



Kenneth Hibbert

November 8, 1929 - July 3, 2021

Kenneth Constantine Hibbert; also called Mas Ken, Ken, Papa Kenneth, daddy, the boss; was born in Havana, Cuba. His father Benjamin Hibbert went there on a work program and his Mother Ms. Rodriguez was a native of Cuba. As a lad he was kidnapped from his mother by his father and taken to Jamacia. There he was raised by Lola Hibbert, his stepmother along with his brother George. He was the second of five sons for his father. His brothers Liebert, George, Findley, and Altman all preceded him in death. As a young man he took a lot of pride in his physique. He had a boxing ring in his yard along with weights and skipping ropes. He was well-toned and chiseled in his musculature and this coupled with his charm and charisma made him irresistible to the females. In addition, he had the gift of gab and often said he is lover and not a fighter. In the aftermath there are 25 children to prove this point. (Three of which preceded him in death; Basil (Bunny) the oldest, Charles his third and Yonne Marie his 8th child). He

maintained his physique for most of his life and in his sixties, he was able to sit on the exercise bike with his feet under the handles, arms clasp behind his head and lay backwards with his upper body suspended in air and repeatedly do sit ups. His massive heart attack in 2015 began the downward spiral in his health and as you are all aware he departed on July 3rd of this year in Gwinnett Hospital Lawrence Ville Atlanta at the age of 91. He was equally driven by ambition and left no stones unturned in his career pursuits. He started out at Latore: a foundry that made metal products. He then went on to work as a correctional officer in the prison system and was impactful in his discourse with some of the inmates whom he persuaded to make a new start in life on their release. While there he got involved in the credit union and for many years, he did the financial report and addressed all the questions and concerns the members had at their annual dinner event. He also lectured math and accounts on a part time basis at St. Georges High School. After leaving the prison system he became a civil servant and worked at the Ministry of Pensions and Social Security. While I was in nursing school at the University of the West Indies, he was also on campus furthering his studies in math and accounts. One day I was called down to the lobby because

a young man came to visit me. When I went downstairs and saw him, I said, that is no young man that is my father. They did not believe me and talked about how ripped he looked.

Needless to say, he told me to gather some friends and he took five of us to Port Henderson

to have fish and bammy. After the meal he danced with all five of us at the same time as we

formed a circle around him on the dance floor. They all said you have such a cool dad.

Which brings me to the next point. He is an extrovert and lived his life to the fullest. He

hosted parties of his own and was constantly attending functions. Sundays was a beach day

and we looked forward to these trips. There were so many of us stuffed in the car, you would

think there were two rows of seat in the back as we sat on laps. Looking back, I realize he

was just fattening his eyes on those trips. He would say “boonununus mon cheri the father

was having a good day when he made that one”.

His resources were stretched thin because he had so many children and some of them felt

left out. But he passed on the values of having a good education to achieve your means in

life. That of having good work ethics and constantly striving to improve your livelihood. He

frowned on human depravity but said he believed that no matter how vile a person is, they

deserve a second chance. In his later life he talked about making it right with

his maker. He said he confessed his wrongs and was willing to turn his life around. If nothing else this is the one legacy, we all need to impart with. That of making it right with our maker.

Leave to grieve him are His wife, Yvonne; children: Olive (Daughter), Yvonne (Joyce), Lloyd

(Owen), Barbara (Dawn), Marcia, Douet, Dwight, Jackie, Kenton, Carol, Kim, Kurt, Kevin,

Samantha, Kenneth, Stacy, Kenisha, Richard, Mark, Christopher, Kaylyn and Kavonnie;

stepchildren: Angela Joy, Ian, Karen and Latia, and if that was not enough, he also had

several adopted children as well, 59 grandchildren, 49 great-grandchildren, five great-greatgrand-children, nieces, nephews, cousins, friends and associates.

Tribute Wall



“ *Our thoughts and prayers are with the family.
Continue to rely on God and know that he hears your prayers,
because he cares for you. Truly sorry for your loss.*

Evans family - August 02, 2021 at 05:39 AM