



Geraldine H. Williams

January 4, 1934 - September 24, 2025

Geraldine H. Williams

Affectionally known to many as Dean, or Gerri, Geraldine Hilderine Williams was born and raised in Willikies, Antigua and Barbuda, British West Indies, to Beatrice Dublin and Claudius Joseph (both deceased) on January 4, 1934.

Dean came from humble beginnings, did not have much of a formal education, but was strong-willed, determined, driven, and sought out a better life for herself. In her late teens and early twenties, Dean gave birth to two sons, Elderfield and Chandy. From an early age, Dean's mother had taught her how to cook, and she used that training, knowledge, and God-given talent and carved out an honorable living for herself and her family.

Wanting a better life and needing to provide for herself and her children, Dean made the difficult decision to leave Antigua and briefly relocated to the island of St Croix in the US Virgin Islands. During this time, Dean stayed with family, worked various jobs, saved her money, before finally relocating to St Thomas where she established her roots and eventually, over time, became a naturalized US citizen. Dean had another child, a daughter, Jackie.

During her early years in St Thomas, and being a single mom, Dean worked various cooking jobs in the restaurant industry to make ends meet and take

care of her children. She eventually landed a job as a chef at Driftwood Inn, an Italian restaurant, where she worked from 3pm to 11pm, 6 days a week, for many years. During this period, Dean got married and later divorced. Being the sole primary caregiver to her daughter, and now to her niece and nephew, who she unofficially adopted and took in as her own, Dean eventually needed to work two full-time jobs to keep a roof over her family heads and food in her children's stomachs.

In our household, Dean became mother, father, disciplinarian, and primary breadwinner. Dean eventually saved enough money and qualified for a bank loan and was able to purchase her first home in Annas Retreat, locally known as Hidden Valley. It was a proud day for us when we moved into our brand-new home and each of us had an opportunity to have our own bedrooms.

On Sundays, Dean would take the family to church as she was a God-fearing woman who loved the Lord and wanted her children to know the Lord. Dean had a beautiful voice and loved to sing the hymns in church and at home. Dean never complained, was always willing to help others, and her love for you was real and unconditional. Her home was always open if someone needed a place to stay because they were either transitioning or going through a difficult time in their lives. Dean was always willing to help and freely gave what she had to others.

Dean later played a significant role in raising and taking care of two of her partner's children during their young and formative years. They came to St Thomas from Haiti and spoke very little English, which was challenging at first. Dean was patient, and with the passage of time, helped them to assimilate, and taught them how to speak and understand English.

Her other passions in life were cooking and gardening, and she was excellent at both. Cooking for others was just one way that she showed unconditional love for her family, friends and neighbors. It was pure and was from her heart.

After years of working in many kitchens, and preparing meals for thousands, Dean retired and in 2010, relocated to Philadelphia, PA where she lived out her remaining years with her daughter. Dean's laughter and smile were infectious. She was a tough, brave, hard-working, beautiful human being who was determined to have a better life for herself, her daughter and her family. As an immigrant, she was able to achieve and live the American dream. Dean was a God-fearing woman, a faithful and trusted friend who was appreciated, respected and loved by many.

She is survived by:

Mother: Beatrice Dublin (deceased)

Father: Claudius Joseph (deceased)

Daughter: Jacqueline M. Smith

Sons: Chandy Hunte, Ezzard Elderfield Challenger (deceased)

Special Friends: Pierre Latortue, Esther Smith, Bertha Samuels, Karen Faison Brown

2nd Mother to: Peterson Latortue, Myrtha Moll, Gladys Jean-Jacques, Guerlyne Latortue, Maggy Latortue, and Ester Fils

Siblings: Wilma James (deceased), Esterlyn Joseph (deceased), Italis Joseph (deceased), James Joseph (deceased)

Grandchildren: Fitzroy Hunte, Auriel Hunte, Kevin Hunte, Kelisa Hunte, Rhonda Challenger, Chanel Challenger

Great Grandchildren: Jonathan Hunte, Daniel Hunte, Rachel Hunte, Shaneka Challenger, Shanoira Challenger, Makiel Challenger, Keon Challenger

Great Great Grandchildren: Ezren Hunte, Kairo Hunte, Zayden Challenger

Cousins: Ima Joseph, Elma Jean Adams, Evelyn Joseph (deceased)

Nieces: Jenelyn James, Carolie Ward Walker (deceased), Gwendolyn James (deceased)

Nephews: Glenroy James (deceased), Keithroy James (deceased), Oriel James (deceased)

Great Nieces: Nicole McGuire Pearson, Shenelle Mercer

Great Nephews: Christian Ward, Jr., Kenneal Smith, Keemo Smith, K'Shawn Smith, Kory Smith, Kareeb Smith (deceased)

Great Great Nieces: Kasiah Smith, K'Siyah Smith, Ky'Nirah Smith, Kali Smith, Selena Ward, Zynia Ward, Zynae Ward

Great Great Nephews: Nia Ward, Nijah Ward, Malekai Ward, Kyan Smith, Kyiel Smith

The family would like to extend their heartfelt thank you to everyone who has reached out and offered their condolences and kind words in remembrance and in the spirit of my mother.

