



*Raymond*  
WILLIAM PHILIP

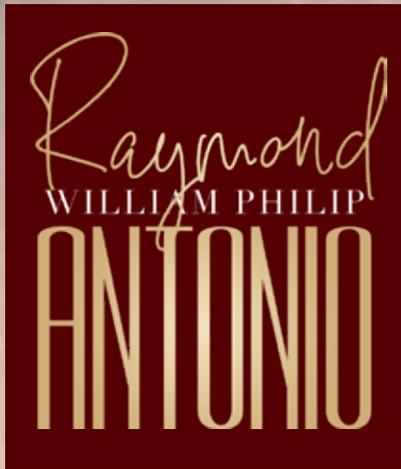
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**CELEBRATING THE LIFE  
& MINISTRY OF**



**SERVICE HELD AT:**  
Centreville Seventh-day Adventist Church  
Fifth Terrace, Centreville

10:00 a.m.

**OFFICIATING:**  
Pastor Michael A. Smith

**ASSISTED BY:**  
Pastor Dr. Peter Kerr  
Pastor Kenny Deveaux  
Pastor Jamal Franklyn  
Pastor Dr. Paul Scavella  
Pastor Dr. Michael Toote  
Pastor Dr. Peter Joseph

**MUSICIANS:**  
Ashley Knowles  
Junior Scott  
Nelson Dorsett

**INTERMENT:**  
Lakeview Memorial Gardens





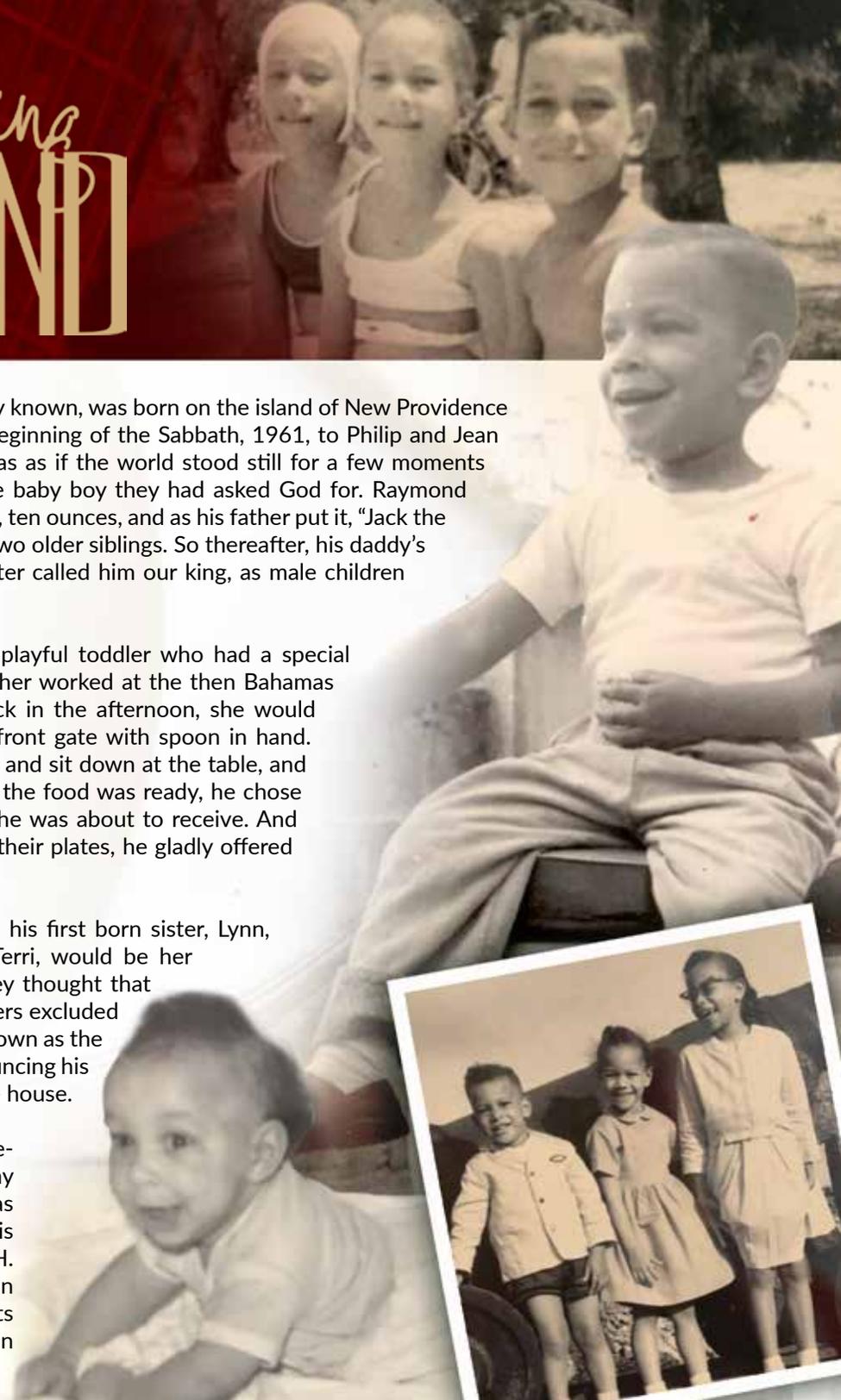
# Remembering RAYMOND

“Uncle Ray”, as Raymond was affectionately known, was born on the island of New Providence on a warm September Friday night, the beginning of the Sabbath, 1961, to Philip and Jean Antonio (his mother predeceased him). It was as if the world stood still for a few moments because his parents had finally received the baby boy they had asked God for. Raymond entered the world at a bouncing nine pounds, ten ounces, and as his father put it, “Jack the Ripper” had at last come to take care of his two older siblings. So thereafter, his daddy’s name for Ray was always “Jack”. We girls later called him our king, as male children were few in number in this generation.

Raymond grew into a fine, handsome and playful toddler who had a special friendship with food. In those days, his mother worked at the then Bahamas Electricity Corporation, and after five o’clock in the afternoon, she would arrive home and find Ray swinging on the front gate with spoon in hand. He would follow his mother into the kitchen and sit down at the table, and although he was asked to play outside until the food was ready, he chose to patiently wait and keep an eye on what he was about to receive. And whatever his sisters didn’t care to eat from their plates, he gladly offered to take off them.

Always an obedient child, he did exactly as his first born sister, Lynn, requested of him. Raymond, along with Terri, would be her students for the day. Other times when they thought that he was too young to play with them, his sisters excluded him from the trio. That’s when he became known as the Lone Ranger, as he would play by himself, bouncing his ball back and forth on the outside wall of the house.

Raymond first attended Annie Russell’s Pre-School, then moved on to Kingsway Academy along with his sisters when the school was located on Dowdeswell Street. Later, when his parents were encouraged to do so by Pastor H. A. Roach, Raymond and his sisters enrolled in Bahamas Academy of Seventh-day Adventists on Wulff Road. Raymond was always an



extremely bright and diligent student who excelled in every subject offered. We called him the walking encyclopedia, as he did, in fact, read encyclopedias from cover to cover. Raymond could answer any question asked of him about any subject matter. He was an avid reader, and when his parents turned out the lights for the night, Raymond would still be reading by flashlight. He breezed through grade school and high school, and in fifth form was named Head Boy, graduating in 1977 at the top of his class.

