

Thanksgiving Service For the Life of....

A portrait of an elderly man with short, graying hair, wearing a light-colored, short-sleeved button-down shirt. He is looking slightly downwards and to the right. The background behind him is a tropical scene with a large green palm frond in the foreground, a bright yellow sun setting over a blue sky, and a calm blue body of water in the distance.

Joseph Stewart

(Sunrise: June 23, 1907 - Sunset: Jan. 9, 2011)

...At the
MANCHESTER METHODIST CHURCH
Porus, Manchester

On
Wednesday, January 19, 2011
at 11:00 a.m.

OFFICIATING MINISTER:
The Rev'd Caswell Burton

Interment: Family Plot, Hampton Rd., Porus

Eulogy of Joseph Stewart

Mr. Joseph Stewart known to his friends as Mas Joe, to his children as Father "B".

Mr. Stewart sunrise June 23, 1907; sunset on January 9, 2011 at approximately 4:30 p.m.

Mr. Stewart was born in a little district called Rock in Manchester. His parents passed away before he was eight years old so he had to go and live with his aunt. With her he was not happy, there was lots of flogging and harsh treatment. He ran away and went to stay with other family members; and so he moved from place to place. He always maintained that he was an orphan.

He left the countryside and went to Kingston. There he got a job as a messenger at the War Department. One of his tasks was to do the lodgment at Victoria Mutual Building Society. One day the secretary said to him, "Joseph you should try and save something for yourself". There and then he started saving. He went on to buy a house, met his wife and they both settled down.

He changed his job and started to work with P.W.D. He got married and the union produced six children: three boys, three girls. He sold the house and bought another one. During all this struggle, he was still tracking his parents footstep. He found out that there was a piece of land belonging to his parents in Porus Manchester. He took it over, cleaned it up and started paying the tax while he worked the land. He later found out that his father was buried there.

He decided to go back to Manchester. His wife did not agree with that. What he did was to start building a house on the land. When the house was completed he moved in, leaving his wife and children at the home in Kingston. This is where he spent most of his life. He however still looked after his family. His wife has since deceased in 2005. His daughter took him to Saint Mary on February 20, 2010 because of circumstance beyond her control until the time of his passing. There is a lot more to say about Mas Joe but for now I think this will do.

My thoughts are with the family and friends. May his memory remain in your heart. May his soul rest in peace and light perpetual shine upon him.

Order of Service

Opening Sentences

Opening Hymn.....

My hope is built on nothing less
than Jesus' blood and
righteousness; I dare not trust the
sweetest frame, But wholly lean on

*On Christ the solid rock I stand;
All other grounds is sinking sand,
All other grounds is sinking sand.*

My Hope Is Built On Nothing Less

When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In ev'ry high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

When He shall come with trumpet sound,
O may I then in Him be found;
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

Opening Prayer.....

First Lesson....Psalm 90.....

Second Lesson....1 Cor. 15:50-58.....

Selection.....

Solo.....

Remembrance.....

Selection.....

The Gospel.....St. John 11:17-27.....

The Sermon.....

Prayer of Thanksgiving.....

Offertory Hymn.....

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.

***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 Christ shall come with shouts 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.

Mrs. Myrie

Bula Wright

& Daughter-in-law

Melba and Carmen (*Cousin*)

Mr. Carl McLean

Mr. J. Kelly (*Son-in-law*)

Choir

O Lord My God

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's grandeur, And hear the birds
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 sins.

A Prayer for the Bereaved Family

Benediction

Recessional Hymn.....

Great is thy faithfulness, O God my Father
There is no shadow of turning with thee
Thou changest not, thy compassion they
fail not, As thou hast been, thou forever
wilt be!

*Great is Thy faithfulness, great is thy
faithfulness,
Morning by morning new mercies I see
All I have needed thy hand hath provided
Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord unto me!*

Great Is Thy Faithfulness

Summer and winter and springtime and
harvest, Sun moon and stars in their courses
above, Join with all nature in manifold
witness To thy great faithfulness, mercy and
love!

Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth
Thine own dear presence to cheer and to
guide; Strength for today and bright hope
for tomorrow, Blessings all mine, with ten
thousand beside!

At the Graveside

Hymn.....

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want
He makes me down to lie,
In pastures green, He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

*He lives, he lives, he lives,
I know that my Redeemer lives;
He lives, he lives,
He lives within my heart.*

My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His own Name's sake.

Hymn.....

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."

*It is well with my soul
It is well, it is well with my soul.*

The Lord's My Shepherd

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling place shall be.

When Peace Like A River

Thou Satan should buffet tho' trials should
come, Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ has 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 nail'd to the Cross, and I bear it no more;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O 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.

Choruses.....

- 1. If You Miss Me Don't Come....**
- 2. When We All Get To Heaven**
- 3. Sleep On Beloved**

Pall Bearers

Family and Friends



Acknowledgement

The family of the late **Joseph Stewart** wishes to express gratitude and appreciation to the many relatives, friends and well-wishers for their kind expressions of sympathy and support manifested in various ways.

God Bless You All



Final arrangements entrusted to:
L. P. MARTIN FUNERAL HOME
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