

HOME GOING
Celebration



REV. *Iris* HANDFIELD

SUNRISE 13TH AUG, 1941 - SUNSET 24TH JUN, 2026



Celebration OF LIFE & THANKSGIVING

SATURDAY, 1ST AUGUST 2026
10:00AM

LOCATION:

Church of God of Prophecy
Bottle Creek, North Caicos
Turks & Caicos Islands

OFFICIATING:

Bishop Andrew Stone (National Bishop)
Church of God of Prophecy,
Turks & Caicos Islands

ASSISTED BY:

Bishop Wesley Missick (Senior Pastor),
COGOP Five Cays
Rev. Ronald Gardiner (Senior Pastor),
COGOP Bottle Creek

USHERS:

COGOP Protocol Officers
Diann Misick
Shirleen Clarke

INTERMENT:

Handfield's Cemetery
Bottle Creek North Caicos

ARRANGEMENTS ENTRUSTED TO:



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"A Family Serving Families"

Obituary

WHO WAS SHE?

Some called her Ivy, Miss Ivy, Kin/Cou'n/Cousin Ivy, Titter-I, Aunty Ivy, Sister Ivy ... we called her Mom, Mommy, Mama.

THE DAUGHTER

Iris (Ives) Leonora Handfield was born on August 13, 1941 in the quiet settlement of High Rock, Bottle Creek, to James and Jacinth Gardiner-Walkin. She was the fifth child and third daughter born into this union that produced eleven children.

THE SISTER

Ivy was the quintessential middle child, but her position in a family of twenty-two offspring was not typical. After her father remarried, and more children were added to the family, there were more siblings looking up to her than she had to look up to. Ivy took her job as 'Titter-I' very seriously and her younger siblings honoured and revered her. They looked to her for guidance, and she was often called upon to mediate arguments among the younger sisters. She would let them go on and on before saying very calmly "it takes two fools to quarrel." This would end the argument immediately.

THE STUDENT

Ivy attended the Bottle Creek All Age School (now Adelaide Oemler Primary) up to sixth standard. Her formal schooling ended at the tender age of twelve because unfortunately, that was the year in which her mother died. She always said that she wanted to return to school, but she did not want to bother her Pa who was grieving the loss of his young wife and trying to cope with the children left in his care. Besides, she had completed the sixth standard syllabus twice, so there wasn't anything new to learn.

Ivy was always a quick learner, and she possessed a creative streak which led her to turn her passion for sewing into a lucrative career. When we asked her who taught her to sew, she said she learned the basics from her cousin, Cecilia (Smith) Duncanson, but most of it was self-taught. It was customary for young ladies of her era to learn many skills... sewing, crocheting, reading sheet music (she could run up the scale quicker than you could say 'Doh, Ray, Me'). Even though she didn't play an instrument, she knew music. It was amazing to hear her sound out the notes to a song and then put it together to figure out the melody.





REV. IRIS LEONORA *Handfield*

IVY THE WIFE AND MOTHER

On the 13th day of December 1959, she married Archelaus Handfield, a recently widowed young man, and moved to the settlement of Belmont on the southern end of the island. Ivy instantly became a mother to three daughters: Sheila (d. 2020), with whom she had more of a sibling relationship, and two from her husband's previous marriage. She then had her first child who was also a girl. Girls rained down on the Handfield family in two-year intervals until baby number five (a boy) was born. Baby number six was also a boy, but numbers seven and eight reverted to form, since in the Handfield household, girls ruled.

THE WIDOW AND SINGLE MOTHER

Her marriage to Archie, as he was known, lasted for thirty-two years until he died of a heart attack in February of 1991. Ivy was still a relatively young woman and most people felt that she would remarry; but she chose to remain single and focus on her last two daughters and her grandchildren, who had started coming in threes before her husband's death.

THE HANDYWOMAN

Miss Ivy, Cou'n Ivy, Auntie Ivy, was the equivalent of a handywoman. She could drive a nail straighter than many men and we would always joke about how handy she was with tools. There was not an inch of her sewing machine that she hadn't removed and repaired or replaced at some point.

THE PROVIDER

Over the course of her working life, Ivy supplemented her husband's earnings and later became the sole provider of the household by doing what she loved. In the early stages of her life she sewed: wedding gowns, bridesmaids' dresses, ladies' dresses, school uniforms, men's dress pants and shirts, you name it, she made it.

In the early to mid 80's she taught sewing at the North Caicos Junior High School (now Raymond Gardiner High School). This arrangement lasted until the school was upgraded to a full-fledged high school in 1985.

After the death of her husband in the 1990s, she worked in the Tuck Shop at the Aidelaide Oemler Primary School. She held this position until she was unable to withstand the pain associated with the long hours of standing on her feet. She retired in the early 2000s as she realized that all of her older children were self-sufficient, and her last child was well established in her career as a teacher. She told her children in true Ivy style, "I'm giving up working in the Tuck Shop. My knees cannot take the pressure of standing around any longer. I am going to apply for National Insurance and if you all don't take care of me, God will punish you."

THE SPIRITUAL LEADER AND MORAL COMPASS

Ivy was quiet, but serious as a judge. It did not matter how many times you asked or how you re-worded the request, her 'no' remained 'no.' Though it was disappointing to hear, most times we knew that our requests were neither in line with her beliefs and values nor with God's plan for our lives.

