

THE HOME GOING &
CELEBRATION OF LIFE FOR

DAVID
BARTHLOMEW
LESLIE

19TH DECEMBER 1942 - 10TH JANUARY 2022



David
BARTHOLOMEW
Leslie A.K.A 221
A WELL DRESSED MAN

*Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there, I do not sleep.*

*I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glint on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.*

*When you wake in the morning hush,
I am the swift, uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circling flight.
I am the soft starlight at night.*

*I am the song that will never end.
I am the love of family and friend.
I am the child who has come to rest
In the arms of the Father
who knows him best.*

*When you see the sunset fair,
I am the scented evening air.
I am the joy of a task well done.
I am the glow of the setting sun.*

*Do not stand at my grave and weep.
I am not there, I do not sleep.
Do not stand at my grave and cry.
I am not there, I did not die!*

Home Going Service

Thursday, 17 February 2022 @ 11 am
Wood Green New Testament Church of God
322 High Road, London N22 8 JR



Internment

@2pm
Enfield Crematorium and Cemetery
Great Cambridge Road, London EN1 4DS



Order of Service

Organ Prelude	
Introit Hymn	<i>The Lord's My Shepherd [Verses 1 and 2]</i>
Consolation by Officiant	<i>Bishop Trevor Smith</i>
Introit Hymn Continued	<i>The Lord's My Shepherd [Verses 3, 4 and 5]</i>
Procession of Officiant and Coffin	
Hymn	<i>How Great Thou Art</i>
Reception of the body	
Prayer	<i>Bishop Trevor Smith</i>
Welcome & Introduction	
Old Testament Reading	<i>Samantha Leslie-Robinson (daughter)</i> (Ecclesiastes 3 : 1 - 14)
Solo	<i>Ruby Pattern (niece)</i>
New Testament Reading	<i>Melvie Davis (step daughter)</i> (I Corinthians 15 : 50 – 58)
Special Tributes	<i>Angelia Miller & Jenniffer Phillips (step daughters)</i> <i>on behalf of wife, Gloria Leslie</i> <i>Michael Leslie (son)</i> <i>Bishop Eric Brown (family friend)</i> <i>Drussela Patterson (sister)</i>
Congregational Song	<i>What A Friend We Have In Jesus</i>
Tribute	<i>His Excellency Seth George Ramacon</i> <i>The High Commissioner Of Jamaica</i>
Video Tribute	<i>Delores Cooper (family friend)</i>
Video Tribute	<i>Vanley Bucknor (brother in-law, USA)</i>
Tributes	<i>Tony Gilbey (work colleague)</i> <i>Margaret Cockings & Family (niece)</i>
Eulogy	<i>icilda Cover (sister)</i>
Slide show	<i>Precious Memories</i>
Sermon	<i>Bishop Trevor Smith</i>
Prayer Of Consolation	
Viewing of the Body	
Final Blessing	
Recessional Song	<i>Soon and very soon</i>





Introit Hymn

The Lord's My Shepherd [Verses 1 and 2]

(1) The lord's my shepherd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie In pastures green; He leadeth me The quiet waters by.	(2) My soul He doth restore again; And me to walk doth make Within the paths of righteousness, E'en for His own name's sake.
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Consolation

by Officiant

Praise be to God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all consolations! He comforts us in all our afflictions and enables us to comfort those who are in trouble, with the same consolations we have received from Him.

Introit Hymn

The Lord's My Shepherd [Verses 3, 4 and 5]

(3) Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill; For Thou art with me; and Thy rod And staff me comfort still.	(4) My table Thou hast furnished In presence of my foes; My head Thou dost with oil anoint, And my cup overflows.
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(5) Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forever more
My dwelling place shall be.



Hymn

How Great Thou Art

(1) 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 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!*

(2) 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;

(3) And when I think that 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:

(4) 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!





*David loved people.
He was a generous man
and this can be said by
everyone who knew him*







Congregational Song

What A Friend We Have In Jesus

Verse 1

What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and grief's to bear!
What a privilege to carry,
Everything to God in prayer,
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God prayer.

Verse 2

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness!
Take it to the Lord in prayer!

Verse 3

Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer
Do thy friends despise forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.



Tribute

The High Commissioner Of Jamaica



**Condolence Message from
His Excellency Seth George Ramocan, CD
High Commissioner for Jamaica
on the occasion of the passing of Mr. David Bartholomew Leslie**

On behalf of the Government of Jamaica and the staff of the Jamaican High Commission, I extend heartfelt condolences to wife Gloria, son Michael, daughters Samantha & Michelle; step-son Winston and step-daughters Angelia, Jennifer and Melvie; extended family, colleagues and the many friends of Mr. David Leslie.

We at the High Commission were saddened at the passing of Mr. Leslie, who was a long-standing friend and supporter of the High Commission and its activities for more than three decades.

A child of the parish of Hanover, Mr. Leslie briefly worked as a mechanic in Jamaica before migrating to the UK as a teenager in 1959. Like many of that pioneering Windrush generation, he was a dedicated and hard worker, first for a clothing company, then as a bus driver for some 40 years before retiring in 2016. Over the course of his driving career, his warm personality made him well known on the 221 Route, which he drove in north London.

