

CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF

Mama D



ELEANOR GERTRUDE DILLAS

28 NOVEMBER, 1920  6 DECEMBER 2025



Mama D

ELEANOR GERTRUDE DILLAS

Celebration of Life Service

Sunday, 21 December 2025 | 1:00pm | Southampton Seventh-day Adventist Church

Officiating: Pastor Damon Hendrickson

Musicians: Owen Simons, Marvin Pitcher and Conrad Roach



ORDER OF SERVICE

Procession.....	Clergy and Family
Welcome.....	Pastor Damon Hendrickson
Opening Prayer.....	Pastor W. DeJaun Tull <i>Hamilton SDA Church</i>
Opening Hymn	<i>I Surrender All</i>
Tribute	Dr. Kenneth Manders, <i>President, Bermuda SDA Conference</i>
Scripture Proverbs 3:5-6	Sophia Iris, <i>Special Daughter</i>
Musical Selection <i>I Trust in God</i>	Adrian Jones
Tributes	Sonia Howes, <i>Niece</i>
Musical Selection.....	Inspirational Choir
Obituary.....	Doris Foley, <i>Family Friend</i>
Musical Selection.....	Inspirational Choir
Video Tribute	<i>Compiled by Vernesha Simmons</i>
Eulogy	Chaplain Kevin Santucci, <i>Family Friend</i>
Closing Hymn	<i>When We All Get To Heaven</i>
Benediction	Pastor Damon Hendrickson

Interment | St. George's Cemetery

Pallbearers Out of Church

Daughters: Linsene Caines & Kaven Ible | *Caregiver/Special Daughter:* Maria Alves
Special Daughters: Nathalee Simons & Sophia Iris | *Granddaughter:* Vernesha Simmons
Niece: Sonia Simmons | *Family Friend:* Deidré Simons



SERVICE HYMNS

All to Jesus I Surrender

All to Jesus I surrender;
all to him I freely give;
I will ever love and trust him,
in his presence daily live.

Refrain

*I surrender all, I surrender all,
all to thee, my blessed Savior,
I surrender all.*

All to Jesus I surrender;
humbly at his feet I bow,
worldly pleasures all forsaken;
take me, Jesus, take me now.

All to Jesus I surrender;
make me, Savior, wholly thine;
fill me with thy love and power;
truly know that thou art mine.

All to Jesus I surrender;
now I feel the sacred flame.
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory, to his name!

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.

Refrain

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



Pallbearers To the Grave

Grandsons: Edison Jones & Dwayne Caines | *Great Nephews:* Fred Swan,
Dexter Swan & Rayshun Howes | *Family Friend:* Cleo Burrows

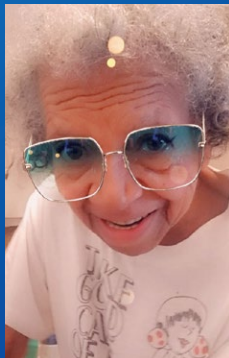
Pallbearers In the Grave

Son: Bussie Ible | *Grandsons:* Edison Jones & Dwayne Caines
Great Nephews: Fred Swan, Dexter Swan & Rayshun Howes

Honorary Pallbearers

Family Friends: Ian "Woncy" Black & Andre Harvey







Obituary

A SNIPPET INTO THE LIFE OF ELEANOR “MAMA D” DILLAS

Eleanor was born to Grace Louise Simmons and Frederick George Simmons in their home located at the top of Lighthouse Hill on Sunday, November 28, 1920.

Back then, district nurses would visit homes in each parish to record births. The nurse assigned to Southampton visited the home in February 1921 to record Mom's birth. She mistakenly wrote the current year on mother's birth certificate.

Mom was the second youngest and last surviving sibling of six children. Her mother was a maid and caregiver for Ms. Carruth who lived on Point Finger Road in Paget. In later years, Mom would fill in and do the night shift when her mother took a vacation. Her father was a farmer and had a large farm. All of the children had to do their part on the farm. Some of their chores were planting or harvesting crops, feeding the chickens, milking the cows or drawing water from the well. They had to get up at the crack of dawn to complete their chores, change into their school clothes and walk to school or go to work.