Sister Ivy was a faithful worker in the Church of God of Prophecy, Bottle Creek. She held titles such as: VLB leader, Sunday School teacher, Women's Missionary Band (WMB) leader, and Church of Prophecy Marker Association (CPMA) leader. Sister Ivy became Reverend Ivy after being ordained to serve in September 2010. She accepted this anointing with the same grace and humility with which she approached every facet of her life.





RELOCATION

In 2011, when the last grandchild she raised directly finished high school, Reverend Ivy moved to Providenciales to be near her children and grandchildren. Although it was the most practical solution for all concerned, Rev. Ivy never gave up on the thought of returning to Belmont, Bottle Creek where she had spent most of her adult life.

LIMITED MOBILITY AND OTHER MINOR AILMENTS

Shortly after moving to Providenciales, Rev. Ivy began experiencing a slow decline in her mobility. She could not stand for long periods and even though she was no stranger to walking (taking the track from Belmont to High Rock for decades to attend church services or visit her father), she could not walk even short distances unassisted. In 2014, first in March, then again in December, Rev. Ivy underwent knee replacement surgeries which should have brought her relief from chronic knee pain. Although she would always say that she was "back to where she was" before the surgeries, she never regained full mobility. Her limited mobility did not interfere with her zeal for serving God. Most Sundays she could be found at the Church of God of Prophecy in Five Cays, sitting in her wheelchair and taking an active part in the service.

When her daughter's home in Five Cays was destroyed by Hurricane Irma in 2017, Rev. Ivy moved to Blue Hills to be with her youngest daughter.

TRIUMPHANT RETURN

In July of 2021, after experiencing two surgeries, two hurricanes and a worldwide pandemic, Rev. Ivy got her wish. She was able to return to Bottle Creek where her heart was longing to be. However, before she could reestablish her link with her church and community, she became ill in February of 2022. The hospitalization and extended recovery period further affected her mobility, and she became confined to her home.

As her health waned, Reverend Ivy was cared for by her daughter, Laverne, who was assisted by her siblings on weekends and her numerous aunts and cousins whenever the need arose. If the request was for Titter-I or Auntie Ivy, the question was never "why" just "where, when, what or how much?"

The End of an Era...

"To everything there is a season" [Ecclesiastes 3:1]... Reverend Ivy's season came to an end on June 24, 2026.



Left to cherish her memories are:

DAUGHTERS (8) - Carolyn (Ironica) Delancy, Bethel, Leonora, Sandra and Nerissa Handfield, Wilda Smith, Lydia Martin and Laverne Clarke

SONS (2) - Bentley and Brentford Handfield

DAUGHTERS-IN-LAW (2) - Tamika and Kenya Handfield

SONS-IN-LAW (5) - Hulbert Handfield, Charles Delancy, Franklyn Smith, Stanford Clarke and James Martin

SISTERS (5) - Rev. Dr. Petrina Williams, Ruth Rahming, Audrey and Monica Walkin and Stephanie (Sherry) Gardiner

BROTHERS (5) - Newton, Lewis, Stephen, Charlton, and George (Ben) Walkin

SISTERS-IN-LAW - Kathleen Smith, Janet, Sigrid, Lisa and Yatika Walkin

BROTHER-IN-LAW - Rt. Hon. Apostle Bishop Washington Williams

GRANDDAUGHTERS - Siane Taylor, Lakeysa Layfield, Orenicco, Shayone, Laquetta, Leandra, Taneicia and Zayleigh Handfield, Shekerah Wilson, Danielle Handfield-Pardo, Khalilah and Khalevia Smith, Erica Delancy and Arielle Williams-Kerr

GRANDSONS - Donovan Taylor, Curtis, Delano, Derian, Brenten and BJ Handfield, (Francisco) Rashad and Franco Smith, Adonis and Nikkolai Clarke

GRANDDAUGHTER-IN-LAW - Tamecha Handfield

GRANDSONS-IN-LAW - Deanza Wilson, Andre Kerr, Josh Lightbourne, and Raynardo Pardo

GREAT GRANDCHILDREN - Travelle, Jayden, Dominique and Demetria Taylor, Synaee Cash, Shania, Damari and Syomi Wilson, Olique Stubbs, Treyvon, Lorenz and T'Ann Handfield, Nalani and Nathan Pardo, Khalil Saunders, Dylan and Dominick Gardiner, Brooke and Joshua Layfield, Tenavia, Tenaiyah, Craishawn and Triniteè, Jade Lightbourne and Amarè Kerr

STEP GRANDDAUGHTERS - Khatia and Khadijah Greene

STEP GRANDSONS - Dakota Smith, Keandre and Kemani Thomas, Kemard Fritz, James Jr., Jody and Myles Martin

NIECES (nephews-in-law) - Patrea and Denise Gardiner, Cynclair Musgrove, Susanna and Karen Handfield, Diann (Eddie) Smith, Jennifer (Israel) Forbes, Hopeful Williams, Christine Cooper, Chelene Allen, Eulease Walkin, Karen (David) Deveaux, Samantha and Shekaria Tanis, Audrika and Audrea [Precious] Stubbs, Dulga Uche, Donnell Gray, Arlene, Laquisha, Terrica, Chelsea, Bendelly and Amedica Walkin, Sha'Quint Williams, Jane (Holton) Williams,



