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In Memory of Jane Claire Dirks-Edmunds

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In Memory of
Jane Claire Dirks-Edmunds
Babes in the Woods

My dear, do you know, how a long time ago,
Two poor little babes, whose names I don’t know
Were stolen away on a bright summer’s day
And left in the woods, I’ve heard people say.

They sobbed and they sighed and they bitterly cried,
And the poor little babes, they laid down and died.

And when they were dead, the robins so red
Gathered strawberry leaves and over them spread.
And all the day long, they sang them this song
“Poor babes in the woods, poor babes in the woods.”

Author unknown
Excerpt from “Not Just Trees”
By Jane Claire Dirks-Edmunds

Reception:
We hope you can remain for refreshments and to enjoy some wonderful photographs from Jane Claire’s life.
Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of
Jane Claire Dirks-Edmunds

Born June 9, 1912  Died December 29, 2003
Hillside Manor, McMinnville, Oregon
January 8, 2004

Prelude
Welcome
Hymn: *Spirit of God, Descend upon My Heart* v 1, 2, 4, 5
Prayer
Scripture
Music: *An Evening Prayer*  Charles Gabriel
Reading of Obituary
Sharing by Family and Friends
A Pastoral Reflection
Music: *Silicienne*  Maria Teresia Von Paradis
Poem: "*Each in His Own Tongue*"
Music: *O Lord, Most Holy*  Cesar Franck
Prayer
Hymn: *How Great Thou Art* v1, 2
Benediction

Participants  Thank you to our musicians: Sally Geistweit, piano; Sherill Roberts, cello; Marion van Dyk, vocalist. Thank you to Charles Walker for the reading of a poem. To Pastor Emeritus Bernie Turner and to Senior Pastor Kent Harrop of First Baptist Church McMinnville for officiating. Thank you to each of those who shared a story and to all who have gathered this day to remember and give thanks for Jane Claire’s life.
BREATH OF LIFE

Spirit of God, Descend upon My Heart 290

Since we live by the Spirit, let us keep in step with the Spirit. Gal. 5:25

1. Spirit of God, descend upon my heart;
2. I ask no dream, no prophetic ecstasies;
3. Hast thou not bid us love thee, God and King;
4. Teach me to feel that thou art always nigh;
5. Teach me to love thee as thine angels love,

wean it from earth, through all its pulses move;
no sudden rending of the veil of clay,
all, all thine own, soul, heart and strength and mind?
teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
one holy passion filling all my frame;

stoop to my weakness, mighty as thou art,
no angel visitor, no opening skies;
I see thy cross—there teach my heart to cling:
the baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,

and make me love thee as I ought to love.
but take the dimness of my soul away.
O let me seek thee, and let me find.
teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.
my heart an altar, and thy love the flame.

WORDS: George Croly, 1867
MUSIC: Frederick C. Atkinson, 1870

MORECAMBE 10.10.10.10.
How Great Thou Art

Great is the Lord, and most worthy of praise. Ps. 48:1

1. O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder consider
2. When through the woods and forest glades I wander and hear the
3. And when I think that God, his Son not sparing, sent him to
4. When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation and take me

all the *worlds thy hands have made, I see the stars, I hear the *rolling birds sing sweetly in the trees, when I look down from lofty mountain die, I scarce can take it in, that on the cross, my burden gladly home, what joy shall fill my heart! Then I shall bow in humble adoration, thunder, thy power throughout the universe displayed. grandeur, and hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze. bearing, he bled and died to take away my sin. ration, and there proclaim, "My God, how great thou art."

Refrain

Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to thee: how great thou