

Order of Service

MUSICAL PRELUDE

SCRIPTURE SENTENCES (*said by Ministers, all remain standing*)

I am the Resurrection and the Life, says the Lord; he who believes in me, though he die, yet shall he live; and whosoever lives and believes in me shall never die.

The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead will hear the voice of the Son of God, and those who hear will live.

We brought nothing into this world and it is certain we shall carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

If we live, we live to the Lord, and if we die, we die to the Lord; so then, whether we live or whether we die, we are the Lord's. For to this end Christ died and lived again that he might be Lord both of the dead and of the living.

Our Saviour Christ Jesus abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel.

I am the first and the last. I am he who lives, and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore and I have the keys of death and of hell.

Because I live, you will live also.

And death shall be no more, neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain, for the first things are passed away.

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:

*This is my story, this is my song
Praising my Saviour all the daylong
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long.*

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight;
Angels descending bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love:

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

PRAYER

- TRIBUTES** 1. Mt. Wallis Methodist Church
..... 2. Mr. Webster Shillingford
..... 3. Bethesda Methodist Church
..... 4. Ministry of Education
..... 5. Wesley High School
a. The Board of Management
b. The Staff & Choir

FAMILY TRIBUTE by Michael Irish (*brother*)

EULOGY FOR BRO. URBAN IRISH read by Ms. Katherine Irish (*daughter*)

FAMILY TRIBUTE by Mrs. Milva Irish-Bellot, Ms Lianne Letang,
Mrs Vernella Dumas and Ms. Shania Boughart

EULOGY FOR SIS. HERMIONE IRISH read by Mr. Aylmer Irish (*brother*)

HYMN: 'AT THE CROSS'

(An Offering will be taken during the singing of this Hymn)

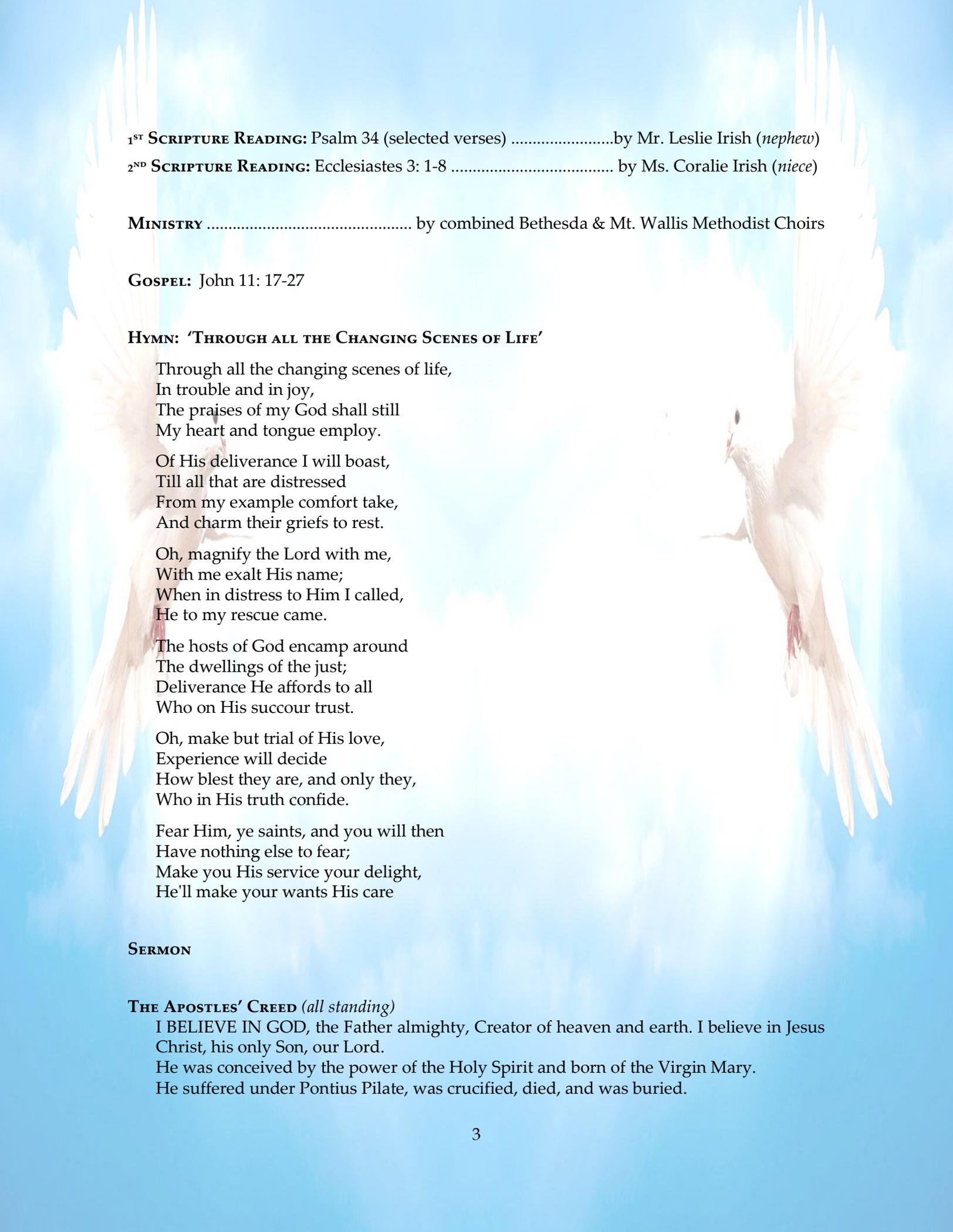
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause;
Maintain the honour of His Word,
The glory of His cross.