Nancy, Alma [Florine], Judith, Graceanna, Penditha, Gloria, Maxine (Samuel) Robinson, Thelma Vanalstine, Shirleen Clarke, Pat (Arnold) Gardiner, Lundie, Diann (Wainwright) Misick

NEPHEWS (nieces-in-law) - Caleb [Smiley] Taylor, Earl C, Hartman, Howard, Bradley (Rachel), and Kendall, Amos and Simeon (Alexandria) Handfield, Norman, Milton (Nobleen), Lelon (Portia), and Vernon (Elaine) Henfield, Perry and Archie Robinson, Lester Gardiner, James, Eustace Jr. (Camille), Clifton (Karlene) and Maxwell (Georgia) Musgrove, Dan (Elaine) and Alpheus Jr. (Julie) Smith, Rev. Keaton, Benjamin (Shanika), Anderson (Florice), Jasmin, Eugene (Nicole), Almondo, Lewis Jr. Walkin, Kenneth, Michael, and Quinton Kerr, and Quinton Williams Jr.

GOD CHILDREN - Rudolph and Kenlee Handfield

ADOPTED SON - Zhivago Henfield (grandnephew)

GRAND NIECES AND NEPHEWS, TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION

COUSINS - Oneil, Marie, Nathaniel, Hosea and McAllen Gardiner, Nelson, Ruth Parker, Maglyn (Madge) Buckley, Carolyn Handfield, Elaine Cartwright, Vera Bailey, Sam and George Swann, Bathsheba Cleare, Tonette, Monica, Carmen, Bentley and Calvert Hamilton, Rosamon Gomez (Miami), Leanier Macintosh, Deborah, Barbara and Jacqueline Gardiner, Suzette Pinder, Sylvia Curtis, Melissa Knowles, Clarabelle Cooper and Rupert Gardiner.

A host of other relatives and friends including: the extended Walkin, Handfield, Gardiner, Williams and Smith families, the Belmont community, the members and followers of the Church of God of Prophecy and the communities of North and Middle Caicos.



Order of SERVICE

PROCESSIONAL

Seating of the family

MINISTERIAL AND CASKET PROCESSIONAL

OPENING REMARKS

Bishop Pastor Wesley Missick
Reverend Ronald Gardiner

OPENING HYMN

"No Tears In Heaven"

OPENING PRAYER

Bishop Pastor Wesley Missick

OLD TESTAMENT SCRIPTURE

Proverbs 31:10-31

Karen Walkin-Deveaux (*Niece of the Deceased*)

GREETINGS & CONDOLENCE

MUSICAL SELECTION

"He'll Take Me Thru" (A Favourite Hymn)
Children and Grandchildren

NEW TESTAMENT READING

1 Thessalonians 4:13-18

Janelle Hamilton (*Grand Niece*)

MOMMY AS I KNEW HER

Bethel Handfield (*Daughter*)

CONGREGATIONAL HYMN

"Fill My Way Every Day With Love" (Another Favourite Hymn)

SELECTION

Church of God of Prophecy (*Five Cays and Bottle Creek*)

TRIBUTE IN SONG

Eddie Jr., Eddison, Edlyn and Edward Smith
(*Grand Nephews and Niece*)

OBITUARY

(TO BE READ IN SILENCE)

Hymns

NO TEARS IN HEAVEN

No Tears in heaven, no sorrows given;
All will be glory in that land.
There'll be no sadness, all will be gladness,
When we shall join that happy band.

CHORUS

No tears (in heaven fair)
No tears, no tears up there,
Sorrow and pain will all have flown;
No tears (in heaven fair)
No tears, no tears up there;
No tears in heaven will be known.

Glory is waiting, waiting up yonder,
Where we shall spend an endless day;
There with our Saviour, we'll be forever,
Where no more sorrow can dismay.

CHORUS

Some morning yonder, we'll cease to ponder
O'er things this life has brought to view;
All will be clearer, loved ones be dearer
In heav'n where all will be made new.

CHORUS (2X)

FILL MY WAY EVERY DAY WITH LOVE

Let me walk, blessed Lord, in the way Thou hast gone,
Leading straight to the land above;
Giving cheer ev'ry where, to the sad and the lone,
Fill my way ev'ry day with love.

[REFRAIN]

Fill my way ev'ry day with love,
As I walk with the heav'nly Dove;
Let me go all the while, with a song and a smile,
Fill my way ev'ry day with love.

Keep me close to the side of my Saviour and Guide,
Let me never in darkness rove;
Keep my path free from wrath and my soul satisfied,
Fill my way ev'ry day with love.

[REFRAIN]

Soon this race will be o'er, and I'll travel no more,
But abide in my home above;
Let me sing, blessed King, all the way to the shore,
Fill my way ev'ry day with love.

[REFRAIN]



Order of SERVICE

Hymn

WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound,
and time shall be no more,
and the morning breaks eternal bright and
fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather
over on the other shore,
and the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there.

[REFRAIN]

When the roll (when the roll)
is called up yonder, (I'll be there)
When the roll (when the roll)
is called up yonder, (I'll be there)
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

On that bright and cloudless morning
when the dead in Christ shall rise,
and the glory of His resurrection share;
When His chosen ones shall gather
to their home beyond the skies,
and the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

[REFRAIN]

Let us labour for the Master
from the dawn till setting sun;
let us talk of all His wondrous love and care.
Then when all of life is over,
and our work on earth is done,
and the roll called up yonder, I'll be there.

