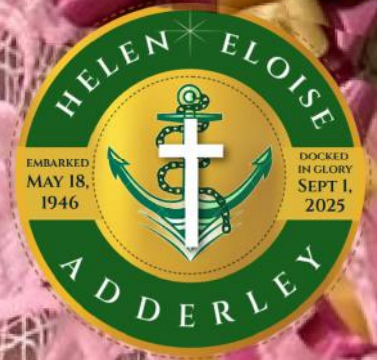


A CELEBRATION OF LIFE HONORING THE GRACEFUL VOYAGE OF THE LATE DEACONESS

# HELEN ELOISE

# ADDERLEY

*"Lita"*



ALL MY LIFE GOD HAS BEEN FAITHFUL ...





*Celebrating the Graceful Voyage  
of the Late, Deaconess*  
**HELEN ELOISE ADDERLEY**

*Bon Voyage:*

**Saturday, September 20th, 2025  
11:00 AM  
First Baptist Church  
Market Street  
Nassau, New Providence  
Bahamas**

*Officiating:*

*Rev. Dr. Diana E. Francis*

Assisted by Rev. Wilkinson Francis  
& Other Ministers of the Gospel  
Moderator: Nadia Andrews

*Interment*

Lakeview Memorial Gardens  
John F. Kennedy Drive



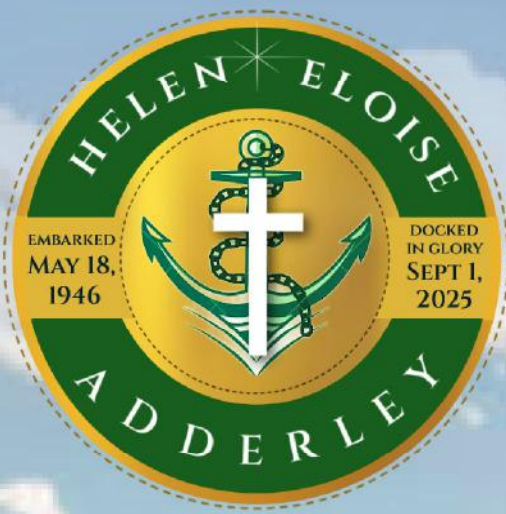
**WELL DONE THY GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT!**

**Guided by Faith  
Anchored in Grace.**

*Sailed*

**into Heaven's Embrace.**





# A Life Well Sailed

## THE EARLY DECKS: *Childhood, Family & Faith Formation*

Born on the serene shores in the settlement of O'Neil, Long Island, on May 18, 1946, Ella's voyage began in a loving Christian home, nurtured by her devoted parents, the late Deacon Mitchell Michael Gardiner and Deaconess Viola Gardiner. Her early years were filled with laughter, hymns, and the steady rhythm of spiritual growth. Her faith became her compass, and her community and family was the crew that nurtured her soul.

Ella received her early education at Simms All-Age School where she first began charting a course of purpose and service. Each phase of her life was like a port of call, each moment a deck of intention, and each wave a hymn of devotion.

## THE PORT OF PURPOSE: *New Providence (1964)*

At age of 18, Ella docked in New Providence. She boarded the vessel of First Baptist Church (FBC) in 1965. This was no ordinary stop. This became the heart of her mission for over six decades. She served with unwavering commitment as a pioneering member of FBC, fulfilling roles as Deaconess, Treasurer, Financial Secretary, Choir Member, and BTU Leader where she graced countless Christmas plays and Easter cantatas. Her voice, ringing out like a ship's bell was rich and reverent - calling others to worship and salvation.

Her presence radiated across the following choirs: FBC Chapel, FBC Sanctuary, District Union Women's, Bahamas Baptist Union and the National Baptist. As a spiritual matriarch, Ella stood at the helm with grace. Her leadership was steady and her faith unshaken. She often said, "*It is not an easy road,*" reminding all board that perseverance with faith was part of the passage.

She joyfully served alongside FBC founders, the late Rev. Dr. Earl and Dr. Marjorie "Sweet Potato" Francis Sr. and was especially proud to support their successor, Pastor Diana Francis — her dear friend and prayer warrior. Ella brought joy and reverence to every gathering with her warm smile, loving embrace and a song/bible verse for the occasion. She was also recognized as a special Honoree during the church's 59th anniversary. She was also honored by the New Providence District Women's Department in 2019 for dedicated and committed service. As a Deaconess, she served the sick and shut-in members with communion on a monthly basis. Her favorite reminder to others was, "*You must be born again,*" a call to spiritual renewal that defined her ministry and life.

## THE PORT OF COMPASSION: *A Calling to Help*


Midway through her voyage, Ella docked at a port that expanded her mission beyond the church walls: she became a certified Medical Assistant and Nurse on August 4, 1969. This was not merely a profession — it was a ministry of mercy and service. Whether tending to patients in clinics or private care or comforting families in times of need, Ella's hands were steady, her spirit gentle, and her heart always open. She treated every patient like family, offering not just care but kindness, not just treatment but tenderness. Just as she sang hymns in church, she whispered prayers in hospital rooms, believing that every act of care was a reflection of God's love. Her colleagues admired her professionalism, but it was her compassion that made her unforgettable. She was the

# *The Late, Deaconess*

## HELEN ELOISE ADDERLEY

Embarked: May 18, 1946

Docked in Glory: September 1, 2025

A portrait of Helen Eloise Adderley, a Black woman with short hair, wearing a vibrant blue and pink floral patterned jacket over a black top and a black beaded necklace. She is smiling gently at the camera.

nurse who stayed late and the caregiver who saw beyond symptoms to the soul. This port of compassion was one of Ella's most meaningful stops — a place where her faith met her vocation, and where countless lives were touched by her grace. She retired in 2005.

### THE PORT OF FELLOWSHIP: *Marriage & Family*

One of the most cherished ports on Ella's voyage was the Port of Fellowship, where love anchored deep and family flourished. With her beloved husband of 52 years, the late George David Adderley, Ella built a home that was a steady ship — warm, welcoming, and full of grace. Together, they raised four beautiful children, each a treasured passenger on her life's journey. Her grandchildren were the sparkling lights on her horizon, bringing joy to every deck she walked. Ella's love for her family was unwavering, her guidance gentle but firm, and her presence a constant source of comfort. Whether gathered around the dinner table or singing hymns together, her family was her favorite destination.

