

Service of
Thanksgiving And Remembrance
For the Life of



Turly Albert Ebanks

June 01, 1957- August 24, 2021

Wesleyan Holiness Church,
North West Point, West Bay
September 11, 2021
11:00 am

Officiating:
Reverend John Case

Pianist: Sister Betty Case

Organist: Reverend John Case

Interment at Saint Mary's Garden of Rest Cemetery
Willie Farrington Drive West Bay.

Order of Service

Prelude	Sister Betty Case
Opening Remarks	Reverend John Case
Hymn "Amazing Grace"	Congregation
Prayer	Brother Garrett Haylock
Scripture Reading" Psalm 46"	Alice Ebanks
Hymn "Sweet By and By"	Congregation
Song Dedicated by Sister Geane Ebanks	" Joy comes in the morning" by Jimmy Swaggart
Tribute in Song from Mother	Jewel Ebanks 'One day at a time"
Tributes:	
From Mother	Hon. Andre Ebanks JP
From Daughter	Jewel Ebanks
From Siblings	Alice Ebanks
From Aunt Gloria and Family.....	Alice Ebanks
Obituary	Hon. Bernie Bush JP
Sermon.....	Reverend John Case
Hymn "Precious Memories"	Congregation
Benediction	Reverend John Case

Order of Leaving Church

Reverend Case, Casket/Pall Bearers, Immediate Family, Congregation

Pallbearers

Michael Blackburn
Elvis Ebanks
Greg Ebanks

Shamar Grant
Benny Welds
Ted Welds

Honorary Pallbearers

Hon. Andre Ebanks JP
Hon. Bernie Bush JP

Carlyle Ebanks
Denny Ebanks

Ushers

Kelley Ebanks
Shushanna Ebanks

Guest Book Attendant

Susan Lawrence

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.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved
How precious did that grace appear
the hour I first believed.

Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come,
'Tis grace hath 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 first begun.

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.

Refrain: In the sweet by and by,
we shall meet on the beautiful shore,
In the sweet by and by,
we shall meet on the beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
the melodious songs of the blest,
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.

Precious Memories

Precious memories, unseen angels
sent from somewhere to my soul
How they linger, ever near me
and the sacred past unfold.

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

Precious Father, loving Mother
Fly across the lonely years,
And old home scenes of my childhood
in fond memory appear.

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

I remember Mother praying,
Father too, on bended knee
Sun is sinking, shadows falling
But their prayers do follow me.

Graveside Service

Prayer	Reverend John Case
Hymn "The Old Rugged Cross"	Congregation
Act of Committal	Reverend John Case
Hymn "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder"	Congregation
Benediction	Reverend John Case

The Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
the emblem of suffering and shame;
And I love that old rugged cross where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

Refrain: So I'll cherish the old rugged cross.
Till my trophies at last I lay down
I will cling to the old rugged cross
and exchange it some day for a crown.

O' the old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
Has a wonderous attraction for me;
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above
To bear it to dark Calvary.

In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
a wonderous beauty I see;
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died to pardon
and sanctify me.

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,
Its shame and reproach gladly bear;
Then He'll call me some day to my home far away,
When His glory forever I'll share.

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.

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 labor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun,
Let us talk of all his wonderous 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

*Perhaps you said a prayer
Perhaps you sent a lovely card,
Or sat quietly on a chair,
Perhaps you sent a floral piece,
If so, we saw it there;
Perhaps you spoke a kind word, as any friend could say
Perhaps you were not there at all, just thought of us that day.
Whatever you did to console our hearts,
We thank you.
God bless you all,
The Ebanks Family*