Mom's family was not well off and as a family treat, once a week, Grandma would select one of the chickens she raised and cook it for dinner. On several occasions, Mom would have to pluck the chicken. When she was telling Bussie this story, he said to her, *“I don't know of any kid today that would pluck a chicken, let alone eat it knowing it was running around the yard a few hours ago”*. She said, *“You know that's right”*, and they both laughed.

Mom's father was known for helping anyone by giving away vegetables to people that could not afford to pay or were short on money. This practice must have been the lessons that ignited a strong desire within Mom to help anyone in need.

Mom attended Southampton East School (now the former Heron Bay Primary School). She would walk home during lunch breaks to find a hot sweet potato smothered in butter, waiting for her on the table. She

would tell you, *“I grew up on sweet potatoes”*. Shortly thereafter, she had to drop out of school to raise her younger brother Sidney, clean house, wash and iron clothes and have dinner prepared before her mother came home from work. It was during this time that she mastered her greatest love, cooking and baking. Bussie recalls Mom telling him how people in the neighborhood would come over as soon as they smelled her cooking or baking. She would tell of the many times the boys in the neighborhood would poke their heads in an open window, pleading for a taste of whatever she had on the stove or in the oven. One time they ate all the cake she had baked for dessert that night and she had to rush and make another cake before her mother came home.

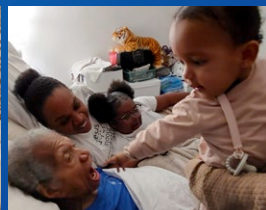
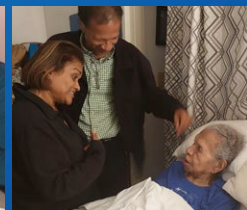
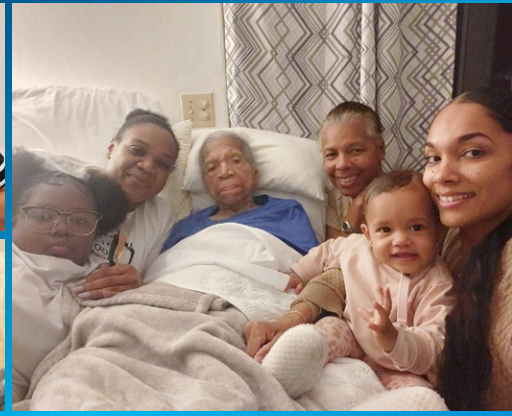
All the children in the neighborhood were close friends. We recall Mom telling us how they would meet at Southampton East School early in the morning of the first day of the Agricultural Exhibition in Paget, walk to the exhibition, have a day of fun and walk back. The walk never bothered them because of the unity and fun they all had.

Mom never completed elementary school, however she was an avid reader. She loved to read her Bible, the newspaper or any religious book she got hold of. She could be found every night curled up in her bed studying her Sabbath School lesson.

After two unsuccessful marriages, Mom focused solely on her children: Linsene, Edison, Eura, Kaven, Kamula and Bussie. They were the reason why giving up was never an option.

Throughout her life Mom persevered and worked several places. She worked for the Notman family in Riddle's Bay as a housekeeper and cook, creating special meals for their dinner parties. She continued working for them until both parents passed away.

She then worked as a taxi dispatcher in the little building, located at the junction of Camp Hill and Middle Road, which still stands today. She thoroughly



enjoyed this job because it gave her the opportunity to interact with the public—Mom was a people person. She remembered the license plate numbers and drivers of all the taxis. Whenever Mom needed to go anywhere, several drivers would offer to take her. Mom was a woman of beauty inside and out, and her beauty was matched by her affable personality. Her love for people always was the backdrop for her work experience. She was later employed as a housekeeper on Five Star Island.

Mom loved animals and always had a dog. Once she had a beautiful Collie and a goat. Two dogs, Feisty and Carnie, really loved her and would get very excited when she came home. They both were very protective of her. Feisty would growl at anyone he thought was going to harm Mom and Carnie would let you in her room but would not let you out. Mannie was the first to find this out.

During the course of her life mother moved from Lighthouse Hill to Somerset to Khyber Pass to Camp Hill—the latter move was into a two bedroom extension that Grandma had built onto her house.

