



*Merle Maynard*

**Sunrise**  
December 31, 1925

**Sunset**  
August 04, 2021

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  
Email: [admin@downesandwilson.com](mailto:admin@downesandwilson.com)  
Website: [www.downesandwilson.com](http://www.downesandwilson.com)

**A SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING**  
*for the life of*



*Merle Clovine*  
*Maynard née Smith*

of Murray's Land, Clevedale, St. Michael  
and 1st Avenue Weekes Land Goodland St. Michael

**WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 01, 2021 at 2:00 p.m.**

**ST. MARY'S ANGLICAN CHURCH**  
**Bridgetown St. Michael**

**Officiating Ministers**

*The Reverend Canon Wayne E. Isaacs*  
*The Reverend Nicholas Small-Warner*

**Interment**

*The Churchyard*

**Pallbearers**

**HONORARY PALLBEARERS**

Calvin Smith  
Garfield Smith  
Victor Ifill

**PALLBEARERS**

Rodney Bovell  
Adrian Bovell  
Shane Bovell  
Christopher Fagan

Rommel Goddard  
Ahdrien Goddard  
Karlos Greenidge  
John Collymore

**Ushers**

Marissa Goddard  
Alana Bovell

Marcelle Bruce  
Deborah Hall

**PHOTOGRAPHER**  
Clinton Ikenna Okeke

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**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***  
***MERLE CLOVINE MAYNARD NÉE SMITH***

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

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## This World Is Not My Home

This world is not my home  
 I'm just a passing through  
 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.

### Chorus:

**Oh 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.**

I have a loving mother  
 Just up in Gloryland  
 And 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 over in Gloryland  
 We'll live eternally  
 The saints on every 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.

KINDLY SILENCE ALL CELL PHONES

## Order Of Service

### Opening Sentences

**Solo** ..... *Nathan Richards*

**Eulogy** ..... *Shane Bovell*

**Tributes** ..... *Deborah Smith & Sheffean Walcott*

### The Reception of the Body

**Hymn #427** ..... *Through All The Changing Scenes Of Life*

### The Collect

#### 1<sup>st</sup> Bible Reading:

Lamentations 3:22-26, 31 ..... *Donna Hall*

#### Psalm 122

#### 2<sup>nd</sup> Bible Reading:

John 14:1-6 ..... *Esther Chandler*

### Homily

### The Apostles' Creed

**Hymn #496** ..... *And Can It Be*  
*(During the singing of this hymn a collection will be taken)*

### The Prayers

**Hymn #689** ..... *In Our Day of Thanksgiving*

### The Commendation

**Hymn #433** ..... *Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory*

### The Nunc Dimittis

## *At The Graveside*



### THE COMMITTAL

#### HYMNS

- *Precious Lord, Take My Hand*
  - *In The Sweet By And By*
- *When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder*
  - *This World Is Not My Home*

## *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.

### Chorus:

**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.

## In The Sweet By And By

There's a land that is fairer than day,  
 And by faith we can see it afar;  
 For the Father waits over the way  
 To prepare us a dwelling place there.

### Chorus:

**In the sweet by and by,  
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore;  
 In the sweet by and by,  
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore.**

We shall sing on that beautiful shore  
 The melodious songs of the blessed;  
 And our spirits shall sorrow no more,  
 Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

To our bountiful Father above,  
 We will offer our tribute of praise  
 For the glorious gift of His love  
 And the blessings that hallow our days.

## Through All The Changing

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.

## Psalm 122

- 1 I was glad when they said to me,  
'Let us go to the house of the Lord.'
- 2 And now our feet are standing  
within your gates, O Jerusalem;
- 3 Jerusalem, built as a city  
that is at unity in itself.
- 4 Thither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord,  
as is decreed for Israel, to give thanks to the name of  
the Lord.
- 5 For there are set the thrones of judgement,  
the thrones of the house of David.
- 6 O pray for the peace of Jerusalem:  
'May they prosper who love you.'
- 7 'Peace be within your walls  
and tranquillity within your palaces.'
- 8 For my kindred and companions' sake,  
I will pray that peace be with you.
- 9 For the sake of the house of the Lord our God,  
I will seek to do you good.

## The Nunc Dimittis

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace  
according to thy word.  
For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,  
Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people;  
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles and to be the glory  
of thy people Israel.

