

Toyce Gordon



Service: Saturday, April 24, 2021 - 11:30 am

McCall's Bronxwood Funeral Home

4035 Bronxwood Avenue • Bronx, New York 10466
Officiating Ministries: Bishop Felix Whittingham
Rev. Neresa Whittingham



How Great Thou Art

O Lord my God, When I in awesome wonder, Consider all the worlds Thy Hands have made; I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder, Thy power throughout the universe displayed.

Chorus:

Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee, How great Thou art, How great Thou art. Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee, How great Thou art, How great Thou art!

When through the woods, and forest glades I wander And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees. When I look down, from lofty mountain grandeur And see the brook, and feel the gentle breeze.

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation, And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart. Then I shall bow, in humble adoration, And then proclaim: "My God, how great Thou art!"



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, oh, 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

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 Abide with me, abide with me



Musical Prelude

Procession

Opening Remarks Rev. Neresa Whittingham

Prayer Bishop Felix Whittingham

Opening Hymn "How Great Thou Art"

Scripture 1st Thes. 4 verses 13–18 Carol Brown

Reflections...... Open (Family & Friends)

Sermon Bishop Felix Whittingham

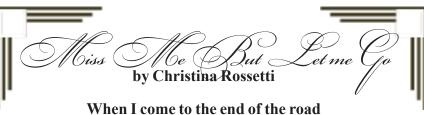
Closing Hymn "Great is thy Faithfulness"

Encouragement & Prayer for the Family

Final Viewing

Recessional

Family Plot Westmorelan, Jamaica



When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me
I want no rites in a gloom-filled room.
Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little-but not too long And not with your head bowed low. Remember the love that we once shared, Miss me-but let me go.

For this is a journey that we all must take
And each must go alone.
It's all a part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick of heart Go to the friends we know And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds. Miss Me–But Let me Go!

Acknowledgments

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.

