

In Loving Memory of

# Vincent Bernard Liburd

Sunrise: 7<sup>th</sup> April 1939

Sunset: 30<sup>th</sup> July 2016



Friday 19<sup>th</sup> August 2016 at 11:30 am

Roscoe Methodist Church, Francis Street, Leeds LS7 4BY

Committal: Lawnswood Crematorium, Otley Road, Leeds LS16 6AH

Officiating Minister: Reverend Robert Creamer

## **Order Of Service**

Opening Sentences:	Reverend Robert Creamer
Hymn:	Blessed Assurance
Prayers:	Reverend Robert Creamer
Scripture Reading:	Psalm 23, v 1–6 – Ezra & Otis (Grandsons)
Scripture Reading:	Ecclesiastes 3, v 1–15 – Reverend Robert Creamer
Eulogy:	Sheila Freeman
Hymn:	Amazing Grace
Tribute From Joan:	Read By Vivienne Stuart
Choir Tribute:	Precious Memories
Scripture Reading:	John 6, v 35–40 – Paula (Daughter)
Address:	Reverend Robert Creamer
Prayers Of Thanksgiving:	
The Lord's Prayer:	
Viewing With Solo:	Evelyn Freeman
Hymn:	How Great Thou Art
Blessing:	

## **At The Crematorium:**

Opening Sentences:	
Prayer:	
Hymn:	One More Step Along The Way
Poem:	God Saw You Getting Tired – Bianca
Committal:	
Prayers:	
Blessing:	

## Blessed Assurance

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

Refrain:

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.

Refrain:

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.

Refrain:

## Amazing Grace

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound  
that saved a wretch like me.  
I once was lost, but now I'm 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.  
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.





## Eulogy

Vincent Bernard Liburd, son of the late James Powell and Miriam Liburd, was born on 7 April 1939, in the Parish of St George, Webber Ground, Nevis. Vincent moved a short distance across the waters and was raised in Basseterre, St Kitts with his mother and aunt. Vincent was confirmed at the Methodist Church, In St Kitts on Palm Sunday in 1957. In 1960, Vincent left sunny climes to come to England in search of work.

Vincent's main profession was a tailor and he spent numerous hours sewing for family and friends; most of his tailoring was free hand design and how mesmerising it was to watch this skill he had learnt before coming to England. Whilst in England, he found work at West Yorkshire Foundry where he worked within a steel and engineering environment for many years.

Vincent met Vivienne in the early 1960s and they had five children: Charles, Joan, Ricky, Paula and Jason. Vincent loved to drive and this helped with his passion for taking us to the seaside on a weekend; we visited many different coastal areas with a picnic in tow and tried out some cold water bathing along the way!

In 1975 Vincent was to meet Annette, our sister from Barbados, whom he became very fond of and adopted her as one of his own; Annette spent three years in England, before returning home.

Vincent loved a flutter on the horses and you would find him in a betting shop! However, this hobby faded as he realised that there were more important things to spend his money on, specifically his three granddaughters: the late Rochelle, with Dominique and Meleisha later following. Vincent would have to dig even further into those deep pockets as his list of grandchildren was set to grow with the addition of Luke, Myles, Keimar, Ezra and Otis.

Vincent had a passion for cooking and baking and as we know, he was taught by the best, with Vincent thinking he could cook and bake until he met Vivienne, who really taught him how to perfect the art! That said, one outstanding skill of Vincent's was that he could make a mean coconut tart and he could cook up a storm, with fish cakes becoming his signature dish. Vincent loved a tippie: whiskey seemed to be his favourite, although he did not discriminate against other spirits! When he was not having a tippie, he often made his own beverages, in the form of ginger beer, which some people referred to as "firewater". Just like his home made seasonings, it was very hot and he would often chuckle, seeing you cough as the heat hit the back of your throat. Vincent would not only cook and bake for his family but also for friends on many special occasions.

Due to his love of walking, you would find him in the Leeds Market very early in the morning and which market trader did he not know?! He would also walk the length and breadth of Chapeltown Road, where some people knew him as "Vinnie" or "Vince" and for those who didn't know, they soon got to know!





In later years, Vincent worked at Hillcrest Primary school, where teachers and pupils loved his sense of humour and straight talk. Vincent was never one to mince his words, and you always knew where you stood with him. He would take his granddaughters Dominique and Meleisha along with him on any given day and they loved spending time with their granddad.

Making many visits to the home of his youngest son, Jason and his wife, Liz, in London, Vincent's love of walking would find him in markets such as Brixton or Peckham High Street. His grandsons Ezra and Otis were fond of his cooking, baking and his favourite saying: "Cha man!". We remember fondly how these visits were soon to come to a stop, after Vincent left Leeds one day and didn't quite make it to his intended destination of South London, but instead, ended up being lost on the North Circular! After a couple of hours and a few calls he decided to head back home to Leeds, no doubt muttering "Never again!" in his own inimitable fashion!

A love of travelling took Vincent to numerous places, which led him to develop a particular fondness for Barbados, Vivienne's home country, with this becoming his adopted home. He managed to travel back in 2014 to bury our grandmother, although he was undergoing treatment himself. He was a very giving and generous person with his time and generally put others before himself.

