



*Carnetta
Seymour*
1934 - 2022



HOMEGOING SERVICE
FOR THE LATE

Carnetta Seymour

30th November, 1934 - 2nd May, 2022

Age: 87 years

SERVICE HELD AT:

Temple Baptist Church

Farrington Road, New Providence, Bahamas

WEDNESDAY, 18TH MAY, 2022
AT 11:00 A.M.

OFFICIATING:
Pastor A. Geoffrey Wood

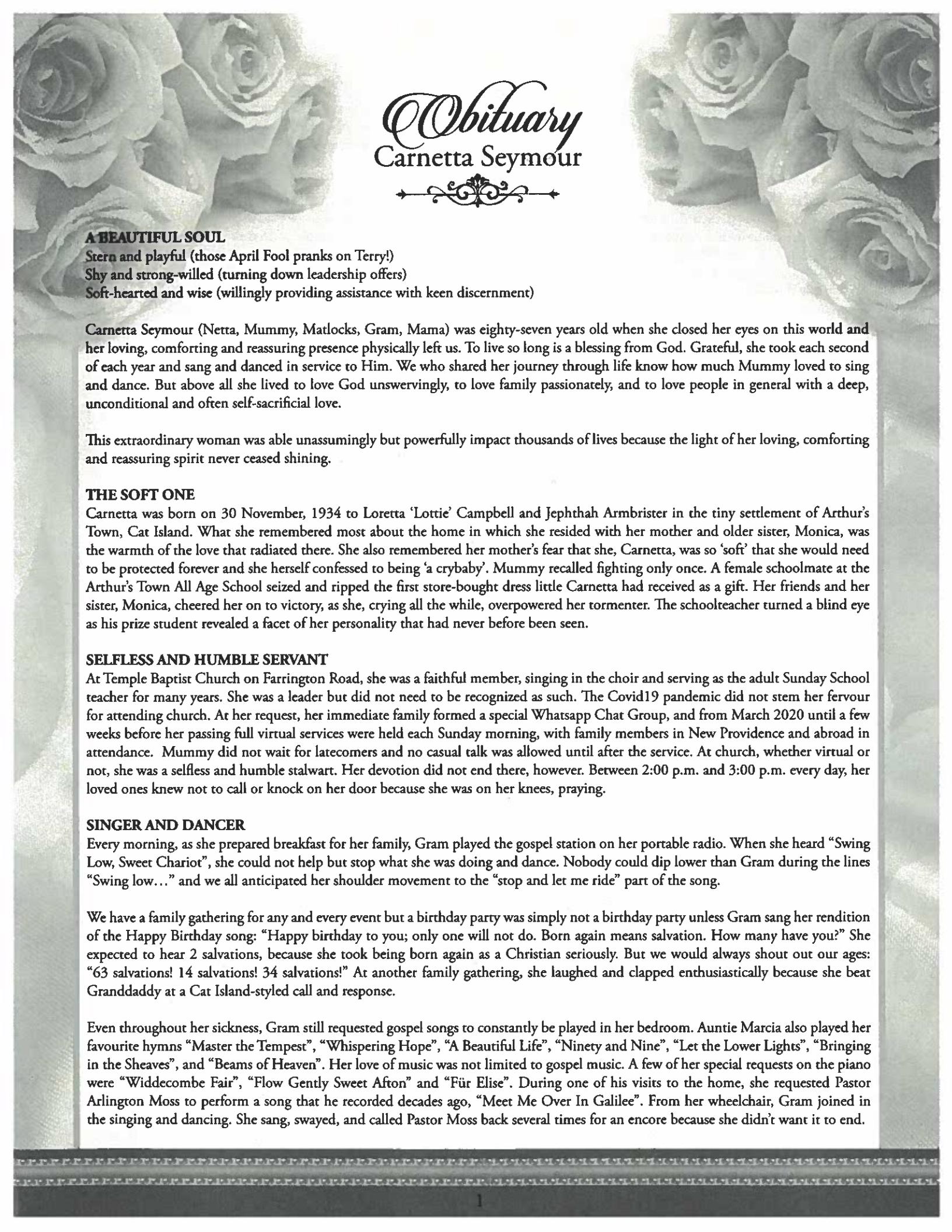
ASSISTED BY:
Pastor Arlington D. Moss

MUSICIANS:
Rosetta Anderson - Rolle
Julian Anderson - Rolle
Christian Justilien

PRIVATE INTERMENT:

Woodlawn Gardens

Soldier Road, New Providence, Bahamas
BETHEL BROTHERS DIRECTING



Obituary

Carnetta Seymour



A BEAUTIFUL SOUL

Stern and playful (those April Fool pranks on Terry!)
Shy and strong-willed (turning down leadership offers)
Soft-hearted and wise (willingly providing assistance with keen discernment)

Carnetta Seymour (Netta, Mummy, Matlocks, Gram, Mama) was eighty-seven years old when she closed her eyes on this world and her loving, comforting and reassuring presence physically left us. To live so long is a blessing from God. Grateful, she took each second of each year and sang and danced in service to Him. We who shared her journey through life know how much Mummy loved to sing and dance. But above all she lived to love God unwaveringly, to love family passionately, and to love people in general with a deep, unconditional and often self-sacrificial love.

This extraordinary woman was able unassumingly but powerfully impact thousands of lives because the light of her loving, comforting and reassuring spirit never ceased shining.