Shortly after moving, Mom opened a vegetable stand at the bottom of Camp Hill in a garage owned by Mr. Ryan that she converted into a shop. She loved this location because it allowed her to meet and interact with everyone who lived in the area when they stopped to buy vegetables. Often you would see people sitting off relaxing and chatting with Mom. It also allowed her to keep an eye out for Bussie, because he had to walk past the shop to go home and he'd better not pass by long after school had closed. She timed his passing and if he was late he better have a good excuse.

During this time Mom's grandson, Edison Jones, came to live with us at the age of two while his mother traveled to England to study nursing. Mom showered him with love and affection as if he was her own. She was heartbroken when his mother returned about six years later to take him, but she always knew that day would come.

Mom did not believe in "spare the rod and spoil the child". Everyone knew of "Billy", a special belt she kept hanging on a nail in the hallway. When she said, "Go get Billy", you knew what that meant! Once someone

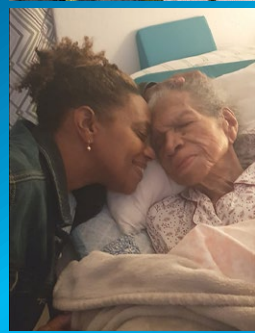
hid it but after a stern warning Billy miraculously reappeared. Mom would give us a whooping, and ten minutes later shower us with love. From this, all her children learned to disagree but never let it stop them from loving each other. When we think back, not one of us got in a shouting match or said a cruel word to one another. Though we had challenges and issues, our home was a peaceful environment.

Mom had two plaques hanging in the hallway that read, "Let me live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to men", and "If I can help somebody as I pass along, then my living shall not be in vain". These plaques instilled in anyone who read them, lessons they should aspire to live by. They still hang in the home today!

Mother never lost her desire or touch for cooking and baking. Every meal was delicious followed by tasty baked goods. Approximately five years after running the vegetable stand, she decided to open and run the lunch counter at Bermuda Institute (BI), later referred to as the "Tuck Shop". Mom's interaction with children brought her abundant joy. She operated the Tuck Shop for an estimated 25 years. Its first location on the campus was at the end of a long hallway that ran parallel to the original auditorium. Bussie remembers this like it was yesterday, because he had to help carry heavy supplies from the skating ring that used to be in front of the school to the shop, which was quite a distance away.

Every evening after closing the Tuck Shop, Mom would run to the store to get flour, sugar or anything she needed before going home to bake for the next day: flying saucers, macaroni pies, apple turnovers, sugar cookies, ginger snaps, veggie burgers, cream puffs, etc. Every Sunday, Mom was in the kitchen baking goodies. Bussie would help with the baking after his chores and homework were complete. Hopefully, he learned some of her recipes!

Mom cared for each and every student as if they were her own. Whether short on funds to get lunch or they forgot their lunch at home, she believed that "No child should go hungry". She made sure everyone that came to the Tuck Shop received a meal. Oh! And don't get to the counter and not know what you wanted because in the blink of an eye you lost your opportunity to order



as she went on to serve the next student. You had to wait till she came back to you. It was amazing to watch her move around the kitchen putting orders together and back to the counter.

There were occasions where she would allow some students to work the counter taking orders, especially when her helper did not show up. She believed this was good practice for them to learn responsibility and develop work ethics.

The students quickly learned not to take her caring, gentle and loving personality for granted. She would quickly call them out if they stepped out of line. Because of this, they respected her and became very fond of her. It was at BI she acquired the nickname, “Mama D”. Whenever they saw her in public, many would run to her and shower her with hugs and kisses. She loved hugs and kisses.

Mother loved everyone equally, formulating no distinction to race, wealth or ability. She was an example of “ultimate agape love”. If you needed a shoulder to cry on, someone to give you advice that was grounded in her Christian beliefs and years of life lessons, a place to live or a meal, she would never turn you down. Oftentimes, Bussie would return from University during the Summer and Christmas breaks to find Mom had given his bedroom to someone in need. He would have to sleep in the room she had converted into a neighborhood shop. She made sure he had a bed and the shop was closed while he was home.

