

Celebrating
the life of



Ernest C. Trutt Sr.

January 7, 1944 – October 19, 2025

**CHRIST
ANGLICAN
CHURCH
DEVONSHIRE**

**106 MIDDLE RD,
DEVONSHIRE, DV 06**

**FRIDAY,
NOVEMBER 7, 2025
AT 11:00 AM**

Order of Service

Christ Anglican Church Devonshire
106 Middle Road, Devonshire, DV 06, Bermuda

OFFICIANT: Rev. Fr. Jamaine 'Jay' Tucker, JP, M. Div.

PROCESSIONAL *Clergy and Family*
I Bowed on My Knees and Cried Holy

OPENING HYMN: *When Peace, Like a River*

OPENING PRAYER: *Rev. Veronica Outerbridge*

SCRIPTURES:

Old Testament, Ecclesiastes 3:1-8 reading: *Freedom Charles (Niece)*

New Testament, St. John 14:1-6 reading: *Shammara Simmons (Niece)*

MUSICAL SELECTON *Soloist Demara Maybury*

OBITUARY *Roberta Tucker (Niece)*

TRIBUTES *Lovitta Foggo, MP*
Rev. Rodney Grimes (Former co-worker)
Beverley Trott (Daughter)

SLIDE PRESENTATION *(I Did It My Way by Frank Sinatra)*

MUSICAL SELECTION *Soloist Demara Maybury*

EULOGY *Rev. Dr. Leonard Santucci*

CD Selection *Until then by Mahalia Jackson*

CLOSING PRAYER *Rev. Jamaine 'Jay' Tucker*

CLOSING HYMN *In the Sweet Bye and Bye*

RECESSIONAL *Rough Side of the Mountain (Musical selection)*

INTERMENT *Christ Anglican Church Cemetery Devonshire*

When Peace, Like a River

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou has taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul

REFRAIN:

It is well, (it is well), with my soul, (with my soul)
It is well, it is well with my soul

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
And has shed His own blood for my soul.

REFRAIN:

It is well, (it is well), with my soul, (with my soul)
It is well, it is well with my soul

My sin-oh, the bliss of this glorious thought;
My sin, not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

REFRAIN:

It is well, (it is well), with my soul, (with my soul)
It is well, it is well with my soul

And Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound and the Lord shall descend,
"Even so", it is well with my soul.

REFRAIN:

It is well, (it is well), with my soul, (with my soul)
It is well, it is well with my soul

Obituary

**ERNEST CHESTERFIELD “CAT, STEVIE” TROTT
SUNRISE JANUARY 7TH, 1944 – SUNSET OCTOBER 19TH, 2025**

Ernest Chesterfield Trott was the ninth child born to Cecil and Lillian Trott. Even though his mom and siblings called him Stevie, his dad registered him as Ernest Chesterfield, naming him after his brother Ernest. He will always be known as Stevie to family and friends.

Ernest attended Temperance Hall, Francis Patton, and Harrington Sound School. While attending Harrington Sound School, he was clowning around in the P.E line and Mr. Bill Smith (the P.E teacher) said get in line Cat Trott and the nickname Cat was attached to him.

In his toddler years along with his late brother Roger, they were always getting into trouble. Once they took their mom’s powdered milk and sat under the bridge located at Burchall’s Cove. While indulging in the powdered milk the train came across and Roger was so frightened that he nearly slipped into the water. Another time they were playing near the pond which is located next to Shelly Bay Market Place and Roger accidentally fell into the pond. A family friend Arthur Augustus (Ghostie) heard them yelling and came to their assistance. Mr. Augustus took Roger home leaving Ernest sitting on the bank as he knew he was in trouble and what a long night that was.

In 1950, the Trott family moved from Crawl to Loyal Hill, Devonshire. Ernest started catching the bus to school instead of walking. He would wait until the bus approached Chain Gate Hill and then ran to the bus stop. If he missed the bus, he would then have to run to Harrington Sound School, to be on time for school. The bus fare he was supposed to use to get to school, he would use it to purchase candy.

During school vacations and some weekends, he could be found at his sister late sister Nancy’s home. During his time there, he delivered groceries between Crawl Hill and Bethel AME Church for Mr. Dawson. He also had chores at Mr. Dawson which included feeding the chickens, ducks and geese.

