the dogs to do certain things and if they didn't know how or what to do, we would have to lead by example. Egon wanted

Cora to go underneath a sign that was held up by two post with about a foot of clearance off the ground, and come out on the other side. Cora wasn't confident enough to do it so Egon had to take the lead. He went under the sign with the intention of coming out the other side, only problem was that he got stuck under the sign. Poor Cora didn't know what she was supposed to do at that point. She kept running from front to back of the sign. Egon's legs were flailing and if you could have seen the look on Cora's face, pure confusion. We laughed so hard that he was finally able to squeeze out from under the sign, then Cora followed right after him.

Over time, Egon became a key part of the club—not just a regular member, but eventually Vice President, where he helped guide and grow the organization with purpose and passion. When it came to our social events, no one took the role more seriously than Egon. He made sure our barbecues were stocked with the finest meats from Westover Farm, always wanting to give people something to enjoy.

But Egon was more than just a friend or club member. He was a devoted husband, a loving father, and a rock-solid companion who found joy in life's simplest moments. His love for his family was deep and unwavering—a true compass that guided everything he did. If you ever saw him with his children or witnessed the way he looked at his wife, you saw a man whose love was pure, proud, and unshakeable.

He had a remarkable way with dogs. He enjoyed training and was a real dog man. His eyes would light up whenever he saw a well-bred and trained dog. He brought good energy and lots of laughter to the club.

To his friends, Egon was loyal. The kind of man you could call any time, knowing he'd be there—with open arms, honest words, and wisdom that always landed at just the right moment. He never sugar-coated things—he said what needed to be said—but always with respect. He was real. He was straight-up. And that's what made him so deeply valued and trusted.

In every life he touched, Egon left behind a legacy of loyalty, compassion, and authenticity. He reminded us what it means to truly care, to show up consistently, and to love without condition. Though our hearts are heavy with grief, we find comfort in the memories we hold, and in knowing his spirit lives on—in the eyes of his children, in the stories we continue to share, and in the quiet moments when we still feel him close.

Today, we say goodbye to someone truly special—a man whose presence lit up every space, whose laughter still echoes in our hearts, and whose love left an imprint that will never fade.

Rest peacefully, Egon. You were deeply loved, and you will be forever cherished.

William 'Jo-Jo' Fray







Pallbearers

In & Out of Church:

Mikey Glasgow – Friend ❖ Wayne Matthews – Friend
Aaron Burt – Cousin ❖ Doyle Butterfield – Friend
Cleveland Simmons – Friend ❖ Jonathan Landy – Nephew
Ashley Smith – Friend

To the Grave:

Al Thomas - Friend ❖ Irwin Trott - Friend
Jermain Thompson - Friend ❖ Kwame Caisey - Friend
Jack Castle - Friend ❖ William Fray - Friend



Message of Gratitude

The family of **Wayne Cromell Simmons** wishes to express their sincere gratitude for the many expressions of love, kindness, and support shown during this time of bereavement. Your comforting messages, prayers, visits, flowers, and acts of compassion have brought great comfort to our hearts.

Special thanks to Pals, (Nurse Kathy), Physician Dr. Redding (Bermuda Healthcare) and the Doctors and Nurses and Staff of the King Edward VII memorial Hospital for their care and assistance. We are truly blessed to have such loving family and friends during this difficult time.

We would like to extend our gratitude to those who assisted, ministered, served and played a part in today's service. A special thank you to Pastor Carlyle Simmons, Somerset Adventist Church and Pastor Stephen Jones.

Our thanks to Pure Memories who designed this program, and
D.H. Augustus & Sons Funeral Home.

There will be no wake. The Family request a time for privacy.

May God continue to bless you!

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