

*Celebrating the Life of*  
*Sarah Emelia Allen*

*June 23, 1933 - May 20, 2017*



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

**EASTCHESTER CHURCH OF GOD**

3020 Eastchester Road • Bronx, NY 10469

*Bishop Devon Dixon, Officiating*  
*Reverend Robert Edwards, Moderator*

## *Obituary*

**Sarah Allen**, 83, died on Saturday, May 20, 2017 at her home surrounded by family and loved ones after a brief illness.

Born 1933 in St. Catherine, Jamaica, Sarah attended Craft Hill Primary School and later at the age of sixteen found employment working for the Roy household as a domestic helper. She migrated to the City of Birmingham in the United Kingdom at the age of twenty-eight and began her career working for the General Post Office. While living and working in the UK, she met Jonathan Allen who would later become her husband of forty plus years.

Sarah left the UK in 1972 and took up residence in the Bronx, United States. She was employed as a nanny for an Italian household and in later years changed career to work as a Personal Care Aide assisting the elderly until her retirement at the age of sixty-five.

A devoted practicing Christian and missionary, Sarah enjoyed helping others and spent many times working with her church to feed and provide food to the less fortunate. She was known to be a pillar for her extended family, friends and the community. Sarah enjoyed travelling and her most recent trip was to Israel last year where she spoke passionately about her experiences.

She is survived by her husband, Jonathan Allen; her children, Dennis, Hermaine, Collie, Norma, Marcia, Audrey and Pauline; siblings, Mavis, Eliza, Rebecca, Gracie, Reginald, Nathan, William, Frame, Ephraim, Venetia and Issac Jr.; her grandchildren and great grandchildren.

# *Order of Service*

Processional

Opening Sentences ..... Bishop Devon Dixon

Opening Hymn ..... “All The Way My Savior Leads Me”

Opening Prayer ..... Bishop Devon Dixon

Hymn ..... “Farther Along”

1st Scripture Reading ..... Ecclesiastes 3:1-11  
Al-Marie Rush (Granddaughter)

Special Dedication ..... Ericka Rush (Great Granddaughter)  
Norma Stephenson (Eastchester Church of God)  
Peter Murdoch

Hymn ..... “Burdens Are Lifted At Calvary”

2nd Scripture Reading ..... Revelations 21:1-7  
Orville Sibley (Grandson)

Poem: “I’m Free” ..... Selmalee Parson (Niece)

Hymn ..... “It Is Well With My Soul”

3rd Scripture Reading ..... Psalm 100  
Corrine Boothe (Granddaughter)

Soloist: Janet Mitchell ..... “O What A Sunrise”

Eulogy ..... Michelle Brizzi (Niece)

Sermon ..... Bishop Devon Dixon

Offering Hymn ..... “Amazing Grace”

Closing prayer for the family

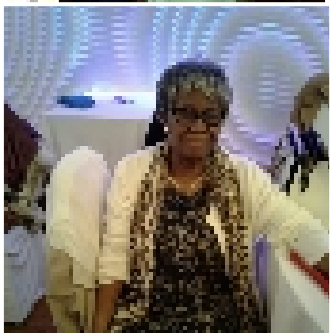
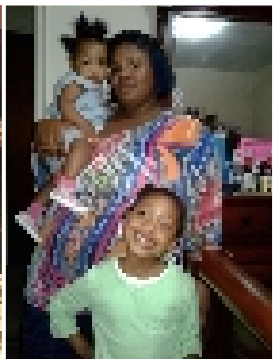
## **Interment**

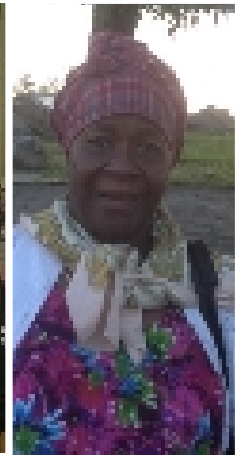
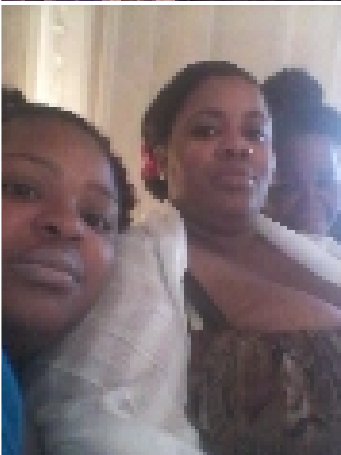
Woodlawn Cemetery  
Webster Avenue and East 233rd Street  
Bronx, New York 10470

*Repast*

*You are welcome to join the family for refreshments at:*

*Eastwood Manor  
3371 Eastchester Road  
Bronx, New York 10469*





## All The Way My Savior Leads Me

All the way my Savior leads me;  
What have I to ask beside?  
Can I doubt His tender mercy,  
Who through life has been my Guide?  
Heav'nly peace, divinest comfort,  
Here by faith in Him to dwell!  
For I know, whate'er befall me,  
Jesus doeth all things well,  
For I know, whate'er befall me,  
Jesus doeth all things well.

