



*Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of*

**MARLON WAYNE-ROY SIMPSON ("Plias")**

Sunrise November 17, 1978 - Sunset June 23, 2024

**Officiating Ministers**

*Bishop Dr. Clayton Martin*

*Pastor Astley White*

*Minister Cassius Feare*

Church of God of Prophecy  
Victory Tabernacle  
325 Eastern Avenue

Saturday, July 20, 2024

Viewing: 12:00 - 1:00 PM

Service: 1:00 PM

*Interment at: Garden of Reflections Cemetery*



# *Order of Service*

Worship Team .....COGOP  
 Opening Remarks.....Pastor Astley White  
 Prayer.....Bishop Glenford Brown  
 Hymn..... "Blessed Assurance" .....Congregation  
 First Scripture Reading ..... "1 Cor. 15:51-58" .....Mr. Josiah Samuels

**Tributes**

Wife.....Ms. Odia Reid  
 Son and Daughter.....Ms. Tashe Palmer  
 Brothers & Sisters.....Ms. Shanique Donaldson  
 Song.....Mr. Omar Walters  
 Slide Show.....Media Team  
 Second Scripture Reading ..... "Isaiah 41:10-13" .....Mr. Trevaughn McDonald & Ms. Talayah Richards  
 Hymn..... "The Old Rugged Cross" .....Congregation

**Tributes**

Aunts and Uncles.....Ms. Donna Brown  
 Nieces and Nephews.....Dr. Micalia Hydol & Mr. Josiah Samuels  
 Obituary.....The Premier, the Hon. Juliana O'Connor-Connolly JP, MP  
 Song.....The Clarke Sisters  
 Sermon.....Bishop Dr. Clayton Martin  
 Prayer for the Family.....Minister Cassius Feare  
 Closing Hymn..... "Amazing Grace" .....Congregation  
 Benediction.....Pastor Astley White

***Pallbearers***

Michael Hydol  
 Phytette Hydol  
 Ackeem Hydol  
 Trevis McDonald  
 Sheldon Folkes  
 Wayne Clarke  
 Julian Simpson  
 Michael Johnson

***Honourary Pallbearers***

Denver Donaldson  
 Octavious Bhoorasingh  
 Rohan Bhoorasingh  
 Glenrick Randal  
 Dwayne Dixon  
 Carlton Williams  
 Kristoph Calloo  
 Shamar Randal

Josiah Samuels  
 Ian Bhoorasingh  
 Anthony Bhoorasingh  
 Danny Randal  
 Basil Samuels  
 Clifton Walters  
 Cody Calloo  
 Oral Campbell

***Funeral Registry Attendant***

Maurine Hendricks-Hydol  
 Tanisha Richards

***Ushers***

Prince Brooks  
 Rudeto Notice

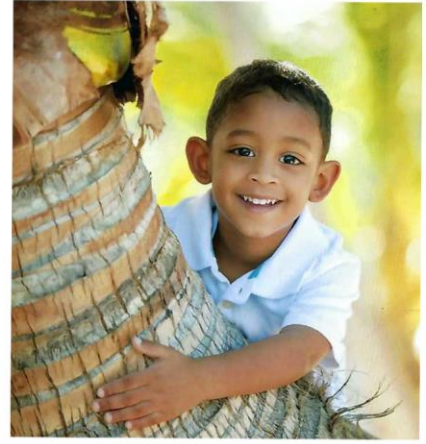
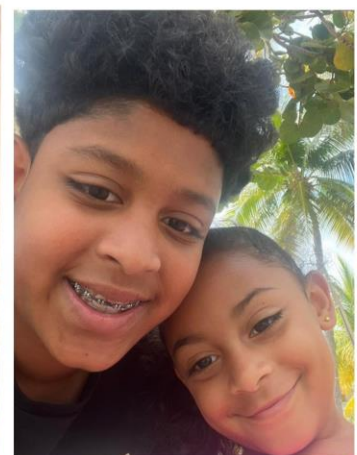


