



Memorial Service
A Service of Lament and Hope
Thursday, November 12 at 7pm (video premiere)

Prelude — Riverside

Welcome and Introduction — Bishop Sally Dyck

Gathering Song — "And Are We Yet Alive" - Wesley/Rubietta

Are we yet alive and see each other's face?
Glory to Jesus for his mighty grace!
What trouble have we seen what mighty conflicts past,
War without, fears within, since we assembled last

Chorus:

Aleluia, Aleluia
To Jesus we sing, Aleluia
Aleluia Aleluia
To Jesus alone we sing
A-le lu, Aleluia

Let us make our boast of God's redeeming power
Saved us to the uttermost 'til we can sin no more
We'll take up the cross till we the crown obtain
And gladly reckon all things loss so Jesus we may gain
Chorus

Are we yet alive to see each other's face?
Are we yet alive to see another day?
Yes we are alive and it is all by grace
To help the realm of God appear here and every place!
Chorus

Invitation to Lament — Darneather Murph-Heath

We gather today acknowledging that this gathering feels different. We have had to adapt to a changing world. To find new ways to minister, console, profess, and gather.

We are surprised, grieved, confused and devastated by what is happening in the world, in our nation, in our communities, in our churches, and in our hearts and minds.

We must give space for our sorrow before we can find the energy to rejoice again.

We must name the evils within our own hearts and beyond, before we pretend to sing praise.

We must obey the sadness. Now is a time of lamentation.

So we cry out: Come now O Prince of Peace!

Memorial Service (cont.)

Song — “O-So-So” - Geonyong Lee/ paraphrase Marion Pope

Pyonghwa eui im gum eh
Uriga han mom
Iru ge ha so so

Lament — James Fu

The Pandemic has taken too much from us.

We grieve the loss of countless loved ones, of shelter and gainful employment, of faith-community and family connection.

And while in some ways we are thankful for this imposed sabbath, that has forced us to reassess the unnecessary business of our daily routines, we grieve for those whose bedsides we cannot tend to. Those who are forced to live in physical isolation. The essential workers who have had to risk themselves for our sake. Those whose financial, mental, emotional and physical wellbeing are at risk.

Face coverings don't mask the fear we see in one another's eyes at the market and the terror many feel about the future, while we search for a vaccine.

So we cry out: Come now O God of love!

Song — “O-So-So”

Come now, O Prince of Peace
Make us one body
Come now Lord Jesus
Reconcile your people!

The Virus of Violence — Caitlyn Nesbit

But this health pandemic is not the only pandemic we face. From Hong Kong to Minneapolis, from Seattle to Chicago, we are suffering a pandemic of violence, hate, and injustice.

There are too many whose cries have been ignored for too long. Those who experience not only physical violence, but spiritual violence on a daily basis. Those who have been discriminated against due to the color of their skin or the location of their zip code.

It is difficult to confront the fact that the American dream seems to be only a pipedream for some, when there are too many examples of those who continue to kneel on the neck of justice.

Sometimes it is just too much. Too much hatred. Too much greed. Too much suffering. Too much devastation.

So we cry out: Come now O God and set us free!



Memorial Service (cont.)

Song — “O-So-So” - Judith Siaba, lyrics

Ven hoy y li-be-ra-no's
Nues-tro Re-den-tor
Ven o Je-su-cris-to
Re-con-ci-lia tu Pue-blo

The Church — Ronnie Lyall

So we gather, as the world around us seems to break and shatter into pieces. And we ask this question “Why Church”. Jesus tells us that the powers of sin and evil will not prevail against it, but too often they lie within us.

We feel scattered, not just by distance in this moment, but by how we think, act, interpret, and love. We pray for the kingdom to come, but the forces of Empire are not just at work in the world but in our systems and hearts.

Too often we choose beliefs and ideas over other human beings. Too often we remain in our comfort zones while refusing to comfort those who are afflicted. Too often we forget that this Church isn't ours, but the one through whom we are all connected.

So we cry out: Come, Hope of unity, make us one body!

