

Albert L. Walker

February 9, 1970 - April 28, 2016

"Al"

Vi<mark>ewi</mark>ng - 10:00 a.m. - 11:00 a.m. Sunday, May 22, 2016 - 11:00 a.m.

EMMANUEL SEVENTH-DAY CHURCH MINISTRIES

3301 Laconia Avenue • Bronx, NY Pastor Ivan C. Plummer, Officiating

Obituary

We shall pass this way but once, let us then with confidence draw near to the throne of grace that we may obtain mercy and find strength to help in time of need.

Albert Lloyd Walker affectionately called Al, Tracey, Ruler, Marcus was born on February 9, 1970 in Port Antonio, Portland, Jamaica, West Indies to proud parents Lola Smith and Lloyd Walker.

Albert attained his early education at Ken Wright Primary School in Jamaica. In 1982 at the tender age of twelve, he migrated to the United States of America where he continued his education at P.S. 187. He then went on to Evander Child High School where upon the successful completion of his studies he graduated in June of 1988. Albert then was employed by the following organizations: Pop Display, Margaret Chapman School for the exceptional children and also Sean Lex Express Inc. where he was until the time of his death.

Al had a heart for God and as a result he was baptized and became a member of the North Bronx Seventh Day Adventist Church. His favorite Scripture texts are Proverbs 3:5-6 "Trust in the LORD with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

Al had a bubbly personality which kept him cheerful, always dancing, laughing, and giving jokes. He always had a kind word for anyone he came in contact with especially the ladies. His presence was always welcomed even if he showed up unexpectedly or called to say "I am coming over." Another

thing about Al that is well known is that he frequently went to the gym to exercise in order to show his physique and muscles especially during the summer months. He also liked to train anyone who would be interested and requested his assistance.

Al, we cannot line your casket with gold because you do not need that now, nor can we tell you all the nice things we have to say because you cannot hear us but one thing we do know is this, we can console ourselves and have the assurance that God knows best and the future is in His hands. Al is gone but not forgotten, his memories will live on in our hearts forever. Al, you will be sadly missed!

Al leaves to cherish his memories, mother: Lola Smith; daughter: Brea; brothers: Dennis and Greg; sister: Gloria; aunts: Sonia, Marion, Gloria and Joyce; uncles: Paul and Adolph; cousins: Sophia, Fitz, Jackie, Kitty, Stephanie, Stacey, Chrissy, Shawn, Shawlene, Euton and Marcia; his daughter's mother, Marla; close female friend: Andrea; other close friends: Sean Lex, Rohan, Vinnie, Marlon, Mickey, Christopher, Sean, Dave, Trevor, Dwayne and Trevor H., and a host of other relatives and friends.



Order of Service

Musical Prelude	
Processional	Ministers & Family
Processional Sentences	Pastor Ivan Plummer
Opening Remarks Pastor Ivan Plummer	
Opening Hymn: "How Great Thou Art"	Sis. W. Patterson
Opening Prayer	Pastor Basil Straker
First Scripture Lesson: Psalm 90:1-12 Evangelist M. Charles	
Musical Tribute	Bro. Que
Second Scripture Lesson:1 Thessalonians 4:13-18 Sis. D. Reid	
Musical Tribute: "Midnight Cry" Bro. Desmond White	
Poem	Mrs. Marlo Nelson
Obituary Sis. Jacquelyn Rose Brissette	
Musical Tribute	. Missionary O. Deyah
Offertory	Sis. W. Patterson
Open Tributes	
Song of Meditation	Emmanuel's Choir
Sermon	Pastor Ivan Plummer
Prayer of Comfort	Pastor H. Deacon
Closing Hymn: "When Peace Like A River" Sis. W. Patterson	
Instructions	Funeral Director
Benediction	Paster Ivan Dlummer
	Pastoi Ivaii Piuliillei

<u>Interment</u> Kensico Cemetery • Valhalla, New York

Repast

Following the burial, the family of the late Albert Lloyd Walker will receive friends for refreshments at Beulah Church of God 7th Day located at 986 East Gunhill Road, Bronx, N.Y. 10469

How Great Thou Art

O 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:

Refrain

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 through the woods and forest glades I wander And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees, When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur, And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze:

Refrain

And when I think that 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.

Refrain

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!

Then I shall bow in humble adoration,
And there proclaim, My God, how great thou art!

When Peace Like A River

When peace like a river attendeth my way, when sorrows like sea billows roll; whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."

Refrain (may be sung after final stanza only):

It is well with my soul;
it is well, it is well with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come, let this blest assurance control: that Christ has regarded my helpless estate, and has shed his own blood for my soul.

Refrain

My sin oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
my sin, not in part, but the whole,
is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more;
praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

Refrain

O Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight, the clouds be rolled back as a scroll; the trump shall resound and the Lord shall descend; even so, it is well with my soul.

Refrain

Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord; he is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; he hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword; his truth is marching on.

Refrain:

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps, they have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps; I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps; his day is marching on.

(Refrain)

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat; he is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
O be swift, my soul, to answer him; be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.
(Refrain)

In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea,
with a glory in his bosom
that transfigures you and me;
as he died to make men holy,
let us die to make men free,
while God is marching on.
(Refrain)

He is coming like the glory
of the morning on the wave,
he is wisdom to the mighty,
he is honor to the brave;
so the world shall be his footstool,
and the soul of wrong his slave.
Our God is marching on.
(Refrain)



Grave Side Hymns

"Shall we gather at the River"
"Sing the wondrous love of Jesus"
"I want to go to Heaven and rest"



Pallbearers (From Altar to door of Church)

Andrea Robinson (close friend)

Marion Moncriffe (aunt)

Joyce Anthony (aunt)

Sonia Pryce (aunt)

Gloria Moncriffe (aunt)

Sophia Pryce (close cousin)

Marlo Nelson (daughter's mother)

Pallbearers (From Church Door to Hearse)

Gregory Smith (brother)

Paul Moncriffe (uncle)

Gerald Simpkins (close cousin)

Dennis Smith (brother)

Sean Wright (close friend)

Dewain Hamilton (close friend)

Pallbearers (From Hearse to Grave)

Sean Wright (close friend)

Juaveul Wright (close friend)

Gerald Simpkins (close cousin)

Shawn Scully (close cousin)

Michael Durrant (close cousin)

"May the angels lead thee into paradise, May the martyrs receive thee at thy coming and take thee to the Holy City. May the Choirs of the angels receive thee and mayest thou have rest everlasting. Amen."

Acknowledgement

The family of the late Albert Lloyd Walker (Ruler, Al, Marcus) wishes to extend sincere thanks and appreciation to everyone for all acts of kindness and thoughtful expressions of sympathy extended during our time of sorrow.





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