

Thanksgiving Service
FOR THE LIFE OF



Hermine Euphemia
MYRIE-INCE

SUNRISE MAY 14, 1946

SUNSET APRIL 14, 2025

AT THE HONEYGHAN'S CHAPEL

Dalling Street, Savanna-La-Mar, Westmoreland

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 2025

@ 11:00 AM

Officiating Ministers: Bishop Alvin Stewart & Pastor Courtney Black

Moderator: Evangelist Elsona Seivwright

Interment: West Palm Memorial Gardens, Dalling Street, Savanna-La-Mar



Order of Service

MUSICAL PRELUDE

PROCESSIONAL: The Family

OPENING SENTENCES: Bishop Alvin Stewart

OPENING HYMN: Blessed Assurance

FIRST LESSON: Revelation 21 vs 1-7 - Marcia Cole (Daughter)

HYMN: The Lord's My Shepherd

REMEMBRANCE: Dennis Tyson (Grand Nephew)

ITEM: Andrea Stewart (Family Friend)

SECOND LESSON: Psalm 90 vs 1-12 - Rickelia Williams (Grand Niece)

REMEMBRANCE: Ms. Diane Knowles (Friend)

OPEN MIC TRIBUTES: Attendees wishing to share a thought or memory

ITEM: New Testament Church of God Grange Hill

EULOGY: Neikeshia Myrie (Niece)

SERMON: Bishop Alvin Stewart

PRAYER FOR THE FAMILY: Pastor Courtney Black

RECESSIONAL HYMN: I'll Fly Away

PROCESSION TO CEMETERY

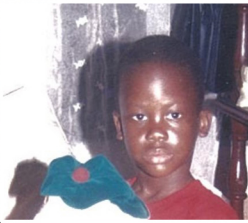
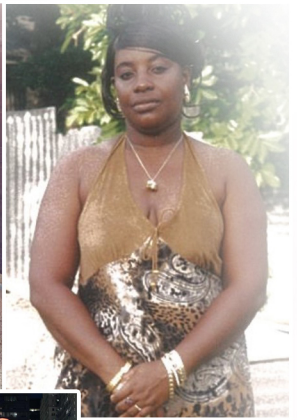


Hermine Euphemia
MYRIE-INCE



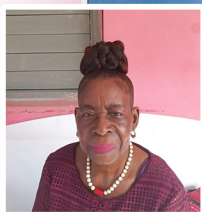


Hermine





Hermine Euphemia
MYRIE-INCE





HER LIFE
was a blessing, her **MEMORY** a
TREASURE. She is loved
beyond words and **MISSED**
beyond measure.



Tributes



-FROM JACINTH-

Blessed are those who die in the Lord... they will rest from their labors and their deeds will follow them.

Revelation 14:13 (Paraphrased from NKJV)

Missing you Ms Hermine is remorse interlaced with the blessing of having known you. My appreciation for your friendship, guidance and assistance is beyond measure. We met casually one evening and our acquaintance simply expanded into a beautiful friendship. I cherish the memories of the visits on the weekends and special occasions, especially when you treated us to your stellar cooking. You departed leaving a treasured and unforgettable interval in my life. Heaven has gained an excellent chef and a caring and dedicated soul.

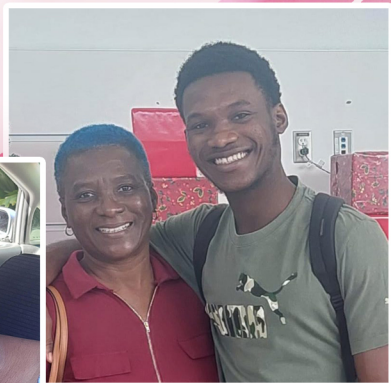
Descanse en paz Señora Hermine Myrie Ince.

-FROM DARIEN-

Ms. Hermine, I thank you immensely for the care and friendship that you graciously shared with my mother and I. You were a very kind and gentle lady. Sunday evenings were pleasant and memorable. I miss your delightful dishes and nutritious power punches. I wish your time on earth was longer as I really wanted to open a restaurant for you.

May your beautiful soul rest in peace.

Love Darien



Tribute to Ms. Hermine

- FROM SASHA -



Today, I want to honor someone who wasn't just a part of my life, she was a pillar in it. Ms. Hermine came into my world when I was a little girl, officially as a housekeeper, but from the very beginning, she cared for me like a second mother. With every act of love, big and small, she showed me what it meant to be nurtured, protected, and cherished.

