

james julius catalyn, o.b.e.

January 6, 1940 - August 18, 2018

Naked came I out of my mother's womb
and naked shall I return thither:
The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away;
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

JAMES JULIUS CATALYN, O.B.E.

BORN: January 6, 1940

DIED: August 18, 2018

AGE: 78 Years

SERVICE HELD AT

Christ Church Cathedral
George Street
Nassau, The Bahamas

AUGUST 23, 2018

10:30 A.M.

OFFICIATING

Dean Patrick Adderley
Father Colin Humes

ORGANIST

Raymond Antonio

Cremation has taken place.

PRIVATE INTERMENT

AT A LATER DATE

Ebenezer Methodist Church Cemetery
East Shirley Street
Nassau, The Bahamas

THIS IS MY DAY

by

james j. catalyn © aug. 1985

Weep silently for me, no mournful wail
No unnecessary and useless screams
You loved me living, did you fail
To tell me
You shared my dreams
Speak not o'er me as here I lay
I cannot hear your false lament
I lived, t'was then you should've had your say
Not when my life is spent.
You cared not then, did not sing my praise
You tore me to the core
I care not now, I'm in God's grace
He loves me even more.
To thine own self, reflect within thine heart
Consider deeds both good and bad
Keep silent! Sit where you are shown
This is my day! I'm glad.
Expect no dignitaries bloc
No acknowledgements, they bore
My friends were all the same to me
Though some were rich, some poor.
Behind my funeral bier
Behind my family dear
Tread silently, not a whisper make
And take your exit without flair.
Weep not! Speak not! Make no demands
There's only one star today
No concert, circus, I made my plans
To have my funeral, my way!

james julius catalyn, o.b.e.

He was born. He knew who he was, where he came from, and where he was going.

He lived. He made his contribution.

He said what he meant and meant what he said and was clearly understood.

He did the things in life that pleased him.

He enjoyed life to the fullest.

He was at peace with himself and with his fellowman. His one concern was that we love one another, even as Christ loved us.

He died. He had no regrets.

He chose his favourite passages of scripture and some of his favourite hymns.

He did not wish an Obituary; neither did he wish an "As I Knew Him", nor "Tributes", nor "Precious Memories" at the back of the funeral booklet, nor a "Gathering" after the service.

You each knew him differently; you will each remember him differently.

In your hearts, remember him as you knew him.

His survivors include his son and fiancée: Randon Scott Catalyn & Candice Murton; ***grandchildren:*** Blayre Catalyn, Cayden Catalyn, Cai-Lily Catalyn, Brittany Smith, Brielle Minnis; ***his brother:*** Peter Catalano II; ***nieces and spouses:*** Claudia & Norman Seymour, Judith Edwards, Ann Albury, Gina Catalano-Pieri & Anthony Pieri; ***nephews & spouses:*** Barrington & Annick Brennen, Derek & Tracy Catalano, Kirk & Maureen Catalano, David & Monique Catalano; ***grand-nieces & spouses:*** Vernessa & Ansel Rahming, Keturah &

Keith Bryant, Christina & Devaughn Rahming, Marguerite & Leslie Samuel, Jamie Catalano, Isabella & David Thompson, Olivia Pieri, Karissa Catalano; **grand-nephews & spouses:** Gerard & Dana Brennen, Donovan Edwards, Jonathan & Jackie Edwards, Adam Edwards, Keith & Opal Albury, Alden & Georgina Albury, Brendon & Jennifer Albury, Christopher & Gayle Catalano, Carlito, Skye, & Sabian Catalano, Deangelo & Raven Catalano; **great grand-nieces & nephews:** Ane, Aneisha & Lawrence Rahming, Keith, Dauntez & Ava Bryan, Malachi & Alexander Brennen, Noah & Odelia Samuel, Kady, Zoe & Kaleb Albury, Keith Christian Albury & Aaliyah Albury, & Penny Kat Edwards. **Other survivors include:** Louis W. A. Hanchell, Helena Dorsett, Camille Cartwright, Donrica Burrows, Inez Major and family of Roses, Long Island, Karen Catalyn, Grace Sherman, siblings & families, Maria & Mario Knowles, Eleanor & Robert Elliott, Sister Clare Rolle, Sister Benedict Pratt, Cyprianna Fleischer, Lowell Mortimer, Edward Williams & family, Julia Burnside, Cyprianna & Sean McWeeney, Basil & Cheryl Albury, Dean Patrick & Astrid Adderley, Alice Stuart, Elizabeth "Betty" Cole, Lawson Mapp of Bermuda, Jerona & Byron Babb of Englewood New Jersey, the descendants of Lady Caroline Butler, Margaret Smith-Brown & family, Albertha Gainza & family, Loretta Algreen & family, Blanche & Melbourne Cartwright, Lady Zoe Maynard & family, Patricia Jervis & family, Linda Aranha, Celeste Lockhart, Patrice McDonald, Eileen Mabon, Janeen & Charles McCartney, Ena & Norman (Campbell) Fox, Sony Jean-Jacques, Valentine Maura, Jerome Miller, Lionel Symonett, Mabel & Keith Mason, Shirley Braynen, Barbara Usher, Weslie Thompson, Danny Wilson & family, Ruth Francis & family, Paula Crawley & family, Florrie Cartwright & family, The Percentie family of Harbour Island, Elva Collie Tynes & family, Helen Dean & family, Ivan Collie, James Catalyn & Friends Theatrical Group, Cell D of Christ Church Cathedral, the Community of St. Benedict Monastery, The Samaritan Ministers & The Samaritan Drop-In Group, The HIV/AIDS Resource Committee, the Major & Dean Clans of Roses, Long Island, The AFTER group, The Pondites & the PLP Stalwart Council.