SERMON

Bishop Andrew Stone
(National Bishop, Church of God of Prophecy TCI)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

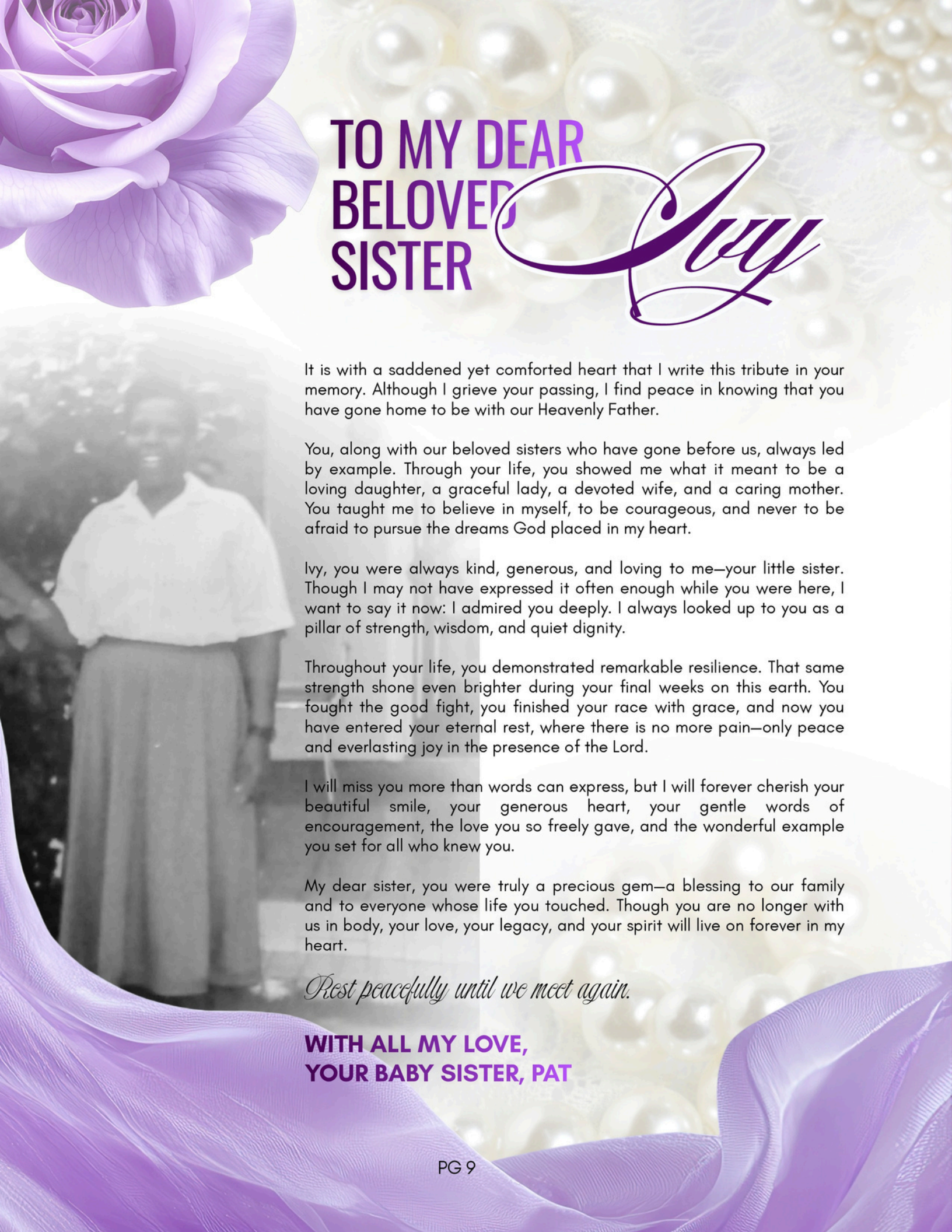
A & S Funeral Services

RECESSIONAL HYMN

"When The Roll is Called Up Yonder"

ORDER OF RECESSIONAL

Officiants
Pulpit Associates
Casket
Family
Congregants



TO MY DEAR BELOVED SISTER

Ivy

It is with a saddened yet comforted heart that I write this tribute in your memory. Although I grieve your passing, I find peace in knowing that you have gone home to be with our Heavenly Father.

You, along with our beloved sisters who have gone before us, always led by example. Through your life, you showed me what it meant to be a loving daughter, a graceful lady, a devoted wife, and a caring mother. You taught me to believe in myself, to be courageous, and never to be afraid to pursue the dreams God placed in my heart.

Ivy, you were always kind, generous, and loving to me—your little sister. Though I may not have expressed it often enough while you were here, I want to say it now: I admired you deeply. I always looked up to you as a pillar of strength, wisdom, and quiet dignity.

Throughout your life, you demonstrated remarkable resilience. That same strength shone even brighter during your final weeks on this earth. You fought the good fight, you finished your race with grace, and now you have entered your eternal rest, where there is no more pain—only peace and everlasting joy in the presence of the Lord.

I will miss you more than words can express, but I will forever cherish your beautiful smile, your generous heart, your gentle words of encouragement, the love you so freely gave, and the wonderful example you set for all who knew you.

My dear sister, you were truly a precious gem—a blessing to our family and to everyone whose life you touched. Though you are no longer with us in body, your love, your legacy, and your spirit will live on forever in my heart.

Rest peacefully until we meet again.

