

Mass of Thanksgiving

For the Life of:



Maud Ferguson

20th March, 1921 - 30th April, 2020

FUNERAL MASS

Saturday June 20, 2020

Our Lady of Fair Haven Cathedral Chapel

Viewing: 9:30am | Mass: 10:00am

Interment: Family Plot Roseau Catholic Cemetery

ORDER OF MASS

Reception of the Body

Entrance Hymn:

Opening Prayer:

First Reading :

Canticle of the Sun

Ecclesiastes 3: 1 - 14

(By Reginald Winston – Son)

Responsorial Psalm :

The Lord's My shepherd

Second Reading :

Romans 8: 31-35, 37-39

(Frances-Ann Francis Satney - Daughter)

Gospel Acclamation:

The Gospel:

Matthew 5 :1-12

Homily:

Fr. Charles Martin

Prayers of the Faithful:

(Nigel Francis - Son, Alise Francis, Andrew Satney

Grandchildren: Allysha and Nialla Francis, Dominique and Daniel Thomas and Coleton and Matéa Grell.)

Collection Hymn

Whatsoever you do to the Least of my Brothers

Offertory Hymn

Make me a Channel of your Peace

Memorial Acc.

Great Amen

Communion Hymn

Be not Afraid

Meditation Hymn

As I kneel before you

Liturgy of the Eucharist

Recessional Hymn

How Great Thou Art

Pall Bearers

(Dr. Lennox Honychurch, Mr. Eric Blanchard, Mr. Billy Doctrove, Mr. Leslie Emanuel, Mr. Egbert Jackson, Mr. Cedric Sookoo)

GRAVESIDE HYMNS

Here I am Lord

Amazing Grace

Guide Me O Thou Great Redeemer

O Sacred Heart, Our Home Lies Deep In Thee

Jerusalem

The Day Thou Gave'st

Welcome

The Family of Maud Ferguson extends a very warm welcome to all worshipping with us today. This is the time when we bid farewell to our "Mum" "Mama" "Mother" and ask the Lord to Receive her Soul.

RECEPTION OF THE BODY

ENTRANCE HYMN.....Canticle of the Sun

Marty Haugen
Copyright: © 1983 GIA Publications

Chorus

The heavens are telling the glory of God,
and all creation is shouting for joy.
Come dance in the forest, come, play in the field,
and sing, sing to the glory of the Lord.

Praise for the sun, the bringer of day,
he carries the light of the Lord in his rays;
the moon and the stars who light up the way unto your throne.

Praise for the wind that blows through the trees,
the seas mighty storms, the gentlest breeze;
they blow where they will, they blow where they please to please the Lord.

Praise for the rain that waters our fields,
and blesses our crops so all the earth yields;
from death unto life her mystery revealed springs forth in joy.

Praise for the fire who gives us his light,
the warmth of the sun to brighten our night;
he dances with joy, his spirit so bright, he sings of you.

Praise for the earth who makes life to grow,
the creatures you made to let your life show;
the flowers and trees that help us to know the heart of love.

Praise for our death that makes our life real,
the knowledge of loss that helps us to feel;
the gift of your self, you presence revealed to bring us home.

Chorus

The heavens are telling the glory of God,
and all creation is shouting for joy.
Come dance in the forest, come, play in the field,
and sing, sing to the glory of the Lord.

Opening Prayer:

Priest: Almighty ever-living God,
Direct our actions according
To your good pleasure,
That in the name of your beloved Son,
We may abound in good works
Through Our Lord Jesus Christ,
Who lives and reigns with You
In the unity of the Holy Spirit One God,
for ever and ever. Amen.

FIRST READING: Ecclesiastes 3: 1 - 14

A reading from the book of Ecclesiastes

There is a season for everything, a time for every occupation under heaven:
A time for giving birth, a time for dying; a time for planting, a time for uprooting
what has been planted.
A time for killing, a time for healing; a time for knocking down, a time for building.
A time for tears, a time for laughter; a time for mourning, a time for dancing.
A time for throwing stones away, a time for gathering them up; a time for embracing,
a time to refrain from embracing.
A time for searching, a time for losing; a time for keeping, a time for throwing away.
A time for tearing, a time for sewing; a time for keeping silent, a time for speaking.
A time for loving, a time for hating; a time for war, a time for peace.
What does a man gain for the efforts that he makes?
I contemplate the task that God gives mankind to labour at.
All that he does is apt for its time; but though he has permitted man to consider time in
its wholeness, man cannot comprehend the work of God from beginning to end.
I know there is no happiness for man except in pleasure and enjoyment while he lives.
And when man eats and drinks and finds happiness in his work, this is a gift from God.
I know that what God does he does consistently. To this nothing can be added, from this
nothing taken away; yet God sees to it that men fear him.

