

CELEBRATING

The life

OF

STELLA SAVAGE

BIRTHDAY - 05.12.2022

PROGRAM

December 11, 2022

Church of the Holy Trinity, Toronto

OPENING WORDS: SARA BOYLES

FAMILY REMEMBRANCE

THE ONES THROUGH WHOM THE LIGHT SHINES

By Brian Pearson

Led by Keith Nunn

REMEMBRANCE: CATHY GORING

CELEBRATING STELLA SLIDESHOW

Music Da Slockit Light, Scottish Aire

Composed by Tom Anderson

Offered by Jim and Marilyn Dolmage

Translates as: "the slowly extinguishing light"

REMEMBRANCE: ROB SHROPSHIRE

PRAYER: PAM TRONDSO

THE MARY ELLEN CARTER

By Stan Rogers

Led by Keith Nunn



THE ONES THROUGH WHOM THE LIGHT SHINES

by Brian Pearson

Let me tell you about Frances from Newfoundland's shores
All bent up and bound to her chair
But her kitchen is warm with muffins and love
for the many who seek counsel there
And Robert whose eyes shine brighter than stars
though I know we've not seen them for years
But the light that he left me still shines on inside
And I often remember through tears.

Chorus:

So I know when I'm facing my life's darkest hour
Then the light won't be hard to find
There's a bright shining multitude hovering o'er
They're the ones through whom the light shines

Then wee baby Heather came into the world
the wonder and marvel of birth
What a gift to our sense a blessing to share,
a wee bit of heaven on earth.
Perhaps I was a gift to my own mom and dad,
'cause they were a blessing to me.
They gave me a name and they gave me a home
to take with me when I was free.

Chorus

And so there are many who pass through our lives
we know we will never forget.
They may not know it, and we might not say,
but we live our lives in their debt.
So like the child who sits in the rugged old church
and stares at the leaded glass lines
We may be lonely, but we're never alone
with the ones through whom the light shines.

Chorus

And though some are with us and though some are gone,
they're a melody sung outside time
They're a hope and promise for us left behind:
They're the ones through whom the light shines.

THE MARY ELLEN CARTER

by Stan Rogers

She went down last October in a pouring, driving rain
The skipper he'd been drinking and the mate he felt no pain
Too close to Three Mile Rock and she was dealt her mortal blow
And the Mary Ellen Carter settled low.
There was just us five aboard her when she finally was awash
We'd worked like hell to save her all heedless of the cost
And the groan she gave as she went down, it caused us to proclaim
That the Mary Ellen Carter would rise again.

Well the owners wrote her off, not a nickel would they spend
She gave twenty years of service, boys, then met her sorry end
But insurance paid the loss to us, so let her rest below
Then they laughed at us and said we had to go.
But we talked of her all Winter, some days around the clock
She's worth a quarter million afloat and at the dock
And with every jar that hit the bar we swore we would remain
And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.

Rise again! Rise again!

Let her name not be lost to the knowledge of men
Those who loved her best, and were with her 'til the end
Will make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.

All Spring now we've been with her on a barge lent by a friend
Three dives a day in a hard hat suit and twice I've had the bends
Thank God it's only sixty feet and the currents here are slow
Or I'd never have the strength to go below.
But we patched her rents, stopped her vents,
dogged hatch and port hole down
Put cables to her fore and aft and girded her around
Tomorrow, noon, we hit the air and then take up the strain
And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.

Rise again! Rise again! ...

For we couldn't leave her there, you see, to crumble into scale
She saved our lives so many times, living through the gale
And the laughing, drunken rats who left her to a sorry grave
They won't be laughing in another day.
And you to whom adversity has dealt the final blow
With smiling bastards lying to you everywhere you go
Turn to and put out all your strength of arm and heart and brain
And like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again.

Rise again! Rise again!

Though your heart it be broken and life about to end
No matter what you've lost, be it a home, a love, a friend
Like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again.

HAIKU FOR STELLA

Writing in margins,
you spelled the Good News in acts
of quiet protest.

by Vivian Harrower