

THE SACRED JOURNEY OF
Kenneth Walker

October 25, 1919 - June 26, 2016



“Uncle Claude”

*My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the Strength of
my portion forever. (Psalms 73:26)*

Viewing - 9:00 a.m. - 11:00 a.m.

Friday, July 22, 2016 - 11:00 a.m.

HOUSE OF REFUGE APOSTOLIC CHURCH

81 Croton Avenue • Ossining, NY 10562

Officiating Ministers

Rev. Samuel Brown

Rev. Junior Antonio Guy B.Th M.Th

The journey of a blessed servant

Mr. Kenneth Walker

We are here to celebrate the life of Kenneth Walker, a man that I have been blessed to call our granddad but also my best friend.

The days passed so quickly, the months come and go, the years melt away, like new fallen snow. Spring turns to summer and summer to fall, autumn brings winter, but death comes to all.

Papa was a man of many names, literally. Some, possibly most of you know him as “Claude,” “Uncle Claude” or “Mas Claude.” Some called him papa, pa, others called him grandpa.

Kenneth Walker was born October 25, 1919 to loving parents Harry Francis Walker and Alice Francis. Papa lived, and lived and lived. It was the grace of God and good heath that he lived to see his 96th birthday and beyond.

Despite his age, or possibly because of his age, he was a phenomenal person. We sometimes joke that he was a “dinosaur” and was “obsolete,” as it relates to the 21st century, but the truth is, it was my papa’s lifetime of experiences that allowed him to raise us as well as he did.

Papa’s life was absolutely filled with love, adventure, and excitement. He performed exceptionally well in school, and he even entertained us with stories of working as a Bookkeeper at Drax Hall Property for almost 40 years.

He was not a trouble maker. He was an advocate of peace and was a “born again” Christian who believed in loving “thy neighbor as thyself.” Papa was an ardent believer in God whose disposition was very charitable.

My understanding is that papa initially had ambitions to pursue a career in Business Administration. He however, abandoned that plan to become the bookkeeper and property manager for the Drax Hall Estate in St. Ann, Jamaica. There he made sure that every estate worker was properly compensated for every work they did.

Even though it was exasperating to hear my papa continually brag about his children, grandchildren, great grandchildren and great, great grandchildren, it was nice to know that we had always made him proud. Ultimately, it was because of his extraordinary influence on our life that we have become the individuals we are today.

The saying goes that "everybody dies but not everybody truly lives" and papa's journey has been a full and rich one. The proof of that incredible journey is the strong legacy he leaves behind – his many children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren and great, great grandchildren. This was his family and I know he was so incredibly proud and protective of each one of us.

Summing up my grandfather's life, I keep coming back to one thought. Never will you meet a man who more faithfully lived his values. Papa was a teacher of all things. His method was simple. He taught by example. At any age, when faced with an ethical dilemma, after reflection, study, or even rationalization, I find myself coming back to one simple question. How could I do it like my papa? He molded his character in the foundation of our consciences.

Papa's teachings are endless. He was strong in body, in spirit, and in commitment. He never let another man down. He fulfilled every obligation he ever undertook. His word was his bond, and everyone knew it. I never heard him utter a lie, nor intentionally deceive.

Kenneth Walker was self-made and self-reliant. From his education to his career, from his skill with every kind of tool that could fashion the fulfillment of his dreams, papa engaged with the world as a man who could be its master.

We are so fortunate and grateful that we had a father, grandfather, great grandfather; a great, great grandfather, uncle, cousin and friend so capable of expressing his love for our family. Although he will be forever missed, I feel comforted knowing that he accomplished more than he could have dreamed in life. We hold you in our hearts forever.

On June 26, 2016 his days were numbered and his sun was set. We love you. May your soul rest in peace.

Order of Service

Musical Prelude

Welcome and Prayer

Rev. Samuel Brown

Opening Sentence

Rev. Junior Antonio Guy

Opening Hymn: "I Need Thee, I Need Thee"

1. I need thee every hour, most gracious Lord;
no tender voice like thine can peace afford.

I need thee, O I need thee;
every hour I need thee;

O bless me now, my Savior, I come to thee.