*At the cross, at the cross,
Where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away –
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.*

Jesus, my God! I know His name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands
Till the decisive hour.

Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.



1ST SCRIPTURE READING: Psalm 34 (selected verses)by Mr. Leslie Irish (*nephew*)

2ND SCRIPTURE READING: Ecclesiastes 3: 1-8 by Ms. Coralie Irish (*niece*)

MINISTRY by combined Bethesda & Mt. Wallis Methodist Choirs

GOSPEL: John 11: 17-27

HYMN: 'THROUGH ALL THE CHANGING SCENES OF LIFE'

Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

Oh, make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care

SERMON

THE APOSTLES' CREED (*all standing*)

I BELIEVE IN GOD, the Father almighty, Creator of heaven and earth. I believe in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord.

He was conceived by the power of the Holy Spirit and born of the Virgin Mary.

He suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died, and was buried.

He descended to the dead. On the third day he rose again. He ascended into heaven, and is seated at the right hand of the Father. He will come again to judge the living and the dead. I believe in the Holy Spirit, the holy, catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

The Lord be with you
And also with you.

Let us pray.

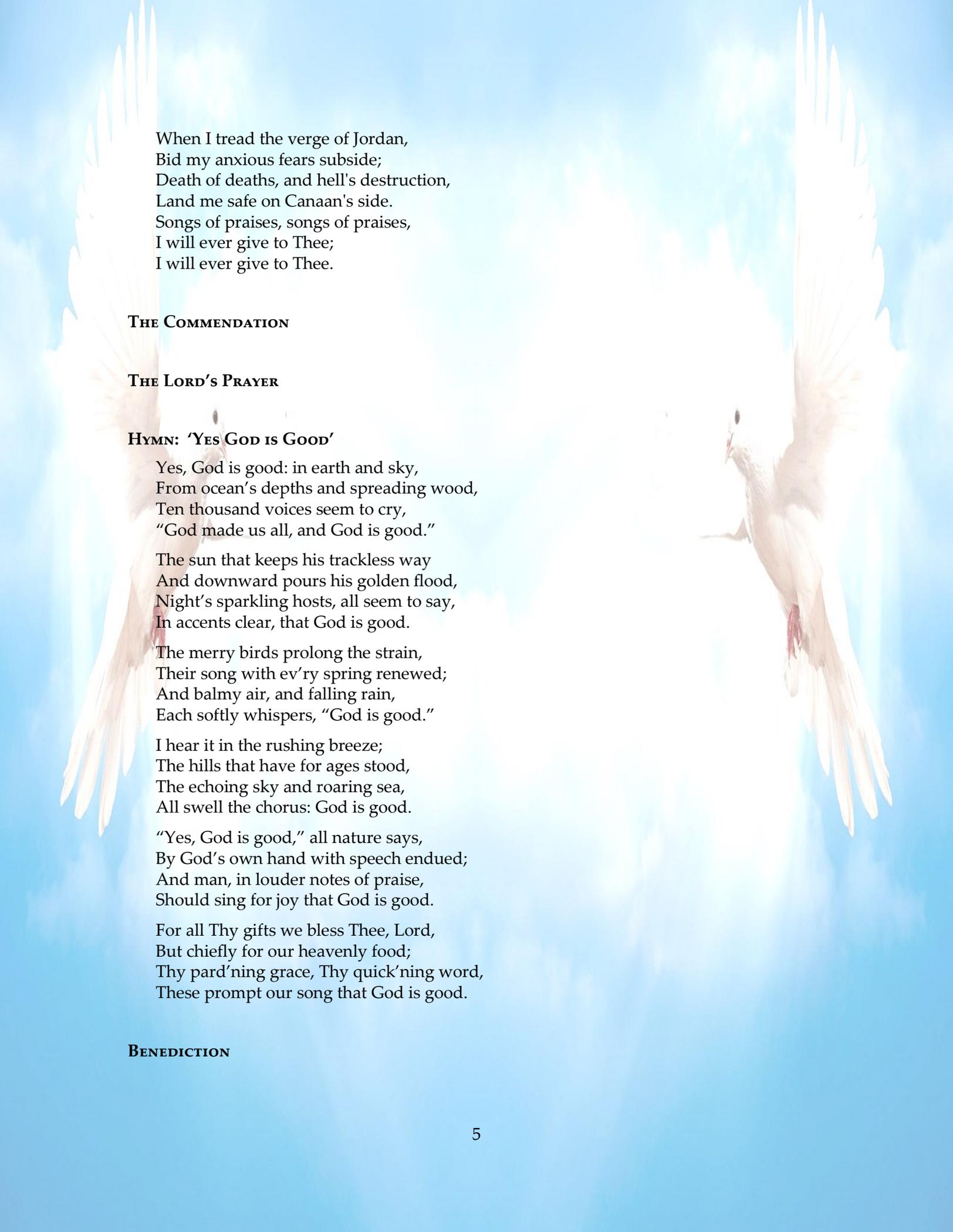
Praise be to you, O God our Father,
Who created us in your own image for eternal fellowship with you.
Praise and thanksgiving to You, O Christ, our Lord and our God,
Who have overcome the sharpness of death and opened the Kingdom of heaven to all believers, and are now seated at the right hand of God in the glory of the Father.
Praise and blessing be to you, O Holy Spirit, God our Comforter
Who bear witness within us of our acceptance with the Father and have become the pledge of our eternal inheritance.
All praise and glory, blessing and honour, thanksgiving and worship be to you, O blessed Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, one God forever and ever. Amen.

