



*Tributes*

In Loving Memory of

Dr. Norma Claire Goodlett





## Tribute from Hazel Graham

Norma was a friend who never changed from the very first encounter. In my eyes, she was beautiful—but in the Jamaican vernacular, I would say she was pretty, inside and out. She was “rich,” because every summer she spent time with her dad in the USA, and when she returned, she always brought gifts for each of her friends.

What a friend she was!

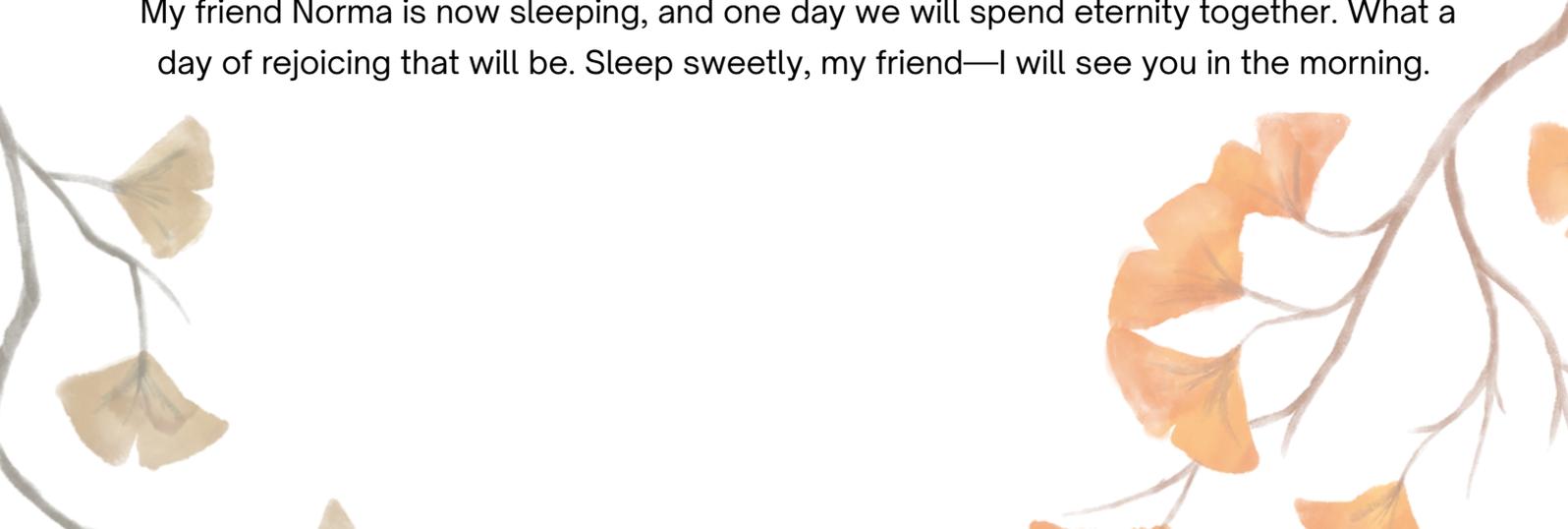
Norma was a good cook and an even better baker. Her Christmas cakes took us to another level. She was smart, too—and though she reached great academic heights, her education never changed our friendship. What a friend indeed.

Norma loved the Lord. Throughout her life, we often spoke with her best Friend, Jesus. After completing her studies, she returned to Jamaica to serve her country with her talents. During that time, I visited her. She treated me like royalty—feeding me, showing me around the island, and adding new dimensions to my visit.

Later, when I visited her in the USA at her senior living apartment, she welcomed us again with her warm hospitality and culinary gifts. When she moved to live with her daughter—the fruit of her womb—I visited her there, too. We talked, we prayed, and we shared our faith as always.

Norma lived a rich life. She loved the Lord and served Him faithfully to the end of her cognitive years. We often talked about heaven—where we would meet again, and about her favorite fruit, the mango. We planned to meet under the mango tree, near the Tree of Life, where there will be no more parting, forever and ever.

My friend Norma is now sleeping, and one day we will spend eternity together. What a day of rejoicing that will be. Sleep sweetly, my friend—I will see you in the morning.