During the 70's, Ray was very active in sports. On weekends and during summer breaks from school, he found himself walking down Marcus Bethel Way from Fort Charlotte to Infant View Road to Philip and Ernie at the Haven homestead. Edward and Laing would come from nearby Tyler Street, Ricardo and Roddy from Perpall Track, Toni (Doc) from Granger Street and Matty from next door, and they would all play together. When the bigger boys would allow them, they played basketball on Chippingham Park. Sometimes they ended up on Clifford Park where they played soccer or football. These guys are on record as having formed the first real street football league ever. The friendship that was formed back then has never been broken over the many years that they have known each other.

At the young age of six years, Raymond was afforded the

opportunity of sitting under the musical tutelage of the great Eric Cash. The piano didn't seem to have Raymond's full attention back then and his mother felt that Mr. Cash was wasting his time and she was wasting her money. However, being the experienced teacher and optimist that he was, Mr. Cash encouraged his mother to continue sending him to music lessons. Soon, the test of time came when his sister, Lynn, left for College, and Raymond, at the age of 12, was asked to play the piano for the Centerville SDA Church services. No one really knows who was more embarrassed that Sabbath – whether it was Raymond himself or his parents, as he seemed to have played every wrong note that day! Well, his dutiful mother would not have it and ensured that he practiced, practiced, practiced. All efforts had obviously paid off because Raymond later became one of the finest pianists and accompanists in the Bahamas. There was absolutely nothing that he could not play, even from ear. That investment paid huge dividends as Raymond travelled the world because of his musical talent and ability. Raymond described music in this way: "If you were to take a technical dictionary understanding of music, it would be something on the order of a scientific or artistic compilation of notes and sounds in unity, in succession, to bring about a melody or harmony". To him, music was nature. It is the sound of nature. It is music at its finest, at its best. The raw element of birds singing, human voices singing, drums beating – just a natural rhythm. Raymond believed that music was a gift given to man by God and that its sole purpose was to praise and to worship God. He felt that appropriate music for worship is that which takes our minds from earth to heaven; that which causes us to lose sight of everything that is around



us and to focus on God, to focus on the essence of life, to focus on His creation and to set our hearts on His soon return.

Raymond's eyes were first set on becoming a medical doctor, but somehow as he attended the then College of the Bahamas, he leaned towards a career in Banking and Finance. He graduated and was immediately hired by Scotia Trust, and then afterwards, at their Data Centre. Raymond was employed at ScotiaBank Bahamas Ltd, First Caribbean International Bank, as well as Royal Bank of Canada/FINCO, serving as an outstanding and upstanding Manager at several of their branches. For a few years, Raymond served as Branch Manager at ScotiaBank in Exuma after serving for a stint in Toronto, Canada.

Raymond later joined the real estate family of Mario Carey Realty/Better Homes & Gardens Real Estate MCR Bahamas Group and became a known and trusted Realtor and Appraiser. He was a valued member of the team and appraisal department for eight years. Raymond was respected and admired in the office. He mentored many agents, appraisers and staff. A fellow colleague from Mario Carey Realty forwarded this message to our family: "What a consummate professional! We never had any fear in referring appraisal clients to him, knowing it would be done fairly and without any fuss over the client. It [Raymond's death] leaves a great dearth and his life is truly one for all of us to emulate in this profession. He was timely, he was helpful, he was kind, and displayed the life of a Christian gentleman".

Raymond also loved bowling and it was at the bowling alley that his cousin, Ian, introduced him to a beautiful young lady. They dated for some time and on March 1 of 1987, Raymond married the love of his life, Theresa (Terry) nee Bethel. This union lovingly produced a beautiful daughter, Thea, who was the absolute apple of her father's eye. Raymond and Terry were happily married for 33 wonderful years. He treated Terry as his queen and boasted that he learnt how to treat a lady from his father. The wonderful relationship Raymond had with his wife was evident from the fact that they went everywhere together – church, concerts, overseas travel, even the food store. Raymond knew how to celebrate each birthday and anniversary and made life very special for Terry and Thea. Terry was his everything and Thea was his 'chief man'. In Thea's words, her daddy was the best daddy ever. He never told her how to live; he simply showed her how to live. Raymond spent his last moments together with his family celebrating Terry's birthday.

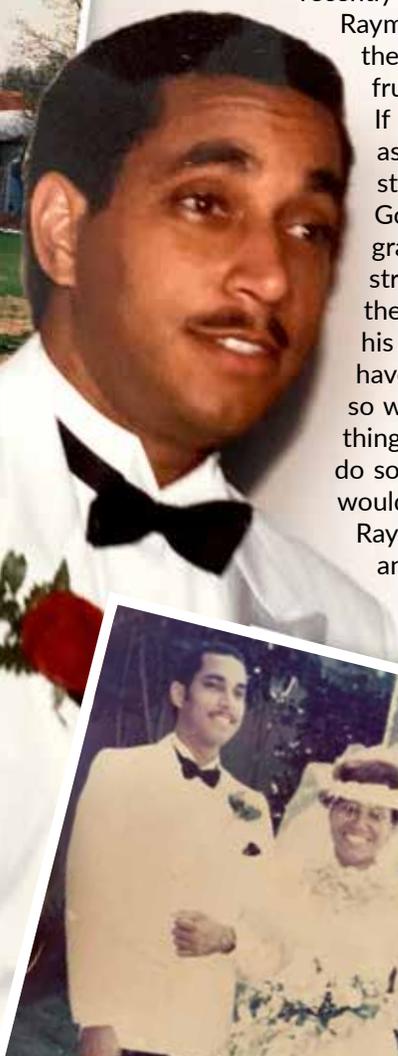
It was as if everything Raymond touched, he perfected. He was one of the best and most careful drivers around. He was always the named and designated driver whenever the entire Antonio clan  
t o o k





family trips and vacations abroad. Raymond ensured that everyone was comfortable and completely safe as he drove many highway miles. Not only that, Raymond had this uncanny way of sitting in his house in Nassau and mapping out from point to point on paper, complete with street names and numbers, how to get to a particular destination anywhere where he had previously travelled (this was before GPS and Siri devices).

Raymond admirably and honourably served as Minister of Music at the Bethany Seventh-day Adventist Church, as well as church musician, Local Elder, Youth and Adult Sabbath School Teacher. He also sang in many groups and quartets, the most recent being The Sentinels. His contribution to the Centreville SDA Church, the South Bahamas Conference and the wider Adventist community is extensive and commendable.