**WITH ALL MY LOVE,
YOUR BABY SISTER, PAT**



My Twin

"Mama is my twin!" was something I often said as a child. You see, I am the only one of Mama's grandchildren that she raised from birth into young adulthood. My cousins often thought that I was Mama's favorite, but that was far from the truth. Mama truly did not show any display of favorites toward her children or grandchildren. She loved each one of us in a way that was unique to our individual needs. Thank you to my parents for allowing Mama to be such an instrumental part of my life. Thank you to my aunts and uncles for sharing your mom with me.

Over the years, when my cousins would visit North Caicos then leave, Mama always made sure we had done something special together, like sewing clothes for my dolls or I'd have a special treat like ice cream and my favorite snacks. I can remember a crowd would come, and they'd all leave at the same time. It left me feeling very sad when that happened, but mama would always ask "Do you want for anything?!" And honestly, we did not. As much as the cabinets would get low at times, she would always say God will provide for our needs. She reminded me in moments when I wanted something and we did not have it, that "What we do not have, we will make do without!"

During the years when it was just Mama and me, we shared a very special bond. I can remember her teaching me to sew; she taught me to operate her old school sewing machine that had a big front paddle. When her legs would get tired, I was sitting right there "under foot" to help paddle the machine as needed. During these bonding times I would often say "Mama and I are twins!"

As a child I was "scared of my own shadow." I could remember sitting outside the bathroom door waiting for Mama to finish her bath, because I was too scared to be in any part of the house by myself. Lord help if the electricity went off while I was out there! Big "holla' party!!" Worse, if she had asked me to get her something from "Down in the Room" after it got dark outside. I hated that part of the house with a passion; it always felt like it was 20 miles away from the rest of the house. The number of times I almost broke my leg or my hip rushing in and out of there for the item she asked for are countless. During those times, Mama would always remind me that God has not given us a spirit of fear, but of love, joy and a sound mind.

Mama had a heart of gold. She was the sweetest person I have ever met. In moments when I'm too kind where I should have been more aggressive, I would shake my head and say "man Mama raised me too soft!" But that is far from the truth. She knew and saw the anger I had bottled up inside, so she ensured that her words and her actions always prompted me to do the right thing and act the right way in difficult situations. She would say "A good name is rather chosen." She would remind me to always be mindful of the friends I kept and that my character is more important than anything in this world. She also admonished me to be mindful of the way I treat people, no matter how I am treated.

Mama, Titter I, Ms. Ivy, was the true example of a Proverbs 31 woman. I can rarely remember Mama staying mad for long. She truly submitted all her cares to the Lord because she knew his love for her.

Mama holds a very special place in my heart. She was there throughout every major milestone: all my graduations, (except the University graduation, due to her inability to travel at that time), she was at my baptism, at my wedding, around to see my first child... EVERYTHING. So, it was only right I was there for her every step of the way, as she had been for me.

The Tuesday morning before her passing, I heard my mom on the phone very early in the morning. I didn't think much about it; however, throughout the day we learned that Mama was admitted to the North Caicos Clinic. I went to the office as normal and tried to hold myself together as much as I could. I consoled myself by saying, "Arielle, Mama lived a long, fruitful life and she had expressed several times over the last 3 years or so that she was ready to meet her maker." Yet, that didn't seem like enough, something sucker-punched me in the stomach and I began crying. I told my manager that I had to leave! I said, 'do what you must, but I am catching the IPM boat over to North Caicos because my grandmother is not well'.

I am so grateful that I was there during her last few hours! I believe that gave me the closure that I needed. As I watched Mama lying there, a shell of who she was, I realized that there were lots of questions I didn't get to ask her, such as, was she pleased with the way her life turned out? What were her happiest moments? So many missed opportunities. But the morning of her death, I whispered to her, "it's okay Mama, we on earthside love you dearly and we are so pleased and proud of the work that you have done. But God is waiting for you now, with outstretched arms." I said, "I won't see you on this side anymore, but I hope to meet you in glory, where we will sing and dance all day long." I saw the tears well up in her eyes, and I knew for certain that would be the last time. I am so grateful that my twin knew the love I held for her. I am so grateful for the way she raised me and prayed for me all these years.

I love you, Mama, and I hope that one day I can truly be a fraction of the kind of woman that you were. Sleep now and take your rest. "When our lives on earth have passed, only what is done for Christ will last!"

**LOVE ALWAYS,
ARIELLE (YOUR TWIN)**

A TRIBUTE TO OUR BELOVED SISTER

Tit-I

Dear Tit-I,

You were our loving oldest sister, our teacher, and a shining example of faith. With your gentle heart and quiet strength, you taught us to pray, sing praises to God, and trust Him in every season of life. You lovingly cared for us, even sewing our clothes as we grew up, always putting family first.

In your later years, though your body grew weak, your faith remained strong. You were at peace and ready when God called you home. We will always cherish the times we visited, sang, and prayed with you. Your love, kindness, and unwavering faith will remain in our hearts forever.

Tit-I, we love you deeply and will miss you always. Rest peacefully in the presence of the Lord until we meet again.

**WITH ALL OUR LOVE,
YOUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS**

Aunt Ivy

A gentle heart, so full of grace,
A warm, kind smile, a peaceful face.
With quiet strength and loving ways,
You brightened all our yesterdays.
Your words were few, your love was deep,
The memories you gave we'll always keep.
In every kindness, every prayer,
We felt the beauty of your care.

