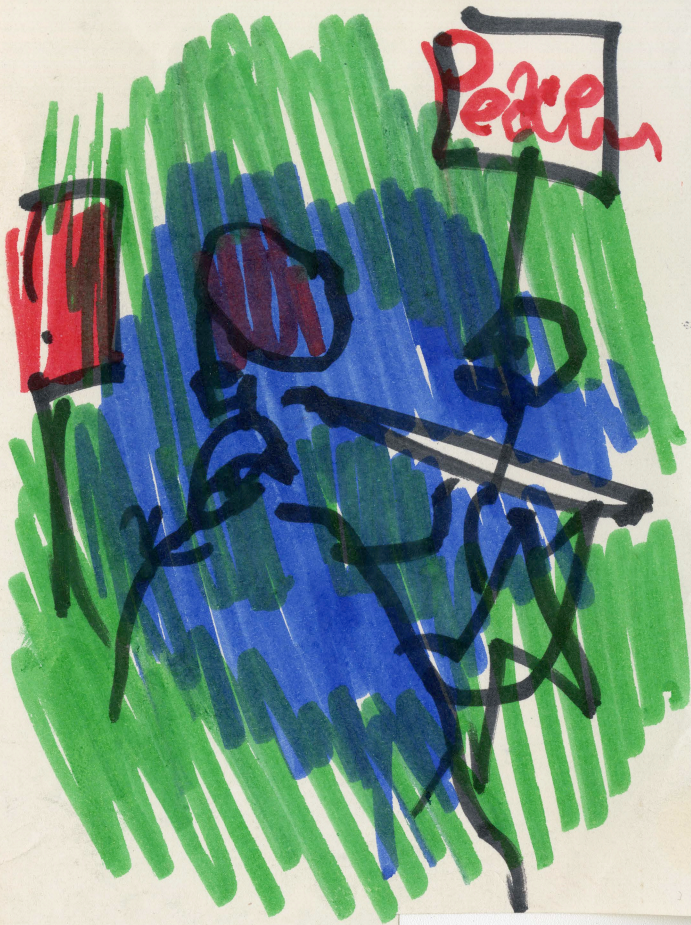
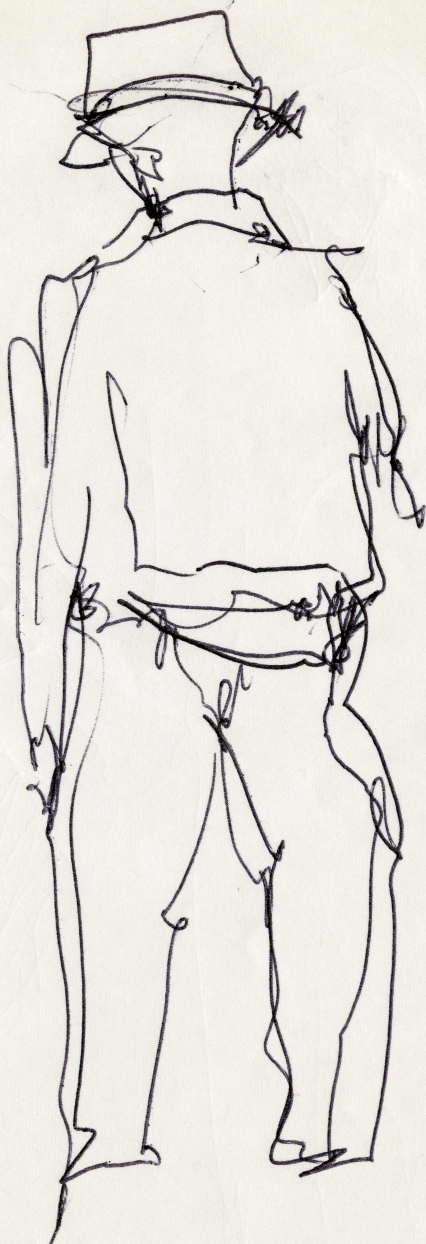




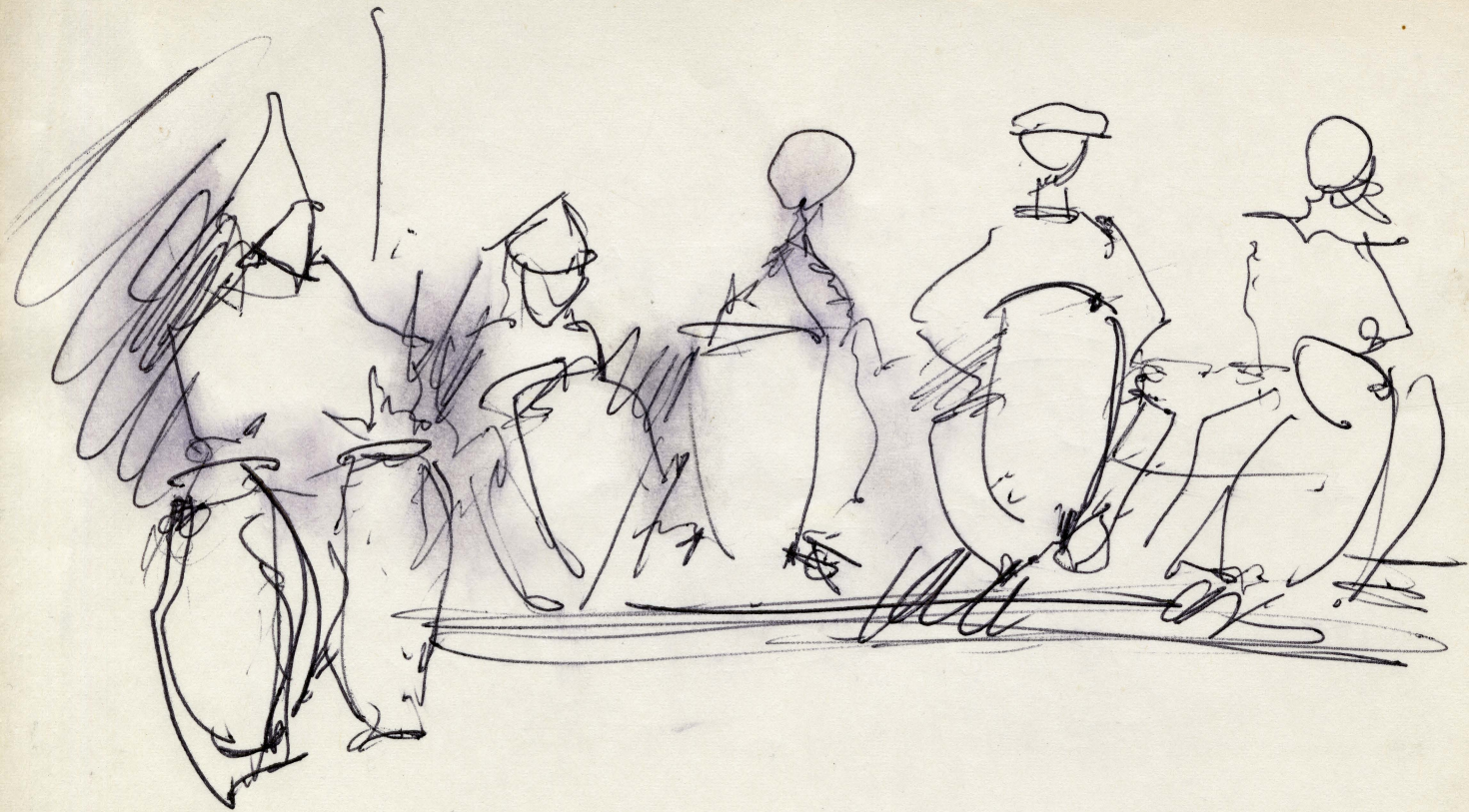
my father and Norman Young
on the beach.

