

Celebrating the Life of
Basit N. Johns

August 13, 1943 - May 29, 2016



Viewing - 3:00 p.m. - 5:00 p.m.
Saturday, June 25, 2016 - 5:00 p.m.

TABERNACLE CHURCH OF GOD P.G.O.T.T

853 East 221st Street • Bronx, NY 10467

Officiating Ministers
Rev. Dr. Norma Kelly
Pastor Basil Kelly
Apostle Soloman Weeks
Pastor Everef Rogers

Order of Service

Organ Prelude

Call to Worship

Processional Hymn “How Great Thou Art”

Opening Prayer Pastor Basil Kelly

Musical Selection Amani Tyson (granddaughter)

Scripture Readings:

Job 14:1-14 Kayan Johns (daughter)

Psalms 90:1-12 Brandon Johns (son)

Family Tributes

The Johns sisters & company

Keasha Johns-Harris

Tributes

Mr. Patrick Tyson

Rhema Christian Prayer Mission

Tabernacle Church of God

Pastor Ned Coley

Open Tributes (2 min. please)

Eulogy Officer Kasiem Chambers

Offertory Hymn “If You Miss Me”

Sermon Rev. Dr. Norma Kelly

Prayer of Comfort Apostle Soloman Weeks

Final Viewing *Eternity Funeral Services Director*
Benediction Rev. Dr. Norma Kelly
Recessional Hymn “Battle Hymn of the Republic”

Repast

*After the service, please join the family
for repast and fellowship in the Church's Hall.
The family also invites you to join them
for repast at their residence located at
3924 Wilder Avenue - Bronx, New York 10466*

Funeral Service in Jamaica will be held on
Saturday, July 2, 2016 at
Siloah Church of the First Born
located in St. Elizabeth, Jamaica

Interment

Family Plot - Siloah P.O.
St. Elizabeth, Jamaica, W.I.

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!

If You Miss Me

If you miss me,
Don't come searching.
If you don't find me,
you know that I am gone.
If you don't hear from me,
Don't come knocking at my door.
I'll be gone in the twinkling of an eye.



Battle Hymn of The Republic

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.

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires 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.

I have read His fiery gospel writ in rows of burnished steel!
"As ye deal with my condemners,
so with you My grace shall deal!"
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel, "
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

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.

Job 14:1-14

Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not. And doth thou open thine eyes upon such an one, and bringest me into judgment with thee? Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one. Seeing his days are determined, the number of his months are with thee, thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass; Turn from him, that he may rest, till he shall accomplish, as an hireling, his day. For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground; Yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man dieth, and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up: So man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep. O that thou wouldest hide me in the grave, that thou wouldest keep me secret, until thy wrath be past, that thou wouldest appoint me a set time, and remember me! If a man die, shall he live again? all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.

Psalm 90:1-12

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth. For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled. Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance. For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told. The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away. Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

I'm Free

Don't grieve for me for now, I'm free
I'm following the path God laid for me
I took His hand when I heard Him call
I turned my back and left it all.

I could not stay another day--
To laugh, to love, to work, or play.
Tasks left undone must stay that way.
I found peace at the dawn of the day.

If my parting has left a void,
Then fill it with remembered joy
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss--
Ah yes, these things I too will miss,

Be not burdened with times of sorrow,
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow,
My life has been full, I've savored much;
Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch.

Perhaps my time seemed all too brief
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.
Lift up your heart and share with me
God wanted me now, He set me FREE.

Acknowledgement

*The family of **Basit N. Johns** acknowledges with great appreciation all acts of kindness, sympathy and love extended to us during this time of bereavement.*



Eternity Funeral Services, LLC

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