Though tears may fall and hearts may ache,
Your love is one we'll never forsake.
For those we love are never gone,
Their light within our hearts lives on.

So, rest in peace, dear Aunt Ivy,
Your journey here is through.
We'll cherish every precious memory
And always carry you.

"The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and
saves those who are crushed in spirit."

- Psalm 34:18

OUR DEAR AUNTIE

Ivy

Dear Auntie Ivy,

From the children of your older sister—your loving nephews and nieces—we speak from our hearts as we honour your life, your memory, and the precious place you will always hold in our family. You were so much more than an aunt to us. You were a steady presence, a safe place, and someone whose love could be felt without needing many words. Your gentle smile, your quiet strength, your kindness, and the warmth you carried made every moment with you feel special.

We will remember the way you made us laugh, the wisdom you shared, the prayers you offered, and the love you gave so freely. In your own quiet and beautiful way, you taught us what it means to be caring, strong, generous, humble, and faithful.

Your faith was not just something you spoke about—it was something you lived every day. As a dedicated and faithful leader in the church, you served God and others with love, commitment, and consistency. Your life was a testimony of grace, devotion, and strength.

There was something truly special about you, Auntie Ivy. You had a way of bringing peace into a room and making people feel welcomed, valued, and loved. Your heart was open, your spirit was gentle, and your presence will be deeply missed.

Thank you for every hug, every smile, every prayer, every word of encouragement, and every moment of love you shared with us. These memories are now treasures we will carry in our hearts forever.

Although our hearts are heavy, we find comfort in knowing that your love, your faith, and your legacy will live on through all the lives you touched. May your soul rest in eternal peace, dear Auntie Ivy.

With all our love, always,
AMOS, SIM, SUSANNA, DIANN, ANN AND JEN

Thank You *Mama*

There are people whose influence is measured not by how loudly they speak, but by the quiet, enduring way they shape the lives around them. For me, Mama was one of those people.

She was the only grandparent I had the privilege of growing up with, and some of my earliest, most foundational, and happiest memories were made with her in North Caicos while my mother was away studying in Jamaica. Those years set the tone for the love, admiration, and respect I would carry for Mama throughout my life.

As the years passed, life naturally took us in different directions, and I didn't get to spend as much time with her as I would have liked. Yet, I carried her with me everywhere I went. Her steadiness, her unwavering faith, her quiet strength, and her virtue became part of the compass by which I have tried to live my own life.

I have always been proud to be Mama's grandson and proud to belong to a family that began with her. We all owe so much to the woman she was. We are resilient. We are self-aware. We are confident. We know who we are, and perhaps more importantly, whose we are. She did that.

She taught in ways that went far beyond words. She baked. She sewed. She cooked. She cared for her family. She loved deeply. And she lived her faith so authentically that it never needed to be announced or imposed. She preached through the example of her life. Watching that example from such a young age set the stage for how I move through the world, with humility, compassion, and an unwavering sense of who I am.

Being my only surviving grandparent placed a special mantle upon her, though I doubt she ever thought of it that way. She simply loved us, guided us, and carried that responsibility with the same ease and grace that defined her throughout her life.

Her legacy lives on in each of us, in the values she instilled, the faith she embodied, and the family she nurtured. I will always be grateful that I was able to call Mama my grandmother, and I hope my life continues to reflect even a small measure of the example she so beautifully set.

Thank you, Mama. Thank you for the foundation you gave us, for the family you built, and for showing us that the most powerful sermons are lived, not spoken. Your work here is finished, but your love, your faith, and your example will remain with us always.

**YOUR GRANDSON,
RASHAD**

Mama

You have always been a guiding light in my life. Your calm and gentle nature made me feel safe, loved and protected. Your constant prayers over your lineage is the reason our family is so close and connected. At the tender age of 5, I have vivid memories of you telling me that I must remain steadfast in Christ because the Bible forewarned us about being prepared to see Heaven. Today, those words ring true, ALL because you prepared me to face what the enemy thinks he has in store for me. Now as a mother of a 5 year old girl, I want to equip her with the same love, prayers and teachings you gave us. I can never fill your shoes, but I can definitely try. Now that you are resting, I have no doubt that I will see you again. I love you, and I will always cherish you.

LAQUETTA

To My Beautiful Dearest *Mama*

Your kind strength and warm gorgeous smile have always been admirable. You have been the matriarch of the Handfield crew, the glue that always kept us united.

We promise to continue to honor your legacy by staying close to one another, celebrating with each other and most importantly having God continue to guide us.

Just like your 4 AM morning devotions, I know you will continue to bless each and every one of us, one by one, name by name from heaven.

You've taught us about our amazing lineage and how to crochet, but ultimately you've taught us the importance of family.

We love you Mama; you will FOREVER be in our hearts 🥰🥰🥰

LEANDRA

Dedicated To **Mama**

From the age of four you became my mother, my protector, my biggest supporter, the person I could always count on. You didn't just raise me, you gave me the love, guidance, and strength that shaped the person I am today. Being a parent isn't always easy, but you took on that role with a love that never wavered.

You were there for every challenge, every mistake and every milestone. There were plenty of times you came to my school because I had gotten into trouble or needed someone to stand beside me. No matter what happened, you showed up, you corrected me when I was wrong, but you never stopped loving me or believing I could do better.