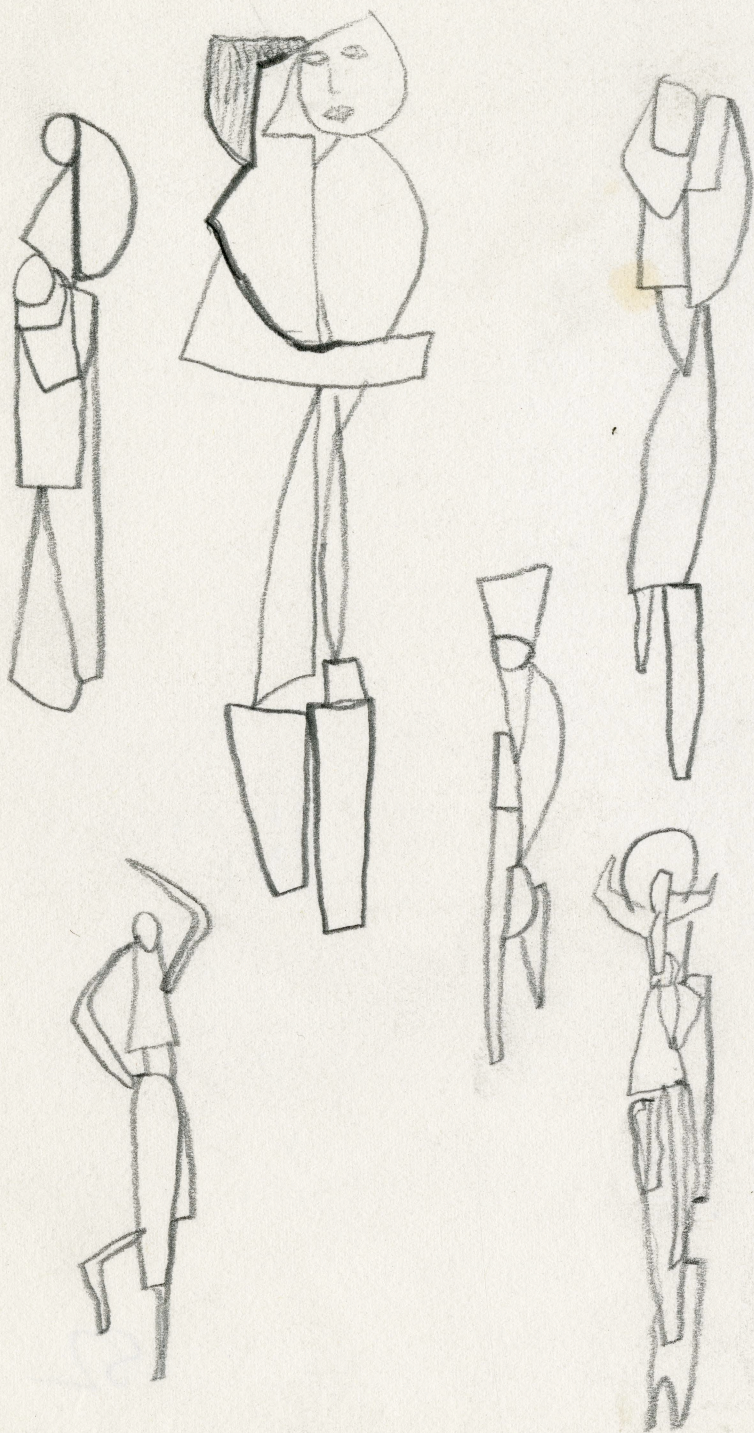


man who looked like Godard,



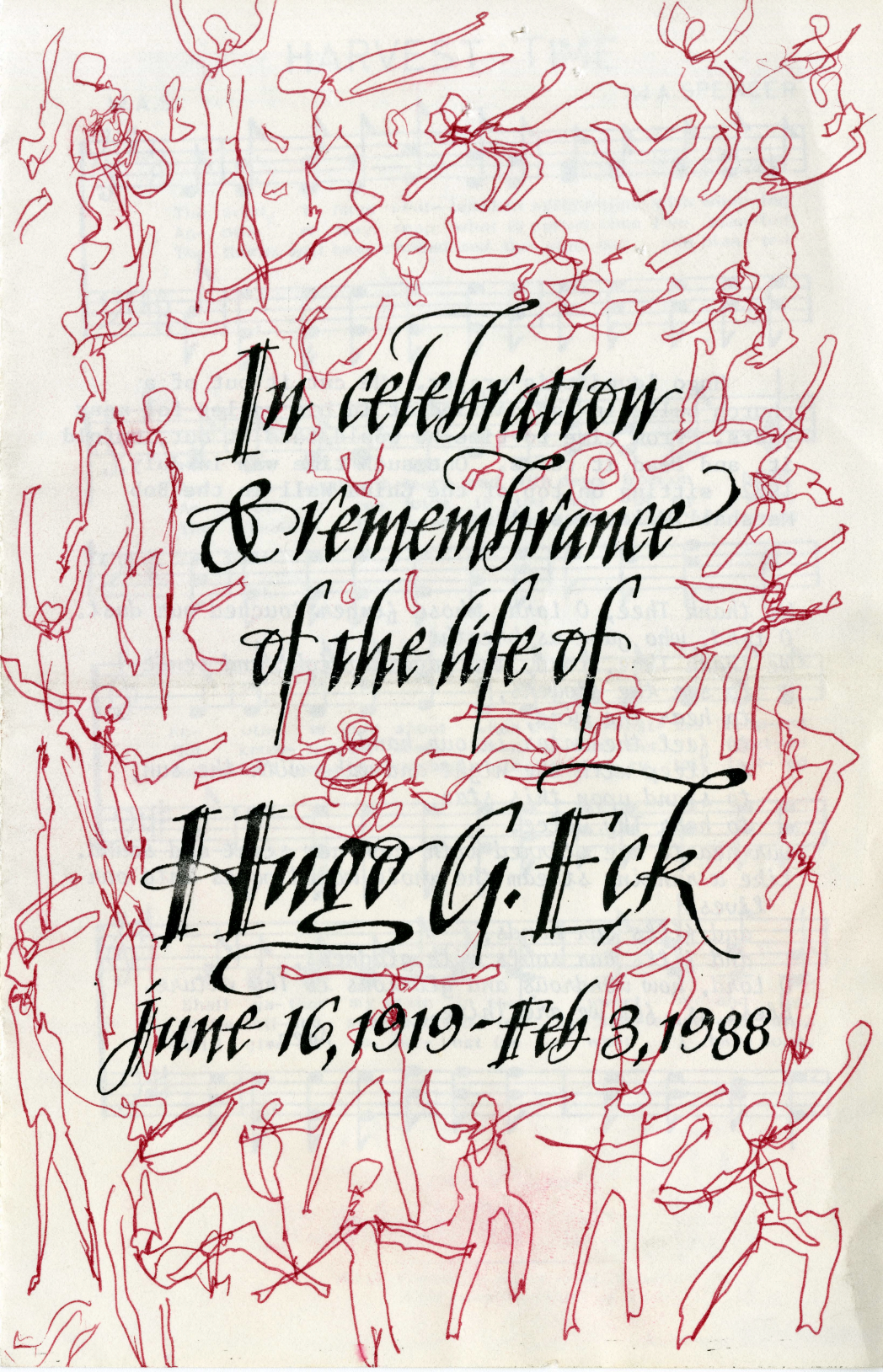










The background of the entire page is a dense, intricate pattern of red line art. It consists of numerous stylized human figures in various poses, some standing, some dancing, some with arms raised, creating a sense of a large, lively crowd or celebration. The lines are fluid and expressive, typical of mid-20th-century modernist graphic design.

*In celebration
& remembrance
of the life of*

Hugo G. Eck

June 16, 1919 - Feb 3, 1988

Hugo loved this prayer. He cut it out of a church bulletin and carried it in his wallet for many years. From time to time he would take it out, unfold it, and read it to us. One such time was in July, 1982, sitting on top of the China Wall in the Bob Marshall Wilderness Area.