THE SOFT ONE

Carnetta was born on 30 November, 1934 to Loretta 'Lottie' Campbell and Jephthah Armbrister in the tiny settlement of Arthur's Town, Cat Island. What she remembered most about the home in which she resided with her mother and older sister, Monica, was the warmth of the love that radiated there. She also remembered her mother's fear that she, Carnetta, was so 'soft' that she would need to be protected forever and she herself confessed to being 'a crybaby'. Mummy recalled fighting only once. A female schoolmate at the Arthur's Town All Age School seized and ripped the first store-bought dress little Carnetta had received as a gift. Her friends and her sister, Monica, cheered her on to victory, as she, crying all the while, overpowered her tormenter. The schoolteacher turned a blind eye as his prize student revealed a facet of her personality that had never before been seen.

SELFLESS AND HUMBLE SERVANT

At Temple Baptist Church on Farrington Road, she was a faithful member, singing in the choir and serving as the adult Sunday School teacher for many years. She was a leader but did not need to be recognized as such. The Covid19 pandemic did not stem her fervour for attending church. At her request, her immediate family formed a special Whatsapp Chat Group, and from March 2020 until a few weeks before her passing full virtual services were held each Sunday morning, with family members in New Providence and abroad in attendance. Mummy did not wait for latecomers and no casual talk was allowed until after the service. At church, whether virtual or not, she was a selfless and humble stalwart. Her devotion did not end there, however. Between 2:00 p.m. and 3:00 p.m. every day, her loved ones knew not to call or knock on her door because she was on her knees, praying.

SINGER AND DANCER

Every morning, as she prepared breakfast for her family, Gram played the gospel station on her portable radio. When she heard "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot", she could not help but stop what she was doing and dance. Nobody could dip lower than Gram during the lines "Swing low..." and we all anticipated her shoulder movement to the "stop and let me ride" part of the song.

We have a family gathering for any and every event but a birthday party was simply not a birthday party unless Gram sang her rendition of the Happy Birthday song: "Happy birthday to you; only one will not do. Born again means salvation. How many have you?" She expected to hear 2 salvations, because she took being born again as a Christian seriously. But we would always shout out our ages: "63 salvations! 14 salvations! 34 salvations!" At another family gathering, she laughed and clapped enthusiastically because she beat Granddaddy at a Cat Island-styled call and response.

Even throughout her sickness, Gram still requested gospel songs to constantly be played in her bedroom. Auntie Marcia also played her favourite hymns "Master the Tempest", "Whispering Hope", "A Beautiful Life", "Ninety and Nine", "Let the Lower Lights", "Bringing in the Sheaves", and "Beams of Heaven". Her love of music was not limited to gospel music. A few of her special requests on the piano were "Widdecombe Fair", "Flow Gently Sweet Afton" and "Für Elise". During one of his visits to the home, she requested Pastor Arlington Moss to perform a song that he recorded decades ago, "Meet Me Over In Galilee". From her wheelchair, Gram joined in the singing and dancing. She sang, swayed, and called Pastor Moss back several times for an encore because she didn't want it to end.

NATURE LOVER

In addition to her love for God and His people, Carnetta loved God's natural world. We her children and grandchildren loved her stories of long, rambling walks she took on the beachfront of Arthur's Town in her childhood, climbing cliffs, collecting shells and writing nature poems. With childhood companions Celie, Frances and Rose, she strolled down rough paths, picking flowers that grew along the roadside. She rode wild horses, on the beach; yes, 'the soft one' rode wild horses!

Excited and laughing like a child, she would rush to sit, first in her husband's car and later in one of her children's cars, to go on drives around Nassau. While on these drives, she would ooh and aah, not at houses but at the beautiful landscape and wildlife. Stops had to be made for her to birdwatch, wet her feet on the beach or pick flowers. On these drives, she would often gather top for plaiting straw, which she found calming. When she visited some of her children's homes she would quickly head outside to sit and read or she would explore the yards, picking flowers or fruit, or digging root vegetables.

This love for nature never faded. Even in her sickness, she requested that the television be set to nature scenes of birds, flowers, and waterfalls.

TRAVELLER

Horse riding! Bike riding too! But, guess who never learnt to drive? When a daughter once offered her a gift of driving lessons, Mummy firmly declined. However, although she may have been afraid of cars, she had no problems with boarding an airplane with her sister-friend, "Vese" (Louise Williams), sister Monica and family, or one of her daughters, travelling to cities in the U.S.A. from Miami, Tampa, and Fort Lauderdale, to Charlotte, New York City, Washington D.C., Silver Spring and Los Angeles. In Europe, with her husband, children, grandchildren, and sometimes her dear friend Vese, she travelled, sometimes for three weeks at a time, to cities in England, Scotland, France, Denmark and Holland. Later, she always regaled us with stories about the stunningly beautiful natural world.

YOUNG SCHOLAR

Never one to share her or her family's accomplishments with others, few people outside Cat Island knew that she was a brilliant student who was awarded one of the coveted tuition scholarships to The Government High School in New Providence. She and her mother tearfully turned down the scholarship because 'Lottie' had neither the financial resources nor the relatives in Nassau to board Mummy, who continued her education at Arthur's Town All Age School, in a special programme for the academically gifted. While excelling in subjects such as Mathematics, Language Arts and Latin, Carnetta, already a voracious reader and a lover of classic literature, took part in many programmes held in the schoolroom or in St. James Baptist Church in Arthur's Town. She was appointed a monitor (assistant to the teacher) at her alma mater when she was 15 years old.