Vincent was diagnosed with cancer and underwent surgery in 2010; he was nursed by his family and seemed to be in remission. He spent the next few years back and forth for treatment but he did not like needles! In early 2016 he had taken a turn for the worst, but battled on through and like the proud man he was, he stayed as independent as he could for as long as was possible. Vincent spent three nights in St Gemma's Hospice and this was short lived as he knew his own mind and said on our visits "I'm coming home. I'm not staying in here!". Vincent knew he wanted to die at home and this was respected by his immediate family, who, in the latter stages cared for him around the clock.

Calvert, Vincent's brother was a comfort to him and throughout the years they kept in touch and we spent time getting to know him and his family. Calvert made many visits to see his brother whilst he was ill. Dyer and Errol were also lifelong friends of Vincent and spent many hours comforting and talking to him long before he became ill, but more importantly they were there for him until the end.

A dedicated member and former steward of Roscoe Methodist Church, Vincent would always assist where he could. He drew on his faith when he was going through tough times and this is what made him the man he was at the time of his passing.

Vincent will leave many happy memories with his loved ones and dear friends, due to being very well known. We will not forget our dear father, who may be gone, but will never be forgotten and he can now join his dearly departed granddaughter, Rochelle and rest in eternal peace.









### **Tribute From Joan (Hole In My Heart)**

There is a hole in my heart, where you used to be.  
How am I going to fill it?  
There is no need Father;  
All the memories and times we shared together will always dwell in my heart forever.  
Joan x

### **Psalm 23 New International Version (NIV)**

#### **Psalm 23**

#### **A psalm of David.**

The LORD is my shepherd, I lack nothing.  
He makes me lie down in green pastures,  
he leads me beside quiet waters,  
He refreshes my soul.  
He guides me along the right paths  
for his name's sake.  
Even though I walk  
through the darkest valley,  
I will fear no evil,  
for you are with me;  
Your rod and your staff,  
they comfort me.  
You prepare a table before me  
in the presence of my enemies.  
You anoint my head with oil;  
my cup overflows.  
Surely your goodness and love will follow me  
all the days of my life,  
and I will dwell in the house of the LORD  
forever.





## John 6:35–40 New International Version (NIV)



<sup>35</sup> Then Jesus declared, “I am the bread of life. Whoever comes to me will never go hungry, and whoever believes in me will never be thirsty.<sup>36</sup> But as I told you, you have seen me and still you do not believe.<sup>37</sup> All those the Father gives me will come to me, and whoever comes to me I will never drive away.<sup>38</sup> For I have come down from heaven not to do my will but to do the will of him who sent me.<sup>39</sup> And this is the will of him who sent me, that I shall lose none of all those he has given me, but raise them up at the last day.<sup>40</sup> For my Father’s will is that everyone who looks to the Son and believes in him shall have eternal life, and I will raise them up at the last day.”

### How Great Thou Art

O Lord, my God, when I in awesome wonder,  
consider all the worlds thy hand has made,  
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,  
thy power throughout the universe displayed.

Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to thee:  
how great thou art, how great thou art (x2)

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 see the brook, and feel the gentle breeze.

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.

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation  
and take me home, what joy shall fill my heart;  
when I shall bow in humble adoration,  
and there proclaim: my God, how great thou art.





### **God Saw You Getting Tired – (Bianca)**

God saw you getting tired, when a cure was not to be, so he wrapped his arms around you and whispered “come to me”.

You didn’t deserve what you went through, so he gave you rest. God’s garden must be beautiful, he only takes the best.

And when we saw you sleeping, so peaceful and free from pain, we could not wish you back to suffer that again.

(Frances & Kathleen Coelho).





## **One more step along the way I go**

One more step along the way I go  
One more step along the world I go  
From the old things to the new  
Keep me travelling along with you.

Chorus:

And it's from the old I travel to the new,  
Keep me travelling along with you

Round the corner of the world I turn  
More and more about the world I learn and  
The new things that I see,  
You'll be looking at along with me.

Chorus

As I travel through the bad and good,  
Keep me travelling the way I should  
Where I see no way to go  
You'll be telling me the way I know.

Chorus

And it's from the old I travel to the new,  
Keep me travelling along with you  
Give me courage when the world is rough  
Keep me loving though the world is tough  
Leap and sing in all I do  
Keep me travelling along with you.

Chorus

You are older than the world can be  
You are younger than the life in me  
Ever old and ever new  
Keep me travelling along with you.

Chorus



## Acknowledgements



Vincent leaves behind 5 children, 7 grandchildren and great grandchild Kayden; brother Calvert Powell and numerous nephews, nieces, cousins and friends.

The Stuart family would like to thank: Meanwood Nursing District Team, St Gemma's Hospice, St James Hospital, Anna & Fiona Community Nurses and their mother Vivienne for all of her care and support.

The family would also like to express their heartfelt thanks to everyone for their sympathy cards, words of condolence, flowers, phone calls, and visits, on this sad occasion.

The late Vincent would like to express his wish was for his family to have a quiet time of reflection and his final request was that there is to be no reception after his funeral.

Proceeds to be shared between Roscoe Methodist Church and St Gemma's Hospice 'Dales Ward'.

