



ST. ELISABETH'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH

August 4, 2022

1:00 PM



A Memorial Service for Sarah Lucille Newcomb

*We at St. Elisabeth's share an adventurous spirit and a commitment
to radiate God's love within and beyond our red doors.*

556 Vernon Avenue, Glencoe IL 60022 ♦ 847.835.0458 ♦ www.steglencoe.org ♦ office@steglencoe.org

Memorial Service for Sarah Lucille Newcomb

Prelude

“Prelude in E minor”

by Frederic Chopin

"Pavane pour une infante défunte"
(Pavane for a Dead Princess)

by Maurice Ravel

“Nocturne in C# minor”

by Frederic Chopin

“La fille aux cheveux de lin”
(The Girl with the Flaxen Hair)

by Claude Debussy

Dillon Shipman, piano

Presider and family members enter during final prelude.

Opening Words

The Rev. Adam Spencer

Remembrances

Jim Newcomb

Mimi Newcomb

Musical Reflection

“You can close your eyes”
Jacob Sweet, guitar and vocals

by James Taylor

Oh, the sun is surely sinking down
But the moon is slowly rising
So this old world must still be spinning round
And I still love you
So close your eyes
You can close your eyes, it's alright
I don't know no love songs
I can't sing the blues anymore
Oh but I can sing this song
You can sing this song when I'm gone
It won't be long before another day
We gonna have a good time
And no one's gonna take that time away
You can stay as long as you like
Only close your eyes
You can close your eyes
It's alright
Oh, I don't know no love songs
I can't sing the blues anymore
Sure but I can sing this song
Yes and you can sing this song when I'm gone

Poem

“So Many Different Lengths of Time”
(*A reflection on Pablo Neruda’s Poem “And How Long?”*)
Read by: Henry Newcomb

By *Brian Patten*

How long does a man live after all?

A thousand days or only one?

One week or a few centuries?

How long does a man spend living or dying
and what do we mean when we say gone forever? *

Adrift in such preoccupations, we seek clarification.

We can go to the philosophers

but they will weary of our questions.

We can go to the priests and rabbis

but they might be busy with administrations.

So, how long does a man live after all?

And how much does he live while he lives?

We fret and ask so many questions -

then when it comes to us

the answer is so simple after all.

A man lives for as long as we carry him inside us,

for as long as we carry the harvest of his dreams,

for as long as we ourselves live,

holding memories in common, a man lives.

His lover will carry his man's scent, his touch:

his children will carry the weight of his love.

One friend will carry his arguments,

another will hum his favourite tunes,

another will still share his terrors.

And the days will pass with baffled faces,

then the weeks, then the months,

then there will be a day when no question is asked,

and the knots of grief will loosen in the stomach
and the puffed faces will calm.
And on that day he will not have ceased
but will have ceased to be separated by death.

How long does a man live after all?
A man lives so many different lengths of time.

Poem

“Funeral Blues”

By *W.H. Auden*
(Adapted)

Read by: Chuck Chadd

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.
Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message She is Dead.
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.
She was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.
The stars are not wanted now; put out every one,
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the woods;
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

Candle Lighting

"Sonata Pathétique, Second Movement"

by *Ludwig van*
Beethoven

Light is shared from the Paschal candle with Sarah's grandmothers who will light two candles in her memory.

Moment of Silence

*In a moment of silence, begun and ended with a chime,
you are invited to remember Sarah and those who love her, lifting them in light and love.*

Musical Reflection

“Everything in its place”
(*A song about hope for a better tomorrow*)
Jacob Sweet, guitar and vocals

*by Adam Levy/
The Honeydogs*

Tomorrow—we won’t have to beg, steal and borrow
Leave all the things we love and feel no sorrow

Tomorrow
Everything makes sense
Everything in its place
Tears will dry, lupines will bloom tomorrow

Someday,
the many shades of us will be a painting
Harmonious, edifying, saintly

Someday
Everything makes sense
Everything in its place
We’ll speak our minds without fear,
We’ll share all things we hold dear someday

Next year—next year in Jerusalem, Lord, we’re coming
We’ll lay down our swords and shields where the river’s running

Next year
Everything makes sense, everything in its place
All mouths will be fed, only sweet words said, next year
All mouths will be fed, only sweet words said, next year

Closing Prayer

The Rev. Adam Spencer

Presider O God of grace and glory, we remember before you this day Sarah Newcomb. We thank you for giving her to her family and friends, to know and to love as a companion on this earthly pilgrimage. In your boundless compassion, console those 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. Amen.

Postlude

"Où se cachent les papillons"
(Where Butterflies Hide)

by Joseph Scianni

During the postlude the Presider and immediate family will retire to the chapel.

Sarah's extended family will gather in the Guild Room for a private reception.

At the direction of the ushers, a receiving line will be formed outside on the church lawn.

A special thank you to our ASL Interpreter,
Nanci Lakin, from the Chicago Hearing Society.

Please consider donating in Sarah's memory to the
Ehlers-Danlos Society pain study.

<https://www.ehlers-danlos.com/giving/>

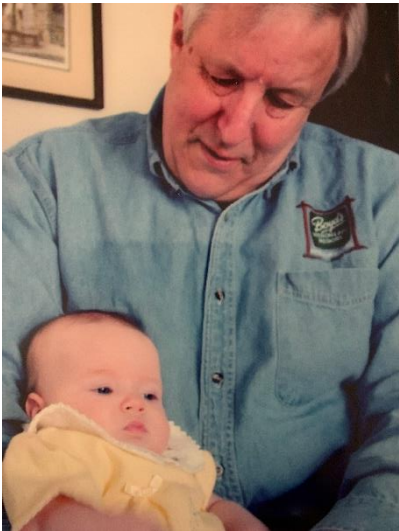
In 2023 an evergreen will be planted in Keay Nature Center in Wilmette in memory of Sarah. She enjoyed walking to the pond when she was little.

We hope you'll look for Sarah's tree.











Wherever you are, my love will find you.