

Celebration of life



Dr. Ralph Eric Vernon James (5th)
October 6, 1933 - January 23, 1992

Late Ralph James (5th) and family
L to R: Roger (6th), Ralph, Robert (6th)
Seated Mother June

A Son Remembers

Ralph, the eldest son of Eric and Zimenia (nee Haynes) James and grew up in San Fernando. Ralph was educated at Presentation College in San Fernando and Queens Royal College in Port of Spain.

His first introduction to teaching profession, following his graduation from QRC, was as a monitor at Couva E.C. School, Trinidad, under the head-teachership of the late Randolph Walrond who was married to his cousin Floris (nee Lee-Young 4th)

Ralph obtained his teaching degree from the University of West Indies – Mona Campus in Jamaica and subsequently attended the University of Winnipeg where he earned his PHD degree in chemistry.

Ralph spent 20+ years teaching at the Winnipeg Adult Education where he taught sciences and especially enjoyed chemistry. He was also actively involved in his community, in organizations such as the Caribbean Canadian Association, Manitoba Association for Rights and Liberty (MARL) and Mayor’s Race Relation Committee, just to name a few.

Ralph married June (nee James) in December 21, 1966 and together they had two children Roger Eric and Robert Eliot.

In his spare time Ralph was an avid reader of Caribbean Literature and Western books. Second to that, he enjoyed cooking many different types of cuisines from around the world. Ralph was famous for many of his jams commonly referred to as “Just Jams”. Finally, Ralph enjoyed traveling to places like Europe, Asia and South America to name a few.



Profile by Roger James, email: jamesrev@shaw.ca

Ralph James & Wilbur Walrond in 1992 at their first reunion after 35 years, in Winnipeg.

Gerald Lee-Young (5TH)

September 1979 - May 26, 2000

On May 26, 2000, the Lee-Young Family were saddened to learn of the untimely and sudden passing of Gerard Lee-Young, the youngest of 4 children of Vernon and Joan Lee-Young (4th generation - John Martin Jr.) Gerard, a brilliant student and recent graduate of St. Mary's College Port of Spain Trinidad, was scheduled to enter the John Donaldson's Institute in September, to further his education. Besides his parents, he feels to mourn his older siblings Mark, John and Ingram. On behalf of the entire Martin Family, we extend our sincerest and heartfelt condolences to the Lee-Young family.

Tribute to Gerard

Creation: A Sioux Story

The Creator gathered all of Creation and said:

"I want to hide something from the humans until they are ready for it. It is the realization that they create their own reality."

The eagle said: " Give it to me, I will take it to the moon."

The Creator said: "No. One day they will go there and find it."

The salmon said: " I will bury it at the bottom of the ocean."

The Creator said: "No they will go there too."

The buffalo said: " I will bury it on the Great Plains."

The Creator said: "They will cut into the skin of the Earth and find it even there."

Grandmother Mole, who lives in the breast of the Earth, and who has no physical eyes but sees with spiritual eyes, said: "Put it inside of them."

And the Creator said: "It is done."

Unknown.

It is a terrible thing to have to say 'Good Bye', but a blessing to have lived within the radius of his / her life.



Seaton Stanhope Lee-Young

June - February 26, 1999

Seaton Lee-Young was the 5th of 10 children of Alma and James Lee-Young and together with his wife Yolande (nee Awai pre-deceased 1991) they had five children Seaton Jr., David, Richard, Beverly and Kathleen.

Despite the difference in our ages, I was very fortunate to know my Uncle more as an older brother and dear friend rather than an Uncle per se and for that I shall be eternally grateful.

I learned many valuable lessons from him which I never learned from the ivied halls of the academics, for his lessons came to me in his role as the Dean of the School of Hard Knocks. He was an Accountant by training and a business man at heart and in his later years he and his eldest son Seaton Jr. took over the family business at the old homestead in Balmain, Couva.

Life for Seaton, like for many of us, was never smooth sailing, but I never knew him to complain. Both he and his dear wife Yolande, though very much alike in many ways, were an evenly balanced pair and they found strength, comfort and fortitude through their differences. To his children and their families we extend our condolences. Wilbur Walrond (5th)



Naomi "Nessie" Effie Martin (3rd)

April 2, 1910-June 27, 1999

With the memory of Naomi "Nessie" Martin, third generation Martin Clan, and one of a long line of family residents at 'The House on the Hill', my earliest recollection of when our paths first merged begins in my pre-teen years. Prior to that time, my memory bank was reserved only for those periodic family visits to see 'Great Grandpa and the Aunts on the Hill' ! (This was long before my younger siblings were made to realize - to their dismay- that there was a 'u' in the word 'Aunts'!)