*Precious Memories*





*Precious Memories*





# Precious Memories



## ***Tribute From Wife***

*“ Marlon. To look life in the face. Always to look life in the face and to know it for what it is. At last to know it. To love it for what it is, and then, to put it away. Marlon. Always the years between us. Always the years. Always the love. Always the hours.”*— **Michael Cunningham, The Hours**

Dearest Marlon, we spoke about forever when we started this journey together 22 years ago. You were a confident, smiling young man, with very dreamy eyes and certain of your ability to move mountains. I, on the other hand was a shy yet determined young woman who had set her own markers for the standards to which she needed a life partner to ascend. Your confidence, generosity and kindness captured my attention and I knew that I wanted you on this adventure of life with me as my husband, life partner and friend.

Slowly but surely the past was erased as we laughed together, shared mutual dreams and aspirations, played the fool, planned the blueprint we desired for home, vocation and family. Our future emerged, first as a vision spun by the threads of young love that matured into a deep and abiding constancy witnessed by the countless nights you kept me company while I studied, eventually dozing off on the edge of my bed, way into the hours of the morning until Mommy had to wake you, “Come Marlon; it’s time to go home”. You saw who I was, on the road to who I was becoming. At times your belief in me, surpassed my own but that unwavering support was testament to your character and your grace.

You had your own such nights...nights and days that gave birth to driving ambition. In addition to supporting me, you also pursued your own dreams. Dreams of beginning your business and building it with diligence, humility and the purpose to serve. With unstinting commitment and determination, you ensured that those dreams became reality and in so doing became an example to our children and our community of friends and family. I am so proud of the accomplished businessman that you became.

The meaning of what we were and the promise of what we would become, won my heart. Marriage was the seal. From frontier to frontier, school, business, marriage and family; the changes and additions over the years; we became parents to two beautiful children: Julian and Adrianna. Thank you for those gifts. Thank you for your love and your provision for us. You mentored and buttressed Julian’s and Adrianna’s dreams and together, we developed and evolved our own. Our mutual love for adventure took us to the shores of many jurisdictions: Mexico, Costa Rica, Barbados, the United Kingdom, St. Kitts, the Virgin Islands, the Americas to name a few.

Like Sir Thomas More, you were a man for all seasons. It was effortless to love you, be your friend, share a moment with you. Everywhere we went, you were beloved. It was easy with you. You seamlessly built community wherever life planted you: our world, our family...in fact it is usually half-jokingly said that you are more a Bhoorasingh than me.

Through it all you were a man of principle and honour and a solid provider. You were a wonderful father and you taught me how it was to be truly loved as a woman, by her husband. Your unrelenting spirit of excellence, love, your gentleness, generosity and steadfastness make it hard to fathom life ahead without you. And so, we take you with us as in your honour we traverse those jurisdictions we had yet to conquer.

I feel lost without you Marlon, and the pain of losing you goes to the core of my soul. Goodnight Marlon. Rest now, my love. My heart will never forget...

*Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be For  
my unconquerable soul.*

*In the fell clutch of circumstance I  
have not winced nor cried aloud.  
Under the bludgeonings of  
chance My head is bloody, but  
unbowed.*

*Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds and shall find me unafraid.*

*It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate, I  
am the captain of my soul.*

**Invictus**

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

## *Tribute to Dad from Julian and Adriana*

"A deep unimaginable pain we cannot put into words." We have lost our Dad. Dad is someone you look up to, dad is someone to follow, Dad is someone to admire, someone to be proud of and someone to brag about. They can also be someone to learn from, someone to respect, someone who listens, someone to talk to, someone to impress or sometimes rebel against, but most of all, Dad is someone with whom to share everything this wonderful life has to offer. Sadly for us, we will never get to realise these in the fullest with our Dad.

What we are experiencing now is by far the most painful, heart-ripping and life-altering experience we've endured. Our lives, our whole world, have been turned upside down. In the short time that we were blessed with, we realise how fortunate we were to have such a smart, funny, loving individual as a father. There is no words to express his influence in our life. Dad's life has molded and shaped us in so many ways that it is hard to say what is in our heart in a few words.