### PORTS OF JOY: *Travel & Cruises*

Ella adored travel, especially cruises. She found peace in the ocean's embrace, fellowship in shared journeys, and reflection in the quiet moments at sea. Her life mirrored the cruise she loved — full of stops that brought growth, joy, and transformation.

She travelled extensively throughout the United States, the Bahamas, the Caribbean, the Holy Land, and many other places. Each destination added depth to her perspective and delight to her spirit. Whether walking the sacred paths of Jerusalem, basking in the sunlit islands of the Bahamas and the Caribbean, or exploring the vibrant cities of America, Ella embraced every journey with wonder and gratitude. Her annual summer vacations always included the Bahamas Baptist Union Convention in Simms, Long Island at the Beulah Baptist Church. She also traveled to the U.S. with the Sanctuary Choir, including annual trips for the National Baptist Conference. Her suitcase was always ready, her heart always open, and her faith always her guide.

These voyages were more than vacations — they were moments of renewal and opportunities to connect with others across oceans and borders. Every trip was a new deck of discovery, and Ella sailed them all with grace.

### FINAL DOCKING: *Heaven*

On September 1, 2025, the anchor dropped on the earthly voyage of Deaconess Helen Eloise "Ella" Adderley. She peacefully disembarked to her final port, surrounded by love and legacy. She docked in glory, welcomed by those who sailed before her — her **Parents:** Mitchell and Viola Gardiner, **Husband:** George David Adderley, **Siblings:** Joycelyn Bonaby, Rozina Deal, Synida Dorsett, Ginger Lakes; **Aunt:** Muriel Baker; **Nephew:** Clayton Gardiner; **Niece:** Valthea Bonaby and **Cousin:** Wellington Smith. Though her earthly voyage has ended, her spirit sails on in the hearts of all who encountered her on her life's journey.

# Bon Voyage, Ella!



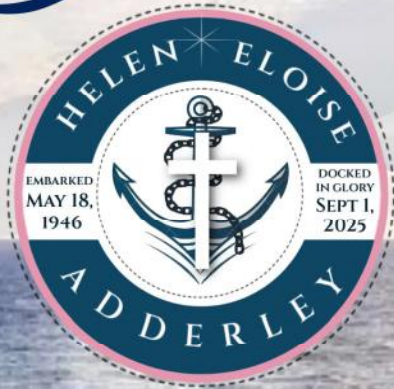
As we bid farewell to our beloved Ella, we do so with gratitude for the voyage she shared with us — a journey marked by grace, generosity, and Godliness. Her ship may have sailed beyond the horizon, but her wake of love and faith remains. Her ship was strong, her course was true, and her wake is filled with love. May you now cruise the celestial shores, where the waters are calm, the hymns are eternal, and God, our Captain, is always near. Her Passenger List, those who sailed closest to her heart includes her: **Children:** Sharon, David, and Renea Adderley, Georgette (Van) Jacobs; **Grandchildren:** Amya and Kaiden Adderley, Dylan and Ayden Jacobs; **Godchildren:** Lenora Meadows, Karen Smith; **Brothers:** Richard, Lloyd (Rose) Winton, Daniel (Kathy), and Jonathan Gardiner; **Sisters:** Genette and Minister Delerice Gardiner; **Brother In-Laws:** Neville (Yvonne), Alphonso, and Charles (Vernetha) Adderley, Courtney Lakes, Richard Deal; **Nieces and Nephews:** Michael (Corrine) Miller, Keith (Ida), Hurbert (Carla) and Monique Bonaby, Antoinette (Daniel) Knowles, Dwayne (Malarie) and Warren (Danie) Gray, Rochelle (Robert) Azard, Suzanne Gray-Morrison, Richard Deal Jr., Shameka (Elvaro) Hinsey, Michael, Kenyatta, Kyle and Kanell Gardiner, Tamicka (Kwasi) Thompson, Eldon (Jamie), Tory (Brittany), and Tramaine (Carlene) Gardiner, Tericka (Jason) Darville, Patrice Dorsett-Moonilal, Spence Dorsett, Mark Murray, Ahmad (Raquel) Gardiner, Danielle (Arthur) Mackey, Genesis Gardiner, Faith Lake, Kevin (Christine) Cleare, Japhier, Diego, Jahiem, Quinton, Erikiesha and Eadric Gardiner, Clytisha, Chelsea and Minister Clydero Fraser, Sophia, Nicole, Dag Spencer, Shawn, Alphonso Jr., Marco, Kevin, Delicia, Ethelyn Sandy, Zanelia Precious, Camille, Raymond, Kendall, Jr., Jeremy, Dellarese, Kendranique, Narissa, Neysa and Joycelyn Adderley **Grand Nieces and Nephews:** Sherkeria (Antione) Roberts, Anea (Chavaz) Thomas, Dyran, Kavon (Jamesha), Anthia and Deanya Knowles, Samantha Huyler, Deante (Donald) Rolle, Demetri, Kristen, Justin, Latisha, Ryan, Redeem, and Rekeel Azard, Rishe, Syriah, Ciara, Darnisha, Jeremiah, and Sebastian Gray, Jelani Morrison, Elvaro, Jr., Liam, Nickolas, and Nathan Hinsey, Valencia, Jamal, and Shonelle Miller, Kendesha, Kenrano, Kemmio, Kalea, Emmanuel, and Keith Bonaby, Jr., Sania and Ethan Dorsett, Nylah Moonilal, Samaya Toyloy, K'Vean, Kayden, Kenzo, Taraji, and Tamari Cleare, D'Neka, and Michael Cunningham, Zanthia Rolle, Jady, Jayleese, Jaymee and Janay Thompson, Trinity, Zion, Micah, Tory, Jr., Sariah, Saniah, Tatiyana, Grace, Elijah, Ashantae, Ashlee, Kyliah, Kyle, Jr., Ahmir, Markell, Ahmad, Jr., and Myles Gardiner, Keyshon Deal, Syniah Knowles, Teran Lord,

