

Honouring The Wonderful Journey Of



FUNERAL SERVICE

Mount Fortune SDA Church
Sandy Hill, Anguilla B.W.I.

Date & Time:

Sunday, March 15th 2026
Viewing & Tributes: 1 pm
Service: 2:30 pm

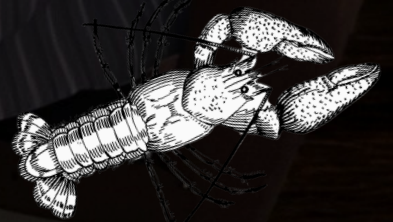
Officiating Minister:

Pastor Ray Edwards

Organist: Kemrun Tisson

DWAYNE

CLEVELAN BAIRD



Sunrise: March 26th 1975 || Sunset: January 29th 2026

Formal Remembrance

Dwayne Clevlan Baird, affectionately known as “Smurf” was born on 26th March, 1975 at the Cottage Hospital in Anguilla. Being his mother’s only son, he was the apple of her eye. He knew that, and definitely tried to use it to his advantage, pushing the limits to see how much he could do... or how much he could get away with not doing!

He was never a troublesome child, but like any young boy, he definitely had a little mischievous side. Dwayne always knew what he wanted to do, and found very creative ways to do it! For example, when the church bus was coming, Dwayne had a very clever system. He would hide in the bushes until the bus passed... then walk back home and say, “Well... I guess I missed it.” Somehow the same thing happened whenever chores were mentioned. The moment work appeared; Dwayne would disappear. And when you finally found him, he was usually watching someone fix a car or tampering with a bike like a young mechanic in training. These experiences would lay the foundation for his thrill-seeking hobbies and adventures later in life.

Looking back now, those were not just tricks of a mischievous boy. They were signs of the man that Dwayne would eventually become: curious, independent, and always interested in figuring out how things worked.

Dwayne marched to the beat of his own drum from a very young age. When the time came for CXC exams, he chose his own path and stepped straight into the working world. He began in construction, learning the discipline and resilience that would define much of his life. He then decided to explore the hospitality industry by becoming a bellman at Mariners Hotel. He moved from Mariners, to Sonesta, to Altamer, to Da’Vida, before finding his home at the then Viceroy, now Four Seasons Resort.

Over the years in the industry, he served as a room service supervisor, butler, manager, and lifestyle assistant, taking pride in everything that he did from carrying bags, to driving the cart, and helping guests, no job was too small. Dwayne believed in honest work and doing things with his own two hands. Because of these characteristics, and his warm and approachable personality, he was able to build a career that was a direct reflection of his drive and commitment. During his time in the hospitality industry, Dwayne met people from all walks of life, and was loved and respected by everyone he encountered, including the woman who would become his life partner, Kyra.

Dwayne first met Kyra when he was just a 17 year old boy rolling through the streets of Island Harbour with a sweet smile, a fast bike and endless charm. At the time, Kyra was pregnant with her first daughter, Khera, and her life felt challenging. Dwayne’s energy, thoughtfulness and consideration during those early encounters created a bond that would form the foundation of a lifelong partnership. Their connection grew deeper working at Sonesta hotel, where they shared lunches and daily conversations, further building upon their friendship that blossomed into love, and eventually marriage in 1997. Dwayne and Kyra shared a love that was rooted in unadulterated playfulness, creativity, teamwork, and youthful romance. Kyra’s animated personality was rivalled by Dwayne but he was quick, he would instantly break the tension. In essence, he was just her match, and she was his.

Their children, Khera, Dwayniqua, Dwayhane, and Kyliyah, were the center of his world. He celebrated their every achievement, nurtured their passions, and made sure they knew the depth of his pride and love.

Formal Remembrance Cont'd

At one point during their marriage, Dwayne travelled between Bermuda and Anguilla for work, leaving his family behind for 7 years to create a better life for them. Still, even when distance kept him away, he never missed a birthday, anniversary, or important milestone, always making time to maintain the connections that mattered most. Although he matured into a responsible family man, the thrill-seeking characteristics that he displayed from childhood continued into his adult years. Dwayne had a need for speed, much to the dismay of his wife and mother. Unfortunately, this need for speed took him back to the same Cottage Hospital where he was born, after sustaining a very serious accident. He eventually had to travel to St. Kitts for further medical treatment. This accident changed his life, but throughout that most difficult period, his light and strength continued to shine through.

