

A Service of Christian Memorial

Kenneth Joe Brannon

November 16, 1935 – February 22, 2021

Saturday, February 27, 2021

2:00 p.m.

*Sometimes the mist overhangs my path,
And blackening clouds about me cling;
But, oh, I have a magic way
To turn the gloom to cheerful day—
I softly sing.*

*And if the way grows darker still,
Shadowed by Sorrow's somber wing,
With glad defiance in my throat,
I pierce the darkness with a note,
And sing, and sing.*

*I brood not over the broken past,
Nor dread whatever time may bring;
No nights are dark, no days are long,
While in my heart there swells a song,
And I can sing.*

—James Weldon Johnson 1871-1938

Gathering Music (1:45 p.m.)

Rev. Doug Vancil

And through eternity I'll sing on!

(Please refer to the hymn medley and feel free to hum along!)

Greeting

Rev. Alan Sherouse

Hymn

Faithfulness

Great Is Thy Faithfulness

Lamentations 3:21-24

Terri Vancil vocal soloist

Scripture Reading/Prayer

Rev. Courtney Willis

Musical Meditation

Sam Brannon

Fairest Lord Jesus

Matt Messick, Doug Vancil *piano duet*

Composed for Kenneth and Joye Brannon
on the occasion of their fiftieth wedding anniversary in 2007.

Scripture Reading

Rev. Heather Brannon

I Corinthians 13

Words of Hope

Rev. Sherouse

Ministry of Music

Dan Miller

Blessed Assurance

Rev. Doug Vancil *organ*

Benediction

Rev. Sherouse

Doxology

Crusaders Hymn

Beautiful Savior! Lord of the nations!

Son of God, and Son of man!

*Glory and honor, praise, adoration,
now and forevermore be Thine! Amen.*

Officiating Ministers

Rev. Heather Brannon, Pastor, Wyoming Presbyterian Church

Rev. Alan Sherouse, Pastor

Rev. Doug Vancil, Associate Pastor: Music and Worship

Terri Vancil, Assistant Pastor: Music and Worship

Rev. Courtney Willis, Associate Pastor: Faith Formation/Congregational Care

Burial at Westminster Gardens preceded today's service.

First Baptist Church | 1000 West Friendly Avenue | Greensboro, North Carolina

And through eternity I'll sing on!

A Hymn Medley

In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow:
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I cannot tell how all the lands shall worship
when at his bidding every storm is stilled,
or who can say how great the jubilation
when all our hearts with love for him are filled.
But this I know, the skies will thrill with rapture,
and countless voices then will join to sing,
and earth to heaven, and heaven to earth will answer:
"At last the living Savior of the world is King!"

And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
and when from death I'm free, I'll sing on!
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing and joyful be,
and through eternity I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
and through eternity I'll sing on.

Standing on the promises of Christ my King,
through eternal ages let his praises ring - "Glory in the highest,"
I will shout and sing, standing on the promises of God.

When this poor lisping, stammering tongue lies silent in the grave,
then in a nobler, sweeter song I'll sing thy power to save:
I'll sing thy power to save, I'll sing thy power to save;
then in a nobler, sweeter song I'll sing thy power to save.

When with the ransomed in glory his face I at last shall see,
'twill be my joy through the ages to sing of his love for me.
How marvelous, how wonderful! and my song shall ever be:
How marvelous, how wonderful is my Savior's love for me!

Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story of the Christ who died for me;
sing it with the saints in glory gathered by the crystal sea.

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 think of my blessed Redeemer, I think of him all the day long;
I sing, for I cannot be silent; his love is the theme of my song.
Redeemed, redeemed, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
redeemed through his infinite mercy, his child and forever, I am.

Now I've given to Jesus everything; now I gladly own him as my King;
now my raptured soul can only sing of Calvary.
Mercy there was great, and grace was free;
pardon there was multiplied to me.
there my burdened soul found liberty, at Calvary.

Take my feet and let them be swift and beautiful for Thee;
take my voice and let me sing always, only, for my King,
always, only, for my King.

We expect a bright tomorrow, all will be well;
faith can sing through days of sorrow, all, all is well.
on our Father's love relying, Jesus every need supplying,
or in living or in dying, all must be well.

Your steadfast love will follow me to shield me all my days
and bring me to your holy house, redeemed from error's ways,
my whole life long to join the song of those who sing God's praise.

Sing the wondrous love of Jesus, sing his mercy and his grace;
in the mansions bright and blessed he'll prepare for us a place.
When we all get to heaven, what a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all see Jesus we'll sing and shout the victory.

Let every instrument be tuned for praise!
Let all rejoice who have a voice to raise! And may God
give us faith to sing always. Alleluia!