*We thank Thee, O Lord, whose finger touched our dust.
O Lord, who gave us breath.*

*We thank Thee, Lord, who gave us sight and sense
to see the flowers,
to hear the wind,
to feel the water in our hands,
to sleep with the night and wake with the sun,
to stand upon this star,
to hear Thy voice.*

*Our hearts are stirred with each new sight and sound.
Like a running stream the whole world pours into our
lives,*

*and fills our hands,
and fills our souls with gladness,
O Lord, how wondrous and glorious is Thy nature.
Bless us, for we are Thine.*

Amen.

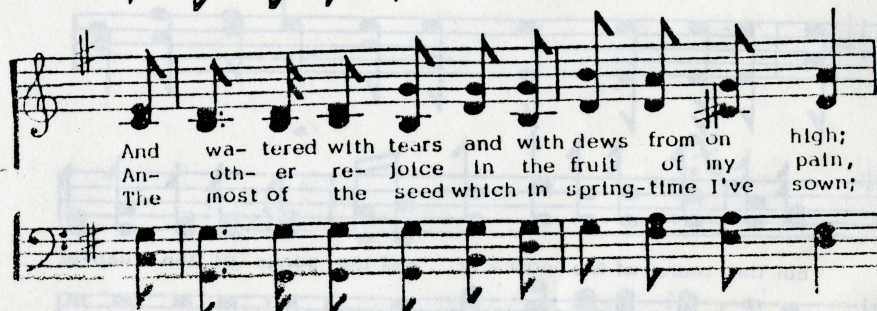
HARVEST TIME

W.A.S.

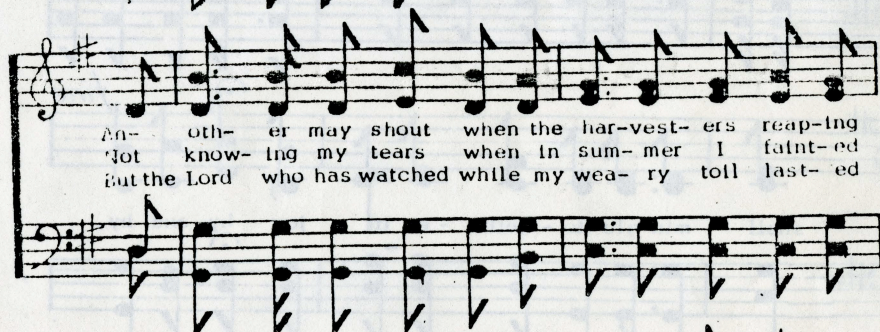
W.A. SPENCER



The seed I have scat-tered in spring-time with weep-ing
 An-oth-er may reap what in spring-time I've plan-ted,
 The thorns will have choked and the sun-mer sun blas-ted



