

CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF

Joan
Byron

July 1, 1940 - March 21, 2025



Celebration of Life Service

Tuesday April 8th, 2025 | 2:00pm
St. Paul's Anglican Church, Paget

Officiant: Canon Anthony Pettit
Organist: Allana Simons

ORDER OF SERVICE

Processional Ministers and Family
Opening Prayer Canon Anthony Pettit
Opening Hymn *In the Garden*
Obituary Valerie Smith, SISTER-IN-LAW
Musical Selection Jesse Seymour
Tributes The Family
Scripture – Psalms 23 Carmen Byron, NIECE
Scripture – John 15:7-12 Tracey Byron, NIECE
Song of Reflection *We Need a Word From the Lord – Thomas Whitfield*
Eulogy Minister Dave Blakeney
Song of Reflection *Take Me to the King, Tamela Mann*
Prayers Canon Anthony Pettit
Commendation Canon Anthony Pettit
Recessional Hymn *Marching to Zion*

INTERMENT St. Paul's Paget Cemetery

PALLBEARERS

Blake Raynor, GREAT NEPHEW
Michael A. Byron, GRANDSON
Dwyer Booth, GREAT NEPHEW
Dalton Jarrett Jackson, FAMILY FRIEND

Wayne Byron, NEPHEW
Darien Tucker, NEPHEW
Dean Byron, NEPHEW



IN THE GARDEN

I come to the garden alone,
While the dew is still on the roses;
And the voice I hear, falling on my ear,
The Son of God discloses.

Refrain

*And He walks with me, and He talks with me,
And He tells me I am His own,
And the joy we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.*

He speaks, and the sound of His voice
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing;
And the melody that He gave to me
Within my heart is ringing.

Refrain

And He walks with me, and He talks with me,
And He tells me I am His own,
And the joy we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.

Refrain

I'd stay in the garden with Him
Tho' the night around me be falling;
But He bids me go; thro' the voice of woe,
His voice to me is calling.

Refrain

MARCHING TO ZION

Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne,
And thus surround the throne.

Refrain

*We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful, Zion:
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.*

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God:
But children of the heav'nly King,
But children of the heav'nly King
Shall speak their joys abroad,
Shall speak their joys abroad.

Refrain

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets;
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets,
Or walk the golden streets.

Refrain

Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high,
To fairer worlds on high.

Refrain



OBITUARY

Joan Elizabeth Byron

July 1, 1940 – March 21, 2025



Joan was the youngest child of Joseph and Marguerite Byron. She was raised in the Byron family homestead at Cherry Hill Park. With her five siblings, two brothers George and Walter and her three sisters Esther, June and Gertrude, who have all, with the exception of June, predeceased her.

Throughout her life **Joan epitomised the Christian spirit** with her love of life, her jokes, her hearty laugh and generous spirit. She attended the Paget Glebe and Ord Road schools. As a youngster she received her religious education from Samaritan's Hall that later evolved into Cobbs Hill Gospel Chapel.

As was the custom in those days, **Joan began her career in Hospitality** as a teenager. Her buoyant spirit, infectious smile and warm personality endeared her to both employers and tourists alike. She worked hard and long and made many lasting friendships, both locally and overseas as a result.

Joan enjoyed hosting her sister June and her friends whenever they visited the Island. In turn, this fostered her love of travel and she visited June in New Rochelle as often as possible and shopped 'til she dropped.

Joan loved a good time, partying with her friends. She loved music and dancing. An avid card player, she would play until the wee hours of the mornings, socializing with family and friends and was well liked, owing to her fun-loving ability to get along with everyone. She loved to tell stories and found humour in most situations. She could also give you "a piece of her mind" when it became necessary as she believed in fairness and justice for all and this trait was admired and respected.

Joan was an excellent cook and she also loved to eat. Her special dishes were much requested by all of us and she delighted in preparing Sabbath meals for her son Michael's family and friends. It is safe to say that she was the star host of most family gatherings, parties and weddings. In addition to her culinary skills Joan was also a very good seamstress. She made a lot of her own clothes and sewed for others also.

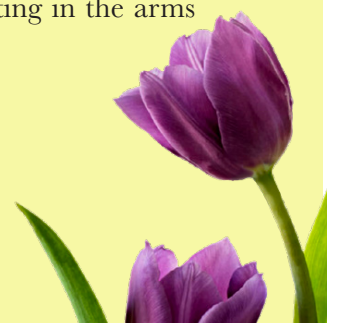
Becoming a Mom to her only son Michael was a real joy to Joan and she received much pleasure in providing for him. This joy knew no bounds when Michael further blessed her with two grandchildren – Michael A. and Angellé, whom she adored. In fact, when Michael married Angela, Joan acted as if it was the very first marriage on this planet!