We bless your name for the lives of Urban Clement Irish and Hermione Francisca Irish whom we today lay to rest. We give you thanks for the joy and the blessing their lives have brought to others, for their service to their generations according to your will and for every happy remembrance of their lives. We bless you for your mercy and goodness which have followed them all the days of their lives, that now the trials of this world are over and death itself is past. Receive them into your perfect Kingdom and bring us with all who have lived and served you faithfully to the fullness of your eternal joy; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

HYMN: 'GUIDE ME O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH'

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land.
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven! bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more;
Feed me till I want no more.

Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream shall flow;
Let the fiery and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer! Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield;
Be Thou still my strength and shield.



When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee;
I will ever give to Thee.

THE COMMENDATION

THE LORD'S PRAYER

HYMN: 'YES GOD IS GOOD'

Yes, God is good: in earth and sky,
From ocean's depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
"God made us all, and God is good."

The sun that keeps his trackless way
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say,
In accents clear, that God is good.

The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with ev'ry spring renewed;
And balmy air, and falling rain,
Each softly whispers, "God is good."

I hear it in the rushing breeze;
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky and roaring sea,
All swell the chorus: God is good.

"Yes, God is good," all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.

For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord,
But chiefly for our heavenly food;
Thy pard'ning grace, Thy quick'ning word,
These prompt our song that God is good.

BENEDICTION

At the Graveside

THE COMMITTAL

HYMN: WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS

What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

HYMN: WHEN WE WALK WITH THE LORD

When we walk with the Lord
In the light of His Word,
What a glory He sheds on our way!
While we do His good will,
He abides with us still,
And with all who will trust and obey.

*Trust and obey, for there's no other way
To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.*

Not a shadow can rise, not a cloud in the skies,
But His smile quickly drives it away;
Not a doubt or a fear, not a sigh nor a tear,
Can abide while we trust and obey.

Not a burden we bear, not a sorrow we share,
But our toil He doth richly repay;
Not a grief or a loss, not a frown or a cross,
But is blessed if we trust and obey.

But we never can prove the delights of His love
Until all on the altar we lay;
For the favor He shows, for the joy He bestows,
Are for them who will trust and obey.

Then in fellowship sweet we will sit at His feet,
Or we'll walk by His side in the way;
What He says we will do,
where He sends we will go;
Never fear, only trust and obey.

HYMN: THROUGH THE LOVE OF GOD MY SAVIOUR

Through the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well;
Free and changeless is His favour,
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that healed us,
Perfect is the grace that sealed us,
Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us,
All must be well.

Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well.
Ours is such a full salvation, All, all is well.
Happy still in God confiding;
Fruitful if in Christ abiding;
Steadfast through the Spirit's guiding:
All must be well.

We expect a bright tomorrow;
All will be well.
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying;
Or in living or in dying; All must be well.

HYMN: "I AM SO GLAD THAT JESUS LOVES ME"

I am so glad that our Father in heav'n
Tells of His love in the Book He has giv'n;
Wonderful things in the Bible I see:
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

*I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me;
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.*

Though I forget Him and wander away,
Still He doth love me whenever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be:
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me."

If one should ask of me, "How can I tell?"
Glory to Jesus, I know very well;
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly witnessing: Jesus loves me.

HYMN: WHEN PEACE LIKE A RIVER

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.

*It is well 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 hath 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!

And, Lord, haste the day
when my faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
The trump shall resound, and the Lord
shall descend,
Even so, it is well with my soul.

HYMN: 'MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY'

Mine eyes have seen the glory
of the coming of the Lord;

He is trampling out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His
terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

*Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.*

He has sounded forth the trumpet that
shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before
His judgment seat;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him;
be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on. (Refrain ...)

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures
you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us live to
make men free;
While God is marching on. (Refrain ...)

CHORUS: WHAT A MIGHTY GOD WE SERVE

What a mighty God we serve
What a mighty god we serve
Angels bow before Him
Heaven and earth adore Him
What a mighty God we serve.

1: He holds the winds in his hand
And he is the great I Am
He is the bright and morning star
And without him I would fall

2: Jehovah Jireh, my provider
Jehovah Shiloh my Peace
Jehovah signanu my righteousness

CHORUS: 'ALL MY HELP'

All my help comes from the Lord
All my help comes from the Lord
All my needs He will supply
All my helps comes from the Lord

Eulogy - Urban Clement Irish

Urban Clement Irish was born on the 16th of September, 1949 and was the first-born to parents Catherine Remy and Thomas Clement Irish (deceased). Urban was a rare gem; a humble, silent giant. In the context of a name, 'Urban' is rare – it is an uncommon name. The name Urban comes from Latin origin and means, 'from the city'. As a child, as usual, we travelled for summer, and we were in New York and I recalled seeing a huge sign on a store front which said "URBAN". I was in awe to know that my father's name was posted in a big country. I became intrigued because up until that point my father was the only person I knew with that name. With curiosity, upon our return to Antigua, I went searching in my dictionary and I found the definition 'town/city'. In my mind, I understood that to mean – large, something big, something great! My daddy was great!