Many people remember Mom inviting them to her home for Sabbath lunch. No one dared turn down the opportunity to enjoy a tasty lunch, tasty baked goods and fellowship of singing hymns and studying the Bible. Mom knew her Bible and was delighted to share God’s love through meaningful interpretations. This would often be followed by the many Saturday night socials she would have at the house. The house would be full of young people playing games, talking and eating. Mom loved young people and strongly believed in Proverbs 22:6, NKJV, *“Train your child in the way they should go and they will never depart from it”*.

Mom moved a few more times after living at Camp Hill. She moved to Horseshoe Road then to Mill Reach Lane in Pembroke. She never really liked living in Pembroke because all her friends and the people she

knew lived between Warwick and Southampton. Little did she know, those that cared and loved her would find her! She would get excited whenever anyone popped in to say hello.

While living in Pembroke, Mom took her driving test at the ripe age of sixty-five. Kaven and Linsene remember Mom telling them she always knew how to drive and just never took the test. I guess she liked being “Ms. Daisy”, and getting chauffeured around. Once she mastered driving there was no stopping her. This gave her complete freedom not to depend on anyone for transportation. She would attend church (even picking up people along the way), and never miss special events of family and friends. Going with Mom to the grocery store was like going to a social. You ran around the store getting everything on her shopping list while she laughed and talked to the many people she knew. You had better have allocated two hours for grocery shopping!

While at Mill Reach Lane, Mom took in and raised Vernesha and Vershon after the passing of Kamula. Mom showered them with love and affection until the two children went to live with their father many years later. This was another sad moment for her, but her trust in God comforted her knowing she had laid the foundation for their Christian walk. Shortly after this, Mom welcomed Sophia Iris into her home as her special daughter. She showered Sophia with the same love, affection and care she did with everyone. She made sure Sophia got to school on time by taking her, and seeing that her homework was done.

Ten years later, Mom moved back to Southampton but finally settled in Warwick. This was a joyous time for her because she was close to church, her family and friends. Also, the distance to places and homes she frequently visited became shorter.

Mom loved to take candid pictures and having her picture taken. Everywhere she went, she took her camera. Some of her photos were so amazing! She was good at doing it quickly without you knowing, until she showed it to you a few weeks later. Each week, several rolls of film were taken to Stuarts on Reid Street to be developed, and she waited excitedly for them to be processed. We estimate she took close to two thousand pictures until the use of film was replaced

with digital cameras. If you popped by to surprise her, she would surprise you back with a recent picture she took of you! Mom would sit for hours reflecting on all the moments she captured.

Over the years, mother moved her church membership to Midland Heights, Devonshire and Pembroke when they were in their inception stage. She wanted to help in any way possible by ensuring her tithes and offerings would provide a strong foundation towards their success. I guess you can say she was one of the founding members of these three churches.

We hardly can recall mom ever getting sick. Mom ate healthy, and refrained from meat. At family functions, Mom always had the largest plate, and we were amazed to see her eat the entire meal. Her head would be down and not a word was said! On one occasion, when Mom had to be hospitalized, several doctors suddenly came into her room to examine her and asked several questions. Mom asked them what was going on, and they told her she should not be alive because her heart was split in half, and that the only thing holding it together was the heart muscles. Mom knew it was a miracle—God had intervened. When Mom caught COVID, we were all worried and delighted when she fully recovered two weeks later. Mom was as good as new, well not that new as she was over 100 years old!

Mom loved to travel and have a good adventure. Some of her memorable trips were to New York to visit her sister Melvina in 1963, frequent trips to Kaven in Alabama, a cruise with her brother Sidney, and a trip to Santo Domingo with Ian “Woncy” Black and family in 1995. We can safely say Mom travelled more than any of her children.

In February of 2023, Bussie saw Maria Alves whom he’d met some time ago. During their conversation, he told her that he was caring for his mother. She understood what he was going through, as she had done the same for both her parents before they passed, but she was now retired with nothing to do. He asked her if she would like to take care of his mother days while he was at work, but he had to introduce her to Mom to get her approval. She met Mom a few days

later, and they talked and laughed as if they had known each other for years. It was not long before Mom would tell everyone, *“This is my girl and you better not mess with her”*, while waving her fist in the air with a smile on her face.

