

**Service of Celebration and Thanksgiving  
For The Life  
Of**



*Kenneth Jenner Carlyle Armour*

**December 20th 1960— January 29th 2021**

**Ebenezer Methodist Church  
Thursday 25<sup>th</sup> February 2021  
Service:2:00pm**

**OFFICIATING PASTOR:**  
Reverend Rev. Andrine J. Joseph  
assisted by Bro. Julien Jeremy

**INTERMENT:** Blenheim Estate

## **Order Of Service**

### **Opening Sentences**

**Hymn:**

God Moves In A Mysterious Way

**Prayer:**

**Tributes:** Isaac Saney

**Formal Remembrance:**

Read By Reginald T. A. Armour

**Hymn:**

To God Be The Glory

### **Ministry Of The Word**

**Old Testament:**

Isaiah 38: 1-6(Jenner Armour Jr. )

**Responsive Psalm:**

Psalm 46

**Epistle:**

Romans 5: 1-10(Andrew Armour)

**Hymn:**

Another Mountain Another Mile

**Gospel:**

Luke 4:1-13 Rev. Joseph

**Sermon:** .....

### **The Apostles Creed**

**Offering:**

What A Friend We Have In Jesus

**Prayers Of Thanksgiving:**

**Commendation & Lords Prayer**

**Hymn:**

Guide Me Oh The Great Jehovah

**Benediction:**

**Closing Sentences:**

### **Graveside Burial**

**-Committal**

**-Prayers**

**-Blessings**

*Order of service continuation*

**Graveside Hymns**

It Is Well

I'll Fly Away

This World Is Not My Home

When The Roll Is Called

Because He Lives

Amazing Grace

Rock Of Ages

Across The Bridge

Precious Lord

**God moves in a mysterious  
way**

God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never failing skill  
He treasures up His bright designs  
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err  
And scan His work in vain;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

**To God be the glory**

To God be the glory, great things  
He hath done, So loved He the  
world that He gave us His Son,  
Who yielded His life an  
atonement for sin, And opened  
the life-gate that all may go in.

**Praise the Lord, praise the  
Lord, Let the earth hear His  
voice; Praise the Lord, praise  
the Lord, Let the people  
rejoice; Oh, come to the Father,  
through Jesus the Son, And give  
Him the glory; great things He  
has done.**

Oh, perfect redemption, the  
purchase of blood, To every  
believer the promise of God; The  
vilest offender who truly believes,  
That moment from Jesus a pardon  
receives.

Great things He hath taught us,  
great things He hath done, And  
great our rejoicing through Jesus  
the Son; But purer, and higher,  
and greater will be Our wonder,  
our rapture when Jesus we see.

## Psalm 46

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

**Therefore we will not fear, though the earth should change, though the mountains shake in the heart of the sea;**

Though its waters roar and foam, though the mountains tremble with its tumult. Selah

**There is a river whose streams make glad the city of God, the holy habitation of the Most High.**

God is in the midst of the city; it shall not be moved; God will help it when the morning dawns.

**The nations are in an uproar, the kingdoms totter; he utters his voice, the earth melts.**

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah

**Come, behold the works of the Lord; see what desolations he has brought on the earth.**

He makes wars cease to the end of the earth; he breaks the bow, and shatters the spear; he burns the shields with fire.

**“Be still, and know that I am God! I am exalted among the nations, I am exalted in the earth.”**

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

**We stand for the Glori Patti -**

## Another Mountain

You led your people out of darkness You fed them all along the way You gave them courage to continue You offered them a brighter day

***Another mountain, another mile  
Another journey but not much  
time Another road to travel,  
another mile Another journey  
Lord, But not much time***

You sent your son to be with us He came and walk across the land He talked a lot about his father And now you hold us in your hand

You raised your son to the living You made him Lord over all You promised us Lord that we shall rise with him But only if we hear his call

He promised he would send his spirit The one who walks in spite of storms He is there and we believe in him No need for us to be alone

## *The Apostles' Creed*

I believe in God, the Father  
almighty, creator of heaven and  
earth.

I believe in Jesus Christ, his only  
Son, our Lord,

He was conceived by the Holy  
Spirit,  
born of the Virgin Mary,  
suffered under Pontius Pilate,  
was crucified, died, and was buried;  
he descended to the dead.