Ernest spent considerable time at Shelly Bay Race Track and he could be found taking the horses for a swim at Shelly Bay Beach before it became a public beach. Mr. Salty DeSilva along with him rode the horses from the stables to Crystal Caves and from the stables to Camp Hill, Southampton.

In 1966, he was recruited into the Bermuda Regiment now known as the Royal Bermuda Regiment. He served as Private 1st Class, clerk, waiter and bar steward. He served as a Batman (not

the Fictional Character) to Lieutenant Colonel Eugene Raynor. His most memorable time in the army was when Haile Selassie visited Bermuda in 1967. He spoke of his stature very short and not a very husky man.

Ernest enjoyed living at Loyal Hill as he would say "Those were the good old days". Incubator was the social gathering spot. He was part of the Married and Single club and The Happy Six.

Ernest started his employment as a labor becoming an excellent mason. He worked for and with his brother-in-law Robert Lee, Bruno Outerbridge, Colin Anderson and Gil De Sousa; all are now deceased. When he became redundant in the construction field he joined BAS as a kitchen porter. In 1973, he joined Public Transportation Department as a Bus Operator until his retirement in October 2008. As an operator he joined the choir and in 1975 the choir received a recognition award for their participation in the Gospel Explosion. He also received certificates from the Department of Transport for perfect attendance and for participating in the Ambassador Program.

Upon his retirement he stated that he wasn't going to be a taxi driver or a security guard. Instead, he joined the Honey Do Club - "Honey do this and Honey do that". The honey do club kept him busy not only around the house, but you could find him along Cove Valley

Road trimming hedges and cutting grass of the neighbors.

During his tenure as a bus operator, he met the love of his life Rose. From their union they had two children Beverley and Stevie "Fly" Trott.

Ernest wasn't fond of travelling, but after his first cruise his mind-set changed. He visited England, Scotland, Europe, Canada, the Caribbean and USA. He truly enjoyed visiting his grandson Jahni as he was Dad/ Papa's personal chauffeur taking him to Home Depot. According to Ernest, Home Depot was like the mall that we women like to visit when we are overseas. He enjoyed getting all his electrical and other household items. You couldn't race him because he had a long list of items to get.

Ernest had many hobbies, namely gardening, fishing, reading, photographer, CB Radio Operator known as Purple Rain Drops 1132. He played the guitar and loved listening to and playing Oldie Goldie music, a lover of history whether local or foreign. He loved sports but was discouraged after being kicked on his shin while playing football and being hit in his head with a cricket ball. These incidents didn't keep him from watching and enjoying these sports either in person or on the television.

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- Obituary Continued

Ernest would have you laughing when he spoke of his birth. He would give you the full details. He would say "that Nurse Spencer delivered him on Friday January 7th, 1944, at 7:40am and recalls how Nurse Spencer spanked his bottom and how he gave her such a dirty look just as the train came across the house". Not sure how he remembers all of these, but he remembered.

Ernest was soft spoken had a wonderful sense of humor, gave good advice and always had a witty remark along with a quick joke. He had many sayings but would always say that he was an Altar Boy. Some of his sayings were "A piece of cake, don't worry they will get their bath when the water gets hot, Stupid donkey" and many more which is not appropriate for this setting.

Ernest acquired the name Mr. Candy Man as he would always have candy and if you asked him for a candy whether he was at work or a function be sure you would receive one or two.

Ernest was a blessing to those who knew him. He will be a big missed. May his soul continue to rest in peace.

Ernest will truly be missed by his wife Rose, daughter Beverley, grandson's Rieko and Jahni Trott, granddaughter Alayah Barnett Trott, great granddaughter Ilah Trott. Brothers Earlin (Alma) and Mitchell (Black B) Trott.

Sisters Delores (Dolly) Thomas (Lionel), and Madeline Trott. Numerous nephews, nieces, great nephews and nieces, great great nephews and nieces. In-Laws Andrew Ascento, Effie Peterson, Gina Trott, Leon and Judy Fubler and Leonie Woolridge. Special Friends Calix Smith, Benjamin Francis, Michael Glasgow, Albert Woolridge, Wayne Matthews, Kelly Zuill, Lionel Woolridge, Andre Hassell, Beverley Powell, Jean Burgess, Bernette Payne, Vera Sandy, Eddie and Sandra Armstrong and Steve and Juanita Shaw. Adopted daughter and grandson Laci and Rhush Condor. Adopted family Cardoza Family. God Children: William Francis, Headley Furbert Jr., Calix Smith Jr., Keiva Glasgow, Lari Simons, Jacqueline Johnson, Carlston Burgess and the Late Joseph (Joe) Ascento. Numerous other relatives and friends too many to mention.

