

We Just Can't Know

*We just can't know what lies ahead,
From day to passing day,
What changes God is planning
In His wise and loving way.
We just cannot know the reasons
Why our sorrow has to be;
Why we must lose the ones
We need and love so specially.
We just can't know,
But we must trust
And faith can help us find
Our way to those tomorrows
That will bring us peace of mind.*

Honouring Tradition. Celebrating Life.



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

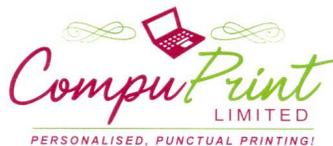
Ivy Main Road • St. Michael BB11067
Sheryl Ann Tudor, Funeral Director

Phone/Fax (246) 429-2082

Phone (246) 434-4012

info@tudorsfuneralhome.com

www.tudorsfuneralhome.com



Tel: 228-0020

email: compuprint@hotmail.com

Eudine Barnes



Pall Bearers

*Jehu Wiltshire
Stevenson Barnes
Keith Franklyn
Adolphus Barnes
Bernard Wharton
Adam Trotman*

We Thank You

*Because you cared, you came to share,
Beautiful flowers and words of prayer.
Because you cared enough to do
Words of comfort on cards came too.
Because you cared, we're grateful indeed
You've been a comfort and a friend in need.
Because you cared, we're able to bear
The grief and sorrow - there is no despair.
Because you cared, we are praying too
That God will abundantly bless each of you.
Whatever you did to console our hearts,
We thank you so much, whatever the part.
**The family of the late
Eudine Barnes.***

IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

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!

*It is well, with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul!*

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let blessed 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!

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!

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

Eudine Barnes
(November 28, 1970 - January 1, 2021)

*late of
#159 Long Champ Drive,
Crystal Heights, St. James
on
Saturday, January 16, 2021
at the Chapel of
Coral Ridge Memorial Gardens
The Ridge, Christ Church
at 10:00 a.m.*

*Officiating:
The Rev. Dr. Joseph Tudor, SCM, JP*

Private Cremation

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

~~ Kindly silence all cell phones ~~

ORDER OF SERVICE

Reception of the Body

An Appreciation - Lana Trotman

A Musical Tribute - Count On Me

(Specially requested by Eudine's dear friend Beverley Hinds)

Psalm 91 - Lana Trotman

Hymn - The Holy City

The Scripture Reading:

John 14: 1-6, Elder Carolyn Greenidge

The Address - The Rev. Dr. Joseph Tudor, SCM, JP

The Collect

Hymn - I Need Thee Every Hour

The Commendations

Hymn - It Is Well With My Soul

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR

I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord,
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

*I need thee, O I need thee;
Every hour I need Thee!
O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee!*

I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

I need Thee every hour,
Teach me Thy will,
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

And once again the scene was changed
New earth there seemed to be
I saw the holy city beside the tideless sea
The light of God was on the streets
The gates are opened wide
And all who would might enter
And no one was denied
No need of moon or stars by night
Or sun to shine by day
It was the new Jerusalem
That would not pass away
It was the new Jerusalem
That would not pass away

THE HOLY CITY

Last night I lay a-sleeping
There came a dream so fair
I stood in old Jerusalem
Beside the temple there
I heard the children singing
And ever as they sang
Methought the voice of angels
From heav'n in answer ring
Methought the voice of angels
From heav'n in answer ring

[Chorus]

*Jerusalem, Jerusalem
Lift up your gates and sing
Hosanna in the highest
Hosanna to your King*

And then methought my dream was changed
The streets no longer rang
Hushed were the glad Hosannas
The little children sang
The sun grew dark with mystery
The morn was cold and chill
As the shadow of the cross arose
Upon a lonely hill
As the shadow of the cross arose
Upon a lonely hill

(Cont'd on page 6)

