

The beautiful life of



Tyler Madden Woolaver

August 13, 2005 – May 5, 2024

Pedro St. James

June 1, 2024

5:00pm to 7:00pm

Savannah, Grand Cayman

Casual attire



ORDER OF SERVICE

Memorial slideshow (to music of Tyler's playlist)

Welcome and readings

Poetry Reading "As I Was"..... Rev Jerome Small

Who was Ty Rev Jerome Small

Song – Yesterday (The Beatles) Sung by the audience

Tributes

Grandparents tributes

Bev & Earle Woolaver Lisa Ritch

Andrea O'Connor Lisa Ritch

Song – The Sound of Silence (Simon & Garfunkel)..... Spark!
(Janelle Tibbetts, Sophie & Kenny on guitar)

Tributes from her sister and parents

Kamila Woolaver Kamila Woolaver

Tim Woolaver Richard Campbell

Raquel Woolaver Raquel O'Connor

Musical tribute Kamila Woolaver and Spark!

Thanks and Acknowledgements Rev Jerome Small

Moment of silence in Tyler's memory as the sun sets

Exit song – Beautiful Things (Benson Boone)

Abe Lincon once said

"...in the end, it's not the years in your life that counts, it's the life in your years."

"What we have done for ourselves alone dies with us; what we have done for others and the world remains and is immrtal."

Albert Pike

As I Was

Don't cry for me my friends
For this is only a tiny end
When your thoughts wander to me...
Conjourn up some fond memories

If you want to honor me, please be kind
To the struggles of others we can be so blind
Don't judge the choices people make
For you really don't know what that takes
Love the planet like it's a dear friend
On future lives this depends

Sorry for how soon I left you
Know that for you, my love was true
My love, it ran so so deep
Now My Dear, I merely sleep

My life was full though it was short
So please, please remember this part
See me in your memories eye
Not in a place of a final goodbye

Remember a song, my laugh or a joke
Please don't be sad for me folks
And in those thoughts that pop in your head
Think of this thing that I did instead
Whenever I'd pop into a room
There was no doom, there was no gloom
With my arms folded squarely
I'd bounce right in and enquire clearly
Whaaaagwaan popcaarn?

Written by Raquel - In loving memory of my beautiful Ty -

Who Was Ty

When Tyler was born, we didn't have a name for her. None of the names her mother thought she liked for a baby girl seemed to fit. Brooke, Kaitlin, Samantha—all felt too girly. After looking at her, the name Tyler felt right. We must have had an inkling because she was tough. In later years, her mother expected that she'd hate her name, but Tyler loved it. Her mother sometimes called her Ty, and once a friend of hers told her mother that she was the only one Ty let call her that. We're sure that changed over time.

The wonder of Ty was dynamic. We always had to remind ourselves of her age. Ty's first word was "duck" at nine months. When she was two and her mother was on maternity leave, she looked at her and asked, "Mom, do you have a job?" Of course, we didn't hear right, so we asked her to repeat the question, and with a look on her face as if to say, "Did I stutter?" she repeated, "Mom, do you have a job?"

Hence began our worry because we knew she was smarter than us and raising her was going to be an adventure. And an adventure it was.

When she was about four, while her mother was driving them home from school, it began to rain. She asked her mother, "Why does it rain?" Very proudly, Raquel told her that when the clouds get too full, they let out the water and it rains.

Temporary silence.

"Well, how do the clouds get filled?"

At this point, Raquel will tell you that her biology teacher would have been proud because she somehow pulled the answers to Tyler's questions one by one, and they didn't stop until Tyler felt satisfied with the cycle from condensation to precipitation. When the questions stopped, Raquel felt a huge weight lifted as though she'd passed some high school test that she didn't take twenty odd years earlier.

This was Ty. She questioned everything. She didn't take anything at face value. Fast forward to when she was about 14 or 15, during her years of school refusal, and Tim was trying to express how important school was, and how she needed to finish high school because she would not be able to get into college without a high school diploma. Well, Ty being who she was, sent her mother the information on how to get into

HARVARD without a high school diploma. It's not that she missed the point—it was her way of letting us know that we don't know everything and were wrong, once again.

Eventually, Ty decided that it was a good idea to finish school, and as with everything she put her mind to, she was slamming it. In her early days at Hope Academy, she proudly shared her math test score of 110% or something, and Raquel told her she either needed to be very proud of her or worry about the skills of her math teacher. Tyler and Mr. Craig started the school the same year, and she took to him like wildfire. When Craig reached out to express his condolences, we weren't surprised to learn that Ty was still in contact with him. Ty took a while to let you in, but if and when she did, it was for life. She was fiercely protective of her people, but she also wasn't afraid to call them out on their BS either. She had her opinions (which were generally logical and backed by research), and she wasn't afraid to use them.

Ty's heart was enormous. She loved deeply and on principle. If her mother said something like "My OCD is kicking in," Ty would get deeply offended and say, "Mommy, you know there are actually people that have been diagnosed with that." Obviously, Raquel knew, but Ty didn't tolerate jokes like that because of those who suffered from whatever the issue was. Equally, Ty didn't like hearing any anti-LGBTQ rants. She deeply understood how the ignorance of others negatively impacted the lives of people they didn't even know but were quick to judge. Tyler never wanted to be a bother to others, but she always wanted to make their lives easier. When your heart is so big, and you care deeply about so much, it also breaks that much easier.

