

ORDER OF SERVICE

Led by Mr. Humphrey Armstrong

OPENING PRAYER

Pastor Hilbert Crawford

CONGREGATIONAL HYMN

It Is Well With My Soul

SCRIPTURE READING: PSALM 23

Ms. Delsey Rhaburn

SPECIAL SONG

Pastor Delbert Rhaburn

CONGREGATIONAL HYMN

Mansion Over the Hilltop

SPECIAL SONG

Ms. Criselda Westby

SCRIPTURE READING: JOHN 14 1-6

Mrs. Cristal Sutherland

THE EULOGY

Mrs. Bernadette Ellis

SPECIAL SONG

Mr. Lawrence Banner

REFLECTIONS

Open to Congregation (15 minutes)

SPECIAL SONG

Mr. Eric Lauriano

MESSAGE

Rev. Fernando Magana

CLOSING PRAYER

Pastor Delbert Rhaburn

VIEWING OF BODY and DEPARTURE TO CEMETERY

IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

When peace like a river attended my way
When sorrows like sea billows roll
Whatever my lot, Thou has taught me to say
It is well, it is well, with my soul

It is well (it is well)
With my soul (with my soul)
It is well, it is well with 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, oh, my soul

It is well (it is well)
With my soul (with my soul)
It is well, it is well with my soul

And Lord haste the day when my faith shall be sight
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll
The trumpet shall sound and the Lord shall descend
Even so, it is well with my soul

It is well (it is well)
With my soul (with my soul)
Oh it is well, it is well with my soul
It is well with my soul.

MAN'SION OVER THE HILLTOP

I'm satisfied with just a cottage below
A little silver and a little gold
But in that city where the ransomed will shine
I want a gold one that's silver lined

I've got a mansion just over the hilltop
In that bright land where we'll never grow old
And some day yonder we will never more wander
But walk on streets that are purest gold

Don't think me poor or deserted or lonely
I'm not discouraged I'm heaven bound
I'm but a pilgrim in search of the city
I want a mansion, a harp and a crown

I've got a mansion just over the hilltop
In that bright land where we'll never grow old
And some day yonder we will never more wander
But walk on streets that are purest gold