The memories of coming home from school to her loving care are etched in my heart forever. I always looked forward to her famous lemonade because she knew I loved it. I've never found, nor made, a better one, no matter how hard I've tried. It was the perfect welcome, and it always felt like her way of saying, "I'm here. You're home. You're safe."

Tribute to Ms. Hermine

-FROM SASHA-

As a teenager, I remember constantly begging to have friends over or to do something I probably shouldn't have been doing on a school night. And she would give me that stern look and say, "Call Ms. Knowles first," or "No, Ms. Knowles did not say you can do that," as she fondly called my Aunt Di. At the time, I didn't love that answer, but now I understand. It was her way of protecting me, of setting boundaries not to control me, but to care for me, especially when I had homework to finish. It was a sign of her loyalty and love, not just to Aunt Di, but to me. She always wanted the best for me.

She had a fierce sense of pride and attention to detail. My clothes were always perfectly ironed because to her, looking unpresentable was simply not an option. It wasn't about vanity, it was about dignity. She carried herself with grace and she passed that on to me in a thousand quiet ways.

She was always there when I needed her, whether it was advice, comfort, or just her steady presence. I'll never forget the time I wasn't allowed to dye my hair, so I tried to do it with red Kool-Aid. The sugar hardened in my curls, and I thought I had ruined my hair forever. I was crying, and instead of scolding me, she helped me gently wash it out. That was who she was. Present, calm, loving.

She was a master in the kitchen, and I looked forward to every single meal she made. Even when I came home late from extracurriculars, she'd leave my dinner packed neatly in Tupperware just for me. I felt so seen, so cared for.

She encouraged me to do my best in school, in dance, and in whatever I was passionate about at the time. She came to my dance performances, cheered me on with pride in her eyes, and gave me unwavering support that meant everything.

When I left for university and began a new life in Canada, it was hard. I even joked about her coming with me and staying in my dorm because I couldn't imagine being without her. I never expected her to leave Aunt Di's house because in my heart, I thought she'd always be there. A part of me believed she'd be waiting when I returned. That's what makes today so painful. I truly thought I'd see her again.

Tribute to Ms. Hermine

-FROM SASHA-

Still, when I came home for summer visits, she always made sure I was taken care of. Whether it was the way she prepared my space, the thoughtful touches she left behind, or simply her presence in the house, I always felt wrapped in her care. To this day, the scent of Tide and Downy brings me right back to her.

As time passed and I built my life abroad, and she moved home to care for her own family, we drifted a little. But every time I spoke with Aunt Di, she would say, "Ms. Hermine asked about you," and I'd reply, "Tell her I love her and I miss her." The last time I spoke to her was in December, after I had moved home from Canada. I got the chance to tell her how much I missed her, how much I loved her, and how badly I was craving her lemonade. She laughed and wished me well. I didn't know it would be the last we'd speak.

I loved Ms. Hermine not just for everything she did for me, but for who she was to me. She wasn't only a caregiver. She was a living example of strength, grace, and unwavering devotion. She was another pillar of womanhood placed in my life, almost as if destined, to help shape the woman I was meant to become. Through her love, her discipline, and her care, she mothered me in the truest sense of the word. I will always cherish her. And I will miss her for the rest of my life.

To her family, especially her daughters, I want to say thank you. Thank you for sharing Ms. Hermine with me. I know she was yours first, and yet she gave so much of herself to me too. I will be forever grateful for the space you allowed her to hold in my life.

Thank you

Ms. Hermine, for every moment, every gesture, every quiet act of love. You will forever be a part of me.

Love forever,

Sasha

At the Graveside



Hymns

Is Well With My Soul
In The Sweet By and By
Rock of Ages
No Grave

Pallbearers

Winston Myrie (Nephew)
Glemoy Vaz (Grand Nephew)
Christopher Williams (Nephew)
Kurt Findlayson (Grandson)
Vernon Hudson (Grand Nephew)
Remal Hudson (Grand Nephew)

Acknowledgement

The family of the late Hermine Euphemia Myrie-Ince wishes to express our sincerest gratitude for all the prayers and well wishes that have been sent in this our time of bereavement. Your thoughtfulness is appreciated.