Although his passion for motorcycles slowed for a time, he found other ways to enrich his life beyond work. Dwayne poured into his love for cars, which evolved into a true gift for mechanics. He fixed, rebuilt cars, and shared his mechanical talents with his son, Dwayhane. His love for fishing also grew stronger. He transformed this enthusiasm for crayfishing into a thriving business, Baird's Crayfishing, supplying several hotels across the island. He was an avid cyclist, diver, and part of a car racing crew. These activities were more than just hobbies; they were a part of his identity. Another big part of his identity that surprised many was his love for Christmas. Dwayne loved Christmas with a passion that could only rival Santa Claus himself. His love for the season dated back to when five finger trees were the only Christmas trees available! From decorations to lights, he took it very seriously. In fact, if Christmas lights had horsepower, Dwayne would probably try to tune them too. Dwayne had a nickname for everybody. If you ever had the pleasure of getting close to him, chances are that at some point in time he called you **Lesroy, William or Tonkie**. At one point he even commented on Kyra's belly and began calling her "Gutrude". Don't worry, though, she responded to him by calling him "Gutwyn". The perfect match.

Dwayne had a heart of gold, a sense of humour that could lift your soul, talents that could fix almost any of life's problems, and a calm demeanour that could quiet even the most chaotic situations. He believed in using his hands, building, fixing, and creating, there was almost nothing he could not figure out. Above all, Dwayne just as lovable as he was loving. He may not have always spoken loudly, but his presence was felt. He lived life in his own way, steady, determined, and true to himself. He was a devoted husband, a proud and loving father, and a man whose legacy of love, joy, and dedication will continue to guide and inspire his family. The same night of his passing, while we were all drenched in tears, his daughter Dwayniqua, much like he would, broke the tension and said, "God must have wanted a nice gazebo built up there." And that is the story we are choosing to believe. So while we miss you deeply here on earth, we imagine you up there doing what you loved, building gazebos, fixing what needs fixing, racing through the clouds, and diving through the skies. We only ask one thing, Dwayne... please don't call your Heavenly Father **Lesroy**. Today, we remember not only the man he became, but also the boy he once was, riding bikes, avoiding chores, and chasing his passions. We remember his strength, his independence, his love for engines, movies, and music, and the meaningful spirit he carried throughout his life. Dwayne was a man whose laughter and sense of humor left a lasting imprint on everyone he met. Though he may no longer walk beside us, the love he gave, the lessons he shared and the memories he created will continue to live on in all of us, because a life like Dwayne's does not simply end, it continues in the people he loved, in the family he built, in the stories we will tell again and again, and in every moment of laughter that reminds us of him. Dwayne "Smurf" Baird will always be remembered. He will always be loved and he will never be forgotten.

Order Of Service

Processional	Pastor Ray Edwards
Opening Remarks	Pastor Ray Edwards
Prayer of Comfort	Elder Keith Smith
Opening Song.....	My Redeemer Lives
Scripture Reading	2 Corinthians 5:1-8.....(Aunt) Clarice Richardson
Musical Selection	Vere and Shara
Scripture Reading.....	Ecclesiastes 3:1-4.....(Sister) Yvonne Baird
Musical Selection	(Daughters) Khera, Dwayniqua and Kyliyah
Formal Remembrance	Colin Harrigan
Sermon	Pastor Ray Edwards
Benediction	Pastor Damien Benjamin
Recessional.....	The Goodness Of God

Ushers

Mercia Smith
Yvonne Baird
Lemisha Bryan
Tammy Connor
Iona Proctor-Allen
Larissa Williams Richardson

Graveside Hymns

Silent Night
At The Cross
Amazing Grace
Power In the Blood
How Great Thou Art
The Old Rugged Cross

Songs At The Church

MY REDEEMER LIVES

VERSE 1

WHO TAUGHT THE SUN
WHERE TO STAND IN THE MORNING?
AND WHO TOLD THE OCEAN
YOU CAN ONLY COME THIS FAR?
AND WHO SHOWED THE MOON
WHERE TO HIDE 'TIL EVENING?
WHOSE WORDS ALONE CAN
CATCH A FALLING STAR?

CHORUS

WELL, I KNOW MY REDEEMER LIVES,
I KNOW MY REDEEMER LIVES,
ALL OF CREATION TESTIFIES,
THIS LIFE WITHIN ME CRIES,
I KNOW MY REDEEMER LIVES, YEAH.

VERSE 2

THE VERY SAME GOD THAT SPINS THINGS IN ORBIT
RUNS TO THE WEARY, THE WORN AND THE WEAK,
AND THE SAME GENTLE HANDS THAT HOLD ME
WHEN I'M BROKEN, THEY CONQUERED DEATH TO
BRING ME VICTORY.