Ty was the biggest advocate the world never knew. She loved the planet even more than she cared about others. She hated waste of any kind—water, single-use plastics, paper, and specifically food. She was smart, so she knew the use of plastics was hard to avoid, especially if you wanted to eat, but she wouldn't buy takeout if she could help it because of the packaging. When it came to food, she would eat every morsel, even if she didn't really like it, just so it wasn't made in vain. She'd say, "Mommy, you don't understand, it's not just because it's a waste of money or because people around the world don't have food. The amount of water and land that it takes to produce the food we eat is so significant, it's adding to the water shortage problem on the planet." To share her message, she wanted to make a PowerPoint presentation on it so that others could understand, but Raquel had to explain to her that even with the knowledge of

how people are hurting the planet, many don't care because their comfort trumps what's happening. As smart as she was, she couldn't understand that about the human condition, but she never stopped doing her part.

Given her love for the planet, it was no surprise that Ty also loved animals. She wanted to adopt any stray she ever saw. Whenever she and her mother went to the pet store, she had to visit the rats and would ask if she could get one. Raquel told her rats are to be exterminated, not invited into the home. When she was younger, we asked her if she would consider being a vet one day, but she said she couldn't handle losing the animals she wouldn't be able to help. Ty was young, but her mind always transcended her age.

Part of Ty's dynamics was explained at age eight when she was diagnosed with ADHD. To be honest, most of us were not surprised, having watched her energy levels. Later at 12, she was tested again and found to be on the autism spectrum disorder (ASD). This confounded many because she was so smart, but it actually explained her intellect. If Ty had another message to send, it would be that labels don't define us—but some, like ADHD and ASD, help us understand ourselves better so we know what we need to flourish. In the last few months, that is exactly how we would describe our beautiful daughter—she was flourishing and the happiest we have ever seen her. She was making more friends and going to places where people she didn't know were (yeah, she cared about others but had really bad social anxiety). Raquel remembers many, many years inside the floor of the gym with her, as she looked up at the other parents in the observation room looking down at their kids in the class by themselves. In time, Ty not only felt comfortable being without her mother in the gym, but finally agreed to be on the team. This was a major milestone for her, and she loved it. But that was Ty—she didn't do anything until she was ready, everything had to be on her schedule.

Music was always a part of Ty's life, but when all the teenage anxiety joined her social anxiety, she turned to it for comfort. Like her personality, her taste in music was eclectic. One song would be soca, the next rap, and another Simon and Garfunkel. We have no doubt that anyone who would have met Tyler would have fallen in love with her beautiful spirit. Her crazy antics—from bouncing into a room and asking “Whaaagwan Popcarn” or coming in and doing her white Canadian “twerk” to her

standing in a gangsta pose with her arms crossed over her chest, her body angled to the side, leaning her torso back and hips forward—were infectious.

Being the individual she was (in every sense of the word), Ty had her own sense of style. Like every teenager, she had a stint where she cared what others thought but found her way back to being her authentic self. She used to wear this Imagine Dragons t-shirt like it was a uniform. We all got the same one when we went to the concert in Florida. Eventually, Kamila and Raquel gave her their t-shirts as well just so she literally wasn't in the same shirt all the time. Tyler started thrifting when she moved to Canada to go to high school in 2022 and never looked back. We think it made sense to her—why get something new when there were already perfectly good clothes out there and for cheap?

Speaking of cheap—Tyler inherited her father's frugal gene and magnified it. She was not the daughter we had to worry about financially. She was extremely responsible. Her assimilation into the world of work was easy because of her heightened sense of responsibility. After she got her driver's license, she helped with transporting her sister, she went to appointments on her own, and she even applied, interviewed, and got into Maples as an intern on her own. This was huge for her because her anxiety was so crippling. She was blossoming like never before. Tyler assisting with Youth Parliament seemed to have been that turning point for her, and her mother explained how it was a wonder to watch her at work. Tyler was so worried because she knew she got the job because of Raquel and felt she had to prove that she deserved to be there, and she did. She enjoyed it there, and she loved that everyone made her feel so welcomed. But she was also loved by everyone there. The evidence that I know she saw on her last day was when they threw a surprise farewell gathering for her. Her therapist asked her later that day, "What has you so pleased with yourself?" Tyler shared how work had a farewell party for her, how touched she was, and the news of her getting that internship with Maples. She was just generally in a great place.

