

Celebration for the Life of
Mrs. Lydia Vassell

Sunrise
March 21, 1924

Sunset
December 26, 2014



Saturday, January 3, 2015 - 9:00 a.m.

ST. DAVID EPISCOPAL

117-35 235th Street

Cambria Heights, New York

Rev. Canon Bernard O.D. Young, Officiating

Phyllis Fibleuil, Organist

Obituary

Today we celebrate the Life of our beloved **Lydia Vassell** at this home-going send off. Mrs. Lydia Vassell, saw the sun first rise of First day of Spring, March 21st 1924 in Arroyo Hondo, Cuba. Lydia was the sixth child of seven children from the union of Stephen and Mabel Rose. Her other siblings were Ivy, Augustina, Stanford, Louise Dorothy and her surviving sister, Miriam. In 1934, when Lydia Rose was ten years old her parents immigrated to Kingston, Jamaica, in their efforts, to escape the Machado Revolution at that time in Cuba.

At the age of 16, her formal schooling ended and she secured training to become a dressmaker. Eventually she started her own dressmaking business. Then in 1946 at the age of twenty-two, she married Laselve McLeod and had two sons, Bruce and Norman. After this marriage ended in a divorce in 1954, Lydia remarried in 1957 to Stenneth Vassell. This marriage produced a son-Philbert. With her new husband, Lydia started yet another business, this time, a grocery store. When this business failed Lydia was able to emigrate to the USA in 1963, due in no small measure to the preferential emigration rules for Cubans. She settled in Brooklyn, New York until 1971 when she brought her first house and moved the family to St. Albans, Queens. During those intervening years she was able to bring her entire family to the USA. Once again Lydia started another business in which she provided free lance nursing service for newly born babies. This business was very successful and she was in constant demand. Being a very hard working woman, we were unable to convince her to retire before her 70th birthday.

After she retired she moved to Virginia Beach, where she lived for seven years before moving to Newark, Delaware as she always wanted to be near her great grandchildren. Lydia was a very family oriented person and acted like the super-grandmother for her extended family. Lydia became known to all, both family and friends as “Auntie Lily” or “Granny”. Lydia was very joyous, enthusiastic, positive, generous to a fault and full of life. Her parties were many, often and were famously-great. One could never ask for a better friend than Lydia Vassell. She was also a very expressive and gregarious person, full of energy and drive. She was like a force of nature, always active. But more than anything else she was a phenomenal, Mother, Grandmother and Great Grandmother who exhibited the uttermost care and concern for her family and friends. Her sons were particularly impressed by her efforts to make them better fathers, husbands and men. Our family owes everything we are today, to her.

Lydia was a very healthy and vigorous person her entire life. She won many gold medals in the Senior Citizen Olympics over the years. But more than anything else she was a joy to be around. She will be missed dearly but never forgotten.

Lydia is survived by her sons, Bruce, Norman and Philbert; daughter, Shirley Turner; grandchildren, Collin Turner, Mrs. Tanya Bramble, Mrs. Sonja McLeod-Jones, Kevin McLeod, Dr. Jamaal McLeod; great grandchildren, Valery Turner, Nile Turner, Victor Bramble, Jr., Owen Bramble, Kelly Bramble, Brianna McLeod, Simone Jones, Shon Jones, Louriana McLeod, Kayla McLeod, Ava McLeod, Kristen McLeod, Zoe McLeod and Isaiah McLeod; in-laws, Veda McLeod and Sharon McLeod, Trudy Turner, Victor Bramble and many other family members in the USA, Canada, Jamaica and Cuba.

