

## *I'm Free*

*Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free;  
I'm following the path God laid for me.  
I took His hand when I heard His call,  
I turned my back and left it all.  
I could not stay another day,  
To laugh, to love, to work or play.  
Tasks left undone must stay that way,  
I've found that peace at the close of the day.  
If my parting has left a void,  
Then fill it with remembered joys;  
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss;  
Ah yes, these things I too will miss.  
Be not burdened with times of sorrow,  
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.  
My life's been full, I've savored much;  
Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch.  
Perhaps my time seemed all too brief,  
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.  
Lift up your heart and share with me  
God wanted me now, He set me free.*



**Guarino Funeral Home of Canarsie, Inc.**  
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CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF

# Aculus A. Farrell

SUNRISE: OCTOBER 25, 1930    SUNSET: FEBRUARY 17, 2014



***Funeral Service***  
***Sunday, February 23rd, 2014***  
*Bethel Church of the Nazarene*  
*595 Classon Ave., Brooklyn, NY, 11238*

*A Celebration of the Life of  
Aculus Adina Farrell*

**Funeral Service**  
Sunday, February 23rd, 2014  
Bethel Church of the Nazarene  
595 Classon Ave  
Brooklyn, NY, 11238

**ACKNOWLEDGEMENT**

The Family of Aculus Adina Farrell  
wishes to thank you for attending this service,  
and for your expressions of kindness, sympathy and support.  
May God richly bless you.



**HYMNS OF PRAISE**

When Christ shall come,  
with shout of acclamation,  
And take me home,  
what joy shall fill my heart.  
Then I shall bow,  
in humble adoration,  
And then proclaim:  
"My God, how great Thou art!"

**Are You Washed in the Blood of Jesus**

Have you been to Jesus for  
the cleansing pow'r?  
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
Are you fully trusting in His grace this  
hour?  
Are you washed in the blood of the  
Lamb?

**Chorus:**

Are you washed in the blood,  
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?  
Are your garments spotless?  
Are they white as snow?  
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Are you walking daily by the Savior's side?  
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?  
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

(When the Bridegroom cometh  
will your robes be white?  
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
Will your soul be ready  
for the mansions bright,  
And be washed in the blood of the  
Lamb?

Lay aside the garments t  
hat are stained with sin,  
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb;  
There's a fountain flowing  
for the soul unclean,  
Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

**(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 know,  
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

**Refrain:**

It is well, (it is well),  
With my soul, (with my soul)  
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet,  
though trials should come,  
Let this blest assurance control,  
That Christ has 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!

For me, be it Christ,  
be it Christ hence to live:  
If Jordan above me shall roll,  
No pang shall be mine,  
for in death as in life,  
Thou wilt whisper  
Thy peace to my soul.  
But Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy com-  
ing we wait,  
The sky, not the grave, is our goal;

Oh, trump of the angel!  
Oh, voice of the Lord!  
Blessed hope,  
blessed rest of my soul.  
And Lord, haste the day  
when my faith shall be sight,  
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;  
The trump shall resound,  
and the Lord shall descend,  
A song in the night, oh my soul!

## HYMNS OF PRAISE

### Softly and Tenderly

Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,  
Calling for you and for me; He's wait-  
ing and watching,  
Watching for you and for me.

Chorus:

Come home, come home,  
You who are weary, come home;  
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,  
Calling, O sinner, come home!

Why should we tarry  
when Jesus is pleading,  
Pleading for you and for me?  
Why should we linger and heed not  
His mercies,  
Mercies for you and for me?

Time is now fleeting,  
the moments are passing,  
Passing from you and from me;  
Shadows are gathering,  
deathbeds are coming,  
Coming for you and for me.

### When We All Get to Heaven

Sing the wondrous love of Jesus; sing  
his mercy and his grace.  
In the mansions bright and blessed  
he'll prepare for us a place.

Chorus:

When we all get to heaven,  
what a day of rejoicing that will be!  
When we all see Jesus,  
we'll sing and shout the victory!

While we walk the pilgrim pathway,  
clouds will overspread the sky;  
but when traveling days are over, not a  
shadow, not a sigh

Let us then be true and faithful,  
trusting, serving every day; just  
one glimpse of him in glory will  
the toils of life repay.

