

## *Some Day*

*Some day when my last line is written  
Some day when I've drawn my last breath  
When my last words on earth have been spoken  
And my lips are sealed in death  
Don't look on my cold form in pity  
Don't think of me as one dead  
It'll just be the house I once lived in  
My spirit, by then, will have fled  
I'll have finished my time allotted  
But I won't be in darkness alone  
I will have heard from heaven  
The summons to come home  
And when my body is in the grave  
Don't think that I'll be there  
I won't be dead, but living  
In the place Jesus went to prepare  
And after all is said and done  
Know that my last earnest prayer  
Is that my loved ones be ready  
Someday to meet me there*

*~Olive Stockton~*

### *Acknowledgements*

*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!*

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*In Loving Memory of*

*Ena Isalene Bishop*

**December 19, 1933 - January 27, 2020**

### *Service*

**Friday, February 14, 2020**

Visitation 4:00 - 7:00 p.m.

Service 7:00 p.m.

### ***Vision Pentecostal Church***

**1050 Utica Avenue • Brooklyn, New York 11203**

**Bishop Horace C. Michael, Pastor, Officiating**

**Reverend Melchior H. Springer, Officiating**



## *Oh I Want To See Him!*

*As I journey thro' the land singing as I go,  
Pointing souls to Calvary to the crimson flow,  
Many arrows pierce my soul, from without, within;  
But my Lord leads me on, thro' Him I must win.*

*O I want to see Him, look upon His face,  
There to sing forever of His saving grace;  
On the streets of Glory let me lift my voice:  
Cares all past, home at last, ever to rejoice.*

*When in service for my Lord dark may be the night  
But I'll cling more close to Him, He will give me light;  
Satan's snares may vex my soul, turn my thro'ts aside;  
But my Lord goes ahead, leads whate'er betide.*

*When in valleys low I look tow'rd the mountain height,  
And behold my savior there, leading in the fight,  
With a tender hand outstretched tow'rd the valley low,  
Guiding me, I can see, as I onward go.*

*When before me billows rise from the mighty deep,  
Then my Lord directs my bark; He doth safely keep,  
And He lead me gently on thro' this world below;  
He's a real Friend to me, O I love Him so.*



## *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*

*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 are gathered to their home beyond the skies  
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there*

*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*

*Let us labor for the Master from the dawn 'til 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*

*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*







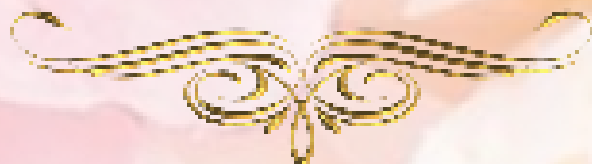
## *Victory In Jesus*

*I heard an old, old story, how a savior came from glory,  
how He gave His life on Calvary to save a wretch like me;  
I heard about His groaning, of His precious blood's atoning,  
Then I repented of my sins; and won the victory.*

*O victory in Jesus, My Savior, forever. He sought me and brought me  
with His redeeming blood; he loved me ere I knew Him,  
He plunge me to victory, beneath the cleansing flood*

*I have heard about His healing, of His cleansing power revealing.  
How he made the lame to walk again and caused the blind to see;  
And then I cried, "Dear Jesus, come and heal my broken spirit,"  
And somehow Jesus came and brought to me the victory.*

*I heard about a mansion He has built for me in glory.  
And I heard about the streets of gold beyond the crystal sea:  
About the angels singing, and the old redemption story,  
And some sweet day I'll sign up there the song of victory*



Organ Prelude

Processional.....Family and Clergy

Prayer of Comfort.....Minister Hezekiah Tindley

Hymn.....“Oh I Want To See Him”

Scripture Readings:

Isaiah 57, Verses 1-3.....Patsie Springer

Philippians 1, Verses 21-23.....Minister Seth Tindley

Solo.....Junior Bishop

Selection.....Beulah Tabernacle Choir

Solo.....Janice Riviere

Special Tribute.....Beulah Tabernacle

Reflections.....Friends and Family

Solo.....Minister Philnola Collins

Obituary.....Cindy Leacock

Hymn.....“Victory in Jesus”

