

Afterglow

I'd like the memory of me to be a happy one.
I'd like to leave an afterglow of smiles when life is done.
I'd like to leave an echo whispering softly down the ways,
Of happy times and laughing times and bright and sunny days.
I'd like the tears of those who grieve to dry before the sun;
Of happy memories that I leave when life is done.

— *Author unknown*

Acknowledgements

The family wishes to express their sincere gratitude to all those who have supported us during this time of loss.

Special thanks to Sylvia Richardson Care Facility's Staff.

*Edna Mae Phipps, Pansy Matthews, Carlene Askia, Georgerika Ellis,
Brittney Robinson, Dee Ann Burrows, Cheryl Gadet & Mona Trott*

May God bless you all.

— *The Anderson Family*

A wake will follow at the Royal Artillery Association, St. George's.

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A CELEBRATION *of Life*



Album 'Alabama' Anderson

October 16, 1941 - February 25, 2014

St. George's Seventh Day Adventist Church
Rev. Dr. Gilbert Hayward, Officiating
Saturday, March 1, 2014 • 4:00 p.m.

ALBUM ANDERSON

Order of Service

Presiding: Rev. Dr. Gilbert Hayward

Organist: Rev. Dennis Symonds

Processional Clergy and Family

Opening Song of Praise *“Every Praise”*

Prayer of Comfort Rev. Malcolm Eve

Musical Selection R.A. A.M.E. Y.A.N. Praise Team

Scriptures:

Old Testament *Psalms* 23..... Jason Anderson (Nephew)

New Testament *2 Thessalonians 4:13-18*.. Carlos Greaves (Nephew)

Obituary Sen. Renee Ming (Niece)

Musical Selection Rickeesha Binns (Niece)

Eulogy Rev. Dr. Conway Simmons

Closing Prayer..... Rev. Dr. Conway Simmons

Closing Song of Praise *“I Just Want to Praise You”*

Recessional Clergy and Family



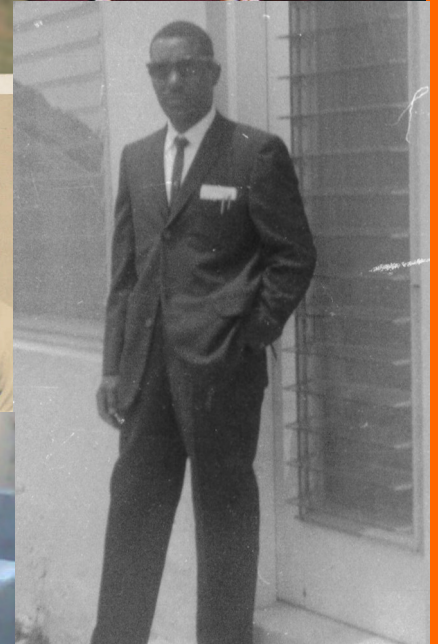
Interment

St. Peter's Church Cemetery,
St. George's.



The Famous Whistle!

Heroes Get Remembered, but Legends Never Die!



IN-GLORY MEMORIAL

Obituary

Album 'Alabama' Anderson

October 16, 1941 - February 25, 2014

Album Noel Anderson who became better known as "Alabama" was born October 16th, 1941 to Noel Wilberforce "Bummy" Anderson and Ismay Evangeline Anderson nee Ming. He was the 7th child of Ismay, the first born son Of Noel. He was one of seven boys and five girls who all grew up at 4 Clarence Street, St George's. As a young boy growing up in St George's, he hung out with his little brother Calvin, who became better known as "Nick". He attended East End Primary and St George's Secondary School. Nick and Alabama both spent a lot of time around the docks with the local fisherman. Nick started to fish with Captain Roy Taylor and Alabama used to fish with Charlie Chrisner. Roy Taylor had a hard time remembering the names Album and Calvin, so he called them "Nick and Alabama".

At around age 14 Alabama started working on boats. He traveled through the Caribbean and even to New York on the Ocean Monarch. However, he soon returned home following the death of his father Noel. He played football for St George's Cricket Club football team, but he always had a love for the ocean. He would often be seen roaming the docks, looking out for the passing sail boats; a few times he found himself a trip across the ocean, but eventually settled into his old neighborhood St George's. Sometimes he would end up in Somerset checking on his little brother Nick who worked on the Government tenders and tug boats; he admired that. Other times he would go up Somerset just for a run, which eventually lead to him participating in the May 24 Marathon Derby. Somerset to Hamilton, Hamilton to St George's and, back then, even Hamilton to St David's. Had it not been for Stanley Burgess and Alabama not taking his running skills seriously, he could have won that Derby many times. He loved to run and it was how he would burn off a lot of his energy. He ran barefoot with no shirt, but was known to wear a bandana around his head both when running and playing football. There are many stories about

how he would be chasing the top contenders and would stop along the route to go for a swim or hang out with fans and have a few drinks before getting back into the race. They used to say how he would get up to the finish line, then go back to finish with Stanley Burgess who, at these times, would come in last.

