

A Service of Thanksgiving
for the life of

Cyril Anderson Roper

14th February 1940 - 16th March 2020



Marlborough Road Methodist Church
69 Marlborough Rd, St Albans AL1 3XG

Sunday 3rd April 2022
2pm - 3.30pm

ORDER OF SERVICE

Led by The Reverend Rosemary Fletcher, Organist: Alan Sharp
Band: Dennis Murray, Leonard Hilton, Barry Jordan, Joshua Murray, Joel Murray, Samuel Cummins

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

By The Reverend Rosemary Fletcher

OPENING PRAYER

The Reverend Peter Hudson

HYMN

1 Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
in light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
almighty, victorious, thy great name we praise.

2 Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might —
thy justice like mountains high soaring above
thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

3 To all life thou givest, to both great and small;
in all life thou livest, the true life of all;
we blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
and wither and perish; but naught changeth thee.

4 Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,
thine angels adore thee, all veiling their sight;
all praise we would render: O help us to see
'tis only the splendour of light hideth thee.

5 Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
in light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
almighty, victorious, thy great name we praise.

Walter Chalmers Smith (1824–1908)

Reproduced from Singing the Faith Electronic Words Edition, number 55

SCRIPTURE READING

1 Thessalonians 5 v 16-18 read by Gerald Stanley (Godson)

REFLECTIONS

Gloria Jordan (daughter)

David Lewis (family friend)

Roosevelt Dore (cousin)

Daisy Coleman (Sister-in-law) & Sonia Small (niece-in-law)

Rob Edlin (former neighbour)

REFLECTIONS

Mr Khan (family friend)

Gloria Moorhouse (family friend)

Rev Colin Rowe (Cyril's former minister in Birmingham) read by Mary Rowe

Jerry Gull (former neighbour)

Rob Cooper (neighbour)

Dr Brenda Swanston (family friend)

MUSICAL TRIBUTE

Leonard Hilton, Dennis Murray, Barry Jordan (sons-in-law)

HYMN

- 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.

- 3 Yea, though I walk through 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 furnishèd
in presence of my foes;
my head thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.

- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me,
and in God's house for evermore
my dwelling-place shall be.

Psalm 23

The Scottish Psalter, 1929

Reproduced from Singing the Faith Electronic Words Edition, number 480

SCRIPTURE READING

Psalm 121 read by Natasha Bryan (granddaughter)

MEMORIES OF CYRIL by MARY SIMMS

I first met Cyril when I worked at what was then Midland Bank and is now HSBC in St Albans.

On one occasion he told me that when he first came to live in St Albans he lived in a flat on his own. Having come from Nevis he had been told about snow but had never seen it in real life. One morning he woke up and opening the curtains saw everything was covered in white and thought this must be snow. He got ready for work and opened the front door but the snow had drifted up against it. He went back into his flat and got a broom and pushed the handle into the snow. As the handle disappeared into the snow, he began to wonder 'How do you walk on this stuff?' He decided he couldn't so went back indoors and as this was the 1960's he didn't have a phone so couldn't contact anybody. He stayed home that day which was a Friday and wondered where the snow went. It was still there on Saturday so no going to work again. By Sunday it seemed to be disappearing but where was it going! By Monday morning it was gone so he got ready for work. He opened the front door, stepped outside and landed flat on his bottom. **NOBODY TOLD HIM ABOUT ICE!** He slid his way down to the road and as the cars seemed to be driving as normal, he decided to walk on the road which he did and finally made it to work albeit three days late.

I have many memories of Cyril and after I left the bank, I started my own business. I had a stall on St Albans market and Cyril would always make a point of stopping by to have a chat with me and my husband. Because of Cyril and his stories, my husband and I visited Nevis on one of our Caribbean holidays to see where he grew up.

Cyril was a wonderfully kind hearted person and the time spent in his company was time well spent.

MAY HE REST IN PEACE.

With love and fond memories from Mary and John Simms.

