

Memorial Service

for

Marie Coulombe Wallis

October 12, 1913

to

July 10, 2001

Taste and see that the Lord is
good; blessed is the one who
takes refuge in him.

Psalm 34:8

Memorial Service for Marie Coulombe Wallis
July 16, 2001

Prelude Matheson/Peace (words on back)
"O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go"

Song of Call Herbert/Vaughn Williams
"The Call"

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life: such a Way,
as gives us breath: such a Truth, as ends all strife:
such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength: such a
Light, as shows a feast: such a Feast, as mends in
length: such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart: such a Joy,
as none can move: such a Love, as none can part:
such a Heart, as joys in love.

Call to Worship Ps. 34:1-3

I will extol the Lord at all times; his praise will
always be on my lips. My soul will boast in the
Lord; let the afflicted hear and rejoice. Glorify the
Lord with me; let us exalt his name together.

Hymn of Adoration #296 (stz. 1, 4-6)
"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name"

Invocation

Song of Invitation Lowry/Copland
"At the River"

Shall we gather by the river, where bright angels'
feet have trod, with its crystal tide forever flowing
by the throne of God.

Yes we'll gather by the river, the beautiful, the
beautiful river, gather with the saints by the river
that flows by the throne of God.

Soon we'll reach the shining river, soon our pilgrimage will cease, soon our happy hearts will quiver with the melody of peace.

Yes we'll gather by the river, the beautiful, the beautiful river, gather with the saints by the river that flows by the throne of God.

Hymn of Confession....."O Sacred Head"

O sacred Head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down; now scornfully surrounded with thorns, thine only crown; O sacred Head, what glory, what bliss till now was thine! Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call thee mine.

What thou, my Lord, hast suffered was all for sinners' gain; mine, mine was the transgression, but thine the deadly pain. Lo, here I fall, my Savior! 'Tis I deserve thy place; look on me with thy favor, vouchsafe to me thy grace.

What language shall I borrow to thank thee, dearest Friend, for this, thy dying sorrow, thy pity without end? O make me thine forever; and should I fainting be, Lord, let me never, never outlive my love to thee.

Be near when I am dying, O show thy cross to me; and for my succor flying, come, Lord, to set me free: These eyes, new faith receiving, from Jesus shall not move; for he who dies believing, dies safely, through thy love.

Assurance of Pardoning Grace

Song of Assurance..... Spafford/Bliss
"It is Well"

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way, when sorrows like sea billows roll; whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."

O Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
the clouds be rolled back as a scroll, the trump
shall resound and the Lord shall descend, "Even
so" — it is well with my soul.

Old Testament Lesson Psalm 116

Hymn of Response to the Word.....#94 (stz. 1-4, 6)
"How Firm a Foundation"

New Testament Lesson..... Romans 8:18-39

Personal Testimonies Mark Belz
Ruth Herndon
Grace Marsh
Debbie Binnie

Song of Testimony.....Judy Alexander
"Psalm 23" Kaplan

Personal Testimony Ben Wallis (poem on back)

Song of PreparationPsalm 34:8/Vaughn Williams
"O Taste and See"

Scripture Reading Psalm 34

Sermon..... Rev. George Robertson

Hymn of Response.....#358 (stz. 1, 2, 5, 6)
"For All the Saints"

Benediction

Postlude

Pallbearers

Roger Alexander

Mark Belz

Phillip Binnie

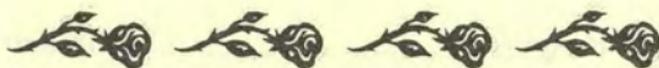
Jim Herndon

Aaron Hofius

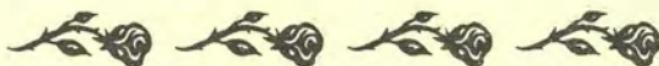
David Marsh

Ben Wallis

Joshua Wallis



The family requests
that memorial contributions be made to
Covenant Theological Seminary.



"O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go"

O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my weary soul in thee; I give thee back the life I owe, that in thine ocean depths its flow may richer, fuller be.

O Light that follow'st all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to thee; my heart restores its borrowed ray, that in thy sunshine's blaze its day may brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain, I cannot close my heart to thee; I trace the rainbow through the rain, and feel the promise is not vain that morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head, I dare not ask to fly from thee; I lay in dust life's glory dead, and from the ground there blossoms red life that shall endless be.

George Matheson

"Death"

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow;
And soonest our best men with thee do go —
Rest of their bones and souls' delivery!
Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die!

John Donne