

**A Celebration of the Life of
Richard Wallace Munkelwitz**

July 6, 1945 – August 6, 2022



**Saturday, September 24, 2022
11:00 a.m.**

St. James Episcopal Church Essex Junction, Vermont
4 St. James Place Essex Junction, Vermont 05452
www.stjamesvt.org

A Celebration of the Life of
Richard Wallace Munkelwitz
July 6, 1945 – August 6, 2022

At the family's request, please remain masked for the entire service unless you have a speaking role.

Prelude:

Precious Lord, Take My Hand	WLP 800
O Sacred Head Now Wounded (<i>piano and cello</i>)	arr. Brandt Adams
Morning Has Broken (<i>piano and cello</i>)	arr. Brandt Adams

All stand, as able. In silence, the Presider reads the anthem as the cremains are borne into the church. Then all may be seated

Haudenosaunee Thanksgiving Address

read by Alex Munkelwitz

Collect for Burial

The Book of Common Prayer, 493

Presider God be with you.

People *And also with you.*

Presider Let us pray.

O God of grace and glory, we remember before you this day our brother Richard. We thank you for giving him to us, his family and friends, to know and to love as a companion on our earthly pilgrimage. In your boundless compassion, console us who mourn. Give us faith to see in death the gate of eternal life, so that in quiet confidence we may continue our course on earth, until, by your call, we are reunited with those who have gone before; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Iroquois Prayer

White Cloud, author

Oh Great Spirit, whose voice I hear in the winds
and whose breath gives life to all the world, hear me.
I am a human before you, one of your many children.
I am small and weak. I need your strength and wisdom.
Let me walk in beauty and make my eyes ever behold
the red and purple sunsets.
Make my hands respect the things you have made,
my ears sharp to hear your voice.
Make me wise so that I may know the things you have taught my people,
the lessons you have hidden in every leaf and rock.
I seek strength, Oh Creator, not to be superior to others,
but to be able to fight my greatest enemy, myself.
Make me ever ready to come to you with clean hands and straight eye,
so that when life fades, at the setting sunset,
my spirit may come to you without shame.

Reading: “*Messenger*” from Thirst by Mary Oliver

read by **Karl Doerner**

My work is loving the world.
Here the sunflowers, there the hummingbird—
equal seekers of sweetness.
Here the quickening yeast; there the blue plums.
Here the clam deep in the speckled sand.
Are my boots old? Is my coat torn?
Am I no longer young, and still half-perfect? Let me
keep my mind on what matters,
which is my work,
which is mostly standing still and learning to be
astonished.
The phoebe, the delphinium.
The sheep in the pasture, and the pasture.
Which is mostly rejoicing, since all the ingredients are here,
which is gratitude, to be given a mind and a heart
and these body-clothes,
a mouth with which to give shouts of joy
to the moth and the wren, to the sleepy dug-up clam,
telling them all, over and over, how it is
that we live forever.

Hymn: Morning has broken

Hymnal 8

1 Morn-ing has bro - ken like the first morn - ing,
2 Sweet the rain's new fall sun - lit from hea - ven,
3 Mine is the sun - light! Mine is the morn - ing

black-bird has spo - ken like the first bird. _____
like the first dew - fall on the first grass. _____
born of the one light E - den saw play! _____

Praise for the sing - ing! Praise for the morn - ing!
Praise for the sweet - ness of the wet gar - den,
Praise with c - la - tion, praise ev - ery morn - ing,

Praise for them, spring - ing fresh from the Word! _____
sprung in com - plete - ness where his feet pass. _____
God's re - cre - a - tion of the new day! _____

Eleanor Farjeon (1881-1965), alt.

Reading: When Great Trees Fall *Maya Angelou*

read by Karl Munkelwitz

When great trees fall,
rocks on distant hills shudder,
lions hunker down
in tall grasses,
and even elephants
lumber after safety.

When great trees fall
in forests,
small things recoil into silence,
their senses
eroded beyond fear.

When great souls die,
the air around us becomes
light, rare, sterile.
We breathe, briefly.
Our eyes, briefly,
see with
a hurtful clarity.
Our memory, suddenly sharpened,
examines,
gnaws on kind words
unsaid,
promised walks
never taken.

Great souls die and
our reality, bound to
them, takes leave of us.
Our souls,
dependent upon their
nurture,
now shrink, wizened.
Our minds, formed
and informed by their
radiance,
fall away.
We are not so much maddened
as reduced to the unutterable ignorance
of dark, cold
caves.

And when great souls die,
after a period peace blooms,
slowly and always
irregularly. Spaces fill
with a kind of
soothing electric vibration.
Our senses, restored, never
to be the same, whisper to us.
They existed. They existed.
We can be. Be and be
better. For they existed.

1 A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide;
 2 I need thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour;
 3 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
 4 Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;

the dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide:
 what but thy grace can foil the tempt - er's power?
 ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.
 shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;

when o - ther help - ers fail and com - forts flee,
 Who, like thy - self, my guide and stay can be?
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?
 heaven's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain sha - dows flee;

help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
 Through cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me.
 I tri - umph still, if thou a - bide with me.
 in life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.

Henry Frances Lyte (1793-1847)

Reading: Romans 8:38-39

A reading from the letter of Paul to the Romans.

I am convinced that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor rulers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Reader The Word of God.

People *Thanks be to God.*

Shared Thoughts

Ginni Duddy

Homily

The Rev. Dr. Frederick Moser

Musical Meditation: Tis a gift to be simple

**Owen Munkelwitz
Anya Munkelwitz
Eli Munkelwitz**

The Lord's Prayer (*Alternate version*)

The Presider says

The Lord be with you.