THE SERVICE

ORGAN MEDITATION Handel's Largo from Xerxes

OPENING SENTENCES

Jesus said, I am the resurrection, and I am life; he who believes in me, though he die, yet shall he live, and who ever lives and believes in me shall never die. **John 11:25-26.**

I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. **Romans 8:38-39.**

If we live, we live to the Lord, and if we die, we die to the Lord; so then, whether we live or whether we die, we are the Lord's. For to this end Christ died and lived again, that he might be Lord both of the dead and of the living. **Romans 14:8-9.**

Jesus said, Let not your hearts be troubled; believe in God, believe also in me. **John 14:1.**

We brought nothing into the world, and we take nothing out. The Lord gives, and the Lord takes away: Blessed be the name of the Lord. **Job 1:21.**

THE INTROIT 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, Brothers and sisters draw
Near Praise Him in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord! O 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.

Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and defend thee
Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend thee;
Ponder anew What the Almighty can do,
If with His Love He befriend thee.

Praise to the Lord, who when tempests their warfare are waging
Who, when the elements madly around thee are raging,
Biddeth them cease, Tumeth their fury to peace,
Whirlwinds and waters assuaging.

Praise to the Lord, who when darkness of sin is abounding,
Who, when the godless do triumph, all virtue confounding,
Sheddeth His light, Chaseth the horrors of night,
Saints with his mercy surrounding.

THE COLLECT

Almighty God, we remember before you today your Servant James, and we pray that, having opened to him the gates of larger life, you will receive him more and more into your joyful service, that, with all who have served you in the past, he may share in the eternal victory of Jesus Christ our Lord; who lives and reigns with you in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE FIRST LESSON*Ecclesiastes 3:1-15*

Read by: Louis W. A. Hanchell

To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: A time to be born and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck that which is planted; A time to kill, and a time to heal; 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 cast away stones, and a time to gather stones; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing; A time to gain, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to throwaway; A time to tear, and a time to sew; A time to keep silence, and a time to speak; A time to love, and a time to hate; A time of war, and a time of peace. What profit has the worker from that in which he labours? I have seen the God-given task with which the sons of men are to be occupied. He has made everything beautiful in its time. Also He has put eternity in their

hearts, except that no one can find out the work that God does from the beginning to file end. I know that nothing is better for them than to rejoice, and do good in their lives. And also that every man should eat and drink, and enjoy the good of all his labour, it is the gift of God. I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever; nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it; and God doeth it, that men should fear before Him. That which hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been; and God requireth that which is past.

Reader: The Word of The Lord.

All: Thanks be to God.

THE HYMN "*Hark! Hark, My Soul!*"

Hark! Hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earths green fields and oceans wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

***Angels of Jesus, angels of light
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!***

Onward we go; for still we hear them singing:
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing
The music of the gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn and darksome night be past
Faith's journey ends in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Angels, sing on, you faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

THE SECOND LESSON..... 1 Corinthians 13:1-13

Read by: Lowell Mortimer

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profits me nothing. Love suffers long, and is kind; love does not envy; love does not parade itself, is not puffed up; does not behave rudely, does not seek its own, is not provoked, thinks no evil; does not rejoice in iniquity, but rejoices in truth; bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never fails, But whether there are prophecies, they will fail; whether there are tongues, they will cease; whether there is knowledge, it will vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part will be done away. When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part, but then I shall know just as also I am known. And now abide faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

Reader: The Word of The Lord.