HER "V"

It was in those classes held with young scholars from Tea Bay that Carnetta met Warren Seymour, her "V" as she affectionately called him; he was her forever love. It was the custom of the day for female students to make and sell Valentine's Day cards in the tiny schoolhouse as a fundraiser, the purchasers being the male students. Netta's lace-fringed card caught the eye of the young Warren Seymour. He bought the card, not knowing that it was made by the young lady who had also previously caught his eye, and presented it to her. That bit of serendipity began a courtship that led to their marriage in 1956. In his health and in his sickness, and in hers, Netta cared for "V" with unending love. It was heart-breaking to watch him in her last days rest his head near her, for her to run weakened fingers through his hair.

A PROVERBS 31 WOMAN

From her beloved 'Mama', Carnetta learnt to share whatever she had with others, however small it was. It was also from her beloved 'Mama' that Carnetta learnt to love and honour God, and to embrace other values that she in turn passed on to her seven surviving children, grandchildren and greatgrandchildren. Since childhood, she was accustomed to hard work, working her mother's fields some afternoons, weeding, planting and harvesting before returning home to do household chores. This work ethic continued into adulthood, at work and at home.

Mummy scoffed at materialism and sacrificed in order to provide for her own and share with others. Lunch money to students and meals to motherless children, a norm (and always on the quiet). In most cases the family only knew because years later, the recipients shared stories of stewed fish and homemade bread meals and such. New furniture and curtains for Christmas? This was a tradition she simply refused to observe. And what was the use of repeatedly fixing a broken wall that someone would inevitably run into again? No urgency.

With Joan Sturrup, a teacher-friend from her days at Oakes Field Primary School, she volunteered at the Twilight Home for the Elderly in Pinewood Gardens for years, discussing Scripture and sharing treats.

Generous, yes; but she wasted nary a penny, lent with extreme discretion, and did not believe in being a borrower. If she could not afford to make a cash purchase, then she went without. However, her husband and children were always well fed: tasty, balanced, home-cooked meals seven days per week. Each one was complimented by her husband. The grands looked forward to 'fridge raids', because at Gram's house there was always at least one pan of delicious macaroni and cheese in the fridge.

The mirrors into which she seldom looked reflected her natural, physical beauty. However, she placed no focus on physical attributes – no make-up except for thickly drawn eyebrows!

She knew that: "Charm is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman who fears the Lord is to be praised" (Proverbs 31:30).

LOVING EDUCATOR

To those who worked with her and were taught by her, Mrs. Carnetta Seymour was not defined by her resume. After excelling as a straight 'A' student at the Bahamas Teacher's College in Nassau, she began her professional teaching career. Whether it was in Eleuthera, to which she and Warren were posted at the Wemyss Bight All Age School in the late fifties, in Driggs Hill, South Andros, to which they were next transferred, or in several primary schools in New Providence, Teacher/Mrs. Seymour's character did not change. At each school she loved her students, almost instinctively recognizing their individual needs, whether it was an anxious boy who couldn't read so he memorized pages, but flipped pages at the wrong point, or a brilliant but nonchalant girl. Many of her former students have said that hers was the hand reaching out to them, making them feel safe and loved, sometimes offering a special kindness, sometimes gently guiding them toward academic understanding. It was at the Oakes Field Primary School (now Eva Hilton Primary) that she and the late Rev. Charles Saunders specially tutored students for the Common Entrance examination. A significant number of students attended The Government High School on scholarships because of their combined efforts.

TRUE FRIEND

Loyalty, steadfastness, authenticity and a respect for boundaries characterised close relationships with Netta, Sis. Seymour, Seymour. Her sister-friends are as strong-willed and private as she was. No surprise then that, asked for an oral or written tribute, Ms. Vese responded with a laugh that her friendship with Netta was theirs.

