



## Stanford Williams

November 9, 1916 - January 12, 2007

Obituary of Stanford Williams Mr. Stanford "Fitzie" Williams, 90 was born November 9, 1916 in the town of Redwood in the parish of St. Catherine, Jamaica, W.I. He was one of fifteen children born to Alfred and Urselena Williams. Fitzie as he is known to most people, spent his younger days growing up in Redwood with his siblings; Maude, Hardy, Percy, Bobby, Ivy, Claire and a number of cousins; Rigley, Oswald, Mary, Gilbert and Gurrell to name a few. As a young man he moved to Woodside in St. Mary where he was educated in tailoring. He later set up a tailor shop in town. Sometime later, he moved to Kingston where he opened another tailor shop on Beeston Street. In 1955, he joined the contingency of Jamaicans immigrating to England, where he lived until 1967. There he lived in Birmingham where he worked as a machinist. In 1966, he met and fell in love with Gertude Wedderburn, an American. A short time later, they were married. In 1967, he joined her in the United States. They lived the Bronx until Gertude's death in 1975. Before settling in Ocala, he lived in Connecticut and St. Petersburg, Florida. Once living in Ocala, he became a member in good standing with Shores Baptist Worship Center of Silver Springs Shores. He is survived by his cousin, Wesley E. Ellis of The Villages, Florida, many nieces and nephews and two sister-in-laws, Jenny of New York and Alice of Jamaica.

# Tribute Wall



“ *Stanford Williams*

June 20, 2014 at 12:00 AM



“ *Thank you Uncle Fitz For all the treasures you brought to me during your life here, for the many that will come from the gift you have left me, and more than ever for the times we spent together. You are dearly missed.*

**Linda Williams** - December 12, 2008 at 12:00 AM



“ *Your generosity and selfless attitude is beyond measure.*

**Errol Roman (Danny)** - December 12, 2008 at 12:00 AM



“ *He will be truly missed*

**The Holder Family** - December 12, 2008 at 12:00 AM

“ *Stanford WILLIAMS (1916 2007) My Friends When I was asked to talk about my Uncle today, I said that it was a tall order. For it was a challenge, like the man that we all knew. All of us here knew him, but each of us knew him in a different way. To me he was my Uncle, my fathers brother who I visited on a regular basis for many years in his various homes. From Bridgeport, Connecticut to St Petersburg in Florida and then here in Silver Springs Shores, Ocala. He was the last link with my forebears many of whom left the island of their birth for a better life far away. To others he was a brother in Christ who led a simple life and never swayed from the path that was to be followed. And to all of us, he was a dear friend. So how did his life lead us to this day? He was born in the country, in Jamaica, to Alfred and Ursalena. Growing up with his many siblings to know the place of his birth and the fruits of its fields. Redwood was not a place of excitement but one where ones needs were satisfied by labour on the land. He was a practical man, he learnt to be a tailor but as time went by he wanted more. And it was this desire that led him to leave his home, persuading his brother to travel with him, and to set off on the journey that was to be the rest of his life. They went to England, a place far away that was not what they expected when they arrived. They were not welcome, as they thought they might be. Those were the days when houses with rooms for rent displayed signs saying No Travellers, No Irish, and No Blacks! Unlike home it was cold and always raining! They were not comfortable in the big city so they settled in the country. Some would say isolated and alone. But they carved out a life that was worth all of their effort in getting there. My father stayed, married and brought up his family through difficult times. My Uncle went on to live in a larger place, Birmingham, meeting the woman who was to become his wife. But he was not settled and time came to move on once again, across the sea to America. He worked for many years in a bakery and even when I visited him in Florida he still bought bread made by Arnolds, his employer up until the day he retired. He was a man with a strong will and sometimes this led to challenges in his life but he always overcame them. He had no children of his own and many of us here became his family. Not a*

*man for grand gestures he lived quietly and tended his citrus trees, sending fruit to many of us when the season was right. He was independent of mind and it was this determination to carry on that kept him going through the many changes that occurred in his lifetime. When he was young there were no motor vehicles on the roads in his neighbourhood, no televisions to watch or telephones to speak on. When he was young the thought of getting on an airplane and travelling across the globe did not exist. When he was young, men had yet to land on the moon or create virtual lives on the Internet. When he was young life was hard. He saw many changes and lived on to see more than all of his contemporaries. He saw what man could do to man. He saw the world change from peace to war and war to peace and then war again. And through all of this he kept his thoughts to himself and his conscience. He was a man of words, but words on the page rather than spoken ones. And to his last he kept his mind active, keeping abreast of the ways of this world reading his paper daily. He was meticulous in his ways and was always prepared and to this end even his end was planned for. I remember him taking me to the spot where we are about to go, saying that this would be where I would find him when the time came. He knew where he was going even if he did not know when. To us, his leaving has taken us by surprise but to him it was always coming and he did not fear it. He knew what God had in store for him and he was not afraid. We should remember him not for any frailty but for his dry wit, his vigour and determination and most of all the life that he lived. Brandon WILLIAMS 22 January 2007*

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**Brandon WILLIAMS** - December 12, 2008 at 12:00 AM

BW

“*Hello Uncle. I came to see you for Thanksgiving with Joan and Wesley. Your resting place looked well. We missed your wit at the dinner table and we had lots of turkey left over. Brandon*

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**Brandon WILLIAMS** - December 12, 2008 at 12:00 AM

PS

“ *The entire staff at Roberts Funeral Homes wish to extend our condolences to the Williams family during this difficult time.*

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**Patrick T. Cooney, Sr.** - December 12, 2008 at 12:00 AM

MH

“ *thank you uncle, may you rest in peace. love you always. put in a good word for me in heaven. lots of love, maxine and family. <(" \_")>*

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**maxine holder** - December 12, 2008 at 12:00 AM

BW

“ *A year has now passed. Time waits for no man and it has passed so quickly. You may not be here but you have not been forgotten. You will always be remembered.*

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**Brandon WILLIAMS** - December 12, 2008 at 12:00 AM

AW

“ *Hi Uncle, unfortunately I never got to know you, but many thanks for thinking of me. Rest In Peace. Thank you*

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**Alfred Williams** - December 12, 2008 at 12:00 AM

BW

“ *Hello Uncle, its Brandon calling. I know you're there. Speak to me?*

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**Brandon WILLIAMS** - December 12, 2008 at 12:00 AM