Order of Service

Prelude
Tributes
Reception
Opening Sentences
Hymn “How Great Thou Art”
Prayer BCP p.494
First Lesson Isaiah 25:6-9

Psalm 23 p.612
Second Lesson..... I Corinthians 15:20-26, 35-38, 40-44, 53-58

Hymn..... “Jerusalem The Golden”
Gospel St. John 14:1-6
Hymn “Softly And Tenderly Jesus Is Calling”

Homily Rev. Canon Bernard O.D. Young
Apostles Creed BCP p.496
Prayer of the People BCP p.497
Peace

Offertory Hymn “I Heard The Voice Of Jesus Say”
Eucharist Prayer BCP p.361
Holy Communion: Hymn “Blessed Assurance”
Hymn..... “His Eye Is On The Sparrow”
Post Communion Prayer
Obituary
The Commendation BCP p.499
Recessional Hymn “When We All Get To Heaven”

Interment

Maple Grove Cemetery
Queens, New York

How Great Thou Art



Oh Lord my God
When I in awesome wonder
Consider all the worlds
Thy hands have made

I see the stars
I hear the rolling thunder
Thy power throughout
The universe displayed

Then sings my soul
My Savior, God, to Thee
How great thou art
How great thou art

Then sings my soul
My Savior, God, to Thee
How great Thou art
How great Thou art

And when I think of God
His son not sparing
Sent Him to die
I scarce can take it in

That on the cross
My burden gladly bearing
He bled and died
To take away my sin

Then sings my soul

My Savior, God, to Thee
How great thou art
How great thou art

Then sings my soul
My Savior, God, to Thee
How great Thou art
How great Thou art

When Christ shall come
With shouts of acclamation
And lead me home
What joy shall fill my heart

Then I shall bow
With humble adoration
And then proclaim My God
How great Thou art

Then sings my soul
My Savior, God, to Thee
How great Thou art
How great Thou art

Then sings my soul
My Savior, God, to Thee
How great Thou art
How great Thou art

How great Thou art
How great Thou art



Jerusalem the Golden

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest—
The sight of it refreshes
The weary and oppressed:
I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare:
To sing the hymn unending
With all the martyr throng,
Amidst the halls of Zion
Resounding full with song.

Oh, sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect,
Where they who with their leader
Have conquered in the fight
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.
Jesus in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest
Where sings the host of heaven
Your glorious name to bless.

The Christ is ever with them;
The daylight is serene.
The pastures of the blessed
Are ever rich and green.
There is the throne of David;
And there from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
To God enthroned in glory
The Church's voices blend,
The Lamb forever blessed,
The Light that knows no end.



I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon My breast."

I came to Jesus as I was, weary and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting place, and He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one, stoop down, and drink, and live."

I came to Jesus, and I drank of that life giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, and now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say, "I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise, and all thy day be bright."

I looked to Jesus, and I found in Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk, till traveling days are done.



Blessed Assurance

Blessèd assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

Refrain: 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.

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

Refrain

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.

Refrain

His Eye Is On The Sparrow

Why should I feel discouraged, why should the shadows come,
Why should my heart be lonely, and long for heaven and home,
When Jesus is my portion? My constant friend is He:
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

Refrain: I sing because I'm happy,
I sing because I'm free,
For His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know He watches me.

“Let not your heart be troubled,” His tender word I hear,
And resting on His goodness, I lose my doubts and fears;
Though by the path He leadeth, but one step I may see;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

Refrain

Whenever I am tempted, whenever clouds arise,
When songs give place to sighing, when hope within me dies,
I draw the closer to Him, from care He sets me free;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

Refrain



When We All Get to Heaven

Refrain

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.

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

Refrain: When we all get to Heaven,
What a day of rejoicing that will be!

Refrain

When we all see Jesus,
We'll sing and shout the victory!

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.

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

Refrain





For Whom the Bell Tolls



(This Version by Bruce McLeod Original by John Donne)

No person is an island entirely unto themselves.
Every person is a place of the mainland;
 Apart of the whole.

It is as if a chunk of earth is washed away by the sea
The country is lesser, as if a promontory were;
As well as if the house or land of a friend
 Or of your very own were.

Any person's death diminishes me,
Because I am involved with the development of human
Culture and the uniqueness of each individual.

Therefore, never send to find out for whom
 The bell tolls, it tolls for all of us.

It's our wake-up call to redeem ourselves
And recognize the sanctity of each life including our own.
And in so doing rededicated ourselves to the great quest in life.

To make this world just a little bit better
 Than it was when we arrived.
No matter how short the life we are given.

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:

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