In Loving Memory of



Lloyd Sinclair

Sunrise November 29, 1935

Sunset March 25, 2011

<u>Service</u> Tuesday, April 5, 2011 – 7:30 p.m.

Bethes da Seventh-Day Adventist Church 76 Parkway Avenue

Amityville, New York 11701

Stafford H. Byers, Pastor Oswald Mitchell, Presiding Elder

<u>Obituary</u>

LLOYD SINCLAIR, was born on November 29, 1935 in Kingston Jamaica, West Indies, to Adeline Smith and John Sinclair. Lloyd had two brothers who predeceased him.

Growing up in Jamaica, as a youngster, he was a care-free person who had an appreciation for beauty, and an admiration for the fairer sex. He attended St. Ann Catholic School. He was polite, courteous, respectful, loving and free spirited. He was a good listener, and could always find humor in any situation to make you laugh. He was the kindest person you ever wanted to know. Additionally, he was disturbingly handsome, but his greatest attraction was his uncanny kindness. Give him your hard luck story and he would help in any way he could. By the age of seventeen he was an accomplished crafts-man and cabinet maker from start to finish.

As a young man, while still in Jamaica, LLOYD met, and was captivated by the beautiful and exquisite EVELYN MCFARLANE. Because they both had an appreciation for the human aspects of God's creation, they spent several years getting to know, appreciate and enjoy each other. They were united in matrimony on May 17, 1969, in Kingston Jamaica.

Several years later, his wife migrated to Brooklyn, New York and LLOYD followed thereafter. After living in Brooklyn for about a year, the family purchased a home in Cambria Heights, Queens, where they resided for over twenty years before relocating to Long Island.

He was employed at Nordic Interior as a Carpenter until he retired. After retiring from Nordic he worked for a short while with Infrastructure on Long Island.

His hobbies were reading and gardening as well as watching baseball, basketball, tennis and horse racing. Most of all, he relished every opportunity to watch and play with his grand and great grandchildren. He was a voracious reader. He loved natural herbs and was very meticulous about health. To family and friends, he was the herbal doctor. If we ever needed anything for a cold or headache we could always call on him.

When he was not reading herbal magazines, he was reading the Bible and doing Bible Studies. He recognized the Bible Sabbath, which is the seventh day of the week, and was planning to be baptized shortly. Interestingly, he was in the midst of tracing our heritage from the Bible.

Lloyd is survived by: his lovely wife, Evelyn; nine children, Michael, Bridgette, Desmond, Joan, Ratchie, Marcia, Carol, Andrea and Corry; fourteen grandchildren and twelve great grandchildren; cousins, Hector Balone, and Deloris Garden, Monica Garden and Jennifer; three brothers-in-law, Desmond McFarlane, Joseph McFarlane, and Lloyd McFarlane; and a host of other relatives and friends.

Back in the 1980s on a day of subzero temperature, Lloyd took off his winter coat and gave it to a friend who was just arriving from Jamaica. That act of kindness showed the caliber of the man that he was, as it also epitomized his life. HE WILL BE DEARLY MISSED.

Obsequies Of Lloyd George Sinclair

Organ Prelude Kenneth Nicholas
Processional Officiants/Family
Hymn of Comfort #537 - "He Leadeth Me" Elder Watson
Old Testament Reading Psalm 90:1-12 Elder Mitchell New Testament Reading 1Thess. 4:13-18 Elder Nicholas
Prayer of Comfort Elder Watson
Remarks On The Occasion
Reflections
Musical Tribute
Acknowledgement
Obituary Church Clerk
Poetry ReadingLatasha Yancey-Neil
Prayer of Consolation Elder Williams
Musical Tribute Zephra Nicholas
Eulogy
Hymn of Consolation #435 - "The Glory Song" Elder Small
Benediction Elder Mitchell

<u>Interment</u> Rockville Cemetery Lynbrook, New York

He Leadeth Me!

He leadeth me! O blessed thought, O words with heav'nly comfort fraught; Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis Christ's hand that leadeth me.

Chorus

He leadeth me! He leadeth me! By His own hand He leadeth me; His faithful follower I would be, For by His hand He leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ever murmur or repine; Content, whatever lot I see, Since it is Thou that leadest me.

And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since Thou in triumph leadest me.



The Glory Song

When all my labors and trials are o'er, And I am safe on that beautiful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I adore, Will through the ages be glory for me.

Chorus

Oh, that will be glory for me, Glory for me, glory for me, When by His grace I shall look on His face, That will be glory, be glory for me.

When, by the gift of His infinite grace, I am accorded in heaven a place, Just to be there and to look on His face, Will through the ages be glory for me.

Friends will be there I have loved long ago; Joy like a river around me will flow; Yet just a smile from my Savior, I know, Will through the ages be glory for me.

<u>Acknowledgements</u>

The family wishes to acknowledge with deep appreciation the many expressions of love, concern and kindness shown to their family during this hour of bereavement.

May God Bless and Keep You!

Professional Services Provided By:

Gilmore's Funeral Home, Inc.

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