The word of the Lord.

All: Thanks be to God

RESPONSORIAL PSALM : Psalm 23

The Lord's My shepherd

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

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

Yea tho 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

My table thou has furnished
In presence of my foes
My head thou dost will oil anoint
And my cup overflow

Goodness and mercy, all my life
Shall surely follow me
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling place shall be

SECOND READING: Romans 8: 31-35, 37-39

After saying this, what can we add? With God on our side who can be against us?

'Since God did not spare his own Son, but gave him up to benefit us all, we may be certain, after such a gift, that he will not refuse anything he can give.

Could anyone accuse those that God has chosen?
When God acquits,

Could anyone condemn? Could Christ Jesus? No! He not only died for us - he rose from the dead, and there at God's right hand he stands and pleads for us.

Nothing therefore can come between us and the love of Christ, even if we are troubled or worried, or being persecuted, or lacking food or clothes, or being threatened or even attacked.

As scripture promised: For your sake we are being massacred daily, and reckoned as sheep for the slaughter.

These are the trials through which we triumph, by the power of him who loved us.

For I am certain of this: neither death nor life, no angel, no prince, nothing that exists, nothing still to come, not any power,

or height or depth, nor any created thing, can ever come between us and the love of God made visible in Christ Jesus our Lord.

The word of the Lord.

All: Thanks be to God

GOSPEL ACCLAMATION: (Sung)

Alleluia

THE GOSPEL: Matthew 5: 1-12

The Beatitudes

Seeing the crowds, he went up the hill. There he sat down and was joined by his disciples.

Then he began to speak. This is what he taught them:

'How happy are the poor in spirit; theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Happy the gentle they shall have the earth for their heritage.

Happy those who mourn: they shall be comforted.

Happy those who hunger and thirst for what is right: they shall be satisfied.

Happy the merciful: they shall have mercy shown them.

Happy the pure in heart: they shall see God.

Happy the peacemakers: they shall be called sons of God.

Happy those who are persecuted in the cause of right: theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

'Happy are you when people abuse you and persecute you and speak all kinds of calumny against you on my account.

Rejoice and be glad, for your reward will be great in heaven; this is how they persecuted the prophets before you.

Priest: The Lord be with you.

All: And with your spirit.

Priest: A reading from the Holy Gospel according to Matthew

All: Glory to You, Lord!

Priest: The Gospel of the Lord.

All: Praise to you, Lord Jesus Christ!

THE HOMILY:.....Fr. Charles Martin

PRAYERS OF THE FAITHFUL

Priest: Heavenly Father, it is with faith and confidence that we bring our needs and petitions before You today. If what we ask for is in accordance to Your will, grant them to us through the intercession of Christ, Your Son.

All: Amen.

Our response will be: ***“Lord, hear our prayer.”***

For Granny Maud who in baptism was given the pledge of eternal life that she may now be admitted to the company of the saints.

We pray to the Lord

For our Granny, who ate the body of Christ , the bread of life, that she may be raised up on the last day

We pray to the Lord

Mama was nourished at the table of the savior. Welcome her into the halls of the heavenly banquet

We pray to the Lord.

Lord you raised the dead to life: give our Granny Eternal Life.

We pray to the Lord

We give thanks for the love mama showed during her life. May she know perfection and fulfillment of that love in heaven

We pray to the Lord.

For mama. May your kind hearted nature , spirit of forgiveness and love be an example to all of us. And May your favorite phrase” God is love” bring peace to us all.

We pray to the Lord.

For the family and friends of Mama, that their pain will be healed, and that they will receive comfort and consolation that comes from God.

We pray to the Lord

For all of us assembled here to worship as we remember Granny Maud , that we may be gathered together again in God's kingdom.

We pray to the Lord

Priest: We thank you Heavenly Father for listening to our prayers. Grant that we may listen attentively to the answers and response you give us, and use us as your instruments to answer the prayers of those in need. Through Christ our Lord.