Another proud moment in her life occurred when she became a taxi owner, thus fulfilling her dream of being independent and financially successful.

Joan's illness was debilitating in that it took away her mobility and set her apart from her family and friends. However she remained positive in her circumstances, although we noticed a decline as time marched on. Her concern and love for her family never wavered and she was determined to assist them, even from the confines of her wheelchair and stays in the hospital.

To know her was to love her and we all miss her already. Joan made her peace with God and we are happy to know that she is now resting in the arms of her heavenly Father.

Lovingly submitted by the Family.



LOVINGLY REMEMBERED BY

Family & Friends

BELOVED SON

Michael R. A. Byron (Angela)

GRANDCHILDREN

Michael A. Byron
Angellé Byron

GREAT GRANDCHILDREN

Azari Byron
Ne'my Byron

SIBLINGS

June Byron
Lionel Smith (Valerie)

SISTERS-IN-LAW

Roma Byron
Freda Kay Byron-Twyman

NIECES

Carolyn Davis
Carmen Byron
Tracey Byron
Darnell Raynor
Denise Booth
Dawn Byron
Ardyne Pilgrim
Quin-sae Smith
Erinn Smith
Talitta Tucker
Vanecia Chambers
Judy Bascome

Sheree Bascome
Rhonda Lambert
Andrea Tucker

NEPHEWS

Darien Tucker
Dean Byron
Wayne Byron
Julian Robinson
Haley Douglas

GREAT NIECES

Raymanda Smith
Danielle Raynor
Yanira Mapp
Michaela Tucker
Meghan Tucker
Deesa Booth
Imani Byron

GREAT NEPHEWS

Khalid Davis
Preston Ephraim
Anthony Ephraim
Blake Raynor
Zaneiro Matthews
Dwyer Booth
Darius Tucker Jr.
Taj Phipps

GODSON

Gregory Battersbee

SPECIAL SON

Stacey Gilbert

CHERISHED FAMILY & FRIENDS

Althea Norris
Jean Trott
Althea Bennett
Yvonne Blakeney
Wadney Simons
Lorraine Lowe
Nedra Cooke
Marilyn Steede
Linda Steede
Jeanette Augustus
Prudence Spriggs
Shirley White
Freda Scott
Minola Douglas
Debbie McConnaughey
Tennyson Bruce
Sammy & Donna Trott
Bobby & Cheryl Todd
Dalton Jarrett Jackson
Jean-Marie Wade
David DeSilva
Gordon Wainwright
Juliette Bean
Joe Piper
Khadijah Abdullah
Eric Young

PREDECEASED BY

SISTERS

Esther Tucker
Gertrude Byron-Dowling
Doris Douglas
Claire Bascome
Veta Tucker

BROTHERS

George Byron
Walter Byron
George Bean

NIECES

Darceann Ephraim
Lisa Bascome

NEPHEWS

Darius Tucker
Derrick Bascome
Carol Bascome
Rory Bascome
McDonald Douglas







Tributes

MOTHER NANA GRANDMOTHER SISTER AUNT
GODMOTHER FRIEND LOVING GOD-FEARING
DEDICATED NURTURER GENEROUS STRONG
HONEST WISE SUPPORTIVE BOLD COLOURFUL
LIFE TEACHER EXCELLENT COOK

“A mother is her son’s first true love; a son is his mother’s last true love.”

~ Denzel Washington ~



It was the spring of April 1960. A beautiful day when we were introduced. I felt loved, and we’ve been connected ever since. My first lessons from Mom were life-changing lessons.

Motherhood is a gift from God. She was my first preacher, my first teacher. She gave me my first Bible lessons.

Every mother has that instinctive wisdom—the Bible, “Basic Instructions Before Leaving Earth.” A bond was formed, and we have been attached ever since.

I loved Joan Elizabeth Byron. I must admit, we had a wonderful relationship. I watched with interest as she introduced me to people, took me to new places. Growing up, I remember walking through Gibbons Gardens, stepping onto the map of Bermuda, and taking pictures all over.