SONG TRIBUTE

By daughters Elaine Hilton & Gloria Jordan

FAMILY REFLECTION

Oswald Huggins (brother)

Cynthia Roper & Jennifer Murray (daughters)

Loving Memories of a Uniquely Nevisian Gentleman

From Patsy, Maxie, Daniel, Kate and Leon (daughter & family)

(prerecorded)

Your gentle face, patient smile and, oh, that laughter
We recall, your laid-back approach to life
You had a kindly greeting for people you met
And died beloved by all – near and far.

The Good Lord sent you our way and we thank Him for His blessings
Because you became ours and we became yours
Family - that genuinely loved each other, so well and true.

A Nevisian Gentleman through and through
From a place named Nuestra Señora de las Nieves - 'Our Lady of the Snows'
You told us tales of your beautiful beloved homeland
Of your carefree younger days, and that of being a dutiful son
One who gave up his ambition of becoming a policeman
Just because that was not the dream for you, held by your mum

From the UK you kept regular contacts with family and friends - so exemplary
And that legacy you handed down will definitely be maintained by Jen.
The Sun, Daily Mirror, Herts Advertiser and News at Ten
Also, Newsletters from Vauxhall and Marlborough Road Methodist Church
Those were all your special ways of keeping informed of current events then

A good listener, a deep thinker, timekeeper and impeccably dressed for church
You had a novel way of teaching us without dictating, to get your message through.
We remember the life lessons you taught us, in your Caribbean way
Telling your countless tales, often saying, "there was this coloured chap who....";
Indeed, a privilege for us to learn from one so good and humble as you.

We still feel your presence even now, our hearts are sore
We know our family events will not be the same anymore,
Each day that goes by, we continue to miss you.
Memories of you sitting quietly in your chair, your particular space
Listening, as we came in droves with our loud chatter in the home
There is no one that can fill your empty place.

You are not forgotten Dad
Nor will you ever be
So, as long as our life and memory last
We will always remember You.











FAMILY REFLECTIONS & TRIBUTES

To My Grandad,

I am sure you know how much you will always mean to me. I am absolutely heartbroken that you have left us, and I'm not sure how life will be without you. I miss you so much. I'm glad that we got to spend as much time together as we did. You left me so many great memories that I can share and enjoy. You're the strongest person I've ever known. I'm so proud to be able to call you my Grandad, and I promise I will make you as proud as you have made me. And please don't worry, I will look after Nan.

I love you so much

Your Grandson Dwayne xxx

Dear Grandad,

From the day you passed I've missed you. I hope you enjoy your KFC and Subway in heaven. I miss you loads x

Sleep tight x

From Mya x (great-granddaughter)

Dear Grandad, always thinking of you x♥

I miss you very much and I hope you're healthy and in a better place. We're all always thinking of you. I'm happy to say that every last minute I had with you was some of the best times in my life. I'm happy to call you my grandad. You're the most amazing grandad and the only one I would ever ask for. Hate seeing you go so soon.

Forever in my heart

Chantee xxx xo (great-granddaughter)

I loved the fact that Dad wasn't afraid to cry and show his emotions. We got used to him crying quite early on as children because it was a weekly thing...watching **This Is Your Life, Surprise Surprise**, a sad story on **The Evening News, Long Lost Family, Children in Need** and the list goes on with various programmes and documentaries. It still makes me smile when I think of how we would all sit there just waiting to see how long into the programme he would last before the tears came. Towards the end of his life his tears were because he desperately wanted to go to church but his body wouldn't permit him. Today as much as I miss him and didn't want to see him leave us, I give God thanks that he is pain free, tears free and resting in eternal peace.

Love you always & forever Dad

Elaine xx

Grandad, I just want to let you know
You mean the world to me.
Only a heart as dear as yours
Would give so selflessly
The many things you have done
And all the times that you were there
These were the things
That showed me how much you really cared
I wish I had the chance once more
To say I appreciate all you do
But richly blessed is how I feel
Having had a grandfather like you

Grandad I miss you everyday and I am
thankful for all of the memories that I will
have forever.

