



In Loving Memory of
Delores E. Lindsay

Sunrise: April 2, 1945 - Sunset: January 20, 2017



Saturday, February 4, 2017 - 10:00 A.M.

Praise Temple Church of God

805 South Orange Avenue

Newark, New Jersey

Rev. Clive McBean, Officiating

Order of Service

Processional

Opening Selection

Hymn.....“How Great Thou Art”

Prayer

Scripture.....Ecclesiastes 3:1-8 - Dana Wade (Daughter-in-law)

Tributes

Scripture.....1 Thessalonians 4:13-18-Loma Phinn (Cousin)

Remembrance.....Suaine Burton (God Daughter)

Scripture..... Psalm 23 “The Lord’s My Shepherd

Offertory Hymn.....“It Is Well with My Soul”

Tributes

Obituary

Selection..... Sister Forman

Eulogy..... Monica Nixon (Friend)

Sermon.....Bishop Clive McBean

Prayer for the Family

Recessional Hymn.....“Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory”

Cremation

Rosedale Crematory
Orange, New Jersey

Hymn.....“HOW GREAT THOU ART”

O Lord my God, when I'm awesome wonder consider all the works thy hand hath 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
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.
When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation and take me home what jot shall gill my heart,
and then I shall bow in humble adoration,
and there proclaim,
my God, how great thou art!



Psalm 23.....THE LORD'S MY SHEPARD
(sung to the tune of the happy wanderer)

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by



(Refrain)

My soul He doth restore again
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness
E'en for His own names sake

(Refrain)

Yea, though I walk in deaths dark vale
Yet will I fear no ill
For thou art with me and thy rod
And staff my comfort still

(Refrain)

My table thou hast furnisheth
In presence foes my goes
My head thou dost with oil
Anoint
And my sup overflows

(Refrain)

Goodness and mercy all
My life
Shall surely follow me
And in God's house forever more
My dwelling place shall be

OFFETORY HYMN.....“It Is Well With My Soul”

(An offering will be collected for the church)

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:

It is well with my soul,
it is well, and it is well with my soul.
Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
and hath shed His own blood for my soul.
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!
For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live:
If Jordan above me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.
But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait,
the sky, not the grave, is our goal;
Oh, trump of the angel! Oh, voice of the Lord!
Blessed hope, blessed rest of my soul!
And Lord, haste the day when the 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

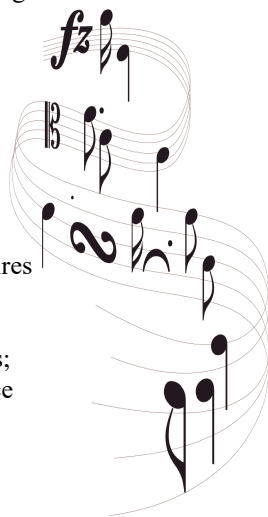


MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY

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.



2. I have seen him in the watch fires
of a hundred circling camps,
they have built 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)

3. I have read a fiery Gospel writ on burnished rows of 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

4. 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)

5. 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)

Precious



Memories



Miss Me, But Let Me Go

*When I come to the end of the
road and the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom filled room,
Why cry for a soul set free?
Miss me a little-but not too long,
and not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love that we once shared,
Miss me-but let me go.
For this is a journey that we all must take,
And each must go alone.
It's all part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick at heart,
Go to the friends we know.
Laugh at the things we use to do
Miss me-but let me go.*

-author unknown

Acknowledgement

Perhaps you sent a lovely card or sat quietly in a chair.
Perhaps you sent a floral piece If so, we saw it there.
Perhaps you spoke the kindest words as any friend could say.
Perhaps you were not there at all just thought of us on that day.
Whatever you did to console our hearts, We Thank You, Whatever the part.

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