A finer gentleman than Raymond is indeed rare. His sisters were recently reminded that when their father drove them to school, Raymond would exit the car first and then proceed to open the car door for each of them afterwards. He bore the fruit of the spirit and was kind and as gentle as a lamb. If he ever became angry, you would never have known as he remained calm and silent. His faith in God was strong and he was a living testament of the goodness of God in his life. In many ways, he reminded us of his late grandfather, William Wilshir Antonio. He certainly had his stride, though he towered over him by many feet. He bore the smile and blush of a baby. We often teased him that his diplomacy in dealing with people and situations could have landed him a job at the United Nations as a Diplomat so we often referred to him as 'The Dip'. If there was one thing that you were assured of, it was his word. If asked to do something, you knew that you had his assurance that it would be done. He was dependable and reliable to a fault. Raymond was a person of time and was very organized and methodical. He typed in his cell phone every time he played for a group or soloist. He made a note of the song that was sung, the occasion on which it was sung and the musical key he played to accompany them on the piano so that if they needed to sing that song on another occasion, he would know just which note on which to begin to suit the pitch and range of the singer.



They say that the two most important days of a person's life are the day that they were born and the day that they

discover why they were born. Raymond knew he wanted to be somebody, and someone who would leave his mark on society. Raymond achieved ultimate success. He had a passion for life that drove him to do great things. To Raymond, there was a big difference between having a goal and having a purpose. He had a vision for living a life that was heroic. He understood his mortality and that there was a dash of time in which he knew how he wanted to run this leg of his race. Everyone has gone through something in life that he/she has survived. Raymond took that challenge and used it to connect, to give, to influence. In Raymond's short 58 years on this earth, he has positively influenced young and old, an influence which we may never be able to pinpoint or trace or even know its extent. Raymond seized the sword. He knew that no one or nothing could be great unless it cost them something. To live your life for something bigger than yourself is a hero's journey. He followed the thread of the hero. His existence was an amalgamation of every triumph, every fought battle, every loss, every victory. But more than all of this, Raymond ensured that his soul was firmly anchored in the Lord. He lived a life that was exemplary for all to emulate and follow. He was a humble servant of God and a friend to all humanity.

Left to cherish many fond memories:

**His loving and devoted wife:** Theresa (Terry);

**Daughter:** Thea;

**Father:** Philip Antonio;

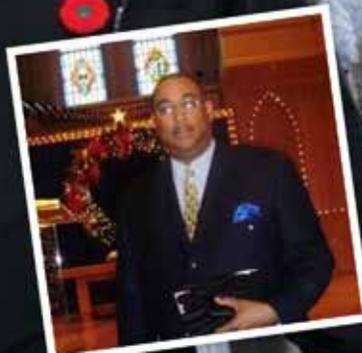
**Sisters:** Lynn (Antonio) Smith and Terri Antonio;

**Brothers-in-law:** Pastor Michael A. Smith, William Andrew Bethel, Brandon Bethel;

**Sisters-in-law:** Deborah Bethel, Karen Marsh, Lavette McFall;

**Best Friend and "Brother":** Todd M.J. Beneby;

**Cousins:** Ian and Kathy Antonio, Duriel and Tominique Antonio, Brent Antonio, Guillaume Family, Garth Nash, Arlene & Silbert Ferguson, Ryan and Patrice Antonio & Family, Joadam Ritchie, Dr. Dorinda Pennock, Jorjette Bain, and Dorneika Ritchie, Dr. Deena & Alexas Kemp, Kenton & Tomiko Williams, Pastor Neville & Alwhyne Scavella, Pastor Dr. Paul & Joan Scavella & Family, Gardell & Jennifer Scavella & Family; Ruth, Rosa, Neil McKinney & Michelle & Pastor Dr. Peter Joseph &



Family, Fountain Family, Deal Family, Moss Family, Jones Family, Lunn Family, Hanna Family, Rollins Family, Gibson Family, Evelyn Roberts & Kayla Sawyer;

**Nieces & Nephews:** Nashanda & Errol Clarke, Shanae Smith, Dawn Smith, LeRon Rolle, Terrell Rolle, David Bradshaw & Ciji Major II, Daana Major, Sharnique Dillett, Cecil Russell, Jr., Cherise Russell, Kwame Russell, Niketra & Ashlee Bethel, Neil & Rhonda Marsh, Anthony & Awar Marsh, Anika & Andray Gibson, Keisha & Dennison Peters, Harold Jr. & Philece Dorsett;

**Grand Nieces and Nephews:** Nathan & Ethan Clarke, Taylor Thompson, Zion Rolle, T'zahria Davis, Deondre & Danae Pinder, Shai Ferguson, Lakai & Logan Brown, Amari & Amare Burrows, Dai, Caci & Ciel Major, Wynton & Wayne Moore, Kobe, Shawn, Dyland & KJ Russell, Rashalra, Tremionie, & Trevante Russell, Jade Munnings, Khelsea & Kayden Peters, Ethan Dorsett;

**Aunts & Uncles:** Elizabeth Moses, Dorothea & Jordan Ritchie, Kenneth & Ernestine "Nicki" Williams, Hubert & Vesta Williams, Greta & Demetrius Kemp, Delores, Evelyn & Michael Cooper, Vitzel Cooper, Patsy Lyles, Jean Knowles, Marion Lewis, Gwen Newbold;

**God-Children:** Shonét Brown, Kristen Haven, Britney-Simone & Shelby-Nicole Beneby, Whitney Curtis, Ian Kemp;

**Other Relatives and Friends:** Marsha Burrows of Bermuda, Clarence & Lavinia Smith of Bermuda, Anthony & Holly Richardson & Family of Bermuda, Lauren & Denniqua Matthew of Bermuda, Dr. Corey & Allison Smith & Family of New Jersey, Curtis & Michelle Mackey & Family of Maryland, Beverly LaRhoda & Family, Portland "Michigan" Bain, Travanti Thompson, Solomon & Jacqueline Gibson, Lesia Sands, Harold & Carol Dorsett, Andrew & Phoebee McFall & Family, Randy & Olga Forbes, Carl & Renee Scavella, Howard & Ruth Knowles, Mark & Marsha Allen, Philip & Karen Haven and the Haven Family, Ricardo & Mavis Major, Edward & Patrice Romer, Tony & Opal Adderley, Hugo Sands & Family, Todd & Sherry Beneby & Family, Pastor Leo Rolle, Adrian Archer, Pedro & Dr. Cheryl

