

Thanksgiving Service Celebrating the life of



Victor Fitzgerald Roberts

15-April-1940 - 12-October-2020

*I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.
2 Timothy 4:7*

*Church of God Full Gospel Hall, George Town
Saturday 24th October 2020 10:00am*

OFFICIATING MINISTERS

Bro. Dale Forbes

Bro. Clarence Campbell

Bro. James Arch Cert. Hon. JP (Ret.)

PIANIST

Sis. Esther Jackson

INTERMENT

Private Cemetery, Church of God Full Gospel Hall, Savannah

ORDER OF SERVICE

Musical Prelude.....	Church of God Full Gospel Hall Choir
Opening Remarks/Prayer.....	Bro. Dale Forbes
Congregational Hymn.....	I'm Pressing on the Upward Way
Scripture Reading.....	Sis. Emmie Jane Jackson
Prayer for the Family.....	Bro. James Arch
Congregational Hymn.....	Farther Along
Tribute – Wife.....	Karen Baptiste
Tribute – Rayle.....	Oneisha Richards-Scotland
Tribute – Oneil.....	Shaunna Noble
Tribute – Cecil.....	Jenna Richards
Tribute – Grandchildren.....	Prerecorded
Tribute – Siblings.....	Prerecorded
Tribute – Church of God Full Gospel Hall.....	Bro. Tommie Bodden
Tribute – Seafarers.....	Denniston Tibbetts
Song.....	Sis. Guillermina Ebanks
Life Story.....	Hon. Kurt Tibbetts
Sermon.....	Bro. Clarence Campbell
Hallelujah Square/Hymn.....	Mr. Glarman Grant
Benediction.....	Bro. Dale Forbes
Recessional.....	Sis. Esther Jackson

Pallbearers

Rayle Roberts
 Oneil Roberts
 Cecil Roberts
 Roger Smith
 Chester Hurlston
 Horace Walters Jr.

Honourary Pallbearers

Damian Powell
 Horatio Walters
 William Richards
 Vetol Wright
 Harlee Hurlston
 Jack Smith

Ushers

Carmen Wilson-Hanlon
 Andrea Singh
 Miriam Berry

 Guest Book Attendants
 Judith Witter
 Aida Jackson



On the Other Side of Death

Death is a gateway we all must pass through
To reach that fair land where the soul's been born anew,
For man's born to die and his sojourn on earth
Is a short span of years beginning with birth...
And like pilgrims we wander until death takes our hand
And we start on our journey to God's promised land,
A place where we'll find no suffering nor tears,
Where time is not counted by days, months or years...
And in this fair city that God has prepared
Are unending joys to be happily shared
With all of our loved ones who patiently wait
On death's other side to open "the gate"!

Life Story

Victor Fitzgerald Roberts was the last child born to the late Vernal Adolphus Roberts and Hilda Agatha Forbes Roberts. He was born on April 15th, 1940 in Four Paths Clarendon, Jamaica. Victor spent his early childhood years in Jamaica with his parents and older siblings. When he was ten years old his mother passed away. Victor was left to be cared for by his father, two sisters and a brother. They all adored their little brother and lovingly cared for him. He attended Four Paths Elementary School and excelled in all his grades.

At the tender age of 16 years old, Victor moved to Grand Cayman to join his uncle, the late Harold G. Forbes and his wife, Rhoda V. Forbes. Victor was a very industrious young man. He approached his tasks with dexterity and skills. He worked hard and achieved at the highest level of expectations. With this attitude and his determination to succeed, he did not allow his youth to be a hindrance to his desire to climb the ladder.

He undertook various jobs in the construction industry, in department stores and in the hotels. Victor was a people person and soon became acquainted with men and women who were involved in island living, and also with those who were making their living on the ocean. After a time, like other men of his day, he sought for opportunity to venture out to deeper waters. His dreams became a reality and the day came when he accepted the call and joined the National Bulk Carriers and other known ships of the day as a chief cook. As an ambitious man with high expectations, he worked hard, impressed those around him and was promoted to a steward in the kitchen department. Life was not a bed of roses but he had a goal and was compelled to fulfil it at the cost of sweat and tears. On August 8th, 1969 Victor celebrated the birth of his first son, Richard Fitzgerald Roberts who tragically preceded him in death on May 30th, 2000.