Mr. Leslie was known for his big heart, generosity and his loyalty to his homeland, Jamaica. He was always ready to help those less fortunate than himself. This led him and his wife Gloria to set up the Friends of the Noel Holmes and West Haven Children's Home Charity some 25 years ago. The charity has grown from strength to strength, and has donated millions of Jamaican dollars worth of medical equipment and supplies to both the hospital and the children's home, through the charity's fund raising efforts over the years.

We will remember Mr. Leslie's devotion to his family and his close friends. He will also be remembered as a proud gregarious man who was always well dressed and had a love for debating politics. He was also renowned as a skilled and enthusiastic domino player.

Our thoughts and prayers are with his wife Gloria, four sisters, three children, four grandchildren, four stepchildren, nieces, nephews and step-grandchildren and all who knew and loved him. Even though he may be gone, his memories will live on.

Long may he be remembered.





*"A hardworking man.
David loved his job!"*



Graveside Hymns



Rock Of Ages

Verse 1
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Verse 2
Could my tear for ever flow
Could my zeal no languor know
These for sin could not atone
Thou must save, and thou alone
In my hand no price I bring
Simply to thy cross I cling

Verse 3
While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Will Your Anchor Hold In The Storms Of Life

Verse 1
Will Your Anchor Hold In The Storms Of Life,
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
When the strong tides lift and the cables strain,
Will your anchor drift, or firm remain?

Verse 3
It will surely hold in the Straits of Fear
When the breakers tell that the reef is near;
Though the tempest rave and the wild winds blow,
Not an angry wave shall our bark overflow.

Chorus
*We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll,
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love.*

Verse 4
It will firmly hold in the Floods of Death
When the waters cold chill our latest breath,
On the rising tide it can never fail,
While our hopes abide within the Veil.

Verse 2
It is safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand,
For 'tis well secured by the Saviour's hand;
Though the tempest rage and the wild winds blow,
Not an angry wave shall our bark overflow.

Verse 5
When our eyes behold through the gathering night
The city of gold, our harbour bright,
We shall anchor fast by the heavenly shore,
With the storms all past forevermore.

When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder

Verse 1
When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks eternal bright and fair,
When the saved on earth shall gather over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder I'll be there.

Verse 2
On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise;
And the glory of His resurrection share,
When His chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder I'll be there.
With the storms all past forevermore.

Chorus
*When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there.*

Verse 3
Let us labour for the Master from the dawn till setting sun,
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care,
Then when all of life is over and our work on earth is done
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Shall We Gather At The River

Verse 1
Shall We Gather At The River,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever,
Flowing from the throne of God?

Verse 2
On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We shall walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.

Verse 4
Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
With melody of peace.

Chorus
*Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows from the throne of God.*

Verse 3
Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down,
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.



Abide With Me

Verse 1
Abide with me: fast falls the eventide.
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me.

Verse 2
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see.
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.

Verse 3
I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

Verse 4
Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.



Amazing Grace

Verse 1
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.

Verse 2
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.

Verse 3
Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

Verse 4
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.

I'll Fly Away

Verse 1
Some glad morning when this life is over
I'll fly away
To a home on God's celestial shore
I'll fly away

Chorus
*I'll fly away
O glory, I'll fly away
When I die, hallelujah by and by
I'll fly away*

Verse 2
When the shadows of this life have grown
I'll fly away
Like a bird from prison bars has flown
I'll fly away

Verse 3
Just a few more weary days and then,
I'll fly away,
To a land where joys shall never end,
I'll fly away.

My Hope Is Built

Verse 1
My hope is built on nothing less,
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness.
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus name.

Chorus
*On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand,
All other ground is sinking sand.*

Verse 2
When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace,
In every high stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

Verse 3
His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood,
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

Precious Memories

Verse 1
Precious memories, unseen angels
Sent from somewhere to my soul
How they linger, ever near me
And the sacred scenes unfold.

Chorus
*Precious memories, how they linger
How they ever flood my soul
In the stillness of the midnight
Precious, sacred scenes unfold.*

Verse 2
Precious father, loving mother
Fly across the lonely years
And old home scenes of my childhood
In fond memory appear.

Verse 3
In the stillness of the midnight
Echoes from the past I hear
Old-time singing, gladness bringing
From that lovely land somewhere.

Verse 4
I remember mother praying
Father, too, on bended knee
Sun is sinking, shadows falling
But their prayers still follow me.

Verse 5
As I travel on life's pathway
Know not what the years may hold
As I ponder, hope grows fonder
Precious memories flood my soul.

Oh What Singing

Verse 1
Some glad morning we shall see Jesus in the air,
Coming after you and me, Joy is ours to share;
What rejoicing there will be when the saints shall rise,
Headed for that jubilee, Yonder in the skies.

Chorus
*Oh, what singing, Oh, what shouting,
On that happy morning when we all shall rise;
Oh, what glory, Hallelujah!
When we meet our blessed Saviour in the skies.*

Verse 2
Seems that now I almost see all the sainted dead,
Rising for that jubilee, that is just ahead;
In the twinkling of an eye, changed with them to be,
All the living saints to fly to that jubilee.