And wa-tered with tears and with dews from on high;
 An-oth-er re-joice in the fruit of my pain,
 The most of the seed which in spring-time I've sown;



An-oth-er may shout when the har-vest-ers reap-ing
 Not know-ing my tears when in sum-mer I faint-ed
 But the Lord who has watched while my wea-ry toll last-ed

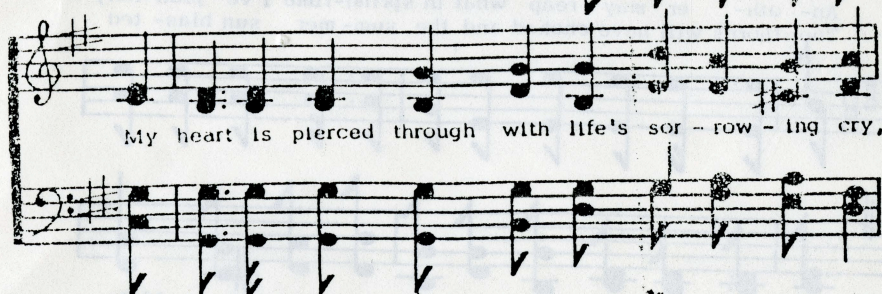


Shall ga-ther my grain in the sweet by and by.
 While toll-ing sad-heart-ed in sun-shine and rain.
 Will give me a har-vest for what I have done.

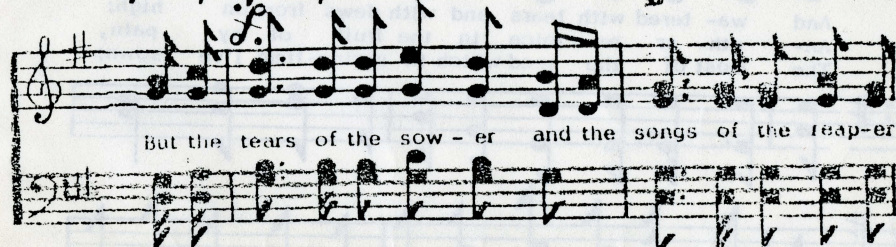
Chorus



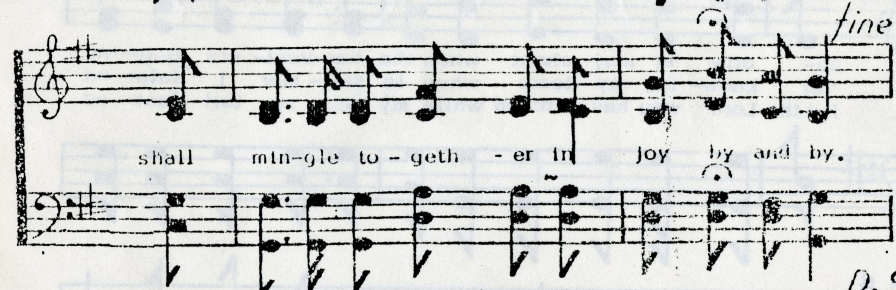
O - ver and o - ver, yes, deep - er and deep - er



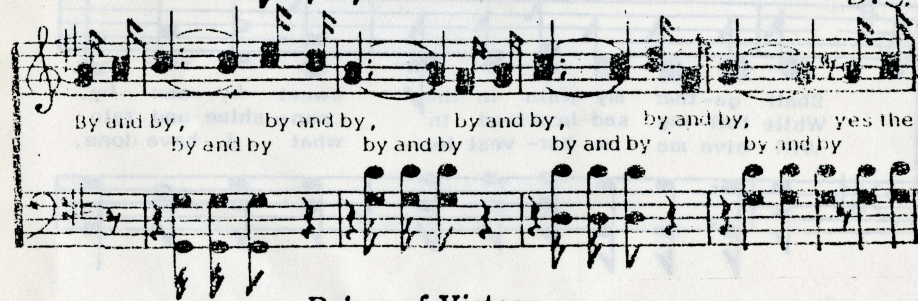
My heart is pierced through with life's sor - row - ing cry,



But the tears of the sow - er and the songs of the reap - er

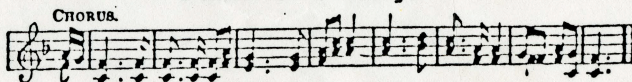


shall mix - gle to - geth - er in joy by and by.



By and by, by and by, by and by, by and by, yes the
by and by by and by by and by by and by by and by

Palms of Victory.



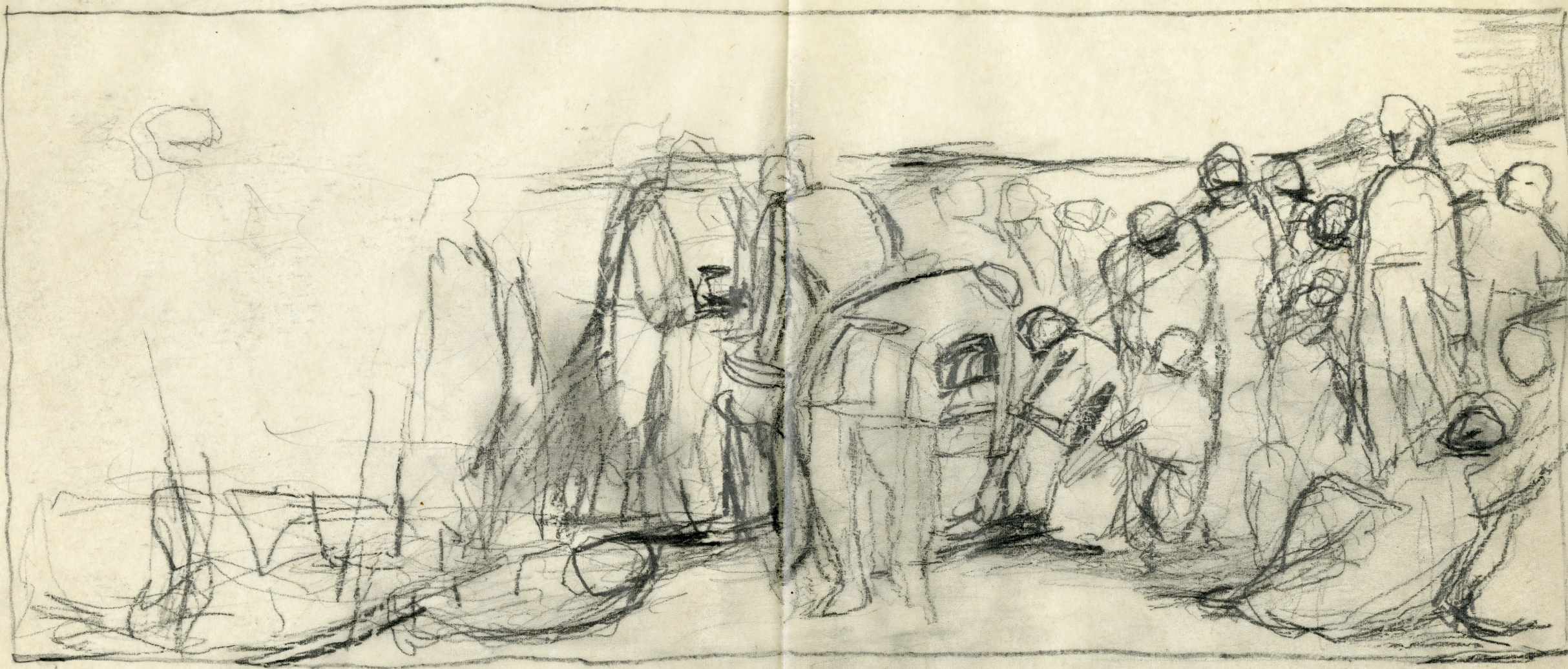
THEN PALMS OF VICTORY, CROWNS OF GLORY
PALMS OF VICTORY, I SHALL WEAR.

