

A CELEBRATION OF LIFE



JOHN B. NICHOLS

AUGUST 3, 1918 - JANUARY 17, 2000

Saturday, January 22, 2000

11:00 A.M.

Muir's Chapel United Methodist Church

To Those I Love

If I should ever leave you
whom I love
To go along the Silent Way,
grieve not,
Nor speak of me with tears,
but laugh and talk
Of me as if I were
beside you there.
(I'd come-I'd come,
could I but find a way!
But would not tears and grief
be barriers?)
And when you hear a song
or see a bird
i loved, please do not let
the thought of me
Be sad...For I am
loving you just as
I always have...
You were so good to me!
There are so many things
I wanted still
To do - so many things
to say to you...
Remember that I
did not fear...It was
Just leaving you
that was so hard to face...
We cannot see Beyond...
But this I know:
I loved you so - 'twas heaven
here with you.

THE CELEBRATION

Gathering and Prelude

Opening Scriptures..... Deuteronomy 33:27

Psalm 27:1

11 Corinthians 5:1

Greeting..... Rev. Mark Sills

Hymn..... "The Lord's My Shepherd"..... *136

Prayer

Scripture..... Romans 8:35, 37-39

Homily..... Rev. Mark Sills

Remembering and Celebrating..... Mary Diaz

Jim Riggsbee

Buddy Nance

Charlie Nichols

Prayer Of Thanksgiving

Hymn..... "Hymn of Promise"..... *707

Dismissal with Blessing

Military Service of Committal..... Church Cemetery

GONE FROM MY SIGHT

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength. I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come to mingle with each other.

Then someone at my side says: "There, she is gone!"

"Gone where?"

Gone from my sight. That is all. She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side and she is just as able to bear her load of living freight to her destined port.

Her diminished size is in me, not in her. And just at the moment when someone at my side says: "There, she is gone!" there are other eyes watching her coming and other voices ready to take up the glad shout: "Here she comes!"

And that is dying

Henry Van Dyke