

Olga Scott

We Thank You

We will always remember with deep gratitude your many kind words of sympathy which were a source of comfort to us at the passing of our loved one.

***The Family of the late
OLGA ELTINA SCOTT***

There will be no reception after the burial since the family would prefer to spend this time in quiet reflection.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES ENTRUSTED TO:

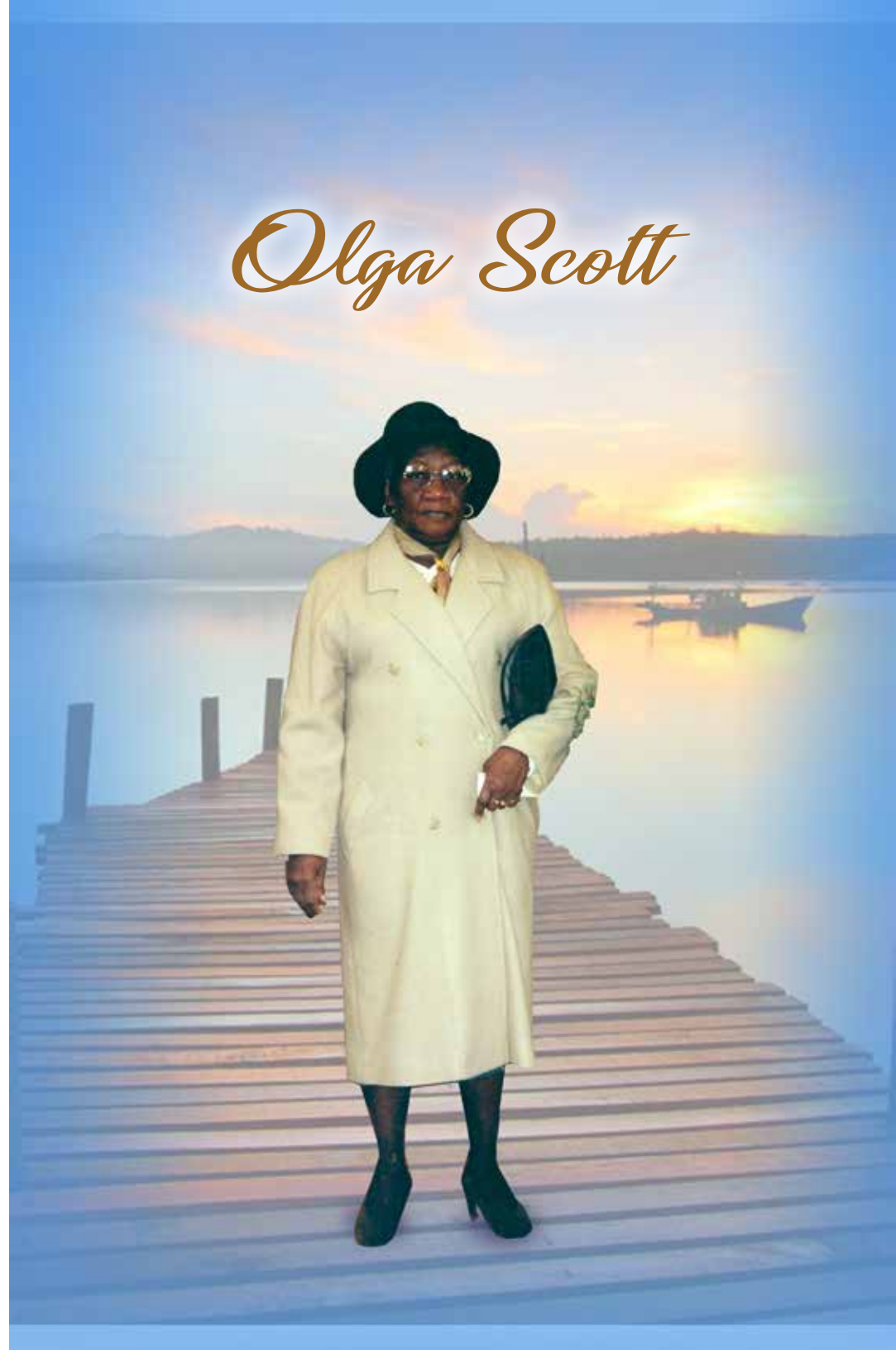
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And if you thought her sense of style was frozen in a particular generation, think again! I have vivid memories of her chastising my mother for picking out clothes that weren't in style. I can still hear her saying in an exasperated tone "Joan, the young people are not wearing those anymore!"

Nan was frugal. Frugal and capable of exacting a bargain from the most rigid of merchants. I thoroughly enjoyed going to Ridley Market with Nan. The only vendors who hadn't made the acquaintance of Mrs. Scott were perhaps those that had only just set up the day she visited. If the selling price was 10 quid Nan was going to work that vendor down to at least 8. Often times the subject of the haggling was a skirt – which invariably she was going to alter, with grandad providing support on the overlocking machine. I have never understood how with zero technology other than the tv or phone, Nan knew which corner shop had the oranges at 6 for 1 pound and which had 6 for 99p – but she knew and it was the source of many an entertaining argument between her and grandad if he was sent out and came back with oranges purchased from the wrong place.