All: Amen

Liturgy of the Eucharist

COLLECTION HYMN

Whatsoever you Do to the Least of my Brothers

[Chorus:]

*Whatsoever you do to the least of my brothers,
that you do unto me.*

When I was hungry, you gave me to eat;
When I was thirsty, you gave me to drink.
Now enter into the home of My Father.
Whatsoever you do to the least of my brothers,
that you do unto me.

*Whatsoever you do to the least of my brothers,
that you do unto me*

When I was homeless, you opened your door;
When I was naked, you gave me your coat.
Now enter into the home of My Father.
Whatsoever you do to the least of my brothers,
that you do unto me.

*Whatsoever you do to the least of my brothers,
that you do unto me*

When I was weary, you helped me find rest.
When I was anxious, you calmed all my fears.
Now enter into the home of My Father.
Whatsoever you do to the least of my brothers,
that you do unto me."

OFFERTORY HYMN

Make Me a Channel of your Peace

Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there is hatred, let me bring your love.
Where there is injury, your pardon Lord.
And where there's joy true faith in you

Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there's despair in life, let me bring hope.
Where there is darkness only light,
And where there is sadness ever joy.

*Oh master grant that I may never
seek so much to be consoled as to console,
to be understood as to understand,
to be loved, as to love, with my soul*

Make me a channel of your peace.
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
in giving to all men that we receive,
and in dying that we're born to eternal life

Invitation to Prayer

Priest: My brothers and sisters, pray that our sacrifice
may be acceptable to God, the almighty Father.

**All: May the Lord accept the sacrifice at your hands,
for the praise and glory of His name,
for our good, and the good of all His holy Church.**

Prayer over the Offerings

Priest: **Accept our offerings, O Lord, we pray,
And in sanctifying them,
Grant that they may profit us for salvation,
Through Christ our Lord.**

Preface Dialogue

Priest: The Lord be with you.

All: And with your spirit.

Priest: Lift up your hearts.

All: We lift them up to the Lord.

Priest: Let us give thanks to the Lord, our God.

All: It is right and just

Priest: It is truly right and just, our duty and our salvation, always and everywhere to give you thanks, Father most holy, through your beloved Son, Jesus Christ, your Word through whom you made all things, whom you sent as our Saviour and Redeemer, incarnate by the Holy Spirit and born of the Virgin. Fulfilling Your will and gaining for You a holy people, He stretched out His hands as He endured His Passion, so as to break the bonds of death and manifest the resurrection. And so, with the Angels and all the Saints, we declare Your glory, as with one voice we acclaim:

Sanctus et Benedictus (Darren's Mass)

Priest: You are indeed Holy, O Lord, the fount of all holiness.

Make holy, therefore, these gifts, we pray, by sending down your Spirit upon them like the dewfall, so that they may become for us the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ.

At the time he was betrayed and entered willingly into His Passion, He took bread and, giving thanks, broke it, and gave it to his disciples, saying: "Take this, all of you, and eat of it, for this is my Body, which will be given up for you."

In a similar way, when supper was ended, He took the chalice and, once more giving thanks, He gave it to His disciples, saying: "Take this, all of you, and drink from it, for this is the chalice of my Blood, the Blood of the new and eternal covenant, which will be poured out for you and for many for the forgiveness of sins. Do this in memory of me."

MEMORIAL ACCLAMATION

(Darren's Mass)

Priest: The mystery of faith.

All: Save us, Saviour of the world, for by your cross and resurrection, you have set us free.

Priest: Therefore, as we celebrate the memorial of his Death and Resurrection, we offer you, Lord, the Bread of life and the Chalice of salvation, giving thanks that you have held us worthy to be in your presence and minister to you.

Humbly we pray that, partaking of the Body and Blood of Christ, we may be gathered into one by the Holy Spirit.

Remember, Lord, your Church, spread throughout the world, and bring her to the fullness of charity, together with Francis, our Pope and Kenneth, our Bishop and all the clergy.

Remember also our brothers and sisters who have fallen asleep in the hope of the resurrection, and all who have died in your mercy. Welcome them into the light of your face. Have mercy on us all, we pray, that with the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, with the blessed Apostles, and all the Saints who have pleased you throughout the ages, we may merit to be coheirs to eternal life, and may praise and glorify you, through your Son, Jesus Christ.

GREAT AMEN *(Kenneth Louis)*

Priest: Through Him, with him, and in Him, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, all glory and honor is yours, almighty Father, for ever and ever.

All: Amen!

