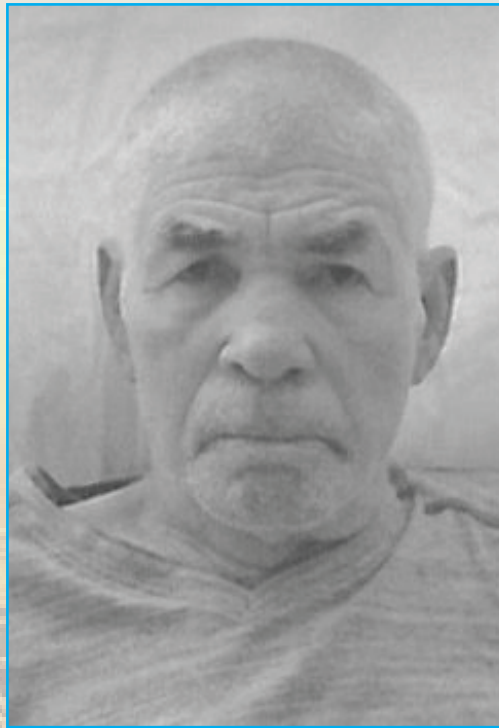


SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING
For The Life OF



KENNETH ALRIC "RICO" EBANKS

31 January 1951 – 5 June 2022

WESLEYAN HOLINESS CHURCH
150 Northwest Point Road
West Bay, Grand Cayman, Cayman Islands

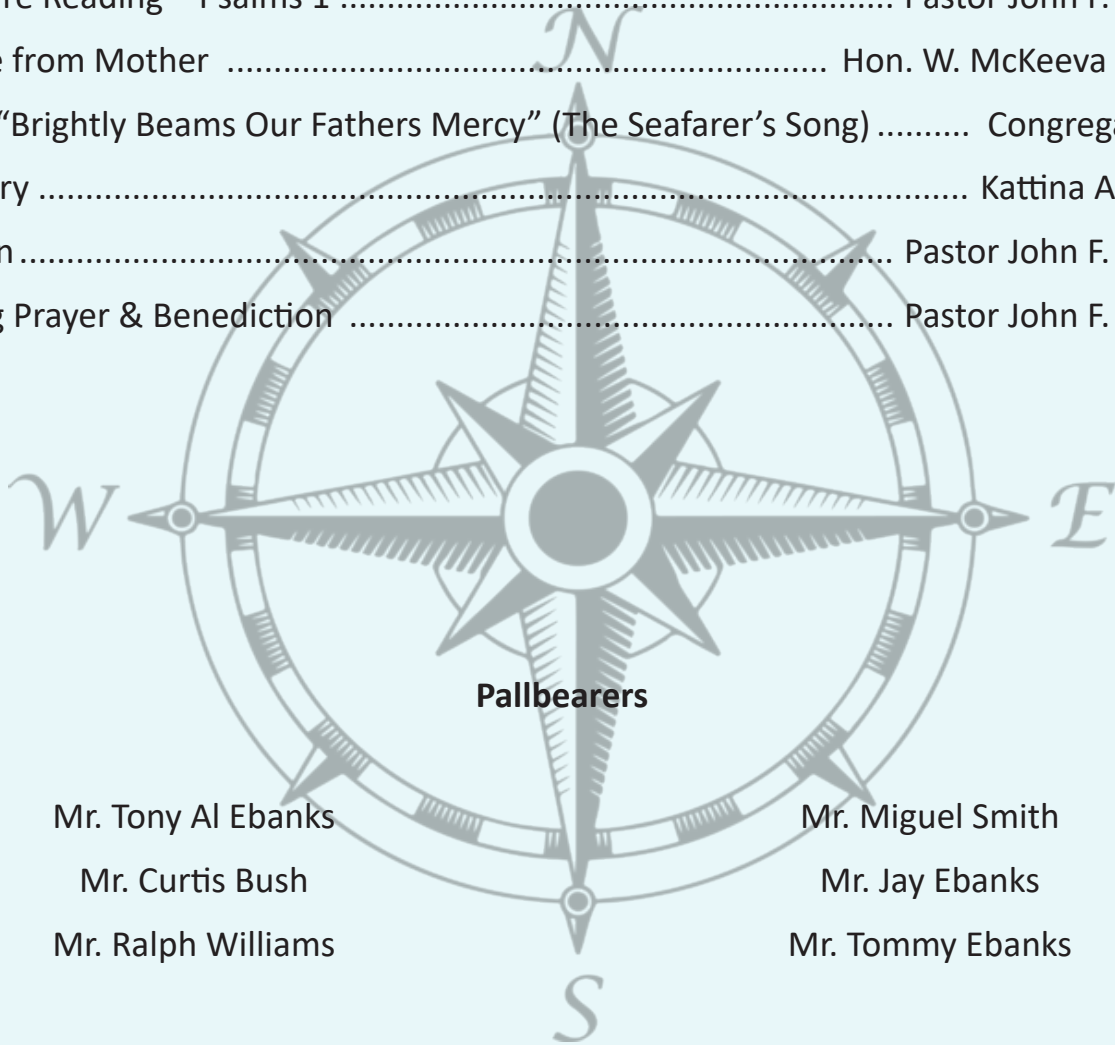
Saturday, 18 June 2022
Viewing 9:30am – 10:00am
Service at 10:00am

