



In Loving Memory of
Mavis Louise Wilson

Sunrise: 5th June 1931 - Sunset: 6th May 2021

Aston Parish Church, Witton Lane, Birmingham B6 6QA
Friday 25th June 2021 at 12.00 noon
Officiating Minister: Pastor Alan Hepburn

Interment: Handsworth Cemetery



Music on Entry
I Am No Longer A Slave
by Carlene Davis and Naomi Cohen

Welcome and Opening Prayer
Pastor Alan Hepburn

Hymn

Great is Thy faithfulness, O God my Father,
There is no shadow of turning with Thee;
Thou changest not, Thy compassions, they fail not;
As Thou hast been Thou for ever wilt be:

*Great is Thy faithfulness! Great is Thy faithfulness!
Morning by morning new mercies I see;
All I have needed Thy hand has provided,
Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me.*

Summer and winter, and springtime and harvest,
Sun, moon and stars in their courses above,
Join with all nature in manifold witness
To Thy great faithfulness, mercy and love:

Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,
Thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide;
Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow,
Blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside!

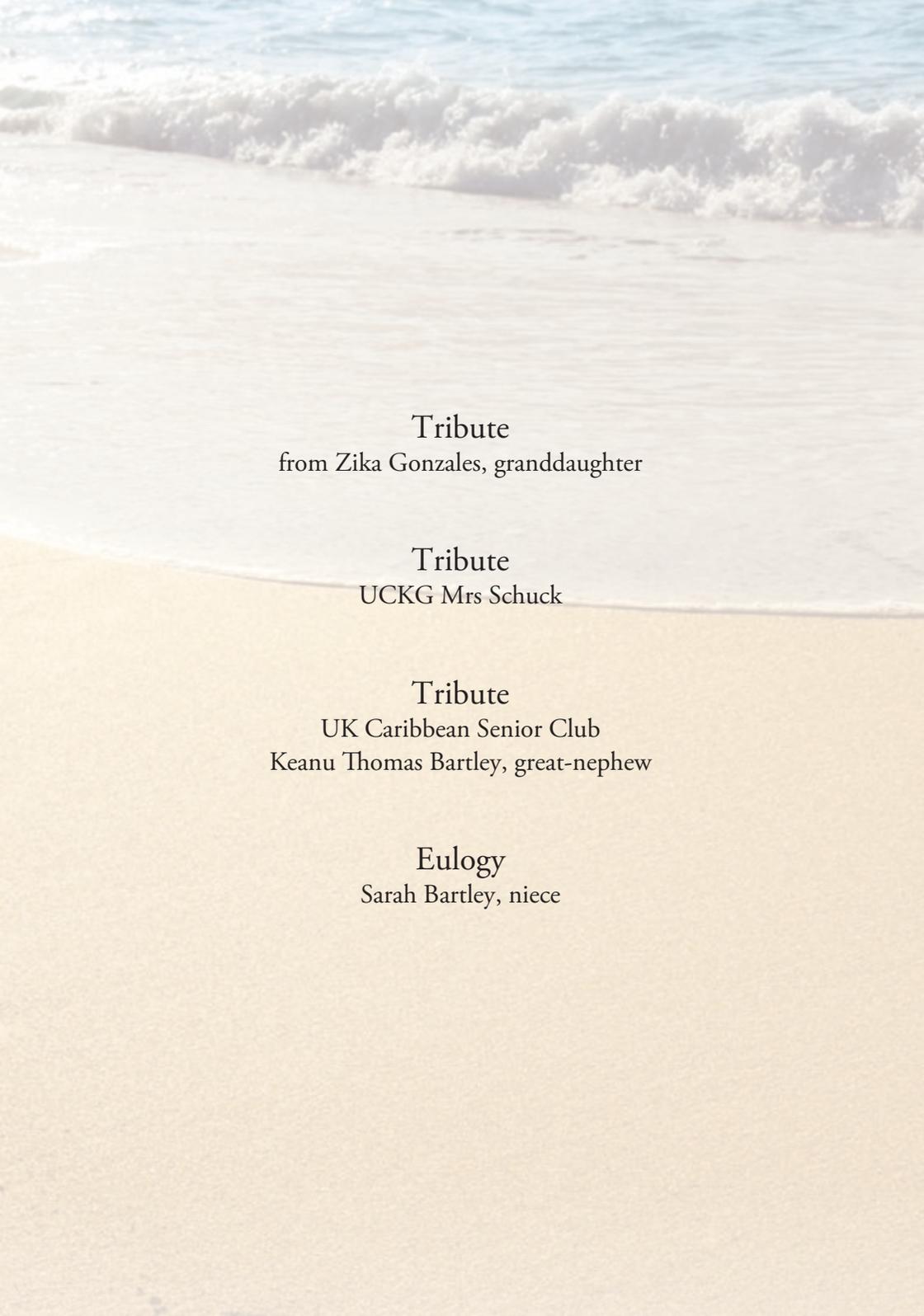
Thomas Obadiah Chisholm (1866-1960)

