Celebrating the Life of

Lorna M. Lewis

May 29, 1953 - December 18, 2016



Viewing - 9:00 a.m. - 11:00 a.m. Friday, December 23, 2016 - 11:00 a.m.

ETERNITY FUNERAL SERVICES

725 E. Gun Hill Road • Bronx, NY 10467

Rev. Can<mark>on</mark> Calvin McIntyre, Officiating Overseer Malachi McKenith, Organist

Obituary

A loving, funny, hard-working woman, **Lorna M. Lewis** was the epitome of a selfless person. On May 29, 1953, Lorna was born in Franklin Town, Kingston, Jamaica W.I. Lorna was one of the ten children born to Edna Mae Wellington and Benjamin Samuel Bobb. She attended and graduated from Meadow Brook High School in St. Andrew, Jamaica, W.I.

In 1970, she migrated to New York. She began working at Presbytery of New York City in 1972. In 1997, she transferred to Fifth Avenue Presbytery Church where she remained until she retired.

In 1973, she married Norman Lewis and was blessed with Renee and Robert in 1974 and 1975, respectively. All who knew Lorna would agree her children were and still are the most precious gift to her. Lorna often thanked God for trusting her to take care of her children and providing them with the best life possible. Lorna enjoyed crotchet and cooking during her "me" time but if you knew Lorna then you would agree her life was truly used to serve others.

For the last sixteen years Lorna was loved and cared for by her common-law husband Asheel Liburd. They had been blessed with a union that was based on partnership, understanding, love and commitment. Asheel took on the role of protector and caregiver for both Lorna and Renee.

Lorna is survived by her children: daughter Renee, son Robert (Maria) and honorary daughter Catherine, as well as honorary granddaughter Kennedy. She is also survived by her siblings, Peggy Young, Constance Graham, Clive Bobb and Angela Mobly. As well as a host of nephews, nieces, cousins and also God children.

Order of Service

Organ Prelude Overseer Malachi McKenith
Opening Hymn "What a friend we have in Jesus"
Opening Prayer Rev. Canon Calvin McIntyre
First Scripture Reading Ecclesiastes 3:1-9 Constance Clayton (niece)
Psalm 46
Second Scripture Reading
Musical Selection "His Eye is on the Sparrow"
Sermon
Commendation
Obituary Clifford Jéan-Lauture (family friend)
Tributes Open
Closing Hymn "When we all get to Heaven"
Final Viewing Eternity Funeral Services Director

<u>Interment</u>

Woodlawn Cemetery Bronx, New York

What A Friend We Have In Jesus

What a Friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

When We All Get To Heaven

Sing the wondrous love of Jesus, Sing His mercy and His grace. In the mansions bright and blessèd He'll prepare for us a place.

Refrain 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!

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

Refrain

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

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.

Ecclesiastes 3:1-9

To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted; A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up; A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance; A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing; A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away; A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak; A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace. What profit hath he that worketh in that wherein he laboureth?



Revelations 7:9-17

After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; And cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God, Saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen. And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

A Mother's Love

A Mother's love is something that no one can explain, It is made of deep devotion and of sacrifice and pain, It is endless and unselfish and enduring come what may For nothing can destroy it or take that love away . . . It is patient and forgiving when all others are forsaking, And it never fails or falters even though the heart is breaking . . . It believes beyond believing when the world around condemns, And it glows with all the beauty of the rarest, brightest gems . . . It is far beyond defining, it defies all explanation, And it still remains a secret like the mysteries of creation . . . A many splendored miracle man cannot understand And another wondrous evidence of God's tender guiding hand.



If Tears Could Build A Stairway

If tears could build a stairway
And memories were a lane.
I would walk right up to heaven
And bring you back again

No farewell words were spoken
No time to say goodbye
You were gone before we knew it
And only God knows why

Our hearts still ache in sadness And secret tears still flow What it meant to love you No one can ever know

But now we know you want us To mourn for you no more To remember all the happy times Life still has much in store

Since you'll never be forgotten
We pledge to you today
A hallowed place within our hearts
Is where you'll always stay.

-Author unknown

Acknowledgement

The family of **Lorna M. Lewis** acknowledges with great appreciation all acts of kindness, sympathy and love extended to us during this time of bereavement.



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