OFFICIATING MINISTERS
Pastor John F. Case

ORGANIST
Sis. Betty Case

Order of Service

Opening Remarks & Words of Comfort	Pastor John F. Case
Opening Prayer	Pastor John F. Case
Hymn "Amazing Grace"	Congregation
Scripture Reading – Psalms 1	Pastor John F. Case
Tribute from Mother	Hon. W. McKeeva Bush
Hymn "Brightly Beams Our Fathers Mercy" (The Seafarer's Song)	Congregation
Obituary	Kattina Anglin
Sermon	Pastor John F. Case
Closing Prayer & Benediction	Pastor John F. Case



Usher

Mrs Eziethamae Bodden, MBE

Guest Book Attendant

Mrs Evanell Hunter

Service Hymns

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 brought 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'd first begun.

Brightly Beams Our Fathers Mercy (The Seafarer's Song)

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.

Graveside Service

Opening Remarks Pastor John F. Case
Prayer..... Pastor John F. Case
Committal Pastor John F. Case
Hymn..... Congregation

“How Great Thou Art”
“It Is Well With My Soul”
“I Love That Man from Galilee”

Benediction Pastor John F. Case

How Great Thou Art

O Lord my God, When I in awesome wonder,
Consider all the worlds Thy Hands have made;
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed.

Chorus:

Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, How great Thou art.
Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, How great Thou art!

When through the woods, and forest glades I wander,
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees.
When I look down, from lofty mountain grandeur
And see the brook, and feel the gentle breeze.

And when I think, that God, His Son not sparing;
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in;
That on a Cross, my burdens gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin.

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation,
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart.
Then I shall bow, in humble adoration,
And then proclaim: “My God, how great Thou art!”

It Is Well With My Soul

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast 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 hath 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!

For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live:
If Jordan above me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait,
The sky, not the grave, is our goal;
Oh, trump of the angel! Oh, voice of the Lord!
Blessed hope, blessed rest of my soul!

And Lord, haste the day when the 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.

I Love That Man From Galilee

In A Manger Long Ago, I Know It's Really So,
A Babe Was Born To Save Men From Their Sin.
John Saw Him On The Shore, The Lamb Forevermore,
Oh, The Christ, The Crucified Of Calvary.

Oh, I Love That Man From Galilee,
For He's Done So Very Much For Me.
He's Forgiven All My Sins, Placed The Holy Ghost Within;
Oh, I Love That Man From Galilee.

The Publican Went To Pray In The Temple There One Day,
He Cried, “O Lord Be Merciful To Me!”
He Was Forgiven Of Every Sin, And A Deep Peace Placed Within;
He Said, “Come See This Man From Galilee.”

The Lame Was Made To Walk, The Dumb Was Made To Talk,
That Power Was Spoken With Love Upon The Sea;
The Blind Was Made To See, I Know It Could Only Be
The Mercy Of That Man From Galilee.

Nicodemus Came By Night, To Know The Way Of Right,
He Asked The Son Of Man What Must He Do.
These Words He Said To Him, “Ye Must Be Born Again,”
By The Spirit Of That Man From Galilee.

The Woman At The Well, He All Her Sins Did Tell,
How Five Husbands She Had At That Time,
She Was Forgiven Of Every Sin, And A Deep Peace Came Within;
Then She Cried, “Come See That Man From Galilee!”