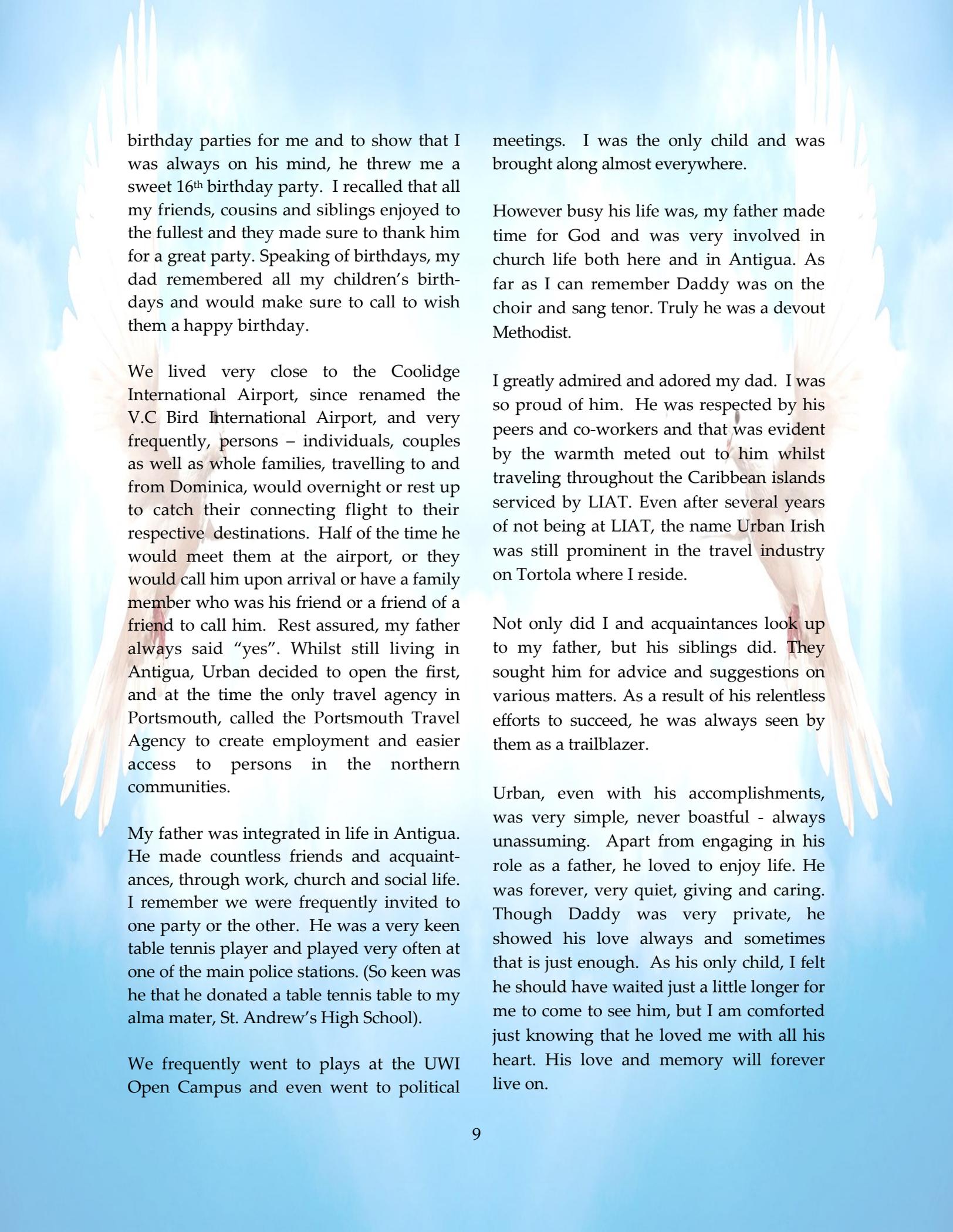
Urban came from humble beginnings in Portsmouth in the Commonwealth of Dominica. From very early Urban demonstrated great academic excellence and made his entrance into secondary education, on a scholarship, at the Dominica Grammar School in Roseau. Upon graduating from high school, he immediately ventured into the world of work. His first job was as a Customs Officer at the Melville Hall Airport now called the Douglas-Charles Airport. It would seem that this first job catapulted my father's career in the world of aviation. Very shortly after being employed as a Customs Officer an opportunity arose for him to study air traffic control in Trinidad.

Upon his return from Trinidad, he worked as Air Traffic Controller at the Melville Hall

Airport. Again, my dad, seemingly yearning for more, went off to Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University in Daytona Beach, Florida where he earned a Bachelors' Degree in Management. Upon his return, he became Manager of the airport. Yet again Urban took flight. This time to York University in Canada where he pursued and earned an MBA and emerged the only person of colour in the top three of his graduating class. It was whilst being Airport Manager that he learnt that LIAT was looking for an Island Manager and as history would have it – he was LIAT's Manager in Dominica.

Living up to his name, Urban again spread his wings. After a short stint in Dominica, he was promoted to Sales and Services Manager at LIAT's headquarters in Antigua. He subsequently held the position of Internal Auditor of the company. At some point I migrated to Antigua to live with Daddy and experienced true father's love. His true love and desire for me to have the best education led to my enrollment at one of the island's best primary schools. He ensured that I was fully integrated into church life at the Ebenezer Methodist Church. Because of Daddy, I was part of the children's choir, May Pole dancing, Girls' Brigade and afterwards Girls' Guides, in addition, to attending church bazaars, and numerous concerts. He was the one to help me with my homework and packed my lunch kit every day.

I was fortunate to travel extensively with him. It was because of him I got to experience Disney World, Sea World and others, and wild animals in a zoo. Daddy ensured that I had a normal childhood. We went to the beach almost every weekend. He threw



birthday parties for me and to show that I was always on his mind, he threw me a sweet 16th birthday party. I recalled that all my friends, cousins and siblings enjoyed to the fullest and they made sure to thank him for a great party. Speaking of birthdays, my dad remembered all my children's birthdays and would make sure to call to wish them a happy birthday.

We lived very close to the Coolidge International Airport, since renamed the V.C Bird International Airport, and very frequently, persons – individuals, couples as well as whole families, travelling to and from Dominica, would overnight or rest up to catch their connecting flight to their respective destinations. Half of the time he would meet them at the airport, or they would call him upon arrival or have a family member who was his friend or a friend of a friend to call him. Rest assured, my father always said “yes”. Whilst still living in Antigua, Urban decided to open the first, and at the time the only travel agency in Portsmouth, called the Portsmouth Travel Agency to create employment and easier access to persons in the northern communities.