Oh boy, did he get in trouble! Alabama's police record was famous. There were a few times he went to jail more than 10 times in one year; figure that one out. Mostly being charged with being a public nuisance, drinking in public, or cursing police officers, he never went to jail for anything that would make him a hard criminal. He was even in Casemates when Buck Burrows and Larry Tacklyn were hung and has mentioned how Tacklyn fought all the way. He would go Casemates for the fun of it sometimes, bragging about how he would go there for his Christmas dinner and to sing in the choir. He was good for a laugh when in front of the judge, often making fun in court. The judge would sentence him to 30 days or \$300 fine. Alabama would reply, "You want me pay \$300, when I can go Casemates and cool out for a few days, work in the kitchen and earn enough money for a bottle when I come out?" Or tell the judge, "No police officer should talk to Bama like that, so I hit him." Often when major events happened in town, the police would put him in a cell with a few beers and food and let him out when the event was over - believing this was easier than the paper work to arrest him and knowing he would be back in a week doing the same thing.

Alabama was often the last person asleep in town and the first person up in the morning, doing his daily walk along the docks, checking sail boats and helping them with whatever he could - at a cost of course. This is how he would always be so happy, long before most people even got to work. He would stand in the middle of the street, directing traffic with his famous whistle, daring you to knock him down. He would even do it in front of the police station, daring them to stop him with a bottle in hand and all. He spent a lot of days being happy all day hanging around town, being an ambassador for St. George's or, some might say, being a damn nuisance! He often had lots of tourists falling over laughing, leaving them thinking, "Was that guy serious?" Like when he once asked a tourist, "Where you from, lady?", she replied "Alabama", and he said, "Well, how come I don't remember your mother?" Or when he said to another tourist, "My name is Jesus, what's your name?", the tourist, looking at him seriously, said, "Jesus", and Alabama sarcastically

then saying, "Yeah, and your name is Jesus too." But Alabama wasn't always a nuisance. He would help tourists with directions and give them information about the town, being the good ambassador for St George's that he was. He would help local ladies by carrying their groceries or whatever he could to assist anyone around town for a dollar or two. He would even get in trouble taking Robertson's Drug Store's newspapers from the early morning drop offs and offering them out for half the price. That was until Miss Rothwell caught up with him and made him do chores around the store, but not without him asking for a dollar or two before he left.

Alabama became well known in the sailing world from greeting the sailboats as they arrived, and letting their lines go when they left. The sailors would often return asking, "Is Alabama still around?..." he looked after me the last time I was here." Even the tourists would come back asking, "Where is Alabama? I don't hear him whistling." That famous whistle would echo around the town; you would hear it long before you saw him. He was known all over the island, from end to end, for his running around the field during Cup Match or even football games. He could be seen running alongside the players while telling the linesman, "Get out of my way, Bama coming." At times, Alabama found himself kicked out of the club grounds because he was more exciting than the game going on. Calling out to Carlos, "Over here, Bird, I got it." He was recognized for his character and his notoriety often. People would pay him to have their picture taken with him also. An image of him even ended up on the famous mural at the Maritime Museum of Bermuda. We could go on and on about the many stories of Alabama, but we wouldn't get him to the grave before dark.

In his last days his knees gave out on him, but not his willpower. He was given residence at the Silvia Richardson Home, where he lived until his passing. Even all the beautiful ladies at Silvia Richardson fell in love with him, but don't ask why. He was well taken care of and the family would like to thank the staff from the bottom of our hearts. He is survived by his mother, Ismay Steede; three brothers, Leslie, Clifton, and Phillip; three sisters, Quillard, Dorothy, and Francine; many nieces and nephews, great-nieces and nephews, and even many great-great-nieces and nephews - way too many to mention.

In the last few days, as many have mentioned, a legend has passed.

Every Praise

Every praise is to our God.
Every word of worship with one accord
Every praise, every praise is to our God.

Sing hallelujah to our God
Glory hallelujah is due our God
Every praise every praise is to our God.

God my Savior
God my Healer
God my Deliverer
Yes He is, yes He is

Yes He is, yes He is [repeat]

Every praise is to our God.
Every word of worship with one accord

Every praise every praise [repeat]
Is to our God

I Just Want to Praise You

I just want to praise you
Forever, and ever, and ever
For all you've done for me

Blessings and glory, and honor
They all belong to you
Thank you Jesus
For blessing me