The last year of my elementary schooling, found my younger brother and I traveling daily by train to and from the San Fernando Government School. Fridays for us, could never arrive soon enough, as on those days we were dismissed at 3.00 p.m. instead of 5.00, no doubt because the teachers wanted a 'long' weekend!

This was a blessing in disguise for both of us, as those two precious hours afforded us the opportunity to visit with the ‘ most senior family members on the Hill!’ thus getting to know them better each week, before heading home on the 5.08 train. Since time was short and precious, our weekly visit had to be well structured. Upon arriving at the family home, we would first pay our respects to Aunt ‘Nicken’ who was really the ‘home maker’ so to speak in the family, and then proceed a little further up the hill to visit with Great Grandpa. He could usually be found, when not puttering around, reposing in a chair in the wood shed just off of the funny looking big earthen ‘thing’ with the small hole in the front and into which some white dough would be placed on a flat tin at the end of a long stick and after some miraculous ‘goings on’ inside, would later be retrieved as bread.

Our next step would be to repair to the veranda, to visit with the three Aunts, since by this time Aunt Polly the schoolteacher and Aunt Nessie the jeweller, would have now just returned home. From this vantage position, one could see the sea, Pointe -a- Pierre, and the railway station, our next destination.

I do not know the origin of the names, Polly, Nicken, or Nessie or how to spell most of them for that matter and it is probably of no great importance, other than to surmise that people with unusual names are very often unusual people and these Aunts were no exception. They all seemed to share the same softness, gentleness, down home country warmth and friendliness, and as I grew older, a type of wisdom well beyond their years.

Was it the serenity and peaceful aura, which to me always seemed to pervade around this home from its vantage point overlooking a sea, which from the distance, regardless of the weather always appeared to be calm, that contributed over the years to their overall demeanor and countenance?

Their memorable voices individually echoed the same gentle tone, albeit distinguishable from the next with their inbred peculiarity. Even in admonishment although each voice never seemed to bear any strong sense of threat or danger, whether being warned or reprimanded, nevertheless you automatically and unquestionably took heed and obeyed.

It is remarkable to note, that although Aunt Nessie and her two sisters before her, lived spinster lives (and apparently very happy ones I might add) nevertheless there was a strong sense of motherhood which managed to filter through to the younger generations who were fortunate enough to periodically come into contact with them. It was an on-going and very meaningful though interrupted type of motherly influence which could never be bestowed upon a child by its natural parent.

It was there on that veranda that we would be treated to our long awaited cold drink and the best cookies, cake guava jelly and homemade desserts of whatever fruits happened to be in season at the time, before saying our good byes, and receiving a few extra goodies for our train ride home- unless of course we were specifically told to ‘take that home for the others!’”

In today’s celebration of the life of Naomi Martin, let us remember what she meant to each of us individually, the special ways in which she made a beautiful and long lasting impression on our

lives. The best summation I have heard has often come from her niece, my mother, when she says that " Aunt Nezzie was like a big sister to me" in spite of the fact that while only 8 years younger, she has never ever referred to her, within or without earshot, as anything other than "Aunt Nezzie".

Naomi Martin's life was a long and happy one and we thank her for lovingly sharing it with us. We are grateful that she was an important part of our history at our first Martin Family Reunion in 1992 and every one thereafter, even the first 'South Reunion' held last year when she could be seen chipping away to the music.



Aunt Nezzie arriving at the San Fernando Family fete October 1998. on her left her niece and nephew Floris Walrond (Lee-Young) and Kenneth Martin (Yankie) and on her right her grand niece Alma Walrond (5th)

She has certainly left us with a legacy, the ability to retain family unity with nothing more than quiet love and affection, of giving from the heart with no thought of receiving, and enjoying each day as it comes. In short, it can truly be said that Naomi Martin in her own way, has lived up to the Family Motto by demonstrating to us how "to utilize our skills and talents to promote Family Unity and in so doing become exemplars to other families".

I would like to take this opportunity to express my sincerest thanks and appreciation, and I trust that of the entire Martin Family Clan, to those family members and friends who throughout Naomi Martin's life have taken time from their busy schedule to share their lives with hers, but especially to Kenneth Martin, who has always and continually' despite any of his own personal or family responsibilities or burdens, strived to give Aunt Nessie and her sisters before her, on going quality of life.