Over the years, Victor made many trips out to sea, but would return home to Grand Cayman and then to Jamaica to visit his friends and family. In August 1971, while visiting his relatives in Jamaica, he met the love of his life, Maxine May Walters. They were both happily attending the church's convention service. Maxine, the first child of the late Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Walters, grew up in a sheltered environment and was quite comfortable among her parents and siblings. This made Victor very reluctant to approach her parents to ask permission to marry, so he returned, broken-hearted, to Grand Cayman. They kept the line of communication open and on another visit to Jamaica he worked up the courage to visit the Walters' residence with his older brother. His brother led him to ask the relevant questions. Mr. Walters was one who believed in prayer so he told him they would pray about it. They did. God cleared up the insecurities and on July 29th, 1972 Victor and Maxine were united in marriage in the little country of Thompson Town Jamaica. Victor was very happy and on August 6th, 1972 he proudly returned to Grand Cayman with his wife.

Both were saved and so it was an easy adjustment because they trusted God and built their lives on His promises. Because of the economic hardships of the day, Victor had to leave his wife and return to sea. While on one of those trips, their first son, Rayle, was born. He was very disappointed to have missed the pleasure of welcoming the birth of their first son and pledged to not let history repeat itself. He made one final trip back to sea and got home in time for the birth of their second son, Oneil. Four years later the couple was blessed with their third and last son, Cecil.

Out of the lowest depths, Victor, Maxine and their three sons found the path to the loftiest heights. Jesus said in Luke 6:38, Give and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again. Life continued. Victor now had a wife and three sons to support. He fasted and prayed for a job. God opened the way and he went out again into the work force. This time with Her Majesty's Prison Service, where he strived hard and made excellent progress. He left an unwavering impression on the officers, community officers and prisoners. Family ties got stronger as they welcomed the coming of their grandchildren. Victor was very conscious of the era of declining values and prayed earnestly for their development. He envisioned some of the hardships they might face and made plans with their futures in mind. Victor loved life and God helped him to live it to the fullest. The memories we shared are precious and rare. They will remain with us.

Victor is survived by his wife, Maxine; sons, Rayle, Oneil and Cecil; daughters-in-law, Monique, Danielle and Kimberly; grandchildren, Nya, Kira, Jaiden, Nalani and two unborn grandchildren; brother, Eric; and sisters, Gladys and Elsa. He was preceded in death by his son, Richard and daughter-in-law, Estella.

On the 12th of October 2020, Rayle and Maxine witnessed Victor take a gentle breath from life to death. They knew he was taking his final step from this world into a beautiful, promised future, as envisioned in Psalms 116:15: Precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of his saints.

SERVICE AT THE GRAVESIDE

Opening Remarks.....	Bro. Dale Forbes
Prayer.....	Br. Horace Walters
Family Floral Tributes	
Committal.....	Bro. Dale Forbes
Hymns.....	Congregation
What a Day that Will Be	
Precious Memories	
This World is Not My Home	
Benediction.....	Bro. Dale Forbes

What a Day That Will Be

There is coming a day when no heartaches shall come
No more clouds in the sky -- no more tears to dim the eye
All is peace forevermore, on that happy, golden shore
What a day, glorious day that will be

Refrain: What a day that will be when my Jesus I shall see
When I look upon his face, the One who saved me by His grace
When He takes me by the hand and leads me through the Promised Land
What a day, glorious day that will be.

There'll be no sorrow there, no more burdens to bear
No more sickness, no pain, no more parting over there
And forever I will be with the One who died for me
What a day, glorious day that will be.

Precious Memories

Precious memories, unseen angels
Sent from somewhere to my soul
How they linger, ever near me
And the sacred scenes unfold

Precious father, loving mother
Fly across the lonely years
And old home scenes of my childhood
In fond memory appear

I remember mother praying
Father, too, on bended knee
Sun is sinking, shadows falling
But their prayers still follow me

Precious memories, how they linger
How they ever flood my soul
In the stillness of the midnight
Precious, sacred scenes unfold

In the stillness of the midnight
Echoes from the past I hear
Old-time singing, gladness bringing
From that lovely land somewhere

As I travel on life's pathway
Know not what the years may hold
As I ponder, hope grows fonder
Precious memories flood my soul

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

I have a precious mother
Up in glory land,
I don't expect to stop
Until I clasp her hand;
For me she's waiting now
At heaven's open door,
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

O Lord, I know, I have no friend like you
If Heaven's not my home, O Lord what can I do?
The angels beckon me from Heaven's open door
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore

The saints in glory land
Are shouting victory,
I want to join their band
And live eternally;
I hear the sweetest praise
From heaven's open door
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

My Saviour pardoned me
From guilt and shame I know,
I'll trust His saving grace
While trav'ling here below;
I know He'll welcome me
At heaven's open door,
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.