Previous Events

Memorial Service

NOV **22**. 10:00 AM (ET)

Church of St. Asaph
27 Conshohocken State Road
Bala Cynwyd, PA 19004
rodger@chadwickmckinney.com

Interment will follow the memorial service.

Tribute Wall

BH

“ Jackie, my sister-friend,

Losing a mother leaves a space in one's heart that no one else can fill. A mother is your first teacher and a constant source of strength. Her love is quiet but powerful—always there, steady, unwavering, and full of grace.

I know this loss, and I know there are no words that can truly ease the pain. It is profound, no doubt. But even in the midst of grief, I am amazed by the strength you are showing. Ms. Geraldine must be so proud as she watches over you.

I pray you find comfort in the beautiful moments you shared, the lessons she taught, and the love that will never fade. Though she may be gone from sight, she will never be gone from your heart. I'm here for you—whether you need to talk, hang out, or just watch the Eagles and sip some wine. Whatever you need, whenever you need it.

With deepest sympathy and all my love during this difficult time,

Brenda

Brenda Howard - November 20, 2025 at 02:28 PM

JS

“ Affectionately known as Dean, or Geri, you always thought of others first, you never complained, you were always willing to help others, and your love was real and unconditional. A day has not gone by where I haven’t given thanks to the Almighty that you were my mother. You are the strongest person that I know. For many years, you sacrificed and worked two full-time jobs to keep a roof over our heads and food in our stomach. We were not rich by any means, but we never wanted or needed anything either. You always found a way to provide for me, Bannon and Gwendolyn, and later for Peterson and Meta. You came from humble beginnings, did not have much of a formal education, but you were strong-willed, determined, driven, and sought out a better life for yourself. Your mother taught you how to cook and you used that training, knowledge, and talent and carved out an honorable living for yourself and your family. I believe the saying goes, if you love what you do, you never have to work a day in your life. Your loves, and your passions in life were cooking and gardening, and you were excellent at both. Everyone loved your food, and we had every local plant, flowers, fruits and vegetables imaginable in our front and backyards. Cooking for others was just one way that you showed unconditional love for your family, friends and neighbors. It was pure and was from your heart. The funny thing is, is that you never ate any of the food that you cooked at any of the restaurants where you were employed be it Driftwood Inn, Frenchman’s Reef, or Morning Star. That wasn’t the kind of food that you grew up with. You did love your fresh fish, fungus with okra, and ground provision. I remember calling you on many occasions asking you how to prepare one of your many specialties, and you always took the time to give me step-by-step instructions. Our home was always open if someone needed a place to stay because they were going through a difficult time in their lives. You were always willing to help and freely gave what you had to others. I never saw or heard you ever take advantage of anyone. That was not your nature. Thank you for helping to shape the woman and the human being that I am today. I am the product of two immigrants who truly loved and protected me and for that, I am forever grateful. You worked hard and bought and

paid for our house. You became a homeowner, and you did it on your own. You achieved the American dream. You did more than most people who were born and raised in this country. You were my first role model, and I am who I am today as a testament of your love, discipline, trust, understanding, and always believing in me. I was proud of you, and I hope that I made you proud of me. You thought me to be strong, to be independent, to speak my mind, to be kind and respectful, to stand up for myself, to always be honest and truthful, to stay positive and optimistic and God-fearing. And to also have a sense of humor. Every day with you was indeed a gift and I am happy to have spent the last 15 years of your life with you. I really miss your smile and your laughter, and even our mother-daughter disagreements. You always told me that when you were gone, that I would miss you and you were right. I miss you EVERYDAY. You were an amazing mom, and I knew that you always had my back and that I could always count on you no matter what. Your love for me was pure and unconditional. You will always be in my thoughts and in my heart and I will love you forever until we meet again. It was my sincere honor being your daughter. Job well done. Life well-lived. R.I.P. Mommy.

*Your Loving Daughter,
Jackie (aka Mimi)*

Jackie Smith - November 03, 2025 at 02:50 PM