Rolle & Family, Wayne & Denise Curtis & Family, Freeman & Patricia Duncanson, Charles & Debbie Zonicle & Family, Harvey & Denise Braithwaite & Family, Cecil & Eldena Cartwright, Brian & Patrice Evans & Family, Steve & Portia Barnett, Fred & Val Whyllly, Kelliann & Khaylee Sands, Bruce & Dianne Elliott, Roslyn Miller & Family, Fred & Deborah Wallace & Family, O'Kell & Alerine Damastus & Family, Romeko Young, Antoin Bowe, The Zonicle Family, The Tinker Family, Michael & Lorraine Duvalier, Keith & Mabel Mason, Sr., Stanley & Dr. Ruby Major, Roger & Allison Rolle, Colyn & Linda Major, Philip & Mary Roberts & Family, Anthony & Sandra Burrows & Family, Gary & Marie Cooper & Family, Bradley Smith & Family, Manita & Neville Wisdom & Family, Ventriss & Sammie Taylor & Family, Marsha Knowles & Family, Juanita Johnson & Family, Archdeacon G. Kingsley & Sandra Knowles, Melita Barr & Family, Michael Johnson & Family of New Jersey, Linda & Vernal Collie & Family, Judy Cooper & Family, Brad Lightbourn & Family, Frances McKenzie-Oliver, Jan & Tyrone Brown & Family; Ingrid & Gordon Musgrove & Family, H.E. Carlton Wright & Family, Cooper Family; Pastor Dr. Leonard & Denise Johnson, Inter-American Division of SDA, Pastor Dr. Peter & Jennifer Kerr, Administrators, and the Atlantic Caribbean Union of SDA, Pastor Kenny & Darlene Deveaux, Administrators, and the South Bahamas Conference of SDA, Pastor Jamal Franklyn, the Bethany SDA Church and Sabbath School Unit #1, Centreville SDA Church, Pastor Barrington & Annick Brennen, The South Bahamas Conference of Seventh-day Adventist Meistersingers, Pastor Marina Sands and the Judea Baptist Church Family, Christ Church Cathedral Choir, High Grove Singers, University of the Bahamas Choir, Bel Canto, Diocesan Chorale, and the Renaissance Singers, Kiwanis Club of Over the Hill, Better Homes & Gardens Real Estate MCR Bahamas Group. Special thanks to Doctors Charles Diggis & The Surgical Suite staff and Darius Bain, Management & Staff of the Sunrise Beach Villas, Management & Staff Fidelity Bank.



# ORDER OF Service

**FAMILY PROCESSIONAL** | Praise Team

**OPENING REMARKS** | Pastor Dr. Paul A. Scavella  
*Pastor, Centreville SDA Church*

**MODERATORS** | Pastor Jamal Franklyn, *Pastor, Bethany SDA Church and Youth Director, South Bahamas Conference*  
Andrew McFall, *First Elder Bethany SDA Church, Elder, Bethany SDA Church*

**OPENING HYMN** | *"Nearing Home"* | Congregation

Just over the mountains in the Promised Land,  
Lies the holy city built by God's own hand;  
As our weary footsteps gain the mountain's crest,  
We can view our homeland of eternal rest.

*(Chorus)*

*We are nearing home! We are nearing home,  
See the splendor gleaming from the domes afar!  
See the glory streaming through the "gates ajar"  
There we soon will enter, nevermore to roam,  
Hear the angels singing' we are nearing home!  
We are nearing home!*

In the rolls of the prophets we have long been told  
Of that wondrous city with its streets of gold;  
Now with raptured vision we can see it there,  
With its walls of jasper and its mansions fair.

**INVOCATION** | Pastor Dr. Michael D. Tooté  
*Pastor, Hillview SDA Church*

**OLD TESTAMENT READING** | *Psalm 116:14-17* | Dr. Kathy Antonio, Cousin

**PIANO SELECTION** | Dr. Dion Cunningham

**CONDOLENCES (1 MINUTE)** | Dominique Gaitor, *President, Kiwanis Club Over the Hill*  
Andrew McFall, *First Elder, Bethany SDA Church*  
Pastor Kenny Deveaux, *President, South Bahamas Conference of SDA*  
Dr. Peter Kerr, *President, Atlantic Caribbean Union of SDA*

Those who enter that city are the faithful few  
Who keep God's commandments-faith of Jesus, too;  
There we'll lift our voices through the endless days,  
In sweet songs of gladness and in psalms of praise.

My brother, my sister, will you meet us there,  
In that land of sunshine where there'll be no care?  
Accept of God's message, and to Him be true;  
Then when Jesus cometh He will call for you.



**MUSICAL SELECTION** | Mrs. Candace Bostwick

**AS I KNEW HIM** | Todd M. J. Beneby  
Elder, Centreville SDA Church  
Pedro Rolle  
Elder, Moss Town SDA Church, Exuma

**HYMN** | *“How Cheering is the Christian’s Hope”* | Congregation

How cheering is the Christian’s hope,  
While toiling here below!  
It buoys us up while passing through  
This wilderness of woe.

It points us to a land of rest,  
Where saints with Christ will reign;  
Where we shall meet the loved of earth,  
And never part again.

Fly, lingering moments, fly, O, fly,  
Dear Savior, quickly come!  
We long to see Thee as Thou art,  
And reach that blissful home.

**OBITUARY** | (Read Silently)

**NEW TESTAMENT READING** | *2 Timothy 4:5-8* | Dr. Pastor Paul Scavellas

**INTRODUCTION OF SPEAKER** | Pastor Dr. Peter Kerr  
President, Atlantic Caribbean Union Conference of SDA

**MUSICAL SELECTION** | Harold Dorsett, Sr.

**EULOGY** | Pastor Michael A. Smith, *Brother-in-Law*  
Departmental Director, Atlantic Caribbean Union Conference of SDA

**PRAYER FOR THE FAMILY** | Pastor Dr. Peter Joseph  
Pastor, Redemption & Philadelphia SDA & Personal Ministries Director,  
South Bahamas Conference of SDA



**RECESSIONAL HYMN | "For All the Saints" | Congregation & Praise Team**

For all the Saints, who from their labors rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd,  
Thy Name, O Jesus, be forever blessed.

**Alleluia!**

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might;  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;  
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.  
Alleluia!

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

**Alleluia!**

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,  
And hearts are brave, again, and arms are strong.

**Alleluia!**

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost:

**Alleluia!**

## GRAVESIDE SERVICE

**PRAYER | Elder Andrew McFall**

**SCRIPTURE READING | 1 Thessalonians 4:14-18 | Pastor Jamal Franklyn**

**COMMITTAL | Pastor Michael A. Smith**



# GRAVESIDE Hymns

'Glad Reunion Day'

There will be a happy meeting in heaven I know  
When we see the many loved ones we've known here below.  
Gather on the blessed hilltops with hearts all aglow.  
That will be a glad reunion day.

**(Chorus)**

***Glad day, a wonderful day,  
Glad day, a glorious day;  
There with all the holy angels  
and loved ones to stay,  
That will be a glad reunion day.***

There within the holy city we'll sing and rejoice,  
Praising Christ the blessed Saviour with heart and with voice.  
Tell him how we came to love Him and make Him our choice.  
That will be a glad reunion day.

When we live a million years in that wonderful place  
Basking in the love of Jesus, beholding His face.  
It will seem but just a moment of praising His grace.  
That will be glad reunion day.

'When we all get to Heaven'  
Sing the wondrous love of Jesus,  
Sing His mercy and His grace.  
In the mansions bright and blessed  
He'll prepare for us a place.

**(Chorus)**

***When we all get to Heaven,  
What a day of rejoicing that will be!  
When we all see Jesus,  
We'll sing and shout the victory!***

While we walk the pilgrim pathway,  
Clouds will overspread the sky;  
But when travelling days are over,  
Not a shadow, not a sigh.

Let us then be true and faithful,  
Trusting, serving every day;  
Just one glimpse of Him in glory  
Will the toils of life repay.

Onward to the prize before us!  
Soon His beauty we'll behold;  
Soon the pearly gates will open;  
We shall tread the streets of gold.



# TO MY Husband

Raymond, my love, my heart aches to know that I can't see you, touch you or hear your voice. Thirty-two great years we spent together! We had some really good times. We laughed together; we went to almost all of the restaurants in Nassau. We celebrated birthdays and anniversaries. We travelled together and you were always my personal "valet driver". You always made me feel special to the point I felt spoiled.

