

A Celebration of Life
Myrtle Louise Bartley

Sunrise
March 30, 1928

Sunset
September 28, 2019



Service

Friday, October 18, 2019 - 10:00 a.m.

THE SALVATION ARMY JAMAICA CITADEL CORP.

90-23 161st Street
Jamaica, NY 11432

Remembrance

‘God’s finger touched her, and she slept’ *Alfred Lord Tennyson*

At 8:35 pm on Saturday, September 28, 2019, God called His faithful daughter home to rest.

Myrtle Louise Bartley, affectionately called ‘Aunt Myrtle’, was born on March 30, 1928 to Clifford Bartley and Clara Brissett in Spanish Town, St. Catherine, Jamaica, West Indies.

Aunt Myrtle was the second of five children, Esmena Dawkins, Dorcas Bancroft, Gerald Waldron and Esmenia Lewis. Her childhood is best described as humble. The time spent with her mother and siblings cultivated a love for giving and helping others that defined the person she became.

Aunt Myrtle attended the Spanish Town Government Barracks School and the Jackson School where she excelled in her studies and was known for her quick and correct response to math questions.

Aunt Myrtle was the faithful, loving, caring mother of two children: Millicent Knight and Hyacinth Longmore (June) and surrogate mother to her granddaughter, Angelita McDonald-Major (Angie).

Aunt Myrtle was a hardworking mother, she worked as a domestic helper to provide for her family until she migrated to the United States of America in February 1978 to seek a better life for her family and herself. She resided in Brooklyn, New York with relatives until she was able to establish a home for herself and then send for her children who were still living in Jamaica at the time.

Aunt Myrtle’s hard work ethics and care for others, prompted her to attend Home Health Aide training which she successfully completed. She worked in this field until she retired in 2002.

Aunt Myrtle was a member of the United Methodist Church in Jamaica, West Indies, however upon moving to Queens, NY in 1988 she became a Salvation Army Soldier at the Jamaica Citadel Corp. Aunt Myrtle loved the Lord and served Him well. She never missed an opportunity to participate in any activities at the Citadel. She enjoyed fellowshiping with other soldiers, attending yearly retreats and served in the Senior Activity Programs.

Aunt Myrtle’s life was filled with doing and giving. She was good at needlework and made many crafts using crocheting and knitting which she gladly gave away. She was also very good at baking sweet potatoes and cornmeal pudding... mmm the best! Her potato salad was also something to talk about!!

In 2016 Aunt Myrtle went to reside in the Norwegian Christian Home and Health Care Center Assisted Living Facility for 3 years. On June 25, 2019 Aunt Myrtle sustained a fall and fractured hip, after surgery she was transferred to the Linden Boulevard Nursing Home and Rehabilitation Center where she succumbed to her injury and went home peacefully to be with the Lord on Saturday, September 28, 2019.

Myrtle Louise Bartley is survived by her only living sister, Mrs. Esmenia Lewis, 2 children, 5 grandchildren, 8 great grandchildren, 2 great-great grandchildren, nieces, nephews, grandnieces/nephews, a son-in-law, 2 grand sons-in-law, a great grand son-in-law, church sisters/brothers and many friends.

Aunt Myrtle was Blessed with 91 years and 6 months. She touched the hearts of many and was a true Blessing. She lived a full life and was loved very much and will be missed dearly. Her lifetime of family dedication, self-sacrifice and love serve as a monument to the exemplary woman she was. Her humility, integrity and hard work continue to inspire those who knew her.

Aunt Myrtle taught us many things, but the one that meant the most was the importance of family.

“We are comforted in knowing that the Souls of the Righteous are in the Hands of God.”

Order of Service

Prologue Major Louis J. Guillaume

Remarks Major Louis J. Guillaume

Opening Hymn I Must Have The Savior With Me

1st Scripture Reading 1 Corinthians 15:50-58
Yatzany Bell (Great Granddaughter)

Opening Prayer Major Louis J. Guillaume

Tribute Minister Barrington Perry (Nephew)

2nd Scripture Reading 1 Thessalonian 4:13-18
Hyacinth Longmore (Daughter)

Hymn Pass Me Not O Gentle Savior

Tribute Deanne Pryce
(On Behalf of the Pryce Family)

Poem Dawn Dawkins-Nedd (Niece)

Tribute Jamaica Citadel Corp Seniors

Eulogy Reading Angelita McDonald-Major
(Granddaughter)

Reflection Family & Friends

Message Major Louis J. Guillaume

Prayer for The Bereaved Family Major Rena Guillaume

Acknowledgments Funeral Director

Closing Hymn It Is Well With My Soul

Recessional Family

Interment Pine Lawn Cemetery • Farmingdale, New York

Repast Salvation Army Jamaica Citadel Corp.