Scripture Reading

Ecclesiastes, Chapter 3: verses 1-12

Fitzherbert Wilson, brother

There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under the heavens:
a time to be born and a time to die, a time to plant and a time to uproot,
a time to kill and a time to heal, a time to tear down and a time to build,
a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance,
a time to scatter stones and a time to gather them,
a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing,
a time to search and a time to give up, a time to keep and a time to throw away,
a time to tear and a time to mend, a time to be silent and a time to speak,
a time to love and a time to hate, a time for war and a time for peace.
What do workers gain from their toil? I have seen the burden God has laid on
the human race. He has made everything beautiful in its time. He has also set
eternity in the human heart; yet no one can fathom what God has done from
beginning to end. I know that there is nothing better for people than to be
happy and to do good while they live.



Tribute
from Zika Gonzales, granddaughter

Tribute
UCKG Mrs Schuck

Tribute
UK Caribbean Senior Club
Keanu Thomas Bartley, great-nephew

Eulogy
Sarah Bartley, niece



Hymn

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.

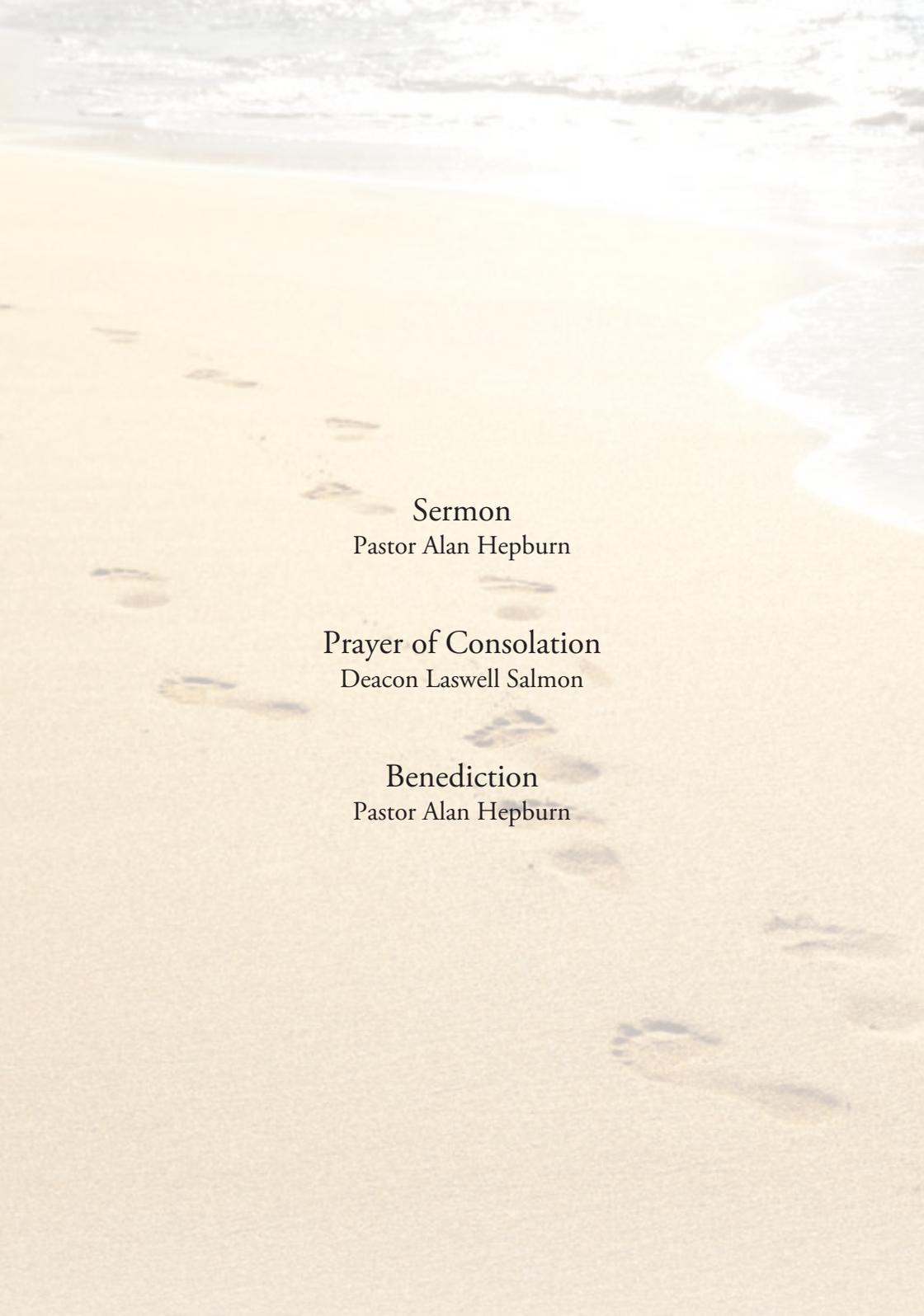
My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnishèd
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 for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

