

Pallbearers

Peter Mills (Brother) Jerah Richards (Nephew)
Lathan Richards (Nephew) Hakeem Mills (Grandson)
Lawrence Gordon Lancefield Robinson
(Brother in-law) (Brother in-law)

Acknowledgment

In heartfelt gratitude, we extend our sincere appreciation to all who have offered their support, kindness, and condolences during this difficult time. Your presence, comforting words, and shared memories have provided solace and strength to our grieving hearts.

We are deeply touched by your expressions of sympathy and grateful for the love and compassion you have shown.

-The Mills Family

Interment

Forest Hill Cemetery
2646 E. Grace Avenue Haines City, FL 33844

Repast

Miracle Temple Ministries
4930 Old Pleasant Hill Road
Poinciana, FL 34759

Professional Services Entrusted To:



Richard Funeral Services
"The Best Service. The Best Price."
233 North 9th Street Haines City, FL 33844
863-353-1511

FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS

*In Loving
Memory*



SOLOMON ALBERT MILLS

January 6, 1938 - February 3, 2026

Saturday, February 21, 2026 11:00 a.m.

Miracle Temple Ministries
4930 Old Pleasant Hill Road
Poinciana, FL 34759

Eulogy

Today we gather to celebrate the life of Solomon Mills — a man whose journey carried him from the hills of Jamaica to many cities of America. A man shaped by his time, strengthened by his circumstances, and defined by quiet dignity.

Solomon was born on January 6th, 1938, in Sanguinetti, Jamaica. He grew up in the hills of Clarendon during a significant period in Jamaica's history. The Jamaica of his childhood was still under British colonial rule. Life in the 1940s and 1950s was not easy. Opportunities were limited. Jobs were scarce. Families depended on hard work, farming, trade, and community support to survive.

By the time Solomon was a young man, Jamaica was moving toward independence, which finally came in 1962. He belonged to that generation that witnessed the transformation of a nation — from colony to country, from limitation to possibility.

Growing up in rural Clarendon meant discipline, responsibility, and resilience. It meant waking early, respecting elders, and understanding that nothing in life came without effort. Those early lessons stayed with him.

As a young man, Solomon moved to Kingston in search of opportunity — just as many ambitious Jamaicans of his generation did. He fathered 3 children while he was working in Kingston, having met their mother at the restaurant he worked. The capital was alive with movement and hope. Tourism was expanding. The country was building itself. Solomon worked different jobs until he found his place at a multinational hotel in Ocho Rios. There, he stepped into an industry that would define his life.

In the 1960s, through sponsorship from that same hotel, Solomon migrated to the United States. That was no small thing. Migration during that era required courage. It meant leaving behind family, familiarity, and homeland in exchange for uncertainty. Many Caribbean men and women made that sacrifice so future generations could have broader horizons.

Solomon was one of them.

His career took him to Chicago, New Orleans, and eventually Atlantic City. He worked his way up in the hospitality industry, becoming a banquet manager in major hotels. He built a reputation for professionalism and competence. He formed lasting friendships with coworkers. Work was not just a job to him — it was structure, identity, and pride.

In New Jersey, he married Sharon in 1983 and built a chapter of life rooted in commitment and ambition. He held respected positions, steady employment, and carried himself with dignity.

Eventually, Solomon retired and moved to Florida a single man — but true to his nature, he did not slow down. He continued working and ultimately retired from Disney after the age of 80. Even then, he was reluctant to retire. That speaks volumes. He was a man who valued purpose. A man who believed in staying active. A man who did not sit idle.

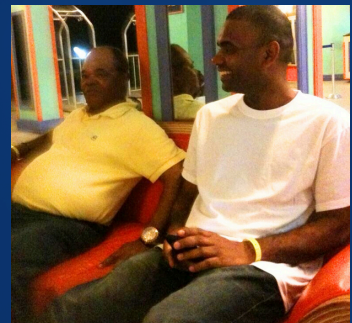
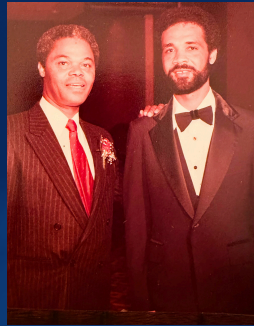
Solomon was classy. He loved his luxury cars. He loved his Invicta watches. He appreciated excellence and presentation. He carried himself with calm confidence. He was not loud. He was not fussy. He was steady. He valued privacy and independence. He lived alone and preferred his own space. Even during family visits, he would not linger too long — always ready to move on to the next thing. That was Solomon. Forward-thinking. Self-contained. Never one to impose.

In his later years, dementia gradually touched his life — a difficult reality for someone so independent. Yet he remained physically strong and relatively healthy until just a few months before his passing. When he began to feel pain and went to the hospital, no one knew that would be his final journey from home.

And so today, we reflect not only on how he left us — but on how he lived. He was part of a generation that built bridges between islands and continents. A generation that left home so that others could stand taller. A generation that worked without complaint and carried responsibility without applause. From the hills of Clarendon to the bright lights of Atlantic City and the magic of Disney, Solomon Mills built a life defined by effort, dignity, and quiet success.



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



Order of Service

Musical Prelude

Moderator: Pastor Bonito McLeod

Opening Remarks

Congregational Song: How Great Thou Art

Prayer of Invocation: Pastor Bonito McLeod

Solo Song: Eve Tyghter

Scripture Reading: Psalm 23: 1-6 Carlena Crotts

Congregational Song: As I Journey Through This Land

Scripture Reading: 1 Corinthians 15: 51-55 Michelle Ming

Tribute & Reflections: Family & Friends

Eulogy: Lathan Richards

Congregational Song: When Peace Like a River

Offering: (to Miracle Temple Ministries)

Message of Hope & Assurance Pastor Bonito McLeod

Prayer of Comfort: Pastor Frederick Shan

Benediction: (Jude v 4-5): Pastor Bonito McLeod

Recessional

*Rest now, Solomon. The work is finished.
The journey is complete.
May the same sun that rose over Sanguinetti
on January 6th, 1938, shine gently
upon you in eternal peace.*

As I Journey Through This Land

*As I journey thro' the land, singing as I go,
Pointing souls to Calvary—to the crimson flow,
Many arrows pierce my soul from without, within;
But my Lord leads me on, thro' Him I must win.*

Refrain:

*O I want to see Him, look upon His face,
There to sing forever of His saving grace;
On the streets of glory let me lift my voice,
Cares all past, home at last, ever to rejoice.*

*When in service for my Lord dark may be the night,
But I'll cling more close to Him, He will give me light;
Satan's snares may vex my soul, turn my tho'ts aside;
But my Lord goes ahead, leads whate'er betide.
When in valleys low I look tow'rd the mountain height,
And behold my Savior there, leading in the fight,
With a tender hand outstretched tow'rd the valley low,
Guiding me, I can see, as I onward go.*

*When before me billows rise form the mighty deep,
Then my Lord directs my bark; He doth safely keep,
And He leads me gently on thro' this world below;
He's a real Friend to me, O I love Him so.*