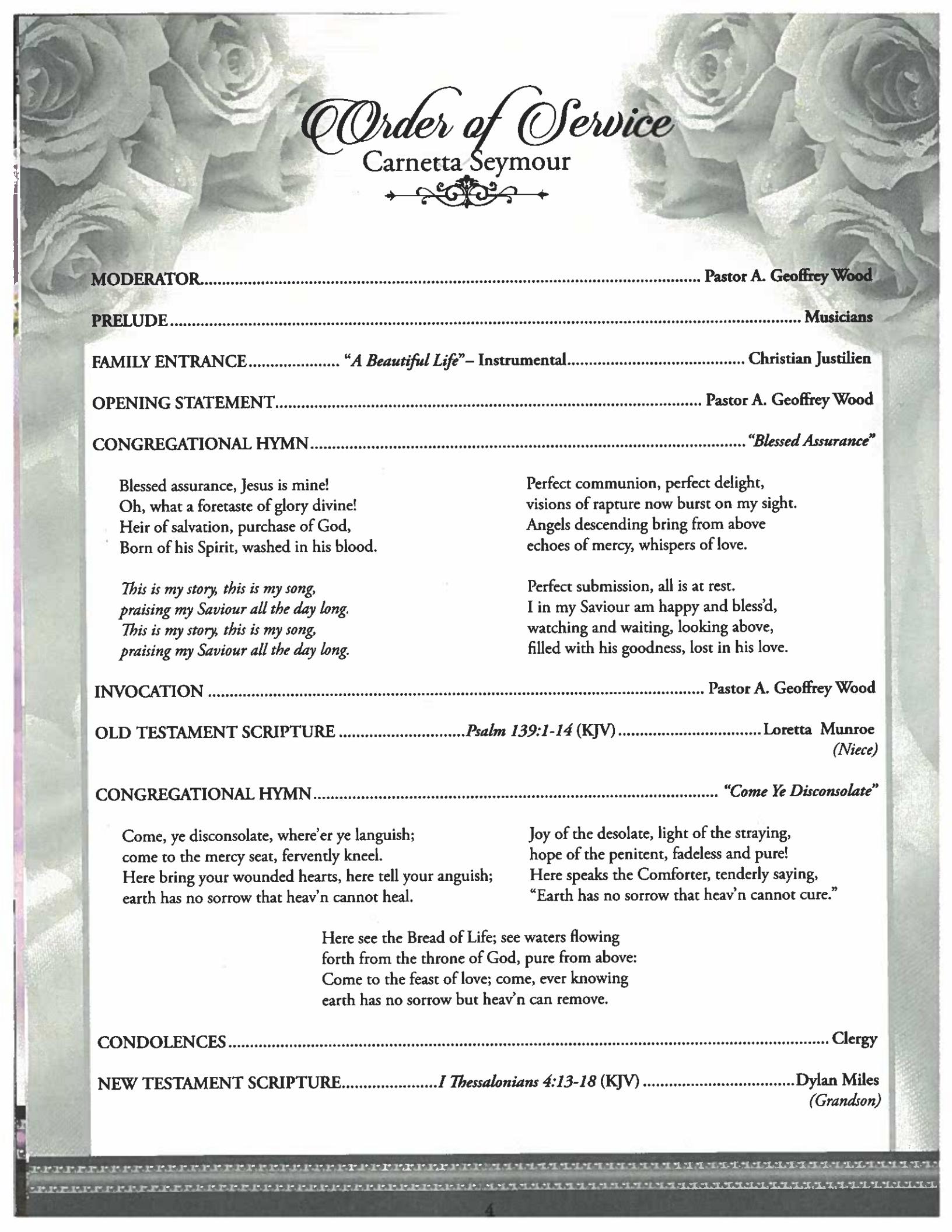
ANGELS SINGING

This is a synopsis of Carnetta Seymour's story. And it is fitting to end it with a story that she often told her children, of hearing angels singing to her as she slept. Mummy loved to sing, and she said the voices of the angels were so melodic and the words so beautifully clear that she often did not want to awake.

We pray that flights of angels sang our Netta, Mummy, Matlocks, Gram, and Mama to her final sleep. We pray that as she lay ill on her final days on this earth, she heard those familiar angelic voices blended with the prayers, singing, humming and expressions of love of her family. And we pray that when she took her last breath on 2nd May 2022 at home, she heard over the singing of the angels the voice of her precious Saviour saying, "Well done, Carnetta, my good and faithful servant... Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord" (Matthew 25:23).

Predeceased by: Her Parents: Loretta (Lottie) Campbell and Jephthah Armbrister; *Daughter:* Stacey Seymour; *Sisters:* Monica and Lornamae Armbrister; *Brothers:* Selwyn, Everette, Leslie and John Armbrister. *Left to cherish loving memories are her: Husband:* Warren Seymour; *Children:* Maria 'Terry' Seymour; Pamela Moultrie; Marcia and Elystan Miles; Antoinette Seymour; Josephine and Christian Justilien; Al Seymour; and Warren Calvin and Sekera Honey Seymour; *Grandchildren:* Andrea Moultrie; Najah Plakaris; Nicole Miles; Dylan Miles; Spenser Plakaris; Ayoka Seymour; Jahzara Seymour; Salarah Seymour; and Sakaria Seymour; *Great Grandchildren:* Sage Plakaris-Knight and Amara Lightbourn; *Adopted Daughters:* Rhoda Rolle; Vanina Munroe; and Terrice Curry; *Sister:* Daisy Armbrister, J.P.; *Sister-in-heart:* Louise "Vese" Williams; *Sister-Friends:* Andrea Moss; Rose Huyler; and Sharon Lowe; *Numerous Nieces and Nephews Including:* Harcourt and Lisa Miller; Philip Knowles; Paul 'Pablo' and Monica Knowles; Loretta Munroe; Melissa Williams-Clarke; Patricia Cooper; Alvin O'Brien; Glenn and Ernestine King; Prince; Troy; and Barron Thurston; *and children of the late* Leslie, John, and Everette Armbrister; *Godchildren:* Kamori Sawyer; Jaron Francis

Many other relatives and friends, including: Rev. Laura Miller and family; Iva Strachan and family; Earleen Seymour and family; Eric Seymour and family; Earl Seymour and family; Yonell Justilien; the Justilien family; Dr. Juliette Storr; RBDF Commander Christopher Plakaris; Dr. Dawn Wilson; Judy Francis; Helen Butler and family; Joan Sturrup; Pastor Arlington D. Moss; Princess Nesbitt; Laverne Elcina Duncome; Franklyn Andre Moultrie; Mavis Johnson; Coral Knowles; Beverley Thompson; Julia Anderson, Julian and Rosetta Anderson-Rolle; Victoria 'Y' Russell; Margaret Murphy; Oria and Nicholas Rolle and family; Jarvin Cash and family; Chrissy Jones; the Campbell and Armbrister families, and the family of the late Nellie Armbrister Rolle; the family of the late Hilda Gaitor; the family of the late Marion Hepburn; the family of the late Leland Turner; the family of the late Eric Turner and the Chippingham/Boyd Subdivision community. *Special thanks to:* Dr. Paul Ramphal, Dr. Duane Sands and the staff of the Cardiothoracic and Vascular Institute of The Bahamas; Dr. Edwin Demeritte; Pastors A. Geoffrey Wood and Arlington D. Moss, Temple Baptist Church; Nurse Shaneika Burrell and Kerrann McKenzie of Gentle Touch Agency.