They spent days talking and laughing for hours, but Maria ensured that Mom had breakfast, lunch, dinner and got her up to do her walks. There were a few times she took Mom for drives, which she enjoyed immensely. When Bussie would arrive to care for Mom during the night, Maria had her washed, and exhausted from a day full of fun and laughter. Maria was very protective of Mom whom she had grown to love dearly in a short period of time.

There is so much we can say about our amazing mother whose life was centered on helping, serving and loving others and her unwavering love for and trust in the Lord. She would always quote Proverbs 3:5-6 *“Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not unto your own understanding, In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths”*.

Mother was an exceptional woman who lived through two world wars, racism and segregation and saw the introduction of cars, the train system, electricity and telephones in Bermuda. Despite the many hardships she had to overcome, and the tireless days and nights she worked, she never complained. She always had a smile. She lived a God-fearing full life, touching so many people

She did not wear her heart on her sleeve—she wore it in her hand!

Her 105 years of life has left us with cherished memories that will forever live in our hearts and minds.

Mom, your work on earth is done! Sleep till that glorious day when Jesus returns to take you home.

We miss you but hold fast to the promise that if we are faithful, we will see each other at the second coming of Christ, when we can ask you *“How you feeling Mom?”* and hear you say *“With my hands”*.



Lovingly submitted by the family





HOW DO I SAY GOODBYE...

How do I say goodbye to someone who meant so much to me, my rock of foundation!

Words cannot describe how thankful I am to have had you for my mother!

You were more than a mother to me; you were there to wipe my tears and hug me when I was sad. You were my friend, my spiritual advisor, my confidante, my safe harbor when the waves of life got unbearable and my rod of correction when I needed it.

While I knew that day would come when you would go to sleep, I tried to prepare, but no one can be fully prepared when a loved one finally closes their eyes, especially me!

Our bond was strong, built on years of being just you and me. As the youngest of the children with everyone else having "left the coup", our dependence, respect and love for each other knew no bounds. When I was around 12 years old, I remember you telling me, "*Bussie, you're the man of the house now, time to step up*". From that moment on I tried my best to make you proud and be the best person you taught me to be.

Watching you work as hard as you did to provide an education for us and a stable and happy home while helping those in need, taught me lessons I will forever cherish. The first one was, an honest day's work for an honest day's pay. "*Bussie, render unto Caesar, the things which are Caesar's*" was one of your profound statements that I live by and practise to this day. The second was through your love for everyone no matter who they were or how they treated you. You taught me that I must always love unconditional, agape love.

Your love for every one of your children was unconditional! Yes, at times I know I gave you stress as I struggled to find my own identity and way of doing things, but you never scolded me or said "*I told you so*". Instead you would give me a kind and loving look with eyes that said "*What lesson did you learn from that?*", no words ever spoken. However, you were always there for me to lean on if the struggles got too unbearable to manage on my own.

Before I was born, you prayed to God and said "If you give me a son, I will give him back to you to work through". I remember when I got baptised, you were beaming with joy for weeks. I would call you to discuss Bible verses and chapters I did not understand. We would spend hours studying the Bible. I never forgot this and hold true to the teaching in the Bible.

When I was 13, I remember saying to you, "*Mom, when I start working and making money, you're not going to have to work hard anymore, I will always take care of you*". From that moment on there was nothing I would not do for you. When I started working I would give you anything you asked for. People would often say I was spoiling you to which I would respond, my mother deserves it. Little did they know we spoiled each other!

Your giving knew no bounds! I remember a young couple joining the church and soon after got married. They had an apartment but no furniture. You went to Maynes and purchased all the items to furnish their entire house. This gesture brought you immense joy! I now understand why you hummed "*If I could help somebody along the way, then my living shall not be in vain*".

I could say so much about how you lived your life that greatly impacted all of us in a positive way but you were never the one that wanted praise for what God inspired you to do.

When the day came where I had to care for you each night and every weekend, you still had lessons to teach me; patience was the greatest one. As your memory began to fail, you often would ask, "*Who are you?*" and I would say "*Your son, baldie*", while bending down so you could see my bald spot. A few minutes later you would say "*Bussie!*" as you remembered who I was. I had to be patient till you remembered—you unknowingly taught me to be more patient.