Deangelo Adderley; **Aunts:** Idell Seymour, Cora Dean; **Cousins:** Bernadette Davis, Christina Smith, David, Anuscha, Etherene, Edward and Carolyn Baker, Quincy Cartwright, Mirza (Sherel) Turnquest, Edward Butler-Smith, Joseph, Zipporah, Karen and Theophilus Smith, Glen (Theresa), Kevin, Mervin, Erilyn, Percy, Willis, Michelle, Maxwell (Allison), Michael, and Andrea Dean, Lorette Maycock, Alvida (Terrence) Carroll, Cheryl (Glen) Adderley, Ellis (Hyacinth), and McAllan (Valderine) Knowles, Barbara Romer, Donella (Pastor Vincent) Johnson, Maxwell Knowles, Monique Seymour, Yvonne Manning, Janet (John) Kelly, Patrick (Lorraine) Darling, Pedro and Keith Seymour, Freda Thurston, Geleta (Dr. Eugene) Gray, Shevamae Morley, Alice and Beverly Miller, Violet Stuart, Debbie and Netty Sturup, Karen Neely, Deidra and Tony Perpall; **Numerous Great-Grand Nieces and Nephews, and a host of cherished relatives and friends including:** Mrs. Lesa Roberts and Family, Mrs. Leticia Curry and Family, Mrs. Nazel Johnson and Family, PMH Retired Nurses Community, Nurse Pearl Mills and Family, Nurse Miriam Rolle and Family, Barbara Dorsett and Family, the Heirs of the Late Cleophas & Lucinda Knowles Sr., The Bamboo Town Community, Pastor Dr. Diana Francis and Family, The First Baptist Church Family, The Beulah Baptist Church (Long Island) Family, Simms/O'Neil Long Island Community, FBC Soup Kitchen Staff and Members, FBC Healthy Temple Exercise Group, The Jacobs' Family (Marksville, LA), Bishop Neil Ellis and Family, Pastor Joseph Knowles and Family, Pastor Trajean Jadorette and Family, Dr Jamal Moncur and Family, Kotora's Concierge and Professional Services, Dr Paul Fox and Family, Pastor Joseph Rolle and Family, Pastor George Bodie and Family, Dr Crispin Gomez and Family, Dr Mitchell Lockhart and Family, Memorial Regional Hospital Oncology Staff (8th Floor), Elton Taylor and Family, Jason "Crock" Rolle and Family, Andy Ferguson and Family, Sheldon Smith and Family, Owen "Rat" Dean and Family, Sandy "Tommy" Mackey and Family, Aaron Moss and Family, Mrs. Gladys Mitchell and Family, Kathy Mitchell and Family, Arlington Bodie and Family, Henry Thurston and Family, Starita Ferguson and Family, Julian Blair and Family, Audley Major and Family, Granville Ferguson, Irene Dacosta and Family, Audley Bain and Family, The Cambridge Family, The King Family, Gillian Curry-Williams an Family, and Krizia Williams and Family.

Until we meet again on that celestial shore, where the waters are calm and the hymns never cease.

***The family extends heartfelt apologies to anyone whose name may have been unintentionally omitted.***

# Anchored IN GLORY





# Order of Service

## CELEBRATING THE GRACEFUL VOYAGE OF THE LATE DEACONESS HELEN ELOISE ADDERLEY

*Officiating: Rev. Dr. Diana E. Francis*

*Assisted by Rev. Wilkinson Francis & Other Ministers of the Gospel*

*Moderator: Nadia Andrews*

### Musical Prelude

**Processional & Seating of the Family** | FBC Sanctuary Choir

**Processional of Ministers** | Casket led by Pastor Diana E. Francis

**Opening Sentences** | Rev. Wilkinson Francis | Associate Pastor, FBC

**Congregational Hymn** | "Heaven's Jubilee"

**Invocation** | Minister Leviticus Rolle | FBC Ministerial Team

**Prayer Response** | "Sweet Hour of Prayer"

**Ministry in Song** | FBC Sanctuary Choir

**Her Journey Remembered** | Please limit to 2 minutes

Rev. Trajean Jadorette, Senior Pastor, New Covenant Baptist Church

Mrs. Patricia Mortimer, Neighbor

**Video Tribute** | Mrs. Donella Johnson

First Lady, Community Baptist Church, Nashville, Tennessee | Cousin

**Old Testament Scripture** | Bernadette Davis | Cousin | Proverbs 3:1-8

**Condolences, Reflections & Tributes** | Please limit to 2 minutes

Kaiden Adderley | Grandson

Minister Lorese Butler | FBC Sanctuary Choir

Sis. Lorraine Francis | President, FBC Women of Purpose Ministries

**Solo** | Psalmist Monique & Bryanna Bethel

**Condolences, Reflections & Tributes** | Please limit to 2 minutes

Rev. Joseph Rolle | Senior Pastor, Carmichael Road Union Baptist Church

Mrs. Geleta Gray | The Long Island Association

Bishop Neil C. Ellis | Founding Pastor, Mt. Tabor Church

**Video Tribute** | Rev. Dr. Joseph A. Knowles

Senior Pastor, Mt. Theos Union Baptist Church

**New Testament Scripture** | Ms. Amya Adderley | Grand Daughter | 1 Corinthians 15: 50-58

**Church Resolution** | FBC Media Ministry

**Ministry in Song** | FBC Sanctuary Choir

**Eulogy** | Rev. Dr. Diana E. Francis | Senior Pastor, FBC

**Prayer for the Family** | Rev. Wilkinson Francis | Associate Pastor, FBC

**Recession** | "It's Alright Now!"

INTERMENT FOLLOWING AT LAKEVIEW MEMORIAL GARDENS, JOHN F. KENNEDY DRIVE  
GRAVESIDE HYMNS: SEE PAGES 12/13

The family is requesting quiet time after the funeral and burial, so there will be no repass. Please allow privacy during this time of bereavement.

# Service Songs

## Heaven's Jubilee

Some glad morning,  
we shall see Jesus in the air  
Coming after you and me  
joy is ours to share  
What rejoicing there will be  
when the saints shall rise  
Headed for that jubilee  
yonder in the skies

**Chorus:**

**Oh, what singing,  
Oh, what shouting  
On that happy morning  
when we all shall rise  
Oh what glory, Hallelujah  
When we meet our  
Blessed Savior in the skies**

Seems that now  
I almost see,  
all the sainted dead  
Rising for that jubilee,  
that is just ahead  
In the twinkling of an eye,  
changed with them to be  
All the living saints to fly,  
to that jubilee!