NOW I KNOW MY REDEEMER LIVES,
I KNOW MY REDEEMER LIVES,
LET ALL CREATION TESTIFY,
LET THIS LIFE WITHIN ME CRY,
I KNOW MY REDEEMER.

HE LIVES TO TAKE AWAY MY SHAME,
AND HE LIVES FOREVER, I'LL PROCLAIM
THAT THE PAYMENT FOR MY SIN
WAS THE PRECIOUS LIFE HE GAVE,
BUT NOW HE'S ALIVE,
AND THERE'S AN EMPTY GRAVE.

CHORUS

AND I KNOW MY REDEEMER LIVES,
I KNOW MY REDEEMER LIVES,
LET ALL CREATION TESTIFY,
LET THIS LIFE WITHIN ME CRY,
I KNOW MY REDEEMER,
I KNOW MY REDEEMER LIVES,
I KNOW MY REDEEMER LIVES

THE GOODNESS OF GOD

I LOVE YOU, LORD
FOR YOUR MERCY NEVER FAILS ME
ALL MY DAYS, I'VE BEEN HELD IN YOUR HANDS
FROM THE MOMENT THAT I WAKE UP
UNTIL I LAY MY HEAD
OH, I WILL SING OF THE GOODNESS OF GOD

'CAUSE ALL MY LIFE YOU HAVE BEEN FAITHFUL
AND ALL MY LIFE YOU HAVE BEEN SO, SO GOOD
WITH EVERY BREATH THAT I AM ABLE
OH, I WILL SING OF THE GOODNESS OF GOD

I LOVE YOUR VOICE
YOU HAVE LED ME THROUGH THE FIRE
IN DARKEST NIGHT YOU ARE CLOSE LIKE NO OTHER
I'VE KNOWN YOU AS A FATHER
I'VE KNOWN YOU AS A FRIEND
AND I HAVE LIVED IN THE GOODNESS OF GOD, YEAH

'CAUSE ALL MY LIFE YOU HAVE BEEN FAITHFUL,
OH YES YOU HAVE
AND ALL MY LIFE YOU HAVE BEEN SO, SO GOOD
WITH EVERY BREATH THAT I AM ABLE
OH, I WILL SING OF THE GOODNESS OF GOD

YOUR GOODNESS IS RUNNING AFTER,
IT'S RUNNING AFTER ME (**Repeat**)
WITH MY LIFE LAID DOWN, I SURRENDERED NOW
I GIVE YOU EVERYTHING, OH LORD
YOUR GOODNESS IS RUNNING AFTER, IT'S RUNNING
AFTER ME
YOUR GOODNESS IS RUNNING AFTER, IT'S RUNNING
AFTER ME (OH YEAH, OH YEAH)
YOUR GOODNESS IS RUNNING AFTER, IT'S RUNNING
AFTER ME
WITH MY LIFE LAID DOWN, I SURRENDERED NOW
I GIVE YOU EVERYTHING
YOUR GOODNESS IS RUNNING AFTER, IT KEEPS
RUNNING AFTER ME

AND ALL MY LIFE YOU HAVE BEEN FAITHFUL
AND ALL MY LIFE YOU HAVE BEEN SO, SO GOOD
WITH EVERY BREATH THAT I AM ABLE
OH, I'M GONNA SING OF THE GOODNESS OF GOD
I'M GONNA SING

ALL MY LIFE YOU HAVE BEEN FAITHFUL
(ALL OF MY LIFE YOU'VE BEEN FAITHFUL)
ALL MY LIFE YOU HAVE BEEN SO, SO GOOD
(SO GOOD WITH EVERY BREATH)
WITH EVERY BREATH THAT I AM ABLE
(EVERY BREATH I'M ABLE)
I WILL SING (I'M GONNA SING) OF THE GOODNESS
(OF THE GOODNESS OF GOD, YES I AM)
I'M GONNA SING OF THE GOODNESS OF GOD
OH, I'M GONNA SING OF THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