## Tribute from Shirley Gordon

It is with deepest sympathy and profound sadness that I attempt to write a tribute to the late Norma Goodlett, my dear forever friend. Who was Norma Goodlett? Allow me to remind her friends and to introduce her to those who've never met her.

She was a survivor, a supporter who truly loved her Lord and Savior. Norma had friends not acquaintances. I had often wondered how one single heart could hold the love of so many friends. Then I discovered something amazing - each friend occupied a front row seat in her heart.

Each friendship was built on the foundation of unconditional love, respect, and shared joy. "Norms", the fond name many called Norma, was kind, compassionate and forgiving. She was an educator. She loved books, people, poetry, and music. One could not be long in her presence and not be entertained by her singing and twirling around. "Here comes Broadway," she would say, creating an atmosphere of laughter.

As a 9th grade student, she easily made friends with 12th graders and even made friends with secretaries working at the conference office. She also had many admirers on campus but she was always faithful to her first love, Phil. The best is for the last, Norma was a devoted mother; she loved her daughter with a fierce protective love. Her granddaughters were her passion. She loved them dearly. Max was the son she did not birth. She was ready, if called on, to make any sacrifice for her family.

Norma, we'll do our best to love as you have taught us, the way that Jesus asked us to. Then when life here shall be no more, we will be friends again forever more.





## Tribute from Ingrid, Anne-Marie, and Irwin Lee-Loy

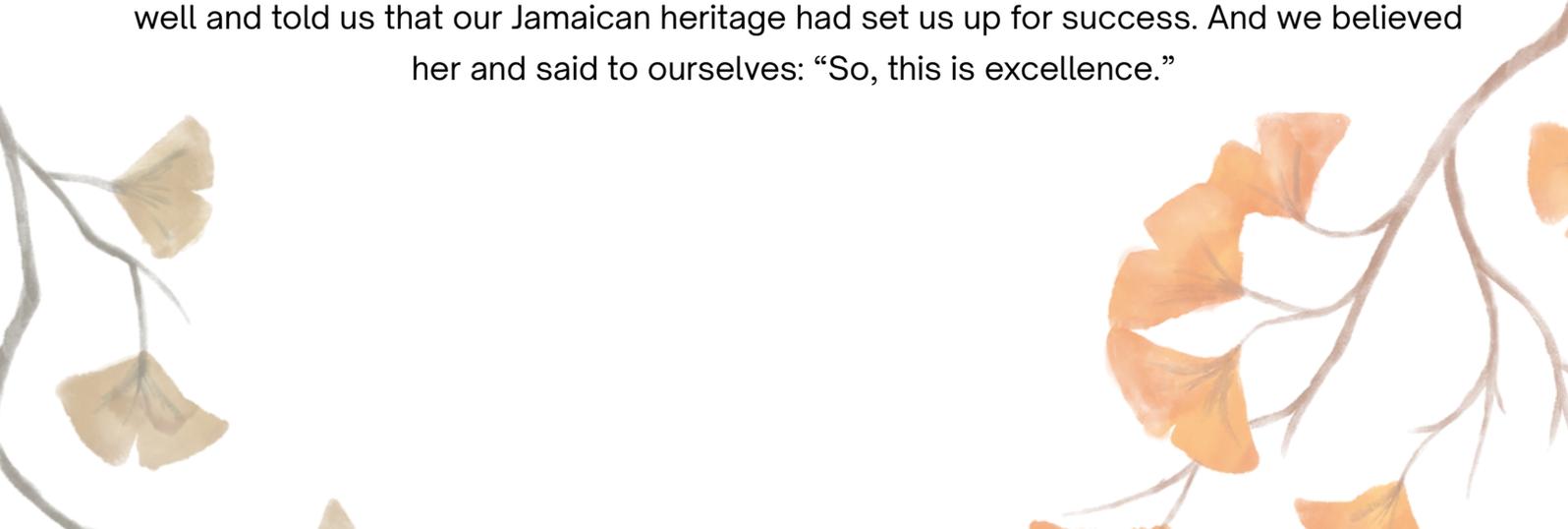
Auntie Norma had a significant impact on the Lee-Loy family. In many ways, her influence profoundly shaped how we learned to understand our world.