My father was integrated in life in Antigua. He made countless friends and acquaintances, through work, church and social life. I remember we were frequently invited to one party or the other. He was a very keen table tennis player and played very often at one of the main police stations. (So keen was he that he donated a table tennis table to my alma mater, St. Andrew's High School).

We frequently went to plays at the UWI Open Campus and even went to political

meetings. I was the only child and was brought along almost everywhere.

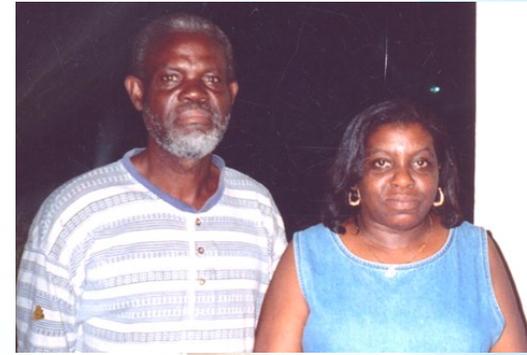
However busy his life was, my father made time for God and was very involved in church life both here and in Antigua. As far as I can remember Daddy was on the choir and sang tenor. Truly he was a devout Methodist.

I greatly admired and adored my dad. I was so proud of him. He was respected by his peers and co-workers and that was evident by the warmth meted out to him whilst traveling throughout the Caribbean islands serviced by LIAT. Even after several years of not being at LIAT, the name Urban Irish was still prominent in the travel industry on Tortola where I reside.

Not only did I and acquaintances look up to my father, but his siblings did. They sought him for advice and suggestions on various matters. As a result of his relentless efforts to succeed, he was always seen by them as a trailblazer.

Urban, even with his accomplishments, was very simple, never boastful - always unassuming. Apart from engaging in his role as a father, he loved to enjoy life. He was forever, very quiet, giving and caring. Though Daddy was very private, he showed his love always and sometimes that is just enough. As his only child, I felt he should have waited just a little longer for me to come to see him, but I am comforted just knowing that he loved me with all his heart. His love and memory will forever live on.





Remembrance
"THE EARTHLY MESSENGER"

Hermione Francisca Irish was born on November 10, 1960 in Zicack, Portsmouth. She was the daughter of two staunch Methodists, Thomas Irish and Cora Irish née Savarin.

Frances, as she was affectionately called by many, occupied the fifth position of eleven children and that of the eldest girl. By virtue of her position in the family she assumed the responsibility to assist our mom in the kitchen and as a result became very responsible and dependable at a very early age.

She was a leader and assumed the responsibility to ensure that all her siblings attend Church Service every Sunday. It was not unusual to receive a call from her inquiring why one was not at Service even as adults, assuming a mother-figure approach.

She served as a mentor to all her nieces and nephews and would often be seen and heard encouraging them to complete their homework assignments before stopping to play games. She will surely be missed because some of their achievements to date can be attributed to her constant encouragement and assistance.

Frances had a giving spirit and ensured that everyone who came to visit her was asked the question "Can I offer you anything?" Evidence of an unselfish and kind individual.

A young lady recounts travelling to Roseau to visit the doctors in an emergency situation. Once she was advised that she would be admitted to the hospital, she approached

Frances and without any hesitation, she was provided with items required to make her comfortable on the hospital ward. That was the nature of our sister.

Hermione completed her primary school education at the Portsmouth Government School, and then moved to Roseau, where she resided until the time of her death. Frances attended Wesley High School (WHS) followed by the Sixth Form College, where she pursued studies in Spanish and Geography. Frances' teaching career began and ended at the Wesley High School less than two (2) months from her fourth decade as a teacher at her alma mater.

During her tenure at WHS, she pursued studies in Spanish in Venezuela. Her pursuit of higher education continued at the Teikyo Westmar University in Iowa, USA, with the assistance of the Methodist Church where she attained an Undergraduate Degree. She then went on to attain a Master's Degree in management from the University of Northern Iowa. She returned to Dominica and the classroom in 1992. In 1996, she was appointed to the position of Principal of WHS, a position she held until October 24, 2020, the date that she took her final breath.

Frances was a quiet, kind-hearted, easy going, unassuming soul, who never lost the opportunity to exchange a kind word. Despite her battle with breast cancer from 2009, she remained positive and her refrain was always, "God is good." She never complained and deliberately avoided placing her burden on anyone because of her lot in life; neither did she show any signs of giving up. Her usual response to the question, "How was your day?" would always be "Pretty good". A truly resilient soul.

She dedicated her life to the education of children and the work of the Methodist Church in spreading scriptural holiness. Her extended family was members of the Methodist community and she fully immersed herself in many church organisations and activities. She was actively involved in the World Day of Prayer activities and the Dominica Association of Principals of Secondary Schools.

Despite her years as a terminally ill person, she never passed on an opportunity to engage in activities that her situation allowed. Hermione will long be remembered as she served with selfless love. It was not by any mistake she was named 'Hermione – the Earthly Messenger'! She was described as a woman of virtue and strength with a calm spirit, kind hearted, extremely humble, who helped nurture minds.

The words of her last recorded prayer were, "Most merciful Father we are weak but you are strong. You always know what is best for us. You know the future. Grant us the humility and wisdom to submit our will to your will. Help us daily to pray for your guidance and direction as we face life's challenges so that your will may be done in our lives. Amen"

The memory of Frances Hermione will forever be etched in our memory and we give thanks to the Almighty and honour her sterling contribution to humanity.