Photo Memories

Sunrise: March 26th 1975

Sunset: January 29th 2026



Photo Memories

Sunrise: March 26th 1975

Sunset: January 29th 2026

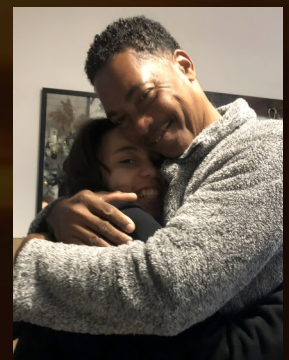
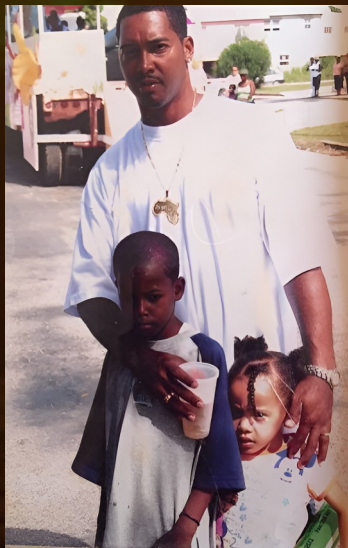
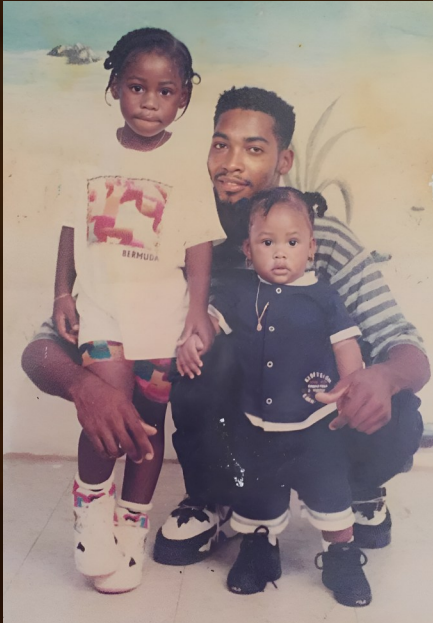


Photo Memories

Sunrise: March 26th 1975

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Tributes

Baird,

As I lie here trying to gather my thoughts, I still can't believe you're not here. It feels like I'm dreaming, like any moment now you'll walk through the door. Heavenly Father, I pray for the strength to carry this heavy load, because it is so very heavy.

You were my everything, and we did almost everything together. This year, June 3rd, would have made 29 years of marriage and 34 beautiful years together. That's a lifetime of love, memories, and devotion. It hurts not being able to see you walk through the door and say, "Babie, I'm home," or to hear you ask, "Baird, you okay? How was your day?" We may not have always agreed on everything, but you would always say, "Babie, whatever you want. I'm here to make my wife happy, and once you're happy, I'm okay." You were never one to argue and would never stay vex for a day. You would say, "Babie, you still vex? Well, I don't have space in my heart to be vex with you." Then you would rush to me, hug and kiss me, and make me forget whatever I was upset about. You would never close your eyes if I was out of the house. You couldn't sleep until I came home, until you placed your hands under my pillow and rubbed your feet against mine so you could fall asleep. I truly believe a mould like yours no longer exists in this world. You were one of a kind, a loving, patient and devoted husband. You loved your family deeply and showed kindness to everyone who came into contact with you. I will forever carry you in my heart. You may be gone from my sight, but you will never be gone from my heart. You will never be forgotten. Rest on Baird.

Love Always, Your Wife, Kyra

To you, I was "Meach", a nickname I loved, but took for granted throughout my childhood, until I grew older and finally decided to ask what it meant. You said it meant "My First Peach". It was special. It confirmed what I always felt. I was not a "stepchild". Not an "obligation". From a very tender age, you loved me as your own. You always made me feel loved and treated me equally, even after Dwayniqua came along; If she wanted a candy, and you only had enough for one, she wasn't getting it! If you couldn't buy two, neither of us got one.

You were the person I knew I could always count on. You were the one I knew would always protect me. You were the one I trusted wholeheartedly with my feelings, my fears, my mistakes, and my dreams. Daddy, you were ALWAYS there, and it's killing me to know that you're now gone. When I needed to learn how to swim, you were there. When it was time to drive, you put me behind the wheel and showed me the way. When it was time to give me away on what you said would have been the biggest decision of my life, you walked me down that isle with the biggest smile on your face, a proud moment you said. When I found out I was pregnant and was too afraid to tell my mother, I came to you and somehow, even in that scary moment you made me laugh. That was your gift, you made things feel lighter. Even when darkness stood at my door, you were there. You stood next to me in a hospital room while they stitched me back together with a strength and sense of calm that made you who you were. That is who I tried to be for you on your final night. I still play that night in my head because the soldier I knew who fought through battles I'd seen and heard about. I couldn't believe something like that could take him from us. A part of me kept waiting for you to lift your head and say, "Y'all can't get rid of me that easily." Your sense of humour was unmatched. Daddy you were patient, kind. So full of life and purpose. You were hardworking and fearless, talented beyond measure. Family meant more to you than anything this world could offer, and you meant everything to us. Your love extended to my boys. They adored their project time with "Daddy Dwayne." You poured into them the same way he poured into me. And now that you're no longer with us, we will be sure to honour your legacy. We will always remember the laughs we shared, we will always treasure the lessons we learned, and we will definitely continue to uphold the love for Christmas that you instilled in all of us! You may have come into my life as a stepfather, but you chose me. Every single day. And I am who I am because you did. Daddy. Thank you for holding me from months old until your very last breath. Thank you for loving me. Your love saved me. It shaped me. It molded me into the woman I am today. You were my dad, and I will carry you with me, always.

