

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
JENNIFER ANN IFILL

22nd December 1960 - 30th August 2021



Seventh Day Adventist Church
Thursday 23rd September 2021
at 11.00 am





ORDER OF SERVICE

PROCESSIONAL MUSIC

Gabriel's Oboe
Ennio Morricone

WELCOME AND PRAYER

Pastor Dan Dakin

SCRIPTURE READING

2 Corinthians, Chapter 1: verses 3-4

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,
the Father of mercies and God of all comfort,
who comforts us all in our affliction,
so that we may be able to comfort those who are in any affliction,
with the comfort which we ourselves are comforted by God.

OPENING HYMN
Take Time To Be Holy

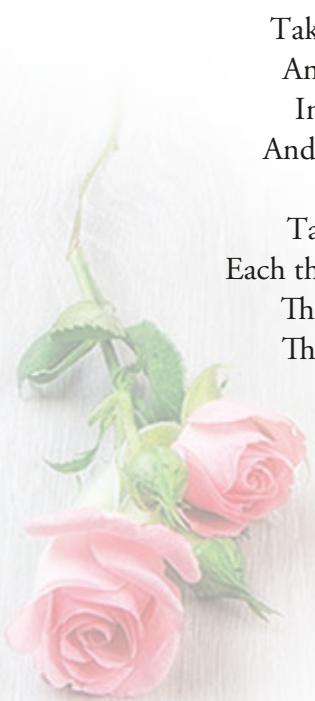
Take time to be holy, speak oft with thy Lord;
Abide in Him always, and feed on His Word.
Make friends of God's children, help those who are weak,
Forgetting in nothing His blessing to seek.

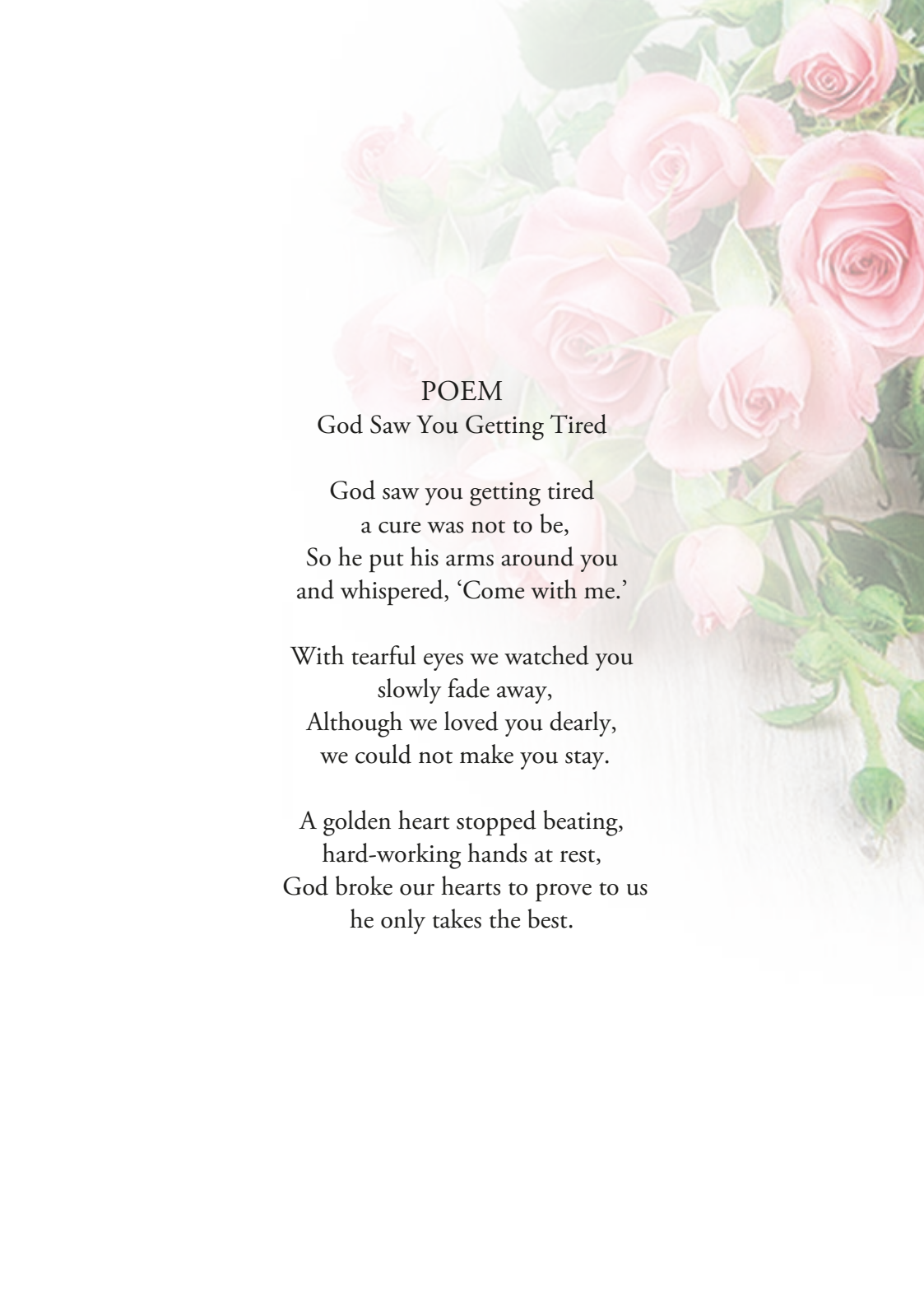
Take time to be holy, the world rushes on;
Spend much time in secret, with Jesus alone.
By looking to Jesus, like Him thou shalt be;
Thy friends in thy conduct His likeness shall see.

