

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The family wishes to extend sincere thanks to everyone who in one way or the other gave us a source of strength and support during this most difficult time.

We are indeed truly grateful.

Thank You

ORDER OF SERVICE

Opening Prayer	Elder Roland Delsol
Congregation Praise	<i>It is Well with my Soul Master of the Wind Royal Telephone</i>
First Reading:	<i>I Thessalonians 4: 14-18 Elder Calvin Jenkins</i>
Congregation Praise	<i>O I want to See Him</i>
Tribute in Song	<i>Sis Federica Winston</i>
Second Reading:	<i>1 Corinthians 15: 51-58 Elder Michael Simmonds Jr</i>
Tribute in Song	<i>Sis Jemma Alexis</i>
Eulogy	<i>Angele Sedra-Scotland</i>
Tribute in Song	<i>Zachariah Roberts</i>
Tribute in Song	<i>Qahal Yahweh Youth Choir</i>
Exhortation:	<i>Elder Lyndel A Williams to introduce Elder Joseph Sedra</i>
Collection:	<i>The El on the Mountain</i>
Prayer for the Family	<i>Elder Felix Thomas</i>
Recessional	<i>There is a Fountain</i>



GRAVESIDE HYMNS:

*When the roll is call up Yonder
Won't it be Wonderful There*

IT IS WELL

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast
taught me to say, it is well, it is well, with my soul

*It is well, it is well
With my soul, with my soul
It is well, it is well, with my soul.*

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blessed assurance control,
That Yahshua regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
My sin, not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the tree, and I bear it no more,
Praise Yahweh, praise Yahweh, O my soul!

And Yah, haste the day when my faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
The trumpet shall resound, and Yahweh shall descend,
Even so, it is well with my soul.



PRECIOUS YAHSHUA DON'T FORGET

Many times my soul is overburdened,
Many times I'm prone to disobey,
But to thee, dear Yahshua I am praying
Keep me in the straight and narrow way,
Precious Yahshua ever linger near me,
Help me stem the battles that are met
Keep me ever in thy blessed keeping
Precious Yahshua don't forget.

*Don't forget me, precious Yahshua,
Lest I wander away,
Be my Saviour, and companion,
Every hour of the day,
Lead me safely, through the valley,
And the shadows of night,
Don't forget me, precious Yahshua,
Keep me ever in thy sight*

There are times, when I am disappointed
Sorely tempted by a wicked race,
But I love the precious name of Yahshua
And I cling to thy protecting grace,
Don't forget me, Yahshua don't forget me
Be my light through sorrow and regret,
Keep thy spirit daily watching o'er me,
Precious Yahshua don't forget.

Be my guide, Through life's uneven journey
Lead me safely to the journey's end
There's no other one so true and faithful
None on whom indeed I can depend?
I would ever labour in thy harvest,
Till at last the harvest sun is set
And when I walk the lonesome valley
Precious Yahshua don't forget



WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER

When the trumpet of Yahweh shall sound, and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

- ***When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.***

On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Yah shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share;
When His chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Let us labor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun,
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care;
Then when all of life is over, and our work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.



MASTER OF THE WIND

My boat of life
Sails on a troubled sea,
When there is a wind in my sail.
But I have a friend
Who watches over me.
When the breeze turns into a gale

***I know the Master of the wind,
I know the Maker of the rain;
He can calm a storm,
Make the sun shine again
I know the Master of the wind.***

Sometimes I soar,
like an eagle to the sky,
Among the peaks my soul can be found;
But an unexpected storm
May drive me from the heights,
It may bring me low,
But never bring me down.



1 THESSALONIANS 4:14-18

¹⁴For if we believe that Yahshua died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Yahshua will Yahweh bring with him.

¹⁵For this we say unto you by the word of Yahweh, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of Yahshua shall not prevent them which are asleep.

¹⁶For Yahshua himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of Yahweh: and the dead in Messiah shall rise first:

¹⁷Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet Yahshua in the air: and so shall we ever be with Him.

¹⁸Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

1 CORINTHIANS 15:51-58

⁵¹Behold, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,

⁵²In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

⁵³For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

⁵⁴So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

⁵⁵O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

⁵⁶The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.

⁵⁷But thanks be to Yah, which giveth us the victory through our Yahshua the Messiah.

⁵⁸Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of Yahweh, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in Yahweh.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains (x3)
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in His day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away (x3)
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed of the earth
Be saved, to sin no more (x3)
Till all the ransomed of the earth
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die (x3)
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave (x3)
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.





Memories...

...are the pillars on which we rest our grief.



OH I WANT TO SEE HIM

As I journey through the land, singing as I go,
Pointing souls to Calvary—to the crimson flow,
Many arrows pierce my soul from without, within;
But my El leads me on, through Him I must win.

- *Oh, I want to see Him, look upon His face,
There to sing forever of His saving grace;
On the streets of glory let me lift my voice,
Cares all past, home at last, ever to rejoice.*

When in service for my El dark may be the night,
But I'll cling more close to Him, He will give me light;
Satan's snares may vex my soul, turn my thoughts aside;
But my El goes ahead, leads whate'er betide.

When in valleys low I look toward the mountain height,
And behold my Savior there, leading in the fight,
With a tender hand outstretched toward the valley low,
Guiding me, I can see, as I onward go.

When before me billows rise from the mighty deep,
Then my El directs my bark; He doth safely keep,
And He leads me gently on through this world below;
He's a real Friend to me, oh, I love Him so.



ROYAL TELEPHONE

Central's never "busy," always on the line;
You may hear from heaven almost any time;
'Tis a royal service, free for one and all;
When you get in trouble, give this royal line a call.

- *Telephone to glory, oh, what joy divine!
I can feel the current moving on the line,
Built by Yah's the Father for His loved and own,
We may talk to Yahshua through this royal telephone.*

There will be no charges, telephone is free,
It was built for service, just for you and me;
There will be no waiting on this royal line,
Telephone to glory always answers just in time.

Fail to get the answer, Satan's crossed your wire,
By some strong delusion, or some base desire;
Take away obstructions, Yah is on the throne,
And you'll get your answer through this royal telephone.

If your line is "grounded," and connection true
Has been lost with Yahshua, tell you what to do:
Prayer and faith and promise mend the broken wire,
Till your soul is burning with the Pentecostal fire.

Carnal combinations cannot get control
Of this line to glory, anchored in the soul;
Storm and trial cannot disconnect the line,
Held in constant keeping by the Father's hand divine.

