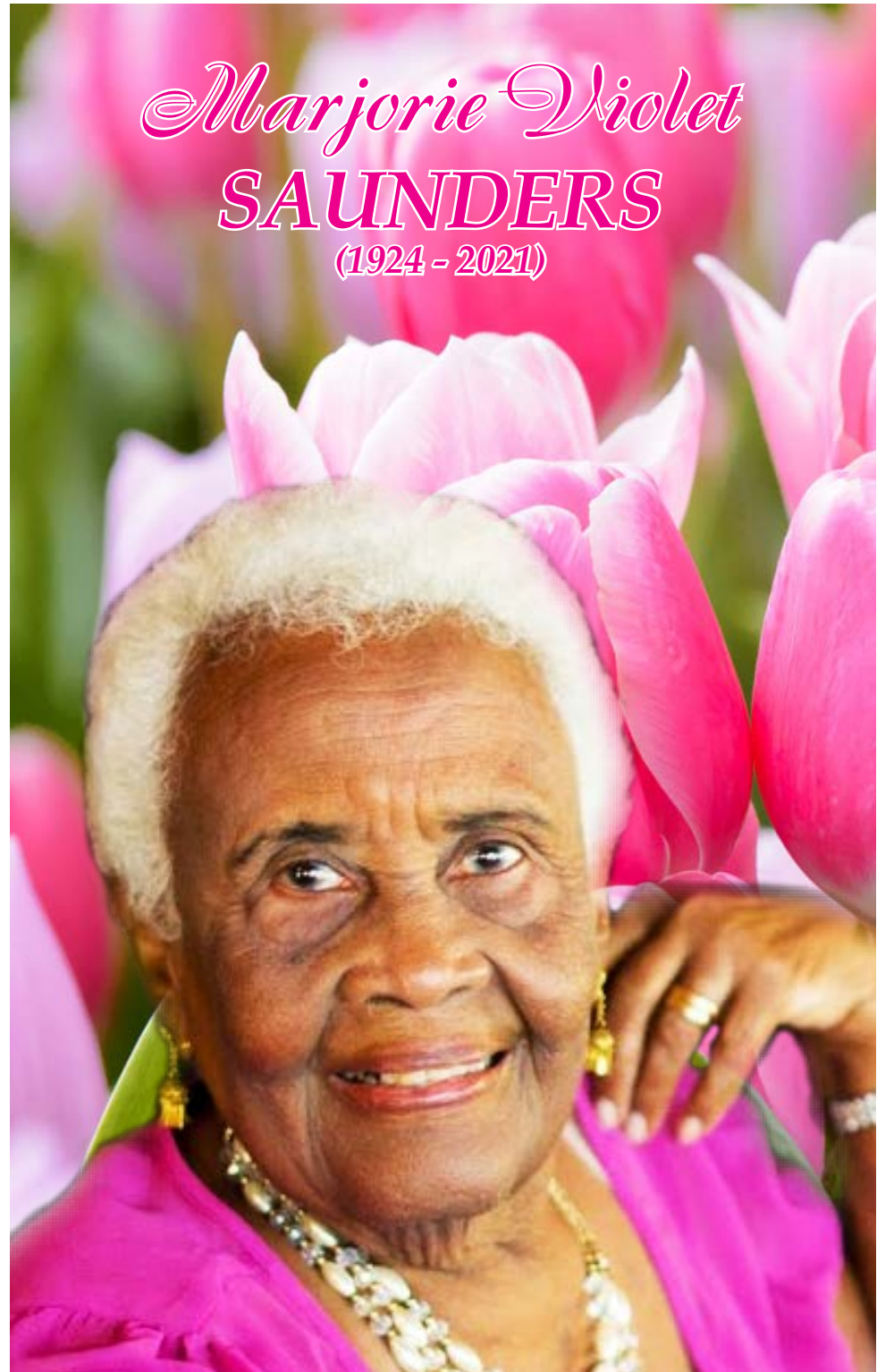


Marjorie Violet
SAUNDERS
(1924 - 2021)



Honouring Tradition. Celebrating Life.