2. I need thee every hour; stay thou nearby;
temptations lose their power when thou art nigh.

3. I need thee every hour, in joy or pain;
come quickly and abide, or life is vain.

4. I need thee every hour; teach me thy will;
and thy rich promises in me fulfill.

5. I need thee every hour, most Holy One;
O make me thine indeed, thou blessed Son.

First Scripture: 1 Corinthians 15: 50-58 Corine Walker-Guy
(daughter)

Tribute Philip York (grandson)

Tribute Tateanna Long (granddaughter)

Poem Kemroy McLeggon (cousin)

Second Scripture: Psalm 90: 1-12 Verona Walker (daughter) &
Ley-Shae Edwards (granddaughter)

Tribute Rapheal Walker (nephew)

Tribute Dorothy Steer-Tucker (granddaughter)

Tribute Shirley James (cousin)

Poem Alvis Allen (cousin)

Remembrance Joyce York (daughter)

Selection Natalie Walker (daughter)

Offertory Hymn: “When We All Get To Heaven”

1. 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.
2. 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!
3. While we walk the pilgrim pathway,
Clouds will overspread the sky;
But when trav'ling days are over,
Not a shadow, not a sigh.
4. Let us then be true and faithful,
Trusting, serving every day;
Just one glimpse of Him in glory
Will the toils of life repay.
5. 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

Eulogy Desmond Hamilton (grandson)

Selection Jahniel Stone

Selection: “This is Just What Heaven means to me”

A country where no twilight shadows deepen
Unending day where night will never be
A city where no storms
Will ever gather
This is just what heaven means to me
What will it be when we get over yonder
Where we'll join the throng upon the glassy sea
We'll join our loved ones and crown Christ forever
This is just what heaven means to me
And when at last we see the face of Jesus
Before whose image other loves all flee
And when they crown him Lord of All
I'll be there
This is just what heaven means to me
What will it be when we get over yonder

Where we'll join the throng upon the glassy sea
We'll join our loved ones and crown Christ forever
This is just what heaven means to me

Sermon

Rev. Samuel Brown

Prayer for the Bereaved Family

Rev. Junior Antonio Guy

Final Instructions Eternity Funeral Services Director

Recessional Hymn: "I'll Fly Away"

Some glad morning when this life is o'er,
I'll fly away;
To a home on God's celestial shore,
I'll fly away (I'll fly away).

Chorus

I'll fly away, fly away, Oh Glory
I'll fly away; (in the morning)
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by,
I'll fly away (I'll fly away).

When the shadows of this life have gone,
I'll fly away;

Like a bird from prison bars has flown,
I'll fly away (I'll fly away)

Chorus

I'll fly away, Oh Glory
I'll fly away; (in the morning)
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by,
I'll fly away (I'll fly away).

Interment

Mount Pleasant Cemetery
80 Commerce Street
Hawthorne, New York 10532

Repast

After the burial, please join the family for repast in the church's hall.

At The Graveside

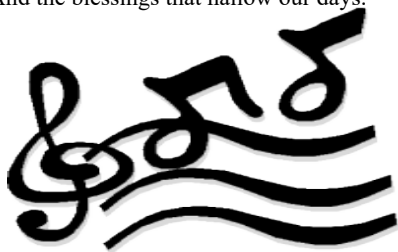
Committal Rev. Junior Antonio Guy
(son-in-law)

IN THE SWEET BY AND BY

1. There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there.
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2. We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blessed;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3. To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise
For the glorious gift of His love
And the blessings that hallow our days.



SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER

1. Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?
o Refrain:
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2. On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will talk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

3. Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

4. At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Savior's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.

5. Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

WHEN THE ROLL IS CALL UP YONDER

1. 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.
o 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.
2. On that bright and *cloudless morning when the dead in Christ
shall rise,
[*sabbath]
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.
3. 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.



PALL BEARERS

Anthony Walker (son)

Myron Walker (son)

Marlon Walker (grandson)

Jamie Walker (grandson)

Jeff Walker (grandson)

Dalton Hamilton (grandson)

Acknowledgement

We deeply appreciate your kind expression of sympathy in our time of great sorrow. We know our pain will decrease and what will remain will always be. Love all whom you hold dear, precious is the time you share. Do not wait for tomorrow, for tomorrow may not be... Thank you for keeping us in your thoughts and prayers.

-The Walker Family



Eternity Funeral Services, LLC

Karrie O. Harvey-Edwards

Owner / Licensed Manager

725 East Gun Hill Road • Bronx, NY 10467

ph (718) 231-8737 • fax (718) 231-3169

EternityFS@aol.com • www.EternityFuneralServicesNY.com

