



Hymn - O Lord My God When I in Awesome Wonder

O Lord my God! when I in awesome wonder
consider all the works thy hand hath made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
thy power throughout the universe displayed:

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 hear 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 the cross, my burden 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 there proclaim, my God, how great thou art!

Reading by Nicola Nosworthy-Powell

Tribute from Colin Fagan

Poem read by Simone Onasanya

The Dash

I read of a man who stood to speak
At the funeral of a friend
He referred to the dates on the tombstone
From the beginning...to the end

He noted that first came the date of birth
And spoke the following date with tears,
But he said what mattered most of all
Was the dash between those years

For that dash represents all the time
That they spent alive on earth.
And now only those who loved them
Know what that little line is worth

For it matters not, how much we own,
The cars...the house...the cash.
What matters is how we live and love
And how we spend our dash.

So, think about this long and hard.
Are there things you'd like to change?
For you never know how much time is left
That can still be rearranged.

If we could just slow down enough
To consider what's true and real
And always try to understand
The way other people feel.

And be less quick to anger
And show appreciation more
And love the people in our lives
Like we've never loved before.

If we treat each other with respect
And more often wear a smile,
Remembering this special dash
Might only last a little while

So, when your eulogy is being
With your life's actions to rehash...
Would you be proud of the things they say
About how you spent YOUR dash?



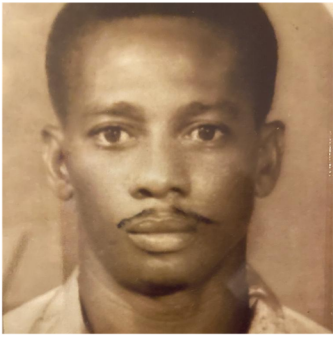
Solo sang by Jason

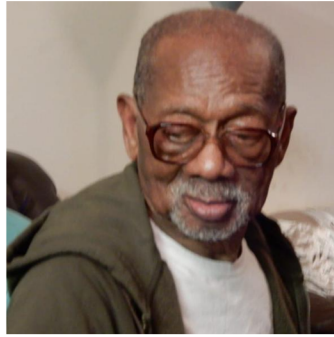


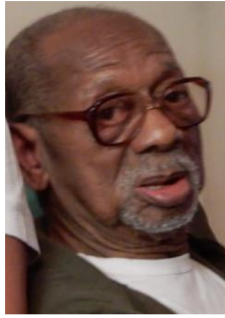
Reading by Patrick Robinson



**Tribute from granddaughters
Ebony Henry, Simone Onasanya and Maria Nosworthy**







Hymn - Blessed assurance

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
O 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

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, 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

Tributes to our Dad

Clinton Nosworthy Our Dad - Dad was very inspirational with knowledge and understanding. He was a well-dressed person who loved his suits, ties and not forgetting his leather shoes. He was extremely comical. I know that he loved his Children, Grandchildren, Great Grandchildren, and his Great Great Grandchildren. Dad, you will be missed. R.I.E.P - Paul Nosworthy

2 Corinthians 5:8 We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord. Dad, you will be surely missed. Gone but not forgotten, ever in our hearts love you - Bernadette Nosworthy-Fagan

I had the absolute pleasure of enjoying our dad who hung out with us to the ripe age of 96. We were blessed. - Elyonne Nosworthy

Dad, you were there when I first opened my eyes as I was there when you closed yours for the last time. Time did not stop, but your pain did. Your time for rest has taken you to a place to meet the best. Dad, I take this moment to thank you for the gift of life and guiding me in parts of my life. Dad, I thank you for never leaving my side. You will always live in my memories. Thank you for shining on my children showing them why it's important to be strong, as they are now. I will keep strong as I reach for the stars. - Paulette Nosworthy

Dearest Dad, Gone but Never Forgotten. Thank you for not only being my dad but also my FATHER throughout - Shirley Pinnock

Hi Dad, You looked soo Peaceful the day before. You laid there skin Glowing, you' re ready for sure. We came to say our Farewells, Then you continued your journey to Heavens Door. Bye Dad, your days of waiting are now no more R.I.E.P. Love you, Dad. - Carol Nosworthy

Eulogy read by Malachi Gowie and Troy Clark

Dad, Grandad, Clinton, Mr Nosworthy, was born on September 16th 1926 in Hanover West Moreland Jamaica to Ms Alberta Elizabeth Dunhany and Mr John Nosworthy. He was one of the their four children. As a young boy

Clinton attended Lurea School Malcom Heights where he enjoyed mathematics and sports. After secondary school Clinton left his family home in Hanover and travelled to Kingston where he worked as a petrol station attendant while also developing his painting and decorating craft. In 1958 Clinton had his first child Paul and in search of a greater income for his family travelled abroad to England where he had children Bernadette, Evyonne, Paulette, Shirley and Carol.

Clinton was a man who took great pride in his appearance and unless he was completing a job for you or you were working with him you would not know that he would likely to have spent the day painting and decorating. You would often see him sporting a well ironed shirt, crisp pair of trousers and sometimes one of his many ties. Old Spice colonge and Brut spalsh were two of his favourite fragrances over the years and could always be found on his chest of drawers to the delight of his son, Paul.

Paul has fond memories of his Dad, from them having their first pint of many as their local in Coldharbour lane, to learning how to play snooker and following football. Leeds United of last century and Arsenal this century were his favoured teams and he could chew your ear off with stories of their many great performmances over the years. If you were fortunate enough to play Clinton at snooker you would have been amazed by his pinpoint accuracy and precision which lead him to winning several snooker tournaments.

Clinton was a calm but firm man who would say things once and once only but would be there to listen and act upon when needed. He will he sorely missed by his large family of children, grandchildren, great children, great great grandchildren and all of those who know him...R.I.E.P
Mr Nosworthy, Clinton, Grandad, Dad XXX