



CELEBRATING THE LIFE
OF
Clarista White



Acknowledgements

The family of the late Clarista White would like to express their gratitude and sincere thanks to everyone for their love and support during this sad time



Interment

Willesden New Cemetery
Franklyn Road
Willesden, NW10 9NH

Reception

VUK Banqueting Suite
Park Place
Chiswick, W3 8JY



Sunrise: 3rd November 1939 ***Sunset:*** 1st January 2018

St Margaret's and St George's
United Reformed and Moravian Church
Harlesden, NW10 8SH
12th January 2018





Order Of Service

OPENING HYMN

How Great Thou Art

WELCOME/CALL TO PRAYER.

Rev. Donald Elliott

2ND HYMN

Blessed Assurance

PRAYER

Rev. Donald Elliott

1ST BIBLE READING

Psalm 23 - The Lord is My Shepherd
Barbara Wedderburn and Sharon Phayme-Johnson
(Niece and Great Niece)

OFFERTORY HYMN

Amazing Grace

EULOGY

Eleace Clarke
(Great Niece)

TRIBUTE:

My Grandmother – Renelle Pettitt
(Granddaughter)

SOLO

Farther Away - Glenda Ashman & Azaria Gayle
(Great Niece and Great-great Niece)

TRIBUTE:

My Mother - Ricky White & Beverley Davis
(Son and Daughter)

SONGS

Church Choir

TRIBUTE:

My Sister- Zoribel Howell
(Sister)



To My Loved Ones

No reason for sorrow,
no reason to cry,
Look toward tomorrow
and I'll tell you why,
My memories of you
and yours of me
are filled with laughter forever.
You'll see no reason to worry,
nor question God as to why
you have lost me.

No reason to say goodbye.
It's time for my journey home,
a beautiful and a peaceful trip
that I must make alone.
So just be strong and keep a smile,
we'll only be apart for a little while.
The love I've known
is a very special part,
the love I've shown
came straight from the heart.
I leave you now to go on my way
to a wonderful place
where we'll be together some day.

No reason at all as you can see.
I'm with my Lord, He'll take care of me.





Blessed Assurance

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

Chorus

This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour, all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour, all the day long.

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;
Angels descending bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Chorus

Perfect submission, all is at rest
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love

Chorus

Amazing Grace

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures:
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

When we've been there ten thousand
years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we'd first begun.



Dear Mama

You loved ...

Roses and Calla lilies
Ripe, juicy mangoes by the caseload.

You loved ...

Your children, your grandchildren
And all the youngsters you met
Encouraging and nurturing
To bring out their very best.

You said ...

Live good with one another
Be kind and loving to all
Be the very best that you can be
And always stand tall.

We feel ...

So sad that you have left us
So privileged to have been in your life
So fortunate to have had you in ours.

May your beautiful soul rest in peace
Our loss is Heaven's gain
We love you, we miss you
Heaven has received the best.



By Beverley Davis





4TH HYMN

Praise to the Holiest in the Height

2ND BIBLE READING

Let us hear the Word of God in
Paul's first Letter to the CORINTHIANS Ch 15
Carol & Diane Smith
(Great Nieces)

ADDRESS

Minister: Rev. Donald Elliott

PRAYERS/THE LORD'S PRAYER

Revd. Donald Elliot

5TH HYMN

Rock of Ages

BENEDICTION

VIEWING

Music by Glenda Ashman
Church Choir



How Great thou Art

(Refrain)

O LORD my God! When I in awesome wonder
Consider all the works Thy hand hath made;
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
Thy pow'r throughout the universe displayed:

And when I think that God, His Son not
sparing,
He bled and died to take away my sin:
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin.

Refrain:

*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!*

(Refrain)

When through the woods and forest glades
I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
When I look down from lofty mountain
grandeur,
And hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze:

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

(Refrain)





Praise to the Holiest in the height

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O generous love! that He, who smote,
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo.

And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

Rock of Ages

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgement throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.





Eulogy

Clarista White (better known as Claris) was born in Jamaica on 3 November 1939 in Warsop, Trelawny to Burnel White and Emiline Carter. Her mother was affectionately known as “Wilson Valley Queen” because of her caring nature. Young Claris had more than one nickname. One of them was “jug” We believe that she inherited this name from her father. Claris attended Warsop All Age School. She loved to make people laugh and this earned her the reputation of “classroom joker”.