Your First, Khera

Tributes

Some days I say I'm fine. Some days I just don't speak. When people ask, I always say I'm alright, but the truth is, Pop, I'm destroyed on the inside. All we ever talked about was one day getting the shop built and getting you and Mama retired, because you both worked so hard. I'm fighting with myself to find the right words, because the truth is, I simply wasn't ready. I feel like I have so much to say and too little time to say it. I remember the first fish we caught together, the first engine we disassembled and put back together, and the time I chipped my tooth when we were racing shopping carts in Puerto Rico. Whenever I had a problem with my car, you were just a call away, and somehow we always managed to figure it out. You were always the first person I called whenever I needed advice, and it's hard coming to terms with the fact that I can't make that call anymore. I still remember our first race in the white Civic. We took licks from that Swift, but that didn't stop us. We kept modifying it until it became one of the hottest D-series on the island. I also find myself thinking a lot about the time I raced that Altezza and hurt 'Madness'. You came outside, and I expected you to make noise, but all you said was, "We're going to figure it out." And that's exactly what we did. You were my biggest fan and supporter. No matter what it was, even if I was in the wrong, you backed me one hundred percent. And it was the same with you. No one could ever get between us. You were my right hand, my best friend, and my father all in one. I promise you I will keep your name alive and finish what we started. You might not be here physically, but I know you're still here with me in spirit. I love you, Pop, and I miss you. I'm tearing up writing this now, but I have to stay strong for Mama, Khe, Nick, and Puts. I can't lie, Pop, you left some big shoes to fill, but I promise I'll try my best. Until we meet and cruise again, I'll hold down the fort and keep everything in check. Love you always, Pop.

Your Son, Dwayhane

Where do I begin, Dadz? I sit here asking you for your strength to help me write about you in the past tense. The thought of it feels like trying to catch the wind. It is the hardest thing I have ever done. There are not enough words in all the world to describe how blessed I feel to call you my father and to proudly carry the last name 'Baird'. To many, you were 'Smurf,' but to me, you were 'Dadz'. The Dadz who kept a Christmas list I wrote when I was five, the Dadz that sent 'I'm so proud of you' messages at random, the Dadz I inherited my laughter and sense of humour from, the Dadz I could speak to about absolutely anything. Among your many gifts was your quiet magic: to see past my smile, to know when it hid fear, doubt, or regret. You were my confidant, my biggest fan, my strength, my smile. I would call at random, to quote a favorite movie, to tell you about work, or gripe about which university assignment was keeping me up at night. You would do the same, just to hear my voice, to share a joke, or to vent about anything weighing on your mind. We'd speak for hours. You listened. You never judged. You guided me with patience, with love, with a light that made everything seem possible. You turned ordinary moments into laughter and wonder. Those moments, small yet infinite, are etched into my heart forever. Now, as I write in the past tense, my eyes fill with tears, my heart cracks open, and the thought of your absence keeps me awake at night. The silence is deafening and in the quiet, I speak to you: I miss you beyond words and I love you beyond the reach of life itself.

Forever and always your Daughter, Dwayniqua

Dadz when it comes to words I usually have them but now I'm lost for them. Dadz you were the greatest dad I could ask for. You always loved with your whole heart, gave with a kind heart and left a mark on this world that will be remembered forever. Dadz I cherish the fun moments we had, all the laughter you brought to my life and the memories we shared. When I need a smile I think about you letting me ride my bike in the house a couple days before Christmas, your favourite holiday. I remember you would play Christmas carols months before December because you loved Jesus and the holiday. My dad, my life will never be the same now that you're not here. My dad, I miss you and love you beyond the words. Rest in strength, you gave life all you had and Jesus sees it. Rest now dad, in strength. You'll forever be missed and loved. Until we meet again dadz. I love you Forever and always.

