

pallbearers

Harry Howard
Garfield Jemmott
Wayne Wilson

Hensley Gajadar
Allan Grant
Morris Jones

Harry Husbands

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
THEOPHILUS JEMMOTT***

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

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES ENTRUSTED TO:

Downes and Wilson Funeral Home

Eagle Hall, St. Michael, Barbados, W.I.

Tel: (246) 429-8129 / 427-2232 Fax: (246) 435-0815

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DAILY LOCAL news

FRIDAY, MAY 14, 2021

BARBADOS, W.I

10:00AM



A SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING

THEOPHILUS JEMMOTT

AGED: 94

of Barracks Road, Bank Hall,
St. Michael,
Formerly of Parris Gap,
Westbury Road, St. Michael

**CASSIA LAWNS,
CORAL RIDGE
MEMORIAL GARDENS
The Ridge, Christ Church**

Officiating Minister
Pastor Nicholas Chambers

The Clock Of Life

The Clock of Life is wound but once
And no one has the power
To tell just where the hands will stop
At late or early hour
To lose one's wealth is sad indeed
To lose one's health is more

To lose one's Soul is such a loss
As no one can restore
The present only is our own
To seek to do God's will
Tomorrow holds no promise for
The Clock may then be still.

The Dash

*I read of a man who stood to speak
At the funeral of a friend
He referred to the dates on the tombstone
From the beginning ... to the end
He noted that first came the date of birth
And spoke the following date with tears,
But he said what mattered most of all
Was the dash between those years
For that dash represents all the time
That they spent alive on earth.
And now only those who loved them
Know what that little line is worth.
For it matters not, how much we own
The cars ... the house ... the cash
What matters is how we live and love
And how we spend our dash*

*So, think about this long and hard.
Are there things you'd like to change?
For you never know how much time is left
That can still be rearranged.
If we could just slow down enough
To consider what's true and real
And always try to understand
The way other people feel
And be less quick to anger
And show appreciation more
And love the people in our lives
Like we've never loved before
If we treat each other with respect
And more often wear a smile,
Remembering that this special dash
Might only last a little while*

*So, when your eulogy is being read,
With your life's actions to rehash ...
Would you be proud of the things they say
About how you spent YOUR dash?*

KINDLY SILENCE ALL CELL PHONES

Order Of Service

Opening Hymn *To God Be The Glory*
Prayer *Pr. Nicholas Chambers*
Hymn *And Can It Be*
Eulogy *Gloria Whittaker*
Ministry of The Word
1st Lesson:
1 Corinthians 15:51-58 *Olivia Wilson*
2nd Lesson:
John 14:1-6, 27 *Cherysse Wilson*
Tribute:
Jerusalem *Joyce Charles*
Prayer of Thanksgiving
Commendation

Interment

COMMITTAL

HYMNS

- *Amazing Grace*
- *Blessèd Assurance*
- *Through All The Changing Scenes Of Life*
- *O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go*

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.

Refrain:

**Praise the Lord, praise the Lord!
Let the earth hear his voice;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord!
Let the people rejoice:
O come to the Father,
Through Jesus the Son
And give him the glory;
Great things he hath done!**

O 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.



O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee:
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller, be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee:
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer, be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee:
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee:
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.



Through All The Changing Scenes Of Life

Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

The Hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

O make but trial of His love:
Experience will decide
How blessed are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

And Can It Be

And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! How can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me!

'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies:
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine.
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore,
Let angel minds inquire no more.

He left His Father's throne above –
So free, so infinite His grace –
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race.
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
For, O my God, it found out me!

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray –
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free.
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

No Condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine.
Bold, I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

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.

T'was 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.

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 begun.



Blessed Assurance

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

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

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Savior am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