Order of Service

Carnetta Seymour



MODERATOR Pastor A. Geoffrey Wood

PRELUDE Musicians

FAMILY ENTRANCE "A Beautiful Life" – Instrumental Christian Justilien

OPENING STATEMENT Pastor A. Geoffrey Wood

CONGREGATIONAL HYMN "Blessed Assurance"

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.

Perfect communion, perfect delight,
visions of rapture now burst on my sight.
Angels descending bring from above
echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

*This is my story, this is my song,
praising my Saviour all the day long.
This is my story, this is my song,
praising my Saviour all the day long.*

Perfect submission, all is at rest.
I in my Saviour am happy and bless'd,
watching and waiting, looking above,
filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

INVOCATION Pastor A. Geoffrey Wood

OLD TESTAMENT SCRIPTURE *Psalm 139:1-14 (KJV)* Loretta Munroe
(Niece)

CONGREGATIONAL HYMN "Come Ye Disconsolate"

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel.
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure."

Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
forth from the throne of God, pure from above:
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove.

CONDOLENCES Clergy

NEW TESTAMENT SCRIPTURE *I Thessalonians 4:13-18 (KJV)* Dylan Miles
(Grandson)

CONGREGATIONAL HYMN "And Can It Be"

And can it be that I should gain
An int'rest in the Savior's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, should die for me?
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, should die for me!

'Tis mystery all! Th'Immortal dies!
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the firstborn seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine!
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore,
Let angel minds inquire no more.
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, should die for me!

He left His Father's throne above,
So free, so infinite His grace;
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
For, O my God, it found out me.
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, should die for me!

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free;
I rose, went forth and followed Thee.
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, should die for me!

No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th'eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, should die for me!

OBITUARY To Be Read In Silence

SELECTION Temple Baptist Church Choir

EULOGY Pastor A. Geoffrey Wood

SPECIAL TRIBUTE AND PRAYER FOR THE FAMILY Pastor Arlington Moss

RECESSIONAL "Blessed Jesus Hold My Hand" – Instrumental Julian Anderson Rolle



Gravesite Hymns

Carnetta Seymour

“WON’T THAT BE A HAPPY TIME”

When our life on earth is ended
And we reach the other shore,
With our voices sweetly blended
With the loved ones gone before,
All the bells of glory then will sweetly chime
Praising Christ our loving Saviour
With that holy, happy throng
Seeing Him, to know His favour,
We will sing the triumph song.

*Brother tell me, won’t that be a happy time?
Won’t that be a happy time?
Bells of joy will sweetly, will sweetly chime
Over yonder in that fair and sunny clime,
that sunny clime.*

There will be no more sorrow,
When we reach that lovely place,
On that happy, glad tomorrow,
We shall see our Saviour’s face,
And shall live with Him forever in that clime
By the crystal river flowing,
We shall linger day by day,
Happy there, forever knowing
God has wiped all tears away,

*Brother tell me, won’t that be a happy time?
Won’t that be a happy time?
Bells of joy will sweetly, will sweetly chime
Over yonder in that fair and sunny clime,
that sunny clime.*

When we join that host now
Singing their eternal song of praise,
Lovely tributes to Him bringing,
Blessed Ancient of our days,
Oh the glory of it all will be sublime;
Thru the countless years in glory,
O’er its lovely hills to roam,
We shall live and not grow hoary,
It is our eternal home,

*Brother tell me, won’t that be a happy time?
Won’t that be a happy time?
Bells of joy will sweetly, will sweetly chime
Over yonder in that fair and sunny clime,
that sunny clime.*

“I’LL FLY AWAY”

Some glad morning when this life is o’er,
I’ll fly away;
To a home on God’s celestial shore,
I’ll fly away (I’ll fly away).

*I’ll fly away, Oh Glory
I’ll fly away; (in the morning)
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by,
I’ll fly away (I’ll fly away).*

When the shadows of this life have gone,
I’ll fly away;
Like a bird from prison bars has flown,
I’ll fly away (I’ll fly away)

Just a few more weary days and then,
I’ll fly away;
To a land where joy shall never end,
I’ll fly away (I’ll fly away)

“O ZION, WHEN I THINK ON THEE”

O Zion, when I think of thee,
I wish for pinions like a dove,
And mourn to think that I should be
So distant from the place I love.

An exile here, and far from home,
For Zion’s sacred walls I sigh;
Thither the ransom’d nations come,
And see the Saviour eye to eye.

While here I walk on hostile ground,
The few that I can call my friends,
Are like myself, with fetters bound,
And weariness our steps attends.

But yet we shall behold the day
When Zion’s children shall return,
Our sorrows then shall flee away,
And we shall never, never mourn.

The hope that such a day will come
Makes ev’n the exile’s portion sweet;
Though now we wander far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

Until We Meet Again...

Carnetta Seymour



"Those who one another keep alive,
never parted be."

John Donne

Your love, your life – 'V'

"To the end, Matlocks. To the end"
Flower #1/Matlocks #2 – Terry

WITHIN

I looked at you and could not fathom
life without you,

You, who tenderly held my hand for all my years,
You, my constant.