So often have I heard her say words to the effect that Kenneth was more than a nephew - he was the son both she and her sisters and brother never had. Thank you Kenneth.

In closing, the following attributes of Love may help us to better understand and appreciate this wonderful lady who was known to so many of us as simply 'Auntie Nessie' (however it is spelt):

Love is quiet

Love has no agenda

Love is not puffed up

Love has the wisdom to understand the first 3 attributes

Let us therefore give thanks to God for her life well spent and with a happy heart bid good bye to a dear Great, Great Aunt, Great Aunt, Aunt, Sister and Friend to all of us. Wilbur Walrond (5th Generation)



Henrietta Odessa Richards (3rd)

October 12, 1907 - September 15, 1999

The Martin Family Matriarch, Henrietta Odessa Richards died peacefully in her sleep and without pain on September 15, 1999. At her side were her eldest children Maxwell, Dorothy and Elsa. Her other children Malcolm and Charmian had just a few days ago returned to their homes abroad after visiting with her during her last days. The family express their sincere appreciation and joy at the outpouring of well-wishes she received in these her last days.

SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING

for the life of

HENRIETTA ODESSA RICHARDS

12 October, 1907 - 15 September, 1999

Monday, 20 September, 1999

at

The Chapel,

The Cinerary

Long Circular Road

St. James

11:00 am

ORDER OF SERVICE

RECEPTION OF THE BODY:Father George Pow

OPENING SENTENCES

HYMN:To God Be the Glory

READING: Revelations: 21 : 1 - 4-Dorothy Jordan

PSALM 23

HYMN:How Great Thou Art

READING: John: 11: 20 - 26 Charmian Webb

HYMN: I Come to the Garden Alone

READING: I Thessalonians: 4:13 - 18 Elsa Page

EULOGY:Mr. G.M. RICHARDS

HYMN:O Love, That Wilt Not Let Me Go

HOMILY Father George Pow

THE COMMITTAL

HYMN:The Day Thou Gavest

EULOGY

Henrietta Odessa Richards Known to many of us as Zea. There are no institutions for the tutelage of parenthood, neither are there any diplomas awarded for motherhood. The God given gifts of wisdom, compassion and understanding were mixed to near perfection in the life of Henrietta Odessa Richards; the last survivor of the third generation of the Martin family. Though we, here today, and others who met her on the journey of life, hoped that we were prepared for this day, the profound sense of loss that accompanies the conclusion of such a splendid and remarkable life is inevitable.

As we grew up, we her five children, knew Henrietta as a mother with an amazing array of attributes: Gentle loving kindness coupled with strength of character, Serene contentment, but with a thirst for the modern, the innovative and the unknown,

Care and concern for the misfortune and suffering of others and a keen insight where there was superficiality or where there was a lack of love. During the fifty-nine years of our parents' marriage of true commitment, the strengths that underpinned her role as a supportive and resourceful wife emerged: The saying was never truer that 'Behind every successful man is a woman'. Our father depended on her insight, pragmatism and clarity of thought to see him through his many professional challenges. Her children launched themselves into the world facing careers, relationships and family with her as a role model to guide them.

She showed deep concern and interest in the development and progress of her twelve grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren. As her collection of family memorabilia grew and her beautifully handwritten correspondence to her far-flung family proliferated, so did we feel her embracing outreach and inclusiveness that geography could not defeat.

Her infectious good humor contrasted with her ability to be deeply interested in politics and national affairs. But as profound as these strengths were, they were only the proverbial 'tip of the iceberg'. As she nurtured us 'under her wing' we became aware of the other 'ingredients' that formed the basis of her character. Her sound constitution derived from San Fernando's hilly terrain and the natural wholesomeness of the environment at Vista Bella. Her health has stood the test of ninety-one years.

God's endowment to her were charm and natural beauty while through her work as a legal assistant in the latter half of the twenties, she developed competence, independence and confidence. Her eye for fashion and her inclination for etiquette enabled her to carry off her role as the supportive partner to our father during his era of political and executive responsibilities. She accompanied him during his worldwide travels and social commitments - from the presidential palaces of the new commonwealth republics to the historic Court of St. James.

