

Celebration of Life
Service for
Kenrick Bryan

Sunrise
October 26, 1942

Sunset
March 31, 2013



Service

Saturday, April 6, 2013 - 11:00 a.m.

UPPER ROOM BAPTIST CHURCH
1373 College Avenue • Bronx, New York

Reverend David Lucky, Pastor
Upper Room Baptist Church

Order of Service

Organ Prelude

Processional

Invocation

Hymn.....“Rock of Ages”

Scriptures

Old Testament Psalms 90: 1-15 L. Thomas

New Testament Thessalonia 4: 13-18 M. Green

Hymn..... “Blessed Assurance”

Prayer of Comfort Victor Johnson

Condolence and Obituary Beverley Stewart

Remarks (2 Minutes).....K. Rutherford & Friends

Solo Veta Smith

Eulogy..... Reverend James Lucky

Hymn..... “When We All Get To Heaven”

Viewing of Remains

Benediction

Recessional

Organ Postlude

Interment

Family Cemetery
Manchester, Jamaica W.I.

Reflections of Life

Kenrick Joseph Bryan was born on October 26, 1942 to Catherine Williams and Sydney Bryan in Java, Manchester. When he was only eleven months old his mother died leaving him to be cared for by his father. Not long after his father married Gladys Rowe, who provided loving care for young Kenrick.

Kenrick attended the Frankfield Elementary School for a short while. He began working and taking care of himself from an early age. One mark of his character was the tendency to place the needs of others above his own.

In the early 1970's, Kenrick migrated to the United States to seek greener pastures. Soon he perfected the trade of masonry that he had started in his homeland Jamaica. He quickly made many friends, friends that were to remain with him for the rest of his life.

On September 27, 1980, Kenrick married Maryann Wilson and the couple shared thirty three blissful years of marriage. They travelled extensively throughout the Caribbean and the Southern states of the USA. They shared a warm, loving bond that could only be severed by death.

Kenrick has always been known for his love of the soil. A dedicated farmer from his youth, not even the busy life in New York City could have quenched his passion for farming. Every year friends, family and neighbours could rely on him for callaloo, collard green, tomatoes, beans and cucumbers.

Because of Ken's warm and friendly disposition the neighbors all loved him. He even constructed an opening in his backyard fence to chit chat and share with his neighbors. His friends and neighbors will long remember his backyard barbecues which were well attended and generously supplied with food and drink.

Kenny as he is affectionately called by his beloved Mary, will be missed for his high pitched contagious laughter and his keen sense of humour. Not only will Kenrick be remembered in his social circle, but also by his coworkers. A more dedicated and committed worker one could not hope to find. He worked with the Novels Construction Company for over eighteen years until his retirement a few years ago.

Because of his love for farming the USA could not contain him. Every year he would make two to three trips to Jamaica where he participating in growing yams for the export market.

In December 2012, Kenrick became seriously ill. After repeated trips to the doctor he was finding it more and more difficult to move around this was very painful to this man who was used to up on going. Between January and February 2013, Kenrick made one final trip to his beloved homeland out of sheer determination and against the advice of his friend and family. In March 2013, he was admitted to the St. Barnabas Hospital. Even in hospital he never lost hope and always retained his keen sense of humor amidst the excruciating pains that he endured.

When visited by wife and friend on Friday, March he insisted on singing his favorite song. "I am living close to Jesus on Glory Avenue, we walked and talked together as other neighbors do. We share such deep communion our fellowship is true. I'm glad I live beside him on glory avenue."

Kenrick passed away quietly on Sunday, March 31, 2013 in the St. Barnabas Hospital Bronx, New York.

He is survived by: his wife, Maryann; sons, Byron, William, Sachel and Orville; stepson, Darren; eight grandchildren; three aunts, nephews, nieces; and a host of relatives and friends to mourn his loss.

May light perpetual shine upon him as he sleeps to await the lifegiver.

The Master Called

*I'm sorry I had to leave you.
My loved ones, oh so dear.
But you see, the Master called me,
His voice was very clear!
I had made my reservation
A heaven bound ticket for one,
And I knew that He would call me
When He felt my work was done.
I know that your hearts are heavy
Because I have gone away,
But when the Master called me,
I knew that I could not stay.
Yes, I'm sorry I had to leave you
My loved ones, oh so dear,
But, you see, the Master called me
And, now I'm resting here.
Yes, I've crossed on over to glory
And to you all I say
Just stay in the hands of Jesus
And we'll meet again someday.*

-Author unknown

Acknowledgement

*The Family of **Kenrick Bryan** would like to thank you for your heartfelt gratitude and love shown to us at this time of sorrow. You have our deep appreciation and we thank everyone for your support. May God bless each of you.*

Professional Services Provided By

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