Prelude	
Call to Worship: Psalm 121	Riley Grant
Opening Prayer	Hugh Herbert
*Hymn: "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah"	#271
*Act of Praise: Psalm 23, #560	Riley Grant
*Gloria Patri	
Scripture: Romans 8:18-39	Jerry Bechtle
Sermon	Hugh Herbert
*Hymn: "Fairest Lord Jesus"	#79
Words of Remembrance	Laurence Eck
The Lord's Prayer	Laurence Eck
*Hymn: "Breathe on Me, Breath of God"	#133
Words of Remembrance	Diana Eck
Prayer	Hugh Herbert
*Hymn: "Harvest Time" or "Brother Van's Song" Insert	
*Benediction	Jerry Bechtle



Victory to us.

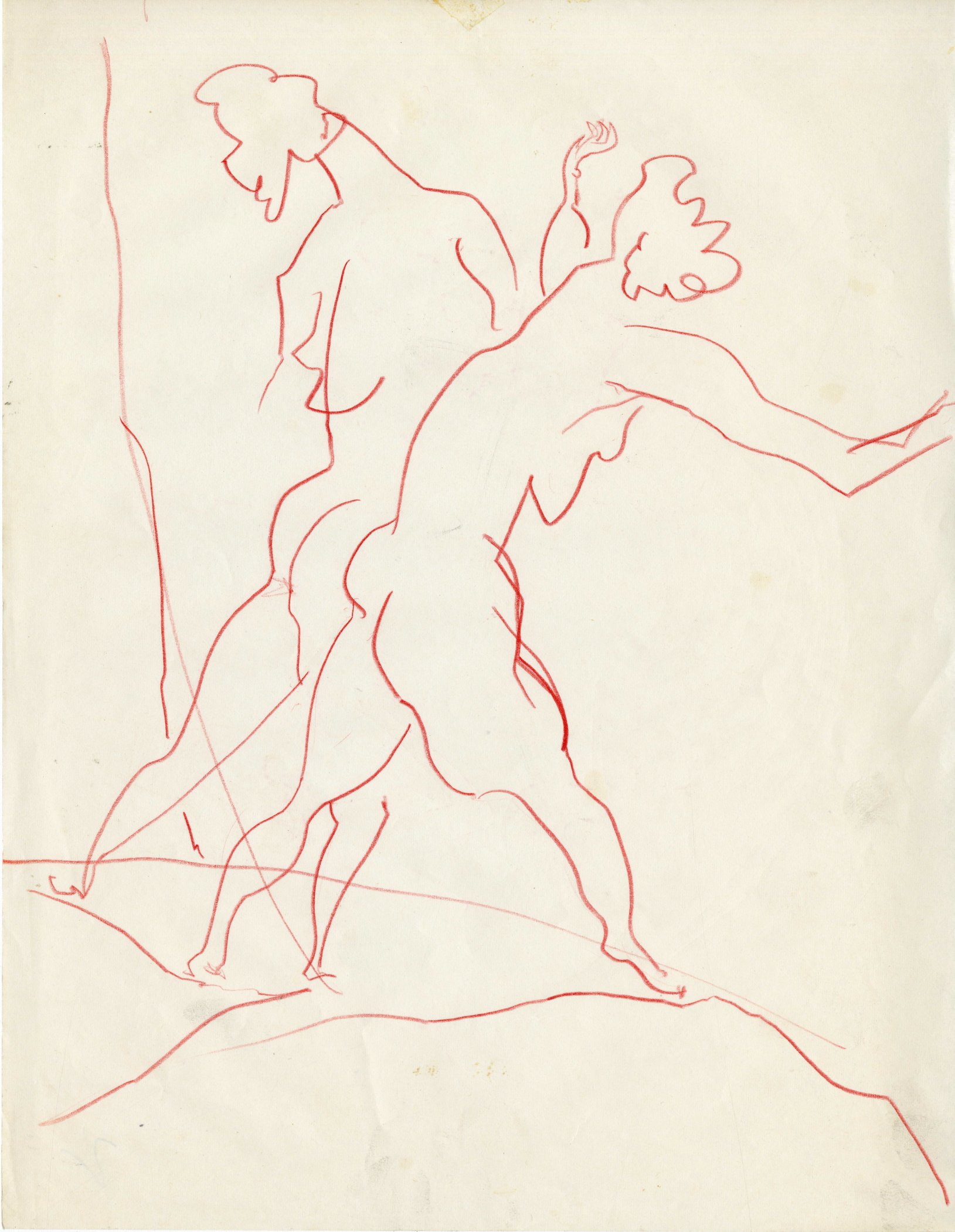








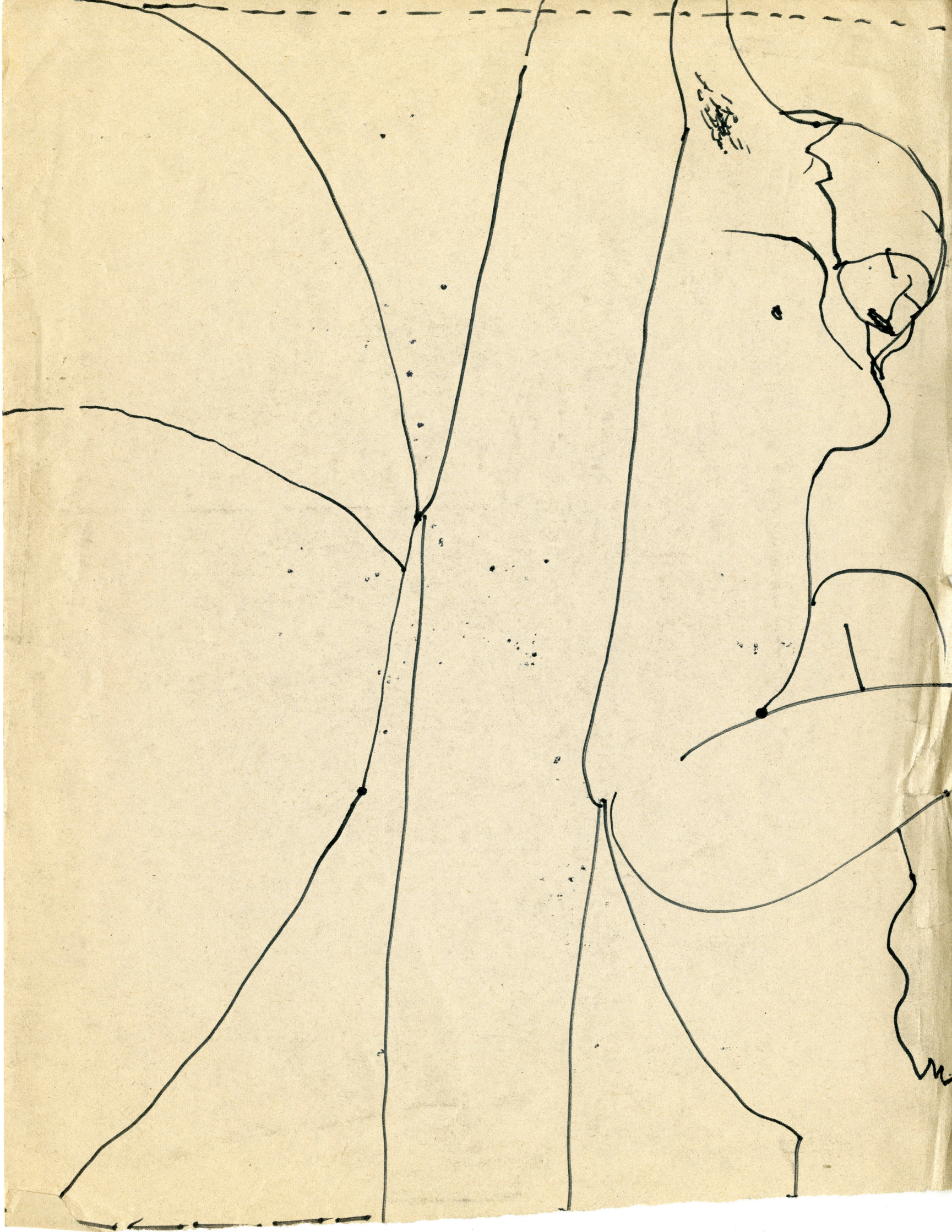






DEWCOAR





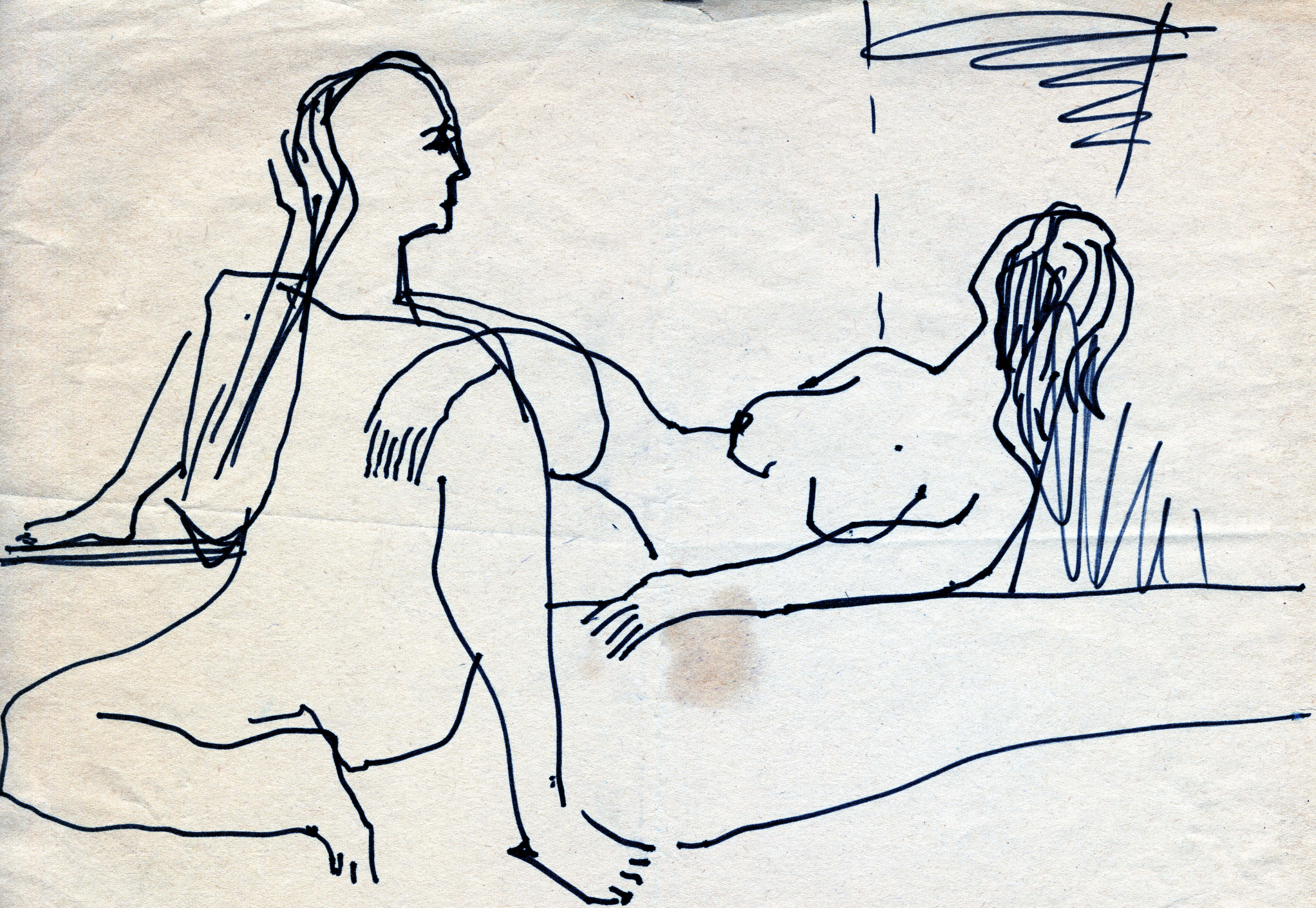




1932



W



PIE
Bake off
\$50

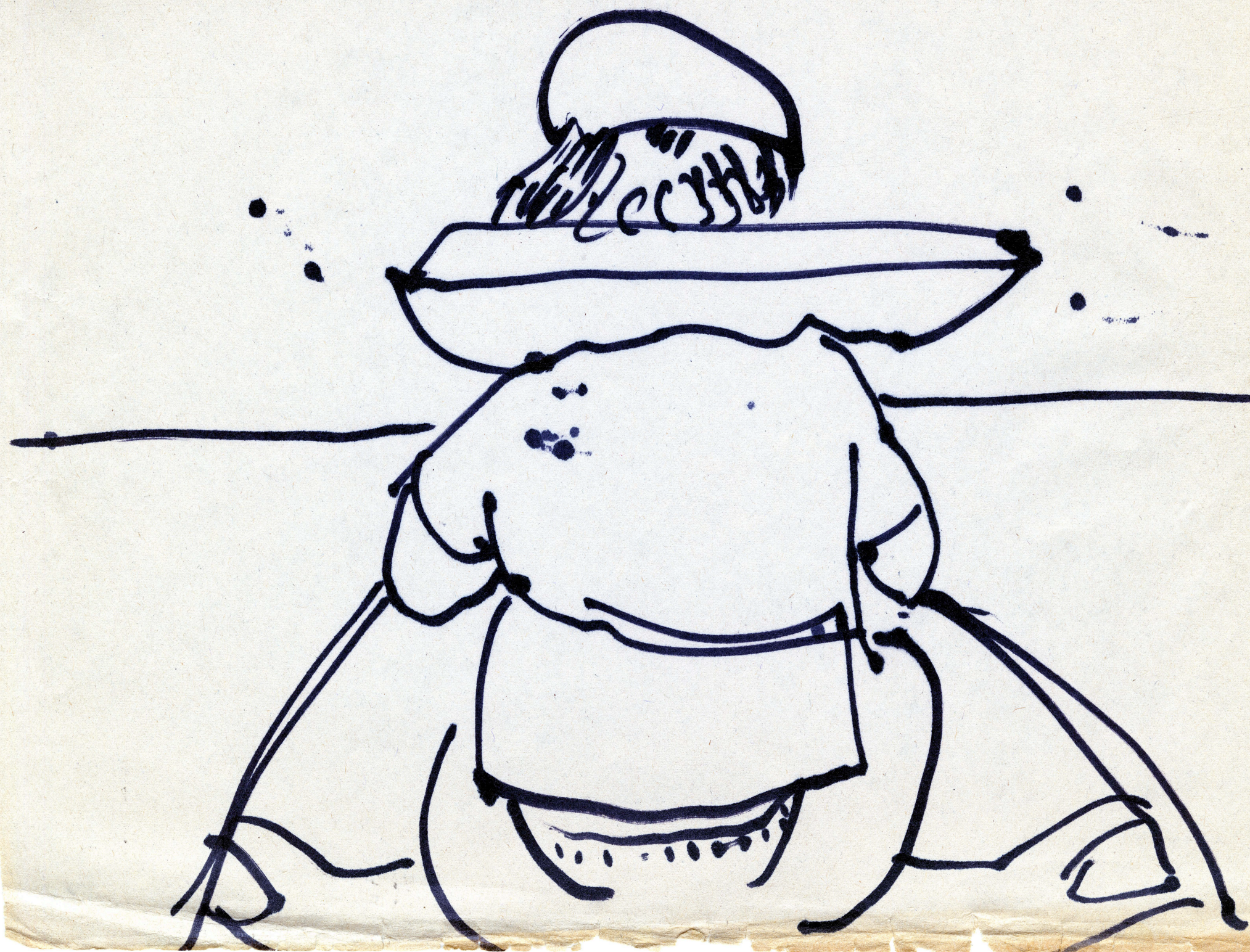
Great
Suo







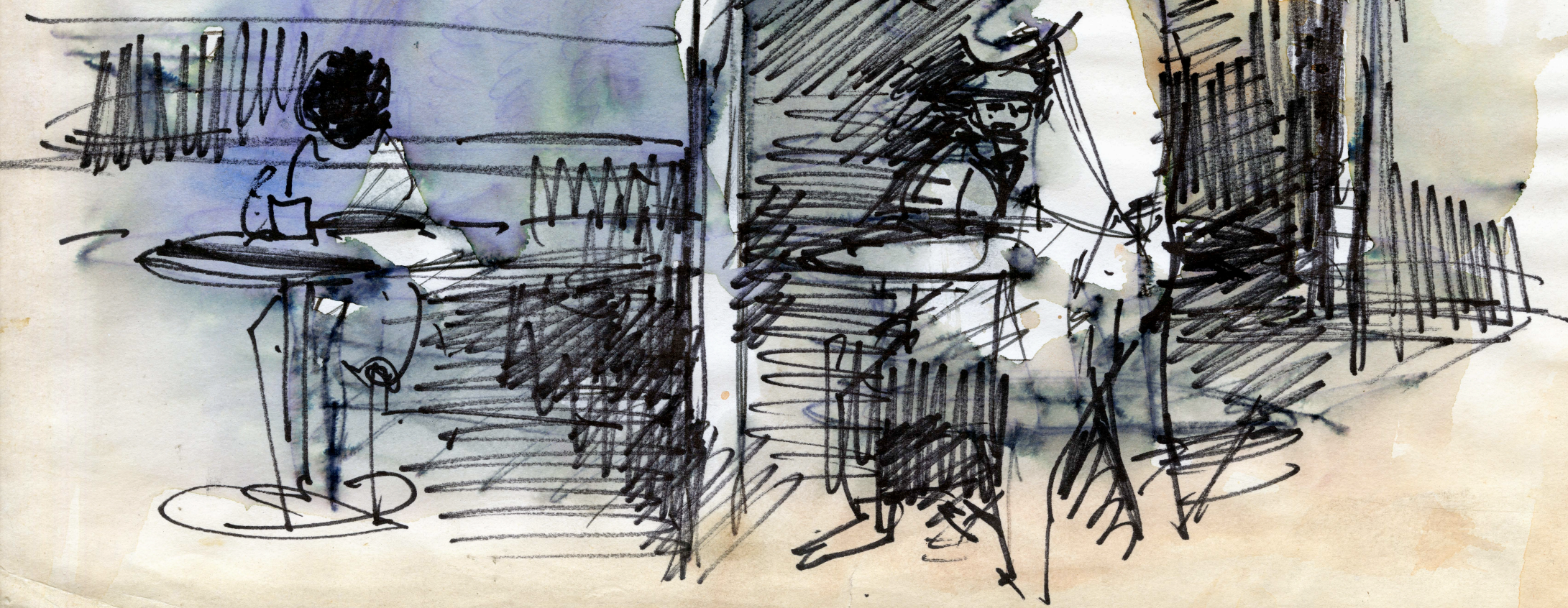