On the third day he rose again;  
he ascended into heaven,  
he is seated at the right hand of the  
Father,

He will come to judge the living  
and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Spirit,  
the holy catholic Church,  
the communion of saints,  
the forgiveness of sins,  
the resurrection of the body,  
and the life everlasting.

**Amen.**

## *What a friend we have in Jesus*

What a friend we have in Jesus,  
all our sins and griefs to bear!

What a privilege to carry  
everything to God in prayer!  
O what peace we often forfeit,  
O what needless pain we bear,  
all because we do not carry  
everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged;  
take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful  
who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness;  
take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,  
cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Savior, still our refuge;  
take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake  
thee?

Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
In his arms he'll take and shield  
thee;  
thou wilt find a solace there.

**Guide me, O Thou great  
Jehovah**

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land.  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.  
Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more;  
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing stream doth  
flow; Let the fire and cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through.  
Lead me all my journey through.  
Strong deliverer, strong deliverer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield;  
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of deaths, and hell's  
destruction, Land me safe on Ca-  
naan's side. Songs of praises, songs  
of praises, I will ever give to Thee;  
I will ever give to Thee.

**I'll Fly Away**

Some glad morning when this life is  
o'er, I'll fly away; To a home on  
God's celestial shore, I'll fly away  
(I'll fly away).

***I'll fly away, Oh Glory  
I'll fly away; (in the morning)  
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by,  
I'll fly away (I'll fly away).***

When the shadows of this life have  
gone, I'll fly away; Like a bird from  
prison bars has flown, I'll fly away  
(I'll fly away)

Just a few more weary days and  
then, I'll fly away;  
To a land where joy shall never end,  
I'll fly away (I'll fly away)

**GRAVESIDE HYMNS**

**It is well**

When peace, like a river, attendeth  
my way, When sorrows like sea bil-  
lows roll; Whatever my lot, Thou has  
taught me to say, It is well, it is well,  
with my soul.

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

Though Satan should buffet, though  
trials should come, Let this blest  
assurance control, That Christ has  
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 cross, and I  
bear it no more, Praise the Lord,  
praise the Lord, O my soul!

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

## *This World Is Not My Home*

This world is not my home, I'm just  
a passing thru, My treasures are  
laid up somewhere beyond the blue;  
The angels beckon me from  
Heaven's open door, And I can't  
feel at home in this world anymore.

*O Lord, you know I have no friend  
like you, If Heaven's not my  
home, then Lord what will I do?*

*The*

*angels beckon me from Heaven's  
open door, and I can't feel at home  
in this world anymore.*

They're all expecting me, and that's  
one thing I know. My Savior par-  
doned me and now I onward go;  
I know He'll take me thru tho I am  
weak and poor, And I can't feel at  
home in this world anymore.

I have a loving mother up in glory-  
land. I don't expect to stop until I  
shake her hand; She's waiting now  
for me in Heaven's open door, And  
I can't feel at home in this world  
anymore.

Just up in gloryland we'll live  
eternally. The saints on ev'ry hand  
are shouting victory. Their songs of  
sweetest praise drift back from  
Heaven's shore. And I can't feel at  
home in this world anymore.

## *When the roll is called up yonder*

When the trumpet of the Lord 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 Christ 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 labour 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.

## *Because He lives*

God sent His son, they called Him,  
esus; He came to love, heal and for-  
give; He lived and died to buy my  
pardon, An empty grave is there to  
prove my Savior lives!

**Because He lives, I can face tomor-  
row, Because He lives, all fear is  
gone; Because I know He holds the  
future, And life is worth the living,  
Just because He lives!**

How sweet to hold a newborn baby,  
And feel the pride and joy he gives;  
But greater still the calm assurance:  
This child can face uncertain days  
because He Lives!

And then one day, I'll cross the river,  
I'll fight life's final war with pain;  
And then, as death gives way to  
victory, I'll see the lights of glory  
and I'll know He reigns

## *Amazing grace*

Amazing grace! how sweet the  
sound, that saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost but now am found,  
was blind but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to  
fear, and grace my fears relieved;  
how precious did that grace appear  
the hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils, and  
snares, I have already come;  
'tis grace hath brought me safe thus  
far, and grace will lead me home

The Lord has promised good to me,  
his word my hope secures;  
he will my shield and portion be  
as long as life endures.