Ernest was Pre-deceased by his sons Ernest "De" and Stevie "Fly" Trott. Parents Cecil and Lillian Trott. Brothers - Cecil "Tommy", Clarence "Squint", Colin, Raymond, Roger and Bert Trott. Sisters - Nancy Trott, Julia "Jules" Lee, Joan "Patsy" Napier, and Mary "Angie" Trott. In-laws Leon "Plick Hansey" and Eva Fubler, Brian, Anson and Laverne Fubler.

**LOVINGLY SUBMITTED
BY THE FAMILY**

Tributes

Ernest, it is so hard to believe you are no longer here as I endeavor to write this tribute. There is so much I can say but I will highlight a few memories.

My fondest memories of you is how you built up enough courage to ask me if you can take me home after eyeing me up most of the night instead of playing Bingo at Warwick Workman's Club on October 19th, 1973.

How you talked me into spending my vacation here in Bermuda and going camping. After packing the car with camping equipment and reaching our destination only to return to your house 4hrs later.

While on tour in Barbados how you stuck your head out of the window and shouted Hit the ball man, Hit the ball as we passed a cricket training session.

How we got in trouble with my father after putting Beverley in the saltwater during the month of March.

When you chose the song "I Pledge my love to you" as our dance song as Mr. & Mrs. Ernest Trott, you took the words very seriously. Yes, God led us to each other, and you loved me until the day you died.

I thank God for giving me the most Handsome, Loving, Caring Husband, Best Friend, Supporter and Protector.

You were a father /grandfather who was warm and caring always there for the children changing our names to Daddy and Mommy.

I'll miss our breakfast and evening meals which you prepared daily. Thank you for teaching me your way of cooking. Now my household management starts again.

On Sunday 19th October 2025 God saw that you were getting tired and a cure was not to be. He put his arms around you and whispered, "Come with Me". Through tear filled eyes I watched you suffer and fade away. Although I loved you dearly, I could not make you stay. A golden heart stopped beating and hard-working hands put to rest. God broke my heart to prove to me he only takes the best.

Now I just want to say Thank You, Thank You, Thank You

Forever in my Heart -*Your Loving Wife Rose.*

I want to take a moment to share some cherished memories of Uncle Stevie that have been on my mind lately.

One of my fondest recollections is when I represented Bermuda at the CARIFTA games. I remembered how my dad reached out to Uncle Stevie for help with my ticket. It was such a significant moment for me. I also think back to the time when Uncle Stevie and Aunt Rose came to visit me in New York, always bringing along an abundance of candies. Those sweet gestures made my day!

In high school, riding on his bus was a highlight having an uncle as a bus driver felt like such a big deal. He was always my favorite, and I regret not being able to continue the tradition of calling him on his birthday early in the morning like my dad did. Their bond was special, and I can only imagine the fun and mischief they shared together. My dad will have a chance to wish him a happy birthday himself as I have no doubt, they are hanging out again getting into mischief as if they are still kids.

Thank you for allowing me to reminisce. Uncle Stevie will always hold a special place in my heart. Continue to sleep in peace uncle Stevie.

Love - *Roydell (Niece)*

As I sit here with tears in my eyes and reflect on our time together. I am so grateful and blessed to have known you Pa. My heart is heavy knowing that I am not going to see you again. You are not going to knock on my door and say Suzie, are you decent or call me Steven's wife. As a newlywed couple who brought a house over 31 years ago, who would have thought that moving here would be one of our greatest blessings meeting my Pa and his family. We went through many transitions including renovations with no hesitation Pa came over during these times to lend a helping hand. His presence was a blessing. He was a wise man who always shared his wisdom and stories with us. Over time we shared many memories together. One of those memories was when he tried to light his cigarette with a battery-operated candle and he didn't realize that it had no flame. What a laugh that was. Pa was a father figure to us (Steven and Susanne) and a grandfather figure to our children (Vanessa and Colin). He was always there for every milestone and every event including my children's birth, birthday parties, Christmas, family events and more. Pa, I wish so much that I could buy you another dairy milk chocolate or strawberry ice-cream which you loved. We will miss you beyond measure. Sundays would not be the same without hearing your gospel songs, especially Until then. I promise we will watch over your two favorite gems. Pa, we shared a connection that no one not even death can break. Until we meet again. Love you forever.