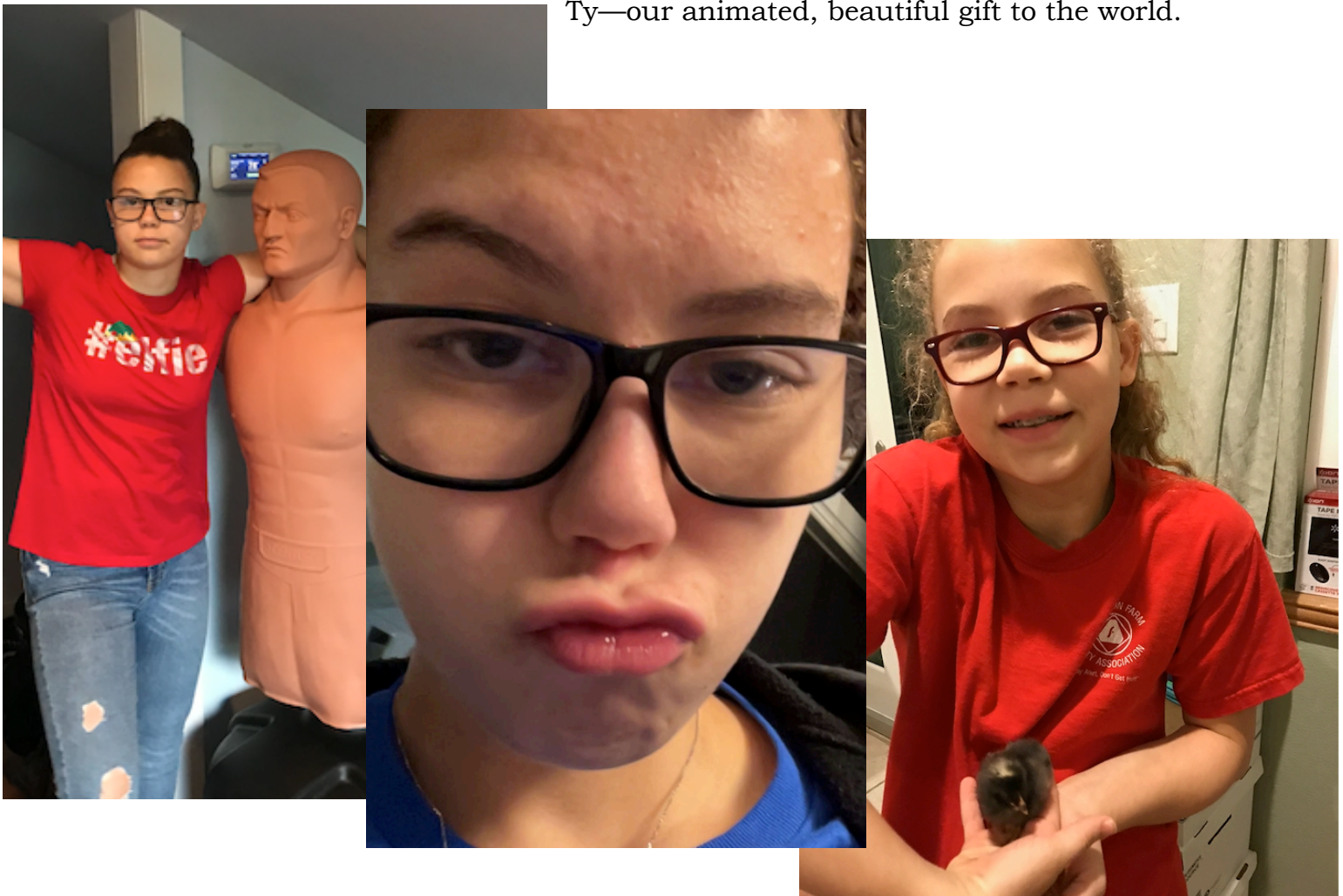
We saw her for the funny, unpredictable, serious, intelligent, beautiful, massive heart she was. Her heart was so big there was nothing big enough or strong enough to protect it—so she also hurt deeply. So, we won't hold this one moment against her no matter how impactful it was on the rest of us and how permanent it is. We're better for having known her and feel so honored that we were responsible for gifting her to this world.

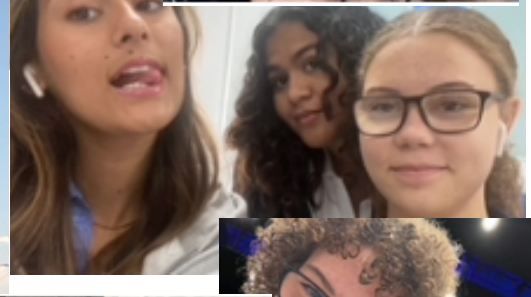
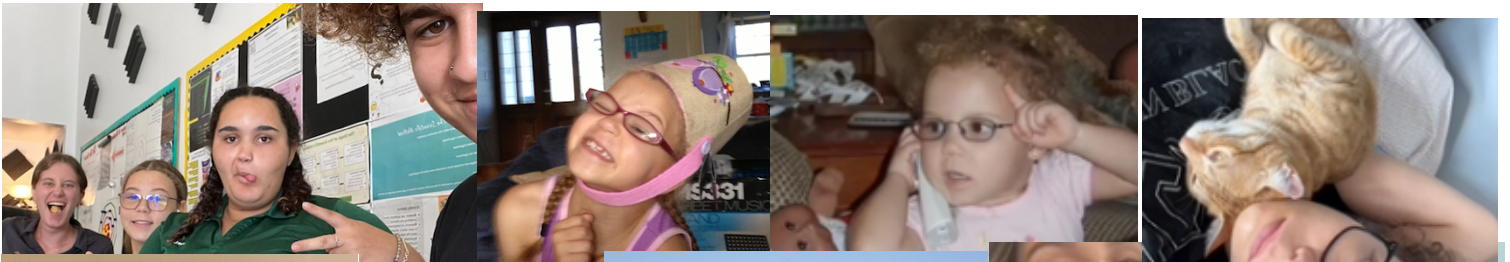
Anyone who met her, anyone who took the time to get to know her, knows what we mean and understands the impact of her radiance. Those that didn't, we're sorry you missed out on knowing such a larger-than-life personality.