I reached out and you were always there, giving,
protecting, teaching.

You knew me.

It was in the garden of your love
that I learnt to live.

Your lessons are infinite;
I do not have your wisdom but
this resonates with me:

You, my mother, are a part of my soul

Flower #2 – Pam

Thank you for the examples you
set in so many ways!

Flower #3 – Marcia

Who was up from day-clean
Nurturing the clan endlessly?

My Mother.

With love always,

Flower #4 – Nettie

My beautiful Mummy, my lifelong example of
virtue, truth, humility, faith and love: she had
to go; she was ready to go, ready for her place in
eternity. She will never leave.

Thank you, Lord.



Flower #5

There is no time I can say you turned your back
on me or let me down. I am so fortunate to have
had a mother like you. And that's that! Full stop.

Love always, – Al



Who is this virtuous woman? The queen of her
castle. The Master of the "Mama Chung Chung"!
Fearless warrior brandishing an unwavering faith,
with an unmatched love. All I can say is 'GEE'!
Godly, Great, Gracious, Giver, Gorgeous, Gentle,
Gladiator!

Love you forever, – Cal



For every confidential conversation; for every
golden nugget of advice; for every Godly example
to follow – you'll forever be in my heart. I love you
and miss you, but we'll meet again!

♥Honey



About 10 years ago I was given a class assignment,
to write about someone that I considered a personal
hero. I chose you, Gram. I wrote of your strength,
your courage, your sense of humour, and your
kindness. Today, these are the things that I cherish
about you. Thank you for always loving me, for
braiding my thick and unruly hair gently and
without complaint, for bringing me to the uniform

shop with you in summers, where you put me to work hemming and sewing buttons, for showing me how to hang up clothes on the line properly, to shell peas and to plait straw (I wasn't the best student but you were always the best teacher). Thank you for everything. I take comfort in knowing that I will continue to receive your guidance and care, as my most recent ancestor.

Drea/'Old Crook'

Inna lillahi wa inna ilayhi raji'un
[the pain is bright and clear this morning
I will search for you to stop it
I will search for you in this world and the next
I feel I cannot bear this
Yet the hours move]
Najah

I don't know if I will ever have the words – I certainly don't now – to describe what it feels like to lose part of my foundation. I want to say something as powerful and expansive and unending as your love, your kindness, and your spirit. But I feel small and lost and uncertain. When I re-read your letters, I am so grateful for the love and joy you always gave so readily. And then there are so many "small" things: the quick smile, the wholehearted laugh, and you waving goodbye at the door when we loved and cared for. You have left a beautiful indelible mark on me. I love you and I miss you, Gram.

Nikki

I'll always appreciate the grace, kindness, care, hospitality, and most of all... the macaroni and cheese that you give to me unconditionally.

With love always,
– Dylan

I remember the time when I played a lil four chord tune on the guitar in the door of the kitchen. Watching as my grandparents waltz. I hope I was hitting the right keys.

Spenser Plakaris (grandson)

Experts say that –
the best way to learn is to watch

I do watch you, Gram,
I watch you get on your knees
and pray for our entire family

and I am amazed by your devotion,
humbled by your faith.

Then I watch some more, Gram,
watch you in your kitchen.
I watch you kneading dough,
Stripping beans,
and declining any assistance offered to you.

Then I smile.
I am amazed by your devotion,
Inspired by your discipline.

Then I watch you some more, Gram,
Watch you in the yard,
watch you plaiting straw,
watch you in the garden.

Then granddaddy would come out
And he would tell a story
And you would insist that it is your story
And he was telling it wrong

I am soothed by your happiness,
touched by your love.
I do a lot of watching, Gram.

I didn't watch you raise your children
But I'm watching you look after your children's
children –
Look after me
And you did everything right

Everyone talks about having angels in disguise
Watching over and protecting them
But, Gram,
You were never my angel in disguise
It was no secret that you were an angel
My whole life.

I watch you and think –
There's no one I'd rather emulate.
I admire you.

Watching you over the years has taught me

Devotion
Faith
Discipline
Happiness
Love.

Ayoka 2015

Nothing Changed
Ayoka 2022

A beautiful life you lived.
And a beautiful life I've loved.
Thank you, Gram (especially for your endless
supply of bananas)! Virtually :)
Zsa Zsa

Mama, I will always remember your amazing voice,
wonderful humour and jokes, and the way you
brought the whole family together, reminding us to
always remember God.

♥ Salarah

Hello, Gram. I love you and that is a promise.
We love you and that is a power. You and I would
read together, but the best part was that you were
there. I love you, Gram. A promise that will follow
you, forever, wherever, whenever, unchanging and
unbreaking. I will see you again someday.

Sage

I will always remember your advice to always stay
close to God and the importance of education. You
always made us laugh. I love you Mama and I will
miss you!

♥ Ria

I'm sad that Gram is gone. Everybody knows that
Gram is a special person and a brave person. She's
not on this planet anymore. She's gone to be with
God. When I saw her, she was sick but she smiled at
me. That made me feel good that she smiled at me.

Amara

To a virtuous aunt so caring and sweet. You have
certainly left a mark in our hearts that nothing will
ever erase. You were a gem and we will always cherish
your memories. Continue to take your rest until we
meet again.