We explored the Devil’s Hole Aquarium, fished for turtles—sometimes getting them halfway up before they slipped away and dropped back into the water. It was thrilling.

Easter parades were special. The floats were adorned with natural flowers, and the music of Scottish pipe bands filled the air.

Our bond was strong, unbreakable. I remember the first and last time I got on a moped with her. We didn’t even make it out of the yard before we had our first accident. I told her, “That’s it! Either you get a car, or you’ll be riding alone, or we’ll take the bus.” Two months later, we had our first car. That was exciting. I remember long drives, lying upside down in the seat, staring at the stars through the windshield at night.

She always taught by example, never doing things for me but guiding me with basic instructions. She instilled discipline. I remember waking up to her voice: “Dust all the furniture in the room. Have the windows cleaned, beds made, shoes polished—not just yours, all of them. Shake out the mats, sweep the floors. Then, and only then, you can go outside to play.”

One of the funniest memories was our pet parakeet. One day, while cleaning his cage, he flew around the house as he often did. Usually, he’d return to his cage when we left the door open. But on this day, he flew right out the kitchen door.

Mom, determined, grabbed a towel and chased him into the backyard as he hopped from tree to tree. I found it endlessly amusing. Eventually, he flew away. It was bittersweet. But I looked at Mom and thought, ***“The bird may have flown away, but I still have Mom, so it’s not all bad.”***

She always aimed to please, always had something kind to share. Hospitality wasn’t just a job for her—it was in her very nature. Whether at home or work, she loved people unconditionally. It was a trait she passed down. I know I inherited it—I love people, laughter, and life, just like Mom.

Mom was a wonderful friend to many. Wherever we went, I saw how people cherished her. To me, she was just Mom—no fanfare, no need to prove anything. But as the years passed, I understood the true beauty of her.

Motherhood is like a space shuttle launching into orbit—powerful thrusters propel it beyond Earth’s atmosphere. Once the struggle is over, the rocket detaches, and the vessel continues its journey. That’s what parenting is. You push, teach, and guide your children through childhood and adolescence into adulthood. Then, they take the lessons and forge their own path.

Eventually, roles reverse. You find yourself caring for your parents. That's life—full circle. And as we reach the twilight of life, regrets come: “I wish I had...” or “If only I could have...” But that's life. You don't need a full cup to be fulfilled. Happiness isn't found in wealth, but in the richness of personality and sharing love.

As Mom aged, I saw her strength soften, but she remained a trooper, enjoying life to the end. On March 21st, we got the call—Mom was on her last moments. We gathered around, nieces, grandchildren. We sat with her for hours.

Then, after a brief step away, we got the call. Mom had passed. It was surreal. Expected, but never truly prepared for. Yet, it was peaceful. The Lord had prepared us, and we were ready. It was a blessing—any longer, and it would have been more suffering.

Now, all I can say is: “Say it loud, Silver Girl, your time has come. In that great getting-up morning, fare you well, fare you loud, fare you well.”

*Lovingly submitted by son,
Michael Raymond Anthony Byron*

A Tribute to Nana

All we've ever known is that Nana was over the moon when she became a Nana to us! Mikey was her pride and joy, and I was her perfect little girl. She made our birthday cakes from scratch every year, along with all sorts of delicious goodies for our class parties. She picked us up from school and never let us leave without a treat in hand.

Whenever she pulled into the yard in her taxi, she'd give two toots of the horn—and that was our signal to come out and clean the mats and windows for Nana.

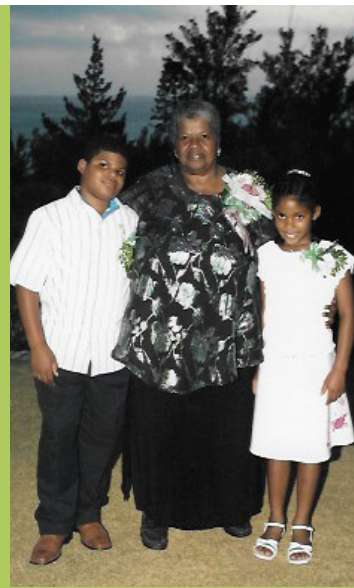
She often had Mikey and me over at her house, helping her dust and tidy up. We loved being there, especially with the music she'd play while we freshened up her space. Nana Joan taught us how to bake everything from sweet treats to hot cross buns. Mikey even placed in the exhibition with the raspberry brownies they made together—thanks to Aunt Darnell!