Chorus

When with all that heavenly  
host we begin to sing  
Singing in the Holy Ghost  
how the heavens ring  
Millions there will join the song  
with them we shall be  
Praising Christ through ages long  
what a jubilee!

Chorus

## It's Alright Now!

There was a time I traveled  
a lonely sinful road  
Beneath a heavy burden,  
bending low  
But now all things are different,  
for Jesus took my load  
It's alright now,  
I'm His I know

**Chorus:**

**It's alright now,  
for I am in my Savior's care  
Its alright now,  
my Savior hears and answers prayers'  
He'll walk beside me  
'till I climb the heavenly stair,  
And everything is alright now!**

And down a lonely pathway,  
without a friend to guide  
I walk in sin and sorrow all alone  
'Till Jesus came and found me,  
and drew me to His side,  
It's alright now, for I'm His own!

No more in sin I wander,  
no more in darkness roam,  
The Lord has placed my  
feet on higher ground,  
Each day new height  
I'm gaining,  
my soul is nearing home  
It's alright now,  
I'm heaven bound.

Chorus





# Graveside Hymns

## GLAD REUNION DAY!

There will be a happy meeting  
in Heaven, I know  
When we see the many loved ones  
we've known here below  
Gathered on that blessed hilltop  
with hearts all aglow  
That will be a glad reunion day!

**Chorus:**

Glad day, a wonderful day,  
Glad day, a glorious day  
There with all the holy angels  
and loved ones to stay  
That will be a glad reunion day!

There within the holy city we'll sing and rejoice,  
Praising Christ the blessed Savior  
with heart and with voice;  
Tell Him how we came to love Him  
and make Him our choice,  
That will be a glad reunion day!

When we live a million years  
in that wonderful place  
Basking in the love of Jesus,  
beholding His face  
It will seem but just a moment  
of praising His grace  
That will be a glad reunion day!

## FARTHER ALONG

Tempted and tried we're off made to wonder,  
Why it should be thus all the day long  
While there are others living about us,  
Never molested though in the wrong

**Chorus:**

Farther along we'll know all about it,  
Farther along we'll understand why  
Cheer up, my brother, live in the sunshine  
We'll understand it all by and by

When death has come and  
taken our loved ones,  
It leaves our home so lonely and drear  
Then do we wonder why others prosper,  
Living so wicked year after year

Faithful till death said our loving Master  
A few more days to labor and wait  
Toils of the road will then seem as nothing,  
As we sweep through the beautiful gate

**Chorus**





# Graveside Hymns

## IT IS WELL

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

### Chorus:

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

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

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

## IT IS FINISHED

There's a line That's been drawn through the ages  
On that line stands the old rugged cross  
On that cross a battle is raging  
For the gain of man's soul or his loss

### Chorus:

It is finished, The battle is over,  
It is finished, There'll be no more war  
It is finished, The end of the conflict  
It is finished, And Jesus is Lord

On one side march the forces of evil  
All the demons and devils of hell  
On the other the angels of glory  
And they meet on Golgotha's hill

The earth shakes with the force of the conflict  
And the sun refuses to shine  
For there hangs God's Son in the balance  
And then through the darkness He cries



# ANCHORS AWEIGH .....

## Messages from the Crew

### My Loving Mother

My heart is full with both sorrow and gratitude, to honor the life of my beloved mother — a woman who loved deeply, lived faithfully, and feared God with every breath in her body to the very end.

She raised me on the principles of God's word and I can still hear her voice telling me "I must tell Jesus". Her faith wasn't just something she talked about, it was how she lived. Even through her illness she continued to praise and worship God.

She had a strength that only comes from truly knowing God. I will miss her voice, laughter, and prayers for me. Mommy love for Christ has brought me closer to God. But I know one thing for sure, she is with the Lord now. She has fought the good fight. She has finished her race. Even though my heart aches, I give thanks, because I had the blessing of calling **this amazing woman** my mother.

Sleep on Mommy, rest in the arms of Jesus. You have earned your crown.

Love you always,  
Your first born

*Sharon*



# UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN

To My Mother, Helen Adderley

With all my love, from your son, David ...

In a world that often rushes forward, my mother, Helen Adderley, stood still in grace. She was a rare and precious soul—a woman of quiet strength, unwavering faith, and deep wisdom. Her life was a living sermon. Her memory still speaks in every corner of my heart.

This tribute is built on the moments we shared, the lessons you taught me, and the love you gave so freely. I will continue to carry your voice, your spirit, and your legacy with me every day—with God's grace and mercy.

You never sought titles or recognition; you simply wanted to be faithful and serve the Lord. Your humility was your crown. Wherever you went, your presence was felt — not because you demanded attention, but because you carried peace that commanded respect. You often said, "A good name is better than silver or gold," and you lived that truth. But the words that truly defined you were: "Let the life I lived speak for itself." And it does—loudly, beautifully, eternally. Every morning and night, even as a child and as an adult, you faithfully kept your routine. You reminded my siblings and me, often: "I am the parent. I brought you here — you didn't bring me." It wasn't just a statement; it was your way of teaching us respect, boundaries, and reverence for your role. You also believed that not everything required an answer — and sometimes silence was the most respectful reply. I can still hear your voice lifted in bold, heartfelt prayer, calling each child by name and grandchildren alike. You didn't just pray — you petitioned heaven. That sound became my comfort, my shield, my reminder that I was covered by your faith. And when words weren't enough, you sang. Whether soprano or alto, your voice carried conviction and joy. You hummed in the mornings and leaned on your songs in times of trouble. They were not just melodies — they were lifelines. With your signature sense of humor and that unforgettable smile, you would say: "I am your mother, not your God Mother." It kept me grounded, reminding me that love didn't mean indulgence — it meant guidance. We laughed, but I also listened —because when you spoke, Mummy, you spoke with purpose.