We would spend time talking, and you would tell me things I never knew about your life. We would recall memories that made us laugh, listen to and sing along with hymns each Friday night, and watch the church service

every Sabbath. I now smile when I remember how you used to ask who each person was on the screen! Caring for you was drawing me back to Christ. If I had to do it all over again, I would not change a thing.

I will miss the smile you gave me each evening after a long day at work, cooking you 2-3 breakfast meals (because you did not like the previous ones), making sure you're comfortable, your hearty laughs, not being able to kiss you on your forehead, holding your hand while you slept, and hearing you say "*Night, night*", the way only you could.

You have taught me how to live, love, respect, and most of all, care for others.

I hear your voice in the gentle wind, see your face in everything I do, and will forever hold on to your memories till my own life is through.

Rest Mom... ♥ *Bussie Ible*

MOMMY YOU WERE THE LOVE OF MY LIFE

Your children always came first!

I remember you always worked to provide for us, working long hours, coming home around 8:30 - 9 pm. We children would have a story picked out from the 'Uncle Arthur's Bedtime' Story Book Series. You would read to us every night, kiss us on the forehead and tuck us in.

You always spoke of Jesus as if he was right there with us, which he was! You taught us to love, respect and keep him first and foremost in our lives.

As I grew older, you taught me to clean the house, wash, iron, mend clothes, and cook.

I hate ironing, but love to sew and bake. Thanks Mommy!

Seriously, Mommy was a person who loved us dearly, but took no nonsense.

I recall a time when she was buying things for Christmas and would put them into a suitcase under the bed. My brother Edison and I were home from school with the mumps, and went exploring. Much to our regret, we found a full bag of molasses kisses candy, which became half gone. Once discovered, Mom asked, "Who ate them?"—We both denied ever seeing them.

Mommy sweetly answered, "Okay", so we went back to playing and she went about fixing supper. We thought all was forgotten. When she called us for supper, and asked us about them once more, we looked at each other and denied it again. The food smelled so good, and we were hungry! So when Mommy said, "Okay, close your eyes and stick out your tongue", we quickly did just that. Edison decided to peek and what he saw made him scream out, "Mommy, Lynn told me to lie!" I opened my eyes and saw Mommy holding a hot knife, which she placed upon my tongue. Then she explained why she did it.

It was punishment, however, in today's society it's considered cruelty. Although I could not eat solid food or taste for a time, it was a lesson well learnt.

Memorable times: Mommy was always singing or humming songs. She never shouted, and always explained "Why and how", played games, read stories, took us on nature walks, helped anyone in need, and took in children, even though we had little.

Mommy loved people and life!

Miss her? Yes, we all will! But the love, happiness, challenges and wisdom she gave to us will be remembered.

Rest Well Mommy ♥ *Love Linsene*



PRECIOUS MEMORIES

First, I give thanks to our Heavenly Father for blessing us with a Christian mother who taught us about HIM. She lived what she believed. Our home was always filled with laughter, Christian music, and evening worship. The neighbors thought we were having parties all the time. Friday nights were always special. Friends stopped by to be a part of our vesper experience. Mom welcomed our friends as part of our family. We never knew who would grace our home for Sabbath lunch. We had amazing Saturday night socials at our home. Mom had a loving and compassionate character. I am so grateful that GOD honored our prayer that Mom would pass peacefully. The pain of our loss is keen right now, but I know GOD will see us through every turn in this journey. We will miss the matriarch of our family, but we pray that JESUS will help us to be ready when the time comes to meet HIM and be reunited with Mom in the New Jerusalem.

♥ Kaven

B.I. CLASS OF 2005

Mama D was a wonderful woman with a warm spirit and a sharp sense of humor. She poured love into everything she cooked and her macaroni pizzas, beef pies, taco salads, and flying saucers were unmatched. We can taste the warm coffee roll and cheese right now! Mama D never wavered in her values and always had a lesson to share—especially when it came to manners. Do not come to Mama D's Tuck Shop and not have your order ready because she would skate right past you to the next person and you will surely miss your turn.

Some of us remember at times we didn't have enough money or forgot our money at home, but that didn't matter to Mama D, she had a heart of gold and fed us regardless. She knew we needed that strength to last yet another day in our studies.

