



Service of Thanksgiving
For the life of

Lucius Haughton Thorpe

November 30, 1928 - February 20, 2011

Saturday, March 5, 2011 - 11:00 a.m.

COTTON FUNERAL SERVICE

130 Main Street • Orange, NJ

Minister Michael White, Officiating

Obituary

Lucius Haughton Thorpe was born on November 30, 1928 at Orange District, St. James, Jamaica, West Indies.

He was the fifth of six children born to the late Rupert Alexander Thorpe and Ermy Goodrich.

Lucius attended Sudbury Elementary School and after graduating he learned the carpentry trade.

In the early 1950's he migrated to England where he married Rebecca Johnson. The union produced a son, Cliffhart (youngest son). The family returned to Jamaica in 1975. Not many years later, with the rest of the family remaining in Jamaica, he left for the U.S. and shortly thereafter his wife pre-deceased him.

In the years following, he met and married Valrie Britton and resided in New Jersey until the time of his death. He is survived by his wife, his three sons, Jimmy, Leroy, Cliffhart; two step-sons, Colin and Ian; grandson, Kasime; granddaughter, Deborah; nieces, nephews, in-laws, other relatives and friends.

Lucius was a very kind and generous man, very sociable and jovial. He was industrious, having a keen eye for quality and a stickler for producing excellent work. He was also known for his neatness and sense of order. He loved children and was always ready to give advice especially to young people.

Battling with ill-health in the latter stages of his life, he would often express faith and trust in God. He will be sadly missed by his family, relatives and friends.

Order of Service

Musical Prelude

Opening Sentences

Hymn “Great Is Thy Faithfulness”

Prayer

First Lesson - Psalm 90:1-17 Jimmy Thorpe (son)

Selection Beserick Thorpe

Tributes

Second Lesson - 1 Cor. 15:51 ... 57 Maria Thorpe- Blair (niece)

Hymn “The Lord’s My Shepherd”

Eulogy Cliffhart Thorpe (son)

Selection Cliffhart Thorpe

Sermon Minister Michael White

Prayer for the family Minister Michael White

Hymn “Amazing Grace”

Benediction

GRAVE – S I D E H Y M N

“When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder”

Choruses

Interment

Rosedale Cemetery
Orange, New Jersey

The Master Called

*I'm sorry I had to leave you.
My loved ones, oh so dear.
But you see, the Master called me,
His voice was very clear!
I had made my reservation
A heaven bound ticket for one,
And I knew that He would call me
When He felt my work was done.
I know that your hearts are heavy
Because I have gone away,
But when the Master called me,
I knew that I could not stay.
Yes, I'm sorry I had to leave you
My loved ones, oh so dear,
But, you see, the Master called me
And, now I'm resting here.
Yes, I've crossed on over to glory
And to you all I say
Just stay in the hands of Jesus
And we'll meet again someday.*

-Author unknown

PALL BEARERS

Jimmy Thorpe (son) Leroy Thorpe (son)
Cliffhart Thorpe (son) Ian Robinson (step-son)
Wayne Blair (grand-nephew) Kingsley Thorpe (nephew)

Thank You

The family wishes to express sincere thanks and appreciation to all relatives, friends and well wishers who offered prayerful support during his illness, conveyed words of condolence and assisted in various ways during this period of grief.

Professional Services Provided By

COTTON FUNERAL SERVICE
130 Main Street
Orange, NJ
973-675-6400

1025 Bergen Street
Newark, NJ
973-926-6400

COTTON-PARKER FUNERAL HOME
37 Clinton Avenue
Jersey City, NJ
201-433-1000

www.honoryou.com

Great Is Thy Faithfulness

Great is Thy faithfulness, O God my Father;
There is no shadow of turning with Thee;
Thou changest not, Thy compassions, they fail not;
As Thou hast been, Thou forever will be.

Refrain

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!
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.

Refrain

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!

Refrain



The Lord Is My Shepherd

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.
My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.
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 my comfort still.
My table Thou hast furnished me
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.

Amazing Grace

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
that saved a wretch like me!

I once was lost, but now am found;
was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved;
how precious did that grace appear
the hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
and grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,
his word my hope secures;
he will my shield and portion be,
as long as life endures.

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
and mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
a life of joy and peace.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
bright shining as the sun,
we've no less days to sing God's praise
than when we first begun.



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.

Refrain

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.

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