All these she handled with dignity and aplomb. In stark contrast, this glittering round of commitments was followed next by several years of care-giving and devoted nursing as she sacrificed her comforts and her needs to maintain the failing health of our father. Following our father's death she assumed total responsibility for managing the household and its finances. Her skills as a planner and organizer then became evident.

During the last stages of her life, Henrietta bore her challenges with a fortitude that revealed the depth of her faith. We cannot begin to recognize the depth and breadth and width of her gifts. Her star has not waned, but instead lives on. Her life is not a memory, but an eternal flame that guides and nurtures then many devoted family members and friends whose lives she has touched with her special magic.

Henrietta, rest gently in that special home that our loving Father has prepared for you close to his bosom. As we too next pass into our rest, we ask God's help in following your example in our lives, so that we might come to the place you prepare for us with equanimity.

What greater honor can we hope for than your warm, gentle, loving greeting on that distant shore.

Edward Latham's poem eloquently expresses these sentiments:

Don't cry for me
Don't shed a tear
Or feel sorrow on this day
For as long as you
Will remember me
Then I haven't passed away
Don't cry for me
For I have lived
More life than I could dream
I thank the Lord

For all I've had
And everything I've seen
Don't cry for me
For I have gone
To clear a path for you
The day will come
We'll meet again
And again, I'll be with you

Tribute by Wilbur Walrond (5th)

My earliest and lasting memory of my dear Great- Aunt, is that of a lady of regal stature although very down to earth. This last trait seems to have been a very common one among the female species of the 3rd generation of the Martin Family and one hopes that this asset has been passed on to the succeeding generations.

During the past seven years, her regular attendance at the various Martin Family reunions and get-togethers lent an air of dignity and calming grace to the proceedings of those events and we were all honored to have had the privilege of sharing those precious moments with her.

While we all deeply mourn her loss, let us as a family rejoice in the fact that she was privileged to have lived a relatively long and rewarding life and during that period of time, she was blessed with the opportunity to witness and enjoy the many successes of her children and their off-spring.

To you her immediate family and to your children, on behalf of the entire Martin Family Clan, we extend our deepest sympathy.



Elaine 'Cooksie' Smith
19... to March 3, 2008

Long before I had the privilege of meeting Elaine "Cooksie" Smith, I had heard the name "Cooksie" during snippets of conversations with some of my senior cousins. From the context of those conversations I gathered that this "Cooksie" must be quite a live wire and fun person to know.

It was not until August 31, 1992 at the first Martin Family Reunion that I had the privilege of not only meeting this lady and finding out what a live wire she in deed was - particularly on the dance floor- I was also pleasantly surprised to learn that she was a 4th generation Martin Family

member.

For the next 10 years Cooksie danced herself in and out of every family reunion and always, in one way or another, left a lasting impression with those who were fortunate enough to have their paths cross hers. Sad to say, it was not very long after our 10th Reunion in 2002, that Cooksie lost the use of one of her dancing legs, but undaunted and with her innate strength and courage she endured the many trials and tribulations throughout her life.



Cooksie maintained her love and zest for life and continued to support the Family by being a silent role model for the younger generations.

Who can forget the 2004 Christmas function which she attended at the President's House in her then recently acquired role as the Martin Family's Matriarch, at which we were blessed with her ever present smiling and effervescent countenance, her trademark which had started to show signs of growing old with grace and charm, even as she was wheeled around the dance floor, her hands in the air and to the extent possible, her aging body, swaying to the rhythms of the music being played?

I last saw Cooksie in February 2008 in the hospital to which she had been admitted in readiness for her 2nd life threatening operation, seemingly aware of the outcome that would await her. Once again I was amazed, though not surprised at her resolve and inner peace with which she calmly accepted the fate that may be in store for her.

But she never complained and our conversations centered as it usually did, on the progress of the much



talked about Martin Family Foundation.

Happily I was able to report to her that only a few days before, we had received confirmation that the Chow Martin Family Foundation which was envisioned at that first reunion in 1992 was now a legal entity and that its official launch was being planned for August 22, 2008. In her weakened state she quietly said: "That is good!"

If I may be permitted to do so, I would like at this time to pay tribute to another recently departed family member who passed away on February 6, 2008. Joy Worrell, 5th generation, was a founding member of the Martin Family Reunion in 1992 and the author and chronicler of our first history book of The Martin Family, no small feat and which was completed in 6 short months, if I may add. Joy was an educator, writer and publisher of several books and short plays. In short she was by example, a teacher and a leader.