One day in a rare moment she explained that while she knew they lived a comfortable life and lacked for nothing, she recalls her and Irvin raising a family and having to stretch every dollar to ensure that every child had what they needed and it was a habit she wouldn't deviate from. Indeed it is a habit she instilled in all of her children. She often told me "a little with content is great gain"

Nan loved intensely even if quietly. It was shown in the way she hand washed your clothes, the way she ironed them – right down to grandad's boxers, the ceremony with which she pressed my wedding dress, the way in which every evening no matter how late I came in from school there was a plate of food in the microwave. Lastly, we saw it in the way her eyes lit up and danced when she looked at her Irvin.

I know she is in heaven now, with her God whom she loved and served without question.

Rest well Nan – you deserve it.

**A SERVICE OF PRAISE & THANKSGIVING
for the life and witness of**



Olga Eltina Scott

Sunrise
July 12, 1924

Sunset
March 28, 2020

of Rock Hall, St. Thomas
Formerly of Clapham Christ Church and London, UK

THURSDAY, APRIL 02, 2020 at 10:00 a.m.

**CHRIST CHURCH CEMETERY
Christ Church**

Officiating Minister
Reverend Adrian S. Odle

KINDLY SILENCE ALL CELL PHONES

Order Of Service

Opening Sentences

Hymn #235 *Blessèd Assurance, Jesus Is Mine*

Prayer

Declaration of Purpose

Tribute *Andrea Power*

The Word of God

Gospel: *John 14:1-6 & 27*

Meditation *Rev. Adrian S. Odle*

The Apostles' Creed

Thanksgiving

Commendation

The Lord's Prayer

Committal

At The Graveside

HYMNS

- *When We All Get To Heaven*
- *What A Friend We Have In Jesus*
- *When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder*

Tribute

Olga Eltina Scott was born on July 12, 1924. She was the fourth child and second girl born to George and Annie Harper of Clapham, Christ Church. She married Irvin Scott at the age of 20 and remained his faithful partner and loving wife for 75 years, 11 months and 2 days. Together they had five children, two of whom preceded her in death.

Anyone who has known either my grandmother or grandfather, knows that it is impossible to speak about one without mentioning the other, for after 75 years they are two sides of the same coin.

One could best sum up the woman that we knew as mother, grandmother and great grandmother, as serenely quiet, uncontentious and dutiful to a fault. But don't let that quietness fool you. The woman I called Nan was exceptionally sharp-witted with a sense of humour. She wasn't one for showing much emotion or affection but as they say, by her deeds she was known.

Grandad for as long as I can remember – all the way back to his latter days working with the British Rail – was never allowed to exit the front door of 83 Woodside Gardens looking anything but impeccably turned out! I watched many an early morning as Nan laid out from undershirt back to socks for grandad while quietly muttering that no one belonging to her must go on the street looking anything but their best. If, as he was prone to doing at times, grandad missed the wardrobe memo for that day and he came down in an unapproved ensemble, rest assured he was being sent back upstairs to put on exactly what she had picked out for him.

And who could blame her? Her sense of style and coordination was unmatched! On many a trip to London, Nan would tell mum on the phone not to pack too many clothes. When we arrived Nan would relish in pulling out trunk loads of clothing to outfit mum. She too wasn't allowed to venture even to the High Road without first having her attire approved.

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.

Refrain:

**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.



Blessèd Assurance, Jesus Is Mine

Blessèd assurance, Jesus is mine:
 O what a foretaste of glory divine!
 Heir of salvation, purchase of God;
 Born of his Spirit, washed in his blood:

Refrain:

**This is my story, this is my song,
 Praising my Saviour, all the day long.
 This is my story, this is my song,
 Praising my Saviour, all the day long.**

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
 Visions of rapture burst on my sight;
 Angels descending, bring from above
 Echoes of mercy, whispers of love:

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
 I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
 Watching and waiting, looking above,
 Filled with his goodness, lost in his love:



Gospel

John 14:1-6 & 27

1 Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

2 In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

3 And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

4 And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

5 Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

6 Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

27 Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.



What A Friend We Have In Jesus

What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and grief 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 the load of care?
Precious Saviour, 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.



When We All Get To Heaven

Sing the wondrous love of Jesus,
Sing His mercy and His grace;
In the mansions bright and blessed,
He'll prepare for us a place.

Refrain:

**When we all get to heaven,
What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all see Jesus,
We'll sing and shout the victory.**

While we walk the pilgrim pathway,
Clouds will over spread the sky;
But when trav'ling days are over,
Not a shadow, not a sigh.

Let us then be true and faithful,
Trusting, serving ev'ry day;
Just one glimpse of Him in glory
Will the toils of life repay.

Onward to the prize before us!
Soon His beauty we'll behold;
Soon the pearly gates will open,
We shall tread the streets of gold.

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 power of the Holy Spirit
and was born of the Virgin Mary.
He 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, and is seated at the
right hand of the Father.
He will come again 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.