Song — “O-So-So”

Come now and set us free
O God our Savior
Come O Lord Jesus
Reconcile all nations.

Words of Assurance — Ashish Singh

Yet even here, in the midst of all that causes pause, that breaks our heart, that shatters our trust, God is present: beckoning to us in our pain with solace and the promise of wonder that is yet to come.



Memorial Service (cont.)

Scripture — 2 Corinthians 4: 7-11, 16-18 (CEB)

Natalie Singh (English), Cerna Rand (Tagalong), Taekwhan Lee (Korean)

But we have this treasure in clay pots so that the awesome power belongs to God and doesn't come from us. We are experiencing all kinds of trouble, but we aren't crushed. We are confused, but we aren't depressed. We are harassed, but we aren't abandoned. We are knocked down, but we aren't knocked out.

We always carry Jesus' death around in our bodies so that Jesus' life can also be seen in our bodies. We who are alive are always being handed over to death for Jesus' sake so that Jesus' life can also be seen in our bodies that are dying.

So we aren't depressed. But even if our bodies are breaking down on the outside, the person that we are on the inside is being renewed every day. Our temporary minor problems are producing an eternal stockpile of glory for us that is beyond all comparison. We don't focus on the things that can be seen but on the things that can't be seen. The things that can be seen don't last, but the things that can't be seen are eternal.

Song — "Be Still My Soul" - words Katharina von Schlegel; transl. Jane Borthwick; music Jean Sibelius

Be still, my soul: the Lord is on your side,
bear patiently, the cross of grief or pain;
leave to your God to order and provide;
in every change God faithful will remain.

Be still, my soul: your God will undertake
to guide the future, as in ages past,
your hope, your confidence let nothing shake;
all now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on
when we shall be forever with the Lord,
when disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,
sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.

Message — "Learning and Practicing the Language of God: A Path to Wholeness"

Woody Bedell, NIC Director of Human Resources

Act of Remembrance and Thanksgiving — Bishop Sally Dyck



Memorial Service (cont.)

Song — "Comfort Your People" - words and music by Rich Rubietta

Comfort your people, have mercy on all who suffer
Write our names in the palm of your hand

Lord, we remember those who've gone before us
Into your presence, who've run their race to bring you glory
We give thanks for their faithfulness, through adversity
And we pray with those who grieve, who miss their touch,
their smile and their laughter.

In memory of...

Active Clergy

Paul E. (Nick) Nicholas, April 15, 2020
Wanda Y. Parker, October 22, 2019
Ernest Singh, May 25, 2020
Douglas Albert Williams, June 11, 2019

Retired Clergy

Samuel Batt, September 29, 2019
Jack William Bremer, April 30, 2020
Frederick C. Eisenhut, August 22, 2020
David Kirk, February 14, 2020
William Glenn Kirk, April 20, 2020
Don C. Leo, March 9, 2020
Ewald Albert Lieske, September 16, 2020
Wm. Omar Logan, Jr. July 22, 2020
Guy V. Martin, September 16, 2019
Wayne Edward McArthur, April 13, 2020
William Alexander Nicoll, February 2020
Emery A. Percell, December 2, 2019
John Franklin Smith, August 5, 2020
Susan M. Wessels, May 5, 2020
Billie Jean Westmoreland, July 19, 2019
Preston D. Woods, October 5, 2019
Carl John Zager, October 14, 2019

Spouses of Active Clergy

Geoffrey S. Kruse-Safford, July 3, 2020
Weejin Park, July 11, 2020

Spouses of Retired Clergy

Patricia Cantwell, August 20, 2020

Surviving Spouses

Marianna Bailey, August 9, 2020
Minerva M. Batt, September 6, 2020
Mary A. Calame Cook, May 31, 2020
Adeline DeGraaf, April 4, 2020.
Adeline Ina Erwin, August 13, 2019
Mary Lynn Gilmore, July 25, 2020
Miriam Priscilla Huff, August 20, 2020
Bernice M. Klosterman, May 25, 2019
Enid Ruth Morrison-Bell, December 13, 2019
Elizabeth R. Rankin, May 10, 2020

Lay Members of the Conference

Joe Bankhead, July 7, 2020
Kathy Dickerson, June 25, 2020
Clifford "Cliff" Hill, February 19, 2020
Sandra Jones, August 21, 2020
Gilbert Mitchell, June 1, 2020
Margaret Phillips, May 5, 2020
John E. "Jack" Ryder, June 26, 2019
Lee Schreiner, January 2, 2020
Kathryn A. Welk, July 4, 2019

Memorial Service (cont.)