Onward to the prize before us!  
Soon his beauty we'll behold; soon  
the pearly gates will open; we shall  
tread the streets of gold.

### How Great Thou Art

O Lord my God,  
When I in awesome wonder,  
Consider all the worlds  
Thy Hands have made;  
I see the stars,  
I hear the rolling thunder,  
Thy power throughout  
the universe displayed.

Chorus:

Then sings my soul,  
My Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art,  
How great Thou art  
Then sings my soul,  
My Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art,  
How great Thou art!

And when I think of God,  
His Son not sparing;  
Sent Him to die,  
I scarce can take it in;  
That on the Cross,  
my burden gladly bearing,  
He bled and died  
to take away my sin.



### Memories

*Though her smile is gone forever and her hand we cannot touch;  
Still we have so many memories of the one we love so much.  
Her memory is our keepsake from which we will never part;  
God has her in His keeping, we have her in our hearts.*





## *Order of Service*

*Musical Prelude*

*Processional*

*Opening Remarks*

*Opening Prayer*

*Hymn #1*

*The Lord is my Shepard*

*Scripture Reading #1*

*Ecclesiastes 3:1-8*

*Hymn #2*

*Softly and Tenderly*

*Scripture Reading #2*

*Acts 9: 36-39*

*Hymn #3*

*When We All Get to Heaven*

*Eulogy*

*Hymn #4*

*How Great Thou Art*

*Poem Selection*

*"I am Free"*

*Tributes*

*Musical Selection*

*Homily / Sermon*

*Prayer*

*Acknowledgement*

*Prayer of Comfort*

*Commendation*

*Viewing*

*Closing Hymn*

*Are You Washed in the Blood?*

*Benediction*

*Recessional Hymn*

*It is Well with My Soul*

## **Eulogy**

**A**dina Farrell, also known as Mrs. Glynn, was born, grew up and educated in the village of Questelles, in the Eastern Caribbean island state of St. Vincent and the Grenadines (SVG). She was brought up in the strict and thorough manner appropriate to all fine young ladies of the time. Hence she was not only drilled in the academic tradition of the three (3) R's, Reading, Writing and Arithmetic, but was also exposed to other skills like sewing, baking and home-making, deemed useful and necessary for proper up and coming young ladies of the day.

It was in the art of sewing that the young Adina showed keen interest and displayed early talent. She received the support of her family members, who were quick to recognize the usefulness and potential of this special practical talent. At an early age she became the "Seamstress in Residence" in her household, serving the sewing needs of male and female alike. In time, she became the dressmaker and designer of choice of the fashionistas of her day, and people traveled from all over the island to Questelles to have their special clothes made by her.

She traveled to Trinidad in pursuit of greater scope and opportunity for her skills. While there, she met and married Henry Glynn. After seven years she returned to St. Vincent, and continued where she left off with her business. She went to England in 1960, during the period of popular West Indian emigration to that country, and after working for five years in the garment industry, where she further advanced her skills, she went back to her homeland, with no intention of leaving again.

Back in St. Vincent she re-opened her sewing establishment, and operating from her home in Questelles, her reputation and clientele grew from strength to strength. She took great pride in the number of aspiring seamstresses she trained. But, alas, after twenty satisfying years, she once again felt the urge to expand her horizons, and so Adina Farrell traveled to the United States in 1980. This time, with the singular mission of securing the higher education of her beloved daughter, Lorna, then a school-teacher in SVG.

Adina Farrell is survived by her daughter, Lorna Glynn, of Queens, NY; her son, Lennox, pre-deceased her in 2005; adopted daughter, Gweneth Simon, of Brooklyn, NY; grandchildren, Ron, Annmarie, Curt, Kimya, Kenyon, Irmlyn, Aaron, Monique and Leroy; Twelve great grandchildren; brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, many other relatives and friends.

Farewell Adina! In life you were a solid foundation and rock for your family, and many whom you encountered. Mere words cannot convey our love, appreciation and sense of loss. We take solace from the struggles you faced and overcame. Now that your earthly journey is ended, may the angels escort you to Paradise, to rest eternally, in a place where there is no more sorrow and no more pain.