The sacrifices you made for me can never truly be repaid, but they will never be forgotten; like sitting in the hospital from sun up to sun down to help welcome my first baby. Because of you I know what unconditional love looks like; because of you I've learned resilience, compassion, and the importance of standing by the people I love.

Mama, thank you for raising me when you didn't have to. Thank you for showing up for me, for believing in me even when I made it difficult and for making sure I always had what I needed, even when it meant giving everything you had. I pray I can live a life that makes you proud and honors the incredible woman you were. Every lesson you taught me, every hug you gave me, every word of encouragement is now a part of who I am.

Rest peacefully Mama. Thank you for being my home, my strength, and my greatest blessing. I love you and will carry you with me for the rest of my life.

LOVE SHANIQUE

Memories of Auntie Ivy

Auntie Ivy to me she was a loving, kind and affectionate lady with a bright dimpled smile. On many occasions my siblings and I stayed with her or visited her home whenever we were on school holidays from Middle Caicos . I remember her morning devotions and her words of wisdom and encouragement. A child of God gone home to be with her Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. 🥹🥹🥹

PENDITHA



Today, we bid farewell to Aunt Ivy, a remarkable woman who was far more than just an aunt. She was a second mother, a beacon of warmth and unconditional love, whose home was a sanctuary where we always felt cherished and truly belonged. She embraced us as her own, filling our childhoods with joy, laughter, and invaluable lessons, like teaching us all to swim and always having available the best johnnycake and gingerbread.

We are profoundly grateful for her boundless kindness, strength, and gentle spirit. The love she poured into our lives has shaped who we are today and will forever be a guiding light. Though our hearts are heavy, they are also full of treasured memories.

Thank you, Aunt Ivy, for everything. Your legacy of love endures in each of us. Rest peacefully.

With eternal love and gratitude,

**EARL C, JANE, HARTMAN, NANCY, FLORINE, JUDITH,
HOWARD, BRADLEY, GRACEANN AND KENDALL**

A Tribute To **Auntie Ivy**

Today we honor the beautiful life of our dear Auntie Ivy. She will always be remembered for her kindness, warmth, and the love she shared with everyone around her. Her gentle spirit and caring heart touched so many lives, and her memory will continue to inspire us. Though she is no longer with us, she will forever remain in our hearts.

With love from your nieces and nephews-in-law:

PAT, LUNDIE, DIANN, DAN, AND ALPHEUS JR.

Rest peacefully, Auntie Ivy. You will be deeply loved, greatly missed, and never forgotten.

Aunty Ivy's Hands

One day before she lost her mobility,
Her niece Jennifer came by;
She brought some top strings that she had plait,
For her dear Aunt Ivy to try.

Each day Aunty Ivy would plait a little more,
Her hands moved slow but steady;
What started as a way to pass the time,
Became therapy and a positive remedy.

Eventually, her daily handiwork ceased,
No more straw plaiting like before;
The string of plait that she had made,
Ended up forgotten among knicks and knacks galore.

A few days after she passed away,
Lo and behold what did they find;
The last straw plait their mama made,
Twas like discovering treasure in a gold mine!

Suddenly excitement filled the air,
Over something that once had no significance;
Nerissa, with a burst of ingenuity,
Made a wreath of mama's straw giving it relevance.

What once was merely a piece of straw,
For the family is now an heirloom;
Mama's last will and determination,
Now, proudly adorns her earthly home.

Written by:

CYNCLAIR P. MUSGROVE

Her Last Design

One of my earliest memories of Mommy is of her sitting at her sewing machine. As a child, I often wondered how she could look at cloth, and see clothes. I recall seeing her spreading cloth on the bed and without any pattern, cutting and bundling pieces together and tying them. These bundles soon became sleeves and collars, and before long, a beautiful dress would be where cloth once was!

The last original 'Ivy's Design.' One Sunday evening she started describing it to me. I quickly called Rissa, who was talking to Lorna at the time, and the three of us listened to Mommy describe this dress from the very lace on the collar and sleeves, to the buttons down the back and the flair tailed skirt. Lorna took notes so we would remember, but we had a problem ... None of us could make this dress!

The dress was sewn by Mommy's niece, Patrea Gardiner, who is an excellent seamstress and pattern maker.

(WRITTEN BY REV. IVY'S CARER, LAVERNE)



The last dress beautifully
designed by Rev. Ivy
Handfield. May her legacy
continue to inspire us all.



Graveside

SERVICE

THE BISHOP RECEIVES THE FAMILY AND BODY

THE ANOINTING OF THE TOMB

HYMN

"Abide With Me"

*Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
when other helpers fail and comforts flee,
help of the helpless, O abide with me.*

*Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
change and decay in all around I see:
O thou who changest not, abide with me.*

*I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.*

*I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death 's dark sting?
where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.*

*Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.*

PRAYERS OF THE BISHOP

Bishop Andrew Stone
Bishop Wesley Missick
Bishop Kevin Myers
Bishop McDonald Parker
Bishop Octa Flueridor
Bishop Felix Guzman

REMOVAL OF THE FLAG

PRESENTATION

Bentley Handfield
(Eldest son of the deceased)

THE RITE OF COMMITTAL

SCRIPTURE READINGS

THE INTERMENT

HYMN

"My Faith Looks Up to Thee"

*My faith looks up to thee
Thou Lamb of Calvary
Savior divine!*

*Now hear me while I pray
Take all my guilt away
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine!*