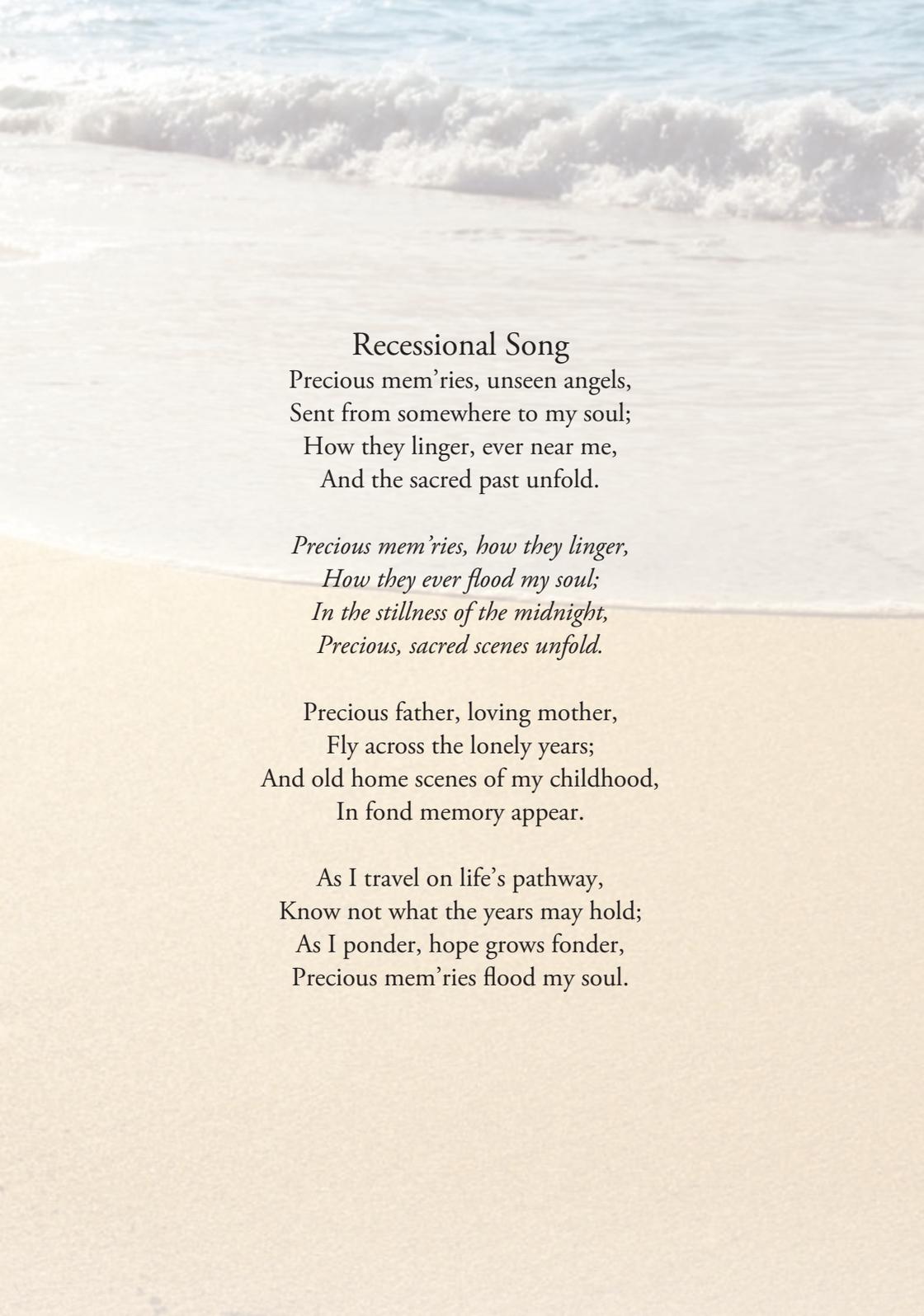
Scottish Psalter (1650)