You were a great provider, husband and father to our one daughter. You were the love of my life and I know you loved me because you took me everywhere with you.... I was always by your side.

Raymond I love you because you were all a man should be, because you showed warmth and joy and kindness.

I love you because you understood my moods, because you made me happy and soothed away my cares with a smile a touch or a word. I love you because you made our home a place of joy just by being there, because you are gentle, thoughtful and considerate.

I love you because you had a special magic I couldn't resist.

I love you because you're my husband... my Everything!

I know you loved the Lord, so sleep on my Love until we meet again.

Your loving wife,  
Terry



# TO MY Father

I'm so heartbroken I really don't have the words.....  
But how can I not pay tribute and honor to the man who is the source of my very existence...  
Who set the foundation for my steadfast faith in the Lord, my morals and core values....  
Who taught me the meaning of love, family & friendship....  
Who provided a life where I wanted for nothing and had an opportunity at everything...  
Who tucked me in bed and kissed me goodnight.... every night...  
Who never physically disciplined me but firmly corrected by words of absolute wisdom...  
Who told me I was beautiful and special and made me feel cherished every moment of my life...  
Who led by example in every aspect of his life...  
I honor my father... Raymond William Phillip Antonio  
A Great Son  
A Loving Brother  
A Superb Husband  
A Proud Father  
The Best Uncle &  
Even Better Friend

I will always love you Daddy.....til we meet again!

**Your one and only princess,  
Thea**





## TRIBUTE TO MY DARLING *Brother*



**R**aymond and I had an extra special brother/sister relationship. We understood each other fully and perhaps it was because we were so much alike. It was so easy to get along with him, and even though he was two years my junior, I often told him that he was still my big brother. We enjoyed such a wonderful, happy and loving childhood together, and as we grew into adulthood, I sought him for sound and trusted advice. I looked to him for protection. I enjoyed his humor and admired his many and varied talents. He knew that I loved to listen when he touched the ivories. Watching Bethany's service after I returned home from Centreville's service was a Sabbath treat for me. Raymond's fingers would joyfully and skillfully prance all over that keyboard, and there was always that subtle yet distinct modulation before the last verse of every hymn, which transported me heavenward each time I listened. I was a very proud sister.

Whenever we saw each other while driving, both of us would sound our horns endlessly as if we didn't care about the noise that we created. When in his presence, I knew that my face lit up like the brightest light and my heart was made glad. He was just a wonderful person to be around. I thanked God every day for my brother and counted myself extremely blessed and favored to have been strategically placed in this family.

Raymond was very attentive of our daddy and took great care of him. As grown as my brother was, he still bent to kiss daddy every time he saw him and each time he was saying good bye. It's a lost and extinct virtue in our society today.

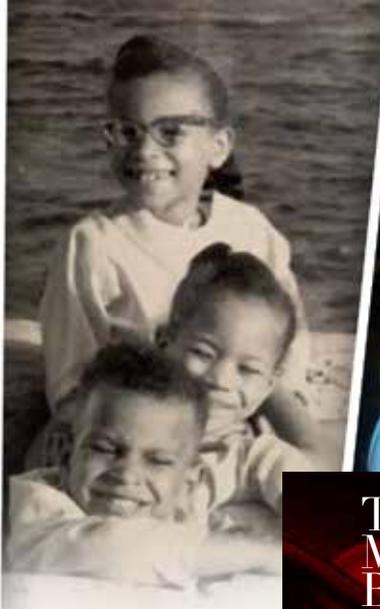
The last time that we saw each other was a week or so before he passed away. There was a knock on our door, and lo and behold, it was Raymond wearing the biggest smile on his face and bearing a box of fruit and vegetables which he knew I liked so much. Raymond was always so kind and generous. He had a heart of gold and the capacity to love in a way that only he could. Then, as he turned away, we exchanged the biggest, longest, warmest hug ever. This is what I will always remember.

When Raymond told me where they would be celebrating Terry's birthday that weekend, my last words to him were, "enjoy, enjoy, enjoy" and his reply to me was, " We will, my sister."

Sadly, Raymond is now gone but I carry his memory with me every single day in my heart. I look forward to the soon return of our Saviour, Jesus Christ when we will be reunited forever.

He went away so quickly  
No time to say goodbye  
But brothers can't be parted  
Precious memories never die.

**Love,  
Terri**



## TRIBUTE TO MY LOVING BROTHER

Ray

I am not sure that mom and dad realized when they named their baby boy Raymond that his name means “protector” and “counsellor”. Cognizant of this or not, Raymond truly lived up to his name—he was our protector, ensuring that the women in the family were taken care of. He was also our counsellor. Terri and I called Raymond for practically everything--information, street directions, the latest news, or his opinion on a “hot” topic. My sister and I always felt that Raymond was a reservoir of knowledge because he was so widely read. This led to some very lively conversations around the dinner table.

Mommy said she sometimes felt sorry for Raymond as a child because he didn’t always want to play the games my sister and I wanted to play—he wanted to play basketball, Terri wanted to play shop, and I wanted to play school. But he would oblige us without complaint for a short time. Little did he realize that play school would mimic and become real school, for when I returned from college in 1975 he actually was a student in one of my first Typing classes. He hated having to call me “Miss Antonio”, so when he had a question or needed something, he refused to call my name; he just kept his hand raised until I noticed him. I tried not to torture him by keeping him waiting too long!

His love for sports almost changed the trajectory of his life. Had it not been for the potential our music teacher saw in Raymond, mom would have discontinued his piano lessons. It wasn’t until after I left for college that Raymond blossomed as a musician—first as a pianist, then as an organist. We later played duets on the piano (back then we could both sit on the same bench); we also played piano and organ duets. It was my greatest pleasure to invite Ray to be my guest pianist for the many music

workshops/festivals I planned in the Cayman Islands, Grand Bahama, and the Turks & Caicos Islands. A friend reminded me just this week that I loved to “show off” my brother as the guest pianist. Why not? After all, he was my talented baby brother! Raymond loved family times. He never forgot birthdays or anniversaries and we loved to celebrate these events in a special way. He gave nicknames to all his nieces and nephews and they loved their Uncle Ray. He also loved to travel and would make sure that all the details were taken care of. Two of my fondest memories were the family trips we took to Canada for the GC Session in 2000, and the trip to celebrate mom and dad’s 50th anniversary in 2002. The laughter, the van rides, the Sea Escape boat ride, the shopping, the amusement parks, and eating at Marché are indelibly etched in my mind. There was never a dull moment with Raymond around!

Because of COVID-19, the lock downs and curfews, I had not seen Ray for several weeks, even though we talked by phone. The Thursday before his passing, I asked him to take some food to daddy’s house. When he entered my house, he had on his mask and I was reminded of the restrictions this virus had placed on us. The hug and kiss I would normally have given him did not happen on that day because of the precautions we took. Now I wish I had hugged and kissed him. But guess what? On that resurrection morning when I see him again, no mask or virus will prevent me from hugging and kissing my darling baby brother! I look forward to that with great anticipation!!

