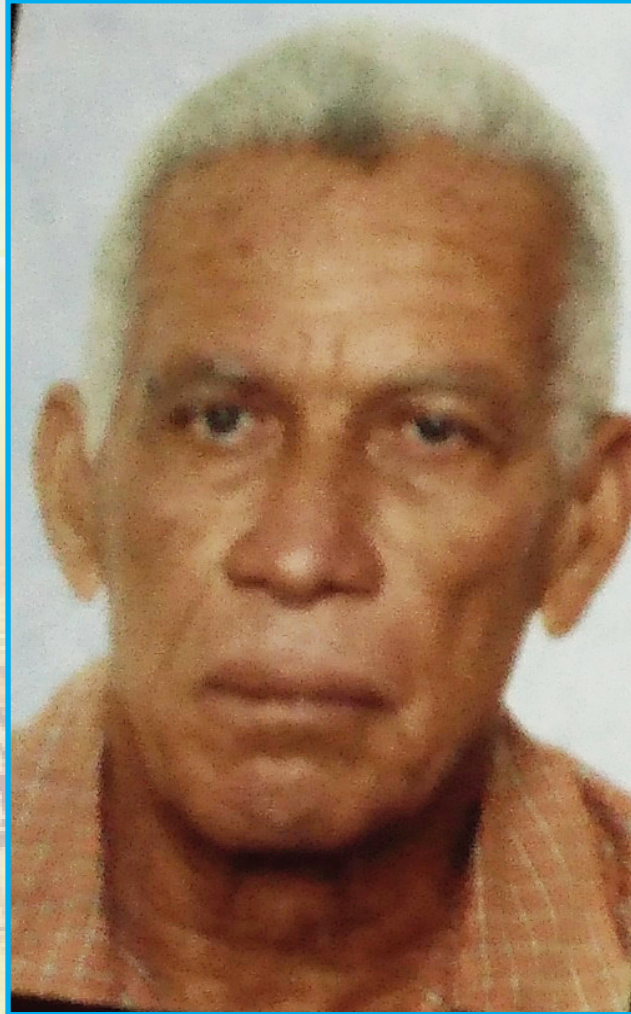


# Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of



## **Harold Arston Ebanks**

21 November, 1931 - 7 September, 2021

North Side Church of God

Sunday, 19 September, 2021

3:00 pm

Officiating Minister

Pastor Dale Forbes

Organist

Interment at the North Side Cemetery

## Order of Service

|   |                        |
|---|------------------------|
| Opening Remarks & Words of Comfort .....                | Pastor Dale Forbes     |
| Opening Prayer .....                                    | Pastor Dale Forbes     |
| Hymn - "Rock of Ages" .....                             | Congregation           |
| Scripture Reading - Psalm 107: 23- 26- .....            | Lucille Douglas        |
| Tribute from Grand Children .....                       | Nikita Ebanks-Muirhead |
| Tribute from Siblings .....                             | Alex Johnson           |
| Tribute from Children .....                             | Terry Forbes           |
| Life story .....  | Markita Ebanks         |
| Sermon .....  | Pastor Dale Forbes     |
| Prayer for the Family                                   |                        |
| Closing Hymn - "Brightly Beams our Father Mercy " ..... | Congregation           |
| Benediction   |                        |
| Ring of the bell (Seafarers Association ) .....         | Andrew Eden            |

### Pallbearers

Hank J. Ebanks  
Kevaughn Ebanks  
Gareth Ebanks

Cruz Smith  
Carson Scott  
Douglas Ebanks

### Honorable Pallbearers

Roger Ebanks  
Rolin Chisholm  
Richard Smith

### Usherettes

Margrett Ashley

### Guest Book Attendant

Michell Barrett

### Rock of Ages

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure;  
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Not the labor of my hands  
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyes shall close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

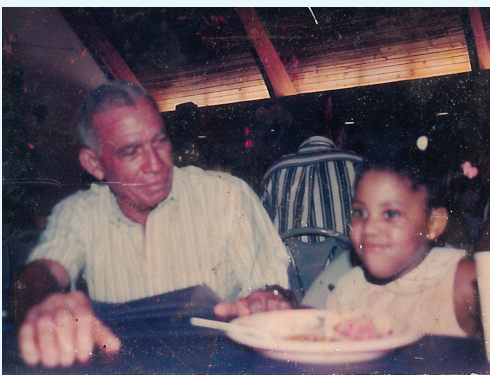
### Brightly Beams our Father Mercy

From his lighthouse evermore,  
But to us he gives the keeping  
Of the lights along the shore.

Let the lower lights be burning;  
Send a gleam across the wave.  
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman  
You may rescue, you may save.  
Loud the angry billows roar.  
Eager eyes are watching, longing,  
For the lights along the shore.

Let the lower lights be burning;  
Send a gleam across the wave.  
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman  
You may rescue, you may save.  
Some poor sailor, tempest-tossed,  
Trying now to make the harbor,  
In the darkness may be lost.

Let the lower lights be burning;  
Send a gleam across the wave.  
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman  
You may rescue, you may save.



Three generations take part: Temeka Scott, 6, holds hands with her grandfather Mr. Harold Ebanks and aunt, Mrs. Beatrice Chisholm. North Side photos by Carol Winker

## Graveside Service

|   |                    |
|---|--------------------|
| Hymn "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" .....      | Congregation       |
| Prayer .....                              | Pastor Dale Forbes |
| Committal                                 |                    |
| Ringing of the bell .....                 | John Douglas       |
| Song "Shall we Gather at the River" ..... | Congregation       |
| Benediction .....                         | Pastor Dale Forbes |

### Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Swing low, sweet chariot  
Coming for to carry me home,  
Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan, and what did I see  
Coming for to carry me home?  
A band of angels coming after me,  
Coming for to carry me home.

Sometimes I'm up, and sometimes I'm down,  
(Coming for to carry me home)  
But still my soul feels heavenly bound.  
(Coming for to carry me home)

The brightest day that I can say,  
(Coming for to carry me home)  
When Jesus washed my sins away.  
(Coming for to carry me home)

If I get there before you do,  
(Coming for to carry me home)  
I'll cut a hole and pull you through.  
(Coming for to carry me home)  
If you get there before I do,

(Coming for to carry me home)  
Tell all my friends I'm coming too.  
(Coming for to carry me home)

Swing low, sweet chariot  
Coming for to carry me home,  
Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home.

### Shall We Gather At The River

Shall we gather at the river,  
Where bright angel feet have trod,  
With its crystal tide forever  
Flowing by the throne of God?

Refrain: Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful river;  
Gather with the saints at the river  
That flows by the throne of God.

On the bosom of the river,  
Where the Saviour King we own  
We shall meet and sorrow never  
'Neath the glory of the throne

Ere we reach the shining river,  
Lay we every burden down;  
Grace our spirits will deliver,  
And provide a robe and crown.

Soon we'll reach the silver river,  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
With the melody of peace.

## Acknowledgement

*The family of the late Harold Ebanks would like to thank family and friends for the outpouring of love, support and prayers during this time. Special thanks to the doctors and staff at Health Services Authority, The Seafarers Association;*