Anthea is Auntie Norma's pride and joy. Growing up, we watched Auntie Norma care for Anthea, support her dreams, and take great pleasure in all her accomplishments; and we said: "Oh, this is love."

Mommy and Auntie Norma became friends as students at West Indies College where – so the legend goes – Auntie Norma inserted herself into the older group of girls. Those years in Mandeville eating Prince Philip bread, sitting on the seat of the scornful, and gossiping late in the evening created bonds that would stretch across time and space.

They always supported each other, like when Auntie Norma flew to Canada to help after Mommy was diagnosed with lupus. Regardless of the distance and time that might separate them, whenever they reunited, Mommy and Auntie Norma would pick up their conversations and inside jokes where they had last left them and literally talk the whole night long. And we watched the kindness and loyalty with which they treated each other and thought: "Ah, this is friendship."

Auntie Norma invested in us children: She sent us early reading books, took us on trips to the Smithsonian, and brought us to see our first ballet. She had high expectations for us: manners were not optional; towels must be folded in threes; and slap-dash efforts were not acceptable. She modelled discipline and dedication when she earned her doctoral degree; and demonstrated unflagging persistence and self-belief as she transformed a house with rooms so empty that we children turned cartwheels in them, into a comfortable and welcoming abode. Auntie Norma expected that we would do well and told us that our Jamaican heritage had set us up for success. And we believed her and said to ourselves: "So, this is excellence."





## Tribute from Ingrid, Anne-Marie, and Irwin Lee-Loy

continued

No one could cook like Auntie Norma. Daddy was always ready to make the long drive from Canada to Rochester, and later to Maryland at least partially because he knew such good food awaited him! We looked forward to barbecues in her backyard, sitting in lawn chairs around the carefully designed Jamaica garden and eating the even more carefully designed menu. The food Auntie Norma prepared ranged from the traditional to the unfamiliar, and it was always delicious. At her beautifully laid table we ate our first Cornish hens, drank eggnog made from scratch, and enjoyed the best Jamaican black cake. And with mouths and bellies filled with goodness, we recognized:

“Well, this is talent.”

Christmas with Auntie Norma and Anthea was an integral part of our childhoods. The threat of Canadian blizzards and the dangers of icy, winding Pennsylvania roads never kept us away. We were going where there would be loud laughter, the resounding slap of dominoes, a never-ending stream of visitors, an abundance of food, and carols sung around the piano on Christmas eve. And as we would pull into her driveway after our journey, and saw her waiting for us at the door, we knew in our hearts:

“Yes, this is family.”

We know that we will meet Auntie Norma again. And when we do, and she greets us with an “Hello Darling”, we will thank her for sharing our lives and say: here is family; here is talent; here is excellence; here is friendship; here is love.

Here is Auntie Norma.”





## Tribute from Barbara Griffiths Philpotts-Kerr

For Norma, nothing but the best would do. Raising her daughter was foremost, and she wouldn't be happy unless she was prepared for life. I remember her preparing for weeks for her wedding — even if she became bankrupt in the process!

Pursuing her education — “the utmost for His highest” — was her motto.

Norma loved people and was always doing things for them. She worked hard to please, the highest standards always driving her. Whether she was hosting a gathering or planning a celebration, she put her heart into everything she did. The tailgating parties when the Redskins were in their heyday were filled with the most delicious food, laughter, and friendship, and we were always happy to take part.

One personal experience that gives a clear picture of how kind and compassionate she was took place in December 1989. Nine inches of snow had fallen, and I had suffered a subarachnoid hemorrhage with a severe headache. I called Norma, and she started clearing her driveway as soon as she heard me. She said, “I'm coming to take you to the hospital.”

An amazing lady — and these memories will last a long, long way.

R.I.P.

Close Friend and birthdate (October 22nd) Twins





## Tribute from the Rhoden Family

It is with heavy hearts that we pay tribute to our dear friend, Norma, whose passing leaves a void that words can hardly fill. She was more than a friend to us, she was like family.