Though you loved deeply, you were selective with your circle. You didn't need to be surrounded by many — only by a few who truly understood your heart. Your friendships were rooted in trust and unwavering loyalty. You knew who you were, and you never compromised that for anyone. You taught me how to manage my emotions and not let it get the upper hand. You showed me how to walk with dignity and how to trust God through every challenge. You once told me, "When you learn to control your emotions and trust God more, the burdens of life will still come—but with God at the helm, it's a little easier." I hold onto that now more than ever. You prepared me for life's path — not with fear, but with faith. Your love was like

a lighthouse—steady, guiding, and full of grace. Sometimes you would quietly say you had been talking to Dad — not in sorrow, but in peace. As if your love still echoed between heaven and earth. A bond that even death could not break. You carried much, but never lost your joy. Your wisdom was sharp, your compassion deep, your laughter healing. In your final days, you spoke with calm assurance: "I'm waiting on my Savior. He will take care of me." Those words were not just comfort — they were conviction. Your faith stood unshaken, even at the threshold of eternity. In your last hour, you didn't speak, but your eyes did. You held my hand, and we cried together. In that silence, there was no fear—only love, peace, and the unbroken bond between a mother and her son.

You lived 79 full years. If I could have given you more — more health, more time, more peace—I would have. But God saw your work was complete. I believe with all my heart, when the clarion sounds, your name will be there: "**I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith.**" —2 Timothy 4:7

Though this tribute is for you, Mom, I still carry the ache of losing Dad, George Adderley, just over five years ago. But now I see it differently. He went first—not just in death, but in purpose. He went to prepare a place for his bride. And when their home was ready, he called. You answered. And now, you are together again, resting in the presence of the God you both served so faithfully. Mom, you were my lighthouse. In the darkest hours, your love was the light that helped me find my way. You stood firm, shining with grace, wisdom, and faith. And even now, though the sea feels rough without you, I still see your light. I still hear your prayers. I still feel your love guiding me home. Although I'm not perfect, I'm trying — by God's grace and mercy — to be a better man. Not just because of you, but because of the God you served so faithfully. Your life pointed me to Him. And now, I walk forward not only in your memory, but in the light of the faith you lived.

Mom... I couldn't have asked for a better mother. Thank you — for your prayers, your strength, your laughter, your wisdom, and your unwavering faith. I will honor you always.

I will trust God, just as you taught me.  
You were a mother until the end.  
And as your son, I salute you — my Lady

With love and respect, Always

David

# ANCHORS AWEIGH .....

## Messages from the Crew

### A Tribute to My Beloved Mommy

Can a mother's tender care ever cease toward the child she bears? For me, the answer has always been no. Mommy's love never ceased—not in life, and not in spirit. Her care was constant, her devotion unwavering, and her presence felt in all my quiet moments. In those still times, I know: you are near. You never stopped checking on me—even to the very end. You listened even when I wasn't speaking. You prayed for me and had everyone else do the same. I will miss your whispering, "That's Renea." That simple phrase held so much pride, love, and understanding.

We laughed, cried, and shared secrets—moments that stitched our hearts together in ways words can barely describe. Whether it was a joke only we understood, tears shed during life's trials, or quiet confessions whispered in trust, those memories are treasures I hold close. Mommy was not just my mother—she was my confidante, my safe place, my greatest cheerleader. In her presence, I felt seen, heard, and deeply loved. Her ability to understand me without explanation was a gift I never took for granted. Even in silence, she knew my heart. And in those sacred exchanges, I found comfort, wisdom, and strength that still guide me today.

When you got sick, I prayed for God to make a way. The way I prayed for was healing. I pushed for it. I even told you I wasn't ready to let you go. But as expected, you said, "Renea, that is between you and God." You always had an answer that led back to Him. Your loss is sometimes unbearable, but your legacy is a source of strength. You left behind gifts that were beyond material—spiritual gifts that continue to shape my life. You taught me that God must always come first, and you lived that truth every day through your ministry, your prayers, and your unwavering faith. I even find myself quoting scripture you taught me in everyday conversations, because your words and your walk with God are forever etched in my heart. You taught me that death is not to be feared, but welcomed, for it is the gateway to eternal life with our Heavenly Father.

Now that you've gone on, I will miss our calls and your nightly singspiration during your bath time. Your voice would fill the house and even drift to the neighbors' homes—songs of praise, hymns of comfort, and melodies of faith. It was a calming reminder of God's love and your deep connection to Him. I also admired your Saturday evening ritual of preparing for Sunday services—laying out your clothes, rehearsing your songs, and setting your heart in worship. You lived your faith with intention, and it showed in everything you did.

Mommy and Daddy, I did my best for you. I thank God every day for blessing me with you. Your tender care never stopped—not for me. You gave me everything, and now, I carry your legacy of faithfulness forward to comfort me.

Love you always  
Your loving daughter,

*Renea*



# UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN

## My Loving Mother

When I think of you, all I can say is: **To God Be The Glory!** I thank God for the gift of time spent under you and Daddy's stewardship. It's still surreal to accept that you won't be here to talk about life, church, songs, shopping specials, late night travel deals, the kids, or what Van baked or cooked. And birthdays — those were always special. We could count on that early morning call, your joyful voice singing the birthday song the moment we answered. I've saved your last birthday voice note, and I'm grateful for the extra footage of you speaking. Your voice will remain a cherished memory.

Mummy, I miss you already, and it's only been 19 days, but I will do my best to honor your final wishes and live by the principles you and Daddy instilled in me. I'll miss our conversations — especially the ones filled with wisdom and guidance. You walked me through marriage, motherhood, finances, health, and faith with grace and conviction.

And of course, our shared love for fashion and shopping added its own sparkle to our bond. Even though you were preparing me for September 1, 2025, I still felt unprepared. Some days feel like a blur, but I'm trying my best to finish this task well. You left me with words that will echo in my heart forever:

- Honor God.
- Seek and speak to God first about everything.
- Honor your parents.
- Don't beg. Don't brag. Don't borrow.
- Be kind, but be firm.
- Stand on principles.
- Be respectful—and ensure it is reciprocated.
- You only need a few authentic friends.
- Your name is all that you have—let it speak when you walk into rooms, and even more so in your absence.
- Everything should be done in decency and order.

