

First Congregational Church
United Church of Christ
Wiscasset, Maine



*A Celebration of Life
for
George W. LaBar Sr.
July 10, 1942 – April 17, 2021*

O sweet spontaneous
earth how often have
the
doting

fingers of
prurient philosophers pinched
and
poked

thee
, has the naughty thumb
of science prodded
thy

beauty how
often have religions taken
thee upon their scraggy knees
squeezing and

buffeting thee that thou mightest conceive
gods
(but
true

to the incomparable
couch of death thy
rhythmic
lover

thou answerest

them only with

spring)



Order of Worship

May 22, 2021

11:00am



Prelude

Ray Cornils, Organist

Welcome

Rev. Josh Fitterling

Prayer of Invocation & Lord's Prayer

(using debts and debtors)

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and glory, forever. Amen.

Hymn

Amazing Grace

Rev. Tom Junkert, Soloist

Scripture

1 Corinthians 13:1-7 Rev. Charlie Magill
Matthew 22:36-40

Special Music

Scottish Reels

John Pranio, Fiddle

Poem

“The Lonely Butterfly” by George LaBar

Read by Scott Murray

Words of Remembrance

Rev. Oscar Wallace

Special Music

Lonesome Road

Pauline LaBar-Shelton

Prayer of Thanksgiving

Commendation

(Following the prayer of commendation, the congregation will be invited to process outside to sing the final together).

Benediction

Ringing of the Church Bell

Postlude

All People Are Mortal – J.S. Bach

Prayer for the Dying of George LaBar

↳ Michelle Laqueux
April 17, 2021

Dearest Eternal Spirit of Love and Compassion,
We ask that you guide George, this honorable soul,
Through to his next state of being.
We pray that you will be his companion on this journey,
As he has been ours, here on Earth.
We ask that you bestow strength upon us all,
As participants, and witnesses,
To the sacredness of these moments of transition.
And, bring awareness to the invisible bonds that connect us,
Which are reflections of your boundless Eternal Love.
We pray that you, George, man of great heart,
Go forth with our blessings,
Awash in our Love, and take with you
The best we have to offer –
Our highest quest to the Good.
Go forth, brave soul,
To join that ever-deepening Well of Divine Love,
Which rejoices at your return.

Amen.

artwork by K. LaBar 2021

*Following the service, an outdoor reception is planned at
Laurie & Scott's home in Dresden. All are invited to attend!*

The Lonely Butterfly

At first, a speck of dust in the air,
A black spot on the horizon;
Then it moved, and fluttered its wings.

It seemed so out of place

There in the middle of the big lake,
So far from the nearest flower.

What could have brought it here?

Why was it traversing that vast aquatic desert
Where the only alternative to death

Was to keep going?

Surely, it couldn't have been by design.

Something outside itself must have driven it

To seek brighter flowers, to brave the wet death below.

But is it so futile to seek something new,

Even though we know the cost may be high?

I don't know if that lonely black butterfly

Completed its journey, I didn't wait to see.

But in that brief time, she reminded me once again

That though the risk of trying something new seems high,

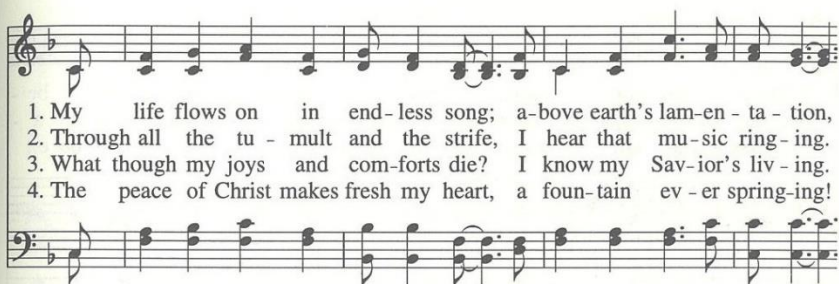
The alternative is to die a slow, unobtrusive death,

Taking no chances, never braving open water.

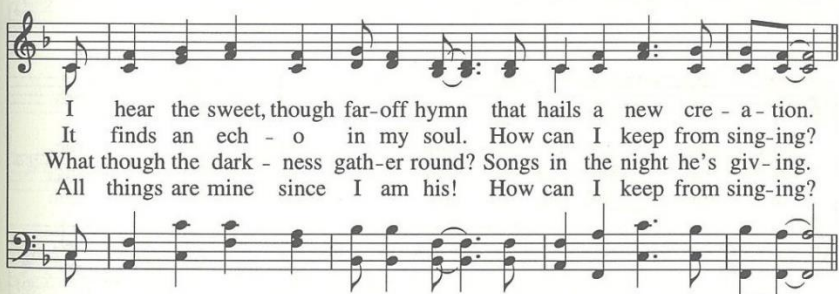
↪ George W. LaBar
August 4, 1990



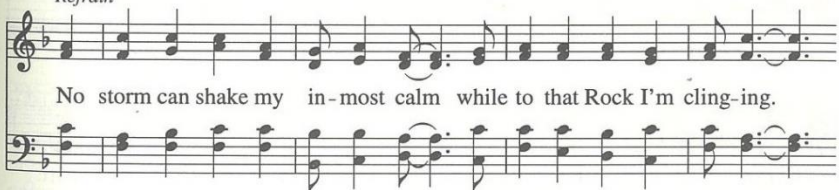
ARTWORK BY G. LaBAR 2021



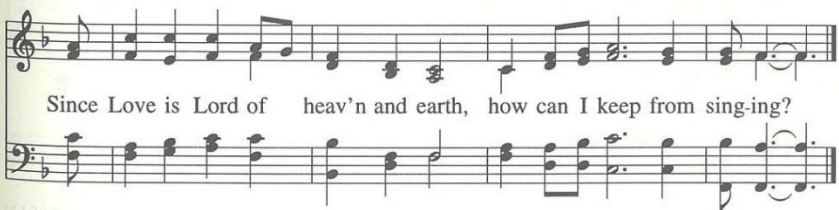
1. My life flows on in end-less song; a-bove earth's lam-en - ta - tion,
2. Through all the tu - mult and the strife, I hear that mu-sic ring-ing.
3. What though my joys and com-forts die? I know my Sav-ior's liv-ing.
4. The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, a foun-tain ev - er spring-ing!



I hear the sweet, though far-off hymn that hails a new cre - a - tion.
It finds an ech - o in my soul. How can I keep from sing-ing?
What though the dark - ness gath-er round? Songs in the night he's giv-ing.
All things are mine since I am his! How can I keep from sing-ing?

Refrain

No storm can shake my in-most calm while to that Rock I'm cling-ing.



Since Love is Lord of heav'n and earth, how can I keep from sing-ing?

WORDS and MUSIC: Robert Lowry, 1869, alt.

HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING

Baptist minister and educator Lowry was editor of Sunday School song books for Biglow & Main, one of the largest publishers of hymnals.

87.87 w. refrain

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