Love Lynn



## MUSICAL Highlight

In 2009, at the return of longtime friend Adrian Archer from university and Adrian's appointment as Director of Music at Christ Church Cathedral, Ray joined the Cathedral staff as Associate Organist and principal accompanist to The Cathedral Choir. Until his death Ray was a steady, larger than life force in the choir. He played with skill, accuracy and knowledge of the church's music and liturgical practice. Even more important than his musical abilities were his skills as a loving and caring brother and friend to members of the choir caring for the concerns of each member, praying for and with them in times of trial and rejoicing with them on happy occasions.

His work and connections with members of the Cathedral Choir would spill over to the Highgrove Singers when he agreed, in 2010, to become the official accompanist for this community choir. Here he happily joined another family of singers who relied upon him for accuracy in music, perfection in pitch and the highest level of creativity and reliability. In Highgrove he used his considerable talent for improvisation

and composition leading to the choir's first CD "Fill Me Now" in which two of his collaborations, "Fill Me Now" with the late Norma Ashe and "A New Commandment" with Adrian Archer are featured. He lived with the choir, traveled on foreign tours with them, accompanied state occasions and local weddings and funerals where the choir was engaged.

Ray was a singer masquerading as a piano player. In both choirs he would break into singing the bass line (his favourite line) especially if he knew they needed help (which was often) In fact, his musical instincts were so good that he could correct any part of the chorus at any time and could even anticipate when a line would break, always at the ready to pounce on the problematic note or phrase at the piano or sing it out if necessary. Often, he would "add" a few notes to an already exhausted and high soprano line because he thought they would sound better or he would invert the tenor line so that they were singing in the alto section as well. Ray was patient and kind in his assistance to each member. He would set time aside if any person needed individual help.



He would take the time to record sectional music when necessary. Ray also knew how to lighten the mood of an intense and difficult rehearsal. He had a quick wit and on many occasions, rehearsals would be reduced to tears of laughter from a joke or snide or sarcastic remark from the piano (mostly aimed at the conductor or the piece itself) He would confuse singers by changing the pitch of a piece and look at you with that innocent “cant kill a fly” smile. He would play in two keys at once and dared you to sing the correct one. Ray was a conductor’s dream as an accompanist, always playing a supportive and patient role, never combative or disagreeable, or having a “divo” complex. One always sensed that Ray knew the ministry to which he was born and in that he was a blessing to each and every one of his fellow musical travelers

In addition to his work with Christ Church and The Highgrove Singers, Ray also journeyed with Adrian into the cultural community joining the Shakespeare in Paradise organization with the staging of the iconic musicals “Music of The Bahamas”,

“Sammie Swain,” “Once On This Island” and “You Can Lead A Horse To Water.”. Once again Ray’s role as accompanist was invaluable and his innate style brought a fresh uniqueness to already established performed works. It was collaborations such as these that brought Ray into a broader contact with musicians from

around the country, now touching every genre and sphere of music found in The Bahamas. His eyes would often gleam while watching the up and coming “stars” of the Bahamian stage. He did not seem any less comfortable operating in the secular world as he did in the sacred, in fact he brought a sense of calm to all the productions in which he was involved. Ray was the ultimate complete Bahamian musician.

**Arian Archer**  
**Director of Music, Christ Church Cathedral**







## TO MY *Uncle*

Your death came as a huge shock to me. I still wake up every morning wishing this was all a bad dream. You never missed an important moment in my life. You were all about family and I could always tell how much you loved me and Zari, even without you saying it. I never imagined life without you...not now, not this soon. It hurts knowing that you won't be sitting at the head of the table at our Sabbath family lunches anymore (my favorite part was dessert time; while sampling what I made, you would call out "T-girl", while giving a thumbs up as I locked eyes with you and we both shared a smile). Words cannot express how much I will miss you, especially your hugs. You will always and forever be in my heart.

Love always, your T-girl

It is with deepest sorrow and sadness that I write this tribute. Uncle Ray, you were larger than life. I will cherish all of the fond memories I have of you. Although a man of little words, the words you did speak was sure to always make me laugh, smile and feel warm inside. I remember you as a jovial, resilient, individual, and a pillar that supported your entire family and friends with your tremendous faith and passion for Christ.

Every time I see an individual of great character I salute them. So today, I salute you Gramps, for producing such a gentleman. Aunt Terry, I salute you for being a loving and devoted wife to Uncle Ray. To my sister Thea, I salute you for being an exceptional daughter, who always made Uncle Ray so proud. To Aunt Lynn and Aunt TT I salute you both for always cherishing your one and only brother. To all the nieces and nephews, I salute you for doing the only thing we could do... Look up to him!

And To Uncle Ray, I salute you for being the best big guy a little guy could ever have. May our Almighty God keep you safe resting in perfect peace, until that resurrection day.

Love,  
Harold



For me to put on paper what you will always be to me, the pages would cover the earth a thousand times. Thea, your and Aunt Terry's only child, but you always had your "other daughter". What is understood doesn't need to be explained. You were my parents, and you didn't have to be. Though you had very little to say, your gentle,

caring presence was felt, it's a presence that's going to be missed. Thank you. Birthdays, Christmas, New Years, vacations, family dinners, Valentine's Day and Easter will never be the same. You taught us to make memories, and because of that, you'll forever remain in our hearts. The memories bring back you.

**Your other Daughter**  
**Sharnique**

*P.s La'kai is going to hate being late for school.  
Logan will remember to lift the toilet seat.  
Amari and Amare will still open your door  
Until we meet again*

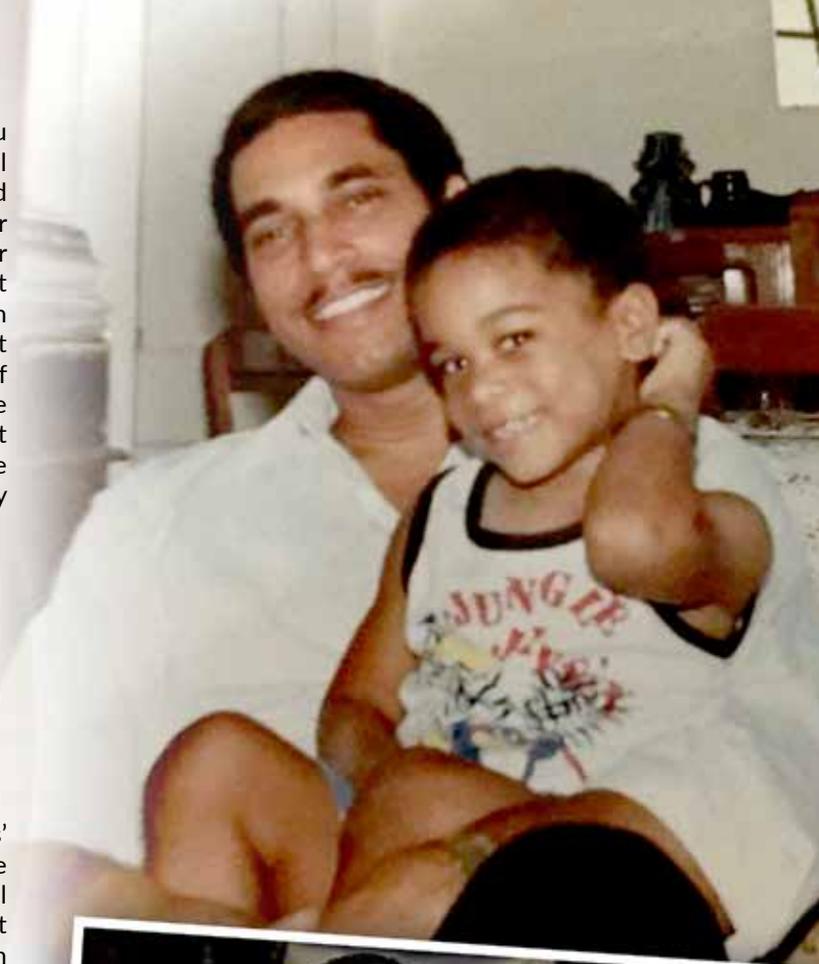
Uncle Ray. Who would have thought that God would call you next. You were such a humble man of great talent, a real family man, a gentleman and a role model. You will be greatly and sadly missed Gentle Giant. All my life growing up I would hear my mother calling out to me, "Raymond!" And I would answer every time even before she would correct herself, knowing that she meant to say Ronnie, but I would never see it as less than what it was. It was and still is something that always brought laughter. Being called Raymond so often only reassured me of my mother's strong love for me because I knew how much she loved her dear brother Raymond. It will always be a constant reminder of your very unique spirit and it will forever remind me of all the special moments we were able to share in your journey through life.