Pater Noster (The Lord's Prayer - Keith Benjamin)

Priest: Deliver us, Lord, from every evil, and grant us peace in our day. In your mercy keep us free from sin and protect us from all anxiety as we wait in joyful hope for the coming of our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

All: For the kingdom the power and the glory are yours now and forever Amen, Amen. 2x

Sign of Peace

Priest: Lord Jesus Christ, you said to your apostles: I leave you peace, my peace I give you. Look not on our sins, but on the faith of your Church, and grant us the peace and unity of Your kingdom where you live for ever and ever.

All: Amen.

Priest: The Peace of the Lord be with you always.

All: And with your spirit.

Priest: Let us offer each other a sign of peace.

Agnus Dei (Lamb of God)

Priest: Behold the Lamb of God, behold Him who takes away the sins of the world. Blessed are those called to the supper of the Lamb.

All: Lord, I am not worthy that You should enter under my roof, but only say the word and my soul shall be healed.

COMMUNION HYMN.....Be Not Afraid

You shall cross the barren desert,
But you shall not die of thirst.
You shall wander far in safety,
Though you do not know the way.

You shall speak your words in foreign lands,
And all will understand,
You shall see the face of God and live.

*Be not afraid,
I go before you always,
Come follow Me,
And I shall give you rest.*

If you pass through raging waters
In the sea, you shall not drown.
If you walk amidst the burning flames,
You shall not be harmed.

If you stand before the pow'r of hell
And death is at your side,
Know that I am with you, through it all

Blessed are your poor,
For the Kingdom shall be theirs.
Blest are you that weep and mourn,
For one day you shall laugh.

And if wicked men insult and hate you,
all because of Me,
Blessed, blessed are you!

PRAYER AFTER COMMUNION

Priest: Grant, we pray, Almighty God, that, receiving the grace by which you bring us to new life,
we may always glory in your gifts. We ask this through Christ our Lord.

All: Amen.

Final Commendation

Priest: Saints of God come to her aid,
Come to meet her Angels of the Lord;
Receive her soul and present her to God,
To God the Most High.

MEDITATION HYMN... As I Kneel Before You

Ave Maria

As I kneel before you, as I bow
my head in prayer
Take this day, make it yours and
fill me with your love.

*Ave Maria gratia plena
Dominus tecum benedicta tu.*

As I kneel before you and I see
your smiling face
Ev'ry thought, ev'ry word is lost
in your embrace.

*Receive her soul and present her to God,
To God the Most High.*

Priest: May Christ, who called you, take you to Himself,
May angels lead you to Abraham's side.
Receive her soul and present her to God,
To God the Most High.

Priest: Give her eternal rest, O Lord,
And may Your light shine upon her.
Receive her soul and present her to God,
To God the Most High.

In Paradisum

May choirs of angels escort you into Paradise
And, at your arrival, may the martyrs receive and welcome you.
May they bring you home into the Holy City; Jerusalem.
May the holy angels welcome you
And, with Lazarus who lived in poverty,
May you have everlasting rest.

RECESSIONAL HYMN..... How Great Thou Art

O Lord my God, When I in awesome wonder
Consider all the worlds Thy Hands have 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
Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee
How great Thou art, How great Thou art*

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 a Cross, my burdens 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
Then I shall bow, in humble adoration
And then proclaim: "My God, how great Thou art!"

EULOGY



In the long life that lay ahead of the baby girl born on a quiet Sunday in March - 1921 on Back Street (now Harbour Lane) Portsmouth, mankind including this new baby would make tremendous progress at all levels.

However the world of Sunday, March 20 1921 in which the first child of Alleyne Caryol Ferguson and Ansonia Ferguson (nee Toussaint) first opened those distinctive eyes was not yet awakened to the wonders and challenges of the 20th century - telephones, motor cars; electricity and aeroplanes were virtually unknown.

Maud Beresford Ferguson was named after her paternal aunt (a tradition in the Ferguson family of repeating names which has continued for centuries)

Her father a Barbadian by birth was descended from a long line of families from England, Wales and Northwestern Europe. Her mother a Dominican, was descended from the Toussaint and Daniel families from Portsmouth and from a long line of African ancestry who arrived here during the slave trade particularly from Nigeria and the Cameroon and more specifically from the Bantu Tribe south of the River Benue and Niger.