One classmate stated, "Mama D was everyone's nana. She cared for each of us in her own special way, always knowing just how to guide us when we were too loud or too full of energy. Her presence commanded respect, not because she asked for it, but because she lived with such warmth, wisdom, and strength.

And of course, no one could forget her famous macaroni pizza pies, always a hit, always made with love. Thinking about her life fills me with so much joy. She is one of the brightest memories I have from B.I.

SIP, Mama D. You will surely be missed, but your love will live on in all of us".

Like our parents, Mama D played an integral part in our village and helped mold us into the outstanding citizens we are today.

Mama D's stern hand,

guidance, kindness, and delicious creations will be remembered with deep affection.

Mama D, thank you for keeping our bellies and hearts full. Thank you for your hard work and dedication to not just us, but all students at the Bermuda Institute. You will never be forgotten.

~Lovingly submitted by the B.I. Class of 2005



NANA, 17-YEAR-OLD ME WROTE YOU THIS TRIBUTE:

I have chosen to write an essay about my grandmother. My grandmother's name is Eleanor Gertrude Dillas. She was born on November 28, 1920. My grandmother is very special to me for various reasons. It wasn't easy growing up with 13 brothers and sisters. I know it was only with the help of God that my grandmother made it through all the trials and tribulations that came her way. My grandmother has sacrificed so much for her children for them to become what they are today. And I'm sure she doesn't regret anything one bit. I think my grandmother is one of the most unselfish people that I have ever met. In the year of 1995, a tragic thing happened to my family, my mother, her daughter, died of skin cancer. My father was working two jobs and my grandmother, as old as she was, unselfishly stepped in and took my brother and I into her care. She has bathed us, fed us, disciplined us, and done everything in her power to make sure that her grandkids were well taken care of. Even though we don't live with her anymore, she still takes care of us.

My grandmother has been there through thick and thin. She has sacrificed so much for her grandkids. I have seen her give up things that she really wanted, so that she could provide for her family. Not only for my brother and I, but also for her other 5 children and the um-teen grands and great grands. She not only helps her family, but other people that are in need as well. I have seen the many smiles that she has brought to the faces of other people.

My grandmother has taught me so many things and has most of all taught me about the love of God. I look up to my grandmother, and I have no idea how I can ever thank her for all that she has done for me. Even though I know it must have been hard, she always had a smile on her face. Even when things weren't going right, she never let you know it. I don't know what I would have done without her. She was there for me when I needed a shoulder to cry on, or even just someone to talk to. She is one of my best friends. I thank God every day for her and for giving her as a grandmother to me.

She has also been of great service to Bermuda Institute, serving for about 40 years at the tuck shop. My grandmother is not like a second mother to me; she is my mother. She has taught me all I know from sewing, cooking and cleaning but most of all how to love and follow God. She has helped me grow not only physically, but also spiritually. All the talks and discipline that I hated then, I am surely grateful for now. It has made me into the person that I am today. This is why my grandmother is VERY special to me.

That was written 20 years ago and until the day you closed your eyes, all these attributes about you remained true, you continued to sacrifice, serve others and love God. The videos and pictures that we took all throughout my 37 years, I will forever tightly hold on to, for memories of what an amazing, funny, sassy person you were. All the conversations we have ever had and the advice you have given will always remain in my heart and mind. Was it always sunshine and roses, no way, but you never loved me less. I am so blessed that I was able to continue to have you in my life. You saw me graduate high school, attended my college graduation, you were there for my wedding, the death of my father, death of my brother, Vershon, the birth of my daughter; your great granddaughter Kami, my divorce, the list goes on. How blessed am I that you were there to guide me and help me raise Kami, just as you had raised my mother and me. There will never be words to express my love and appreciation for all you have done for me. But I will do my best to love as you loved and serve as you served. I pray that on that great getting up morning, Kami and I will be reunited with you, Vershon, my mom and dad together in Heaven. If there was ever anyone who has "ran the good race", it was most definitely you Nana. Until we meet again, Oh! What a day of rejoicing that will be! When we all see Jesus, we will sing and shout the victory!

Love you forever and always,

♥ Vernesha aka Nesha

MY CONTINUED CONDOLENCES TO YOU, VERNESHA, SIMMONS AND DILLAS FAMILY

Thank you for the opportunity to say goodbye to an Amazing woman of God.

