



*Celebrating the Life of
Lincoln Lloyd Champagnie*

September 18, 1936 - May 21, 2017

*Viewing - 9:00 a.m. - 10:00 a.m.
Saturday, June 10, 2017 - 10:00 a.m.*

EASTCHESTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

3154 Fish Avenue • Bronx, NY 10469

*Rev. Phil Tom, Officiating
Rev. Carlton Knight, Eulogist*

Obituary

Lincoln Champagnie was born on the island of Jamaica in the West Indies, in the parish of St. Mary on the 18th of September 1936. His mother was Iris Brown and his father was Egerton Champagnie. He grew up with his grandmother and attended Primary School in St. Mary. After Primary School, Lincoln moved to Kingston, Jamaica and joined the Army.

After the Army, Lincoln joined the Jamaica Police Force in 1956. While serving as a Police Officer, Lincoln became an avid cricket player and a fan of horse racing thus fueling his life-long love of all sports.

Lincoln met his life partner and wife Carol in 1963 and they were married for forty-nine years.

Lincoln and Carol moved to the United States and produced their two daughters, Jacqueline and Jessica Champagnie.

Lincoln was an employee of The Hospital for Special Surgery as an X-Ray Technician and supervisor for thirty years until his retirement in 1999. He worked part time after his retirement for seven years at East River Medical Imaging Center.

Lincoln served and was an active member of the honorable Primrose Cricket Club as a player, Certified International Umpire and Vice President.

He leaves behind his wife, two daughters, two sisters, nieces, nephew, sisters-in-law, brothers-in-law and cousins.

He will always be remembered!

Order of Service

Organ Prelude

Opening Sentences

Processional Hymn: #330 “When Peace Like A River Attendeth”

Prayer Rev. Phil Tom

Scripture: Psalm 90:1-12 Carla Turner (niece)

Solo Sean Taylor

Tribute Paul Sinclair
Primrose Cricket Club (President)

Hymn: #38 “The Lord’s My Shepherd”

Obituary Jessica Champagnie (daughter)

Prayer of Comfort Rev. Dr. Dien Ashley Taylor, Pastor
Redeemer Evangelical Lutheran Church

Scripture: Revelations 7:9-16 Judith Smith (sister-in-law)

Hymn: #1 “How Great Thou Art”

Tribute Roy Taylor (best friend)

Tribute Jacqueline & Jessica Champagnie (daughters)

Eulogy Rev. Carlton Knight

Recessional Hymn: #513 “When We All Get To Heaven”

Benediction

Interment

Woodalwn Cemetery

Bronx, New York

When Peace Like A River Attendeth

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

The Lord Is My Shepherd

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.

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

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff my comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished me
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore,
My dwelling place shall be.

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 We All Get To Heaven

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.

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.

Refrain

At The Graveside Hymns

Shall We Gather At The River

Shall we gather at the river,
where bright angel feet have trod,
with its crystal tide forever
flowing by the throne of God?

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.

On the margin of the river,
washing up its silver spray,
we will walk and worship ever,
all the happy golden day.

(Refrain)

Ere we reach the shining river,
lay we every burden down;
grace our spirits will deliver,
and provide a robe and crown.

(Refrain)

Soon we'll reach the shining riv-
er,
soon our pilgrimage will cease;
soon our happy hearts will quiver
with the melody of peace.

(Refrain)

When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder

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.

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.

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.

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.



Pallbearers

Elvis Grant Robert Virgo
Neil Myers Clifton Brown
Felton Lake Rollington Blake

Acknowledgement

The family of Lincoln Lloyd Champagnie acknowledges with great appreciation all acts of kindness, sympathy and love extended to us during this time of bereavement.



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