Your Daughter, Kyliyah

Today, I mourn the death of my beloved son. With a heavy heart, I write to him. Son, I loved you in life, and I love you still in death. Dwayne, you left me too soon, but I know God has a better plan for you. My love for you will always be the same. You will forever remain in my heart. Someday we will meet again beyond the clouds. Wait for me at the pearly gates. Sleep on, my son.

Love Always, Mom

Brother, you were more than someone we grew up with, you were a part of us. You were the light in every room you entered, the warmth in every gathering, the joy in every ordinary day. You had a rare and beautiful gift. You could make anyone laugh. No matter how heavy the moment, no matter how hard the day, you found a way to lift the weight with your humour. Your jokes were never just jokes, they were comfort, they



were healing, they were love wrapped in laughter. Behind that playful spirit was a heart so genuine, so kind, and so deeply loving. You teased us, you joked with us, you kept us on our toes, but your love for us ran deep and true. We always felt it. We always knew. Now the world feels quieter without you in it. There is an ache where your voice used to be, an emptiness where your laughter once echoed. In moments of loneliness, we will hold on to the memories you gave us. In moments of sadness, we will picture your smile. And when tears fall in the stillness of the night, we will close our eyes and hear your laughter again. We miss you more than words can ever say. We love you more than life itself. You will forever live in our hearts, our memories, and in every smile that carries a piece of you.

Your Sisters: Yvonne, Navene & Tammy, We Love You

Of all the blessings life could bring, great or small, having you as our nephew was the greatest of them all. Our hearts are heavy, Dwayne, knowing you are no longer with us. We will forever miss your laughter, your kindness, and the love you gave so freely. Rest peacefully in the arms of Jesus.

With All Our Love: Auntie Winifred, Auntie Clarice, Uncle Leslie, and family

Our hearts are broken beyond words as we mourn the tragic and untimely loss of our beloved nephew, Dwayne Cleveland "Smurf" Baird. Dwayne carried a spirit that was gentle, kind, and endlessly willing, always greeting us with a warm smile. His sense of humour brought laughter to every family gathering, and his presence made every moment brighter, especially when he spoke about the things he loved. He gave kindness freely, never expecting anything in return, and his laughter had a way of lifting even the heaviest of moods. Though his time with us was far too short, the depth of his spirit and the warmth he shared left a lasting imprint on our lives. We will forever remember the small moments that revealed who he truly was, and we will cherish the joy he gave so generously. Even as our hearts ache, we thank God for the time we were blessed to share with him. In our grief, we hold tightly to his memory and carry forward the best parts of him, his courage, his humour, his compassion. We promise to honour him by loving one another just the same. On behalf of his maternal aunts and uncle, we join together to say goodbye with hearts full of both sorrow and gratitude.

Aunts: Celestine, Frances & Ivy Connor, Muriel Richardson, Althea Lloyd, Nyris & Zulma Webster and Uncle Foster Webster.

Special Aunt and Uncles: Ruth Fleming, Calvin Bryan and Reymond Webster.

Tributes

From the moment I first knew you as Dwayniqua's dad, you stood out as a steady presence, a devoted father, someone anyone would be proud to look up to. Later, having the privilege of knowing you as a colleague, I came to appreciate you even more. You brought life into the work environment, moving through each day with a spirit full of energy and passion. Your absence has left a void that can never truly be filled. We miss you in the moments when we expect your voice, in the joy and the laughter that only you could bring. I'll always remember how you would call us to meet with guests, planning a dinner or creating a moment. You never treated these interactions as tasks. To you, they were opportunities to make someone feel welcomed and cared for. You will always be remembered and truly missed.

Mia Hughes (Four Season's Anguilla)

Dwayne has left his mark so everyone will know he was here. We've lost more than a colleague. We lost a bright, generous soul who brought great energy and dedication to everything/ everyone he touched. Dwayne worked hard, cared deeply, and lifted the people around him with his humor. His sudden passing leaves a space that cannot be filled, but his kindness, his laughter (and endless jokes) and his commitment to excellence will stay with us forever. We are grateful for the time we've enjoyed with him. His legacy will remain in the standards he set and the many lives he touched.

Forever with us, Dwayne Baird! Your Resi Family, Four Seasons Resort and Residence Anguilla

I'm writing this with a heavy heart to honor my good friend, my brother, Dwayne. This one hit me hard, bro. Every single day the tears fall from my eyes just thinking about the memories we shared. The laughter, the inside jokes, the countless "cool bears" we had together just vibing, talking life, and enjoying the moment like nothing else in the world mattered. I keep replaying the simple things in my mind, pulling up by the house just to chill, no special occasion needed, just presence and brotherhood. You weren't just a friend to me you were my brother. The kind of bond that time can't break and distance can't erase. I'm going to miss your callings. I'm going to miss hearing your voice on the other end. I'm going to miss you randomly saying "Happy A--" or calling out "Lesroy" the way only you could. Those little things that seemed so normal before now mean everything. Thank you for the loyalty, the laughter, and the realness. For now, rest easy and ride on in paradise, my brother. Until we meet again.

