

Carmen Amentha Agard

November 23, 1930 – December 20, 2013

It is with great sadness and a sense of relief that I speak to you today as the oldest son of my mother's eight children whose new life with our departed father in heaven began on December 20, 2013, when her soul departed this earth to be with our heavenly father and savior. I am sure that she will be received favorably because even though she may not have been the perfect woman in today's standards of perfection, she was one of the closest to perfect people in my lifetime. To her children, she has been mother, father, mentor, teacher, guidance counselor, confidant, and most of all a friend at times in their life. She was my heroine in the story of my life.



Carmen was a woman of meager means who was selfless when it came to providing food for her eight (8) children, and clothes for them to wear, some of which she made herself. She used every means available to her to make sure that we received an education; because she only had an elementary education. Mom was widowed at a very young age; she was pregnant with 6th child at the time, with no real work experience. She took in laundry, she did domestic work, and after giving birth to Frederica, her sixth child, she went to work in the cane fields of Barbados, harvesting canes to help provide a better life for her children. When the harvest was over she worked two jobs at a time to make ends meet. She kept us fed, clothed, and nourished spiritually as well, along with the support of her father Julian Holder, her brother Byron, and her uncles Sonny, and Shirley Branch. Through all of this she still found time to take me to a matinee movie when she saved a little extra after grocery shopping. Her favorite movies were the Italian westerns, and love stories like *The Sound of Music*, and *Gone with the Wind*, even though they often brought tears to her eyes. After taking up residency in America when she went back to school and obtained a nursing certificate specializing in geriatric care, the field she retired from in New York City approximately fifteen years ago. This is but a small segment of her life, as she leaves behind a legacy second to none.

Carmen A. (Holder) Pile Agar of Whitinsville, Massachusetts, passed away Friday, December 20, 2013 at home; she had just celebrated her 83rd birthday and joined the Metropolitan Baptist Church in Dorchester, Massachusetts when she passed. She was wife of the late Seibert Agard.

Carmen was born in Bridgetown, Barbados in November 1930, the daughter of the late Julian and Elmira (Branch) Holder; when immigrated to the United States, on August 16, 1984, and resided in Brooklyn, New York. She lived in Colorado prior to moving to Whitinsville.

She is survived by eight (8) children, Laurine Jordan of Whitinsville, Massachusetts; Steven Holder and Janice Yearwood of Brooklyn, New York; Marion, Joseph, and Frederica Pile of Barbados; Ingrid Blackman and Julia Thornhill of Denver, Colorado; Twenty-four (24) Grandchildren; Thirty-seven (37) Great-grandchildren, and many nephews and nieces including Eudora Harwood of Cambridge, Massachusetts. (Most of her children, grandchildren, and even some great-grands' just visited her a few weeks ago to celebrate her birthday). She is also the mother-in-law of David Jordan, Earleen Wilson, Roham Thornhill, Sterlin Blackman, and Winston Yearwood.

Last Fight

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A face that is always on my mind,
A smile I have seen a million times,
Two eyes that would light up the sky at night,
One last battle you could not fight,
The day was long, then night then morn.
I knew that soon you would be gone,
I clasped your hand so warm in mine,
Soon we would be out of time,
To stay with us you fought so hard,
A million pieces went my heart,
Now a photo I look at to see your smile,
I keep your number on my speed dial,
A video I watch to hear your voice,
This I do.... I have no choice.,
But great memories I will always keep with me,
Your love in my heart for eternity,
I never got to say goodbye,
To understand why, I can but try,
Waiting in heaven from this moment on,
'Till God asks you to bring me home....