Lots of love, Stacey. XXX

Cyril Anderson Roper aka Grandad was the most consistent family man I have ever known and probably will ever know. He took his role seriously and we treated it as such. HEAD of the family! He kept in contact with EVERYONE he knew and loved, whether near or far, inland or abroad, old or young, birthday or bereavement, Christmas or Easter. His phone book is a time traveller having names and numbers from every walk of life.

If there's anything he's taught me, it's the importance of family and the love of God we all share.

All my love Siobhan. Xxx

Grandad,

A few months after you left us you came back to me in a dream. I was returning home from a day out, and as I walked into the lounge you were sitting on the sofa. I couldn't believe my eyes so I ran and hugged you, asking how it was possible you were back. You held my hand and said to me in your quiet voice 'I'm not here for long, but I wanted to come back to tell you I give Will my blessing to take care of you, and I want you to know everything is going to be ok.'

I can't thank God enough for sending you to me in my dream that night - I feel comfort every day knowing you're able to dance, sing, visit the market, get the bus & do everything you enjoyed free from the pain you endured for so long.

I love & miss you and until you can greet me with a 'hello darling' again, I will always strive to make you proud and be as strong as you were x

Love you always, Sheree

Mr Roper was an outstanding man, whom I admired as a great husband to my aunt but mostly my idea of an exceptional father. I miss the little anecdotes he used to relate to me and the way he embraced me fully into the family. Thank God he got his angel wings and is no longer in pain.

Juliet Morgan (niece-in-law)

So what can I say about Cyril? (Other than his name rhymes with squirrel)

It was a long time ago I first met this man.
To marry his daughter was my cunning plan
This white man from Essex turned up at his house.
Cyril didn't say much; he kept quiet as a mouse.
He sat in his armchair watching TV
But secretly I knew his eye was on me
I ate at his table, I chatted I laughed
I slept there weekends, even once used his bath
But I was always welcomed with a big shake of his hand
And a "morning BJ" from this kind hearted man.

As the years went on I got to know
There's a lot more to Cyril than often does show
His trips up the town were a regular occurrence
Coming back with bags of bread and fruit in abundance
Pearl would just sigh and kiss her teeth
And mutter "Cyril all that bread, are you really going to eat?"
Then there's his caps and trainers galore.
At one time I was convinced he was running a sports store.

A quiet man you say, well sometimes that was true
But then if you had five daughters wouldn't you be quiet too!
But when Cyril got going he really had a lot to say.
From news, politics, current affairs you could be chatting all day.
A kind and principled man with a strong sense of right and wrong
And lets not forget those sweet harmonies as he sang to his favourite song
A big family he leaves, you'll see that today
Most he called by name, but me.....it was always "BJ"

Your Son-in-law, Barry (BJ)

SONG TRIBUTE

by Grandchildren & Great-Grandchildren

ADDRESS

The Reverend Rosemary Fletcher

PRAYERS AND LORD'S PRAYER

HYMN

- 1 And can it be that I should gain
 an interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
 Amazing love! How can it be
that thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

- 2 'Tis mystery all: the Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
 In vain the first-born seraph tries
to sound the depths of love divine.
 'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore,
let angel minds enquire no more.

- 3 He left his Father's throne above —
 so free, so infinite his grace —
 emptied himself of all but love,
and bled for Adam's helpless race.
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
 for, O my God, it found out me!

- 4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
 fast bound in sin and nature's night;
thine eye diffused a quickening ray —
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light,
my chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in him, is mine!
Alive in him, my living Head,
and clothed in righteousness divine,
bold I approach the eternal throne,
and claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

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PRAYER FOR FAMILY

Pastor Lincoln Wynter

THE BLESSING





Nevis, West Indies 1996

Pearl and family thank you for joining us today and for all the prayers, love and support received over the last two years.

Donations, if desired, in memory of Cyril are for the Marlborough Road Methodist Church and may be left in the collection box on your way out.

For a £5.00 donation directly to Prostate Cancer UK, text **CYRIL** to **70004**



Lanzarote, August 2017



Italy, 2018