

Thanksgiving Service for The Life of

Brenda Harris-Ferron

JUNE 28, 1959 - JULY 3, 2022



FRIDAY, JULY 29, 2022

Viewing: 9:00 am - 10:00 am

Homegoing Service : 10:00 am

ETERNITY FUNERAL SERVICES, LLC

725 East Gun Hill Road • Bronx, NY 10467

Pastor Joseph O. Dempster, Officiating

(Living Word Apostolic Tabernacle)

Ms. Shanon Dempster, Organist

Interment

Oakwood Cemetery

304 Lexington Avenue

Mt Kisco, NY 10549

Repast

Colts Youth Club

1585 Nepperhan Avenue

Yonkers NY 10703

Service Information

Order of Service

Musical Prelude

Congregational Hymnal Heaven's Jubilee

First Scripture Reading

1 Corinthians 15: 50 - 58 Janique Morris (grandniece)

Second Scripture Reading

Revelation 21: 1 - 7 Beverly McNeish (niece)

Tributes from Family/Friend Amanda Lewis

Earnest Shaw

Janique Morris

Selection Bro. Byron Pennant

Offering In aid of Church Building Fund

Reflection Living Word Apostolic Tabernacle

Sis. Veronica Dempster

Open Tributes 2 minutes each

Obituary Maureen Brown

Selection Living Word Apostolic Tabernacle

Sermon Pastor Joseph O. Dempster

Prayer of Comfort Deacon David Codner

Congregational Hymn When I've Gone the Last Mile of the Way

Acknowledgements

Final Instructions Eternity Funeral Services Directors

Benediction

Recessional

Obituary

Today we are gathered here to celebrate the life of the late **Brenda Harris Ferron**.

Brenda Harris Ferron was born on June 28, 1959, to Margaret Gray and Harold Harris, in the Garden Parish of St. Ann, Jamaica, in a friendly neighborhood called Claremont. She was the 6th of seven children.

She grew up as a happy and free-spirited child. She attended the Runaway Bay Basic school, then progressed to the Runaway Bay All Age School. Her secondary education was at the Browns Town Secondary School. She was like the mother hen to her cousins and nieces. She defended and protected them while they were in school. Upon leaving school, she had her first child Errol Lee, a very quiet child who preceded her in death at age 20 due to a heart condition. Her mother Margaret was able to send her to Clerical School, after which she worked at several food establishment bars, then Highway 2000.

Her cousin Della graced her with the opportunity of immigrating to the United States of America. She loved to party and wore hot branded clothes and shoes. She was a very compassionate and giving person; nothing was too good for her to give away. She lived her life to its fullest, then in February of this year, 2022, she was ministered to by her taxi driver Byron, and she took her water baptism.

Well done, Hava, sleep and take your rest. Hava leaves to cherish her memories, one sister, 2 brothers, nieces and nephews, grandnieces and grandnephews, Special friend Steven, her church family, a host of other family members and friends.



Some glad morning we shall see, Jesus in the air
Coming after you and me, joy is ours to share
What rejoicing there will be, when the saints shall rise
Headed for that jubilee, yonder in the skies

Refrain

Oh what singing, oh what shouting
On that happy morning when we all shall rise
Oh what glory, Hallelujah
When we meet our blessed Savior in the skies

Seems that now I almost see, all the sainted dead
Rising for that jubilee, that is just ahead
In the twinkling of an eye, changed with them to be
All the living saints to fly, to that jubilee. [Refrain]

When with all that heavenly host, we begin to sing
Singing in the Holy Ghost, how the heavens will ring
Millions there will join the song, with them we shall be
Praising Christ through ages long, heaven's jubilee.

[Refrain]



Heaven's Jubilee



If I walk in the pathway of duty,
If I work till the close of the day,
I shall see the great King in His beauty,
When I've gone the last mile of the way.

Refrain:

When I've gone the last mile of the way,
I will rest at the close of the day;
And I know there are joys that await me,
When I've gone the last mile of the way.

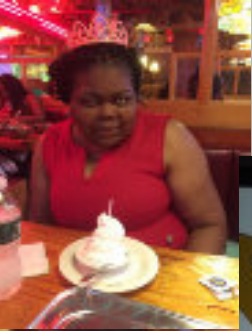
If for Christ I proclaim the glad story,
If I seek for His sheep gone astray,
I am sure He will show me His glory,
When I've gone the last mile of the way. (Refrain)

Here the dearest of ties we must sever,
Tears of sorrow are seen every day;
But no sickness, no sighing forever,
When I've gone the last mile of the way. (Refrain)


And if here I have earnestly striven,
And have tried all His will to obey,
'Twill enhance all the rapture of heaven,
When I've gone the last mile of the way. (Refrain)



The Last Mile of the Way



Precious Memories



Psalm 22: 1-4, 14 - 15

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?
why art thou so far from helping me,
and from the words of my roaring?

O my God, I cry in the day time, but thou
hearest not; and in the night season, and
am not silent.

But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest
the praises of Israel.

Our fathers trusted in thee: they trusted,
and thou didst deliver them....

I am poured out like water, and all my
bones are out of joint: my heart is like wax;
it is melted in the midst of my bowels.
My strength is dried up like a potsherd; and
my tongue cleaveth to my jaws; and thou
hast brought me into the dust of death.

Acknowledgement

The family wishes to acknowledge with deep appreciation the many expressions of love, concern and kindness shown to them during their time of bereavement.



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