Verse 3
When with all that heav'nly host we begin to sing,
Singing in the Holy Ghost, how the heav'ns will ring;
Millions there will join the song, with them we shall be
Praising Christ through ages long, heaven's jubilee

God Be With You Till We Meet Again

Verse 1
God be with you till we meet again;
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again.

Chorus
*Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.*

Verse 2
God be with you till we meet again;
Neath His wings protecting hide you;
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again.

Verse 3
God be with you till we meet again;
When life's perils thick confound you;
Put His arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again.

Verse 4
God be with you till we meet again;
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Strike death's threatening wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again.

Oh Lord My God

Verse 1
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 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!*

Verse 2
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;

Verse 3
And when I think that 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:

Verse 4
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!

God Will Take Care Of You

Verse 1
Be not dismayed whate'er betide,
God will take care of you!
Beneath His wings of love abide,
God will take care of you!

Chorus
*God will take care of you,
Through every day o'er all the way;
He will take care of you;
God will take care of you!*

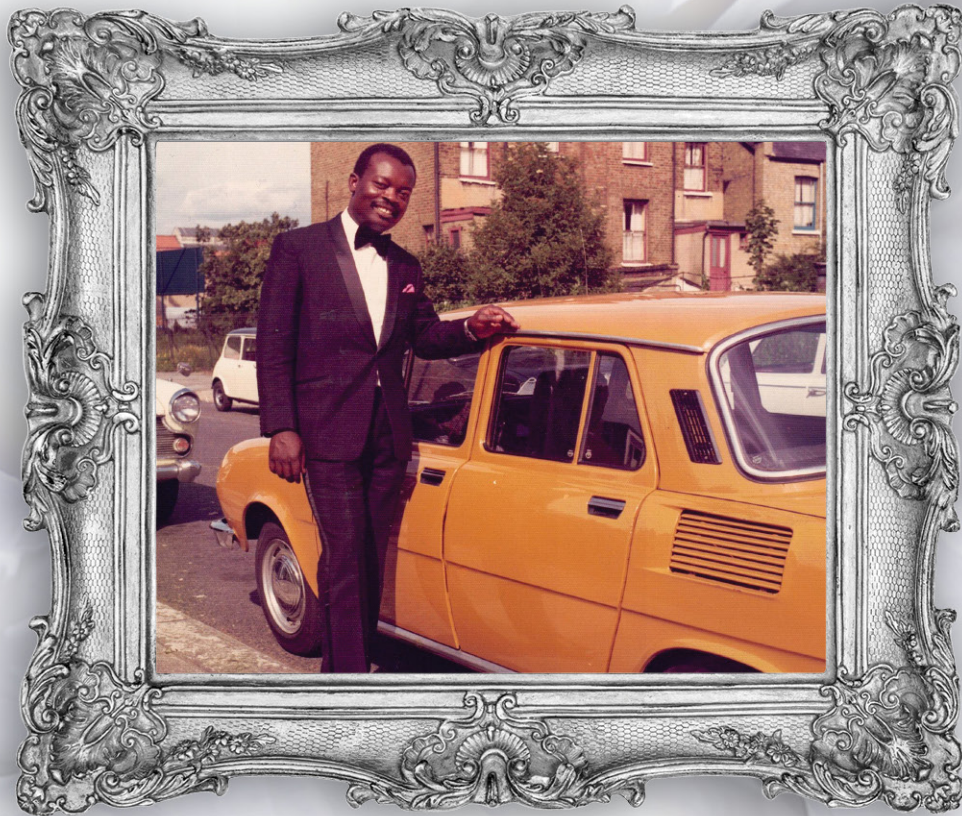
Verse 2
Through days of toil when heart doth fail,
God will take care of you!
When dangers fierce your path assail,
God will take care of you!

Verse 3
All you may need He will provide,
God will take care of you!
Trust Him, and you will be satisfied,
God will take care of you!

Verse 4
Lonely and sad, from friends apart,
God will take care of you!
He will give peace to your aching heart,
God will take care of you!

Verse 5
No matter what may be the test,
God will take care of you!
Lean, weary one, upon His breast,
God will take care of you!





'Drive Good my dearest husband'
Gone but not forgotten. Always in our hearts. Sleep well.

Acknowledgements

A special heartfelt thank you to all the friends and family of David Leslie for all your love and prayers and support during this very challenging time. Words cannot express our gratitude and appreciation. We are truly thankful that you have taken the time to Celebrate David's life with us.

Please join the family for refreshments at:

La Royale Banqueting Suite
819 High Road Tottenham N17 8ER

Men Pall Bearers

Johnathan Leslie
Joshua Leslie-Robinson
Alexander Leslie -Robinson
Leon Quarrie
Junior Cockings
Dwayne Quarrie
Lloyd Patterson
Gary Cover
Daniel & Stanford Quarrie
Michael Leslie

Women Pall Bearers

Icilda cover
Anne-Marie Cover
Drussela (Mama) Patterson
Margaret Cockings
Joy Quarrie
Daphne Patterson