

In Loving Memory of

Athelbert Rock

Sunrise
May 26, 1921

Sunset
November 17, 2012

Service
Monday, November 26, 2012 - 11:00 a.m.

ROY L. GILMORE'S FUNERAL HOME, INC.
191-02 Linden Blvd.
St. Albans, New York 11412

Rev. Jabez Springer, Officiating
Lynda Licorish Moudnib, Organist

Obituary

Athelbert Rock was born on May 26, 1921 in Barbados, West Indies.

Athelbert, or Rocky as he was affectionately known, was one of nine children in which seven predeceased him, Clarence, Eustace, Reynold, George, Edith, Mazie and Ianthe.

Athelbert migrated to the US to work in Trenton, NJ for a few years then returned to Barbados. After a short stay he migrated to Aruba where he worked for six years until he returned to Barbados.

Athelbert drove his own taxi until 1968 when he joined his wife, Doriel and son, Ancil in the US.

Left to mourn their loss are: his loving wife, Doriel; son, Ancil; granddaughter, Venecia White; sister, Eileen; a favorite nephew, Collin; two sisters-in-law, Eunice Licorish and Beryl Bennett; and a host of other nephews, nieces and friends. Sleep on Rocky take your rest until we meet in the Sweet by and bye.



Order of Service

Organ Prelude Lynda Licorish Moudnib

Hymn of Celebration “When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder”

Prayer of Consolation Pastor Brian Leiba

Old Testament - Psalm 90:1-17 Mike Lawrence

New Testament - 1st Thessalonians 4:13-18 Julia Springer

Remarks

Congregation Hymn ... “We’ll Understand It Better By and By”

Obituary Selwyn McConney Jr.

Acknowledgements

Solo Mike Lawrence

Eulogy Rev. Collin Rock

Closing Hymn “Lord I’m Coming Home”

Benediction Rev. Jabez Springer

Gravesite “When We All Get To Heaven”

Interment

Pinelawn Memorial Park
Farmingdale, New York

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

Acknowledgements

*The family wishes to acknowledge with deep appreciation the many expressions of love, concern and kindness shown to their family during this hour of bereavement.
May God Bless and Keep You!*

Professional Services Provided By:

Roy L. Gilmore's Funeral Home, Inc.

Angela Gilmore-Manning, *President*

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116-53 Sutphin Blvd.

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We'll Understand It Better By and By

We are tossed and driven
on the restless sea of time;
somber skies and howling tempests
oft succeed a bright sunshine;
in that land of perfect day,
when the mists are rolled away,
we will understand it better by and by.

Refrain:

By and by, when the morning comes,
when all the saints of God
are gathered home,
We will tell the story
how we've overcome,
for we'll understand it better by and by.

We are often destitute of the things
that life demands,
want of food and want of shelter,
thirsty hills and barren lands;
But we are trusting the Lord, and
according to His word,
we will understand it better by and by.

(Refrain)

Trials dark on every hand,
and we cannot understand
all the ways that God would lead us
to that blessed promised land;
but He guides us with His eye,
and we'll follow till we die,
for we'll understand it better by and by.

(Refrain)

Temptations, hidden snares
often take us unawares,
and our hearts are made to bleed
for a thoughtless word or deed;
and we wonder why the test
when we try to do our best,
but we'll understand it better by and by.

(Refrain)

Lord I'm Coming Home

I've wandered far away from God,
Now I'm coming home;
The paths of sin too long I've trod,
Lord, I'm coming home.

Refrain:

Coming home, coming home,
Nevermore to roam;
Open wide Thine arms of love,
Lord, I'm coming home.

I've wasted many precious years,
Now I'm coming home;
I now repent with bitter tears,
Lord, I'm coming home.

I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord,
Now I'm coming home;
I'll trust Thy love, believe Thy word,
Lord, I'm coming home.

My soul is sick, my heart is sore,
Now I'm coming home;
My strength renew, my home restore,
Lord, I'm coming home.

My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

I need His cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

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.

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.

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.

When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder



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.

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