People *And also with you.*

Presider Let us pray.

Presider and People

Our loving God in heaven,
 holy is your Name,
 may your reign come,
 your will be done,
 on earth as in heaven.

Give us today our daily bread.

Forgive us our sins
 as we forgive those
 who sin against us.

Save us from the time of trial,
 and deliver us from evil.

For all creation, the power,
 and the glory are yours,
 now and for ever. Amen

A designated Intercessor leads the prayers.

For our brother Richard, let us pray to our Lord Jesus Christ who said, "I am Resurrection and I am Life."

Lord, you consoled Martha and Mary in their distress; draw near to us who mourn for Richard, and dry the tears of those who weep.

Hear us, Lord.

You wept at the grave of Lazarus, your friend; comfort us in our sorrow.

Hear us, Lord.

You raised the dead to life; give to our brother eternal life.

Hear us, Lord.

You promised paradise to the thief who repented; bring our brother to the joys of heaven.

Hear us, Lord.

Our brother was washed in Baptism and anointed with the Holy Spirit; give him fellowship with all your saints.

Hear us, Lord.

Comfort us in our sorrows at the death of our brother; let our faith be our consolation, and eternal life our hope.

Mohawk Indian Prayer

Oh Great Spirit, Creator of all things;

Human Beings, trees, grass, berries.

Help us, be kind to us.

Let us be happy on earth.

Let us lead our children

To a good life and old age.

These our people; give them good minds

To love one another.

Oh Great Spirit,

Be kind to us

Give these people the favor

To see green trees,

Green grass, flowers, and berries

This next spring;

So we all meet again

Oh Great Spirit,

We ask of you.

Silence may be kept.

Presider

Father of all, we pray to you for Richard, and for all those whom we love but see no longer. Grant to them eternal rest. Let light perpetual shine upon them. May his soul and the souls of all the departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

Commendation

The Presiders and Deacon take their place at the cremains.

Presider Give rest, O Christ, to your servant with your saints,

All ***Where sorrow and pain are no more, neither sighing, but life everlasting.***

Presider You only are immortal, the creator and maker of humankind; and we are mortal, formed of the earth, and to earth shall we return. For so did you ordain when you created me, saying, "You are dust, and to dust you shall return." All of us go down to the dust; yet even at the grave we make our song: Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

All ***Give rest, O Christ, to your servant with your saints, where sorrow and pain are no more, neither sighing, but life everlasting.***

Presider Into your hands, O merciful Savior, we commend your servant Richard. Acknowledge, we humbly beseech you, a sheep of your own fold, a lamb of your own flock, a sinner of your own redeeming. Receive him into the arms of your mercy, into the blessed rest of everlasting peace, and into the glorious company of the saints in light. Amen.

Celtic Sung Blessing *Peace Prayer*

Dismissal

The Deacon dismisses the people, saying

People Creator, our Maker, thank you for the miracle that we still live today.

People Creator, thank you with love.

Recessional Hymn: In the bulb there is a flower



1 In the bulb there is a flow - er; in the seed, an ap - ple
2 There's a song in ev - 'ry si - lence, seek - ing word and mel - o -
3 In our end is our be - gin - ning; in our time, in - fin - i -



tree; in co - coons, a hid - den prom - ise: but - ter -
dy; there's a dawn in ev - 'ry dark - ness, bring - ing
ty; in our doubt there is bc - liev - ing; in our



flies will soon be free! In the cold and snow of
hope to you and me. From the past will come the
life, e - ter - ni - ty; in our death, a res - ur -



win - ter there's a spring that waits to be,
fu - ture, what it holds, a mys - ter - y, un - re -
rec - tion; at the last, a vic - to - ry,



vealed un - til its sea - son, some - thing God a - lone can see.

Postlude: I Was There to Hear Your Boring Cry

"I was there to hear your boring cry,
I'll be there when you are old.
I rejoiced the day you were baptized,
to see your life unfold.
I was there when you were but a child,
with a faith to suit you well;
In a blaze of light you wandered off
to find where demons dwell."

"When you heard the wonder of the Word
I was there to cheer you on;
You were raised to praise the living Lord,
to whom you now belong.
If you find someone to share your time
and you join your hearts as one,
I'll be there to make your verses rhyme
from dusk 'till rising sun."

In the middle ages of your life,
not too old, no longer young,
I'll be there to guide you through the night,
complete what I've begun.
When the evening gently closes in,
and you shut your weary eyes,
I'll be there as I have always been
with just one more surprise."

"I was there to hear your boring cry,
I'll be there when you are old.
I rejoiced the day you were baptized,
to see your life unfold."

*A reception will follow. Beverages will be poured by the hosts.
Please maintain some distance from others at the table and during the reception for the safety of all. Weather
permitting, please feel free to converse on the grounds outside.*



Presiders: The Rev. Kim Hardy, Rector, St. James Episcopal Church, Essex Junction
The Rev. Dr. Frederick Moser, Rector, Trinity Episcopal Church, Shelburne

Deacon: The Rev. Dn. Dave Ganter

Minister of Music: Carol Reichard

Readers:

Alex Munkelwitz

Karl Dorner

Karl Munkelwitz

Musical Anthem:

Owen Munkelwitz

Anya Munkelwitz

Eli Munkelwitz

Shared Thoughts:

Ginni Duddy

Intercessor: Lindsey Huddle

Altar Guild: Jenny Ogelby

Ushers: Jenny Ogelby, Ernie Rheaume

Digital Usher: Peggy Bonesteel

Minister of Technology: Janice Rheaume

Reception Hosts: Karen Robinson and Nancy Roff