One thing for certain is that we have so many things to thank our Dad for. Thank you for being there for us every step of the way. Thank you for your guidance, your support, and your unwavering love. On this day, we want to make you a promise, Dad. We promise to strive every single day to bring a fraction of the happiness and joy that you brought into our lives. You were the anchor of our family. You are and always will be our hero, role model and everything. Even though we are still young, Dad supported all our dreams and aspirations. Knowing that Julian had dreams of becoming an astrophysicist, Dad accompanied him to the Space Kennedy Centre in Florida to have a first-hand experience of what it would be like in that field. There was nothing too good for us. You gave us your all and we can't help but question, "Why has this happened to us?". We, however, try our best to remain grateful and comforted knowing how much our beloved Dad positively affected the lives of others. We want our daddy back. We want that big strong happy man to come back through that door and wrap us up again. We miss you so much. We miss your warm hugs. Life will never be the same without you.

## *Tribute To Marlon Simpson*

Today, my heart is full, as I pay tribute to a remarkable individual who was not only my friend but a light in the lives of all who knew him. In celebrating Marlon Simpson, I remember not just the moments we shared but the enduring spirit that made them unforgettable.

Marlon Simpson was a rare gem, a person whose kindness knew no bounds and whose laughter was infectious. He had the unique ability to walk into a room and within moments, make everyone feel as if they were the most important person there. Our friendship was a gift, one that offered not joy but comfort, understanding and an unwavering support that one could always count on.

He was the kind of friend who listened not to reply, but to understand. With him, you could be your most authentic self, sharing your deepest fears and highest hopes, knowing he would hold them with care. Marlon Simpson had this incredible talent for making problems seem conquerable, not because he had all the answers, but because he believed so fiercely in his ability to overcome them.

To speak of Marlon or Marlie as I always called him, is to speak of his passions. Whether it was his love for fixing a problem on the truck or the excavator. He approached it with a zeal that was inspiring. He showed us that to live fully was to pursue our passions with all our heart, to seek out the beauty in the mundane, and to always, always find a reason to smile.

In times of celebration, Marlon was the heart and soul of our gatherings, reminding us to cherish the moment, to dance a little longer, laugh a little louder and hug a little tighter. In time of sorrow, he was our solace and our strength, a reminder that we were not alone, that together, we could weather any storm.



Today, as I remember Marlon, let us not dwell on the silence of his absence. Instead, let us fill it with memories of his laughter, his stories and the love he shared so freely. Let us carry forward his legacy by living our lives a little kinder, a little braver, and with a lot more joy, just as he did.

To Marlon, my dear friend, thank you. Thank you for the privilege of knowing you, for the time we shared, and the countless ways you lived your life. Though you may no longer walk beside me the path you've left is aglow with the light of your spirit, guiding me forward.

In closing, I invite all of us to honor Marlon Simpson memory not with tears but with a commitment to embrace life as fully as he did, to love as generously and to cherish the gift of friendship with all our hearts.

Thank you. May your soul rest in peace.

### *Tribute from Nieces & Nephews*

Today, we come together to celebrate the life and legacy of Uncle Marlon, a man who was more than just a skilled heavy equipment operator and businessman. He was a cherished member of our family, a role model, and a source of comfort and reliability in our lives. His dedication to family, hard work, and quiet strength touched the hearts of all who knew him.

I remember the last time I saw you was the same day; I got a call saying you had just passed, which was very shocking. It was almost unbelievable to me because I remember saying to you earlier that same day. "Wah gwan now Uncle, mi see seh you a loose weight and your white bread suit you, boss." You then laughed and said, "wha, when last you see mi." I said, "long time now, you too busy fi mi boss; you always pon the move."

