



IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Nurse Rona Henry

APRIL 2, 1948 - FEBRUARY 26, 2023

FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 2023 AT 10:00 AM
EBENEZER METHODIST CHURCH, ST.MARY'S STREET
INTERMENT - ST.JOHN'S PUBLIC CEMETERY

A beautiful life remembered

TRIBUTES

DENISE EDWARDS
CARIBBEAN UNION BANK
DONNA BELL

OPENING SENTENCES

HYMN THROUGH ALL THE CHANGING SCENES OF LIFE

PRAYERS

TRIBUTE CLAUDE CHARLES - NEPHEW

TRIBUTE ALWAYS IN MY HEART

ERIC-MICHEAL JACKMAN - GRANDSON

EULOGY - ERICA HENRY-JACKMAN - DAUGHTER

HYMN MORNING HAS BROKEN

SCRIPTURE READINGS

OLD TESTAMENT PROVERBS 31:25-31

RONALD HENRY - SON

EPISTLE 1 PETER 3:1-6

JEANNIE HENRY-DE COTEAU - DAUGHTER

HYMN LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVES EXCELLING

GOSPEL JOHN 11:17-27 - REV. DEREK C.O. BROWNE

CHORAL ITEM EBENEZER SENIOR CHOIR

SERMON - REV.DEREK C.O. BROWNE

AFFIRMATION OF FAITH APOSTLES' CREED

AMAZING GRACE - JUNIE BAPTISTE - COUSIN

PRAYERS OF THANKSGIVING

COMMENDATION

LORD'S PRAYER (SUNG)

BENEDICTION

RECESSIONAL HYMN GREAT IS THY FAITHFULNESS

THROUGH ALL THE CHANGING SCENES OF LIFE

(HYMN 245)

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

Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take
And charm their griefs to rest.

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 blest 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.



MORNING HAS BROKEN

(HYMN 500)

Morning has broken like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird
Praise for the singing
Praise for the morning
Praise for them springing fresh from the world

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven
Like the first dewfall on the first grass
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden
Sprung in completeness where his feet pass

Mine is the sunlight
Mine is the morning
Born of the one light Eden saw play
Praise with elation, praise ev'ry morning
God's recreation of the new day

Morning has broken like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird
Praise for the singing
Praise for the morning
Praise for them springing fresh from the world



LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING

(HYMN 254)

Love Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, Almighty, to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
May Thy presence e'er be with us,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thou wouldst approve,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish, then, Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory
Till with Thee we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.



GREAT IS THY FAITHFULNESS

(HYMN 22A)

Great is Thy faithfulness," O God my Father,
There is no shadow of turning with Thee;
Thou changest not, Thy compassions, they fail not
As Thou hast been Thou forever wilt be.

"Great is Thy faithfulness!" "Great is Thy faithfulness!"
Morning by morning new mercies I see;
All I have needed Thy hand hath provided—
"Great is Thy faithfulness," Lord, unto me!

Summer and winter, and springtime and harvest,
Sun, moon and stars in their courses above,
Join with all nature in manifold witness
To Thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.

Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,
Thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide;
Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow,
Blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside!



WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS

(HYMN 288A)

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 saviour, is 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 overspread the sky;
But when trav'ling days are over,
Not a shadow, not a sigh.

Let us then be true and faithful,
Trusting, serving every 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.

Refrain



IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

(HYMN 366)

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

(Refrain)

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.



BLESSED ASSURANCE JESUS IS MINE

(HYMN 235)

Blessed 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.

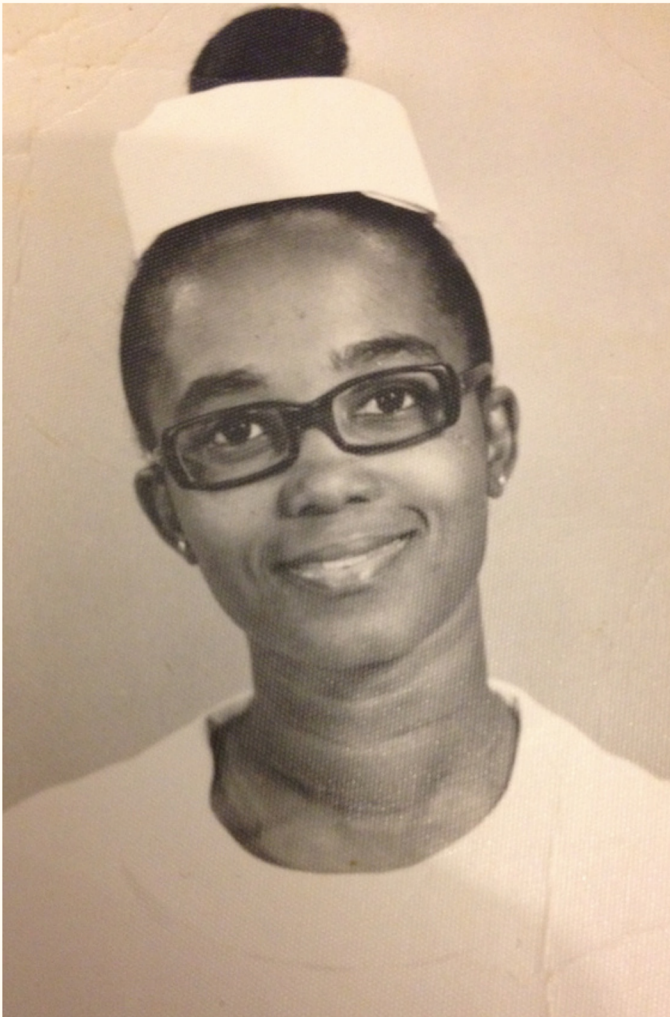
(Refrain)

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

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





*Mommy, your beautiful life
will always be remembered.*



1 Peter 3:4: "You should be known for the beauty that comes from within, the unfading beauty of a gentle and quiet spirit, which is so precious to God."

Thank You

The family of the late Nurse Rona Henry extends sincerest appreciate to all our friends and well-wishers for the expressions of love, concern and sympathy during our time of bereavement.