As a young lady, Claris worked as a seamstress for the local dressmaker where she developed a keen eye for fashion, always looking well-turned out and sharp! She then worked at Ulster Spring Hospital in Trelawny as a nurse’s aid. These early experiences laid the foundation for her future career.

In 1962, Claris followed her sisters to England in pursuit of a better future. Initially, her jobs were in factory settings. Soon after, she met Vincent White, also from Trelawny and they courted for 2 years. They were married in 1967 and shortly after, their first child Ricky arrived. Three years later, they welcomed their daughter Beverley.

Motivated by the need to improve the lives of her young family, Claris got a job as a ward orderly in Northwick Park Hospital. This marked the beginning of a lifelong commitment to the care of others. She worked with adults in a range of social care settings.

After successfully completing her studies, she became a Residential Social Worker at Melrose House, specializing in the care of adults with learning difficulties. It was clear that Claris cared deeply about the welfare of the residents. She also got on well with her colleagues, especially Herma and Gertrude. Together, they called themselves, “The Three Musketeers”.

At the age of 49, Claris decided she needed to learn to drive and through sheer determination, she achieved this goal. It may have taken three attempts but she succeeded. This stood her in good stead when her husband, Vincent fell ill and she became the main breadwinner. She dedicated herself to nursing him for many months but sadly, he passed away in 1997.





The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, which art in heaven,
 Hallowed be thy Name.
 Thy Kingdom come.
 Thy will be done in earth,
 As it is in heaven.
 Give us this day our daily bread.
 And forgive us our trespasses,
 As we forgive those that trespass against us.
 And lead us not into temptation,
 But deliver us from evil.
 For thine is the kingdom,
 The power, and the glory,
 For ever and ever.
 Amen.



Pall Bearers

Ricky White (*Son*)

Newton Ashman (*Nephew*)

Michael Johnson (*Great Nephew-in law*)

Dean Smith (*Great-great Nephew*)

Sam Phaymes (*Nephew-in-law*)

Gregory Ashman (*Great Nephew*)

Ushers

Leon Clarke (*Great Nephew*)

Ryan Bailey (*Great Nephew*)

Officiating Minister - Revd. Donald Elliot

Keyboard player - Luke Smith

Organist - Jeffrey Briggs

Many would have faltered in such difficult circumstances but through her strength of character and determination, she was able to overcome the challenges of widowhood. In fact, Claris embraced them and was not afraid to try out new things. During those times, visitors to her home were introduced to the "new man" in her life. This man turned out to be her four-legged friend, Sanchez, (her cat). He was treated like a prince. Her daughter Beverley would often come home to find Sanchez on her Mother's lap, both snoring at the same time.

As many of you know, Claris loved shopping and as she crossed the bridge to go home, Sanchez would be waiting for her and they would walk home together. Claris had another boyfriend, this time with three legs - it was her walking stick. Many times she would be seen sitting on it, waiting for the bus. After working at Melrose Care Home for many years, Claris retired at the age of 56. Instead of putting her feet up, she continued to visit the adults she had left in the home to check up on their progress. Claris became an active member of the Church and loved Harvest time and the opportunity to give to others. She was a strong and determined lady and this showed particularly in the last few months of her life when she faced serious health issues. Yet, she carried on with her everyday activities with a smile.

Our Caribbean community has been blessed with many strong women with the ability to nurture and inspire others. Claris was such a woman. She touched the lives of many both young and old, with her warmth and positivity, always seeing the good in others. She may have been short in stature, but she had a big personality and a loving heart. She made a lasting impression wherever she went.

It's hard to forget that twinkle in her eyes and her catch phrase,

"Fantastic, man. Fantastic!"

Claris touched the lives of many and her memory will be forever cherished by: her children Ricky and Beverley; siblings Florence, Zoribel, late Ida, late Ruby, late brother Papa, Lucill, Vera, Leycent and Satalite; nieces and nephews, Newton, late Winnie, late Jean, Winifred, Carma, late Gloria, Barbara and Joyce; many relatives and friends, not forgetting her family at the Church.