Take time to be holy, let Him be thy Guide;
And run not before Him, whatever betide.
In joy or in sorrow, still follow the Lord,
And, looking to Jesus, still trust in His Word.

Take time to be holy, be calm in thy soul,
Each thought and each motive beneath His control.
Thus led by His Spirit to fountains of love,
Thou soon shalt be fitted for service above.

William D Longstaff (1822-1894)



A bouquet of pink roses is shown in the upper right corner of the page, resting on a light-colored wooden surface. The roses are in various stages of bloom, with some fully open and others as buds. The background is a soft, light green and white gradient.

POEM
God Saw You Getting Tired

God saw you getting tired
a cure was not to be,
So he put his arms around you
and whispered, 'Come with me.'

With tearful eyes we watched you
slowly fade away,
Although we loved you dearly,
we could not make you stay.

A golden heart stopped beating,
hard-working hands at rest,
God broke our hearts to prove to us
he only takes the best.



A bouquet of pink roses is the background of the page. The roses are in various stages of bloom, with some fully open and others as buds. They are set against a light-colored wooden surface, possibly a table or a box. The lighting is soft, highlighting the delicate petals and green leaves.

TRIBUTE

Alex Ifill

HYMN

Great Is Thy Faithfulness

Great is thy faithfulness, O God my Father,
There is no shadow of turning with thee;
Thou changest not, thy compassions, they fail not;
As thou hast been thou for ever wilt be:

*Great is thy faithfulness! Great is thy faithfulness!
Morning by morning new mercies I see;
All I have needed thy hand has provided,
Great is thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me.*

Summer and winter, and springtime and harvest,
Sun, moon and stars in their courses above,
Join with all nature in manifold witness
To thy great faithfulness, mercy and love:

Refrain

Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,
Thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide;
Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow,
Blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside!