Song — "Comfort Your People" - words and music by Rich Rubietta

Comfort your people, have mercy on all who suffer
Write our names in the palm of your hand

Words of Hope - Isaiah 40 - Taekwhan Lee, Natalie Singh, Cerna Rand

Reader 1

Comfort, comfort my people!
says your God.
A voice is crying out:
"Clear the Lord's way in the desert!
Make a level highway in the wilderness for our God!
Every valley will be raised up,
and every mountain and hill will be flattened.
Uneven ground will become level,
and rough terrain a valley plain.
The Lord's glory will appear,
and all humanity will see it together;
the Lord's mouth has commanded it."
Go up on a high mountain,
messenger Zion!
Raise your voice and shout,
messenger Jerusalem!
Raise it; don't be afraid;
say to the cities of Judah,
"Here is your God!"

Reader 2

Here is the Lord God,
coming with strength,
with a triumphant arm,
Like a shepherd, God will tend the flock;
he will gather lambs in his arms
and lift them onto his lap.
He will gently guide the nursing ewes.
Who has measured the waters in the palm of a hand
or gauged the heavens with a ruler
or scooped the earth's dust up in a measuring cup
or weighed the mountains on a scale
and the hills in a balance?
Who directed the Lord's spirit
and acted as God's advisor?
Whom did he consult for enlightenment?
Who taught him the path of justice and knowledge
and explained to him the way of understanding?



Memorial Service (cont.)

Reader 3

All the nations are like nothing before God.
They are viewed as less than nothing and emptiness.
So to whom will you equate God;
to what likeness will you compare God?
Don't you know? Haven't you heard?
Wasn't it announced to you from the beginning?
Haven't you understood since the earth was founded?
God inhabits the earth's horizon—
its inhabitants are like locusts—
stretches out the skies like a curtain
and spreads it out like a tent for dwelling.
Look up at the sky and consider:
Who created these?
The one who brings out their attendants one by one,
summoning each of them by name.
Because of God's great strength
and mighty power, not one is missing.

Reader 4

Why do you say, Jacob,
and declare, Israel,
"My way is hidden from the Lord,
my God ignores my predicament"?
Don't you know? Haven't you heard?
The Lord is the everlasting God,
the creator of the ends of the earth.
He doesn't grow tired or weary.
His understanding is beyond human reach,
giving power to the tired
and reviving the exhausted.
Youths will become tired and weary,
young men will certainly stumble;
but those who hope in the Lord
will renew their strength;
they will fly up on wings like eagles;
they will run and not be tired;
they will walk and not be weary.

Memorial Service (cont.)

Sending — "Pues si Vivimos / When We Are Living" - Eslinger, Escamilla, Lockwood

When we are living it is in Christ Jesus
And when we're dying it is in the Lord
Both in our living and our dying
we belong to God we belong to God

Through all our living we our fruits must give
Good works of service are for offering
When we are giving or when receiving
we belong to God we belong to God

En la tristeza y en el dolor, en la belleza y en el amor
Sea que suframos o que gocemos, somos del Señor
Somos del Señor

Across this wide world we shall always find
Those who are crying with no peace of mind
But when we help them or when we
feed them we belong to God, we belong to God.

Benediction — Bishop Sally Dyck

Postlude

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O-so-so (Come Now, O Prince of Peace) – words by Geonyong Lee, English paraphrase by Marion Pope. Music by Geonyong Lee. copyright 1983, Geonyong Lee. Verse 3, lyrics adapted by Judith Siaba. *The Faith We Sing* #2232, copyright 2001, Abington Press.

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