I Must Have The Savior With Me

I must have the Savior with me,
For I dare not go alone,
I must feel His presence near me,
And His arm around me thrown.

Refrain:

Then my soul shall fear no ill;
Let Him lead me where He will,
I will go without a murmur,
And His footsteps follow still.

I must have the Savior with me,
For my faith at best is weak;
He can whisper words of comfort,
That no other voice can speak. (Refrain)

I must have the Savior with me
In the onward march of life,
Through the tempest and the sunshine,
Through the battle and the strife. (Refrain)

I must have the Savior with me,
And His eye the way must guide,
Till I reach the vale of Jordan,
Till I gain the other side. (Refrain)

Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior

Pass me not, O gentle Savior
Hear my humble cry
While on others Thou art calling
Do not pass me by

Savior, Savior
Hear my humble cry
While on others Thou art calling
Do not pass me by

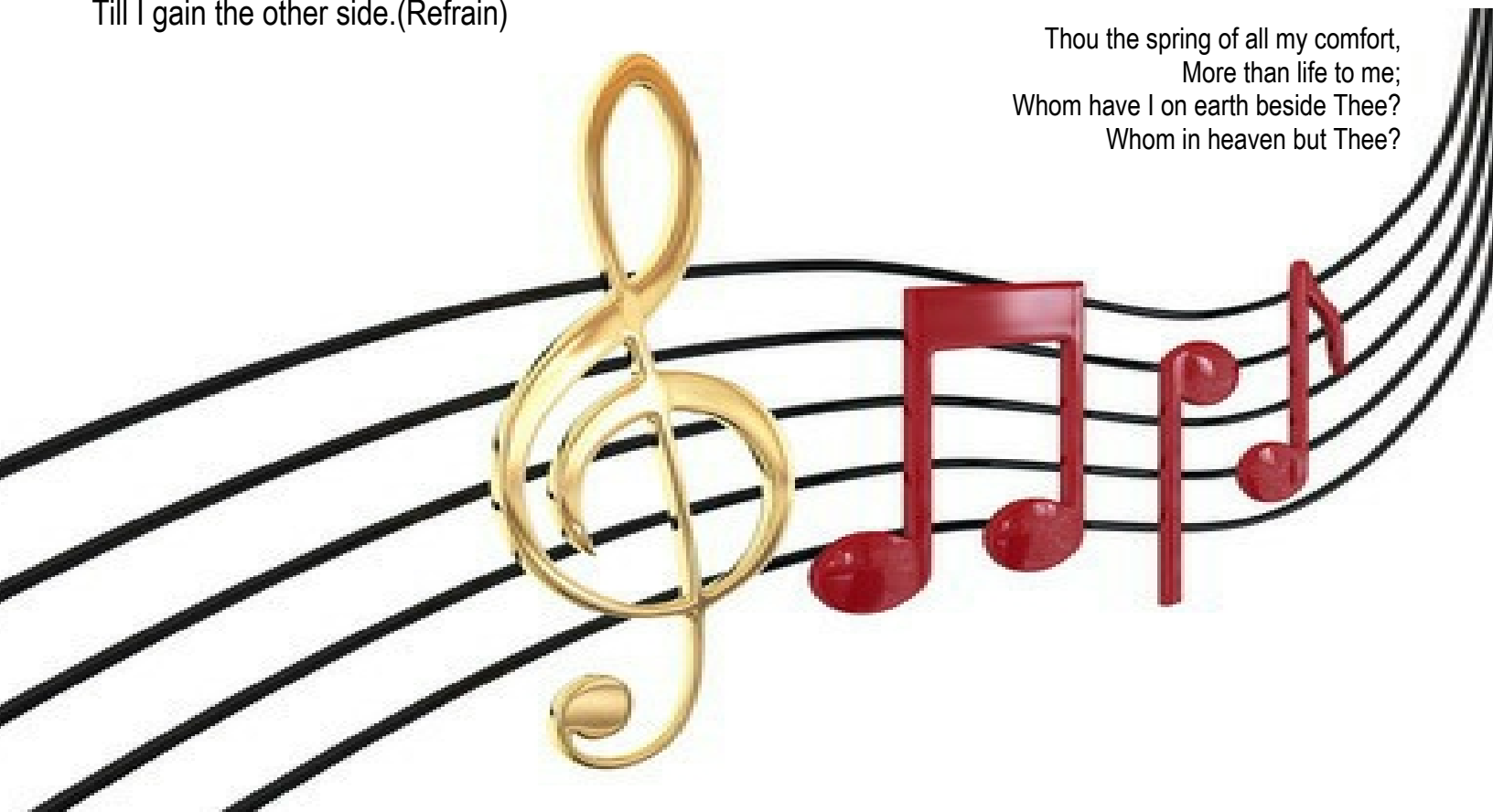
Let me at Thy throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief
Kneeling there in deep contrition
Help my unbelief