We will always remember her kindness to our Dad when he was in the nursing home in Mandeville, where she lived. We were out of the country so Norma visited him and supervised his care.

Her warmth, generosity and kindness made every moment spent with her very special. We shared many wonderful memories - laughter, conversations, celebrations, and even tears. Those moments are now treasures we will hold close to our hearts.

During the last few years, we were not able to communicate as usual because of her illness, but we often thought of her and prayed for her comfort and peace. Though she is gone, her love and kindness will live on in our hearts and of those she touched.

And now with her passing we look forward with the hope to see her again when Jesus returns to take us home with Him.

Maranatha!





## **Tribute from John V. Tracey**

To a member of the MIND team, a colleague, a confidant,  
a friend and for many, a role model.

Dr. Norma Goodlett

When you shared projects, conversations, challenges, common interests, goals and an enormous enthusiasm for the development of the human capital, you built more than a working relationship - you built a friendship.

Dr. Goodlett, you were involved in Public Sector Training during the period of expansion, restructuring, changing teams, busy seasons, tight deadlines but always with humor and grace.

Lady Norma (as you were affectionately called), you were part of the rhythm of the MIND in general and the Mandeville Training Center in particular. You were the voice of reason in chaos, the steady presence when things got tough. Thank you for your dedication, your laughter, and the countless ways you made a difference. You built a legacy of consistency, support, and quiet leadership and balanced all that with a “No nonsense attitude.

The Public as well as Private sector employees who attended and benefited from your vast experiences gained in USA and Jamaica in training delivery, will be forever grateful as you have propelled their careers in providing service excellence to the people of Jamaica.





## Tribute from John V. Tracey

continued

Lady Norma, you had a way of making every day just a little bit better. Whether it was a smile as we entered your office, a kind word during a hard moment, or a shared laugh when things felt heavy—you made work lighter. You didn't need to say much to leave an impact because your kindness spoke for you.

You helped create a culture of care, just by being yourself.

During your period at MIND Mandeville, we from the Kingston Office looked forward to visiting the Mandeville Center because after a hard day's work you entertained us, you fed us and you shared from your garden whatever fruits were in season.

Your kindness had no season as you gave of yourself all seasons.

Dr. Goodlett, you have left behind more than memories, you leave behind warmth, compassion, and a legacy of hard work and interest in the most important resource found in any organization. Your strong and close relationship with god underpinned / determined how you graciously interacted with everyone.

So take the name of Jesus with you, Child of sorrow and of woe, it will give you joy and comfort give you, take it then where're you go. Great is God's faithfulness. His wonderful blessings await you.

You will be remembered with deep gratitude and affection by your past colleagues at MIND and myself. Rest in peace.





## **Tribute from Myrna Bailey**

I remember clearly the day I met Norma on a flight to Jamaica. She later told me that looking at me and the three children sitting across from her had decided that “here was one of those bougie wives that the husband had packed off for the long summer while he remained behind.” We later discovered that the children and I knew Anthea very well from our connection with the Fletchers from whom the children took music lessons. That was the beginning of a lasting and enduring friendship.

