

Family Services

10:30 A.M.
Monday, December 27, 2004
Selby Funeral Chapel
Shenandoah, Iowa

Words of Comfort
Reverend Rick Sleyster
First Presbyterian Church
Shenandoah, Iowa

Organist
Terry Stafford

Vocalist
Jackie DeVries

Musical Selection - "How Great Thou Art"

Casket Bearers
Roger Van Buskirk
Christopher Van Buskirk
Ed McDonald
Dick Irvin
Bob Larson
Jim Larson

Final Resting Place
Rose Hill Cemetery
Shenandoah, Iowa

Memorial Services

1:30 P.M.
Monday, December 27, 2004
First Presbyterian Church
Shenandoah, Iowa

Words of Comfort
Reverend Rick Sleyster

Prelude - Terry Stafford

Call to Worship

Opening Prayer

Hymn: "Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming", #48

Prayer for Illumination

Old Testament Lesson: Psalm 16
Ruth 1:16-17

Epistle Lesson: 2 Cor. 5:1, 6-9

Gospel Lesson: John 14:1-3, 25-27
Homily

Prayers of God's People & Lord's prayer
(using 'Debtor's')

Hymn: "Children of the Heavenly King"

Benediction

Postlude

Organist

Terry Stafford

Memory Register
Mary Alice Johnson

Caring for Flowers
Jo Dayle Irvin

Ushers
Marilyn Bayless
Doris Broderson
Mary Ann Gibson
Evelyn Lindburg

Children of the Heavenly King

- 1. Children of the heav'nly King, As ye journey,
sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in
His works and ways.*
- 2. Lift your eyes, ye sons of light, Zion's city is in
sight:
There our endless home shall be, There our
Lord we soon shall see.*
- 3. Fear not, brethren; joyful stand On the borders of
your land; Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.*
- 4. Lord, obediently we go, Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be, And we still will
follow Thee.*

Amen

As a Ship Sails

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength. I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come to mingle with each other.

*Then someone at my side says:
"There, she is gone!"*

"Gone where?"

Gone from my sight. That is all. She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side and she is just as able to bear her load of living freight to her destined port.

Her diminished size is in me, not in her. And just at the moment when someone at my side says: "There, she is gone!" there are other eyes watching her coming, and other voices ready to take up the glad shout: "Here she comes!"

And that is dying.

Anonymous



*Lavonne Van Buskirk
June 11, 1917
December 21, 2004*