## Precious Lord Take My Hand

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

When the darkness appears  
And the night draws near  
And the day is almost gone,  
At the river I stand;  
Guide my feet, hold my hand,  
Take my hand, precious Lord;  
Lead me home.

## Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory

Mine eyes have seen the glory  
Of the coming of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage  
Where the grapes of wrath are stored;  
He has loosed the fateful lightning of  
His terrible swift sword,  
His truth is marching on.

### Refrain:

**Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!**  
**Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!**  
**Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!**  
**His truth is marching on.**

I have seen him in the watch fires  
Of a hundred circling camps,  
They have builded him an altar  
In the evening dews and damps;  
I can read his righteous sentence  
By the dim and flaring lamps.  
His day is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet  
That shall never sound retreat,  
He is sifting out the hearts of men  
Before his judgement seat;  
O be swift, my soul, to answer him!  
Be jubilant, my feet!  
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies,  
Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in his bosom  
That transfigures you and me;  
As he died to make men holy,  
Let us live to make all free,  
While God is marching on.

## 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.

## 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.

## The Commendation

**PRIEST:** Give rest, O Christ, to your servant with your saints.

**ALL:** Where sorrow and pain are no more, neither sighing,  
but life everlasting.

**Priest:** You only are immortal, the creator and maker of mankind; and we are mortal, formed of the earth, and to earth shall we return. For so did you ordain when you created me, saying, "You are dust, and to dust you shall return." All of us go down to the dust; yet even at the grave we make our song: Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

**ALL:** Give rest, O Christ, to your servant with your saints, where sorrow and pain are no more, neither sighing, but life everlasting.

**PRESIDENT:**

Let us commend our sister Merle to the mercy of God our Maker and Redeemer. Deliver your servant, O Sovereign Lord Christ, from all evil, and set her free from every bond, that she may rest with all your saints in the eternal habitations; where with the Father and the Holy Spirit you live and reign, one God for ever and ever. Amen.

**PRESIDENT:**

Into your hands, O merciful Saviour, we commend your servant Merle. Acknowledge, we beseech you, a sheep of your own fold, a lamb of your own flock, a sinner of your own redeeming. Receive her into the arms of your mercy, in the blessed rest of everlasting peace, and into the glorious company of the saints in light. Amen.

**PRESIDENT**

The Blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, be among you and remain with you always. Amen.

## In Our Day Of Thanksgiving

In our day of thanksgiving one psalm let us offer  
For the saints who before us have found the reward;  
When the shadow of death fell upon them,  
We sorrowed,  
But now we rejoice that they rest in the Lord.

In the morning of life, and at noon, and at even,  
He called them away from our worship below;  
But not till his love, at the font and the altar,  
Had girt them with grace for the way they should go.

These stones that have echoed their praises are holy,  
And dear is the ground  
Where their feet have once trod;  
Yet here they confessed  
They were strangers and pilgrims,  
And still they were seeking the city of God.

Sing praise, then, for all who here sought and  
Here found him,  
Whose journey is ended, whose perils are past:  
They believed in the light; and its glory is round them  
Where the clouds of earth's sorrow are lifted at last.

## The Prayers

For our sister Merle, let us pray to our Lord Jesus Christ who said, "I am the Resurrection and I am Life."

Lord, you consoled Martha and Mary in their distress; draw near to us who mourn for Merle and dry the tears of those who weep.

**Hear us, Lord.**

You wept at the grave of Lazarus, your friend; comfort us in our sorrow.

**Hear us, Lord.**

You raised the dead to life; give to our sister eternal life.

**Hear us, Lord.**

You promised paradise to the thief who repented; bring our sister to the joys of heaven.

**Hear us, Lord.**

Our sister was washed in Baptism and anointed with the Holy Spirit: Give her fellowship with all your saints.

**Hear us, Lord.**

She was nourished with your Body and Blood: Grant her a place at the table in your heavenly kingdom

**Hear us, Lord.**

Comfort us in our sorrows at the death of our sister; let our faith be our consolation, and eternal life our hope

Leader: Lord Jesus Christ, we commend to you our sister Merle who was reborn by water and the Spirit in Holy Baptism. Grant that her death may recall to us your victory over death, and be an occasion for us to renew our trust in your Father's love. Give us, we pray, the faith to follow where you have led the way; and where you live and reign with the Father and the Holy Spirit, to the ages of ages. **Amen**