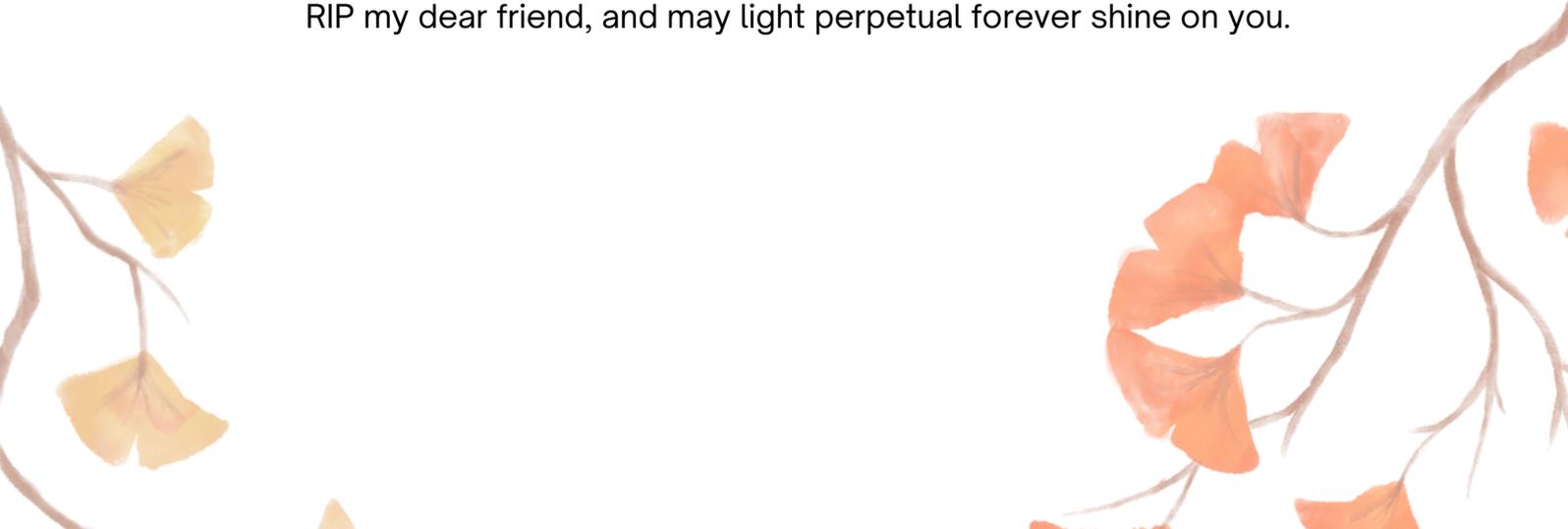
Norma moved to Jamaica and years later Dennis and I joined her in Mandeville. We shared, once more, some very happy times. We compared notes during construction and renovation of our respective homes, Norma having become a builder in her own right, attesting to the courageous and creative person that she was.

When she returned to the United States we were again separated by distance, but remained in close contact. Her illness made communication difficult, but the communication with Anthea remained.

Norma, there are so many daily reminders of you. A tiny cactus plant no bigger than a thimble has multiplied into pots of cactus you would never imagine. Many have shared your generosity from that tiny cactus plant! Then there are the towering governor’s plum trees all tiny plants from you, a symbol of your love, kindness and generosity.

I will miss you but your spirit will ever remain with me. I know Dennis and the girls share my sentiment also.

RIP my dear friend, and may light perpetual forever shine on you.





## **Tribute from the Ashley Family**

Aunt Norma's life was celebrated for her grace, love, and generosity.

Her life is remembered with pride and joy for all that she shared with the world. She brought a bright light into the lives of those who knew her. As we celebrate the life she lived, may the memories bring smiles even in sorrow.

As a young college couple, we enjoyed many visits to her home, and were able to meet many friends that we still hold dear today.

When she moved to Jamaica, she often encouraged us to come visit. When we finally made it to Mandeville, she ensured that every detail was attended to, from the well prepared meals, the beautifully decorated rooms and a driver to take us around. No detail was overlooked. It was a trip our family will always remember and cherish.

Thank you Aunt Norma, for sharing your family, circle of friends, acquaintances, and coworkers with us over the years. The time spent in conversations with you and the valuable lessons you shared, will never be forgotten. Your family became our family and we are forever grateful.

Your warmth, kindness and laughter will live in our hearts forever.

Rest in peace Aunt Norma.





## Tribute from Rohan, Raymond, Robert, and Ronald Goodlett

To our Dear Aunt Norma:

How do you capture, with mere words, the essence of a woman who so effortlessly displayed the rare combination of intellectual distinction and personal warmth? Aunt Norma could confound a room full of scholars with her mind, and she could also brighten that same room with her smile.

She was a distinguished college professor, who was respected, admired, and perhaps even a little feared by a generation of Howard University students. At the same time, she was a beloved aunt who would have done anything for the four of us, and she was a great comfort to us when our father (her younger brother) passed away in 2013.

Some of our favorite childhood memories are moments that included Aunt Norma. We remember family cookouts at her home, especially the time when we used a tennis racket and a tennis ball to play baseball in her backyard. We loved listening to her and her daughter Anthea share top secret messages with each other in Pig Latin, while the rest of us desperately tried to figure out what they were saying.