Savior, Savior
Hear my humble cry
While on others Thou art calling
Do not pass me by

Trusting only in Thy merit
Would I seek Thy face
Heal my wounded, broken spirit
Save me by Thy grace

Savior, Savior
Hear my humble cry
While on others Thou art calling
Do not pass me by

Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?



It is Well With My Soul

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

Refrain:

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

Though Satan should buffet, though 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 nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, o my soul!

For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live:
If Jordan above me shall roll,

No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait,
The sky, not the grave, is our goal;
Oh, trump of the angel! Oh, voice of the Lord!
Blessed hope, blessed rest of 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.



When We All Get to Heaven

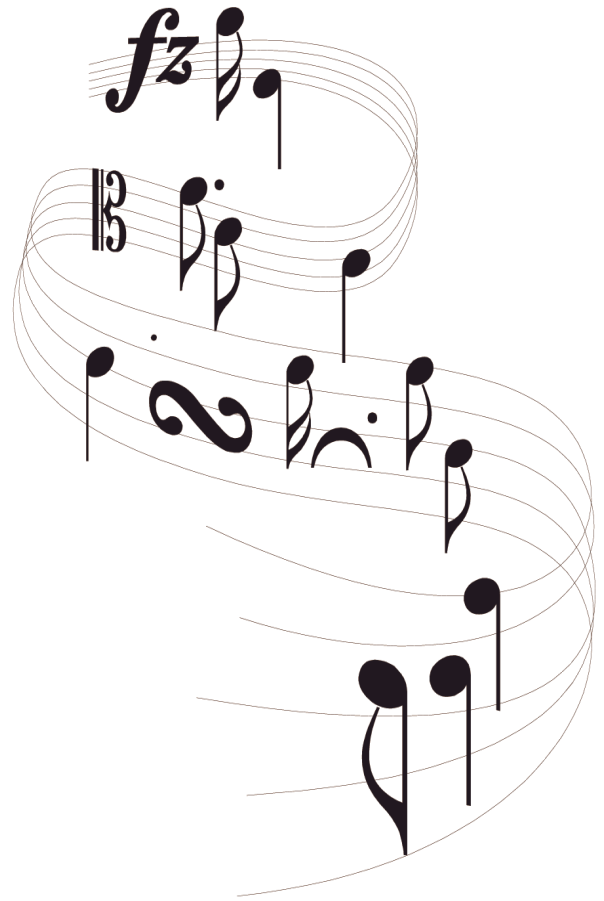
Sing the wondrous love of Jesus,
Sing his mercy and his grace;
In the mansions bright and blessed
He'll prepare for us a place.

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 travlin' days are over,
Not a shadow, not a sigh.

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

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.



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,
[*sabbath]

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.

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.



I'm Free

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free
I'm following the path God laid for me
I took his hand when I heard Him call
I turned my back and left it all.

I could not stay another day.
To laugh, to love, to work or play.
Tasks left undone must stay that way,
I found that peace at the close of day.

If my parting has left a void,
Then fill it up with remembered joy.
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss,
Oh, yes these things I too will miss.
Be not burdened with times of sorrow,
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.
My life's been full, I savored much.

Good friends, good times,
a loved one's touch.
Perhaps my time seemed all too brief,
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.
Lift up your heart and share with me,
God wanted me now, He set me free!

Pall Bearers

Eurel Longmore - Son-In-Law
Barrington Perry - Nephew
Garfield Longmore - Grandson

Livingstone Major - Grandson-In-Law
Lauriston Stevenson - Nephew
John Roper - Grandson

Acknowledgements

The Family of the late Myrtle Louise Bartley wishes to express our deepest and sincere appreciation to the friends, family and the Salvation Army Jamaica Citadel Corps for their sympathy and acts of kindness shown during our time of sorrow. Thank you, God's Richest Blessings, on you all.

Funeral Arrangements Entrusted To
David Lane-Floyd W. Gilmore Funeral Service

2200 Clarendon Road
Brooklyn, NY 11226
Floyd W. Gilmore, President