For a subsequent publication on a branch of the Martin Family, I was asked to interview our Matriarch Cooksie as to her thoughts of the Past, the Present, and the Future and about herself.

About the Past:

"My husband worked in a printery and liked to fly model planes. I left Trinidad once, to go to Tobago. I loved playing mas in the Hart's band and I also liked

to sing in the choir. I remember the time when I burned my hand in water containing acid."

About the Present:

I am very close to my Grandson Gabriel, and I have one great grandchild.

About the Future:

I would like to encourage members of the family to support and help the members of the "Committee" to achieve their goals of ensuring unity among all family members. I consider the goal of helping the younger members of the family to get a good education a very worthy one, and I would like to see it developed and sustained."

Finally she said: "I think the improvement of the quality of life for the senior members of the family is a very important goal and one that should be encouraged by all members."

Now that the Chow Martin Family Foundation has become a legal entity, our next step will be to ensure its financial stability and sustainability and to do so in a way that enables every single family member regardless of age and/or station in life to be proud to be one of its founding and sustaining members while heeding the advice of our late Matriarch, and to that end further information will be forthcoming in the next few weeks.

In closing I would like to leave you with our dear Cooksie's, Auntie Cooksie's, Grandma Cookie's and Great Grandma Cooksie's own words:

About herself:

I like dancing and fete - any damn fete, I like to enjoy me damn self. What the hell! "

Farewell dear Soul and when you get to the end of your journey perhaps you, Joy and the others can start a Martin Family Welcome Home Committee - but take your time - there's no Big Rush!.

On behalf of the Martin Family as a whole, we extend our sincerest condolences to the Smiths.

Wilbur Walrond...5th generation March 10, 2008





Aretha Hazel Walrond (6TH)

February 14, 1978 - February 28, 1999

On February 28, 1999, Aretha Hazel Walrond, eldest of three children of Owen & Arva Walrond (5th generation- John Martin Jr) was laid to rest at All Saints Anglican Church, Ladner, B.C. Canada. Aretha was born on Valentine's day February 14, 1978 and was in the the midst of pursuing her acting and singing career. Beside her parents she leaves to morn her many friends and family and her brother and sister, Kevin and Vanessa, her paternal Grandmother Floris Lee-Young (4th generation) and her maternal Grandparents George & Omega Nepaulsingh.



Owen Leslie Martin Walrond

November 11, 1949 - June 8, 2008

By Wilbur Walrond & Lyris Aquing

My sister Lyris and I are honoured to share in the privilege accorded us in the preparation of this eulogy on behalf of the Walrond and Nepaulsingh families. Unfortunately her voice today precludes her from now assisting in its presentation.

Our brother Owen Leslie Martin Walrond was born on November 11, 1949 in the town of Couva, centrally located along the west coast of the island of Trinidad, W.I.

He was the eighth child of five boys and four girls all equally loved by our parents Floris and the late Randolph Walrond. We will first take a moment to pay tribute to our parents. We know our siblings will agree with us that they blessed us all with a level of parenting which by any measure can only be judged as outstanding. Although our financial circumstances as kids growing up can only be, at best, described as humble, our parents certainly blessed us with the enormous wealth of a keen sense of family values and a deep-rooted ambition to succeed in life. Our brother Owen lived a life which truly honoured these blessings.

Circa 1971, Owen migrated to British Columbia to seek his fortune and that he certainly did, when five years later in 1976 he married the beautiful and charming Arva Nepaulsingh and shortly thereafter came the pitter-patter of little feet and the joys of parenthood became the norm of the day.

Owen's vocational career began in the printing business in Trinidad and he very successfully continued in that field in Vancouver.

In reflecting on Owen's life here in Canada, which we had the honour of witnessing closely over the years, we will always be inspired by his undying love and affection for his wife and three children - Kevin, Vanessa and their older sister the late Aretha. Knowing Owen as we all do, is to be impressed by the very close and tight knit family which he and his beloved and loving wife, Arva were able to nurture.

We must all surely be impressed too by his quiet, exceedingly kind and gentle demeanour. He certainly epitomized the essence of being a gentle man. His quiet and subtly understated wit was legendary.

But Owen was also a very community-sensitive person in Delta where he and his wife made their home for over 25 years, as I am sure his colleagues at Delta Assist and the Delta Chamber of Commerce would willingly attest.