XOXOXOXOX - *The Cardozas*

My papa was a hardworking and devoted man, whose wisdom and guidance shaped me throughout my 26 years. Growing up, I learned so much from him, both through his words and his actions. I remember helping him prepare for hurricanes, walking around the house to make sure that everything was secured, and watching him go down into the tank to get water for us to bathe and cook with.

One of my fondest memories was how he would remind me to wash my dishes after eating. He's always said, "Jahni, wash your dishes don't just leave them in the sink". It took me a while to make it a habit, but looking back I realized there was a deeper lesson in that simple instruction: always clean up after yourself. That was his way of teaching responsibility and self-discipline.

Papa could fix anything. Whenever something needed attention around the house, he'd head to the tool shed to grab his tools and get right to work. I remember when we replaced the carpet with tile and tore up the old floorboards and laid the new ones down together. Those moments taught me the value of hard work and patience.

He was also a skilled bus operator, and I loved to ride along with him, sitting in the seat right behind him. As I grew old, he was one who taught me how to drive. I'll never forget him shouting, "Hold it, hold it" whenever I got close to something, and me laughter and saying, "I got it papa. Don't worry we're good".

I could share countless memories of my time with him. Papa was funny, loving, and wise beyond measure. I looked up to him in so many ways, and as I've grown older, I realized how much of him lives on in me. It breaks my heart to know that I can no longer call home and hear him ask about the dogs in his own special way "How's the bow wows doing?" That memory will always make me smile.

Papa lived a full and meaningful life, filled with love, laughter, and purpose. I will continue to honor him by living out the lessons he taught me.

I love you papa. I'm going to miss you deeply, but your spirit will always live on in my heart.

Continue to sleep in peace.

Love – Jahni "Jay" (Grandson)

Daddy, my heart is broken because you aren't here anymore. However, the tears I cry are for the love, appreciation, and gratitude that I have for you. You were the first one to show me unconditional love was from first day I was born to the last day you took your last breath. Your unwavering support and kindness have gotten me through some of the best and toughest moments in

my life. You didn't just build our house; you made it a home. Ensuring that I understood the fundamentals of what it took to maintain a home. Even though you said I wouldn't remember. Since your departure, I've done a few projects around the house. I think that you would be proud of me, because I did it your way. For those who didn't know you, let me catch them up. You always wanted things done your way, because your way was the correct way as you would say and if it wasn't done your way it wasn't done correctly. You stood on principle.

I'm going to miss our father and daughter trips throughout the year, our daily 5-6 telephone conversations throughout the day, washing my car underneath the street lights or on Sunday morning while waiting for our cod-fish and potatoes to cook, and you either coming to pick me up after a long-shift or you sitting at the kitchen table with your night snack (ice-cream and cake or ice cream and a cookie), ensuring that I made it home safely from a long shift no matter what time it was. Once I was in the house you would go to bed. Our long conversations about life and how things changed when you grew up. I knew, saw, and felt that you wanted the best for me. My accomplishment was your successes. You were my biggest supporter. You were there to catch me when I fell and told me to pick myself up and you would say "Let's start again." Daddy, this degree that I'm pursuing is in dedication to you because without you and I will not be the woman I am today. So, in closing I want to thank you again for the years of love, support, guidance, and encouragement that you have given to me. You will be truly missed now and forever. Love always your baby girl Charmaine.

Lovingly submitted by – Beverley (Daughter)

Today, we gather to celebrate the life of a truly remarkable man-my papa.

Papa was a loving, honest, and helpful person whose presence brought warmth to everyone around him. He was the kind of person who would lend a helping hand without ever being asked, and he always did so with a smile and a generous heart.

He loved to keep busy, especially around the house and in the garden. His plants were his pride and joy. Each one cared for with the same patience and dedication he showed in every part of his life. Papa also loved to drive the bus, something that he reflected his dependable and hardworking spirit. He took pride in his work, and he found joy in the simple things that made each day meaningful.

For me, papa was so much more than just a father figure. He was my biggest supporter and motivator. I'll always remember how he encouraged me to do track and field, and how he reminded me that I could achieve anything if I put my heart into it. His words and examples have shaped me into who I am today.