Sermon
Pastor Alan Hepburn

Prayer of Consolation
Deacon Laswell Salmon

Benediction
Pastor Alan Hepburn



Recessional Song

Precious mem'ries, unseen angels,
Sent from somewhere to my soul;
How they linger, ever near me,
And the sacred past unfold.

*Precious mem'ries, how they linger,
How they ever flood my soul;
In the stillness of the midnight,
Precious, sacred scenes unfold.*

Precious father, loving mother,
Fly across the lonely years;
And old home scenes of my childhood,
In fond memory appear.

As I travel on life's pathway,
Know not what the years may hold;
As I ponder, hope grows fonder,
Precious mem'ries flood my soul.



A photograph of a beach with waves crashing onto the shore. The water is a light blue color, and the sand is a golden yellow. The waves are white and foamy, creating a sense of movement and energy. The overall scene is bright and sunny, with a clear sky.

Pall Bearers

Desmond Wilson, son

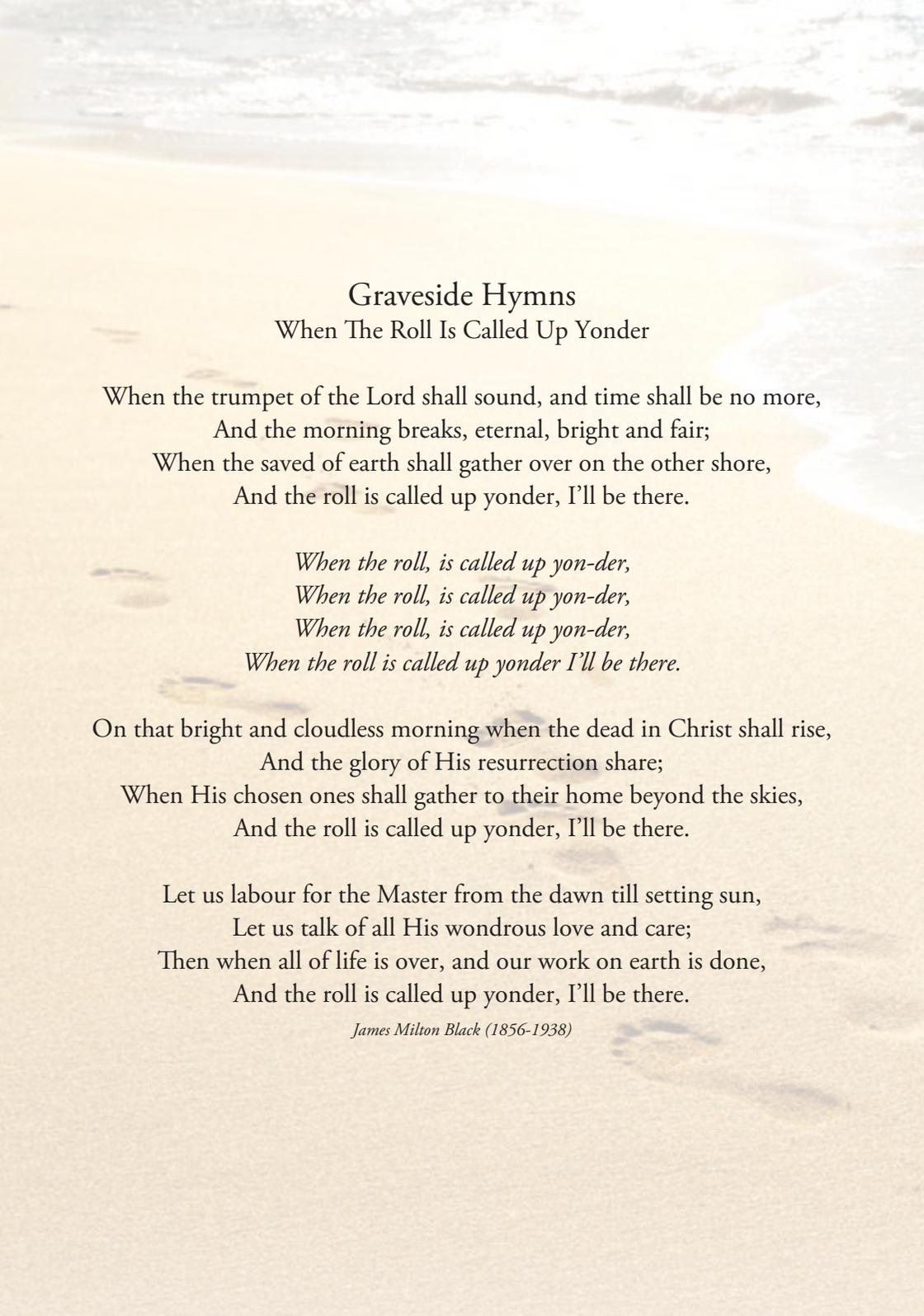
Warren Gonzales, son

Fidel Gonzales, grandson

Tyler Dalton, grandson

Jahmali Kirk, grandson

Deago Kirk, grandson



Graveside Hymns

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.

*When the roll, is called up yon-der,
When the roll, is called up yon-der,
When the roll, is called up yon-der,
When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there.*

On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
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 labour 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.

James Milton Black (1856-1938)

Shall We Gather At The River

Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Following the throne of God?

*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.

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

At the shining of the river
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Raise their songs of saving grace.

Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

Nearer, My God, To Thee

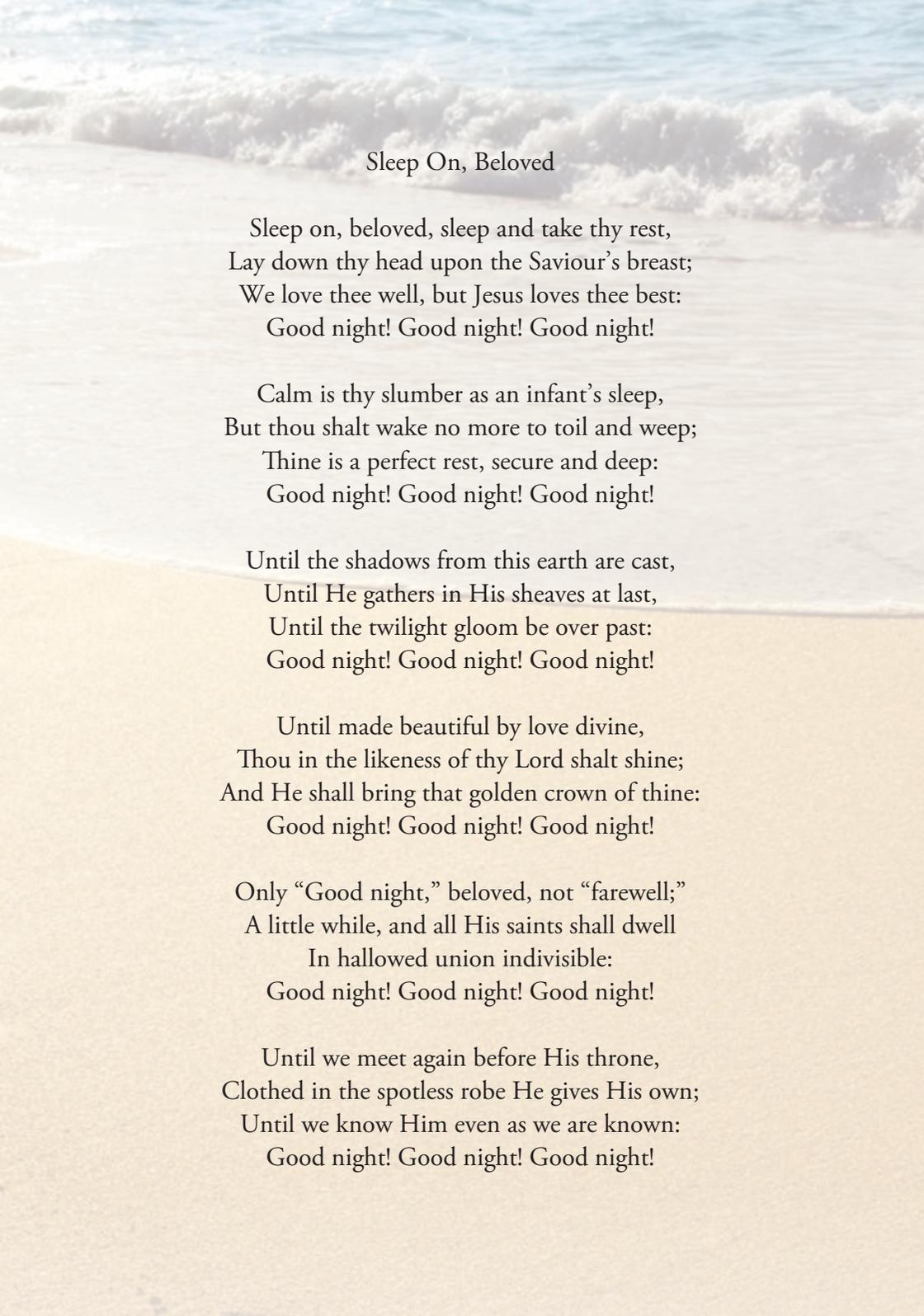
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be:
'Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!'

Though, like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear steps unto Heaven -
All that Thou sendest me in mercy given -
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!

Sarah Flower Adams (1805-1848)



Sleep On, Beloved

Sleep on, beloved, sleep and take thy rest,
Lay down thy head upon the Saviour's breast;
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best:
Good night! Good night! Good night!

Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep,
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep;
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep:
Good night! Good night! Good night!

Until the shadows from this earth are cast,
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last,
Until the twilight gloom be over past:
Good night! Good night! Good night!

Until made beautiful by love divine,
Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine;
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine:
Good night! Good night! Good night!

Only "Good night," beloved, not "farewell;"
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union indivisible:
Good night! Good night! Good night!

Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own;
Until we know Him even as we are known:
Good night! Good night! Good night!



Acknowledgements

The family of the late Mavis Louise Wilson wish to express sincere thanks and appreciation to all who have attended and taken the time to log in virtually and to all who have extended condolences and support in this time of bereavement.

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