In 1987, soon after the birth of the Trinidad & Tobago Cultural Society of BC, he designed and donated what is now his legacy to that organization - its Logo.

When ill health befell our brother / brother-in-law sometime in 2003 as we recall, we really came to see his true nobility. He suffered his terrible and ever-worsening illness with considerable grace and fortitude. He faced these challenges with his usual quiet gentleness. His considerable faith in God supported him.

He carried his burdens with resolve and fortitude while at the same time doing his utmost, almost to a fault, to not unduly burden his wife, son and daughter.

But that said we cannot fail to mention their utter devotion and love for him.

And now, on this day, the birth date of his late father Randolph, as we bid farewell to Owen, who on June 8, 2008 left this sublunary mode to join his father and beloved daughter, Aretha, we ask you all to join in praying that God in his mercy will grant him eternal peace and rest and we ask that you pause for a moment to reflect on the words at the back of the program which we feel could very well be his final words to you, as a brother, a devoted husband a beloved father, uncle, great uncle and a sincere friend to all of you.

Don't grieve my family and friends,
for I'm not gone.
I'm merely out of sight;
For in everything you've shared with me,
a part of me burns bright
in my family and loved one's
smiles or gestures.

You'll recall a time or place
we've laughed or loved or shared, such
that mere absence cannot erase.
So smile for me and laugh for me,
and live your life with zest.
Do treasure all our memories.
I offer you my strength.
Go on with life and be proud of me,
in you I have such faith.

OWEN LESLIE MARTIN WALROND

November 11, 1949 - June 8, 2008



Joy Worrell

Eulogy Joy Irma Cecil Worrell

Joy Irma Cecil Worrell was the daughter of C.T.W.E. Worrell, legendary legal luminary and Irma nee James, daughter of an upstanding and genteel San Fernando Family. Named after both parents, she displayed her father's forthrightness, brilliance and wit and her mother's sweetness and beauty. But Joy she was in her own right, bubbling over with high spirits, her dimpled smile always at the ready. She radiated that remarkable sense of joie de vivre which characterized her approach to the serious business of living. One remembers a master at college renaming her Joyful and so she was. A friendly, warm, loving and gregarious human being, Joy had the capacity to attract and maintain lifelong friendships. One can understand why the boys clustered around her like flies to the proverbial honey pot much to the chagrin of some of her female friends.

Her nursery, primary and secondary school years were all spent at the various Naparima institutions. She felt impelled by her deep love for these schools to initiate activities that would strengthen their good influence on the lives under their tutelage. She was honoured by the Alumnae Association of Naparima Girls' High School as an old girl who had served the school and community with distinction.

Here at Naparima, her talents for leadership, service, writing, organization and oratory manifested themselves from her earliest years. She was elected class president throughout her secondary school life and with her usual ebullience and aplomb delivered speeches and liaised with stern senior school mistresses on behalf of the class. One is therefore not surprised that in her adult years she was able to assume leadership roles and executive positions and bring to these the poise and creativity which were so much part of her nature and training. Many were the

school trips and class parties that she successfully managed. This ability to get the show on the road, she exhibited, so often in her more mature undertakings.

Joy's writing skills surfaced too during these years and one would often be regaled with the account of how she had scored 9 out of 10 for a description of the coronation parade of Queen Elizabeth II. She was also proud of a short play she had had written while at Aberdeen University that was performed by a cast which consisted primarily of Trinidadian students. Some years later one of these fledging thespians emerged as something of a star on the local stage and another as a playwright and director. She enjoyed referring to herself as a published author. Many were the hours she had spent researching local records, tracing genealogies, lifting old photographs and compiling anecdotes that chronicled the history of the Martin family, a huge, multi-branched clan, of which she was a member. This published account pleased her no end and seemed to be the catalyst that propelled her once again into research and writer mode. And so it was that on her retirement, she began the production of a biography recording the life and accomplishments of her distinguished father. Regrettably she was unable to complete this opus magnus. It is about two thirds completed, and one hopes that an interested someone might be moved to conclude the task.

Her formal education continued at the University of Aberdeen where she obtained a Master of Arts Degree. Joy then proceeded to London where the greater part of her working life there was spent as a research officer with BBC. As a regular as Big Ben she would post material from BBC's school broadcasting service to her former classmates still in Trinidad, who had become primary school teachers. Such was her abiding interest in education at every level.

