

In Loving Memory of

Simon Sylvester Worrell

Sunrise
November 21, 1958

Sunset
October 3, 2021

Service:
Saturday, October 16, 2021 - 4:00 pm

MCCALL'S BRONXWOOD FUNERAL HOME
4035 Bronxwood Avenue • Bronx, New York 10466

Obituary

Simon Sylvester Worrell, better known as “Boy” was born on November 21st, 1958, in the parish of St. Andrew, Barbados. He was the second of five children born to Gwendolyn Worrell and the late Christopher Worrell.

He was educated at Bawdens Elementary school, after leaving school he was employed at Rocklyn and Soil conservation unit at Haggett, St. Andrews.

Simon migrated to the United States in 1981 and worked at Cabs and Caspromesa Nursing Homes as a cook and dietary aide; until he became ill.

He has left to mourn his wife Joy Ann Worrell; mother Gwendolyn Worrell; son Simon Jr. Worell, step-son Ondre Armstrong; siblings Joycelyn Parris, Christopher, Gabrielle and Winfield Worrell; his aunts Glendeen Griffith, Serita Maxwell and many others; God-children Talia Lavine and Rashawn Blanche; Mother-in-law Lucille Armstrong; many nieces, nephews, relatives and friends.

May God continue to bless and strengthen the family at this time. We all Love him and he will be greatly missed. His memory will never be erased. May his soul rest in peace.

Order of Service

Viewing 2:00PM-4:00PM

Reflections

Opening sentences..... Pastor Phillip Wyliss
Prayer.....Bro. Farley
Poem.....Alivia Worrell
Hymn..... “Blessed Assurance”
1st Scripture Reading.....Psalm 91- Heather Worrell
Hymn..... “When Peace Like a River”
Tribute..... Lisa Armstrong
Special request..... “Precious Lord Take My Hand”
2nd Scripture Reading.....John 11:21-27, Jasmine Lavine
Solo.....Jessica Worrell-Campbell
Eulogy.....Samuel Worrell
The Address..... Pastor Phillip Wyliss
Hymn.....” Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus”
Benediction.....Pastor Phillip Wyliss

Graveside Songs

Leaning on The Everlasting Arms
When The Roll is Called Up Yonder
Sweet by and By
When Peace Like a River – It is Well With My Soul

Interment
Sunday, October 17, 2021
Kensico Cemetery
Valhalla, New York

Blessed Assurance

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine;
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long.
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long.

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;
Angels descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Savior am happy and blest;
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

'Tis So Sweet To Trust In Jesus

'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to take Him at His word;
Just to rest upon His promise;
Just to know, Thus saith the Lord.
Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him,
How I've proved Him o'er and o'er,
Jesus, Jesus, Precious Jesus!
O for grace to trust Him more.

2 O how sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to trust His cleansing blood;
Just in simple faith to plunge me,
'Neath the healing, cleansing flood.

3 Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just from sin and self to cease;
Just from Jesus simply taking
Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.

4 I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee,
Precious Jesus, Savior, Friend;
And I know that Thou art with me,
Wilt be with me to the end.



Leaning on the Everlasting Arms

What a fellowship, what a joy divine,
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine,

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!
Leaning, leaning,
Safe and secure from all alarms;
Leaning, leaning,
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

2 O how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way,
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!
O how bright the path grows from day to day,
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!

3 What have I to dread, what have I to fear,
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!
I have peace complete with my Lord so near,
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!



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.

2 On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
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. [Refrain]

3 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. [Refrain]

In the Sweet By and By

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

Refrain:

In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;

In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest;

And our spirits shall sorrow no more-
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest. [Refrain]

3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer our tribute of praise
For the glorious gift of His love
And the blessings that hallow our days. [Refrain]



When Peace Like a River - It is Well With My Soul

1 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 (may be sung after final stanza only):

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

2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
let this blest assurance control:

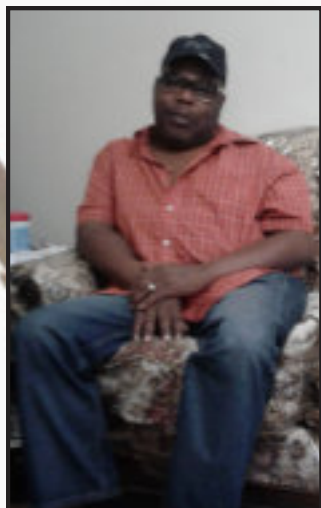
that Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
and has shed his own blood for my soul. Refrain

3 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! Refrain

4 O Lord, haste the day when my 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. Refrain





To Those I Love

To those I love and those that love me,
When I am gone, release me, let me go
I have so many things to see and do
You mustn't tie yourself to me with tears
Be happy that we had so many years.
I gave you my love, you can only guess
How much you gave me in happiness
I thank you for the love you each have shown
But now it's time I travel alone
So grieve for a while for me if you must
Then let your grief be comforted by trust.
It's only for a while that we must part
So bless the memories within your heart
I won't be far away, for life goes on
So if you need me, call and I will come
Though you can't see me or touch me, I'll be near
And if you listen with your heart you'll hear
All my love around you so soft and clear
And then, when you must come this way alone
I'll greet you with a smile and say,
"Welcome Home."
-Author unknown

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.

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