Papa had a great spirit, kind, uplifting, and full of life. He was there for everyone, always ready to offer love, guidance, and comfort. Though he is no longer with us, his spirit lives on in the lessons he taught, the love he shared, and the memories we'll forever carry in our hearts. Rest in peace, Papa.

Your love, strength, and kindness will never be forgotten. I love you so much.

Submitted by Aalayah "Laya" (Granddaughter)

Ernest Chesterfield Trott, I was first introduced to Ernest via the telephone. I answered the telephone when he called and he would say "I don't want to talk to you", so I nicely hung the phone up. He called back and said, "you again" and I did the same thing and hung up the phone again. The third time he said, "Girl let me speak with your sister", who later became his wife. He agreed for me to be one of the bride's maids in their wedding.

A night to remember..... The very first time that I spent the night at their house in St. David's, Ernest has me in the back yard on a cold windy night helping him to hang clothes on the line. Talk about first impressions! I told him that it was torture, and I wasn't going to come back to spend any more nights, but you guessed it of course I did!

Ernest was such a humble and very knowledgeable individual who was not afraid to share history or his lifetime experiences with anyone.

To know Ernest was to love him.

I love my dear brother-in-law. Ernest was very passionate about everything he put his hands to do, whether it be gardening, cooking, or fixing anything.

Last year I asked Ernest to show me how to make green split pea soup his way. After getting all the ingredients together, I headed to St. David's for him to help me make this famous and delicious soup. Well, if you knew Ernest it had to be done just right. If I stirred the pot once, then that was it. Ernest took pride in making the soup for me.

Whenever I would call the house and speak with Ernest, I would ask how he was doing. He always answered me with a question... Why are you a doctor? Without a double I knew that Ernest loved me, and I most definitely loved him.

Ernest was more like a big brother to me.

During Ernest's final days, I asked him about his soul. I told him to squeeze my hand if he made his peace with God. Well, Ernest squeezed my hand twice with all his

might. He was at peace and so was I. My heart was full of joy! When I left Ernest on Sunday, God had shut your eyes tight and two hours later he took his final breath. Another soul has crossed over into the arms of Jesus.

Rest well Ernest. I will see you on the other side.

Lovingly submitted by – *Sister-in-law Judy (EN)*

Sweet By and By

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

REFRAIN:

In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

REFRAIN:

In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer a tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

REFRAIN:

In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

Rough Side of the Mountain

Oh Lord, I'm strivin'
Tryin' to make it through this barren land,
But as I go from day to day
I can hear my savior say;
Trust me child, come on and hold my hand

REFRAIN:

I'm comin up on the rough side of the mountain
I must hold to God, his powerful hand
I'm comin up on the rough side of the mountain
I'm doing my best to make it in

I'm comin up Lord
I'm comin up Lord although my burdens
Sometime they press me down
But if I can only keep this faith
I'll have strength just to run this race
I'm looking, I'm for my starry crown

REFRAIN:

I'm comin up on the rough side of the mountain
I must hold to God, his powerful hand
I'm comin up on the rough side of the mountain
I'm doing my best to make it in

This old race will be soon be over
There'll be no more race for me to run
And I will stand before God's throne
All my heartaches will be gone
I'll hear my Savior say "Welcome Home"

REFRAIN:

I'm comin up on the rough side of the mountain
I must hold to God, his powerful hand
I'm comin up on the rough side of the mountain
I'm doing my best to make it in

WORDS OF GRATITUDE

We, the family of Ernest C. Trott, would like to express our sincere thanks for your presence here today. Thank you for your encouraging words of comfort, prayers, telephone calls, cards, flowers, and any other acts of kindness shown to us during our time of bereavement.

Special thanks to Dr. Sharon Alikhan, nurse Waynette Curtis, Dr. Burton Butterfield, Dr. Patrick Murray, Dr. Yoland Colson (Massachusetts General Hospital), Rev. Dr. Leonard Santucci, Rev. Jamaine "Jay" Tucker, Rev. Veronica Outerbridge, and D. H. Augustus & Sons Funeral Home.

*May God continue to bless you
- Trott Family*

Pallbearers

Nephews and great nephews

Funeral Arrangements Entrusted to **Augustus Funeral Home.**

Programs designed by L. Anthony Richardson. (John 3:16-21)