Uncle Marlon, behind the wheel of his trusty dump truck, navigated life with precision and determination. His hands, weathered by hours spent on the road, were always ready to lend a helping hand. His commitment to his work was a reflection of his strong work ethic and unwavering integrity, qualities that inspired those around him. Beyond his profession, Uncle Marlon was a quiet, reserved man whose actions spoke volumes. He cherished moments spent with loved ones, creating memories that will forever be treasured. His love and devotion to family were unwavering, and his presence brought a sense of comfort and stability to our lives.

In his gentle demeanor and steadfast ways, Uncle Marlon taught us the value of hard work, dedication, and the importance of family bonds. His legacy of love, loyalty, and quiet strength will continue to inspire us as we carry forth his memory in our hearts. As we bid farewell to a beloved uncle, heavy equipment operator, and pillar of our family, we find solace in knowing that his spirit lives on through the memories we hold dear.

Rest in peace, dear Uncle Marlon, knowing that your presence will forever be felt in the hearts of those who love you.

With love and gratitude,  
Akeem Hydol

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Where do I begin? Life can be so unexpected. I could never have fathomed writing a tribute for my Uncle Marlon anytime soon. It has been said time and time again that death is inevitable and it is something that cannot be escaped from; but unfortunately as humans we cannot always make sense of certain things in this life. But the one thing that I know for certain is that my Uncle Marlon was always late. I remember traveling back to Jamaica and we were on the same flight and my Uncle dropped me off at the airport and went to finish up some work and he's like he can't reach until the plane boarding or they're calling his name. If you were able to meet my uncle, you could easily see that he loved and enjoyed his life. He was a selfless, hardworking and generous person. He ensured that his family was always priority and always well taken care of before anything else. Not only did my uncle take care of his home in Cayman, he also made me one of his priorities ensuring that after I moved I was able to commute to school as he would send funds to assist with gas. I truly wish that my uncle was still alive to see my accomplishments as I know that he'd be very proud.

Uncle Marlon would always say: "Hurry and finish Miki so that you can practice in Cayman and write prescriptions for me." I really wanted him to see me finish and so that I could say thank you, thank you for everything.

Uncle Marlon was so jovial, charismatic and full of life. Coming to Cayman will never feel the same. You would ensure that when I came to Cayman you picked me up and I'd always have a room at your house to stay. Now there is a void that could never be filled. A million tears could never bring you back, but I will love you forever. Rest in peace my dear uncle Marlon, I will always cherish our memories. Until next time and I hope that we can meet again

Yours truly,  
Micalia Hydol

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I remembers uncle Marlon taking me on car rides and talking about life, checking up on each other, as well taking me on his road trip with him and his family. When we would go to stores, I remember uncle saying, "Get whatever you like." One memory I vividly remember is one night on our road trip to Vermont. It was a lot of dark roads, and everyone wanted to turn back and go home, but uncle Marlon wouldn't quit and after a while found a place to stay. Just some nights before he died I watch a movie with uncle Marlon and he was telling me how he was going to



help fix my porch back home soon. Uncle Marlon never forgot a birthday, he always called. " I will miss you forever Uncle I can't believe you're really gone. I just saw you the other day; I was staying at your house. No matter how much it hurts though there is also some happiness inside me because I know because of the man you were. I will see you again one day.

Love you,  
Josiah

### *Tribute from Church of God Holiness Red Bay*

On behalf of the Church of God (Holiness) Red Bay, we extend our sincere condolences to Sis. Jenesha, Julian, Adriana and Marlon's entire family. Marlon was an integral part of our church family from a young age. He was always involved in our youth activities and it was during this time that he dated and cultivated a relationship with his beautiful wife to be, Jenesha. He also played a significant role in the Men's group as well as being an usher and trustee member. It would be remiss not to note his invaluable contributions to the Easter Sunrise Services and to the church's carolling ministry at Christmas time.

