

**Service of Thanksgiving  
For The Life Of**



**Mary Evelena Rivers**

February 3, 1932 – May 19, 2023

**JOHN GRAY MEMORIAL UNITED CHURCH**

Saturday, June 3, 2023

4:00 p.m.

**Officiating Ministers:**

Rev. Donovan Myers, Rev. Dr. Yvette Noble-Bloomfield,  
Rev. Rohan Forrester, Rev. Louis Sully

**Organists:**

Ms. Katherine Jackson  
Mr. Noel Wallace

Interment: West Bay Cemetery

## Order of Service

|   |                                  |
|---|----------------------------------|
| Opening sentences .....                       | Rev. Donovan Myers               |
| Hymn "Blessed Assurance" .....                | Congregation                     |
| Prayer .....                                  | Rev. Dr. Yvette Noble-Bloomfield |
| Tribute from Children "Scars in Heaven" ..... | Recording                        |
| Life Story.....                               | Mr. Herbert Crawford             |
| Scripture Reading .....                       | Mr. Paul Roberts                 |
| Sermon .....                                  | Rev. Donovan Myers               |
| Hymn "He Hideth My Soul" .....                | Congregation                     |
| Prayer for the Family .....                   | Rev. Louis Sully                 |
| Closing Hymn "Old Rugged Cross" .....         | Congregation                     |
| Benediction .....                             | Rev. Rohan Forrester             |

### Pallbearers

Ken Hydes  
Benny Welds  
Tyrone Welds

Burns Rankine  
Ted Welds  
Van Welds

### Honorary Pallbearers

Ian Rivers  
Darren McLean  
Mark Ebanks  
Herbert Crawford  
Darwin 'Buster' McLean  
Brian Rankine  
Oswell Rankine  
Stan Roberts

Bailey Welds  
Clement Welds  
Derrick Welds  
Kenrick 'John Burns' Welds  
Mitchell Welds  
Steve Welds  
Michael Lewis  
Lomax Rankine

Paul Roberts  
Verdun Terry  
Charlie Welds  
Clive Welds  
Jones Welds  
Merlin Welds  
Richard Welds

### Ushers

Carol Ann Ebanks & Alice Jane Ebanks

### Guest Book Attendant

Noralee Parchment

## Service Hymns

### Blessed Assurance

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!  
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!  
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,  
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

Refrain:

This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my Savior all the day long;  
This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my Savior all the day long.

Perfect submission, perfect delight,  
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;  
Angels, descending, bring from above  
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Perfect submission, all is at rest,  
I in my Savior am happy and blest,  
Watching and waiting, looking above,  
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

### He Hideth My Soul

A wonderful Savior is Jesus my Lord,  
A wonderful Savior to me;  
He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,  
Where rivers of pleasure I see.

Refrain:

He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,  
That shadows a dry, thirsty land;  
He hideth my life in the depths of His love,  
And covers me there with His hand,  
And covers me there with His hand.

A wonderful Savior is Jesus my Lord,  
He taketh my burden away,  
He holdeth me up and I shall not be moved,  
He giveth me strength as my day.

With numberless blessings each moment He crowns,  
And filled with His fullness divine,  
I sing in my rapture, oh, glory to God!  
For such a Redeemer as mine.

When clothed with His brightness transported I rise  
To meet Him in clouds of the sky,  
His perfect salvation, His wonderful love,  
I'll shout with the millions on high.

### Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,  
The emblem of suff'ring and shame;  
And I love that old 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 someday for a crown.

Oh, that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,  
Has a wondrous 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 wondrous 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 someday to my home far away,  
Where His glory forever I'll share.

## Graveside Service

|  |                                  |
|--|----------------------------------|
| Opening Sentences.....                         | Rev. Rohan Forrester             |
| Prayer .....                                   | Rev. Rohan Forrester             |
| Hymn "When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder" ..... | Congregation                     |
| Committal.....                                 | Rev. Dr. Yvette Noble-Bloomfield |
| Hymn "Blessed Jesus Hold My Hand" .....        | Congregation                     |
| Benediction .....                              | Rev. Rohan Forrester             |

### Blessed Jesus Hold My Hand

As I travel thru this pilgrim land  
There is a Friend who walks with me,  
Leads me safely thru the sinking sand,  
It is the Christ of Calvary;  
This would be my pray'r, dear Lord, each day  
To help me do the best I can,  
For I need Thy light to guide me day and night,  
Blessed Jesus, hold my hand.

Refrain:  
Jesus, hold my hand,  
I need Thee every hour,  
Thru this pilgrim land,  
Protect me by Thy power;  
Hear my feeble plea,  
O Lord, look down on me,  
When I kneel in pray'r  
I hope to meet You there,  
Blessed Jesus, hold my hand.

Let me travel in the light divine  
That I may see the blessed way;  
Keep me that I may be wholly Thine  
And sing redemption's song some day;  
I will be a soldier brave and true  
And ever firmly take a stand,  
As I onward go and daily meet the foe,  
Blessed Jesus, hold my hand.

When I wander thru the valley dim  
Toward the setting of the sun,  
Lead me safely to a land of rest  
If I a crown of life have won;  
I have put my faith in Thee, dear Lord,  
That I may reach the golden strand,  
There's no other friend on whom I can depend,  
Blessed Jesus, hold my hand.

### 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 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 family of the late Mary Evelena Rivers wishes to extend sincere thanks to our family and friends for their prayers, as well as, messages and phone calls expressing their sympathy and love. Special thanks to Dr. Mon Desir, who visited her whenever she was called on, and especially for the care provided on the day that she was admitted to the hospital. Thanks also to Dr. Bell, whose support during the past year has been unwavering. Words cannot express the care and compassion extended to her by the doctors and nurses of the HSA, during her stay in the hospital. May God Bless You All.*

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