**Sleep in peace Uncle Ray**  
**Your nephew Uncle Ron**

## TO MY *Uncle Ray* AKA "MY HI"

From the first time I saw this giant of a man walk into my parents' home and into my life, I knew there were great things in store for me. You were half of the unit that created an individual that I never thought would mean so much to me now, my best friend and sister. For that I thank you. The moments I had with you I will cherish forever. From Thea and I watching you sing in the Sentinels at practice while being in the corner singing and dancing along, to the time when Harold and I stayed at your house when my parents went away and then me begging you to let Thea come to Andrews University, to you being the Master of Ceremony at my wedding. The compassion and love you have shown me throughout the years I will never forget. Your humor and hilarious facial expressions always kept me smiling and that I will miss. You were my "Hi" and I was your "Lo", something Aunt Terry was also jealous of. It will be difficult for me not to hear you call me that again, however, Aunt Terry has the permission to carry on our tradition. I will miss your awesome hugs and your forehead kisses which meant the world to me. I'm glad my girls got to experience your hugs. I will continue to be there for Aunt Terry and Thea always and I can wait to hear you voice say "Hello Lo" again. I love you and will miss you.

**Love always,**  
**Your Lo/ Keisha**





## MY UNCLE WAS A GREAT MAN.

He was important  
He was a great thinker  
He had a great heart  
He was special to me  
He was special to many  
He was an inspiration  
He was a role-model

He was a leader  
He was an example  
He was kind

He was my favorite and will forever be my  
favorite.

His silence spoke volumes  
Many loved him  
I love him

We will always love him  
He will forever live on in our hearts.

If love could have saved him, he would  
have lived forever.

Love,  
Dawn

## *My Uncle Ray:*

A GIANT OF A MAN YET HUMBLE IN NATURE.

I've never seen you lose your temper...always calm, cool, and collected.

I will always cherish the memories we shared together; The many family trips, Sabbath dinners together, our yearly Junkanoo excursions (with you as our personal body guard lol), Saturday night bowling, and Saturday nights spent by Granny and Sea Breeze. You gave the best hugs. You were not afraid or ashamed to express your love for your family in public. You made an effort to attend EVERY convocation, graduation, wedding, and celebratory dinners. You always made time for family.

I'm going to miss seeing and hearing you play the piano at Bethany. I will especially miss seeing you at family dinners.

You made playing the piano look effortless. You were a musical mastermind performing with professionalism and class, while also having fun with your craft.

There has been an aching pain in my stomach going back to the morning mommy called with the dreadful news. I still cannot believe you're gone. I will no longer get to hear you say "hi first born," or laugh at you and Thea's "corny" jokes. I will no longer get to see the love you express for aunt Terry. The bond you and your siblings had was so beautiful. Your smile, your laughter, your listening ear, and your wisdom will all be missed.

This is painful. You meant so much to so many.  
I'm going to miss you dearly uncle Ray, but I know we will meet again.  
We're going to meet again!

Love,  
Shanda

## DEAREST *Uncle Ray,*

I am at a loss for words. It is with deepest sorrow and sadness that I write this tribute to you. You were an uncle in a million; I have memories of you that will forever linger especially looking forward to family trips with the huge white van. You never hesitated to be the driver and you were delighted to take on the task of being the only man amongst 7 women you were always patient. An Uncle is defined as one who helps, advises, or encourages you; Uncle Ray you were the epitome of all three. You will forever be in my heart until we meet again.

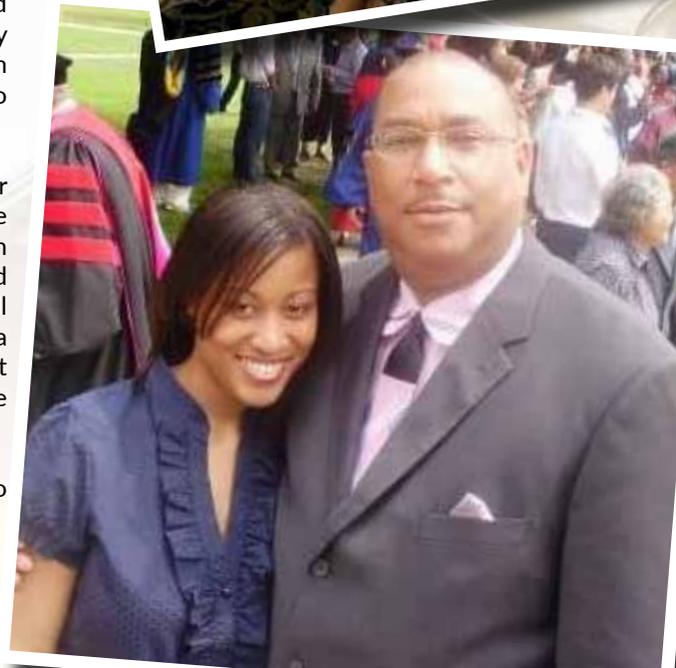
Love always,  
Daana, Deondre, Danae and Shai