Maud lost her mother when she was barely six years old and her father soon thereafter. Her lasting memory of her mother, she always said, was being lifted as a little girl to kiss her goodbye in her coffin. Her father took over the task of raising his three children Maud, Rupert and Augustine (who all predeceased her) in the traditions he was accustomed to. Maud remembers her father insisting that she wore laced up Victorian boots to her knees to school (as was fashionable in England at the time) and how she resisted wearing these boots!

Prior to his arrival in Dominica in the early 1900s her father lived in St Lucia for a short while where he had his first daughter Flora who later joined him in Dominica until his death. He was a goldsmith by trade and set up his Jewelry shop on Bedford Street close to the then Portsmouth Market. "Ma Pampo" now deceased (oldest living Dominican for a long time) always proudly stated that her wedding ring was made by him.

After Maud's father's death she was adopted by her beloved God-mother Mrs. Maud Victor known as "Ma Horsford" who she affectionately called "Nen". Mrs. Victor who lived just up the street from the Fergusons' had been widowed the year before and had one daughter Muriel (also known as Mue, Teacher Muriel or Mrs. Waldron) who was at that time eight years old.

In this household Maud and Muriel were raised up as sisters. They were always treated by "Ma Horsford" exactly the same, were inseparable; "where you saw one you saw the other." They lived a charmed life thanks to their mother who was the hardest working and most popular seamstress in Portsmouth in those days. It must have been from this background Maud cultivated her appreciation to be industrious and her love and passion for sewing. Maud and Muriel were both known to sport the prettiest dresses in town with patterns coming directly from London. They attended daily Mass and High Mass and Vespers every Sunday. On Sunday evenings after Vespers she and her friends from St. John's School routinely took an idyllic afternoon stroll up to "One Mile" or to the Indian River Bridge. On weekends she would visit her Aunt Sandrine "Tante Sandrine" and her grandparents "Papa Anson" and "Mama Missis". Her favorite recollection was the warm delicacies they brought her coming from the hills of their family holdings in "Bonnette." Whilst she was having all this fun it was imperative that "Tante Sandrine" escorted her back home to her beloved "Nen" by 6pm.

Maud was not only fashionable but very talented, she always recounted how the nuns who were her only teachers throughout her school life always chose her in many roles in concerts produced at the St. John's school, and never forgot one in particular, "The Queen of the Woods" where she appeared on stage her hair all in small curls bedecked with flowers and how the hall came down with applause as she sang "Roses in my hair... "Slippers on my feet I am my mother's darling... Don't you think I am sweet?"

Sweet indeed she remained throughout her life in temperament and in spirit with an infectious laugh that could bend you over and with a sparkle in those unforgettable eyes.

She recalls going to help in the store of her Auntie Edith (also known as Ma Molton – the mother of Mrs. Robert Douglas) on Front Street after school and interacting and making friends with the local populace. Her god-mother though kind and gentle to both she and Muriel was very strict and protective of them and their social life as children was disciplined and supervised

keenly by her. They were at no time to be found loitering on the streets or mixing with company that she did not approve of.

She moved to Roseau as a young girl and lived in the household of one of the most prominent merchants of Roseau, A.C. Shillingford and Theresa Robinson (Mama Teeze) and their seven children. In this home she entered a life of privilege and abundance. She always recalled happy and enjoyable days in this household and also with the grand children who as they grew up became part of the extended family some moving to Grenada; even then the strong links were maintained with them throughout their lives and to the very end.

When one of the daughters of A. C. Shillingford, Mona, became an adult and moved out on her own, Maud went along to live with her. Mona became a business woman and Maud assisted her in several of her businesses. At one time she opened a store with an adjoining shop on Hanover Street and whilst Mona managed the store, Maud managed the shop. Mona eventually gave her a shop as her own and over time she became known as Mona's daughter among the then small Roseau Community.

In her adult years, she moved out on her own and worked at the Paz Saloon and Baron's Shop. In 1960, the Coco Cola Factory opened, and Maud was amongst the first employees. She also worked with Harlsbro Investors from their inception in the early 70's until it was sold over to the present owners.

She loved work and always preached that no type of work was degrading as long as it was honest. She loved children passionately and couldn't stomach a child being mistreated. She adopted many children and boarded several from the outer districts and from her home town of Portsmouth, when they came to school in town.

She was an accomplished seamstress, having learnt to sew from her God mother Mrs. Maud Victor and one can remember her at her sewing machine making several carnival costumes for the popular Carnival Bands of the 1960's or making fashionable dresses for the ladies to attend special functions or the ever popular cricket Tournament of the 1950's and 1960's. She supplied Miss Eslie Royer who owned the sophisticated "Unique Store" with garments to be sold at the store. One could count on her to be your couturière for all occasions.