She made sure we were signed up for all kinds of extracurricular activities to help us grow and thrive. And anytime we were sick, she'd swoop right in to take care of us. No matter what our parents thought—we were her babies! Mikey and I always knew there was absolutely NOTHING Nana wouldn't do for us.

We always thought it was the coolest thing that our maternal grandparents and extended family were just as fond of Nana Joan. That alone speaks volumes about the warm, nurturing environment she so lovingly created for us.

*Lovingly Submitted by grandchildren,
Mikey and Angellé*







Joan E. B., what an incredible adventure it has been with you over 40 years of knowing and loving you. When we first met, I was quiet and reserved, while you were a wee bit loud and opinionated. I had to learn quickly how to be the perfect daughter-in-law while also staying true to myself. Sometimes you approved, and other times, it was a firm NO!

Your presence was always filled with lessons on how things should be handled, and it seemed you loved sharing your thoughts on what I should do. I'm sorry I didn't always listen or fully appreciate your wisdom.

I grew to love you, and in turn, you spoiled me with your delicious cooking, driving me to and from appointments, teaching me how to drive, and even taking a sewing class with me. Most of all, you were the very best Nana to Mikey and Angellé. I feel we became even closer when we had to navigate tough situations together.

On the morning of March 21, when I heard you were taking a turn for the worse, I was heartbroken because I was not ready for you to go. But I asked God to let His will be done in your life. He always knows what is best, and He decided it was time for you to rest and find peace.

Joan E. B., you will always live on in my memories.

Thank you for EVERYTHING! Your unconditional love, your wisdom, the laughter, the everyday phone calls, your incredible work ethic, and most of all, for simply being you.

Lovingly submitted by Angela, Daughter-in-Law

Plukie,

Thank-you for always lovingly hosting my three or four friends that traveled with me from the States.

Your generosity, kindness, the delicious meals you prepared, enjoyable conversations, laughter, and extravagant Harmony Hall Guest House dinners you arranged were memorable for all of us.

Lionel and I are richly blessed to have two brothers and three sisters that are now our angels. Beautiful Souls Are Never Forgotten ❤️

We are forever connected!!!

*Lovely submitted by your sister,
June Carolyn Byron*

My memories, all of them, are happy ones. Joan always made me feel, what I was, a part of the Byron Family.

I can recall stopping by her house on Saturdays because I knew Joan would be cooking for Michael, family and friends. I knew too, that I would also be the beneficiary of her culinary skills. Stopping by was no accident. It was INTENTIONAL. I remember arriving early one Saturday, looking in a pot and asking Joan what she was cooking. I didn't recognize what I saw. She said, "**Pumpkin.**" "**Oh,**" I said, "**You're making a pumpkin pie?**" She gave me a strange look. "**No, this is part of the meal.**" This flawed me, a New York City girl who only knew about pumpkin as pumpkin pie or carved jack-o-lanterns. That was my first experience with that fruit? vegetable? or both? as part of a meal, and it and everything else Bermudian that I came to know and enjoy from Joan's kitchen.

*Lovingly submitted by Sister-in-law of 47 years,
Kay*



A Tribute to Aunt Joan

We are deeply saddened that we cannot be on the island to honor Aunt Joan in person, but we want to share how special she was to us. Aunt Joan welcomed me into the family without hesitation, showing me, what true family is all about.

One Christmas, we invited her for dinner. Despite the many steps to our house, she made it up with a few breaks along the way. We had a wonderful time together that year. As she was leaving, she said with a chuckle, ***"I love you both, and dinner was great, but I won't be coming back."*** Though she never returned to our house, we understood.

Aunt Joan was the heart and soul of our family gatherings, especially the Christmas dinners. She hosted with joy, watching us play games and enjoying every moment. She was the glue that kept our family together, always emphasizing the importance of family and the love she had for her immediate family.

Her greatest wish was for Michael and Angellé to be successful and happy in life. She called me a couple of times trying to get mechanic books for Michael, wanting him to find a career that was meaningful. She also called to see if Angellé could come to watch me decorate cakes, hoping to inspire her. Aunt Joan wanted the best for her grandchildren and was always thinking about their happiness and success.

Michael and Angellé, make your granny proud. She is shining down on you now and will be with you every step of your journey.

***Rest in peace, Aunt Joan. We love you.
From Talitta, Taj and Darius II***

Growing up Aunt Joan was the strict aunty. Man she was tough sometimes, but still so giving. Anything Blake or I needed we could ask Aunt Joan for.

