



It is eternity now. I am in the midst of it. It is about me in the sunshine;
I am in it, as the butterfly in the light-laden air. Nothing has to come; it is now.
Now is eternity; now is the immortal life.

—*Richard Jefferies, 1883*

A Celebration of Life

The San Diego Natural History Museum
March 4, 2011

You will go out in joy and be led forth in peace;
the mountains and hills will burst into song before you,
and all the trees of the field will clap their hands.
—Isaiah 55.12

In remembrance of
Mary Hollis Clark
November 2, 1921–December 19, 2010

Music in the Atrium: Demarre McGill, flute; Julie Ann Smith, harp.

PRELUDERobert Plimpton, Piano

WELCOME Reverend Mark Trotter

HYMN: Ode to Joy..... *All stand and join in singing*

Joyful, joyful, we adore Thee, God of glory, Lord of love;
Hearts unfold like flowers before Thee, opening to the sun above.
Melt the clouds of sin and sadness; drive the dark of doubt away;
Giver of immortal gladness, fill us with the light of day!

All Thy works with joy surround Thee, earth and heaven reflect Thy rays,
Stars and angels sing around Thee, center of unbroken praise.
Field and forest, vale and mountain, flowery meadow, flashing sea,
Singing bird and flowing fountain call us to rejoice in Thee.

Mortals, join the happy chorus, which the morning stars began;
Love divine is reigning o’er us, binding all within its span.
Ever singing, march we onward, victors in the midst of strife,
Joyful music leads us Sunward in the triumph song of life.



INVOCATION AND LORD’S PRAYER Reverend Mark Trotter

Our Father, who art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy Name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done,
On earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
As we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
And the power,
And the glory,
For ever and ever.

READINGS FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT

Ecclesiastes 3: 1–8 Dale Clark

To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:
A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up
that which is planted;
A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up;
A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;
A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace,
and a time to refrain from embracing;
A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away;
A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;
A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.

Psalm 121..... Bill McCandless

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.
My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth,
and even for evermore.

Psalm 23 Caroline McCandless Gritters

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest
my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell
in the house of the Lord for ever.

SOLO: Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.....Michael Morgan



READING FROM THE NEW TESTAMENT

John 14.....Leigh van der Werff

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.
In my Father’s house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you.
I go to prepare a place for you.
And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.
And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.
Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?
Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

HYMN: Be Thou My Vision.....*All stand and join in singing*

Be Thou my Vision, O Lord of my heart;
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art.
Thou my best Thought, by day or by night,
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.

Be Thou my Wisdom, and Thou my true Word;
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;
Thou and thou only, first in my heart,
Great God of heaven, my treasure thou art.

High King of Heaven, my victory won,
May I reach Heaven’s joys, O bright Heaven’s Sun!
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be my Vision, O Ruler of all.

A PRAYER AND AN ANSWER—Mary Hollis Clark

A Prayer

What way, Oh Lord, have you planned for me?
Help me, I pray, Your will to see.
Help me to choose the path that leads
To ways that fill the greatest needs.

Though, many times, the choice be hard,
Give me the strength the wrong to discard.
When I may choose how my time is spent,
May it be toward Thee that my mind is bent.

Then when I know I’ve done my best,
Give me serenity, peace, and rest.
Knowing that You are with me always,
My whole being sings while my heart prays.

An Answer

I know You have planned a full life for me.
Beauty and Truth I try to see.
To enjoy creation of God and Man,
To share my love with all I can.
Blessed with health of body and mind,
The best things in life are mine to find.

TRIBUTE.....Reverend Mark Trotter

A CELEBRATION OF LIFE..... Michael Hager
Veronica Lee
Charles Bieler
Janet Klauber

SOLO: I Got Shoes Michael Morgan

PRAYER AND BENEDICTIONReverend Mark Trotter

HYMN: When the Saints go Marching In*All stand and join in singing*

Oh when the saints go marching in.
Oh when the saints go marching in.
Oh Lord, I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in.

- 1. And when the trumpet sounds its call....
- 2. Oh, when the Lord in glory comes....
- 3. Oh, when the new world is revealed....
- 4. And on that hallelujah day....

Our family invites you to follow us out to the atrium and join us for lunch.

Nita Clark van der Werff & Henk van der Werff
Dale Hollis Clark
Tessa van der Werff & Robert Abbott, and Edith Juniper Abbott (Edie)
Leigh van der Werff & Kurt Legler

A Collection of Verses

Mary Hollis Clark

There’s something beautiful in nearly all things—
Certainly in the butterflies’ wings;
Crimson and white clouds striping the sunset sky,
To match the patriotic flags we like to see fly;
A bright planet close to a crescent moon;
(The next new moon seems to come very soon.)
Squillions of buds on our camellia trees,
Bringing super blooms despite an unlikely freeze;
Events and exhibitions in Balboa Park,
Myriad attractions from daybreak to past dark;
And choice sunflowers and oranges at the Farmers’ Market.
(Only problem’s the car and where to park it.)

The Borrego Carpet

The fresh-laid carpet stretched at our feet,
Beckoning us to relish its design complete.
We stopped; we stepped; we glanced; we gazed.
Though we were forewarned, we were still amazed.

We admired it as much as we could today,
With the knowledge its freshness could not stay.
To believe its breadth and beauty was hard—
It was not unrolled and bought by the yard!

The background was neutral, sand-colored beige
That would go with everything, through season and age.
With sculptured texture of greens so grayed
They would wear well in sunlight and never fade.

That this basic scheme was surely selected
By taste subtler than mine was clearly reflected.
As a silent sameness we had seen it before;
But this was a magic carpet on the desert floor!

For hidden beneath in the depths of its pile
Were seeds and bulbs with uncanny guile,
Ready to rest or respond to rain and sun.
Nature has been kind. What miracles she has done!

White dune primroses with pristine grace
Vied with vagabond verbena for most prominent place.
Occasional orange and vibrant yellowness
Added accent to the tapestried mellowness.

Seldom-seen lilies stood single and shy,
Gray-toned as the desert, easily passed by.
Miniature flowers defied detection,
As they hugged the sand for their protection.

The random pattern was blossom-replete,
A perfect pattern without a repeat,
So our picnic was a feast on a rare carpeted floor—
With memories to share—could we ask for more?





Corte Madera

Pine needles hang like icicles on the oaks,
Below is a carpet of small green starts.
Dewy diamonds floating on a spider web,
Cascade of lichen on fallen branches,
Jackstraws of grasses,
Tender ears and antlers tentatively emerging
from their moist brown cover.

Mauna Kea

Would that I, in my old age,
Might stand strong and serene,
In simple splendor,
As Hawaii's magnificent Mauna Kea
With head held high in calm repose,
On shoulders proportioned in symmetrical perfection.
Within she changes not—
Without she weathers constant change
With wordless nonchalance.
Close she lives to moon and stars
As she survives, still fertile and productive,
The fiery explosions that shaped her youth.

Give Me Time

Time for patience,
For understanding, too.
Time to remember
Thoughtful deeds to do.
Time to believe in
All fellowmen.
Time to perceive
The value of a friend.

To move with ease thru time and space—
Is God's own gift by His own grace—
To know His love and joy and peace—
From every care can give release.



Each moment is a present between future and past:
Let us treasure these moments—they pass so fast. —*MHC*