She was indeed a social human being, she loved carnival (masquerade in those days) picnics, outings, and dances. Her favourite place in the house was the kitchen since she loved to cook and was excellent at it - broth and pelau were her specialties for Carnival - her home was an "open-house" and be assured you would get a taste of her ginger beer - the best! She enjoyed good times with her friends but all this ceased when she began her family and became totally devoted to raising her children. Her love for her family was deep and unqualified. She reveled in their accomplishments and hurt with their sorrow. She always insisted that if one did not raise their children well then nothing else much mattered in life. She was a magnificent mother, grand-mother, aunt and friend. She was a blessing to us and a lesson on how to do things right. How to be a parent, how to be courageous and always have faith in God.

Maud was a coward by nature and always spoke of her early driving lessons in the 1940s when she ran into an electrical post on Victoria Street - after this incident she refused to continue driving. She was also offered to become a nurse but because of her timidity she turned down the offer. She would not be able to witness a patient suffering. Although timid in nature Maud was very strong-willed and held on to what she believed in and knew to be right.

In the 1940's she organized dances with music by the Casimir Brothers at the exclusive Albert Hall (upstairs the Phoenix store). She was a skillful dancer and to watch her dance the waltz (almost on her toes) was to see the waltz performed at its perfection. As she continued to celebrate her birthday year after year she would dance to the leading calypso tunes or any music that she found entertaining always exclaiming "Sa Chaud!!!".

She had such a zest for living and loved people; lots of people, the more the merrier. She was at heart - a people's person. In her last years she recalled all these events vividly and recounted their occurrences and the personalities with the greatest passion; evidently they must have created pleasant memories of days long gone filled with deep joy. She was an avid collector, never throwing away anything or anyone including her friends which she valued and treasured to the end. She was a lady of elegant simplicity and detested loud noise in all forms, loud music and even some colours which she always regarded as too loud. She was humorous, self deprecating and always enjoyed an "ole joke" as she called it.

She was a devout Roman Catholic and had a deep abiding faith in God, a special devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Infant Jesus of Prague. Her pew in the Cathedral had always been in the aisle of the Sacred Heart. She never forgot what was taught to her by the nuns of the Immaculate Heart of Mary always repeating. "This is what the nuns always taught us." She was very charitable and always shared what God had given her with the less fortunate. A prominent business man recounts how

he received breakfast as a little boy every morning from “Miss Maud” when he went to school in the 1940’s. A top nurse remembers that she received books and pencils from “Miss Maud” when her aunt refused to give her. A divorced woman tells how she was rescued by “Miss Maud” and the list goes on and on.

She was a woman of prayer and reflection, her morning prayers consisted of hours upon hours of private devotion. Her Communion Minister Sr Anita who faithfully administered the Holy Eucharist every Sunday records in her Journal that at the time of receiving the Holy Eucharist Maud’s words would be “Jesus I was longing for you.” “Jesus I am so glad you came to see me.” “Jesus I am glad to receive you.” Throughout the day she continuously clutched her rosary repeating decade after decade. In saying all this one must not imagine that her long life was not without challenges and trials. Of these she had her equal share but each was punctuated with her favorite saying “God is Love.”

She never bore a grudge, forgave and forgot the pain that any hurt done to her would bring. She loved everyone, even her enemies. She always had a heart for the oppressed and down trodden and even in her late nineties she would ensure that she first warmed any left over food before serving those on the street who stopped by asking for something to eat.

She remained active up until the night she fell ill just three weeks after celebrating her 99th birthday with her children and grand children via WhatsApp video call. She always wanted video calls and enjoyed chatting with her grand-children seeing them display their talents and tell their stories. She was current with the news, reading her newspaper every week “without glasses”. Her conversations with young or old were very current and she was fully knowledgeable and up to date with all of the news in Dominica, the Region and the World.

Her life for the most part was a long and happy 99 years filled with laughter and joy and happiness. God her called her home when there was joy in her life and when she was still active in mind and body and did everything for herself. We wish you could be with us forever but we are grateful that God gave you to us for many, many years and the strength of the message you gave lives on. She breathed her last on April 30 2020 peacefully just as she had lived her life – a Channel of Peace.

