

A CELEBRATION OF LIFE



William Wingy
NATHANIEL
DEANE

OCTOBER 12TH, 1960 - MARCH 12TH, 2023

William "Wingy"
NATHANIEL
DEANE

OCTOBER 12TH, 1960 - MARCH 12TH, 2023

FUNERAL SERVICE:

Bethany Baptist Church

**250 BAY ROAD, WHEELAND
PROVINCIALES, TURKS & CAICOS ISLANDS**

SATURDAY, APRIL 22ND, 2023 AT 10:00 A.M

OFFICIATING:

Deacon Edgar Howell

SERMON:

Rev. Derek R. Hamilton

INTERMENT:

Five Cays Public Cemetery

DIRECTING:

A&S Funeral Services

“All About Wing!”

HIS LIFE, HIS LEGACY, OUR MEMORY...

A SON:

Nothing brings more joy to a family than the birth of a child. On October 12th, 1960 William Nathaniel Deane was born to the late John Algernon Deane and Monica Deane Nee Williams on the island of Providenciales. He attended the All-Age Primary School in the settlement of Blue Hills.

At a very early age, it was evident that ‘Wing’, as he was affectionately called, would become a master boatsman. Although he loved playing marbles and making wooden guitars, he had a passion for fishing and sailing. He was always eager to accompany his Father or his Uncle James on fishing trips. ‘Wing’ won his first boat race at a very young age. He, along with his cousin Frank, proved that they were master sailors as they raced across the waters to the finish line and won! They were so excited that they ‘over-celebrated’ their victory. By the end of that day, ‘Wing’ and Frank had sunken his uncle’s boat and lost their trophy. Foolishness was in the hearts of these two children on that day, but the fishing rod of correction drove it away.

A HUSBAND:

William met the beautiful Analouise Robinson and began to chase after her heart. Although he was a skilled fisherman, it took a while to catch Ana’s attention. ‘Wing’ being a fighter, persistently cast his net on the shores of Five Cays until he caught his angel fish. As they grew into love, love grew in them and on December 13th, 2014, they were married. ‘Wing’ loved Ana unconditionally. He stood by her side during her illness and became even more protective of her.

- “He was my closest friend!” **ANA**

A FATHER:

‘Wing’ was a loving and supportive father. He would end his phone conversations with his children by reminding them of how much they were loved. He was proud to be their father.

- “He was there for me through all of the ups and downs of life!” **SHERIKA**
 - “He was the best Dad!” **SANDRIA**
 - “He was kind and compassionate!” **SHAKORAH**
 - “He had my back when others didn’t!” **JOEY**

A BROTHER:

‘Wing’ was born into a close-knit family. He loved spending time with them. They would often go fishing or play music together. A bond has been broken.

- “He made me laugh!” **PRISCILLA**
- “He showed me respect and true brotherly love!” **GEORGE**
 - “He was a cool brother!” **SAMUEL**
 - “He was one of my favorite brothers!” **ALVIN**
- “He was a brother that every brother would want to have!” **ALGERNON**
 - “He was very close to me from childhood, he’ll be missed!” **JAMES**
 - “He never worried about anything.... always smiling!” **ARTHUR**

A PATIENT:

‘Wing’ suffered in silence with heart disease, diabetes and hypertension. Being one

“GOD CAN MOVE MOUNTAINS!”

of a jovial character, there were no indications that he was ailing. A few years ago, he flew to the Dominican Republic for a checkup and there he was advised that his heart valve wasn't functioning properly. His condition worsened as time went by, causing him to faint on a few occasions, but "Wing" kept on smiling and kept on living. He continued to work hard during the daytime but experienced pain and discomfort at night. In September 2022, he was told that he was in need of another checkup and possibly surgery. Finally, in February 2023, he got an appointment at the University Hospital of the West Indies, in Jamaica. He had made up his mind that if surgery was required upon his checkup, he'd get it done right away. 'Wing' spent his final days on his hospital bed talking with family and friends as he prepared for surgery. He sent many voice notes to them expressing his love. On March 7th, 2023 'Wing' was sedated and surgery began. Although there were many prayers, he remained sedated due to complications and just like that, he slipped away peacefully into the arms of Jesus on March 12th, 2023.

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LEFT TO CHERISH HIS MEMORIES ARE:

HIS WIFE: Analouise Robinson-Deane

HIS CHILDREN: Sherika, Sandria [Parnie], Shakorah [Shandy] and Jowill Deane

GRANDCHILDREN: Tysean & Tamarion Harvey, Nevaeah & Sheen [Jr.], Haven & Hayden Deane, Arthur [Kai] & Leighana Gordon, Mikhail Francis, Shaynea-Raye Scott, Hayleigh Williams

UNCLE: Eden Williams

BROTHERS: George, John [Samuel], Algernon, James, Alvin & Arthur Dean

SISTER: Priscilla Williams

BROTHERS-IN-LAW: Phil and Earlson Robinson

SISTERS-IN-LAW: Irene, Betty, Lea [Anaskha], Paola, Connie Dean, Lillian Boyce, Louann Missick and Katherine