Refrain

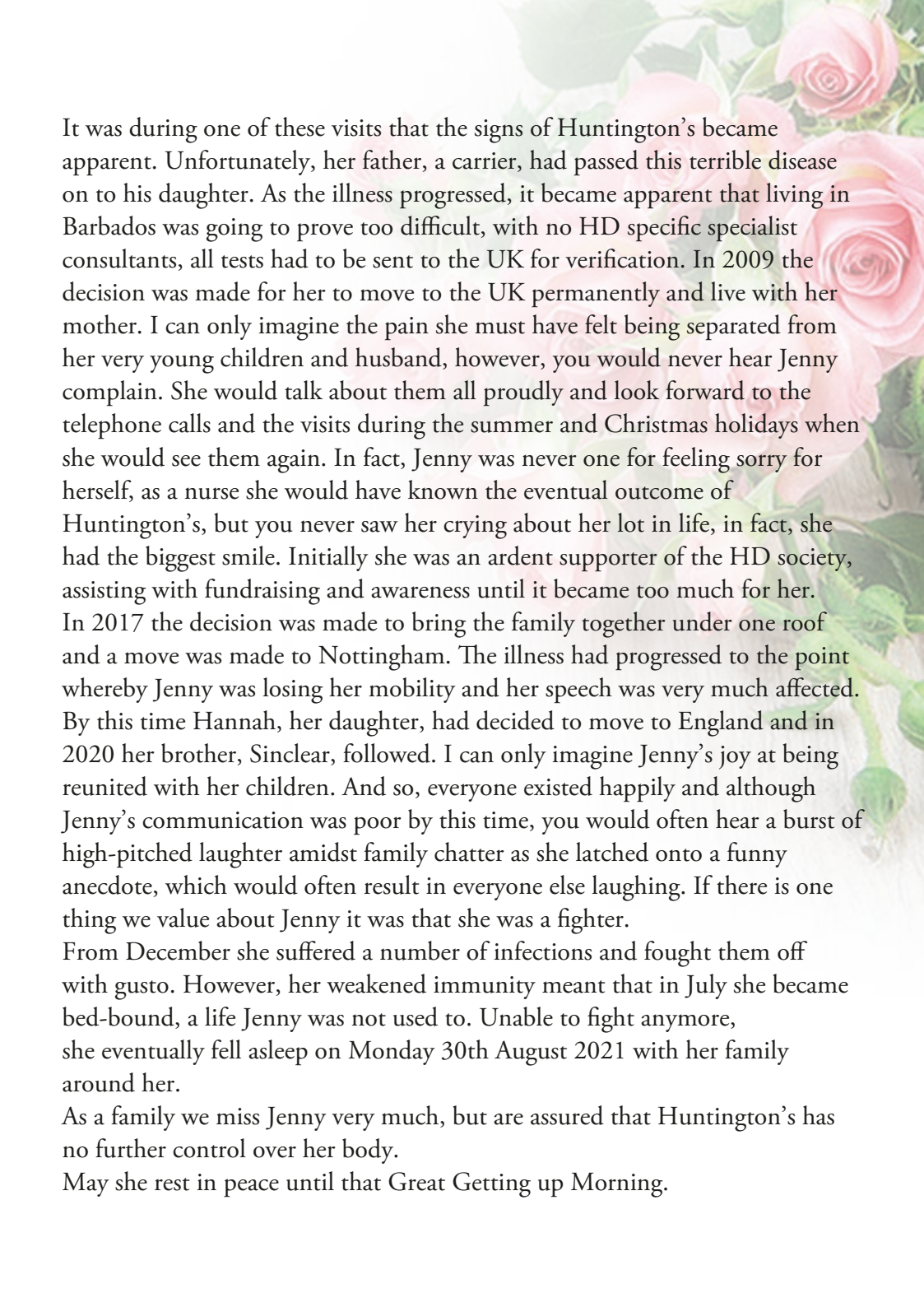
Thomas Obediah Chisholm (1866-1960)

EULOGY

Affectionally known as Jen, Jenny or Jen Jen, Jennifer Ann Ifill was born on the 22 December 1960, a Christmas present to her late parents, Terence Alonzo Best and Melvita Eurita Best. The eldest of 3 daughters, she leaves behind her sisters, Carolyn and Linda. As a bright child she excelled educationally and gained a place at the local grammar school. In addition to doing well academically, Jenny loved music and learnt to play a number of instruments including the piano and the guitar, and formed a singing group with friends where her lovely voice could be heard on many an occasion. Following her exams, Jenny was not sure which direction to take work-wise and to prevent her spending the summer holidays doing nothing, her mother approached some friends who owned a shop and asked them to employ Jenny on a voluntary basis. She soon embraced the work ethic and went on to have a successful career working in London for many years.