All: Thanks be to God.

GRADUAL HYMN *"O Jesus I Have Promised"*

O Jesus, I have promised to serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou forever near me my Master and my Friend!
I shall not fear the battle if Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway if Thou wilt be my guide.

O let me feel Thee near me: the world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle, the tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me, around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer, and shield my soul from sin.

○ let me hear Thee speaking in accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion, the murmurs of self-will;
○ speak to reassure me, to hasten or control;
○ speak, and make me listen, Thou Guardian of my soul.

○ Jesus, Thou hast promised, to all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory there shall Thy servant be;
And. Jesus, I have promised to serve Thee to the end;
○ give me grace to follow my Master and my Friend.

○ let me see Thy footmarks, and in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly is in Thy strength alone:
○ guide me, call me, draw me, uphold me to the end;
And then in Heaven receive me, my Saviour and my Friend.

THE GOSPEL *Matthew 5:1-14, 16*

Priest: The Lord be with you.

All: And also with you.

Priest: A reading from the Holy Gospel according to
Matthew.

All: Glory to Christ our Saviour.

And seeing the multitudes, He went up on a mountain, and when He was seated, His disciples came to Him. Then He opened His mouth and taught them, saying: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God. Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are you when they revile you and persecute you, and say all kinds of evil against you falsely, for My sake. Rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for great is your reward in heaven, for so they persecuted the prophets who were before you. You are the salt of the earth;

but if the salt loses its flavour, how shall it be seasoned? It is then good for nothing but to be thrown out and trampled underfoot by men.

You are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hidden. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify you Father in heaven."

Priest: The Gospel of Christ.

All: Praise to Christ our Lord.

THE HYMN "*Master Speak, Thy Servant Heareth*"

Master speak, Thy servant heareth,
Waiting for Thy gracious word;
Longing for Thy voice that cheereth
Master, let it now be heard
I am list'ning Lord for Thee
What hast Thou to say to me?

Speak to me by name, O Master,
Let me know it is to me;
Speak that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock
In the shadow of the Rock.

Master, speak! Tho' least and lowest
Let me not unheard depart;
Master speak! For oh, Thou knowest
All the yearning of my heart.
Knowest all its truest need;
Speak, and make me blest indeed.

Master, speak, and make me ready,
When Thy voice is truly heard,
With obedience glad and steady,
Still to follow every word,
I am list'ning, Lord for Thee
Master, speak, Oh, speak to me.

THE CREED

President: Let us with confidence and hope confess the faith into which we were baptized, as we say,

All: **I believe in God, the Father Almighty, creator of heaven and earth. I believe in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord. He was conceived by the power of the Holy Spirit and born of the Virgin Mary. He suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died and was buried. He descended to the dead. On the third day He rose again. He ascended into heaven, and is seated at the right hand of the Father. I believe in the Holy Spirit, the holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.**

SOLO..... *"I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked"*
Sung by Barrington H. Brennen

THE INTERCESSIONS..... Led by Sister Clare Rolle

Leader: For our Brother **James**, let us pray to Our Lord Jesus Christ who said, "I am Resurrection and I am Life."

People: **Hear us, Lord.**

Leader: Lord, you consoled Martha and Mary in their distress; draw near to us who mourn for our Brother **James**, and dry the tears of those who weep.

People: **Hear us, Lord.**

Leader: You wept at the grave of Lazarus, your friend; comfort us in our sorrow.

People: **Hear us, Lord.**

Leader: You raised the dead to life; give to our Brother **James**, eternal life.

People: **Hear us, Lord.**

Leader: You promised paradise to the thief who repented; bring our Brother James to the joys of heaven.

People: **Hear us, Lord.**

Leader: Our Brother **James** was washed in baptism and anointed with the Holy Spirit; give him fellowship with all your saints.

People: Hear us, Lord.

Leader: He was nourished with the Body and Blood; grant him a place at the table in your heavenly kingdom.

People: Hear us, Lord.

Leader: Comfort us in our sorrows at the death of our dear Brother, **James**. Let our faith be our consolation and eternal life our hope.

People: Hear us, Lord.

THE HYMN *"It Is Finished"*

There's a line that's been drawn thru the ages
On that line stands an old rugged cross
On that cross a battle is raging
For the gain of man's soul or his loss.