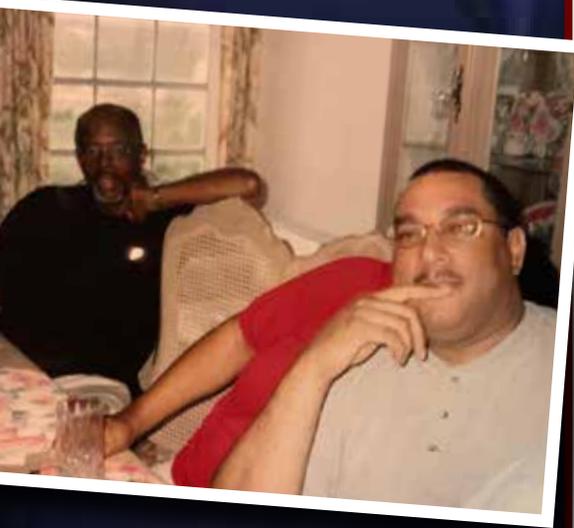
**M**y Uncle Ray...there are so many thoughts and so many memories coming to mind as I sit to write this. As beautiful as they all are the one that continues to stand out to me is my last memory of him. It's a simple memory but it's stayed on my mind ever since. It was the Monday before... Uncle Ray came by mommy to pick up some items for Gramps and it was the first time I had seen him in a while due to all that has been going on. Usually our family gets together at least once a month (if not more) but we hadn't been able to do that so I was really happy that he was coming over. We didn't get to hug and kiss like usual instead we blew kisses to each other and joked for a bit before he continued talking to mommy. Before he left I told him I loved him and would see him soon. I remember thinking after he left that I was so glad that I was there that day to see him because I really missed him. I didn't know in that moment that it would be my last time seeing him. As hard as that is to swallow I'm glad that that day happened, I'm glad I got to joke with him, I'm glad I got to tell him I love him and I'm glad I was able to add one more great moment (as simple as it was) to my memory of him.

Uncle Ray was (and I really hate saying was) the BEST uncle a girl could ever have! He loved each of us cousins unconditionally and never asked us to be anything more than just ourselves. He was present at every major event in my life; at every major event in each of our lives. He supported us, protected us, gave the best bear hugs and just loved us the best way he knew how. I will hold on to all of our great childhood memories (Disneyworld, Orange Lake, Sea Escape, Junkanoo...the list goes on) all of those family dinners, every time I got to just sit and listen to you play, our Christmas times together and every single one of our conversations.

Until we see each other again I miss you and I love you my Uncle I love you so much! Forever your "Middle"!

Love,  
Shanae





## MY LITTLE ... *Big Brother*

**R**ay, I referred to him for over forty years as “my little big brother”. For though I am older in age, he grew to become bigger in stature.

He embraced me as his brother from the moment his sister, Lynn, and I became serious about each other. Then when we married I recall he said, “she’s all yours now, she’s out of my hands. Remember, no return product, for I did my best”.

Thanks, little brother, job well done!

I thought as brothers, Ray and I we would grow old together, especially with my being back in Nassau again after “missionary service”. We had such amazing fellowship, “sibling” jokes, family fun, traveling together, amazing worship experiences.

I’ll miss him in many ways ... birthdays/anniversaries/special events ... we celebrated them all together. From dining around the Sabbath dinner table where I sat at one head and he sat at the other, to the conversations and discussions we shared which were always enlightening, he was a fount of information, inspiration and insightfulness. It seemed that he knew just about everyone on the planet, for the short number of years God allowed him to be with us.

Lynn & I were looking forward to attending many concerts with Ray, Terry and TT, listening to him working his magic on the keyboard ... causing those keys to leap with joy ... or just being blessed as he played in church services. I often marvelled at his musical talent, intellectual prowess, patient and calm demeanour, authentic character, captivating personality and spiritual temperament.

Ray knew that Dad, he, Ian, Leo and I were the “seasoned men” in the family and our ranks were limited because the women in the family outnumbered us. Now “praise God” it has balanced out with the male births of our next generation. The new “males” on the block couldn’t help but look up to him, not only because of his height but because of his character, his relationship with God and his God-given multiple abilities.

He was the younger brother I never biologically had and I appreciated the respect & even deference he displayed towards this older brother of his.

In some ways like David and Jonathan, through marriage to his sister, we had our covenant and we loved each other as our own soul.

May the coming of the Lord hasten so that our eternal togetherness can tangibly begin.

**Love ya, my lil’ bro ...  
Michael “The Mikester” (as called only by him)**

**M**y first impression of Ray was when he first came to the house to see Terry. My sister Carletha, my mother Gloria and myself were standing behind the door peeking as he made his way into the foyer; we all looked at each other and said "Oh My Gosh He is GORGEOUS... he's a keeper". He was not only gorgeous but a well mannered gentleman. He became an instant part of the Bethel family and we developed a very close relationship. If there was anyone who would laugh at my jokes it would be Raymond. He had such a great sense of humor. I have so many fond memories of us going on family trips, which was very often and our infamous holiday drives around the island. I am so thankful for all the wonderful times we spent together right to the very end. He was not merely a brother-in-law, he was my brother.

Love,  
Debbie



**W**hen I reflect over the past 30 years; I clearly understand how important it was to have an influence like you in my life. You have always encouraged us that there is always a light at the end of the tunnel. You made me also realize the importance of family. Your unsubscribed life mentoring program has made a significant impact on my life and many others who had the privilege of being around you. You will be greatly missed however; that physical void has been replaced with life lasting memories, experiences and encouragements that will continue to live forever!

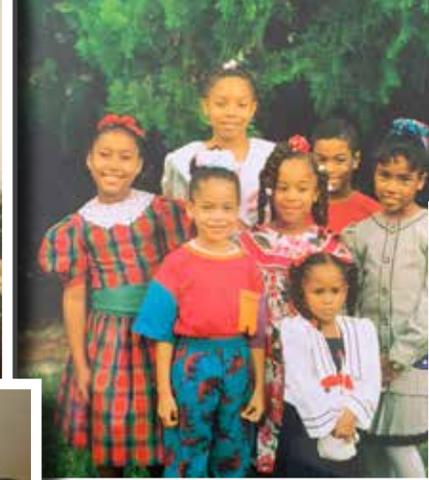
Bradshaw



**W**hen that dreadful call came early that Sunday morning, it hit me like a ton of bricks Ray had left us. Never in my wildest dreams did I ever imagine something like this would ever happen. Although he was my youngest cousin and much taller too, there were so many things I looked up to him for; from the time when he made his international debut on the piano at our wedding to the many bowling games we shared. Raymond was more like a "big" brother to me. This type of good bye is never easy, to borrow a line from a song you are definitely gone too soon. There are so many more memories that I will hold on to. Until we meet again, rest on my cousin. My condolences to Terry and Thea and to the rest of our family. May those precious memories that we all share help to ease each and everyone of us through this very difficult time.

Love, Ian







# Acknowledgements

The family of Raymond Antonio would like to express our deep gratitude for the outpouring of love and support shown to us during our time of bereavement. Your prayers, visits, encouraging words and gifts were truly a blessing, and for this we are thankful.

## PALLBEARERS

Duriel Antonio  
David Bradshaw Major  
Philip Haven  
Edward Romer

LeRon Rolle  
Todd M. J. Beneby  
Anthony "Tony" Adderley  
Harvey Braithwaite

## HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Sir Cyril Fountain  
Ryan Antonio  
Ricardo Major  
Antoin Bowe  
Kiwanis Club of Over the Hill

Ian Antonio  
Charles "Fuzzie" Moss, Jr.  
Adrian Archer  
Pedro Rolle  
Better Homes and Gardens/MCR Bahamas Group

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