**Now in our Fifth Generation
of Continuous Service.**

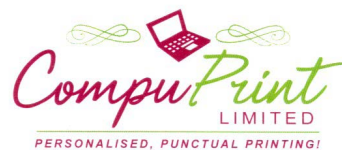
Ivy Main Road • St. Michael BB11067
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The Magic Of A Mother's Touch

*There's magic in a mother's touch
And sunshine in her smile
There's love in everything she does
To make our lives worthwhile
We can find both hope and courage
Just by looking in her eyes
Her laughter is a source of joy
Her words are warm and wise
There is kindness and compassion
To be found in her embrace
And we see the light of Heaven
Shining from a mother's face.*



*A Service of Praise and Thanksgiving
for the life of*

Marjorie Violet

SAUNDERS

Sunrise:
November 3, 1924

Sunset:
January 6, 2021

on
Wednesday, January 13, 2021
at the
Bethel Methodist Church
at 10:00 a.m.

Officiating:
The Rev. Derick A. Richards
Bishop of the South Caribbean District of the Methodist Church
The Rev. Adrian S. Odle
Superintendent Minister, Bethel Circuit
The Rev. M. Filanese Sanon
Minister, Hawthorn Methodist Church

Organist:
Bro. Richard Hope

Interment:
The Churchyard

*The Barbados Government's COVID-19 Protocols
of wearing masks and physical distancing
will be observed during the service and burial.*

-- Kindly silence all cell phones --

ORDER OF SERVICE

Processional and Sentences of Scripture

Hymn - Through All The Changing Scenes Of Life

Prayer of Invocation and Petition

Psalm 23 (Responsive Reading)

Tributes - Alison Saunders and Angela Gaskin

A Solo - Nathan Richards

"Comfort Ye, My People" - Messiah - Handel

The Word of God:

The Reading - Revelation 21: 1-7, Shelley Collymore

Hymn - Thou God Of Truth And Love

The Gospel - John 14: 1-6 and 27, Roseita Green

The Message

Prayer of Thanksgiving

The Commendation

The Lord's Prayer (West Indian Version)

Hymn - And Can It Be

The Benediction

Recession

Pall Bearers

Into The Church

Alison Saunders

Cheyne Jones

Shelley Collymore

Jacqueline Wiltshire

Sinead Collymore-Jones

Satya Collymore

Out Of The Church

Dominic Franklyn

Barton Green

Trevor Inniss

Curtis Cawley

Robert Cumberbatch

Gilbert Rowe

Ushers

Roxanne Brancker

Wendy Darlington

Acknowledgement

*We sincerely appreciate the many thoughtful acts
of kindness, expressions of sympathy
and support extended to us in our recent loss.*

*We are also grateful for your understanding
as we have chosen to spend this time in quiet reflection.*

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 Saviour, 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.

THROUGH ALL THE CHANGING SCENES OF LIFE

Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

O, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

O make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

PSALM 23 (Responsive Reading)

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He makes me lie down in green pastures.

He leads me beside still waters.

He restores my soul.

He leads me in paths of righteousness

for his name's sake.

Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil, for you are with me;

your rod and your staff, they comfort me.

You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies;

you anoint my head with oil;

my cup overflows.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,

and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.



No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in him, is mine!
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

AT THE GRAVESIDE *The Commendation and Prayers*

BLESSED ASSURANCE

Blessèd assurance, Jesus is mine:
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God;
Born of his spirit, washed in his blood:

*This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.*

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight;
Angels descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love:

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest -
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with his goodness, lost in his love:

AND CAN IT BE

And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! How can it be
That thou, my God, shouldst die for me!
Amazing love! How can it be
That thou, my God, shouldst die for me!

'Tis mystery all! the Immortal dies:
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine.
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore,
Let angel minds inquire no more.
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore,
Let angel minds inquire no more.

He left his Father's throne above-
So free, so infinite his grace-
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race.
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
For, O my God, it found out me!
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
For O, my God, it found out me!

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray-
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light,
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

THOU GOD OF TRUTH AND LOVE

THOU God of truth and love,
We seek thy perfect way,
Ready thy choice to approve,
Thy providence to obey:
Enter into thy wise design,
And sweetly lose our will in thine.

Why hast thou cast our lot
In the same age and place?
And why together brought
To see each other's face?
To join with loving sympathy,
And mix our friendly souls in thee?

Didst thou not make us one,
That we might one remain,
Together travel on,
And bear each other's pain;
Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
And rise renewed in perfect love?

Then let us ever bear
The blessed end in view,
And join, with mutual care,
To fight our passage through;
And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the starry crown.

O may thy Spirit seal
Our souls unto that day,
With all thy fulness fill,
And then transport away!
Away to our eternal rest,
Away to our Redeemer's breast!