***"It is finished," the battle is over
"It is finished," there'll be no more war
"It is finished," the end of the conflict
"It is finished," and Jesus is Lord!***

On one side march the forces of evil
All the demons and the devils of hell;
On the other the angels of glory,
And they meet on Golgotha's hill.

The earth shakes with the force of the conflict,
And the sun refuses to shine
For there hangs God's Son in the balance,
And then, thru the darkness He cries:

Yet, in my heart the battle was raging,
Not all prisoners of war have come home;
They were battle-fields of my own making,
Didn't know that the war had been won.

Then I heard that the King of the Ages,
Had fought all the battles for me;
And the victory was mine for the claiming
And now, praise His name, I am free.

THE COMMENDATION

President: Give rest, O Christ, to your servant with your saints.

All: Where sorrow and pain are no more, neither sighing, but life everlasting.

President: You only are immortal, the creator and maker of mankind; and we are mortal, formed of the earth, and to earth shall we return. For so did you ordain when you created me, saying, "You are dust, and to dust you shall return." All of us go down to the dust; yet even at the grave we make our song: Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

All: Give rest, O Christ, to your servant with your saints, where sorrow and pain are no more, neither sighing, but life everlasting.

President: Let us commend our Brother **James** to the mercy of God our Maker and Redeemer. Deliver your Servant, **James**, O Sovereign Lord Christ, from all evil, and set him free from every bond, that he may rest with all your saints in the eternal habitations; where with the Father and the Holy Spirit you live and reign, one God forever and ever.

AU: Amen.

President: Into your hands, O merciful Saviour, we commend your Servant **James**. Acknowledge, we humbly beseech you, a sheep of your own fold, a lamb of your own flock, a sinner of your own redeeming. Receive him into the arms of your mercy, in the blessed rest of ever lasting peace, and into the glorious company of the saints in light.

All: Amen.

Minister: Let us go forth in the name of Christ.

All: Thanks be to God.

RECESSIONAL HYMN *“The Day Thou Gavest”*

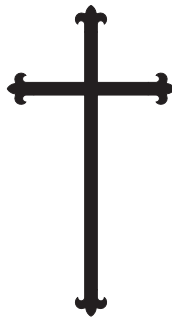
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows forever
Til all Thy creatures own Thy sway.





SOMEONE

by james j. catalyn ©

Today I discovered someone new
Someone who's loving, some one who's true
Someone who's charming, witty and wise
Dedicated, considerate, with a heart gallon size
Someone who's kind, soft spoken, serene
Clearly understood, uncomplicated and plain
Someone who's smiling, who's chatty and calm
Older and wiser, who tries not to alarm
Someone who's gentle, prayerful, devout
Someone who knows what life's all about
Someone who would like an example to be
Today I discovered that someone, Me!



I MET GOD

by james j. catalyn ©

2nd june 1997

*(inspired by and dedicated to the young men
residing at Dean Granger Memorial Centre
and all others who may be at a cross-road in life)*

I met God in the morning
On a dark and lonely road
I had left the house of iniquity
Where Satan himself abode.
I was tied and chained and shackled
I was hooked and drugged and ill
And though my bones were weary
My soul cried to God still.
I knew if He would hear me
I knew if He would care
I knew He'd reach and rescue me
My God, who knows no fear.
I heard a voice say gently
"Come, follow in my step"
I rose and without looking back
I walked away and left.

continued

I heard the voices calling
I heard old Satan roar
As I followed in the footsteps
That led me out the door.
I left, I didn't wonder
What problems would arise
I knew that I would conquer
With Jesus at my side.
Each day has been a challenge
Each day, another mile
Each day I take just one step
Each day I wear a smile.
The road has not been easy
The road is very long
And with each step I firmly take
I sing a thank you song.
I met God in the morning
I met God in the night I met
God in the darkness
And He is my Guiding Light.



We express our sincere appreciation to all who have offered words of comfort, shown thought through kind deeds and were there to comfort and console, during this, our moment of bereavement.

James J. Catalyn has requested that there be no taking of photos or videos in the sanctuary, unless by special decree by the family.

In keeping with the wishes of our dear departed, as you depart from this service for your various homes, and as you walk down the paths of life, keep the memory of James, as you knew him, alive in your hearts.

THE FAMILY



THE EPITAPH

james j. catalyn © 1960

Sleep comes at last
Sleep, rest, peace
From this world of toil and heartaches
Far away another day breaks
Where the weary find their rest
Forever on the Master's breast



BRAVO!

B

BETHEL BROTHERS

M O R T I C I A N S

Service Above Self

SINCE 1943

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