With Love, Kevon Hodge

I had the privilege of knowing Dwayne for about 25 years. That's a long time to know someone, long enough for a person to become more than just a friend, they become a part of your life story. I first met Dwayne back in the early 2000's when we were working at Altamer Hotel. Back then, we were just trying to find our way in the hospitality industry, but Dwayne already carried something special about him. He understood people. He understood service and he understood what it meant to take pride in the work you do. Later on, we worked closely together again at Viceroy Hotel. I can honestly say Dwayne taught me a lot about the hotel industry and about how to carry yourself in the profession. The truth is, I was the one who first reached out to him back then and from that point forward, a friendship was built that lasted decades. It didn't matter how busy life got. In recent years he would tell me, "You have a chance to come back and work with me at the Four Seasons." Today we celebrate a life that touched so many people. Dwayne, my friend, I'm going to miss our conversations. I'm going to miss checking in and hearing how things were going. But I'm grateful for the years of friendship and the lessons you shared with me along the way.

Your Friend, Travis

The Executive of the **Anguilla Cycling Association** and the wider cycling community in Anguilla extend our deepest sorrow at the tragic passing of our fellow cyclist, **Dwayne "Smurf" Baird**. Dwayne was a committed and passionate member of our cycling community whose presence was felt both on and off the road. Known for his enthusiasm, sportsmanship, and friendly spirit, he brought energy and camaraderie to every ride and event. His dedication to the sport and the fellowship he shared with fellow cyclists made him a valued member of our cycling family. The Anguilla Cycling Association recognizes and appreciates the positive impact Dwayne had on our cycling community. His contribution to the sport and the friendships he built along the way will not be forgotten. On behalf of the Executive and the entire cycling fraternity, we extend our sincere condolences to his wife, family, and loved ones during this difficult time. ~ **Anguilla Cycling Association** ~

Hymns At The Graveside

Silent Night

Verse 1

Silent night! holy night!
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin mother and Child,
Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
sleep in heavenly peace.

Verse 2

Silent night! holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight,
glories stream from heaven afar,
heavenly hosts sing Alleluia;
Christ, the Savior is born,
Christ, the Savior is born.

Verse 3

Silent night! holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light,
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
with the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Amazing Grace

Verse 1

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
that saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
was blind, but now I see.

Verse 2

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved;
how precious did that grace appear
the hour I first believed.

Verse 3

The Lord has promised good to me,
his word my hope secures;
he will my shield and portion be,
as long as life endures.

At The Cross

Verse 1

Alas! and did my Savior bleed,
and did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
for sinners such as I?

Refrain

At the cross, at the cross,
where I first saw the light,
and the burden of my heart rolled away;
it was there by faith I received my sight,
and now I am happy all the day!

Verse 2

Was it for crimes that I have done,
he groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

Verse 3

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
the debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'tis all that I can do!

Verse 4

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
and grace will lead me home.

Verse 5

When we've been there ten thousand years,
bright shining as the sun,
we've no less days to sing God's praise
than when we first begun.

Hymns At The Graveside

Power In The Blood

Verse 1

Would you be free from the burden of sin?
There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
Would you o'er evil a victory win?
There's wonderful power in the blood.

Refrain

There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder working pow'r
In the blood of the Lamb;
There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder working pow'r
In the precious blood of the Lamb.

Verse 2

Would be free from your passion and pride?
There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
Come for a cleansing to Calvary's tide?
There's wonderful power in the blood.

Verse 3

Would you do service for Jesus your King?
There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
Would you live daily His praises to sing?
There's wonderful power in the blood.

The Old Rugged Cross

Verse 1

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
The emblem of suffering and shame;
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

Refrain

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
Till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it some day for a crown.

Verse 2

Oh that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
Has a wondrous attraction for me;
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above
To bear it to dark Calvary.

Verse 3

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,
Its shame and reproach gladly bear;
Then He'll call me some day to my home far away,
Where His glory forever I'll share.