Tyler ALWAYS had to do things in her time. She was scheduled to be delivered by C-section on August 17, 2005, but Raquel's water broke on the night of August 12, and she was born in the wee hours on August 13, 2005. While we are saddened by it, she also chose her time to leave us on May 5, 2024.

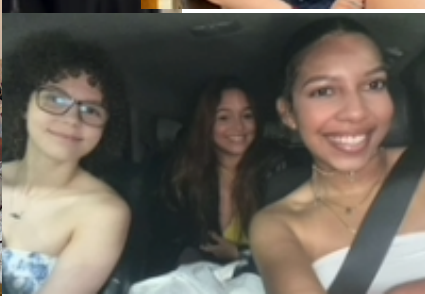
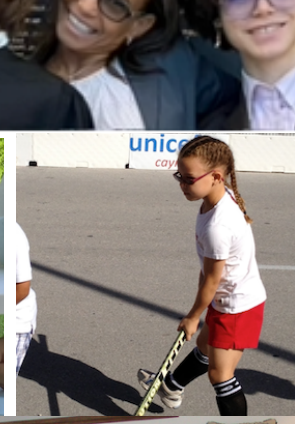
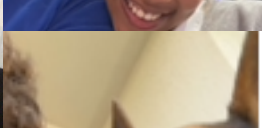
Like all lives, Ty's was filled with struggles and accomplishments, challenges and triumphs, laughter and pain, heartache and love, but she was passionate, logical, sensible, intelligent, funny, spirited, caring, loving, stubborn, talented, athletic, energetic, and authentic. We think she took the lion's share of common sense that was left in the world when she was born because she had it in spades. This was Ty's life; it's what she will forever be remembered for. Ty's light may have dimmed for a beat, but she will eternally shine bright in our lives, our memories, and our hearts.

Ty—our animated, beautiful gift to the world.





happy birthday mummy!!! i love you so much. thank you for being so supportive with everything i'm going through





Reflections from family and friends

Our dear Granddaughter Tyler:

We have watched you go from being a young gymnast, an awesome drummer, a climber of "tall trees" at our home on Canada, to driving a motor vehicle.

You were in Canada for your 13th birthday. You didn't want an elaborate party. You chose to go picking blueberries with your Canadian cousins. We were impressed! You embraced the simpler things in life!

We enjoyed your visits with us whether here in Grand Cayman or in Canada.

We are proud of all of your many accomplishments. You were a talented and very beautiful young lady.

You will have a special place in our hearts forever!

Grandpa & Grandma Woolaver



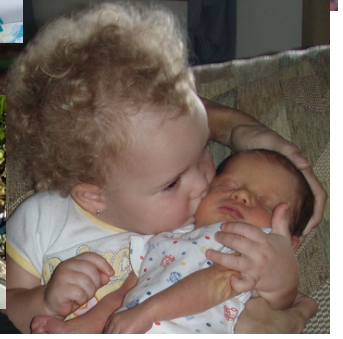
My darling granddaughter Tyler, you are so beautiful and smart. You were a welcome addition to the family. As you grew we would play cards, dominos, pokeno and other games. Whenever I needed assistance with my medical care, you were there to lend a hand.

I will miss you tremendously. Rest in Peace my darling Tyler.

Your loving grandma O'Connor



Forever your sister, Kamila



My daughter, my Tyler

Tyler was a beautiful young woman and had an amazing personality. She was adventurous, daring and determined. From an early age she always marched to the beat of her own drum. She was a tough nut to crack but once you got through, she was the kindest, sweetest person to be around. She cared deeply for her family, friends, pets, random stray animals and the environment we all share. Her smile and laugh were contagious.



The first time Raquel and I hired a babysitter to go out for the evening she was showing off how she could climb into the top bunk of her bunkbed without the ladder. She fell and broke her arm, but that barely slowed her down for other daredevil stunts. She was an amazing athlete and very competitive. She broke her ankle at gymnastics practice when she was 11 and was back in the gym a few days later in a cast doing what she could to improve her skills and supporting her teammates.

Her strong personality was also evident later from her fashion sense and taste in music. She regularly borrowed my clothes, with and without my permission, even though they were way too big for her. She would wear my jeans and use a shoestring to hold them up instead of a belt. Somehow it worked for her. She didn't care about fancy labels or having new clothes. She enjoyed rummaging through clothes at thrift stores to find things that fit her eclectic sense of style. Like me her taste in music covered many genres and time periods and, believe it or not, there was some crossover in what we listened to. Sometimes a song I didn't know would come up in my music feed and she would know exactly what it was as soon as I asked her. Unlike me, she was a very talented musician. She played the drums, piano, guitar and ukulele.

Tyler and I spent a lot of time together over the years. When she was young it was going to gymnastics competitions. When we travelled together I was in charge of brushing and braiding her hair when she was too young to do it herself. It wasn't perfect but she didn't mind. The coaches helped on competition days to make sure she looked beautiful, and she shone like a star, beaming and radiant. I watched her perform as the proudest father in the crowd. It was amazing to see her performing, with such style and elegance, in front of crowds and proudly standing on the podium to accept medals for her achievements despite struggles with social interactions generally. She loved every second of it.