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall  
fail, And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

When we've been there ten  
thousand years, bright shining as  
the sun, we've no less days to sing  
God's praise than when we'd first  
began.



## Rock Of Ages

Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me  
hide myself in thee, let the water and  
the blood, from thy wounded side  
which flowed, be of sin the double  
cure, cleanse me from its guilt and  
power.

Not the labours of my hands, can  
fulfill thy law's demands, could my  
zeal no respite know, could my tears  
forever flow, all for sin could not  
atone, thou must save, and thou  
alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring, simply  
to thy Cross I cling, naked, come to  
thee for dress, helpless, look to thee  
for grace. Foul, I to the fountain fly,  
wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
when my eyelids close in death,  
when I soar through tracts unknown,  
see thee on thy judgement throne,  
rock of ages, cleft for me, let me  
hide myself in thee.

## Across The Bridge

I had lived a life of sin in this world  
were living in I had done forbidden  
things I shouldn't do I met a beggar  
along the way, and I asked him  
where to stay Where I'd find real  
happiness and love that's true

*Across the bridge, there's no more  
sorrow Across the bridge, theres' no  
more pain The Sun will shine  
across the river And you'll never be  
unhappy again*

Just follow footsteps of the King and  
you'll hear the voices sing They'll be  
singing out the glory of the Lamb  
The river of Jordan will be near, the  
sound of trumpets you will hear  
You'll behold the sweetest voice ever  
known to man

Many in this worldly throng  
traveling in the paths of wrong  
Never stop to pray and find the  
Savior true There's a grand and  
glorious place where we'll meet Him  
face to face In a happy land beyond  
the starry blue

## Precious Lord

Precious Lord, take my hand,  
Lead me on, let me stand,  
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn;  
Through the storm, through the  
night, Lead me on to the light:

*Take my hand, precious Lord,  
Lead me home.*

When my way grows drear,  
Precious Lord, linger near,  
When my life is almost gone,  
Hear my cry, hear my call,  
Hold my hand lest I fall:

When the darkness appears  
And the night draws near,  
And the day is past and gone,  
At the river I stand,  
Guide my feet, hold my hand:

## Eulogy

*Celebrating with Ken One of my eternal and fondest memories of our brother Ken, which so defines who he was, who he became and always will be, is the childhood memory of one particular Christmas morning. I remember well that Santa Clause had given Ken a gift under the tree: a battery powered motorised car which did all manner of four wheeler and reverse tricks!!! Ken put that car through paces the manufacturers never imagined; by evening he had dismantled the car; rebuilt it as a battery powered boat, propeller and all and we were motoring around in my concrete fish pond! That was his aptitude from a very early age, his passion amongst his engines, the independent minded mechanical innovator that he was. Ken's other passion was the land. He loved the land. From a very early age he was out there, rearing his livestock. And he loved a Cook by the River! True I was the elder brother but he led the way. We would leave the house, walking to the beach with our friends chatting casually amongst ourselves; suddenly, without so much as a break in stride Ken's rifle would snap down from his shoulder, or up from the hip. One Shot! We now had a goat, slung onto sticks cut from the wild guava trees on the estate and carried the rest of the way to the River, to season and cook!! He had little time for my less exciting hunting with Catapults (Sling Shots) so I was very grateful to my big sister, Zandra who re-affirmed my hunting prowess: She stuffed and baked the birds I brought home after a day of Sling Shot hunting!! Thank you, Zan!! How I remember those childhood and Teenage days, growing up, riding horses, playing cowboy and Indian: David, Andrew and Fitzroy taking us through our paces on*

