

Memorial Service
honouring the life of



Sir Jack A. Hayward OBE

June 14, 1923 – January 13, 2015

Pro-Cathedral of Christ the King
East Atlantic Drive
Freeport, Grand Bahama Island
The Bahamas

February 23, 2015
4 pm

Officiated by
Archdeacon Harry Bain

ORGAN PRELUDE LARGO

Introit Hymn

Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory

Mine eyes have seen the glory
of the coming of the Lord;
he is trampling out the vintage
where the grapes of wrath are stored;
he hath loosed the fateful lightning
of his terrible swift sword;
his truth is marching on.

Refrain:

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watchfires
of a hundred circling camps,
they have builded him an altar
in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence
by the dim and flaring lamps;
his day is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet
that shall never call retreat;
he is sifting out the hearts of men
before his judgment seat;
O be swift, my soul, to answer him;
be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea,
with a glory in his bosom
that transfigures you and me;
as he died to make men holy,
let us die to make men free,
while God is marching on.

OPENING SENTENCES:

*“The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases, His compassion never fails,
every morning they are renewed.” (Lamentations 3: 22-23)*

*“The eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.”
(Deuteronomy 33:27)*

“Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted.” (Matthew 5:4)

PRAYER

Almighty God, Father of all mercies, we offer you our praise for all who have lived and died in the faith of your holy name, and especially for Jack whom we now remember before you with love and thanksgiving.

Give us grace to be faithful in the days of our earthly pilgrimage,
that with them we may share the glory of your heavenly kingdom and be partakers of their joy;
through the merits of our Savior Jesus Christ, to whom with you and the Holy Spirit
be praise and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

FIRST READING

Ecclesiastes 3: 1-8, 11

Read by: Giles Hayward

Reader: A reading from the book of Ecclesiastes

For everything there is a season,
and time for every matter under heaven:
a time to be born, and a time to die;
a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what is planted;
a time to break down, and a time to build up;
a time to weep, and a time to laugh;
a time to mourn, and a time to dance;
a time to throw away stones, and a time to gather stones together;
a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;
a time to seek, and a time to lose;
a time to keep, and a time to throw away;
a time to tear, and a time to sew;
a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;
a time for war, and a time for peace.
God has made everything suitable for its time.

READER: The Word of the Lord.

ALL: Thanks be to God.

EULOGY

By: Erika Gates

HYMN

I Vow To Thee My Country

I vow to thee, my country — all earthly things above —
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love;
The love that asks no question, the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago —
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know;
We may not count her armies, we may not see her King;
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness, and all her paths are peace.

SECOND READING

Philippians 4: 4-9

Read by: Rupert Hayward

Reader: A reading from the letter of the Apostle Paul to the Philippians

Rejoice in the Lord always; again I will say, Rejoice. Let your gentleness be known to everyone. The Lord is near. Do not worry about anything, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known to God. And the peace of God, which surpasses all understanding, will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus. Finally, beloved, whatever is true, whatever is honorable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is pleasing, whatever is commendable, if there is any excellence and if there is anything worthy of praise, think about these things. Keep on doing the things that you have learned and received and heard and seen in me, and the God of peace will be with you.

READER: The Word of the Lord.

ALL: Thanks be to God.

TRIBUTES

**Mr. K. Peter Turnquest, MP, East Grand Bahama,
and Deputy Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition**

Miss Sarah St. George, Vice Chairman, The Grand Bahama Port Authority Ltd.

**The Rt. Hon. Perry G. Christie, MP, Prime Minister and Minister of Finance,
The Commonwealth of The Bahamas**

SELECTION

Fathers are Wonderful People by Debora Waddell

Read by: Rick Hayward

Fathers are wonderful people too little understood
and we do not sing their praises as often as we should
for, somehow, Father seems to be the man who pays the bills.
While Mother binds up little hurts and nurses all our ills
and Father struggles daily to live up to his image—
as protector and provider and the hero of the scrimmage.
And perhaps that is the reason we sometimes get the notion
that Fathers are not subject to the thing we call emotion.
But if you look inside Dad's heart, where no one else can see,
you'll find he's sentimental and as soft as he can be,
But he's so busy every day in the grueling race of life.
He leaves the sentimental stuff to his partner and his wife,
but Fathers are just wonderful in many different ways,
and they merit loving compliments and accolades of praise.
For the only reason Dad aspires to fortune and success
is to make the family proud of him and to bring them happiness.
And like Our Heavenly Father, he is a guardian and a guide,
someone that we can count on to be always on our side.

SOLO

The Lord's Prayer

Performed by: Trevor Bethel

SELECTION

The Road Not Taken by Robert Frost

Read by: Amy Clough

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;
Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear,
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,
And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.
I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I -
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

HOMILY
Archdeacon Harry Bain
Rector

HYMN
Praise To The Lord The Almighty

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation;
O my soul, praise him, for he is thy health and salvation;
All ye who hear, Now to His temple draw near,
joining in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shieldth thee gently from harm, or when fainting sustaineth:
Hast thou not seen How thy heart's wishes have been
Granted in what he ordaineth?

Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and defend thee;
Surely his goodness and mercy shall daily attend thee:
Ponder anew What the Almighty can do,
If to the end he befriend thee.

Praise to the Lord! Oh, let all that is in me adore him!
All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him!
Let the Amen sound from his people again:
Gladly for aye we adore Him.

PRAYERS AND BENEDICTION
Archdeacon Harry Bain

The National Anthem of The Commonwealth of The Bahamas
March On, Bahamaland
written by Timothy Gibson

Lift up your head to the rising sun, Bahamaland;
March on to glory, your bright banners waving high.
See how the world marks the manner of your bearing!
Pledge to excel, through love and unity.
Pressing onward, march together to a common loftier goal;
Steady sunward, tho' the weather hide the wide and treacherous shoal.
Lift up your head to the rising sun, Bahamaland;
'Til the road you've trod leads unto your God,
March on, Bahamaland.

HYMN

O God Our Help In Ages Past

O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
our shelter from the stormy blast,
and our eternal home.

Beneath the shadow of thy throne,
thy saints have dwelt secure;
sufficient is thine arm alone,
and our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
or earth received her frame,
from everlasting thou art God,
to endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight,
are like an evening gone;
short as the watch that ends the night,
before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
bears all its sons away;
they fly forgotten, as a dream
dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come;
be thou our guard while troubles last,
and our eternal home.





GOD'S GARDEN
by Helen Steiner Rice

God looked around his garden
And found an empty place,
He then looked down upon the earth
And saw your tired face.
He put his arms around you
And lifted you to rest.
God's garden must be beautiful
He always takes the best.
He knew that you were suffering
He knew you were in pain.
He knew that you would never
Get well on earth again.
He saw the road was getting rough
And the hills were hard to climb.
So he closed your weary eyelids
And whispered, 'Peace be thine'.
It broke our hearts to lose you
But you didn't go alone,
For part of us went with you
The day God called you home.