Following a family holiday in Barbados in 1979, Jenny met the person who was to become her husband, Alex, and after a long courtship they married in September 1988. By this time Jenny had changed her career and trained to become a nurse and an excellent one at that. She received a number of commendations from her superiors for her considerate patient care, dedication and workshops she held. After qualifying she gained a job working for an international organisation, travelling between sites in the south east, the only problem was that Jenny had not learnt to drive. So, with great pleasure she was assigned a chauffeur to transport her when needed. She did eventually learn to drive so the novelty did not last long. Later, having supported her husband through his studies, the couple returned to Barbados briefly and set up home, prior to returning to England.

In 1992 her eldest son, Sinclear John, was born, and studies over, the small family returned to live in Barbados where she continued nursing at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital. In 1997 the family were blessed with another child, Hannah Alexandra. To ensure the children remained close to their British relatives Jenny would frequently fly across the Atlantic with the children in tow.

The background of the page is a soft-focus image of several pink roses with green leaves, creating a gentle and somewhat somber atmosphere.

It was during one of these visits that the signs of Huntington's became apparent. Unfortunately, her father, a carrier, had passed this terrible disease on to his daughter. As the illness progressed, it became apparent that living in Barbados was going to prove too difficult, with no HD specific specialist consultants, all tests had to be sent to the UK for verification. In 2009 the decision was made for her to move to the UK permanently and live with her mother. I can only imagine the pain she must have felt being separated from her very young children and husband, however, you would never hear Jenny complain. She would talk about them all proudly and look forward to the telephone calls and the visits during the summer and Christmas holidays when she would see them again. In fact, Jenny was never one for feeling sorry for herself, as a nurse she would have known the eventual outcome of Huntington's, but you never saw her crying about her lot in life, in fact, she had the biggest smile. Initially she was an ardent supporter of the HD society, assisting with fundraising and awareness until it became too much for her. In 2017 the decision was made to bring the family together under one roof and a move was made to Nottingham. The illness had progressed to the point whereby Jenny was losing her mobility and her speech was very much affected. By this time Hannah, her daughter, had decided to move to England and in 2020 her brother, Sinclear, followed. I can only imagine Jenny's joy at being reunited with her children. And so, everyone existed happily and although Jenny's communication was poor by this time, you would often hear a burst of high-pitched laughter amidst family chatter as she latched onto a funny anecdote, which would often result in everyone else laughing. If there is one thing we value about Jenny it was that she was a fighter.

From December she suffered a number of infections and fought them off with gusto. However, her weakened immunity meant that in July she became bed-bound, a life Jenny was not used to. Unable to fight anymore, she eventually fell asleep on Monday 30th August 2021 with her family around her.

As a family we miss Jenny very much, but are assured that Huntington's has no further control over her body.

May she rest in peace until that Great Getting up Morning.

HYMN
In The Sweet By And By

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

Refrain:

*In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.*

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

Refrain:

To our bountiful Father above
We will offer our tribute of praise
For the glorious gift of his love
And the blessings that hallow our days.

Refrain:





SERMON
Pastor Dan Dakin

ANNOUNCEMENTS

CLOSING PRAYER

RECESSIONAL MUSIC
That Other Shore
Luther Barnes



The family would like to thank everyone for their kind words and support at this sad time.

Donations in memory of Jennifer for
Huntington's Disease Association
may be sealed in the donation envelope
and placed in the box on leaving the service,
left online at
www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries
or by scanning the QR code below or sent care of



A.W. LYMN

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