Love always,
Paul and Monica Knowles

For most of my life I was known for my academic
performance. My achievements weren't easy to come
by, but they were possible because of those who
supported me. However, I must say one of my biggest
supporters was Sis. Seymour, for as long as I could
remember. Since Primary School, I would show Sis.
Seymour my report cards happily, because I always
knew she would be proud of me. I appreciated that
she wasn't just proud of the As, but she was always
ecstatic to see my teacher's comments. Little things
like these reminded me that Sis. Seymour was not
just proud of my accolades, but my character as well,
and honestly that means more to me than just the
grades. It was an honour that a woman as incredible
as her felt my character was worth being proud of.
She also always encouraged me, not just with kind
words but also with reward. When she saw my report
cards, she always promised me money. Every now
and then she would even send me it without reason,
just so I could "buy myself some lunch." Eventually
it came time for me to go to college, so I didn't expect
this to continue and it would have been completely
fine. However, a few weeks into my time away, my
mother told me she was sending me money that Sis.
Seymour had sent for me. Just about every month, I
was given that same message and some more money.
Sometimes, it made me cry. I did not care for the
money itself, I appreciated it of course because there
were certainly times I needed it. Yet, what really
moved me was that she clearly saw potential in me.
Adjusting to college has not been easy, however

knowing that she still believed in me so much as to invest in me continuously motivated me. She wasn't rich, yet she was willing to sacrifice her hard-earned money just to encourage me as I went through my studies. It gave me a huge reason each month to not give up. Even when she was extremely ill, just before she passed, she sent me that money, and once again I cried. Sis. Seymour was a faithful woman, full of wisdom, understanding and compassion. I am saddened I saw her less due to the pandemic, then even less after I went off to school, and was unable to see her before she left us. However, she will always be inside my heart, pushing me on to keep working hard and one day be a woman of great character as she was.

Mori

I first met Carnetta Seymour when I was posted at Oakes Field Primary School. The circumstances under which we met now elude me, but we became lasting friends, and have been friends for the last fifty years. Her character and personality mirrored mine so much that it was uncanny. Sometimes we would find ourselves saying the same words or phrases at the same time. C, as I affectionally called her, was an introvert, an extremely shy, soft-spoken lady.

She loved children and treated the students, whom she taught, as well as she treated her children at home. To avoid conflict and gossip, both C and I ate lunch in C's classroom; we only went to the staffroom when it was absolutely necessary. On one occasion both C and I boycotted a get-together in the staff room. We were sitting in C's room when a certain teacher entered and started to fuss us out. Both C and I said nothing, that is, until I had heard enough. Then I asked, "To whom do you think

you are talking?" I let her know that we were not students in her classroom. She left in a hurry! C looked at me and said, "Sturrup, I didn't know you had it in you." Then we burst out laughing.

Many such occasions as this one occurred as I encouraged C to speak out, to stand up for herself. It took a long time, but she finally did. How do I know this? I knew this because the person she stood up to was me! I was driving but I looked across at her. She laughed and asked, "Didn't you tell me to stand up for myself?" I, in return, smiled and said, "Yes, but I did not tell you to stand up to me!" We both burst out laughing. Now that my friend was standing up for herself, I knew she would be ok.

C, for the last two to three years you were constantly yearning for and getting ready to meet your God. God has answered your prayers. You, C, did not linger here long. You are at peace, away from the things that troubled you so. Rest now.

MAY SHE REST IN PEACE

Joan Sturrup

I knew her, and will always remember her, as quiet but very strong mentally. I met Sis. Seymour at Temple Baptist Church when I joined the church. After a while she started teaching Sunday School class for the adults. Her favourite line in Sunday School class was to be honest with your answer because God sees your heart. She loved natural fruits, and whenever I gave her some tamarinds, dillies, mangoes, gooseberries, and jelly coconuts, her face would light up with joy. Then she would say, "Sister Princess, I have to share these with the one million children I have." (with joy)

I know she will rest in peace.

Sis. Princess Nesbitt

MISS

I never once heard you raise your voice
Lift a cane or hurl insults.
You were a master teacher at every turn
And you instilled in me a burning desire to learn.
You were my brown-skinned, beautiful, tall, slender 'Miss'
Who usually stood with arms gently folded,
Caressing small wrists.
You spoke with your whole face
And I could read every line,
So, I knew when to remain quiet
Or let my light shine
My favourite moments came at the close of each day
When you would whip out a classic
And I saw characters at play.
Needless to say,
That's how my collection began
And literature for me opened a new world of fun.

You will never know how much you impacted my life;
The confidence you reposed in me
Compelled me to do right.
Your calm, quiet dignity and stubborn resolve
Are just a few of the traits I tried to put on.

As your faith-walk takes this uncertain, new twist
Remember God still loves you and your faith and trust are not at risk.
When you place your frail hands into his own,
He will lead and guide you all the way home.

Thank you, Mrs. Seymour, for your patience, love and encouragement.

From a rambunctious young kid. I love you, God bless.

