

## *Active Pallbearers*

Garnet (Mexican)  
Henry (Friend)  
Lenroy (Peter)  
James (Cousin)  
Jason Hylton (Cousin)

Rohan (Cousin)  
Clayvon (Chad)  
James (Cousin)  
Karl (Neil)  
Whyte (Cousin)

## *Family Acknowledgements*

We deeply appreciate your kind expression of sympathy in our time great sorrow. There are really no words to express our heartfelt thanks for the love and support you have extended towards our family during this time of sadness.

**The Family of Ian Wayne Palmer**

## *Interment*

Osceola Memory Gardens  
1717 Old Boggy Creek Road Kissimmee, FL 34744

## *Repast*

Mt. Zion Seventh Day Adventist Church  
2123 N. Smith Street Kissimmee, FL 34744

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233 North 9<sup>th</sup> Street Haines City, FL 33844  
863-353-1511

# IN LOVING MEMORY



*Ian Wayne*  
**PALMER**  
AUGUST 10, 1970 - OCTOBER 10, 2025



SUNDAY, OCTOBER 26, 2025  
POINCIANA SDA CHURCH  
4948 Old Pleasant Hill Road  
Kissimmee, FL 34759

**FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS**

# Ian Wayne Palmer

Ian was a loving, kind, and joyful soul. He was full of life — always smiling, always joking, and always finding a way to make everyone around him laugh. He loved his friends dearly, and he loved his family even more.

Ian was born on August 10th, 1970, in Annotto Bay, St. Mary, to Eva Bennett, who has gone on before him. He attended Troja Basic and All-Age School, then later graduated from St. Mary's College.

From early on, Ian had a gift for athletics. He ran track and shined in team sports. He loved cricket, and as he got older, he found just as much joy in playing dominoes — especially when he was winning! He was competitive but never mean-spirited — he just loved the laughter and the good company that came with it.

Ian also loved speed — whether it was cars or motorcycles, he loved the thrill of the ride. That was his kind of peace — the wind on his face, the road stretching out ahead, and that sense of freedom that made him feel alive.

At the age of 21, Ian became a proud father to his first child, Sheneka, his “spoiled one,” as he liked to say with a smile. He always dreamed of bigger things, of finding ways to provide and make a better life for his children. He later moved to England, where he worked as a double-decker bus driver, and then to the United States. He first lived in the Bronx, then in Queens, where he welcomed his second daughter, Shian, and eventually moved back to the Bronx to welcome his third daughter, Jazara. Ian loved his girls deeply and spoke about them with pride and joy.

Ian had a way of bringing light into every room he entered. Even when life got tough, he never wanted anyone to worry about him. Sometimes he'd get that serious look on his face, and if you asked him if he was okay, he'd flash that little smile and say, “Yeah man,” before cracking a joke to make you laugh. That was Ian — always thinking about others, even when he was the one going through something.

When he was in the hospital, fighting for his life, he still showed that same spirit. Even with tubes and machines surrounding him, he would move his toes, give a thumbs up — little ways to let us know he was still fighting. That strength, that determination — that was my brother.

Growing up, Ian was my protector. I can remember as a child, whenever I got tired walking to church or anywhere far, he would lift me up and carry me on his back. That's what Ian did his whole life — he carried people. Not just physically, but emotionally. He carried his family, his friends, his burdens — and he did it with love and laughter.

Ian became a truck driver, hauling cars across the country. He loved driving, loved seeing new places, and loved the open road. He could drive from New York to Florida and back without hesitation. He loved New York, he loved his work, and he loved the life he built for himself.

Ian wasn't perfect — none of us are — but he was genuine. He was real, and he had a heart of gold. He taught us all about strength, resilience, kindness, and finding joy even in the hardest of times.

We will miss his laughter, his voice, his “yeah man,” and that big smile that could light up a whole room. But his spirit will live on — in his children, in his family, and in all of us who loved him.

## ORDER OF SERVICE

PROCESSIONAL...FINAL GLIMPSE

OPENING REMARKS...PASTOR KEITH BROWN

PRAYER... PASTOR KEITH BROWN

OPENING SONG...ELDER DYNESDALE WINT

OLD TESTAMENT...SHENEKA PALMER

NEW TESTAMENT...SHARNIE BENNETT

SOLOIST...LYNDA BENNETT

SAMUEL MUIRE

REFLECTIONS.....2 MINUTES PLEASE

SELECTION...CLAYVON JAMES

KAREN BROOKS

PRAYER FOR THE FAMILY...ELDER NELSON DAVEY

EULOGY...KAREN PLATAROTE & SHENEKA PALMER

HOMILY...PASTOR KEITH BROWN

CLOSING SONG...ELDER DYNESDALE WINT

RECESSIONAL

*You are loved  
beyond words...  
...and missed  
beyond measure*

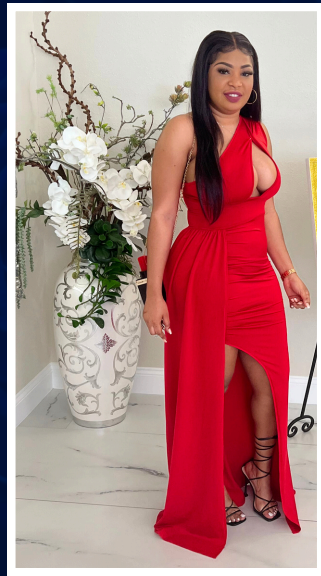


# *His Love... His Legacy...*

IAN PALMER LEAVES TO CHERISH HIS PRECIOUS MEMORY:

THREE DAUGHTERS:

SHENKA, SHYAN AND JAZARA PALMER



ONE BROTHER: DEVON BATTEN

ONE SISTER: KAREN MCDONALD-PLATAROTE

ONE GRANDDAUGHTER, AUNTS, UNCLES, MANY COUSINS

AND LOTS OF FRIENDS.



Heavenly Father,  
We place Ian into Your  
eternal care. Surround

us with peace as we  
grieve, and grant us  
the strength to carry

on with faith. May

Your love comfort us  
and guide us until we

are reunited in

Your kingdom.

Amen.

