

Service of Thanksgiving for the Lives of



Quincy Gay Bothwell

2nd March, 1939 -
2nd January, 2021

James Stafford Ebanks

22nd February 1940 -
6th January, 2021

John Gray Memorial Church
West Bay, Grand Cayman
Saturday, 9th January, 2021
3:00 pm



Officiating Ministers
Rev. Dr. Yvette Noble-Bloomfield
Rev. Louis Sully

Organist
Ms. Katherine Jackson, Cert., Hon

Song Leader
Mrs. Gerry Robinson

Interment at the West Bay Cemetery



Order of Service

Words of Comfort	Rev. Dr. Yvette Noble-Bloomfield
Hymn	<i>What a Fellowship</i>
Prayer	Rev. Louis Sully
Choir	<i>While Angels Roll</i>
Poem - <i>God's Garden</i>	Mrs. Lisa Schirn
Tribute in Song from Wife	Hon. W. McKeeva Bush, OBE, JP, Hon. MSc., MP
Obituaries	Mrs. Carol Ann Ebanks
Hymn	<i>The Lord's My Sheperd</i>
Scripture	Mr. Bryan Bothwell
Sermon	Rev. Dr. Yvette Noble-Bloomfield
Hymn	<i>I Am Thine O Lord</i>
Prayer	Rev. Louis Sully
Hymn	Because He Lives
Benediction	Rev. Dr. Yvette Noble-Bloomfield

Pallbearers

- Mr. John Bothwell
- Mr. Mark Bothwell
- Mr. Shane Bothwell
- Mr. Robbie Cribb
- Mr. William Ebanks
- Mr. Franklin Thompson, Jr.



Pallbearers

- Mr. Jordan Ebanks
- Mr. Tommy Ebanks
- Mr. Clay Groves
- Mr. Denby Groves
- Mr. David Hawkins
- Mr. Jerome Jackson

Memorial Register Attendants

- Miss Amy Bothwell
- Ms. Maria Fairclough

Ushers

- Mrs. Gwendolyn McLaughlin
- Mrs. Wendy Stenning

- Ms. Cindy Tiofilo
- Ms. Laura Ebanks

Service Hymns

WHAT A FELLOWSHIP

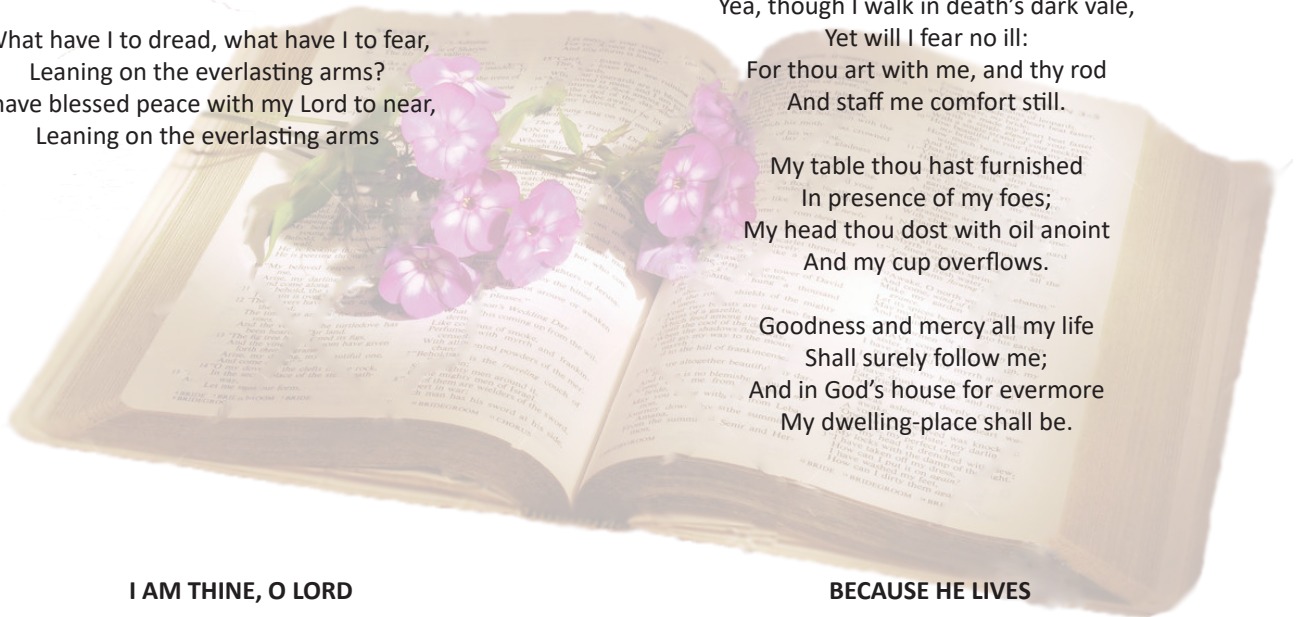
What a fellowship, what a joy divine,
Leaning on the everlasting arms;
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