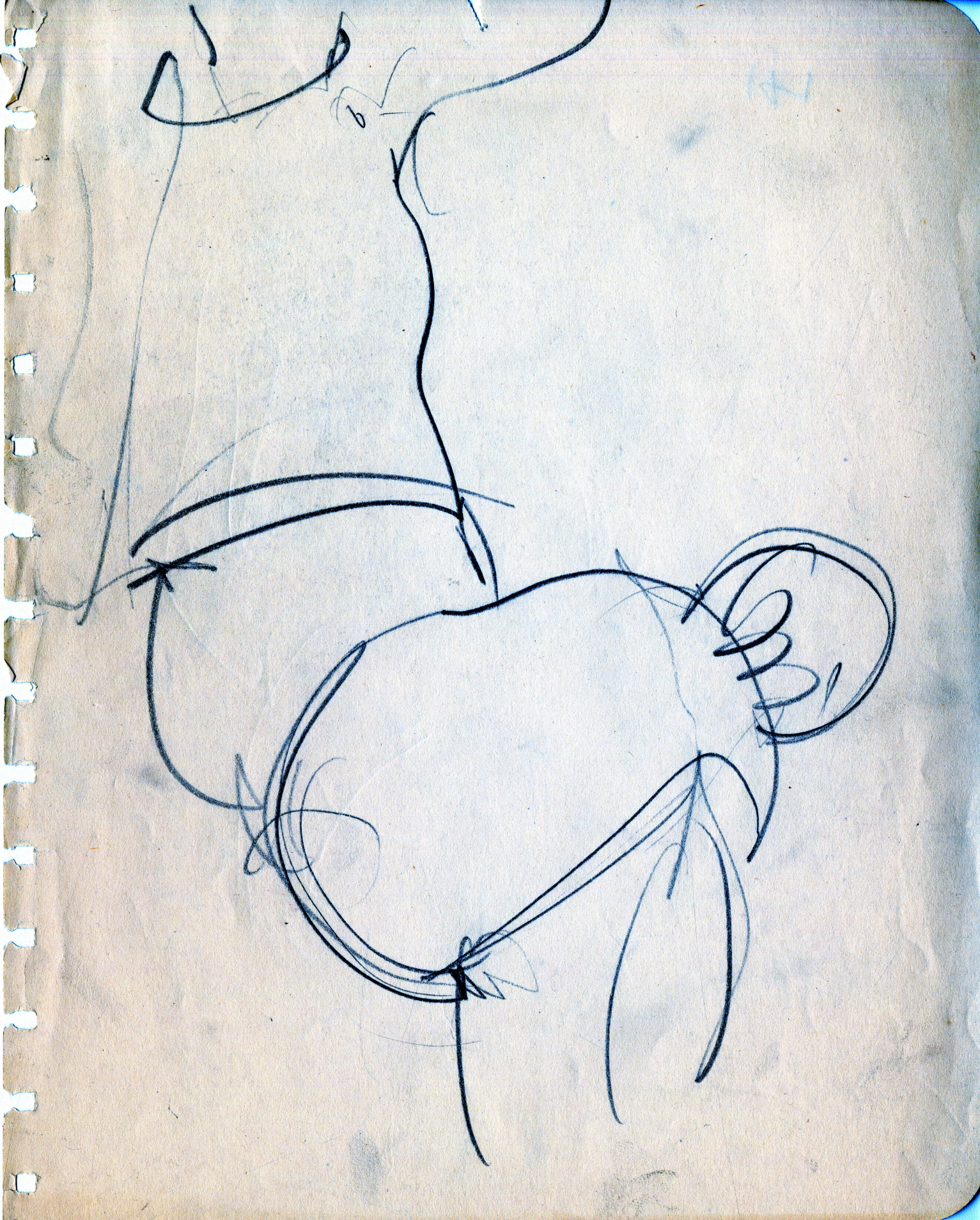




Elitchest Gardens

DE WER







Each has a niche
is something apart
away alone
Says out of collective feel
and joins the ~~only~~ to
ideas

~~Nothing federal to same
feeling
adapting against~~

~~peace reaction
to conflict product
genes, activity~~