May her soul rest in peace and may light perpetually shine on her.

Tribute by Daughter, Katherine Irish

"Muriel", you called me by my middle name because you felt too many persons were named "Katherine" - though my first name was one of your choices. At first, I didn't like it but eventually I grew to love it. And I am realizing now that it was only because I was the apple of your eye that you wanted me to be special and to be called by my not so common name. You were the only one who called me Muriel. I felt special.

Daddy, I saw you high and when you were low. I still loved you the same and held you with the highest regard because I was blessed to have seen where you were. I knew the calibre of a man you were. Your character never changed whether you were high or whether you were low. You were not just physically tall, your character proved it all.

Daddy I am glad that you were my father because I know you gave your heart and then some. I didn't get to say goodbye and today I know you in this coffin lie. I believe that your last thought of me, and so I can only let it be. Daddy just as you lived as a rare, silent, mighty giant so too must you rest. Rest in peace, rest in power as I carry you in my heart and in my memory.

Your one and only K. Muriel Irish

Tribute from Grandchildren

Papa we will always remember you. We are so happy that we got to spend some time with you over the years. We miss you.

*Your Grandchildren - Kirtreena, Kamaria
and Kimathi*

Even as I reflect on the life and passing of my dear sister Frances, I cannot but believe that she is still ever present here with us, guiding our every move and actions. She was truly a tower of strength and never failed to listen and give advice to our every concern and intent.

Although being her senior, I looked up to her for spiritual and moral guidance as she ensured that my family and I continued to constantly and reverently serve the Almighty One.

Having travelled with her to Texas in December last year when she fell sick, I had the privilege to be at her bedside for almost two months as she underwent major surgery and rehabilitation. She had remarkable courage and strength. Her neurosurgeon and medical team were totally fascinated at her pleasant personality and forever smile amidst all the happenings. It was as if she kept saying to us, "Don't be dismayed or worry yourself, I have lived my life pleasing to God and I know I am going to a happier place".

May her soul rest in peace till we all meet at the beautiful shore.

Roderick 'Roddy' Irish

Urban was a loving, caring, articulate, generous and humble man. He was a great impact on our lives from the inception of our union - by the way he always looked out for us. His loving nature was even more evident when it became traditional for him to spend Christmas Day through New Years with us for the past several years.

When his sister Hermione returned to Dominica in August he made it his duty to

visit her every Friday at our home, sharing and keeping her company until returning to Portsmouth later in the evening. I think they shared a special bond during those six weeks. May his soul rest in peace.

From Aylmer and Chandra

In August of 2020, following medical attention in the USA, Hermione joined us at our home in Castle Comfort accompanied by her brother Rawlesworth where she was lovingly cared for. It was a pleasure to care for Frances as she showed her gratitude and appreciation for what was being done for her.

Hermione took every opportunity to inquire about the church family, its functions and was sorry that she could not contribute to its operations at this time.

Towards the end of September, when Rev. Morna Christmas-Frazer and her assistant Class Leader visited to offer prayers and share in the administration of the Lord's Supper, she participated fully, singing every hymn and reciting each prayer. When asked to share a hymn she asked that we sang 'Jesus loves me this I know', reminding us of the love of Jesus for all of us.

What was amazing about Hermione she never complained and had a sense of independence despite her challenges. At the end of Reverend's visit, she immediately thanked everyone as well as escorted them to the door as she had embraced our home as hers.

Rest in the loving arms of your Saviour, Hermione!!!

From Aylmer and Chandra

Frances will always be remembered as a loving and caring niece. Every time I would visit Dominica, she would always have something to offer or a place to lay my head. Frances took on the role as a mother-sister for her siblings when "Sis Co" was sick. She never complained and willingly took on her new role. She was always thoughtful and considerate. Frances will be greatly missed. Her brother, Urban was a caring friend. We grew up together and shared our love for God and family. Although I left Dominica at an early age, I always remembered his quiet and gentle spirit. Rest in peace until we meet again in glory.

Aunty Miranda

Urban always had a kind word. He would always say, "Mrs. St. Clair, how are Mr. St. Clair and the boys?" He would ask, "Is there anything I can do to help?" Although he was quiet in nature, I always remember Daddy and himself engaging in intellectual conversations about books, politics and religion. As the eldest brother, he being the first, he felt he had to protect and shield all of us. He would always have something to give. Your life was a blessing; your memory a treasure.

Ilona and Alex

Frances, as she was commonly known to us, was a kind, caring, generous, helpful, and considerate sister. Throughout her illness she never complained. She always smiled. When asked if she was in pain her response was "not really." Frances always thought of others. There was not one time she would not inquire about my children

and husband. Frances, being a Teacher, would always find the time to proofread my subject papers, assist my children with homework. As an Aunt and sister she cared for both myself and my children. Lastly, Frances was always appreciative for whatever was done for her. She will be missed by all. Her last words to me were to take care of myself and family; keep praying. You are loved beyond words and missed beyond measure.

Ilona and Alex

***Tribute to my Brother
Urban Clement Irish Esq.***

My pleasant memories of my brother Urban go way back to around 1978 when he was the manager of LIAT Dominica. At that time he purchased a new car and took me for a ride. I still remember the car seats still covered with plastic. A new car in those days was a big thing, not even my Dad had a car. As a young boy I was proud to tell my friends that my big brother was the manager of LIAT airline and that he had a new car.

Urban's professional and educational achievements served as motivation to me signaling that I could achieve success through hard work. He had a great command of the English vocabulary and the English language; oh how I wish that everyone would pronounce my name as he did. He was interested and supportive of educational pursuits of his siblings, nieces and nephews, daughter and his grandchildren. He made it his duty to attend their graduation ceremonies, be it locally, regionally or internationally.