Within the quiet hush of time's gentle passage, we now bid farewell to a remarkable soul who graced our world for 105 extraordinary years. Though she was not bound to us by blood, she became the cherished matriarch of our hearts — a wise elder whose presence wove threads of warmth and wisdom into our lives. For many, she was simply “Mama D”, a beacon of experience whose stories unfolded like treasured heirlooms, each one a lesson in kindness, resilience, and the quiet strength of decency.

Her life was a testament to unwavering love, extended freely and without reservation to all who crossed her path. Whether it was offering a listening ear to someone in need, cooking a myriad of homemade meals and treats for purchase at the Tuck Shop back in the day and Sabbath lunches later on, or imparting gentle advice drawn from a decades of joys and sorrows, she embodied care in its purest form. Strangers became friends under her gaze, and friends became family, all nurtured by her boundless compassion that knew no limits of relation or circumstance.

While reflecting on her journey, there is a tempered solace in knowing that hers was a life lived to its fullest measure — rich with laughter, deepened by trials overcome, and illuminated by the light she cast upon others. She leaves behind not an emptiness, but a legacy etched in the countless souls she touched, inspiring us to carry forward her example of goodness. As she now slumbers, may each of us find comfort in realizing that her love endures in those influenced by her empathy and devotion.

Rest in Perfect Peace Mama D.

Jermaine, Jamar – Sargeant Family, Toronto, Canada

“IN LOVING MEMORY OF A MOM SO DEAR”

Your love and legacy continue year after year.

Though you're no longer here with me,

Your memory stays, a constant melody.

I'll hold on to our happiest times,

The laughter, tears, and countless rhymes.

The lessons taught, and love that won't wave.

In the silence, I'll hear your voice,

A gentle whisper, a heartfelt choice.

To keep you close, to hold you tight,

Until we meet again, in the morning light

Until we meet again, I shall hold,

On to our dearest memories, forever told.

Rest in peace, mom, I'll be fine,

Until we meet again, “my love divine”.

From Ian “Woncy” Black and Family





ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We would like to express our sincere and heartfelt gratitude to those she enriched Mom's life and assisted with her Celebration of Life arrangements:

Maria Alves: for providing exceptional care that made mother's last years a joyful time. For this, Maria will forever be a part of our family. We are sincerely thankful for the joy she brought Mom and the dedicated care she gave her. Maria, you're one of the family now!

Dr. Fiona Ross: for providing home visits and professional medical care.

The staff at Kali Kare: Kalisha Davis (owner/operator), Allett Duncan, and Dionne Myers (staff) for attentive and excellent care for Mom three nights a week.

The Simons family: Mrs. June Simons who frequently visited Mom with Dominoe, her dog. They would enjoy lunch, a few laughs and go for a drive. Deidre' Simons would make sure Mom had her hair styled for the weekend and bring smiles to Mom's face.

Nathalee Simons: who provided Mom with some nourishing meals and spend some nights watching and caring for her.

Sonia Howes: for her love and commitment, over many years, in making sure Mom went to her doctors appointments, ran errands and kept Mom's company when no one was available.

Sharon Rampersad-Ible, Bussie's wife: for all the love and support she gave while Bussie spent nights and weekends away from home taking care of Mom.

Margaret Goulborne: for her assistance in arranging and coordinating the many tasks needed in bringing Mom's celebration of life service together.

Bermuda Institute: for providing the facility for Mom's wake.

The professional services of: Amis Memorial for their excellent care of Mom; Shawnette Simons Smith of Legacy Funeral Planning, who expertly guided us through the entire process of organizing Mom's service; and Allana Simons of ID Associates who beautifully designed Mom's program and poster.

Dr. Kenneth Manders, Pastor Damon Hendrickson, Pastor Dejaun Tull: for pastoral support; as well as Chaplain Kevin Santucci for providing counseling and emotional support.

We also thank those persons, too many to mention, who provided love and support to Mom through so many ways while she walked through this life.

May God richly bless you!

**A WAKE WILL BE HELD FOR FAMILY AND CLOSE FRIENDS AT
BERMUDA INSTITUTE AUDITORIUM FOLLOWING THE INTERMENT.**

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