....She just wanted the best for us.

Things I will always remember about Aunt Joan:

Blake and I helping her with spring cleaning as kids ...the time when she told my momma that she wanted me go to BI or Warwick Academy instead of going middle school, and I refused the idea threatening to fail the test on purpose (She was not pleased).

As a child I remember how she used to always tell me to turn off the light when I leave a room because she doesn't work for Belco. I will always remember how huge her king size bed seemed to me whenever I slept over. As an adult, I will cherish the times she showed me how to make red beans and rice, spanish rice, and hot cross buns (the minced raisins unlocked another level).

I will also miss our talks and her interesting stories about growing up....

But most of all I will miss her presence, unwavering support, and love.

I am forever grateful for everything you have done for my momma Blake and I, Aunt Joan.

***Love you always, rest in peace
Danielle (Great niece)***



Aunt Joan was the drop by auntie. She stopped by the house once or twice a week. She always shared stories from Harmony Hall or the taxi and every story ended with a belly laugh! Aunt Joan gave advice whether you asked for it or not. She enjoyed family gatherings and often hosted them at her home. She was one of the few family members that called me by my correct name, Denise. I asked her why doesn't she call me Niecey like everyone else? She replied, *"De Niece. That's who you are. There's so many of you. How else will I remember your name?"* We both laughed! Sleep in peace, Auntie. Our memories of you will be forever in our hearts.

Love Denise Booth aka De Niece!



Aunt Joan possessed a keen sense of style.

She loved bold brightly colored, printed fabrics. She preferred her clothes tailored personally for her and wore them beautifully with confidence and a winning smile. I recall being summoned to come to her house to look at some of her new prints. Once I arrived, she asked me to get a huge bag of fabric from her closet. This led to me actually sorting out her whole closet. When aunt Joan travelled to her very first Carnival in Trinidad, we really missed her scrumptious meals! When I heard her mention that she was going to attend Carnival again, I negotiated with her to please leave us some meals stored in the freezer. Aunt Joan was not big on telephone conversations. She would randomly pop by to check on me at work or at home. She would make enquiries on how we were doing and how the children were getting along in school. Aunt Joan will always be fondly remembered for her honesty, her strength and the valuable life lessons and 'Pop By's!' Aunt Joan and I did have our final telephone conversation and much like branches on a tree we all grew in different directions, but our roots remain as one.

Those we love are always with us.

*Rest Easy Aunt Joan.
Love Carolyn*

Aunt Joan Elizabeth, thank you for my lessons for living life.

Darnell

Feel No Guilt in Laughter

Feel no guilt in laughter, she knows how much you care.

Feel no sorrow in a smile that she's not here to share.

You cannot grieve forever, she would not want you to.

She'd hope that you can carry on, the way you always do.

So talk about the good times and the ways you showed you cared.

The days you spent together, all the happiness you shared.

Let memories surround you, a word someone may say

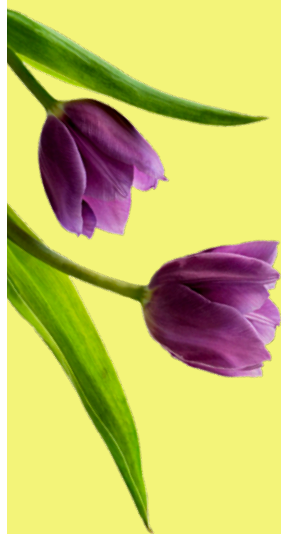
will suddenly recapture a time, an hour or a day,

that brings her back as clearly as though she were still here,

and fills you with the feeling that she is always near.

For if you keep those moments, you will never be apart

and she will live forever locked safely within your heart



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS & EXPRESSIONS OF GRATITUDE

We are deeply grateful for the love, support, and kindness shown to us during this time of loss. Your comforting words, prayers, and presence have been a source of strength and solace. Whether through a warm hug, a thoughtful card, or simply being there, your compassion has touched our hearts in ways words cannot fully express. Thank you for honoring the memory of our beloved Joan. Your support means more than we can say, and we will carry it with us always.

The family would like to say thank you to Dr. Brent Williams and Hope Healthcare Team, King Edward Memorial Hospital Extended Care Unit, Canon Ant Pettit, St. Paul's Anglican Church Paget, Minister Dave Blakeney, Allana Simons, and D.H. Augustus & Sons Funeral Home, and many cherished friends and family.