

I'll Fly Away

I'll fly away, oh glory, I'll fly away
When I die, hallelujah by and by, I'll fly away

Some bright morning when this life is over, I'll fly
away To a land on God's celestial shore, I'll fly away

When the shadows of this life have grown, I'll fly
away Like a bird from these prison walls, I'll fly, I'll
fly away I'll fly away, oh glory, I'll fly away When I
die, hallelujah by and by, I'll fly away

Oh how glad and happy when we meet, I'll fly away
No more cold iron shackles on my feet, I'll fly away

I'll fly away, oh glory, I'll fly away When I die,
hallelujah by and by, I'll fly away

Just a few more weary days and then, I'll fly away
To a land where joy will never end, I'll fly away

I'll fly away, oh glory, I'll fly away
When I die, hallelujah by and by, I'll fly away

I'll fly away, oh glory, I'll fly away When I die,
hallelujah by and by, I'll fly away

I'll fly away, oh glory, I'll fly away When I die,
hallelujah by and by, I'll fly away I'll fly away

Tempted & Tried

Tempted and tried, we're oft made to wonder
Why it should be thus all the day long;
While there are others living about us,
Never molested, though in the wrong.

Refrain:

*Farther along we'll know more about it,
Farther along we'll understand why;
Cheer up, my brother, live in the sunshine,
We'll understand it all by and by.*

Sometimes I wonder why I must suffer,
Go in the rain, the cold, and the snow,
When there are many living in comfort,
Giving no heed to all I can do.

Tempted and tried, how often we question
Why we must suffer year after year,
Being accused by those of our loved ones,
E'en though we've walked in God's holy fear.

Often when death has taken our loved ones,
Leaving our home so lone and so drear,
Then do we wonder why others prosper,
Living so wicked year after year.

Celebration The Life of



Herbert Guy Edie

September 17, 1926 - September 6, 2011

Acknowledgements

We, the family of the late **Herbert Guy Edie**, wish to express our heartfelt thanks to the many people who called expressing words of comfort, sympathy, support and good wishes during our time of bereavement. We appreciate you very much.

The family would like to also thank the doctors, nurses and staff at the East Orange General Hospital and Park Crescent Rehabilitation Center for their kindness and generosity shown to him.

Funeral Service

Saturday, September 17, 2011 • 11:00 a.m.

CAGGIANO MEMORIAL HOME

62 Grove Street • Montclair, NJ 07042

Rev. Dr. Alfred Johnson H.R., Officiating



Opening Sentences...*Rev. Dr. Alfred Johnson H.R.*
 Hymn "O' God Our Help In Ages Past"
 Prayer of Comfort *William Edie (nephew)*
 Scripture Readings
 Old Testament (Psalm 90:1-12) *Samantha Brahan*
 New Testament (John 14: 1-7)
 Solo *Emerson Crooks*
 Obituary/
 Acknowledgement *Minnett Powell (sister)*
 Tribute *Family & Friends*
 (2 minutes each please)
 Solo
 Eulogy *Rev. Dr. Alfred Johnson H.R.*
 "Each Day Counts"
 Hymn "Abide With Me"
 Prayer & Benediction
 Recessional

Interment
Rosedale Cemetery
Orange, New Jersey

Shall We Gather At The River

*Shall we gather at the river,
 Where bright angel feet have trod,
 With its crystal tide forever
 Flowing by the throne of God?*



*T
H
E*

Chorus

*Yes, we'll gather at the river,
 The beautiful, the beautiful river;
 Gather with the saints at the river
 That flows by the throne of God.*

*G
R*

*On the margin of the river,
 Washing up its silver spray,
 We will talk and worship ever,
 All the happy golden day.*

*A
V*

Chorus

*Ere we reach the shining river,
 Lay we every burden down;
 Grace our spirits will deliver,
 And provide a robe and crown.*

*E
S
I
D*

Chorus

*At the smiling of the river,
 Mirror of the Savior's face,
 Saints, whom death will never sever,
 Lift their songs of saving grace.
 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver
 With the melody of peace.*

*H
Y
M
N*

Chorus



Guy was not afraid of dying and so we dedicated this poem to his memory.

Crossing The Bar

*Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning at
the bar, When I put out to sea,
But such a tide though moving seems asleep, Too full
for sound and foam, When that which drew from out
the boundless deep Turns again home. Twilight and
evening bell, And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell, When I
embark; For though from out our bourne of time and
place the flood may bear me far, I hope to see my Pilot
face to face When I have crossed the bar.*

~William Wordsworth

*Guy walk good when you have
crossed the bar.*

Herbert Guy Edie

Herbert Guy Edie, to most known as "Guy," was born September 17, 1926 to Aaron and Judith Edie of Enfield, St. Mary, Jamaica, West Indies.

He received his early education at the Enfield Primary School. After graduating he worked for a short time at the Grays Inn Sugar Factory.

During a period when the Jamaican Government was recruiting young men to join the Royal Air Force, he enlisted. His intentions were to fulfill his ambition to travel and joining the British Army. But, unfortunately for him World War II ended, and he did not reach further than Port Royal, Jamaica. Later he left for England, and worked several places such as the W.H. Robertson Engineering Firm in Bedford, Silent Channel in Huntington, Three Counties Hospital in Bedford Shire and the Post Office.

In 1958, he married Ena Dawes and this union produced one child.

He is survived by: a brother and four sisters, Cornelius, Bernice, Adassa and Sadie in England and Minnett in the USA; daughter, Carlene; granddaughter, Khadija; and a host of other relatives and friends.

Guy will always be remembered for his friendly disposition and generosity which endeared him. He connected easily to everyone who came in his pathway. His jovial nature would allow him to find fun in everything. His jovial nature allowed him to find fun in everything and his generosity made him give to many whom he thought were in need.

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