These weren't just lessons—they were your legacy. And I will carry them with me, always. Though your voice has quieted, your presence resounds in every corner of my life. You were more than a mother—you were my compass, my confidante, my teacher. The lessons you poured into me were not just words, but a way of life. And now, I carry them forward with reverence. Even in your absence, I feel your guidance — in the stillness of prayer, in the rhythm of daily choices, in the echo of your wisdom. I will strive to live a life that honors your legacy, one marked by faith, integrity, and love.

*"Praise be to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of compassion and the God of all comfort, who comforts us in all our troubles, so that we can comfort those in any trouble with the comfort we ourselves receive from God." — 2 Corinthians 1:3-4*

With unconditional love,

*Georgette, Van, Dylan & Ayden*



# ANCHORS AWEIGH .....

## Messages from the Crew

Lala you were the apple of my eye and I know I was the apple of yours. The bond we shared could never be broken, because no one could ever come between us. You were my safe place, my confidant, my second mother. I could talk to you about anything and everything, and everyone knew it was always me and you. I didn't play about my Grammy. Growing up with you and Granddaddy gave me the best childhood anyone could ask for. You didn't just treat me like a grandchild, you raised me with love, faith, and discipline. You taught me about God and His greatness. I remember us sitting together, reading the Bible, and saying our prayers. And I'll never forget you singing your favorite hymn, "Oh, How I Love Jesus." The way you sang it showed not just the words, but the truth in your heart you really did love Him. Those moments built a foundation of faith that still carries me today. I can still picture those mornings when I'd wake up for school to find my breakfast ready, my lunch packed, and my lunch money set aside all before you left for your hospital shift. You carried so much on your shoulders, yet you made it all look easy.

As I grew older, we only grew closer. We called each other every morning, at lunch, and again at night. Even if we had nothing to say, we'd just sit on the phone in silence, because being in each other's presence was enough. That's the kind of love we had. Some of my favorite memories are of bringing you Cracker Jack, ginger snaps, and candy making sure you took your vitamins and dressing you in a new outfit for church so we could look good together on Sunday. I made sure to capture every moment, because every moment with you was priceless.

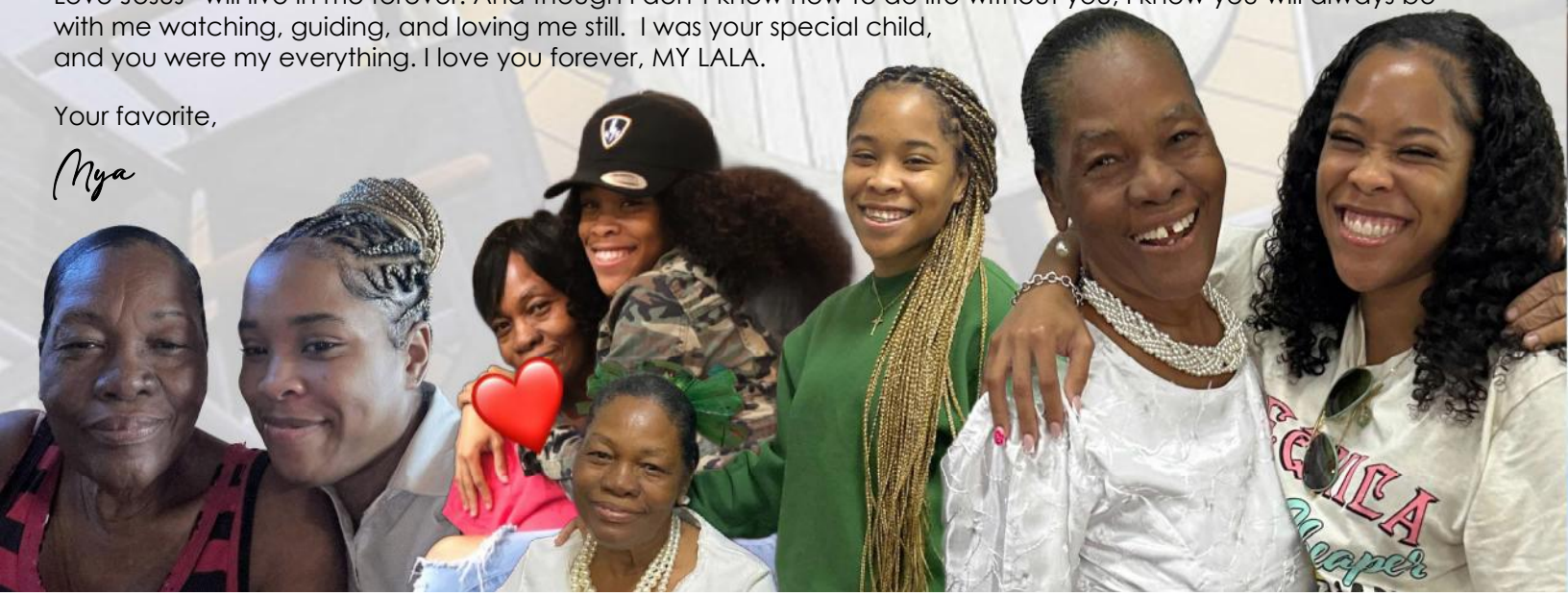
Grammy, I know you loved all of us the same. But I was your only girl, your last girl and that made me your special child. The bond we shared was unshakable, and everyone around us could see it. I've always done everything I could to make you proud. I graduated with my bachelor's degree Cum Laude this August, and when I saw you fighting through sickness, it pushed me to go even harder. That's why I'll continue on to my master's degree because you showed me what it means to fight, and I will carry that strength with me always. I still can't believe you're gone. I told you I was coming back for you, and you said, "Okay," not knowing you would leave me so soon. Not a day goes by that I don't think of you. I miss you with everything in me.

It was always you and me. People admired how I cared for you, but the truth is you gave me more than I could ever give back. You filled me with lessons, faith, and love that will stay with me forever. I'll never forget you singing "Oh, How I Love Jesus" and telling me, "Mya, write this down this is what I love." Now I understand you were preparing me for this day, even though I still feel unprepared. God blessed us with 25 beautiful years together, and for that I am forever grateful. Every year was filled with nothing but love. I thank Him not just for giving me a grandmother, but for giving me another mother, a hero, a best friend. That's why I chose to carry your last name, Utterly because I wanted to carry your legacy, to always be part of your bunch.

