

Celebrating the Life of

Winston L. McGowan

July 16, 1937 - August 17, 2014



*Viewing - 10:00 a.m. - 11:00 a.m.
Tuesday, August 26, 2014 - 11:00 a.m.*

**GRAND CONCOURSE SEVENTH
DAY ADVENTIST TEMPLE**

1275 Grand Concourse • Bronx, NY
Dr. Burnett Robinson, Officiating

Obituary

Winston McGowan passed away on August 17, 2014 after a short illness. He was the son of the late Raphael and Amy McGowan. He left to mourn a beloved wife, Elizabeth McGowan; daughter, Amy M. McGowan of Mount Vernon, New York; two step-sons, Javilyn Waddell (wife, Tamara) in Kuwait and Javon Waddell of Virginia; daughter-in-law, Gertrude McGowan of New Rochelle, New York; two sisters, Theresa (Rose) Marchant of the United Kingdom and Daphnie McGowan-Fisher (husband, Roy) of Bloomfield, Connecticut; brother, Ronald Antonio (wife, Denise) of Florida; granddaughters, Caitlin McGowan and Iyana Waddell; grandsons, Germaine McGowan and Demetri and Jhysuni Waddell; nieces, Karen Sears (husband, Gregory), Girdalyn Morgan (husband, Terrence) and Dawn Marchant; nephews, Michael Powell and Eric, Carlton and Ian Marchant; grand-nephews, Ziyen and Khairi Sears; and many cousins and friends.

Winston migrated from Jamaica, West Indies to the United States in 1963. He was a tailor by trade and also worked in construction. He liked to play dominoes and in his younger years, cricket. Over the last several years he enjoyed a quality life with his wife, Elizabeth who he adored. He greatly enjoyed singing and even composed his own songs.

He loved the Lord and would encourage his sister and others to study the word. His favorite scripture was Psalm 121. It was only a few days before he became severely ill that he sang this song to his sister, Daphnie: "My mind is made up and I won't turn back, I want to see my Jesus someday."

Winston will be greatly missed. He is sleeping and we will see him again in the first resurrection. Let us be faithful and rejoice, for God is good!

Order of Service

Organ Prelude

Processional Ministers & Family Members

Pastoral Remarks Dr. Burnett Robinson

Opening Hymn (#440) .. “How Cheering Is The Christian Hope”
Elder Icilda Scott

1st Scripture Reading Psalm 121
Dr. Karen Sears

2nd Scripture Reading 1 Thessalonians 4:13-18
Mr. Ronald Antonio

Opening Prayer Pastor Julian Jones-Campbell

Special Music Ms. A. Smith

Acknowledgements Elder Margaret Miller

Special Music Ms. A. Smith

Prayer of Comfort Dr. Burnett Robinson

Obituary Ms. D. McGowan-Fisher

Sermonic Selection (#522) “My Hope Is Built On Nothing Less”

Eulogy Pastor Desmond Hays

Benediction Elder Barbara Mitchell

Closing Hymn (#633) “Sing The Wondrous Love Of Jesus”
Elder Garfield Thomas

Final Viewing *Eternity Funeral Service Directors*

Interment

Pinelawn Memorial Park
Farmingdale, New York 10452

How Cheering Is The Christian's Hope

How cheering is the Christian's hope,
While toiling here below!
It buoys us up while passing through
This wilderness of woe.
It buoys us up while passing through
This wilderness of woe.

It points us to a land of rest,
Where saints with Christ will reign;
Where we shall meet the loved of earth,
And never part again.
Where we shall meet the loved of earth,
And never part again.

Fly, lingering moments, fly, O fly;
Dear Savior, quickly come!
We long to see Thee as Thou art,
And reach that blissful shore.
We long to see Thee as Thou art,
And reach that blissful shore.



Psalms 121

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.



1 Thessalonians 4:13-18

But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

My Hope Is Built On Nothing Less

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

Refrain:

On Christ the solid rock I stand,
all other ground is sinking sand;
all other ground is sinking sand.

When Darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest on his unchanging grace.
In every high and stormy gale,
my anchor holds within the veil.
(Refrain)

His oath, his covenant, his blood
supports me in the whelming flood.
When all around my soul gives way,
he then is all my hope and stay.
(Refrain)

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!
(Refrain)

Sing The Wondrous Love of Jesus

Sing the wondrous love of Jesus,
Sing His mercy and His grace.
In the mansions bright and blessed
He'll prepare for us a place.

[Refrain]

When we all get to Heaven,
What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all see Jesus,
We'll sing and shout the victory!

While we walk the pilgrim pathway,
Clouds will overspread the sky;
But when traveling days are over,
Not a shadow, not a sigh.

[Refrain]

Let us then be true and faithful,
Trusting, serving every day;
Just one glimpse of Him in glory
Will the toils of life repay.

[Refrain]

Onward to the prize before us!
Soon His beauty we'll behold;
Soon the pearly gates will open;
We shall tread the streets of gold.

[Refrain]

God's Garden

God looked around His garden
And found an empty place,
He then looked down upon the earth
And saw your tired face.

He put His arms around you
And lifted you to rest.

God's garden must be beautiful
He always takes the best.

He knew that you were suffering
He knew you were in pain.

He knew that you would never
Get well on earth again.

He saw the road was getting rough
And the hills were hard to climb.
So He closed your weary eyelids
And whispered, 'Peace be Thine'.

It broke our hearts to lose you
But you didn't go alone,
For part of us went with you
The day God called you home.

Acknowledgement

*The family of **Winston L. McGowan** acknowledges
with great appreciation all acts of kindness, sympathy
and love extended to us during this time of bereavement.*

Eternity
Funeral Services

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