

Homegoing

Service

for

"Bea"

Beatrice Patricia McKenzie

January 23, 1950 - August 24, 2020

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 2020

Viewing: 11:00 AM - 12:00 PM

Service: 12:00 PM

ETERNITY FUNERAL SERVICES, LLC

725 East Gun Hill Road • Bronx, NY 10467

Bishop Dr. Errol Davidson, Officiating

Dr. Samuel Clarke, Organist

Order of Service

Moderator.....Bishop Dr. Errol Davidson
Musical PreludeDr. Samuel Clarke (Organist)
Moderator's Opening Remarks
Congregational Song..... "It Is Well With My Soul"
Prayer
Scripture Reading.....Fulaine Copeland (Ecclesiastics 3 vs. 4)
Song Selection Peter Hemans – Soloist
Tributes (Family & Friends)Zantae Copeland
Hailey Wallace/Elaine Henry/Ionie Morris
Obituary Claudia Wallace
Congregational Song..... "What A Friend We Have In Jesus"
Poem AnnMarie Webster
EulogyBishop Dr. Errol Davidson
Prayer Of ComfortBishop Dr. Errol Davidson
Congregational Song..... "O I want To See Him"
Committal
Closing Prayer
Recessional

Private Disposition

Obituary

Beatrice Patrica McKenzie affectionately called “Bea” was born on January 23, 1950 in Moore Town, Portland, Jamaica to the late Lydia Sinclair and John McKenzie. She attended Buff Bay Elementary school in the same parish.

Beatrice attended church with her late grandmother Roslyn Sinclair, where her beautiful singing voice was discovered at an early age. At six years old, she sang the Lord’s Prayer at the Salvation Army Hall in Buff Bay and astonished the crowd. She was never one to hesitate when asked to either sing or extol the goodness of the Lord.

Her strength and determination were innate as she stemmed from the lineage of “Nanny of Maroons” who is Jamaica’s only heroine!

She spent most of her adult life in Kingston prior to immigrating to the United States in 1988 where she lived in the Bronx, and worked in Scarsdale, Katonah and Bedford over the years where she acquired an extended family including Jackie, Michael, Devon, Bret, Jenna , Ann & Dari (just to name a few).

She was known by her friends, fellow commuters on the Metro North train and her employers as the songbird as her voice would light up a dark room and lift your spirit. She was always humming a tune and had a song for every situation, her favorite advice was “if you can’t sing, just hum.”

Beatrice was an active member within her community and church, a true missionary and evangelist. She was baptized at the Pilgrim Church of God where she was a member for many years and was a visitor at several local community churches.

Always preaching the gospel of the Lord and giving encouraging words even in her final days while laid up in her hospital bed, where she was affectionately called the miracle patient, a trooper, as the disease despite ravishing her body was no match for her infectious and effervescent spirit.

To know Bea is to love Bea. She left a positive and indelible influence on everyone who she interacted with, employers, friends, family, colleagues, nurses, doctors and even fellow patients.

She departed peacefully and quietly to be home with her Savior on Monday, August 24, 2020 at the Montefiore Medical Hospital, Bronx, New York. She is cherished and will live forever in the hearts of her four children, Charmaine, Sharon (Plummy), Claudia, and Fulaine (Suki); her grandchildren Steven, Jhevere (Chad), Zantae (Zana), Hailey, Duane and Zaidon; her great grandson Jehvaughn; sisters, Alice, Viola (Cherry), Dorothy (Tassy), nieces and nephews, extended family, her dear friend Tootsie & many others... Too many to mention.



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 hath 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.



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!

Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, 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 Saviour, still our refuge
Take it to the Lord in prayer

Do the friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee
And you will find a solace there

And you will find a solace there



Oh I Want to See Him



As I journey through 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.

Refrain:

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 tho'ts aside;
But my Lord goes ahead, leads whate'er betide. [Refrain]

When in valleys low I look t'ward the mountain height,
And behold my Saviour there, leading in the fight,
With a tender hand outstretched t'ward the valley low,
Guiding me, I can see, as I onward go. [Refrain]

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





Acknowledgement

*The family of **Beatrice Patricia McKenzie** acknowledges with great appreciation all acts of kindness, sympathy and love extended to us during this time of bereavement.*



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