We could depend on him to clear his schedule to be available to drive the Christmas trailer on both nights of caroling - to West Bay and East End and when he couldn't be there, we knew it was unavoidable. He was our driver for the majority of the times. Even when he was running late, we knew he would eventually be there. He took his responsibility for hauling this 'heavy wide load' of precious cargo very seriously. He was careful to check out the caroling routes beforehand to make sure he would be able to manoeuvre the trailer safely in both directions. With Marlon at the wheel and God on his side, we gave no thought to safety but only to ministering in carols as we drove through the districts.

Marlon was always very pleasant and very helpful and we can't recall him ever saying no when asked to assist with anything. He was willing to give of his time and resources to the church when the opportunities arose. Sis. Cinda Thompson also sends her sincere condolences. She remembers Marlon as being an attentive, respectful and hard-working young man with a wonderful smile.

He will be greatly missed. May his soul rest in peace.

### *Tributes from Aunts and Uncles*

Marlon, today we gather to pay our last respects to you. You left us in disbelief and shock. A part of building a future is reflecting on the past. Growing up as a child Marlon never disrespected his parents, grandparents (knowing that he was his grandfather's favourite) or aunts and uncles. He was never heard to use indecent language. Marlon demonstrates excellence, greatness and was a disciplined young man with integrity. He was a brilliant young man who had a fireball in him to get the job done and get it done right.

He exemplifies the highest standard of leadership and was generally regarded as a peaceful person. "Making the money" has always been his goal. He believes in working hard for what he wants in life. He was a real family man. He was always kind, loving, thoughtful of others, generous in giving and willing to help those in need. He always tells us he loves his Jen dearly. Despite his many challenges in life, he embraced them, he stood tall, elegant and he excelled to rise above them all. His mother was always proud of him and his accomplishments in life. He made us all proud.

The first time he came to the Cayman Islands, he told his mother he didn't pay any fare as there was no conductor on the plane collecting money and his mother had to explain that she paid his fare before he got on the plane. Imagine at that young age understanding the principle of paying his way.

Today we mourn profoundly for a cherished memory that will never fade away. He exhibited common decency and lived above reproach. We wish this was a different occasion however this is a part of life that is hard to accept: letting you go. It is the hardest thing we have to do, but there is no choice. May your soul rest in peace but you will always be in our hearts.

### ***Tribute From Samantha***

Brother, you accomplished so much in your lifetime, but unfortunately, your life was not long enough to fulfill all your dreams and you to enjoy the fruits of your hard work. You were always there for the family, toiling, caring, and sharing so much. We never thought you would leave us so soon.

My heart has been broken into a million little pieces. You had the heart of a lion. If not for you, I would not be where I am today.

The pain is indescribable and unbearable. You never quit; you never gave up. The role you played in my life is as big as it gets, and you played this role throughout our whole life, through the example you set. You were amazing, one of the best brothers I could have ever hoped for, and I never had to ask. We shared the same month for birthdays, just a few days apart. My sadness is boundless, but I cannot help but be grateful that God allowed me to bring the family for an unplanned vacation and having stayed with you and Jen, you passed during our visit. Still, it gave us a chance to spend some time with you for the final time.

I cannot say "goodbye". I can only say "until we meet again". I love you, my brother. Rest well. Samantha

### ***REMEMBRANCE OF THE LIFE OF MY BROTHER MARLON SIMPSON***

I remember the day when Marlon was born. He did not make any noise and was very calm. He was convinced by the midwife that he was now in the world.

We grew up as children in various parts of the Island in Jamaica. He was living with our grandmother in Clarendon as our mother was working in Grand Cayman at the time and I was living with my father in Kingston.

When I would visit my grandmother during the holidays, he would be visiting our mother in the Cayman Islands, so we did not see much of each other during that period of our lives. Our mother built a house in York Town, Clarendon and spent some time living there. I left Kingston and was living with them for a while in York Town; because of the distance and work, I moved back to Kingston.

After he graduated from high school and started university to study electrical engineering, he was living with us in Kingston and because of the nature of my work I was not at home most of the time, so we did not see much of each other even though we shared the same address. During his university life, he visited our mother in the Cayman Islands and decided that he wanted to live and work there.