My first trip out of Dominica was sponsored by Urban who brought me to Antigua for Summer vacation. It was while in Antigua I got to know that he was an avid table tennis player. He also liked playing cards. A week before his passing he told me that he would spend over five hours playing cards with his friends at Portsmouth

When our dad died in 1998 it was evident that Urban was prepared to serve as a father-figure to his siblings. He would never miss a family gathering and on occasions, out of the blue he came to Roseau and bought lots of KFC and invited all to pass at the house to dine.

Urban would come to Roseau bearing gifts of soursop, mangoes, plantain etc. from his subsistence farm to share among his siblings. Urban would always use his poetic ability in sending birthday and Christmas greetings. Less than three weeks before his passing he visited my sister Frances at my house, where he kept her company for practically the entire day. He sang her Methodist hymns. As God would have it, they both now rest in eternal peace having left this world ten days apart.

My brother Urban lived a humble and simple life. He never complained about anything. His last days were spent at my house before being admitted to the hospital where he died three days later. Though visibly in pain, Urban still offered words to avoid us from becoming too worried over him.

Urban, you lived a life of exemplary Godly qualities. Your love for family will always be remembered. Thank you for being you. Memories of you will forever be in my heart.

by Gifford Irish

Tribute to Aunty Frances

- F** is for Friendly Aunty Frances was the friendliest aunt I ever knew.
R is for respect Aunty Frances always taught me to be respectful to others
A is for ability Aunty Frances had the ability to help me with all my homework.
N is for Nice Aunty Frances was always nice to me
C is for care Aunty Frances took care of me when my parents were out.
E is for eat Aunty Frances always made sure I had something to eat
S is for Special Aunty Frances was very special to me.

By Nyron Irish

Aunty Frances was a person of kindness, and some would say a 'Gentle Giant.' Today, we not only think of her, but we think of her accomplishments and the good fight she fought. We feel comforted knowing that she is in a better place. She will live as long as we keep her bright memory in our hearts. As the young say 'Legends never die.'

Ali and Aaden

He never looked for praises. He was never one to boast. His dreams were seldom spoken, his wants very few. And most times, his worries would go unspoken too. A true friend we can turn to, when times were good or bad. One of our greatest blessings, the man called Urban. He was there...! A silent, but firm foundation. May you rest in perfect peace my dear cousin.

Joyce and Ronald Telemacque-Wallace

When I think of you, these words come into mind, 'A fighter with unimaginable stamina, strong will to beat all odds.' Our time spent at 1515 Holcombe Blvd, Houston, Texas will be seared in my memory forever. I will hold tight to the memories forever my dear Frances, until we see again... May you rest in perfect peace.

Joyce and Ronald Telemacque-Wallace

A little bit of my brother and sister will always live deep in me. Be at peace as the night comes. You gave me a deeper understanding of God, love and the world around me as I grew up. I will always remember the good times that we shared growing up in Portsmouth, Roseau and the times you spent with me in Canada. Eternal rest until the day our fates align.

Rawlesworth, Lena and Nathan

My last memorable experience with Aunty Frances was her last visit to Canada last summer. My parents and I were excited to see her. We had planned various activities to spend time with her. One special trip was the one we took to Niagara Falls and the Safari. She enjoyed seeing the various animals up close and the beautiful nature around us. Her visit was a great experience and I still cherish wonderful memories of her time with us.

Aunty Frances would often call from Dominica and speak to me on the phone. She would always inquire about my health and my education. Her caring nature, kindness and smile and interesting conversations will be always missed.

Nathan

My memories of my siblings will never be forgotten. They will always have a special place in my heart. Frances has always been a Big sister, Mother, Confidante and Teacher to me as a young boy until adulthood. As a Big sister she would always ensure that my schoolwork was completed and correct. Urban on the other hand, would always ensure I had whatever I needed when I travelled. He would always be a sound board for my ideas and give his honest opinion. Although this is a sad moment in my life, I remember the words of God, that he will never leave us or forsake us. May their souls rest in everlasting peace.

Michael (Mikey)

Tribute to a Loving Sister

My dear sister Hermione was a remarkable person, filled with love, inspiration and had academic direction. She was selfless, honest, disciplined, and lived with integrity. She enjoyed life but measured every step with a moral compass. She separated right from wrong and was always upright in her thinking and decisions. Her plans and intent for all was success, success, success - that was her mantra.

She was committed to the development of humanity. Even in her sufferings she cared for others as she always asked if everyone was alright. I once heard her testifying of the goodness of God, who took her through her pains, and wellness, and blessings he bestowed on her.

I always loved my dear sister with the fullness of my heart, even from the early days growing up in Portsmouth. She set standards for herself and those around her circle. Her hallmark was fair play, and she

possessed a paragon of wisdom. Her example and faith was a source of inspiration to me and many others. She will be missed as she was a gentle giant who demonstrated a true beacon of hope to all who knew her. She will be remembered. May her soul rest in eternal peace.

A loving brother, Ainsworth Irish

Tribute to My Sister Hermione "Frances" Irish

Simple things of lifelong blessings:

Frances was my first motivational educator ... Over 40 years ago I cried out, "I trying to study but I not understanding anything." Frances heard me and said, "Gifford don't worry, take your time and read it over and over again and you will get it." Those simple words brought me such calm and have been the foundation in all my studies. I marveled at her immense knowledge on all topics and I was comforted to know that my big sister was at home and would help me with all my homework.