All the way my Savior leads me,  
Cheers each winding path I tread,  
Gives me grace for every trial,  
Feeds me with the living bread.  
Though my weary steps may falter,  
And my soul athirst may be,  
Gushing from the Rock before me,  
Lo! a spring of joy I see,  
Gushing from the Rock before me,  
Lo! a spring of joy I see.

All the way my Savior leads me;  
Oh, the fullness of His grace!  
Perfect rest to me is promised  
In my Father's blest embrace.  
When my spirit, clothed immortal,  
Wings its flight to realms of day,  
This my song through endless ages:  
Jesus led me all the way,  
This my song through endless ages:  
Jesus led me all the way.

## Farther Along

Tempted and tried, we're oft made to wonder  
Why it should be thus all the day long;  
While there are others living about us,  
Never molested, though in the wrong.

Refrain:

Farther along we'll know more about it,  
Farther along we'll understand why;  
Cheer up, my brother, live in the sunshine,  
We'll understand it all by and by.

Sometimes I wonder why I must suffer,  
Go in the rain, the cold, and the snow,  
When there are many living in comfort,  
Giving no heed to all I can do.

Tempted and tried, how often we question  
Why we must suffer year after year,  
Being accused by those of our loved ones,  
E'en though we've walked in God's holy fear.

Often when death has taken our loved ones,  
Leaving our home so lone and so drear,  
Then do we wonder why others prosper,  
Living so wicked year after year.

"Faithful till death," saith our loving Master;  
Short is our time to labor and wait;  
Then will our toiling seem to be nothing,  
When we shall pass the heavenly gate.

Soon we will see our dear, loving Savior,  
Hear the last trumpet sound through the sky;  
Then we will meet those gone on before us,  
Then we shall know and understand why.



## Burdens Are Lifted At Calvary

## It Is Well With My Soul

Days are filled with sorrow and care,  
Hearts are lonely and drear;  
Burdens are lifted at Calvary,  
Jesus is very near.

Refrain:  
Burdens are lifted at Calvary,  
Calvary, Calvary;  
Burdens are lifted at Calvary,  
Jesus is very near.

Cast your care on Jesus today,  
Leave your worry and fear;  
Burdens are lifted at Calvary,  
Jesus is very near.

Troubled soul, the Saviour can see  
Ev'ry heartache and tear;  
Burdens are lifted at Calvary,  
Jesus is very near.

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, it is well with my soul.

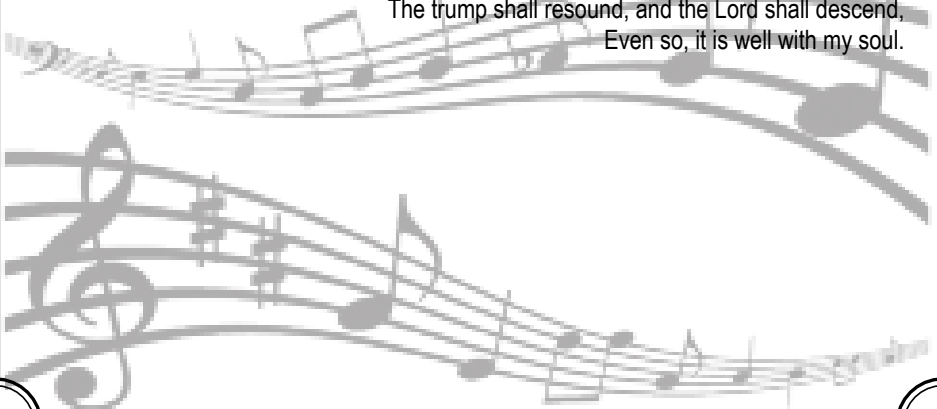
Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,  
Let this blest assurance control,  
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,  
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

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.





### *Acknowledgement*

*Perhaps you sent a lovely card, Perhaps you sent a spray, Perhaps you called, Perhaps you couldn't come at all, But silently you prayed, Whatever you did the family of the late Sarah Allen express heartfelt gratitude for the tremendous outpouring of love, concern, care and support given to us during our time of bereavement.*

*Eternity*   
*Funeral Services*

**Eternity Funeral Services, LLC**

Karrie O. Harvey-Edwards  
*Owner / Licensed Manager*

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