*May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart
My zeal inspire!*

*As thou hast died for me
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be
A living fire!*

*When life's dark maze I tread
And griefs around me spread
Be thou my guide
Bid darkness turn to day
Wipe sorrow's tears away
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside*

*When ends life's transient dream
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll
Blest Savior, then in love
Fear and distrust remove
O bear me safe above
A ransomed soul!*

A & S FUNERAL SERVICES

THE NATIONAL OVERSEER REMARKS

PRAYERS AND BENEDICTION

Special Thanks

"Give thanks in all circumstances; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus for you." (1 Thessalonians 5:13)

I, Laverne, want to make special mention of the following persons who provided me with tangible and emotional support during Rev. Iris's confinement :

Nurse Kay and the Medical team at Bottle Creek clinic, Ruthmae Campbell from the Social Welfare Department, Dr. Jack for his assistance whenever I called, Margaret who always, always checked on Mommy and me; the Providence Baptist Church for their many visits and special assistance, Tita Bee for coming whenever she could to sing for/with Mommy, Jappie Forbes for her faithful contributions, Franklyn Robinson for the many bowls of nourishing soup you often brought; Mr. and Mrs. Llewlyn Handfield for the countless ways you gave assistance, especially in getting items from Providenciales to Belmont without delay; Cousin Jane Williams and her entire family who were always only one call away; my cousins Cynclair, Susanna, Diann and Jen who always seemed to know when I could use help; Joylyn Handfield, my closest neighbour for popping in to see your Cou'n Ivy; Pastor Wesley Missick and Mr. & Mrs. MacDonald Parker for always checking in when passing through [the Parkers visited the morning of Mom's passing].

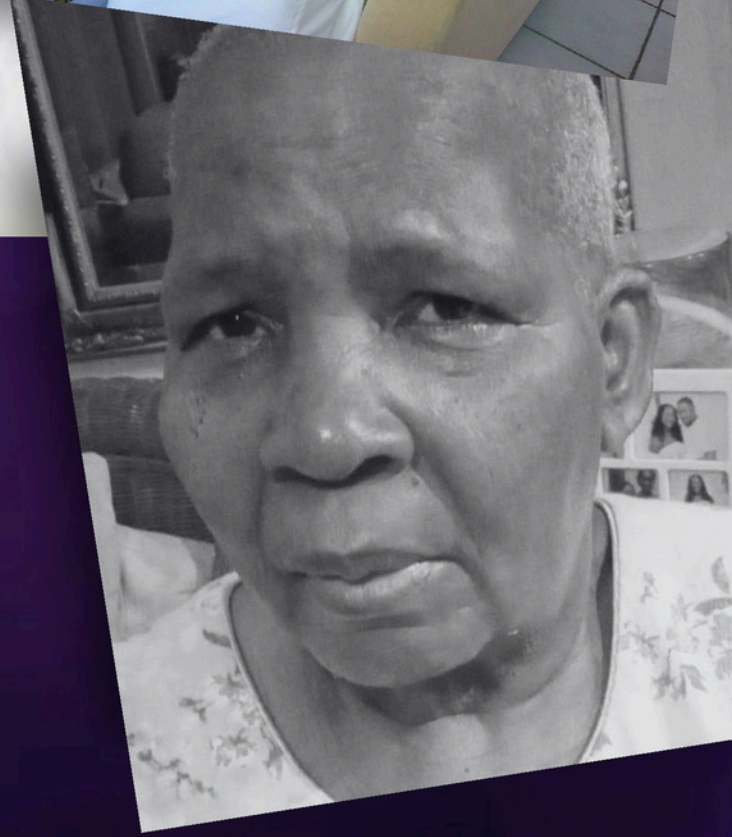
To the entire community of North Caicos who asked after Mom, sent contributions and offered up prayers on her behalf, thank you from the bottom of my heart and the depths of my soul.

HONOURARY PALLBEARERS

Bentley Handfield
Brentford Handfield
Newton Walkin
Lewis Walkin
Stephen Walkin
Charlton Walkin
George Walkin
Hulbert Handfield
Charles Delancy, Jr.
Franklyn Smith
Dr. Stanford Clarke (PhD)
James Martin

PALLBEARERS

Howard Handfield
Kandell Handfield
Zhivago Handfield
Perry Robinson
Clifton Musgrove
Maxwell Musgrove





Appreciation

Our beloved sister, wife, mother, grandmother, aunt, cousin, godmother, church sister, friend and neighbour has gone home to be with the Lord.

We, the family of the late Rev. Iris (Ives) Leonora Handfield, would like to thank everyone for supporting us during our time of bereavement. We are so thankful for the prayers, words of encouragement, flowers, wreaths, gifts and however you saw fit to express sympathy toward the family. We extend thanks to the doctors and nurses of the Bottle Creek Clinic, the Police Department, the ambulance drivers, our dear cousin Jane Williams, Lew 1 Shipping, Stephen Walkin and all of the Walkin brothers and sisters, the Walkin, Handfield, Gardiner, Musgrove, Williams, Smith, Robinson and Hamilton families, the Church of God of Prophecy Family, Caribbean Cruisin,' and many other persons who have helped us during this time. We appreciate all of you.

If your names were not mentioned, it was not intentional. May God bless and keep you in Jesus' Name.

The Handfield Family

SCAN TO VIEW E-BOOK




InnoKeepsakes
Designs