

Homegoing Service for
Sylvia Elaine Reid

Sunrise

December 5, 1967

Sunset

March 17, 2015



Service

Friday, March 27, 2015 - 7:00 p.m.

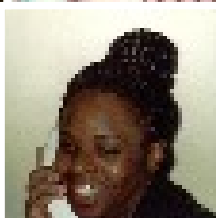
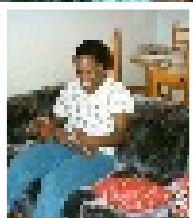
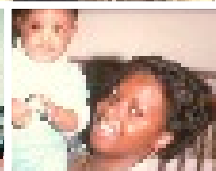
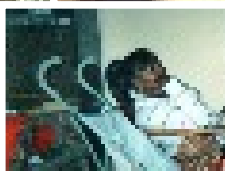
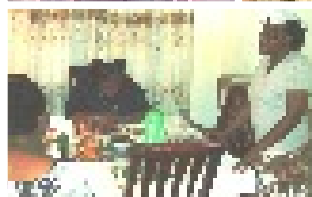
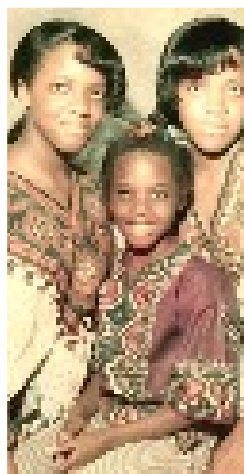
UNITED APOSTOLIC LIGHTHOUSE CHURCH

138-17 Springfield Blvd.

Springfield Gardens, New York

Bishop Antonie Gayle, Officiating

Elder Ernest Gayle, Pastor



Obituary

Those we love remain with us for love itself lives on, and cherished memories never fade because a loved one is gone. Those we love can never be more than a thought away, for as long as there is memories, they will live in our hearts. It is not easy to eulogize a person, especially those we truly love.

Sylvia Elaine Reid was born on December 5, 1967 to Eugenia M. Reid, and the late Carlton E. Reid at Portland House Maternity Ward in West Bromwich, England. She departed this life on March 17, 2015 in New York.

Sylvia migrated to the United States in 1975 at the age of eight. She attended public school in Lefrak City and John Bowne High School in Flushing, New York. Sylvia then went to school for Nurses Aide and worked at Long Island Jewish Hospital as a Certified Nurses Aide. She then moved on to work for Access a Ride in New York for many years.

She departed this world leaving precious memories, these memories will be cherished by her mother, Eugenia Reid; brother, Clinton Reid; sisters, Sharon Reid Defloria, and Collette Reid Marriott, nieces and nephews and a host of relatives and friends.

We Love You Sylvia Rest In Peace!

Abide With Me

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free.
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea—
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus abide with me.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee,
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour.
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Order of Service

Opening Song . “In The Great Triumphant Morning”

Prayer of Comfort Minister L. McKenzie

Scripture Readings

Old Testament Scripture - Psalm 90:1-17

Christina Vickers (niece)

New Testament Scripture - 1 Corinthians 15: 50-58

Clinton Reid (brother)

Choir Selection

Tributes

Duet Sis. Lamui
Sis. Reid

Obituary

Eulogy Bishop L.J. Barnes

Closing Hymn .. “What A Friend We Have In Jesus”

Benediction

Recessional

-Internment-
Saturday, March 28, 2015 - 10 AM
Pinelawn Memorial Park
Farmingdale, New York

What A Friend We Have In Jesus

What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Do your friends despise, forsake you?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield you,
You will find a solace there.

Worship and Rejoice



Shall We Gather At The River

Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

Refrain:

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will talk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Savior's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.

Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

Acknowledgement

The family would like to express their deep appreciation and sincere thanks for all acts of kindness shown to them during their time of bereavement.

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