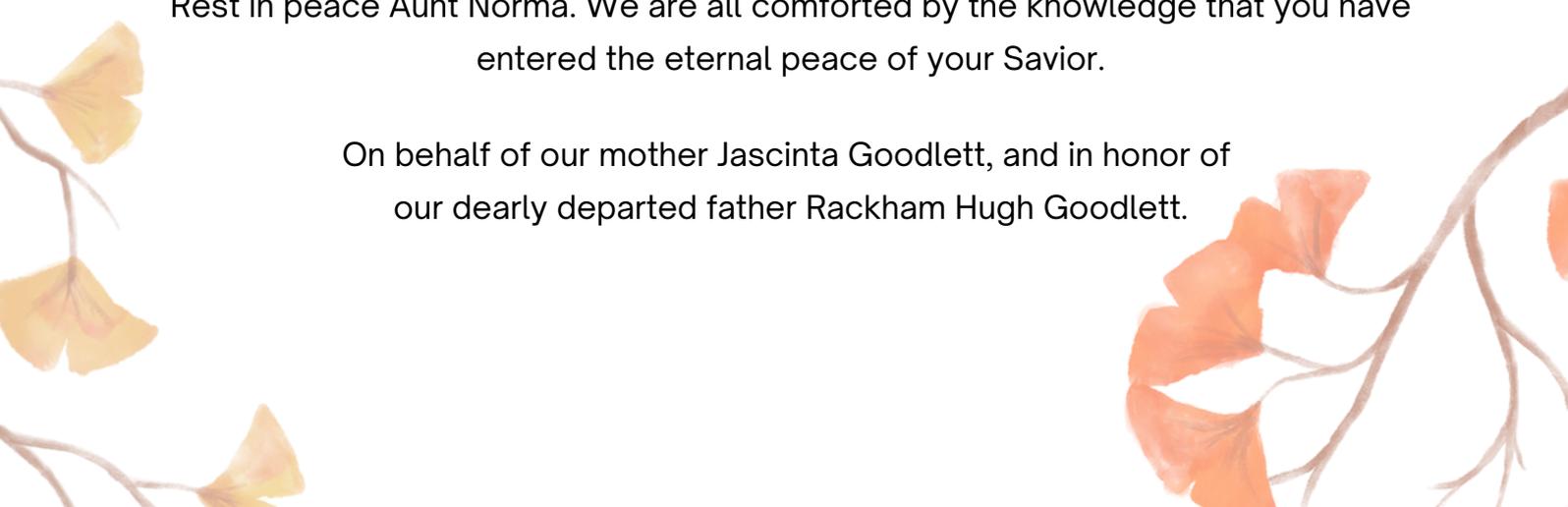
Perhaps our favorite memories, though, are Dad's "Batman" stories about the time that he went to Aunt Norma's home late at night to help her catch a bat that had flown into the house.

We will miss her voice, her laughter, her quick wit, and her insistence that we always communicate with her in ways that retained a personal touch.

In fact, we can still hear her now: "Boys, I don't text."

Rest in peace Aunt Norma. We are all comforted by the knowledge that you have entered the eternal peace of your Savior.

On behalf of our mother Jascinta Goodlett, and in honor of our dearly departed father Rackham Hugh Goodlett.





## **Tribute from the O'Mara Family**

It is with a deep sense of sadness and sorrow that we share with the Francis/Goodlett family the loss of who we affectionately called Aunt Norma.

She had always been a part of our lives as far back as we can remember.  
She had a profound impact on us.

She was a big sister to our wife and mother, Madge. They came from the same area in the parish of St. Elizabeth, Jamaica, W. I. In addition, she and the Rhoden family were like “two peas in a pod”.

We are grateful and honored to have known her and for being a part of our extended family.

To Anthea, Maxwell, and the granddaughters, Noelle, Symonne, and Gabrielle, you have our deepest and sincere condolences and you are in our thoughts and prayers.

This is not a “good bye” to Aunt Norma, but a “good night” and we will see you in the morning, “the great getting up morning”!

