

A portrait of a smiling Black woman with short black hair, wearing a light-colored top and a necklace. A large, soft-focus pink rose is positioned in the foreground, partially overlapping her. The background is a light, neutral color.

*Celebrating
The Life
of*

Delcita Louise Grant

Sunrise
May 8, 1935

Sunset
November 12, 2012

Service

Sunday, November 18, 2012 - 6:00 p.m.

ROY L. GILMORE'S FUNERAL HOME, INC.

191-02 Linden Blvd.
St. Albans, New York 11412

Officiating Ministers
Rev. Andrew Mitchell
Rev. Catherine Brandford
Min. Hope Thompson

Psalm 121

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

Miss Me But Let Me Go

*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 part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick at heart,
Go to the friends we know.
Laugh at the things we use to do
Miss me-but let me go.*

-author unknown

Order of Service

Opening Hymn “Come Unto Me”
Prayer Ms. Breanna Rowe (grand-daughter)
Scripture Reading 1 Corinthians 15:51-57
Musical Selection Liberty Gospel Hall Singers
Tribute Ms. Tasha Campbell (grand-daughter)
Second Scripture Reading St. John 14:1-3
Ms. Natale Henry (grand-daughter)
Item
Tribute Mildred Philbert (sister)
Eulogy Pastor Catherine Brandford (Sis Cathy)
Prayer for the Family Min. Hope Thompson
Item “You Can’t Take My Jesus” Sis Zita
Tribute Roy (drivers)
Open Tributes
Chorus/Offering
Open Tributes
Sermonic Solo
Sermon “Rev. Andrew Mitchell
Closing Hymn “When We All Get To Heaven”
Closing Prayer
Benediction
Interment Greenfield Cemetery • Uniondale, New York
Monday, November 19, 2012 - 10:00 a.m.

Pall Bearers

Donovan Scott	Dean Coleman	Carlton Scott
Jerone Scott	Keron Coleman	Johneil Scott

Repast (Get Together)

Kermit Drowery Memorial Hall
204-03 Linden Blvd
St. Albans, NY 11412

Come Unto Me

Hear the blessed Savior calling the oppressed,
“Oh, ye heavy-laden, come to Me and rest;
Come, no longer tarry, I your load will bear,
Bring Me every burden, bring Me every care.”

Refrain:

Come unto Me, I will give you rest;
Take My yoke upon you, hear Me and be blest;
I am meek and lowly, come and trust My might;
Come, My yoke is easy, and My burden's light.

Are you disappointed, wand'ring here and there,
Dragging chains of doubt and loaded down with care?
Do unholy feelings struggle in your breast?
Bring your case to Jesus—He will give you rest.

Stumbling on the mountains dark with sin and shame,
Stumbling toward the pit of hell's consuming flame;
By the pow'rs of sin deluded and oppressed,
Hear the tender Shepherd, “Come to Me and rest.”

Have you by temptation often conquered been,
Has a sense of weakness brought distress within?
Christ will sanctify you, if you'll claim His best;
In the Holy Spirit, He will give you rest.

When We

All Get To Heaven

Sing the wondrous love of Jesus,
Sing His mercy and His grace;
In the mansions bright and blessed
He'll prepare for us a place.

Refrain:

When we all get to heaven,
What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all see Jesus,
We'll sing and shout the victory!

While we walk the pilgrim pathway,
Clouds will overspread the sky;
But when trav'ling days are over,
Not a shadow, not a sigh.

Let us then be true and faithful,
Trusting, serving every day;
Just one glimpse of Him in glory
Will the toils of life repay.

Onward to the prize before us!
Soon His beauty we'll behold;
Soon the pearly gates will open;
We shall tread the streets of gold.

Acknowledgements

The family extends our deep appreciation to all for the many thoughtful deeds and kind expressions of love shown to us during our time of bereavement. We truly thank you for your words of comfort and prayers.

Professional Services Provided By:

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