NEPHEWS: Dereck, Stevon, Corwin, Shervin, Kendell, Marvin, Dameko, Derrado, Arthur [Jr.], Byron, Jayden, Brayden, Greg, Michael, Jeremy, Joel, Nicky, Charles, Trevor, Roy [Jr.] and Pascal

NIECES: Pansy, Stephanie, Camille, Andrea [Audrey], Judy, Prenell, Janice [Tia], Janell, Lisa, Simoni, Le'moni, Paula, Victoria, Chadea, Tymant, Skylar, Marva and Hyacinth

A host of other relatives and friends including: The entire 'Genie Breed', The descendants of the late Algernon Deane & Susan Hall, Benson Rigby, Llewellyn 'Cowboy' Gray, Stephanie Henfield, Orel Williams and Lucy Eaton

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- ORDER OF SERVICE -

PROCESSIONAL

OPENING REMARKS

CONGREGATIONAL HYMN “Blessed Jesus, Hold My Hand”

As I travel through this pilgrim land there is a Friend who goes with me.
Leads me safely thro’ the sinking sand, it is the Christ of Calvary.
This would be my pray’r, dear Lord, each day to help me do the best I can,
For I need Thy light to guide me day and night, Blessed Jesus, hold my hand.

CHORUS:

Je---sus, hold my hand, I need Thee ev’ry hour,
[Blessed Jesus, hold my hand] [Yes, I need Thee ev’ry hour]
Thru this pilgrim land Protect my by Thy pow’r.
[Thru this land, this pilgrim land ----By Thy saving pow’r.]
Hear my feeble plea, O Lord, look down on me.
[Hear my plea, my feeble plea, Lord, dear Lord, Look down on me]
When I kneel in pray’r I hope to meet you there,
[When I kneel in prayer]
Blessed Jesus, hold my hand.

Let me travel in the light divine that I may see the blessed way;
Keep me that I may be wholly Thine and sing redemption’s song some day.
I will be a soldier brave and true and ever firmly take a stand,
As I onward go and daily meet the foe, Blessed Jesus, hold my hand.

When I wander thru the valley dim toward the setting of the sun,
Lead me safely to a land of rest if I a crown of life have won;
I have put my faith in Thee, dear Lord, that I may reach the golden strand,
There’s no other Friend on whom I can depend, Blessed Jesus, hold my hand.

OLD TESTAMENT READING. Ecclesiastes 3:1-8. Grandchildren

TRIBUTECousins

CONGREGATIONAL HYMN “What A Day That Will Be”

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|--|--|
| 1. There is coming a day,
When no heart aches shall come,
No more clouds in the sky,
No more tears to dim the eye,
All is peace forever more,
On that happy golden shore,
What a day, glorious day that will be. | 2. There'll be no sorrow there
No more burdens to bear,
No more sickness, no pain,
No more parting over there;
And forever I will be,
With the One who died for me,
What a day, glorious day that will be. |
|--|--|

Chorus:
What a day that will be,
When my Jesus I shall see,
And I look upon His face,
The One who saved me by His grace;
When He takes me by the hand,
And leads me through the Promised Land,
What a day, glorious day that will be.

VIDEO TRIBUTE

NEW TESTAMENT READING Revelation 21:1-4. . Daquida Robinson [Niece-In-Law]

TRIBUTE Bert Missick [Brother-In-Law]

SERMON Reverend Derek R. Hamilton

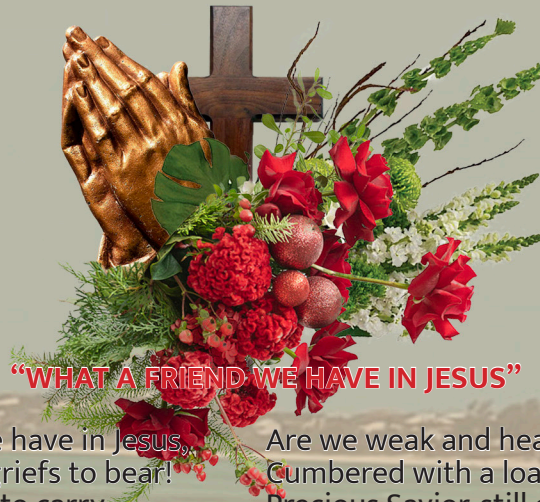
PRAYER FOR FAMILY Pastor Alce Dor
Instrument Baptist Church

RECESSIONAL HYMN “it’s Alright Now”

There was a time I traveled A lonely sinful road Beneath a heavy burden bending low But now all things are different For Jesus took my load It's alright now I'm His I know	A-down a lonely pathway Without a friend to guide I walked in sin and sorrow all alone ‘Til Jesus came and found me And drew me to His side It's alright now for I'm His own
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Chorus: It's alright now For I am in my Savior's care It's alright now My Savior hears and answers prayer He'll walk beside me ‘Til I climb the heav'nly stair And ev'rything is alright now	No more in sin I wander No more in darkness roam The Lord has placed My feet on higher ground Each day new heights I'm gaining my soul is nearing home It's alright now I'm heaven bound
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“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!

Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge--
Take it to the Lord 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!

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.

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged--
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Blessed Savior, Thou hast promised
Thou wilt all our burdens bear;
May we ever, Lord, be bringing
All to Thee in earnest 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.

Soon in glory bright, unclouded,
There will be no need for prayer--
Rapture, praise, and endless worship
Will be our sweet portion there.

“PRECIOUS MEMORIES”

Precious mem'ries, unseen angels
Sent from somewhere to my soul;
How they linger, ever near me,
And the sacred past unfold.

In the stillness of the midnight,
Echoes from the past I hear;
Old time singing, gladness bringing,
From that lovely land somewhere.

Chorus
Precious mem'ries, how they linger,
How they ever flood my soul,
In the stillness of the midnight,
Precious, sacred scenes unfold.

Precious father, loving mother,
Fly across the lonely years;
And old home scenes of my childhood,
In fond memory appear.

As I travel on life's pathway,
Know not what the years may hold;
As I ponder, hope grows fonder,
Precious mem'ries flood my soul.

“IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL”

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.

Refrain:
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 hath 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!

For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live:
If Jordan above me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait,
The sky, not the grave, is our goal;
Oh, trump of the angel! Oh, voice of the Lord!
Blessed hope, blessed rest of my soul!

And Lord, haste the day when the 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.

“FARTHER ALONG”

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

Chorus:
Farther along we'll know all about it,
Farther along we'll understand why;
Cheer up, my brothers, live in the sunshine
We'll understand it all by and by.

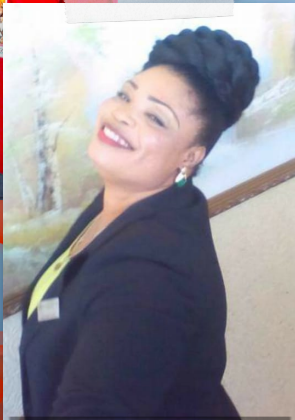
When death has come and taken our loved ones,
It leaves our home so lonely and drear;
Then do we wonder, why others prosper,
Living so wicked year after year.

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

When we see Jesus coming in glory,
When He comes from His home in the sky;
Then we shall meet Him in that bright mansion,
We'll understand it all by and by.

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- TRIBUTES -



"My Love"

When life seems a blur, and I can't quite believe
That i'm living without you and you were taken from me
I sit back and think of the memories we shared,
All the laughs that you gave me and the times that you cared
'Til death do us part. That's true in our case.
I miss you so much, your voice and your face
Time is a healer, I can't say that it's true,
But life does go on, which means without you
When it all gets too much and I wish you were here
I feel thankful that I met you and I hold you close, my dear.

YOUR WIFE

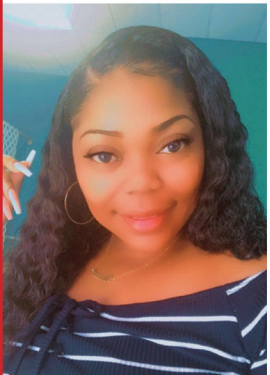


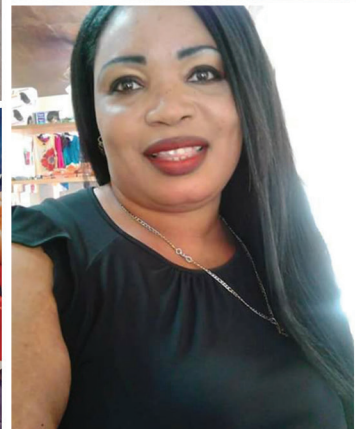
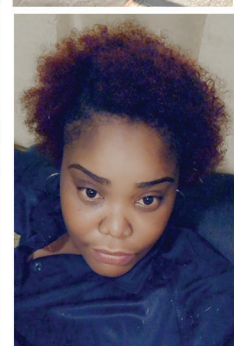
"To Our Dad"

You may have thought we didn't see, or that we hadn't heard
life lessons that you taught to us, but we got every word.
Perhaps you thought we missed it all, and that we'd grow apart
but dad, we picked up everything, it's written our my hearts.
Without you dad, we wouldn't be the children we are today
You built a strong foundation, no one can take away.

YOUR CHILDREN







HONORARY PALLBEARERS
THE BROTHERS OF WILLIAM NATHANIEL DEANE

PALLBEARERS
Solie & The Gang
Seabreeze Ripsaw band

USHERS
BETHANY BAPTIST CHURCH

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The family of the late William Nathaniel Deane wishes to acknowledge the many expressions and gestures of kindness shown to us during this difficult time. Thank you to the University Hospital of the West Indies for your efforts to assist our loved one. We believe in our hearts that God had another plan. A very special thank you to the Pastor and members of the Bethany Baptist Church for accommodating us today.

The Family

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