Grammy, you were my strength, my guide, my home. Your words, your prayers, and your favorite hymn "Oh, How I Love Jesus" will live in me forever. And though I don't know how to do life without you, I know you will always be with me watching, guiding, and loving me still. I was your special child, and you were my everything. I love you forever, MY LALA.

Your favorite,

*Mya*



# UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN

## A Tribute to My Grammy In Loving Memory of Helen Adderley

*"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race,  
and I have remained faithful." — 2 Timothy 4:7*

From the time I was little straight up to now, I always knew how much my Grammy loved me. She showed it in the way she cared, the way she defended me no matter who it was, and the way she always made sure I stayed grounded in my morals and my faith. She was more than just my grandmother; she was someone I could count on, someone who taught me how to live right, and someone who believed in me no matter what.

Even in her hardest days, she reminded me to lean on God and trust Him. That's the kind of example she left me; faith, strength, and love that never gave up. At 18, I can say without a doubt that her influence shaped me into the young man I am becoming, and it will guide me for the rest of my life.

Grammy, I love you and I'll carry your lessons with me forever. You may be gone from this world, but you'll always be in my heart.

Love always,  
Your Grandson

*Kaiden*

## Poetic Reflection From Dylan & Ayden About Grammy

When tomorrow starts without me,  
And I'm not here to see,  
If the sun should rise and find your eyes,  
Filled with tears for me.  
I wish so much you wouldn't cry,  
The way you did today,  
While thinking of the many things  
We didn't get to say.  
I know how much you love me,  
As much as I love you,  
And each time you think of me,  
I know you'll miss me too.  
When tomorrow starts without me,  
Don't think we're far apart,  
For every time you think of me,  
I'm right there in your heart.

Author: David Romane

*Dylan & Ayden*



# ANCHORS AWEIGH .....

## Messages from the Crew

### My Sister with Love

When the living Soul of God detaches itself from the flesh of the Earth, it leaves behind grief and sorrow for the family, loved ones, and friends, that sometimes seem unbearable. These raw emotions often detour a loved one from the joyous, yet precious memories that were shared over one's lifetime.

I consider myself fortunate to have known Ella, and to have her as my sister. Only one person who came close to comparing her to was our Father "Daddy". Anytime anyone said that they had an issue with Ella, I knew that person was not straight. Ella was my measuring stick that I often used to define myself and others. If I couldn't talk to her about something, then I knew that was something that I shouldn't be doing. A while back, I was engaged in a brief conversation with her when she stated that I never raised my voice at her or disrespected her, even when we were at odds. She used her favorite word MANNERS, of which she felt I always had good manners, regardless of her strong opinions. My reply to her was that I was wrong and that she was right. Our conversation ended in silence.

Ella never compromised her integrity regardless of who she was dealing with. She always gave me the rigid, absolute truth without remorse. She never hid her feelings of love when I was doing what was right or chastisement when I was doing wrong. I realized in my senior age that as long as I was on the wrong path of life, my relationship with her would've never flourished positively. Her no-nonsense attitude was the same as when I was a child. Her attitude, fairness, and reliability were consistent, and she was the only person I knew in my lifetime that had no tolerance for wrong. Over the past decade, I rebuilt and renewed my relationship with her, which cemented a bond that is timeless. I personally witnessed her fight and accept the inevitable, in her last days.

Her transfer is a great loss to me. Her universal principles were immaculate. Her love and trust for God, His statues and commandments, were unwavering. There will never be another. May her soul rest in eternal peace!!

*Baby Bro Jonathan*

### A Tribute to My Sister, Helen (Ella)

Big sisters are some of life's greatest teachers. They show us what it means to be kind, to be caring, and to be fair. They help us understand that we won't always be right, and that's okay. They teach us the value of teamwork, the importance of resolving conflict with grace, and most importantly, they show us what it means to love — and to be loved in return.

That was my sister, Helen — or as many knew her, Ella. She didn't just teach these lessons — she lived them. Every single day. She was a woman rooted in faith, a true daughter of the King. Her love for God wasn't just something she spoke about; it was something she lived out — in the way she treated others, in her gentleness, in her quiet strength, and in her unwavering belief in prayer. You could feel the presence of God in the room when she prayed. Her faith was steady, humble, and powerful.

Ella was more than a sister to me — she was a light, a guide, and a source of constant love. I was so blessed to walk this life with her by my side. I loved her dearly, but I know Jesus loves her best.

Though her absence leaves a space that cannot be filled, her life leaves a legacy that cannot be forgotten. I take comfort in knowing that she is now in the presence of the One she loved the most — resting, rejoicing, and watching over us with that same love she always gave so freely.

Rest well, my sister. Until we meet again.

Your loving Sis,

*Genette*



# UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN

## Aunty Ella

*Today, we celebrate the life of a remarkable woman — our beloved Aunty Ella.*

Aunty Ella you were more than family; you were a shining example of faith, love, and humility. A woman who walked with God, not just in words but in the way you lived your life.

Your heart was filled with kindness, always ready to offer a prayer, a word of encouragement, or a helping hand. You taught us that true strength is found in faith, that hope never disappoints, and that love is the greatest gift we can share.

You were a pillar of wisdom in our family, guiding us with gentle counsel and reminding us to put God first in all things. We can still hear you say that "It is not an easy road", a phrase from one of your favorite songs to reassure us that the Saviour walks besides us and lightens up the heavy load. Your laughter brightened our hearts; your prayers and songs uplifted our spirits.

Though we feel the weight of your absence, we rejoice knowing that you have finished your race and now at rest in the presence of the Lord you served so faithfully. Your life was your testimony — and what a powerful testimony it was.

Aunty Ella, we will miss your voice, your smile, and your unwavering faith. But we take comfort in knowing that we will meet again on that glorious day when there will be no more tears, no more sorrow, only eternal joy in Christ.