Years passed and we did not see much of each other, however we would talk on the phone when we got a chance until the telecommunication system changed and we were able to talk more. Because we lived on different Islands and the work that we both did, we only saw each other at family events or when he would visit Jamaica for business or pleasure.

We always had an enjoyable time whenever he is around as he would ensure that you were ok and in need of nothing. While my daughter was going to school, and if we needed anything, Marlon, Phynette and my mother Blossom would ensure that we were okay. During my daughter's years at university, he would send money



weekly for her to cover her travelling expenses and lunch money. He loved his niece dearly and wanted the best for her.

The last time I saw Marlon was in Jamaica when he said he was there for two funerals and that he just left one and was heading for the other. Our last conversation was about funerals and here I am at his funeral.

I love you Marlon. Your passing has put a dent in our lives: your laughter, smile, and love will never be forgotten. We will miss you every day, but we are grateful for the time we had with you. You may be gone, but your memory will never fade as we will carry you in our hearts always. May your legacy be a blessing to us all, and may your memory be a reminder of the love we shared. Goodbye my little brother; rest well.

### *Tribute to My Brother Marlon Simpson from Physette Hydol ("Youngie")*

I can remember like yesterday, the day when you were born. While you grew up in Clarendon and I grew up in Kingston, I didn't get to see you often until you went to Kingston for university, and you came to live with us. It was however when I moved to Cayman that we became close.

You made me feel good. In you, I had a friend who also owned me as a brother no matter the circumstances. When travelling to Miami you would simply call me and invite me to come along. I remember when you made your first pay cheque, that you wanted to continue working and not return to school. Your first taste of the green propelled you to strive more for excellence with grit and determination.

You were one of the very few that I could trust with the deepest details of my life and entrust the things that mattered most, and that I held dear. I could call and count on you to help me in any way, and you never said no. While you were the younger brother you always behaved as though you were the older one.

I did not know that the last time we travelled to Jamaica this May, would be our last. Rest well my brother, until we meet again.

### Tribute From Marlon's Cousins

#### GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

*Don't think of him as gone away  
His journey's just begun,  
Life holds so many facets This  
earth is only one.*

*Just think of him as resting  
From the sorrows and the tears In  
a place of warmth and comfort  
Where there are no days and years.*

*Think how he must be wishing  
That we could know today  
How nothing but our sadness  
Can really pass away.*

*And think of him as living*

*In the hearts of those he touched  
For nothing loved is ever lost  
And he was loved so much.*

**Ellen Brenneman**

## *Obituary*

Marlon Wayne-Roy Simpson ("Plias") was born on 17th November, 1978 in Longwood, Clarendon, Jamaica, to Blossom Arthurs and Derrick Simpson. He was the third child born to Blossom, now deceased, and other siblings as part of a wider family unit.

At the age of three, Marlon attended the Longwood Basic School and later Race Course Primary School. He excelled academically and was successful in his Common Entrance Exams and was awarded a place at Garvey Maceo High School in Clarendon, Jamaica. His commitment and dedication to learning was such that he would faithfully ride his bicycle every morning, for several miles, to school. He later transferred to Kemps Hill Secondary School where he attained several CXC and GCSE passes.

During this time, he would make periodic visits to the Cayman Islands, starting in 1989, to see his mother and other family members who lived and worked in these Islands.

At the age of seventeen, he was baptised at the Gospel Chapel Church, Longwood District, Clarendon and he served in the Youth Ministry. Marlon diligently pursued his studies and in 1996 he matriculated as an undergraduate at the University of Technology (UTech) where he undertook a course of study in Electrical Engineering.

In 1998, Marlon secured his first job here in the Cayman Islands with Ready Mix Concrete. He later went on to work with Brent Greene's Gardening & Landscaping. Whilst working with that company, an opportunity arose for him to purchase his first piece of heavy equipment and there began his journey to becoming an established business owner and heavy-duty equipment operator.