At home, it was projects outside, growing things from seeds, and generally just being together. For Tyler I was rarely dad or daddy. It was usually Timothy or father, and I will never forget the way she used to say that to me.

The best thing about working from home in the last few years was always being around for her to talk to and help with schoolwork while she was doing online schooling. I really enjoyed her company and the way she would come and talk to me about random things during the day. We'd find any excuse to chat. I think she liked being around me, just as much as I liked having her around. My ears would perk up and I would smile just hearing her footsteps in the house. She was an absolute joy to be around. These were the best years, watching her grow into a beautiful young woman.

She was an exceptional student who could learn any subject put in front of her with ease. She was set to graduate from high school in June and had been accepted at two universities in Canada. She recently finished a work experience program at Parliament where she was adored by all who entered her orbit. As part of that job, she became involved in the Youth Parliament where she took on the role of Clerk on short notice and did an incredible job. She met a new group of young adults and made a bunch of new friends.

In recent months, following a little encouragement, she applied for summer internships at several local companies. After going through the interview process, she landed a position at a prominent firm. This was an amazing achievement for someone who wouldn't talk to anybody she didn't know just a couple of years ago.

She was starting to blossom as an individual and finding her own place in the world. It was a joy to see her thriving and making her way into the world of adulthood. She was starting to plan for her future. She was enjoying life and always busy with something. Her counselors did an amazing job getting her organised and motivated to take on new challenges.

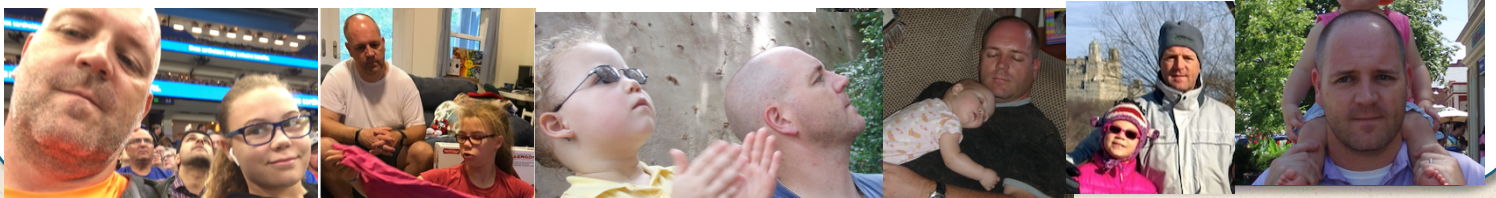
I've learned since her passing that she struggled in silence with her mental health issues, much more than I was aware of, for many years. It was always there in the background, and she lived with it daily. She tried to deal with it on her own and she hid it very well.

She soared high when things were going well but crashed and burned when things didn't go her way. Unfortunately, she didn't have the tools, experience or know how to deal with setbacks and disappointments. This is the hardest part for anyone to understand. Tyler struggled to understand it herself after trying so hard.

For anyone suffering in silence with mental health issues please don't be afraid to ask for help. Ask your parents, ask your friends, ask a teacher, ask a trusted family member or adult, call the help line or go directly to the hospital. Your life is worth living and there is no shame asking for help with mental health challenges.

Tyler, I love you, will always love you, and will miss you every day for the rest of my life.

PS – I am now the proud owner of a pair of Crocks, not the clogs you loved, but Crocks none the less.



On May 5th a massive piece of my heart was torn from me. I have run the gamut of emotions since you left. I have felt sorrow for not being there in your time of need. I have felt anger with you for you not knowing how much losing you would tear me apart. I've felt ease that your pain is gone. I've felt consolation that I you no longer have to face the evils of the world. I've felt happiness for all the memories we shared, and I've been depressed because I don't get to build more with you. Ty, I miss you so, so much. Jojo really misses you too.

I'll miss hearing your funny impressions and seeing your wacky expressions. You were so funny and serious at the same time. Your unique sense of style and humor that made me laugh and frustrated me at the same time. Your tastes were simple, yet you were not easy to shop for. Eventually I gave up trying when you would just wear your father's pants and tie them up with a shoelace (like Jethro Clampet) so they wouldn't fall off. I can't believe I'll never get another crazy snapchat picture from you, see you bounce through a door, hug you and tell you I love you and hear you say I love you too.

Your majestic personality brought me so much joy. I ache with the thought that you felt so alone and were alone – how your pain weighed so heavily on you, that you felt no other way through. I'm sorry I couldn't take that load off your shoulders – I'd gladly bare it, all of it, to see your smiling face again. It feels like you have been gone for years. I keep waiting for me to awake from this awful nightmare.

The best part of my day is when I first awake and for a split second I forget that you're gone, but when the fog lifts the weight of pain settles in, and my heart aches for you. We had a special bond that I cherished. We may not have seen each other every day, but we spoke all the time. Conversations with you were always profound which I enjoyed immensely. Carpooling with you while you worked at the PMC brought us even closer and I was so happy to see you coming out of your shell, blossoming into the independent, intelligent adult I always knew you could be.