She travelled extensively during her years in the U.K. and acquired a wealth of knowledge and ideas. She could hold forth with the best of them on almost any topic under the sun scarcely pausing for breath. Many of us can recall being part of a captive audience as Joy embarked on an after-dinner peroration. We were reduced to a hushed, hypnotized and cross-eyed bunch as Joy moved seamlessly and relentlessly from one anecdote to another as the clocks ticked away the hours and the roosters cleared their throats to herald the coming dawn.

But Joy possessed a somber and sobering world view which matched the sentiments of the poet Matthew Arnold who penned:

"For the world which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help from pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and of flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

Unlike the poet, however she never allowed herself to be dominated by a spirit of pessimism or demolished by crippling despair. She was all heart and light and generosity and fight. She dedicated her whole being to erasing the alarming reality of Arnold's verse. In 1970s when she

finally decided to return home she came determined to make a positive difference in the lives of her family members and her colleagues. She began her crusade at home, striving to inspire the younger members of her family to ways of study and industry. She hoped for example, to achieve this goal as she herself was a voracious reader and perennial student.

Joy joined the ranks of local civil service. Her post she regarded as a vocation, an almost sacred calling. Her value as a committed civil servant was soon recognized and she rose from her first posting as an Administrative Cadet in the Ministry of Planning to a more elevated and influential position in the Ministry of Health. She closed her career as Permanent Secretary in Ministry of Industry and Commerce. The seminars and counselling sessions she organized for young recruits of these various Ministries elevated this game plan and brought many of them to the realization that the "darkling plain" was real and that the struggle should not end in the flight but in sound achievement, realized ambitions and the conquering of what seemed insurmountable. In gratitude one of these cadets was moved to pay Joy the highest of compliments when she said:

"Miss Worrell, I wish you were my mother." So totally committed was Joy to enabling young people to achieve a useful and productive existence that even during the last year of her life she encouraged many youthful drop-outs who lived on her compound to avail themselves of opportunities being provided by the government towards the acquisition of marketable skills.

She successfully managed several government projects including the construction of health centres throughout the country, the extension of the San Fernando General Hospital and the training programme for Caribbean dental nurses. This programme was a pioneering endeavour that Joy immersed herself in with her usual thoroughness,

Throughout the years of the existence of this special group, she maintained a lively interest in the development of its members. These nurses remember her with great fondness as during the somewhat turbulent months of their training Joy made herself available in the role of sympathetic ear and wise counsellor. Marilyn Birmingham, Manager of the General Hospital in Dominica and Shireen McKenn on behalf of the Dental Nurses express their gratitude for the splendid reunion which Joy organized in Trinidad to celebrate this 30th Anniversary. Incidentally, Joy was something of a reunion-planning specialist as she often single handedly managed such occasions for her Aberdovian mates and was largely responsible for the festivities which commemorated the 50th Anniversary of her class in which she had graduated from Naparima Girls' High School in 1953.

This may sound like a clichéd remark, but the fact is Joy lived to help people. Her seemingly boundless energies she channelled into working at executive levels in the YWCA, The Naparima Girls' High School Alumnae Association Standing Committee of the North, the Martin Family Reunion Committee and the St. Michael's Home. Her breakfast mornings, brunches, and tea party fund raisers were fast becoming traditions. She was the true servant/leader, not only donning the hat of planner and project manager, but also crowning herself with the chef's headgear, undaunted by the task of flaking an out-sized basin of salted fish as she raced against the clock to produce the breakfast morning's buljol on time. But the exercise that elicited her greatest compassion was the education, rehabilitation and transformation of the lives of the residents of the St, Michael's Home. She tried with great sensitivity and kindness to instil hope in

the hearts of these boys. Her attempts at creating a measure of literacy among them were patient and painstaking. Her involvement went even further, as she used all her powers of persuasion and tapped into the goodwill she had garnered over the years to supply these children with much needed items of clothing, linens, toiletries, books, toys and Christmas treats.

Eventually ill health took its toll on that enterprising spirit, and the person we remember larger than life, with an enormous appetite for hard work, had to slow down. But we never envisaged her imminent demise...the sudden loss of a loving sister and aunt, a cheerful cousin, a valuable colleague and a dear, dear friend. She truly lived the Biblical edict: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth itself to do, do it with thy might." So we close now, we say "Farewell" with the metaphoric words of the poetry of Ecclesiastes "Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with merry heart; for God now accepteth thy works."