Take comfort in Revelation 21:1-5.

Patrick, Leonard (Shenika), Brandon, and Marsha (Lloyd)





## **Tribute from Wayne Dennis and Family**

With love, prayers, and heartfelt condolences

Dear Anthea,

You and your mother have always held a special place in my heart. I was deeply saddened to learn of Aunt Norma's passing. She was truly a remarkable woman - graceful, intelligent, and kind - and her warmth touched everyone who knew her.

I have so many fond memories of her from my years in Washington, D.C. (1982 - 1989). She was always thoughtful and encouraging, with a way of making you feel seen and loved. Though time and distance have separated us over the years, the bond of family and the love we shared remain.

Anthea, I remember the last time I saw you - you were at our wedding, playing the church piano so beautifully. It brought back memories of all that piano training you had, and in that moment, I was so proud of you. I was also deeply grateful to have both you and your mother coordinating and guiding our wedding. Auntie did so much for us - the food, the church preparations, even speaking with the pastor so we could have the wedding there in the first place. You and Auntie worked together with such grace and care, and I'll never forget how much that meant to us.

Your home was always open to us, especially in those early years when I didn't know many people in D.C. You and Auntie made us feel welcome, supported, and loved.

Through this time of sorrow, I hope you know that you have friends and family, including me, who care deeply about you.





## Tribute from Wayne Dennis and Family

continued

Anthea, I can only imagine how difficult this loss must be for you. My prayers are with you and your family. I pray that God will comfort you and give you peace that passes understanding, as the Scriptures remind us:

"Blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted." - Matthew 5:4

"The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit." - Psalm 34:18

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints," - Psalm 116:15

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying." - Revelation 21:4

Though the years have carried us down different paths, I want you to know that you remain in my thoughts and prayers. I remember you as that bright and determined young woman full of life and promise - and I trust that same inner strength will carry you through this season of loss.

Please know that you are not alone. I think of you often with love and fond memories of our childhood. Your mother's legacy of kindness, intellect, and compassion will live on through you and all those she inspired.

May the comforting presence of God surround you, and may His peace, which surpasses all understanding, guard your heart and mind in Christ Jesus.





## Tribute from Monique Nelson Riviere

I would tell Aunt Norma that when I turned 50 - the age I imagined she was at the time - I would wear my hair like hers. I admired her natural silver hair and the striking contrast of her dark skin against it. Her look was unique, bold and elegant.

As I remember it, Aunt Norma was one of the reasons I decided to move from New York to Washington, DC, and attend Howard University, where she was a professor. She even secured me a coveted suite in the newly built Bethune Annex co-ed dorm intended for athletes (although I was far from being one)!

Aunt Norma introduced me to my very first “haystack” - an Adventist phenomenon and one of my favorite meals to this day. After learning of my graphic design and typing service at Howard, she hired me to update her course materials for her communications classes. From there, I found myself doing business with other professors and students alike.

Several members of our family have slowly moved to Maryland to be closer to one another. I like to think that Aunt Norma started that migration and is the reason so many of us have made our home here.

In a bittersweet way, it is through Aunt Norma’s passing that I’ve come to hear and understand her life journey better. While she is no longer with us on this earth, it’s through the stories and the tributes that continue to pour in, I can almost taste Aunt Norma’s delicious food, hear her laughter, and deeply feel her enduring love for those she held near.





## **Tribute from Marva Shand McIntosh**

Dear Anthea Francis,

On behalf of the International Listening Association (ILA), we extend our heartfelt condolences to you and your family on the passing of your beloved mother, Dr. Norma Goodlett.

Dr. Goodlett was a valued member of the ILA and during her time with us, proudly served as the sole representative from Jamaica. Her presence reflected the global spirit of our association and underscored the importance of listening as a bridge across cultures and communities. We are deeply grateful for the perspective, warmth, and dedication she shared with our international community.

Please know that the ILA family joins you in honoring her life and legacy. May her memory continue to inspire listening, learning, and love in all who were blessed to know her.

With sympathy and respect,

On behalf of the ILA Board and Members

Marva Shand McIntosh  
President, International Listening Association