*“Goldie”, at full gallop astride a blanket only. No saddle! There were the separations that drew us apart: We lived at Wesley. To go to High School there was Roseau (me), Goodwill (Zan) and Portsmouth (Ken), where we lived with family and friends in the week. We came together as a family with Mum and Dad only on weekends and holidays. We began to embark on our early adult choices and roads, University and Secretarial School, whilst our brother Ken affirmed his adult roots in Dominica. He began teaching at St. Andrews High School, Londonderry and made his mark. To this day I meet very accomplished Men and Women who ask: You’re Ken’s brother? And then, with obvious respect and a fond smile, they all say “Ken taught me”. A spoken Testament! Dad helped him embed those roots, strengthening that umbilical connection at an early age, giving him his own Title to part of Eden on Sea, where he built his own home. Mum and Dad continued to give him wise counsel, to broaden his horizons: Ken arrived at St. Mary’s University, Halifax, reading for two degrees including his Law Degree, going on to develop his law practice and forging strong bonds and friendships. We hear from his close friend Isaac about those very happy days when Ken explored and found so much of himself. He 2 lived a good life and continued to develop his compassionate side, hidden behind that wry mischievous smile. How many of us know? That in his time in Halifax, whilst living a full, busy professional life, whilst buying and refurbishing for himself his home and his rentals, Ken worked throughout on evening shift, voluntarily, at a Home, with kindness and compassion caring for elderly men? And throughout, Ken built on his dream to return to Dominica and to transform Eden on Sea.*

*His commitment to sustainable farming formed the basis of a Thesis that he wrote at St. Mary's. Throughout, he was crossing the length and breadth of Nova Scotia, buying farm equipment and with which he returned to Dominica in 2017. The dream was to make of Eden on Sea a model of sustainable farming, with minimum use of chemicals and maximum use of the richness of Dominica's natural resources. He returned with 15 years of accumulated farm equipment and on the strength of a Thesis for which he was acclaimed at St. Mary's. He returned to breathe life into his dream and with a consuming passion, which suffered neither platitudes nor fools. That is our brother. And. Then. Came. Maria! I remember flying into Dominica after Maria to ensure that Ken and Dad were safe. For four (4) days I had lost all contact with them. I flew from Trinidad to St. Lucia and, on Venezuelan helicopters hitchhiked from Saint Lucia to Cane Field Airport - from Cane Field to Douglas Charles Airport. Zandra's Son in Law, Gregory (Mr. Bionic!) joined me from St. Lucia. I remember that day when I walked onto the front lawn of our family home. With that nonchalant slouching walk and that signature wry smile on his lips, Ken walked to me from behind our almost destroyed family home, put out his hand to me and said simply "Brother. I knew you would come". I hugged him. Our Dad emerged. We hugged again. It was a good homecoming. Ken, Gregory and I slept in hammocks in what was left of the back verandah, with Ken telling us of the point in those pre-dawn hours of Maria's assault, when he realised that the roof of the house was lifting off and, he took Dad by the hand into the only secure hurricane shelter in the house, the concrete bathroom of Dad's bedroom. Gregory and I spent three weeks with them, helping them as best we could to begin the process, still unfinished, of starting to put the pieces back together. Ken was never the same after that. Maria had turned his life upside down. He found it difficult to put it back together. He was a very proud man, an island unto himself. He did not reach out and ask for help nor did he complain. In his suffering - those three years into January 2021, the shattering of his dream, the upside down condition of his 3 world - he pushed people away.*

*How much he had suffered I only began to appreciate in our conversations in those last few months before he passed, when he began to open up. When I called Lola, his close friend and former law partner in Nova Scotia in those last few days of January to give her the news, I found out for the first time that he had been discussing with her that he needed a break, and that he might return to Canada for a while. I was overjoyed to hear, and myself to experience, that he had begun opening his window to the sunlight and, that he was reaching out to those of us who loved him. In those last weeks we spoke often. One of the happier days of my life was three days before he passed. He called me and we spoke at length, an unburdening joyous conversation - celebrating the sunlight streaming back in, though the yet present fury of Maria. ...and so here we are today... Our Brother - that outwardly tough man; the inner compassionate man; the Dreamer yet the most Practical amongst us. We love you Ken. You, who embodied so much of our own dreams. We do not say goodbye my Brother ... I shall spend much time with you in continuing our celebration of who you are... For Zandra (and her family), Dad, Mum, for my family, for the Armour family and for Ken's Godson, Luke.*

*20th February 2021  
Reginald T. A. Armour*

# Acknowledgement

The Armour family wishes to extend our sincerest appreciation to everyone for their prayers, support and messages of condolence at the passing of our beloved Ken. It is through your warmth and sincere wishes that we have felt your love and comfort it is this love that has given our family the strength during this difficult times.

May God Bless you all

**Pall Bearers:** Jenner Armour Jr., Paul Armour, Gerald Armour, Andrew Armour, Dafar Armour Shillingford and Wayne Cools-Latige



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