

Tribute to My brother Kensley Walt Gordon

I am a firm believer that everyone placed on this earth has a purpose.

My brother was special.

He was the one who stayed home with Dad. Like every family, they had their disagreements, but my father was always his protector.

Walt knew everyone by name.

He remembered every family member he was introduced to.

He accepted people at face value.

He greeted everyone with a smile and was always willing to help in his own way.

My brother was a problem solver. His solutions to his perceived problems may not be conventional ones but in his way he resolved them, much to the distaste of the world around him but his problem was resolved and he was contented.

My brother could not navigate this world entirely on his own, so he placed his trust and confidence in us—his family—to guide him.

There are so many little moments I will always remember.

Many times, as we drove to his medical appointments, he would be humming or trying to sing along to Beres Hammond, Bob Marley, or Garnet Silk.

Or when you asked whose birthday was next, he would start reminding you at least a week in advance that your birthday was coming. And if he wished you a happy birthday, he was insistent that you respond. He would not let you forget.

Walt was extremely polite—to strangers, to family, to friends.

If he was standing by the gate, you would hear him having conversations with people passing by or who were waiting to catch a taxi.

He never forgot a friendly face or someone who was kind to him

My brother will be deeply missed.

I will miss the long drives to whatever medical facility we had an appointment at.

I will miss going to events together...

going to the country...

going to the beach...

or even something as simple as roasting breadfruit in the backyard.

I will miss him helping me with Dad, telling me to move aside so he could carry the heavier items.

I will miss the excitement on his face whenever we drove a new car or van into the yard.

I will miss how he could somehow understand what Marsh was saying through the house camera.

But above all of these things, I will miss him simply because he was my brother.

And he left us without giving me what felt like enough time to help him.

But when I look back... maybe he did give me that time.

Last Christmas, as always, I spent it with him.

We went to Grand Market, we had Christmas dinner, and he kept saying something over and over again:

“Thank you...you hear....

Thank you... thank you for dinner...

And if I didn't respond, he would repeat it until I did.

Today I take comfort in knowing that where he is now, he is no longer in pain.

The day we brought him to the hospital, I didn't know what the outcome would be. But when the doctor shared his grim opinion, I stepped outside, looked up, and quietly said:

“Mom... Walt is coming. Please look out for him.”

My brother was unconscious for 27 hours in the hospital.

And I believe that during those hours, my mother was searching for him.

And when she finally found him... I believe they both smiled. And in that moment—knowing he was no longer alone—his heart finally let go.

So today, even though our hearts are heavy, I hold on to the comfort that he is no longer in pain. I believe he has gone home... welcomed by the mother who loved him first.

You lived your life with a simple heart, kindness for everyone you met, and a smile that welcomed the world without judgment.

You trusted us to guide you through this life, and I pray that we did right by you.

Walt, thank you for the memories—for the humming in the car, the birthday reminders, the conversations at the gate, the laughter, and the quiet ways you showed your love. Your life may have been simple, but the kindness in your heart touched everyone who knew you.

Walk good, my brother.

Your race is run.

Your burden is laid down.

May God receive you with mercy and grant you the peace that this world could not always give you.

Carol Andrade

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