It's amazing how much you embodied your great-grandmother, Umma, with your deep giving and caring nature, while your serious side kicked in when you fiercely protected the ones you loved - Ironically most of the time they had no idea you were protecting them. You never betrayed your friends by complaining about them because you understood that feelings ran deep but were fleeting. You were extremely astute and easily observed the nuances of people's characteristics, which I think is why your anxiety was so heightened. Your astuteness always clued you into people that meant harm to your sister or a loved one and in the end, you would be right about them.

I am so happy you were gifted to be a part of my life; you taught me so much just by being you. You never ceased to amaze me, and I was so very proud of you, of the person you were, and the woman you were becoming. I'm thrilled I got to see and be a part of your transformation. As my child I knew you were merely on loan to me, but I expected to "lose" you as you developed your own life. The time you were here you were loved more than you knew, you loved more than anyone I knew. You may have been my daughter, but you were my soulmate. Your soul developed in the womb and the connection never left. I knew I had to pass the baton on to your friends to take care of you, it's how nature designs it – but I also knew no one would love you as much as I could.

When the dust settles and people start to go back to their lives, I'll still have this immense hole where your presence once was, though your love will remain. I'm so sorry Ty that you hurt, you know I tried to protect you from it – I knew we all must forge our own path and I knew you would always do things in your way and in your own time, so I tried to give you roots and wings. I believed your roots were strong and ran deeper than mine and am so pleased I got to see your that wings were just starting to take you to flight.

I greedily wanted more, how couldn't I, you filled my cup. I felt two major loves in my life - the love of my parents and the love of my kids. I didn't think I could hurt more than when I lost Umma, until you proved me wrong.

Forever my darling Ty, you will live on in my heart and my soul as one of my most precious gifts. I love you deeply and miss you more.

💖💖💖💖💖💖💖💖💖💖 Mum



To my dearest Tyler,

Tyler was unique from the day she embarked upon the world. You had such a beautiful soul. It was truly a privilege to have you in our lives. You were a soul beyond your years. Watching you grow into the beautiful, smart, and empathetic person you are, is a true blessing. I think one of my favorite things about you amongst many others is your strong personality and your determination. You left an indelible mark on our lives. You brought so much joy and happiness to those around you, and you will never be forgotten. You will always be in our hearts. ❤️❤️

Sadly, missed by Aunt Valerie, Jeremy, Josh, Tori and their families.



I lost someone who was always honest. Truly the most genuine, open-minded, non-judgmental person I knew. Who cared deeply about the people around her as well as the environment. She was intelligent and showed so much potential in life, I know whatever she put her mind to would've been generous and impactful. She was one of a kind. Empathetic and insightful. Always thinking of ways to improve and never backing down from a challenge. I admired her confidence. I loved her more than she knew, and I wish I would've said it to her more often. I'll miss our long conversations, I'll miss our inside jokes, I'll miss sharing our deepest thoughts and feelings, I'll miss hearing about her day, I'll miss her laugh, I'll miss talking about our future adventures, most of all I'll miss her friendship. She became a part of who I am as a person today and will always have a special place in my heart. There are no words to express how much I will miss you. I love you.

Geolee



Tyler

We all know Tyler was such a special person, she had an amazing laugh and sharp intellect.

When she invited you into her "inner circle" you felt like you ascended into a special club, where she let you in, would talk and tell you stories that always felt like a privilege to be included in.

Tyler showed us how cool and smart could be combined, behind a wall build with humor and a fragility that made her truly unique.

Some of our best memories would include a hug and a smile behind her glasses that showed someone what it was like to feel love.

She was cautious with her friendship, but all-in when it was given. I choose to remember her beautiful face, smile and spirit- a life lived, too short- a why, with no answer that will reach understanding. I wish we could have told her:

When you don't have the strength to take another step, ask those you love to pull you.

Ieff and Lucia



My Dearest Tyler,

I am lost for words and as you know your Aunt Julie is never short of words. I can't believe I am writing a tribute to you. You have been more like a daughter to me than a grandniece.

As a baby you lit up the world with your amazing smile and when you were joined by your sibling, you both became Raquel's rugrats to Richard and I.

I know you would expect me to be straight forward, so, to say you were a difficult child would be an understatement. But we soon learnt that you were special, you had a brilliant mind that we couldn't understand. One of my first memories of you was when I was doing my master's and explaining to Raquel that we were being taught how to organize our thoughts. You were six at the time when you looked up at me and said 'Aunt Julie, that's mind mapping.' I thought ok maybe I'm a bit too old to be learning or this child was beyond her years; I chose the latter, though it was probably both.

Tyler your intelligence was even far beyond your teachers' who thought you were not paying attention, but I knew you were just bored. You were more advanced than what they were trying to teach you. I only wish you believed how proud we were of you. You were far beyond your peers, which they never accepted.

As you grew up, I became the dreaded Aunt Julie, because both you and Kamila knew that Aunt Julie was strict. Your parents even used to threaten both of you, that if you didn't behave vacation would be spent with Aunt Julie. However, over the years you realized that Aunt Julie's bark was worse than her bite when it came to family members and eventually, I was the only one you wanted to stay with you. Through these times we shared many special moments and I came to understand both you and Kamila.

Over the years I watched you grow and watched how our society made you anxious, until you became a shadow of yourself, shying away from all social contact. You always knew I was there for you, sending you text messages when I heard you were having a hard time, supporting and encouraging you.