Eulogy.....Bishop Horace C. Michael, Pastor

Hymn.....“Just Over in the Glory Land”

Final Viewing

Benediction

Recessional Hymn.....“When The Roll Is Call up Yonder”

ORDER OF SERVICE

### **Final Disposition**

***Saturday, February 15, 2020 • 11:00 a.m.***

**Maplegrove Cemetery**

**Queens, New York**



## Just Over In The Glory Land

*I've a home prepared where His saints abide,  
Just over in glory land;  
And I long to be by my Savior's side,  
Just over in the glory land.*

*Just over in the glory land,  
I'll join the happy angel band,  
Just over in the glory land;  
Just over in the glory land,  
There with the mighty host I'll stand,  
Just over in the glory land*

*I am on my way to those mansions fair,  
Just over in the glory land;  
There to sing God's praise and his glory share:  
Just over in the glory land;  
What a joyful thought that my Lord I'll see.  
Just over in the glory land;  
And with kindred saved, there forever be  
Just over in the glory land;  
With the blood washed throng I will shout and sing,  
Just over in the glory land;  
Glad hosannas to Christ, the Lord and King,  
Just over in the glory land;*



**Ena Isalene Bishop, Issa**, as she was affectionally known, was born in Rockhall St. Andrew, Barbados. She was the first of seven children. While acquiring her early education on the island she developed a passion for sewing. On becoming an adolescent she met and married her late husband Ethelbert Bishop; a union that lasted fifty-five years and was blessed with eight children.

During her life Issa wore many hats. In addition to motherhood, she was a devoted christian and enjoyed fellowship at Evening Light Pentecostal Church in Barbados; where she sang in the church choir and spear-headed numerous church projects and programs. She also volunteered her sonorous voice at weddings, funerals and similar occasions. Issa did all this while being a full time worker in the Barbados Hotel Industry.

In 1972, Issa decided to seek a better life for her family and herself. She courageously immigrated to America and immediately became gainfully employed. For a short time she worked as a house-keeper but quickly found a more permanent position which she loved as a Direct Care Counselor at Heart Share. In this capacity, she was called upon to take care of people with developmental and intellectual Disabilities. This was a job she cherished and willingly executed until her retirement. She loved the individuals she work with and often spoke about her affection and concerns for them. Despite work and the daily rigors of life Issa remained focus on her personal mission; to provide a better life for her family. In due time she embarked on the task of bringing her entire family to the U.S. As difficult as this period was for Issa she still found time and the desire to extend a helping hand, whether financially or otherwise, to anyone in need.

In the U.S. Issa attached herself to a church, finally becoming a member of Beulah Tabernacle under the leadership of Bishop Horace C. Michael, Pastor. There she became a member of the Women's Ministry and participated in the Women's Senior Union. Mother Bishop as she came to be known in the Christian community, had a profound love for the Lord and often spoke about how He kept, sustained and guided her over the years. She often said, "I am grateful, God bought me from a mighty long way". She led by example and was adamant that her family walk in her foot steps. Every morning like clock- work she prayed aloud for her family, mentioning each person by name. Mother Bishop made it her life's calling to encourage everyone she met to accept God and to develop a personal relationship with Him. She would say, "Oh how sweet to trust in my Jesus".

Mother Bishop loved her family. She enjoyed spending time with family, whether it was traveling, holiday events or just a daily visit to have conversation and laugh. We will miss Mother Bishop. She leaves to mourn her children, Wesley, Rudolph, Patsie, Judy, Velma, Roosevelt, Janice and Valerie, all of whom are represent with us today; sisters, Victorine, Marisse, Maureen and Gwendolyn; brother, Carlisle; daughter-in-law, Marva Bishop; son-in-laws, Virgil Springer, Vernon Nesfield and Granville Leacock. She also left many, many grand, and great-grandchildren who names are too many to mention. Mother Bishop always said her prayer was for God to allow her to witness her children become adults. God heard and He answered. Go rest high on the mountain. Your work on earth is done. Rest in sweet peace.