How Great Thou Art

Verse 1

O Lord my God
When I in awesome wonder
Consider all the worlds Thy Hands have made
I see the stars
I hear the rolling thunder
Thy power throughout the universe displayed

Refrain

Then sings my soul
My Saviour God to Thee
How great Thou art
How great Thou art
Then sings my soul
My Saviour God to Thee
How great Thou art
How great Thou art

Verse 2

When through the woods
And forest glades I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees
When I look down
From lofty mountain grandeur
And see the brook and feel the gentle breeze

Verse 3

And when I think
That God His Son not sparing
Sent Him to die I scarce can take it in
That on the Cross
My burden gladly bearing
He bled and died to take away my sin.

Verse 4

When Christ shall come
With shouts of acclamation
And take me home
What joy shall fill my heart
Then I shall bow
In humble adoration
And there proclaim
"My God, how great Thou art!"

His Family

WIFE: KYRA BAIRD

MOTHER: YVETTE WEBSTER

DAUGHTERS: KHERA GUMBS, DWAYNIQUA AND KYLIYAH BAIRD

SON: DWAYHANE BAIRD

SPECIAL DAUGHTER: JACKIE HARRIGAN

GRANDCHILDREN: K'JAUGHN AND J'KOI GUMBS

SISTERS: YVONNE BAIRD, NAVENE MAIRYSHAW AND TAMMY CONNOR

NIECES: EIOLANI, ELIYAH MAIRYSHAW AND SENAI CONNOR

SON IN LAW: JOBERN GUMBS

SISTER IN LAW: MERLYN HARRIGAN

BROTHERS IN LAW:

GARY HARRIGAN, TERRY HARRIGAN, BRUCE-LEE RILEY, DELVIN MAIRYSHAW AND VERDINE CONNOR

AUNTS & FAMILY:

CELESTINE CONNOR AND FAMILY, FRANCIS CONNOR AND FAMILY, NYRIS WEBSTER AND FAMILY, ZULMA WEBSTER AND FAMILY, IVY CONNOR AND FAMILY, ALTHEA LLYOD AND FAMILY, RUTH FLEMING AND FAMILY, CLARICE RICHARDSON AND FAMILY AND VERONA WINIFRED BAIRD

UNCLES & FAMILY:

RAYMOND WEBSTER AND FAMILY, CALVIN BRYAN AND FAMILY, FOSTER WEBSTER AND FAMILY

OTHER RELATIVES:

CHILDREN OF THE LATE EILEEN WEBSTER, CHILDREN OF THE LATE ROSEVELT WEBSTER, WILLIAM LAKE AND FAMILY, FAMILY OF THE LATE EUGENIA PETERSON, FAMILY OF THE LATE JULIET ROGERS, FAMILY OF THE LATE JAMES BAIRD, CHILDREN OF THE LATE GEORGE ADAMS, CHILDREN OF THE LATE MAURICE BAIRD, CLAUDINA ROGERS AND FAMILY, CALVIN ADAMS AND FAMILY, ELIEEN P GUMBS AND FAMILY, EDDIE BAIRD AND FAMILY, OCTAVIA LAKE AND FAMILY, CHILDREN OF THE LATE UTON BAIRD AND MARILYN WATTLE

SPECIAL FRIENDS:

MORISE CONNOR, JAMAL CARTY, JERI-LEE BUDDLE, TRAVIS SIMPSON, COLIN HARRIGAN, KEVIN KING, STEVE 'LION' CONNOR, ROBERT LAYBURN, ZABIAN ARNDELL, JOHN AND KATHIE DYSON AND FAMILY, MARK AND JENNIE DEPASQUALE, DAVID RUDDUCK, DAVE AND MAUREEN CARTY, CHEDDIE RICHARDSON, ANNA AND JOHN CHIN, JETHRO CONNOR, GLENNIS CONNOR, JAMES LAKE, HENFORD RUAN, PAUL TOUSSAINT, THEODORE EDWARDS, ROBINSON PETTY, JEROME ROBERTS, DALE SAUNDERS AND PATRICIA ROGERS, AS WELL AS HIS EXTENDED FAMILIES IN THE ANGUILLA DRAG RACING ASSOCIATION, THE ANGUILLA CYCLING ASSOCIATION, FOUR SEASON'S RESORT AND RESIDENCE, ABC SUPPLIES, BASS HEADS CAR CLUB AND THE CRAYFISHING CREW.

PALL BEARERS

Kevin King
Samuel Bazil
Jarmal Carter
Morise Connor
Jeri-lee Buddle
Dwayhane Baird

HONORARY PALL BEARERS

Alex Adams
Kevon Hodge
Euklyn Connor
Cordell Connor
Travis Simpson
Theodore Edwards
Teron Hodge-Carty

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