She would often say about her life “you know I could write a book” and what a book she wrote and the end is “ Now she lives happily ever after and for ever more with Jesus, the one who loves her most.”

She leaves to mourn her three children; Reginald Winston, Frances-Ann Francis Satney and Nigel Francis; her many adopted children including Lucy Xavier, Nicole Shillingford-Grell, Elizabeth (Liz Williams) Thomas and Lenny Vidal. Her daughter -in-law Alise Francis and sons-in-law Andrew Satney, Cecil Thomas and Sefton Grell. Her grand children Allysha and Nialla Francis, Dominique and Daniel Thomas and Coleton and Matéa Grell. Several Nieces and Nephews in Dominica and overseas including Debra Ferguson- Lewis, Kennedy, Fermin and Francis Ferguson. Many other relatives from the Toussaint family of Portsmouth, and the Ferguson, Moore and Howard families abroad. The children of Mrs Muriel Waldron, her treasured friends including Elsie Julien and many more too numerous to mention. We mourn not like the rest of mankind who have no hope. For we believe that Jesus died and rose again and so we believe that God will bring with Jesus those who have fallen asleep in him.” (1st Thessalonians 4 13-18)

May her sweet soul Rest In Peace.

Depart to Burial Grounds

Praying of the Rosary

Here I Am, Lord"

I, the Lord of sea and sky
I have heard my people cry
All who dwell in dark and sin
My hand will save

I, who made the stars of night
I will make their darkness bright
Who will bear my light to them?
Whom shall I send?

*Here I am, Lord. Is it I, Lord?
I have heard you calling in the night
I will go, Lord, if you lead me
I will hold your people in my heart*

I, the Lord of snow and rain
I have borne my people's pain
I have wept for love of them
They turn away

I will break their hearts of stone
Give them hearts for love alone
Who will speak my word to them
Whom shall I send?

I, the Lord of wind and flame
I will tend the poor and lame
I will set a feast for them
My hand will save

Finest bread I will provide
'Til their hearts be satisfied
I will give my life to them
Whom shall I send?

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

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 first begun

Guide Me O Thou Great Redeemer
(Bread of Heaven)

Guide me, O thou great redeemer,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven
Feed me till I want no more;
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer, strong deliverer;
Be thou still my strength and shield;
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee;
I will ever give to thee.

English Translation by Peter Williams

O Sacred Heart, Our Home Lies Deep In Thee

Francis Stanfield (1835-1914)

O Sacred Heart,
our home lies deep in thee;
on earth thou art an exile's rest,
in heav'n the glory of the blest,
O Sacred Heart.

O Sacred Heart,
thou fount of contrite tears;
where'er those living waters flow,
new life to sinners they bestow,
O Sacred Heart.

O Sacred Heart,
our trust is all in thee,
For though earth's night be dark and drear,
thou breathest rest where thou art near,
O Sacred Heart.

O Sacred Heart,
when shades of death shall fall,
receive us 'neath thy gentle care,
and save us from the tempter's snare,
O Sacred Heart.

O Sacred Heart,
lead exiled children home,
where we may ever rest near thee,
in peace and joy eternally,
O Sacred Heart.

Jerusalem

Author: F. B. P. Catholic Priest 1583

Jerusalem, my happy home,
when shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare;

Thy vineyards and thy orchards are
Most beautiful and fair,
Full furnishèd with trees and fruits
Most wonderful and rare.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
God grant that I may see
thine endless joy, and of the same
partaker ever be!

The Day Thou Gave'st

Author: John Ellerton

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy church, unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away:
Thy kingdom stands, and grows forever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

She is Gone

By: David Harkins

You can shed tears that she is gone
or you can smile because she has lived.

You can close your eyes and pray that she'll come back
or you can open your eyes and see all she's left.

Your heart can be empty because you can't see her
or you can be full of the love you shared.

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday
or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.

You can remember her and only that she's gone
or you can cherish her memory and let it live on.

You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back
or you can do what she'd want: smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

Acknowledgement

The Family of Maud Ferguson
would like to express our deepest gratitude to all our relatives, friends and well-wishers for your immense support and kindness you have expressed in our great loss.

How truly grateful we are to have wonderful friends like you.

It is difficult to find words to express how thankful we are for your words of encouragement, telephone calls, flowers, cards and all that you provided to comfort the family.

May the Lord continue to bestow his countless blessings on you all.

The Family wishes to retire privately after the burial.