

A Celebration of Life  
**Herbert Allen Whitney**

April 18, 1929 – September 21, 2022

Prelude

Greeting

Opening Prayer

O Infinite Love,  
from you all life wondrously springs,  
and to you all life humbly returns  
for in our living and in our dying we belong to you.

As we gather this day to bless Herb on his way,  
we call upon your Spirit to attend us ~  
to console us in our grief,  
to gladden us in our gratitude.

Let us hear your word of life in the face of death.

Grant us to know your good company,  
that treasures all life,  
your love that is not bound by time or space.

Pour out your blessing upon us and your beloved Herb  
that your healing power may be freely and fully at work  
in us all, this day and all the way.

In Christ we pray. Amen

**Hymn 395 Come In, You are a Part of the Family**

Eulogy ~ Dave Carter-Whitney

Remembering Uncle Herb ~ Amy Spies

**Hymn 374 Come and Find the Quiet Centre**

Scripture: John 15: 1-5

~ comments by Carolyn Whitney-Brown

Day by Day (Godspell)

Haiku by Herb: "Perspective"

~ read by Monica Whitney-Brown

Reflection

**Hymn 686 God of Grace and God of Glory vs. 1,4**

Prayers ~ offered by Geoff Whitney-Brown

**A New Creed**

We are not alone, we live in God's world.  
We believe in God:  
who has created and is creating,  
who has come in Jesus, the Word made flesh,  
to reconcile and make new,  
who works in us and others  
by the Spirit.

We trust in God.

We are called to be the church:  
to celebrate God's presence,  
to live with respect in Creation,  
to love and serve others,  
to seek justice and resist evil,  
to proclaim Jesus, crucified and risen,  
our judge and our hope.

In life, in death, in life beyond death,  
God is with us.

We are not alone.

Thanks be to God.

Commendation

**Hymn 371 Open My Eyes**

Blessing

James Bay United Church  
October 1, 2022

*Perspective*

Decisions thwart me,  
None of my options seem good;  
Tense, I must relax.

I breathe in fresh air,  
Then exhale stale, self-filled air,  
As recommended.

Slowly in, slowly out, I  
Breathe God in, me out.  
Slowly God replaces me.

I become lighter,  
My restraints give, I float up,  
My perspectives change.

Paralyzing decisions  
Shrink as I ascend  
And see to the horizon

Lakes pulsing with fish,  
Cities well lighted, sparkling,  
Forests sea to sea,

The horizon gets further  
As I keep rising  
More wonders keep appearing:

Towering mountains,  
Intricate river networks,  
Massive hurricanes,

Sunset in one direction,  
Sunrise in other,  
Undulating auroras.

“The earth is the Lord’s  
And the fullness thereof” sings  
The Psalm, “What is man

That You are mindful of him?”  
I can not answer.  
Like Job, I’m awestruck, humbled.

By Herb Whitney

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