Frances was my 'Burden Bearer' — the person whom I spoke to about any and everything. She was never too busy to listen to all my issues, be they work related, business related or estranged relationship issues. After listening she always had sound advice and stuck to her point. But alas sometimes my head was a bit hard that to date I have not taken up one of her instructions pertaining to communication! Sorry my sister!

Frances gave me an identity—so many times I have heard, "oh so you are Ms. Irish brother, the Principal of Wesley High

School?" I would proudly answer, "Yes I am" ... the words of commendation would then be heard inclusive of:

- "Ms. Irish was a kind and caring teacher who always had a smile. I like Ms. Irish."
- "Ms. Irish is like a second mother to me; if it wasn't for Ms. Irish I don't know where I would be."
- "Ms. Irish is hard working and she is so smart. She taught me Spanish and now she is teaching my daughter."

Having been identified as Ms. Irish's brother, benefits would flow to me. I remember one doctor saying, "Our appointments for today are filled but come and I will have the scan done."

Frances brought alive the good memories of both my grandmother and my mother. Frances took care of my children on the nights when I wanted to go out to the calypso shows or creole festival. Frances also ensured that after Christmas Morning Services all family members could come to the house for sorrel, ginger beer, fruitcake or ham. The taste of her well-prepared turkey and souse still lingers on.

Frances was by her actions a signal of humility. Though she was highly educated and principal of a secondary school, I saw her pulling desks, sweeping the classrooms and picking up garbage in the school yard. I remember her standing outside Whitchurch supermarket selling cakes to raise funds for the church. She was pleasant even to the homeless on the streets.

Frances exemplified the virtue of gratitude. The tough decision to resign from my job as a banker after 29.9 years was made easier

as I wanted to spend more valuable time with my family. Nothing can replace the sense of satisfaction that I now feel remembering the quality time I spent taking care of her at my home during her final days as a small sign of gratitude for all that she meant to me.

Frances was God-fearing and a practicing Christian. When leaving her on a Saturday night her final words would be, "See you at church tomorrow." I remember listening to her at church reading the scripture lessons with such reverence and then seeing her walking back to her seat with grace. She also had a beautiful singing voice.

Frances your assignments here have been completed, your papers have been submitted and I am confident that your God happily welcomes you home, having attained an A+ Grade.

Thank you, Frances, Rest well I will always love you.

by G.A. Irish

Tribute to Urban

Urban became part of our lives in the 1960s. His dad was a very close family friend and became the Godfather of our brother Keith at his dedication. In the early 1970s Urban became a member of our household, when he became an Air Traffic Controller at the Melville Hall Airport. The older children remember him directing aircrafts in his sleep. This showed how dedicated he was to his job. To us, he was Mr. Irish... to our sister Lisa he was 'my Godfather.' If no one knew who her Godfather was she bragged about him, she is so proud of him. Our

parents had such love and respect for him, the very reason they asked him to be her Godfather at her dedication. He lovingly referred to our parents as his 'adoptive parents'. He remembered each of us by name, even those he met after he had long left our household. The earth has lost a kind, gentle and respectful soul. Mr. Irish, soar with the angels, sleep in peace... until we meet again.

The children of Heskeith & Nola Matthew of Marigot

Tribute to Urban

The children and grandchildren of Olivia and Addison Prince (both deceased) wish to express profound sadness on the passing of 'Mr. Irish' as we so affectionately called him. We saw greatness in Mr. Irish. A very humble, caring and loving man. We saw him take interest in, cared for and loved his daughter Katherine. He was not only very supportive of our daughter, niece, sister and cousin Katherine but he was very supportive of our family in many ways. He frequently visited our home at Strat Hill, Marigot, and he was always welcomed. We considered him as part of our family. Our matriarch and patriarch, Olivia and Addy, if they were alive, would definitely ensure that we showed our support as they themselves would. To our dear daughter, niece, sister and cousin Katherine we would like you to be strong and know that your father loved you dearly and to carry his memories with you. To the Irish Family we extend our heartfelt condolences on the passing this stalwart and stately man. We will surely miss him and certainly remember him.

The family of Olivia & Addison Prince

I got to know Mr. Urban Irish when he lived and worked in Antigua. Mr. Irish was quiet and soft spoken and it was a pleasure to have known him. May his soul rest in peace.

From Marilyn Yankey

Tribute to Urban

To our dearest Urban! We looked up to you figuratively for all your brilliant accomplishments scholastically and literally as you stood so tall and stately. You lived your life for everyone but yourself! Ever giving of yourself and everything you have to better others. You are the poster child for the adage 'giving the very shirt off your back.'

The memories are fast flowing: Little brother Lemuel moving to Antigua and getting so homesick that you took him in to live with you. And being a father-figure to your sister Carol who you always went in search of in Guadeloupe and whenever she visited DA, forever making sure she was taken care of.

To your impressionable niece Eleanor you stood larger than life, like a mythical figure for his unimaginable exploits in education and as an imposing but gentle giant! Mavis

reveled in all the visits to her home, always bearing gifts even young not fully matured soursop but never empty handed. Your nephew MacLean saw you as ever serious but always approachable and kind.

To your baby sister Avonelle you were a super hero! She lived in awe of your deeply caring, reserved and gentle soul who served his family and community with dignity and selflessness! I bid you adieu...

Then there's your little brother Orlando for whom you bought his first suit. It was for a wedding. Orlando took that new suit and cut the pants to fit white cowboy boots which caused you to ask the obvious question, "What happens when you don't wear the suit with the white boots and wear regular shoes? You do realize it will be 'flooding'?" You said that shaking your head and smiling as you patted him on the back.

You were taken from us way too soon! We didn't get to say goodbye, but you will never be forgotten as your memories will live on through us all. We love you!! Rest in paradise Urban!!!

Mark Peter