Then in 2020 you made an amazing breakthrough when you came to work with me for a summer internship at Logic. We became even closer, and I realized that you had inherited the same O'Connor gene that I did, we were both stubborn, spoke our mind, with OCD, which of course we agreed wasn't a bad thing. That summer you made me so proud, you were shy, but the company loved your work ethic, so much so that they invited you to come back and assist them in the finance department, and you went by yourself. Out of your comfort zone, but you did it and enjoyed it. We celebrated each day you completed, proud of each step you made. You made such a good impression that when I reached out to them a few months ago to assist you with another internship, they were eager to have you back.

Little by little you were becoming into yourself, we laughed at brunch together, spoke about your future plans about graduation and college and I told you how proud I was of the young lady you had become.

Then as your late precious grandmother would have said 'you made my glad bag buss' when you took up the challenge to act as the Clerk of the last Youth Parliament. I told you how proud I was and how you looked so good in the wig and how it suited you. Your mom said that you didn't like it and thought it was itchy. I told her that I thought all the attorneys in Cayman felt the same.

Then you again took another big step by taking part in the Deputy Governor's 5k. I was so amazed and proud of you. The picture of you and your mother with your infectious smile. Sadly, that was the last picture you would take with her.

Richard and I share the same last memory of you albeit different times. You drove us to the airport. During my ride with you we spoke about you getting your car fixed, the internship and you graduating and me trying to convince you to think about going to law school.

Unfortunately, our positive voices could not withstand the negative voices of our society and sadly my dearest Tyler, you were not strong enough. I understand.

Tyler the pain of your loss will never go away but I promise you, your death will not be in vain. I will advocate for those who are treated differently because they are not understood or don't fit in the status quo of our society. It pains when I think of all the young people I have helped along the way, but I failed you, but I won't fail your memory.

I can hear you teasing me that I'm too old to be celebrating your birthday, but each birthday going forward will be in memory of a life cut too short by society and a step forward in advocating in your memory.

Sleep in eternal peace my dearest Tyler, I know you are back in mummy's arms and watching over us and I promise you, until my last breath I will protect and be here for Kamila.

Your loving grandaunt Julie

Tyler,

Even though we knew each other for a short period of time (not so short). You are one of the realest and funniest people I've ever met. You marked my heart as a friend, thank you for always being so attentive and caring towards our friendship. You've become one of my dancing angels that live in my heart. An important person to me. I never got to tell you how much i appreciate your friendship and care towards me. You are a great daughter, sister, granddaughter and friend. I don't like referring to you as "was" because you still live in my heart after all...

There's this song that reminds me of you, is just such your vibe and i love it. It also makes me emotional in a way. The song is 'I bet on losing dogs' by Mitski. There soooo much songs that remind me of you, like soca and dancehall, I never thought there's someone out there with a better dancehall playlist than mines, lolll. But you have all them chunes gyll, and I love ittt!

In such a short period of time, we created so much fun memories together along with Danna. We are the 'DREAM TEAM', the 'bad gals', how you always call us. You know, my fav memorie is that everytime we were out and 'Split in di Middle' would come on and you would just not care wheree it wasss, you would buss a split infront of everyone. I loved that you're an outgoing personn, a very bravee pretty girl!

Even though i won't get to see you or hang with you every weekend, just know, I carry you around with me all the time. Thank you for being one of my realest friendships. Love you lotss pookieee <3

Gracie Andrade



When I met you, I thought you were quite weird, haha, but the more we made conversations and spent hours talking to each other, I realized the special and beautiful person you are.

Tyler is the best thing that happened in my life, and I am forever grateful to life that she was put in mine, that me and her crossed paths. She's amazing, smart, and made sure everyone around her was okay. She was so caring; she cared about people, the environment, and was also very passionate about the things she loved.

If other universes exist, I wish me and her crossed paths again in every single one of them. I will miss her always, but she's part of my heart, and I'll keep her there forever. My wish is for her to be at peace and happy wherever she's at. I love her so much and will always love her. No one ever could or will be as special as her; she was one of a kind. She was funny and was always the light of the room; she just knew how to make everyone around her feel welcomed.

Thank you, Tyler, for being so special and for giving me a chance to get to know you well. I would never regret meeting you, and if I could re-live it again, I would with no doubts.

-Danna



Dear Tyler,

I pray that your soul is resting easy. You are such a strong and powerful little girl. I will always remember you as talented, brave, funny, and beautiful. You brought so much light to my life and others. I will cherish the laughs, joke, and memories that we shared forever. I love you and will miss your sweet presence. I know that you are looking down at all of us from above. God bless you.

Raegan Rutty, OLY



In Loving Memory of Tyler Woolaver

The Parliament Management Commission (PMC) deeply mourns the loss of a bright young soul, whose spark has been tragically extinguished, yet whose light will forever live on in our hearts and memories. We extend our most heartfelt sympathies to her mother Raquel, father Tim, sister Kamila, her grandparents, and all of her family and friends during this incredibly difficult time.

Tyler joined the PMC as an intern on 1st February 2024, and in those short few months swiftly became a cherished member of the team through her warmth, wonderful sense of humour, and enthusiasm for learning new skills and experiences. Tyler became a member of the PMC family and she left an indelible mark on our hearts – her positive energy and willingness to go above and beyond was inspiring, and staff would often comment to each other how much they appreciated Tyler's addition to the team.