Refrain

Leaning, leaning,
Safe and secure from all alarms,
Leaning, leaning,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

O how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way,
Leaning on the everlasting arms;
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

What have I to dread, what have I to fear,
Leaning on the everlasting arms?
I have blessed peace with my Lord to near,
Leaning on the everlasting arms



THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

Refrain

He lives, He lives, He lives,
I know that my Redeemer lives
He Lives, He lives, He lives within my heart.

My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill:
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

I AM THINE, O LORD

I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith
And be closer drawn to Thee.

Refrain

Draw me nearer, nearer blessed Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died.
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer blessed Lord,
To Thy precious, bleeding side.

O the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God
I commune as friend with friend!

There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

BECAUSE HE LIVES

God sent His Son, they called Him Jesus
He came to love, heal and forgive;
He bled and died to buy my pardon
An empty grave is there to prove my Saviour lives.

Refrain

Because He lives; I can face tomorrow.
Because He lives; all fear is gone
Because I know, He holds the future,
And life is worth the living just because He lives.

How sweet to hold a newborn baby
And feel the pride and joy He gives,
But greater still that calm assurance
This child can face uncertain days because He lives.

And then one day I'll cross that river
I'll fight life's final war with pain,
And then as death gives way to victory
I'll see the lights of glory and I'll know He lives.

Graveside Service

Scriptures Sentences	Rev. Dr. Yvette Noble-Bloomfield
Hymn	<i>Sing the Wondrous Love of Jesus</i>
Prayer	Rev. Dr. Yvette Noble-Bloomfield
Committal	Rev. Dr. Yvette Noble-Bloomfield
Hymns	Congregation
<i>When the Trumpet of the Lord Shall Sound</i>	
<i>I'll Fly Away</i>	
<i>We Have an Anchor</i>	
Benediction	Rev. Dr. Yvette Noble-Bloomfield

I'LL FLY AWAY

Some glad morning when this life is o'er,
I'll fly away;
To a home on God's celestial shore,
I'll fly away.

Chorus:
I'll fly away, Oh Glory
I'll fly away;
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by,
I'll fly away.

When the shadows of this life have grown,
I'll fly away;
Like a bird from prison bars has flown,
I'll fly away.

Just a few more weary days and then,
I'll fly away;
To a land where joys shall never end,
I'll fly away.

WE HAVE AN ANCHOR

Will your anchor hold in the storms of life,
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
When the strong tides lift and the cables strain,
Will your anchor drift, or firm remain?

Refrain

We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll,
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love.

It is safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand,
For 'tis well secured by the Saviour's hand;
And the cables, passed from His heart to mine,
Can defy that blast, thro' strength divine.

It will surely hold in the Straits of Fear,
When the breakers have told that the reef is near;
Though the tempest rave and the wild winds blow,
Not an angry wave shall our bark o'erflow.

When our eyes behold through the gath'ring night
The city of gold, our harbour bright,
We shall anchor fast by the heav'nly shore.
With the storms all past forevermore.

SING THE WONDROUS LOVE OF JESUS

Sing the wondrous love of Jesus,
Sing His mercy and His grace
In the mansions right 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;
Just one glimpse of Him in glory
Will the toils of life repay.

Let us then be true and faithful,
Trusting, serving every day;
But when traveling days are over,
Not a shadow, not a sigh.

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.

WHEN THE TRUMPET OF THE LORD SHALL SOUND

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



Acknowledgement

The families of the late Quincy Gay Bothwell and James Stafford Ebanks extends thanks to all their relatives and friends, for your prayers and support during their illness and passing. Your kind expressions of sympathy are greatly appreciated during our time of bereavement. Special thanks to the Management and Staff of The Pines Retirement Home, our Church family at John Gray Memorial Church, Bud's caretaker Ms. Rita San Pedro, Dr. Nelson Iheonunekwu, Dr. Christian & Mr. Scott Ruby and the staff of Bodden Funeral Service.