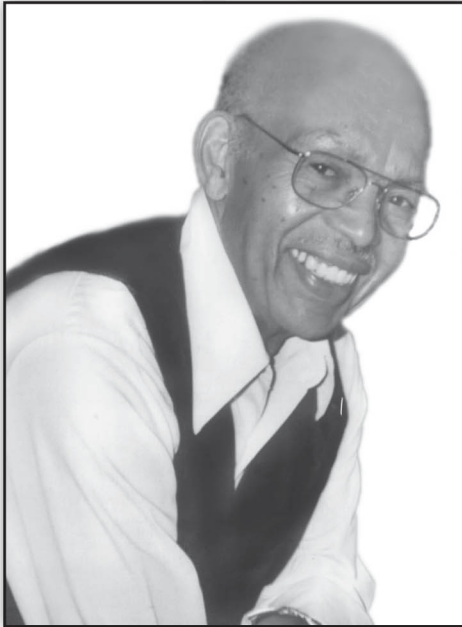


Sunrise: July 24, 1924

Sunset: May 8, 2021

*In Loving Memory
of*



James "Jimmy" Jackson

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 2021

12:00 PM

JAMES HUNT FUNERAL HOME

126 RIDGE AVE • ASBURY PARK, NEW JERSEY

Officiating: Rev. Terrance Porter

Awakening

by Washington Gladden
Poet's Biography

Down to the borders of the silent land
He goes with halting feet;
He dares not trust; he cannot understand
The blessedness complete
That waits for God's beloved at his right hand.
He dreads to see God's face, for though the pure
Beholding him are blest,
Yet in his sight no evil can endure;
And still with fear oppressed
He looks within and cries, "Who can be sure?"
The world beyond is strange; the golden streets,
The palaces so fair,
The seraphs singing in the shining seats,
The glory everywhere,
And to his soul he solemnly repeats
The visions of the Book. "Alas!" he cries,
"That world is all too grand;
Among those splendors and those majesties
I would not dare to stand;
For me a lowlier heaven would well suffice!"
Yet, faithful in his lot this saint has stood
Through service and through pain;
The Lord Christ he has followed, doing good;
Sure, dying must be gain
To one who living hath done what he could.
The light is fading in the tired eyes,
The weary race is run;
Not as the victor that doth seize the prize,
But as the fainting one,
He nears the verge of the eternities.

And now the end has come, and now he sees
The happy, happy shore;
O fearful, and faint, distrustful soul, are these
The things thou fearedst before
The awful majesties that spoiled thy peace?
This land is home; no stranger art thou here;
Sweet and familiar words
From voices silent long salute thine ear;
And winds and songs of birds,
And bees and blooms and sweet perfumes are near.
The seraphs they are men of kindly mien;
The gems and robes but signs
Of minds all radiant and of hearts washed clean;
The glory such as shines
Wherever faith or hope or love is seen.
And he, O doubting child! the Lord of grace
Whom thou didst fear to see
He knows thy sin but look upon his face!
Doth it not shine on thee
With a great light of love that fills the place?
O happy soul, be thankful now and rest!
Heaven is a goodly land;
And God is love; and those he loves are blest;
Now thou dost understand;
The least thou hast is better than the best
That thou didst hope for; now upon thine eyes
The new life opens fair;
Before thy feet the blessed journey lies
Through homelands everywhere;
And heaven to thee is all a sweet surprise.

Acknowledgement

The family of James Jackson extend their sincere thanks to Vitas Healthcare, their Home health aids, nurses, volunteers, and chaplains for providing such wonderful care for our loved one. We would also like to acknowledge Reverend Terrence Porter and the members of Pilgrim Baptist Church for all their prayers, meals, gifts, cards, and visits with James. You all have been a wonderful and loving support to our family. Finally, we would like to express our eternal gratitude to all the friends, family, and everyone in Red Bank who kept an eye on him as he walked to take care of his errands, and thought it not robbery to call, take time out of their busy schedule, and who loved him enough to spend time with our father. We are so grateful to you all!



Professional Services By
JAMES HUNT FUNERAL HOME
Kevin L. Small, Mgr NJ Lic. #4880
126 Ridge Avenue • Asbury Park, NJ 07712 • (732) 775-8722