Laverne Elcina Duncombe (SEO - EAD)
Former Student (Oakes Field Primary)





with Spenser Holiday Picnic
at Clifton 2018



with Antoinette
1963



with Daddy and Al
Al's SAC Graduation 1986



Family Gathering
2003



with Avoka
Playing Jacks 2008



80th Birthday with Pam 2014



Reflecting



with V



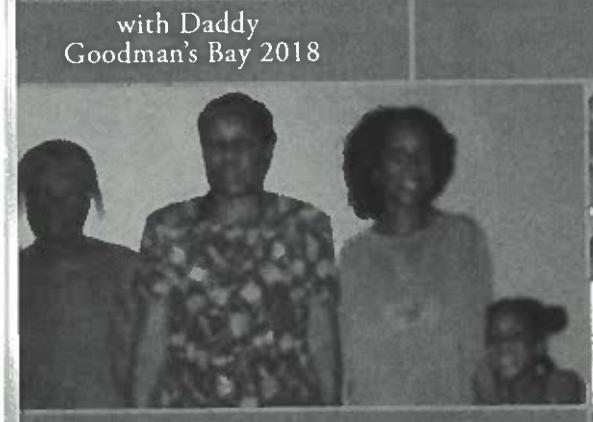
with Daddy
Goodman's Bay 2018



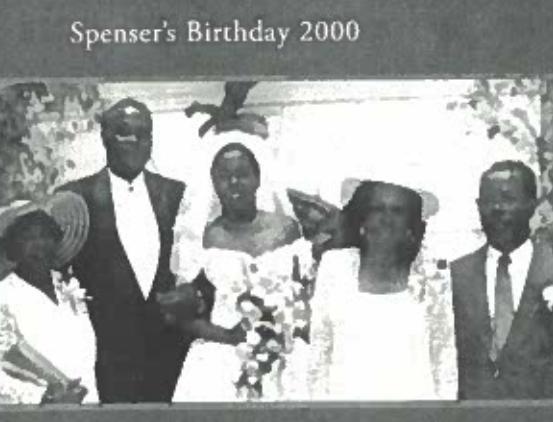
Spenser's Birthday 2000



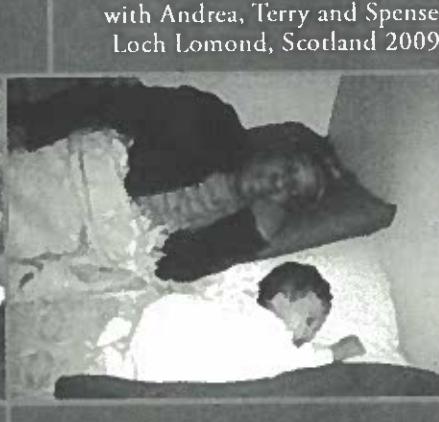
with Andrea, Terry and Spenser
Loch Lomond, Scotland 2009



with Grammy, Marcia
and Nikki



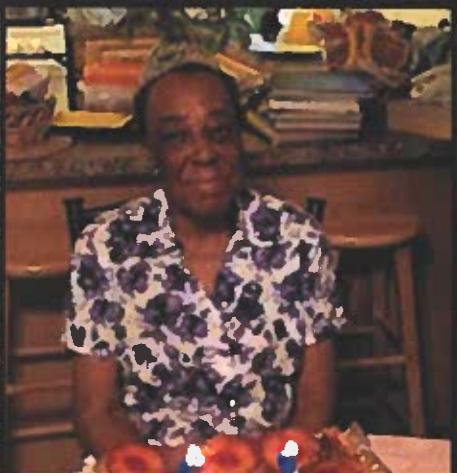
Chris and Jo's Wedding 1996



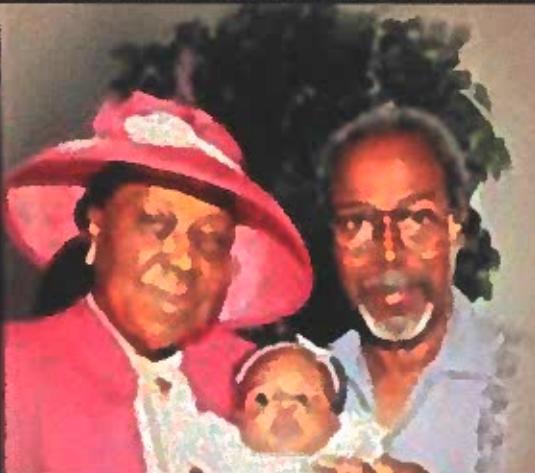
with Sage 2010



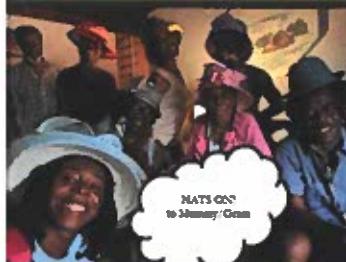
80th Birthday
with Al 2014



81st Birthday, 2015



Salarah's Christening with
Granddaddy and Salarah 2007



Avoka's 21st Birthday
2022 Theme: Gram's Hats



Temple Baptist Church



Family 2004



with Najah, Sage and
Granddaddy December 2019



Skipping Rope
(Love Vine), 2018



Terry's Pre-Retirement "Oh Happy Day"
Celebration 2021



Mother's Day 2018



with Daddy and Marcia
Marcia's Wedding 1996



with Antoinette and Najah
Bristol University Graduation
1996

Pallbearers

Spenser Plakaris
Dylan Miles
Christian Justilien

Matthew Dean
Paul Knowles
RBDF Commander Christopher Plakaris

Honourary Pallbearers

Al Seymour

Elystan Miles

Warren Calvin Seymour



Acknowledgement

You have brought sunshine into our home; you have visited, prayed, brought gifts of all kinds, called and asked about us, and simply cared, for this we say "THANK YOU".

Our sorrow is much easier to bear with help from God and friends like you.
We appreciate your kind condolences and all you have done for us during our hour of bereavement.
May God bless all of you.

- THE FAMILY -


BETHEL BROTHERS
MORTICIANS
Service Above Self
SINCE 1943

Digital  SIGNS