In the year 2000, whilst working in the Cayman Islands, he met Jenesha Bhoorasingh and soon after the two started dating. Over time, they developed a very close bond as their love grew for each other. Marlon was so supportive of Jenesha that he would accompany her to the University library at nights, keeping her company whilst she undertook her studies. He would often fall asleep on the desk while waiting on her to complete her revision.

Marlon was so enamoured with Jenesha that he faithfully waited for her while she undertook her studies in the United Kingdom. Upon her return, he asked her to be his wife and they united in marriage on 5 May 2007. They attended the Church of God Holiness, Red Bay where Marlon served in various capacities including driving the Christmas Trailer around Grand Cayman with the carollers each Christmas. His kindness was also extended to his family and the wider community.

On 19 January 2012, Marlon and Jenesha were blessed with their first child, Julian Marlon Simpson and on 10 July 2019 they welcomed their second child, Adriana Isabel Simpson.

Along with being a devoted husband and father, Marlon found time to develop his business and establish a name for himself in the heavy equipment field. He was very proud of the company that he had built and was well known as a very meticulous machine operator.

Marlon attributed his success to his faith and unselfishly gave of his time and resources wherever and whenever he could. By worldly standards, he led a simple life that was notable for its capacity to give undauntingly and without reservation.

Marlon's life proves that the measure of a man is not how tall he stands. It resides not in his wealth or his intelligence but rather in the indelible endurance of the human spirit which Marlon embodied. In testimony of this truth, persons have journeyed from all over the world to pay their last respects to him today. This outpouring of love and support speaks volumes of his character and how much he is loved.

On 23rd June, 2024, Marlon made his transition from this life, as a result of heart complications.

*Death is nothing at all. It does not count. I have only slipped away into the next room. Nothing has happened. Everything remains exactly as it was. I am I, and you are you, and the old life that we lived so fondly together is untouched, unchanged. Whatever we were to each other, that we are still. Call me by the old familiar name. Speak of me in the easy way which you always used. Put no difference into your tone. Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow. Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes that we enjoyed together. Play, smile, think of me, pray for me. Let my name be ever the household word that it always was. Let it be spoken without an effort, without the ghost of a shadow upon it. Life means all that it ever meant. It is the same as it ever was. There is absolute and unbroken continuity. What is this death but a negligible accident? Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight? I am but waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near, just round the corner. All is well. Nothing is hurt; nothing is lost. One brief moment and all will be as it was before. How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting when we meet again! - Henry Scott-Holland. "Death Is Nothing At All."*



Left to mourn his passing are: his

wife - Jenesha Simpson

Son and daughter - Julian and Adriana Simpson

Father - Derrick Simpson

Sisters and brothers and many other relatives and friends

# *Church 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.

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.

## THE 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.

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.

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.



# Graveside Service

Remarks.....Bishop Dr. Clayton Martin  
Prayer.....Pastor Astley White  
Hymn.....“What A Friend We Have In Jesus” .....Congregation  
Floral Tribute.....“Let’s Meet By The River” .....Family  
Committal.....Bishop Dr. Clayton Martin  
Hymn.....“In The Sweet By And By” .....Congregation  
Benediction.....Bishop Dr. Clayton Martin

## What A Friend We Have In Jesus

What a friend we have in Jesus,  
all our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
everything to God in prayer!  
O what peace we often forfeit,  
O what needless pain we bear,  
all because we do not carry  
everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged;  
take it to the Lord in prayer!  
Can we find a friend so faithful  
who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness;  
take it to the Lord in prayer!

Are we weak and heavy laden,  
cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Savior, still our refuge  
take it to the Lord in prayer!  
Do your friends despise, forsake you?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
In his arms he'll take and shield you;  
you will find a solace there.

## In The 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 that beautiful shore; In the  
sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful  
shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore The  
melodious songs of the blessed; 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.

*The Family of the late Marlon Wayne-Roy Simpson would like to thank family and friends for the  
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