Lyris Aquing (nee Walrond 5th)

Dear All,

Lyris Aquing (nee Walrond 5th) left us for a better and more peaceful place on October 2, 2009 after a very pragmatic and courageous battle with cancer. She was the daughter of Floris Walrond (nee Lee-Young) and the late Randolph Walrond and the beloved wife of John. She was the mother of Jessel (Martina), James (Tonya), Jeremy, grandmother of Montana, Jayton, Mandela, Miguel and Isabella. Sister of Wilbur (Sylvia Richards, Madalena Corsi), Kermitt (Yvette Alexis), Alma, Lawrence (Beth), Deanna, Ian (Margaret deceased), the late Owen (Arva), Lystra Henry.

Sister-in law of Tack (Pat), Bernard (Dianne), Roman (Kim) Elizabeth, Felix (Ellen) Michael (Pat) Mary (Robert Salandy), Kimmy (Hussein Sendinc) Rose (Jose Gomes), Angelia (Robert Ng Mon). Aunt of Alan, Randall (Tracy), Elsa Corsi (Anthony) Kevin (Stephanie) Andre (Jone), Karen (Marcus), Natalie (John), Vanessa, Larissa, Azania, Anya, Alicia, Yvan, Janelle, Damian, Ricky, Ille (deceased), Liesl, Albert, Nigel, Kevin, Stefan, Anthony, Georgia, Christian, Alyssa, Michelle, Mickarla, Patrick, Ashley, Brandon. Grand Aunt of Ariana, Joshua, Julia, Henry, Alexia, Kennedy, Keisha and Mykala.

A Celebration of Lyris' life will be held on Monday October 12, 2009 at 10.00 a.m. at the Richmond Pentecostal Church, 9300 Westminster Highway, B.C. Canada.

Thank you all for your care and concern during the past unsettling months.

The Aquing & Walrond Families.

Celebration of Life ... Lyris

... <http://members.shaw.ca/chowmartin/pdf/lyrislifecelebration.pdf>

Lyriss Eulogy and Photos ...

... <http://members.shaw.ca/chowmartin/pdf/lyriseulogy.pdf>

... <http://members.shaw.ca/chowmartin/pdf/jeremytribute.pdf>

Tribute By Larissa ...

... <http://members.shaw.ca/chowmartin/pdf/larissatribute.pdf>

Tributes from Bishops ...

... <http://members.shaw.ca/chowmartin/pdf/bishoptribute.pdf>



Michele Nicholas (6th)

Dear Family,

I am saddened to inform you that on Friday April 24, 2009, Michele Nicholas (6th) left this world for a better place after having been admitted to the Port of Spain General hospital on Sunday April 19, 2009 following complications including renal failure. Tests

later indicated the probability of Dengue fever, though not confirmed. Hopefully an autopsy on Monday will reveal the actual cause of death.

Michele, 43 years old, was an active member of the younger generation of the Martin Family Reunion Committee (MFRC) which took office in 2007 until April 6, 2009 when its leaders decided to opt out and form an independent group of its own, operating under its own mandate and agenda, albeit in the interest of Martin Family unity.

Michele had been avidly looking forward to assuming the Presidency of the MFRC in May of this year, promising to do so under the direction of the Martin Family Council of Elders and its new guidelines and mandate which had been presented to them at a special meeting in February 2009.

At the end of that meeting she told me: "I can do it with your help". Those were her last words to me and I knew she meant it sincerely.

We will now have to look forward to the formation of a new MFRC to continue with its good work that was started in 1992 and which has since led to the formation in 2008 of the Martin Family Foundation which must now be put into active operation.

Michele leaves to mourn her son Marcus (24) and her daughters Mandisa (19) and Mikel (15) and her ailing husband Rusty.

Funeral services are slated for Wednesday April 29, 2009 at St. Michael's Anglican Church, Diamond Vale. Please check your local newspaper for time and other details.

Our deepest condolences to the Hicks and Nicholas families.

May she rest in Peace.

Wilbur Walrond (5th)
Martin Family

Carl Ramjohn

It is with deep sadness that we announce the sudden passing of Carl Ramjohn 36, of Lange Park Chaguanas Trinidad on Sunday January 11, 2009.

Carl was the nephew of our family members President Max Richards and Lady Jean Ramjohn-Richards (4th).

The Martin Family sends their deepest sympathy and condolences to the Ramjohn and Richard Families and we wish them memories of their loved one that will ease their loss and love that will heal their sorrow.