She was always a key part of the staff social events including the Deputy Governor's 5K walk/run on 26th April and the staff Pickleball outing that she helped organise. Her positivity and ability to plan ahead made our arrival and participation in the event as smooth as possible. Running in the DG5K with bib number 1334, Tyler finished ahead of all but one of her fellow PMC colleagues.

Staff of the PMC unanimously admired Tyler for her exemplary minute-taking of our monthly staff meetings, which are known to be particularly challenging when it comes to following the cacophony of ideas that can be shared at the same time. If she wasn't sure how to properly note a topic, she was confident and comfortable enough to speak up and ask for clarification. Tyler's minutes were always accurate, timely, and infused with her particular brand of humor and good-natured character.



Tyler became a participant in the Youth Parliament programme when she agreed to fill the position of Clerk of the Youth Parliament late in the programme. She immediately integrated with the other Youth Parliamentarians and thoroughly enjoyed her role. She was courageous in agreeing to act as the Clerk, and showed her natural intelligence in how quickly and easily she grasped the procedures.

Parliament staff gathered with Tyler in the spirit of celebration on Tuesday, 30th April to mark the completion of her internship contract, and to pay tribute to the wonderful impact that she left on each of us through her affable spirit.

All of us at the PMC are deeply mourning the loss of a remarkable young soul, yet we take solace in the warm memories Tyler left with each of us. Forever in our hearts, Tyler will be remembered with enormous fondness and gratitude for the joviality and positivity that she brought into our lives like a blessing. She will be forever deeply missed.

Rest in peace, dear Tyler.

Tyler's PMC Family



Tyler's Motion's Family



In loving memory of Tyler

Today, we gather with heavy hearts to honor the gentle soul of our beloved former teammate and friend, whose quiet strength and unwavering determination touched each of us in profound ways. Though Tyler may have grappled with shyness and uncertainty, her presence among us was a testament to the power of perseverance and the beauty of resilience.

Tyler's journey in gymnastics was more than just mastering routines and perfecting skills; it was a courageous dance of self-discovery and growth. Despite the daunting shadows of intimidation, Tyler stepped onto the mat with a quiet resolve, defying expectations and proving that greatness often resides in the most unassuming hearts. Her gentle demeanor belied a fierce passion for the sport, inspiring us all to embrace our own vulnerabilities and find strength in our shared journey.

Though Tyler may have departed this world too soon, we will continue to celebrate the beauty of her spirit, which remains in the fondest memories of our shared experiences.

Rest peacefully, dear Tyler knowing that your presence in our lives was a gift beyond measure. Though your journey with us has come to an end, your spirit will forever tumble in the halls of our hearts, reminding us to embrace each day with the same determination that defined your remarkable journey.

You will be deeply missed.

Heavenly hugs from Coach Kelley, Coach Alison and your Motions Unlimited Gymnastics family

"Yesterday" (the Beatles)

Yesterday all my troubles seemed so far away.
Now it looks as though they're here to stay.
Oh, I believe in yesterday.

Suddenly, I'm not half the man I used to be.
There's a shadow hanging over me.
Oh, yesterday came suddenly.

Why she had to go?
I don't know, she wouldn't say.
I said something wrong.
Now I long for yesterday.

Yesterday love was such an easy game to play.
Now I need a place to hide away.
Oh, I believe in yesterday.

Why she had to go?
I don't know, she wouldn't say.
I said something wrong.
Now I long for yesterday.

Yesterday love was such an easy game to play.
Now I need a place to hide away.
Oh, I believe in yesterday.

Mm mm mm mm mm mm mm.



The Sound Of Silence

Hello darkness, my old friend
I've come to talk with you again
Because a vision softly creeping
Left its seeds while I was sleeping
And the vision that was planted in my brain
Still remains
Within the sound of silence

In restless dreams I walked alone
Narrow streets of cobblestone
'Neath the halo of a streetlamp
I turned my collar to the cold and damp
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light
That split the night
And touched the sound of silence

And in the naked light I saw
Ten thousand people, maybe more
People talking without speaking
People hearing without listening
People writing songs that voices never share
No one dare
Disturb the sound of silence

"Fools" said I, "You do not know
Silence like a cancer grow
Hear my words that I might teach you
Take my arms that I might reach you"
But my words like silent raindrops fell
And echoed in the wells of silence

And the people bowed and prayed
To the neon god they made
And the sign flashed out its warning
In the words that it was forming
And the sign said "The words of the prophets
Are written on subway walls
And tenement halls
And whispered in the sounds of silence"

© 1964 Words and Music by Paul Simon





Thanks and Acknowledgements

Raquel, Tim and Kamila would like to thank all of Tyler's family and friends for the incredible outpouring of love and support shared with us during this very difficult time and for being with us as we join in remembering her life.

Special thanks to:-

The PMC, for providing the platform Tyler used as she emerged from her cocoon into the most confident, "extroverted" version of herself we have ever seen.

Janelle Tibetts and the Spark team for supporting Kamila in this time of need, by outstretching hands of kindness, friendship and caring that has been extremely touching.

John Holmes and the CaymanView Media team for supporting with the website and the media production

Please continue to share your memories here: www.tylerwoolaver.com