*Sleep well Aunty Ella, God's faithful servant. Your legacy of love and devotion will live on in us forever.*

*Your Loving Nieces & Nephews*

## A Tribute to My Beloved Aunty Ella

Today, I honor the life of a woman whose presence was truly a blessing — my dear Aunty Ella. She was a God-fearing woman, one who lived her life with faith, humility, and love. Her walk with the Lord was steady and strong, and through her example, she showed me what it meant to trust God in all things. Aunty carried herself with grace and kindness. She was there for me during the difficult and good times of my life, being a nurturing loving Aunty.

Sleep on, Aunty, and take your rest. You ran your race well, and your crown awaits you. Until we meet again, I will cherish every memory, every lesson, and every bit of love you left behind.

Your loving Nephew,

*Dwayne*

## A Tribute to a Remarkable Woman

I pay tribute to a remarkable woman of faith, strength, and principle. She was a God-fearing grandmother who never wavered in her beliefs and poured genuine love into our lives. She kept Kaiden grounded in church from a child, encouraged him in his studies, and always reminded him that respect and manners would carry him far. Those same lessons are ones I continue to hold onto and share. She became like a mom to me, someone I could laugh with, talk to, and look to for spiritual guidance. Her love extended deeply ~ not only to Kaiden, but to his dad, with whom she shared an unbreakable bond. He leaned on her strength and wisdom, the same way Kaiden leans on me today, and that closeness is a true reflection of the love she gave and the legacy she leaves. Though my heart is heavy and I will miss her Presence in my life, I take comfort in knowing she lives on through the values she planted in us. I will do my best to Honor her by ensuring Kaiden continues to make her proud.

Rest peacefully, Mrs. Helen Adderley.  
Love Kaiden's Mummy,

*Kezia*



# ANCHORS AWEIGH ... UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN

## *Messages from the Crew*

### **AMAZING GRACE, HOW SWEET THE SOUND**

Helen and George moved into the Bamboo Town neighborhood when Sharon was just eleven days old. As a midwife and nurse, I was honored to assist Helen with her precious newborn, and from that moment, our friendship was born.

Over the years, that friendship blossomed into something far greater. We shared not only our lives but our children. We did not remain just friends, we became family. She was another sister to me. When Dave was born, she entrusted me with the special role of his "Goddy," as he so lovingly called me.

Our professional paths often crossed as well. Both of us served as nurses at PMH, united by our deep love for our patients and our work.

Helen was a true child of God. She carried a spirit of encouragement and always had a kind, uplifting word for everyone she met.

Her faith was unshakable. First Baptist Church was her home, the church of her heart. From the days of Earl and Sweet Potato to the leadership of Rev. Dr. Diana Francis, she remained steadfast in her service and devotion.

Today, we remember not just her life, but her love, her faith, and her example. She has left behind a legacy of kindness, compassion, and grace.

Rest in peace, "Mother"  
With love,

*Letitia R. Curry, Retired RN*

*A Message From Helen Adderley  
Selected By Nurse Miriam Rolle*

### **Miss Me But Let Me Go**

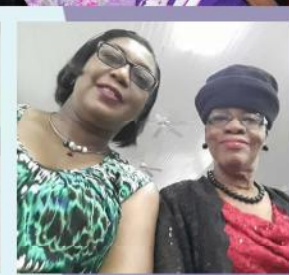
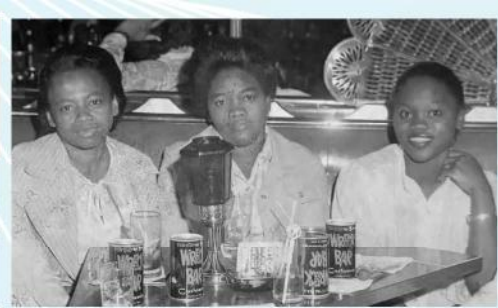
When I come to the end of the road  
And the sun has set for me  
I want no rites in a gloom-filled room  
Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little-but not too long  
And not with your head bowed low  
Remember the love that we once shared  
Miss me-but let me go

For this is a journey that we all must take  
And each must go alone.  
It's all part of the Master plan  
A step on the road to home  
When you are lonely and sick of heart  
Go to the friends we know  
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds  
Miss me but let me go.

*Author: Christine Georgina Rossetti*





SCAN ME



TO VIEW THE MEMORIAL BOOKLET

Thank you

We are deeply moved by the love, prayers, and presence of each person who joined us on this sacred voyage in remembrance of our beloved Mother. Her life was like a beautiful cruise—full of laughter, adventure, and grace—and your support has been the calm in our storm. Thank you for helping us celebrate her journey, for sharing your memories, and for anchoring us with kindness. May we all continue sailing forward with the faith and joy she carried so effortlessly.

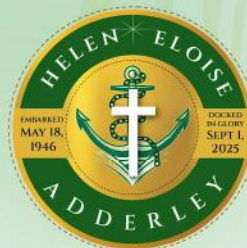
With love and gratitude,  
Sharon, Dave, Renea & Georgette



# Cruise Tips

## LIFE LESSONS FROM ELLA'S CABIN

- ✓ Pack Light. She taught us that burdens don't belong in carry-ons. Forgiveness, faith, and love were her essentials.
- ✓ Storms Will Come — Stay Anchored! "It's not an easy road," she'd remind us. But she never let the waves define her — only refine her.
- ✓ Choose Your Compass Wisely. Her direction came from above. Scripture, prayer, and kindness were her North Star.
- ✓ You Must Be Born Again—Daily Renewal wasn't a one-time event. It was a lifestyle. A surrender. A sacred reset.
- ✓ Travel with a Grateful Heart Every sunrise was a gift. Every setback, a lesson. She sailed with thanksgiving in every tide.
- ✓ Don't Miss the Quiet Ports She found beauty in stillness, in reflection, in the hush between the hustle. That's where peace docked.
- ✓ Leave a Wake of Love. Ella's journey left ripples — gentle, lasting, and full of grace. Her legacy is the love she poured into others.



Memorial Keepsake Booklet prepared by cousin Donella Johnson  
[www.signaturecreations.net](http://www.signaturecreations.net)



### READY TO BOOK YOUR ETERNAL CRUISE?

**Call on Him today! Act Now - Boarding is Limited!**

Romans 10:13:

**"For everyone who calls on the name of the Lord will be saved."**

