

Morning glory,  
starlit sky,  
soaring music,  
scholar's truth,  
flight of swallows,  
autumn leaves,  
memories treasure,  
grace of youth,  
Open are the gifts  
of God,  
Love that gives,  
gives ever more...

W. H. VANSTONE

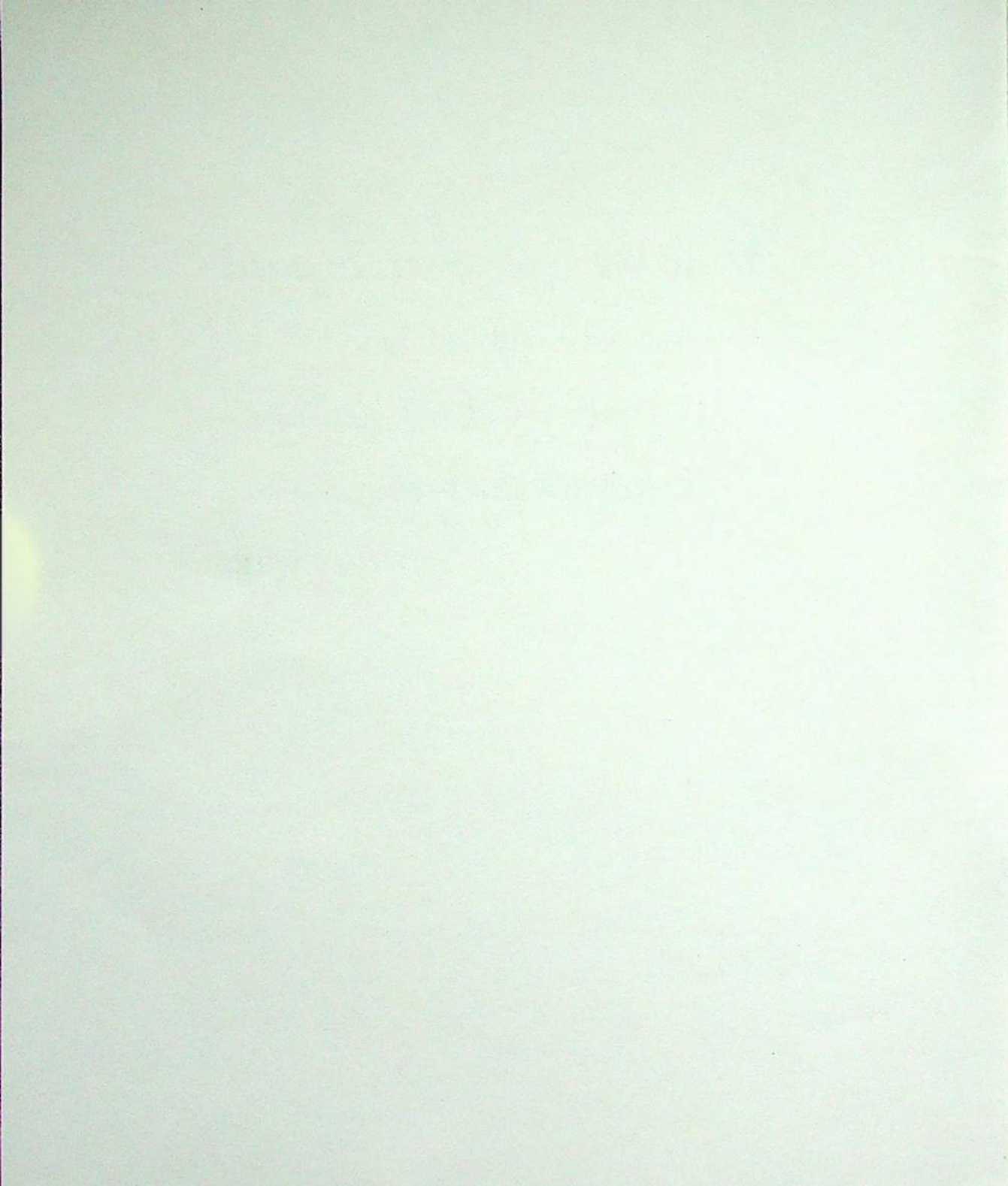


What we have once enjoyed,  
We can never lose.  
All that we love deeply  
Becomes part of us.

Helen Keller

WE REMEMBER

Tasha Amy	January 5, 1970
Father Tom Goman	August 29, 1944
Richard Haeder	March 8, 1970
Marion Horwell	July 16, 1944
Alison Litzenberger	November 21, 1970
Susan McClave	September 18, 1968
Pat McGinness	December 14, 1970
Erin O'Leary	October 3, 1969
Erik Sandvik	November 2, 1970





As for me, I know that my Redeemer lives  
and that at the last he will stand upon the earth.  
After my awaking, he will raise me up;  
and in my body I shall see God.  
I myself shall see, and my eyes behold him  
who is my friend and not a stranger.

For none of us has life in himself,  
and none becomes his own master when he dies.  
For if we have life, we are alive in the Lord,  
and if we die, we die in the Lord.  
So, then, whether we live or die,  
we are the Lord's possession.

Happy from now on are  
those who die in the Lord!  
So it is, says the Spirit,  
for they rest from their labors.

#### Collect

O God of grace and glory, we remember before you  
this day our brothers and sisters Richard, Erik,  
Pat, Erin, Tasha, Alison, Susan, Marion, and Tom.  
We thank you for giving them to us, their families  
and friends, to know and to love as companions on  
our earthly pilgrimage. In your boundless  
compassion, console us 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; through Jesus Christ  
our Lord. **Amen.**

#### Collect

Most merciful God, whose wisdom is beyond our  
understanding, deal graciously with those who  
grieve. Surround us with your love, that we may not  
be overwhelmed by our loss, but have confidence in  
your goodness, and strength to meet the days to  
come; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

Old Testament: Isaiah 61: 1-3

Justorum animae  
The Trinity Church Choir

C. V. Stanford

The souls of the just  
are in the hand of God,  
And torment shall not touch them.  
In the eyes of the unwise  
they seemed to die,  
But they are at peace.

Wisdom iii

The New Testament: Revelation 21: 2-7

The Twenty-third Psalm  
The Trinity Church Choir

R. Vaughan Williams

The Gospel: John 14: 1-6

Sermon

Hymn #517  
"How Lovely is Thy Dwelling Place"

(Insert 2)

The Lord's Prayer

Prayers of the People

For our sisters and brothers, let us pray to our  
Lord Jesus Christ who said, "I am the Resurrection  
and I am Life."

Lord, you consoled Martha and Mary in their distress;  
draw near to us who mourn for Richard, Erik, Pat,  
Erin, Tasha, Alison, Susan, Marion, and Tom. Dry the  
tears of those who weep.

**Hear us, Lord.**

You wept at the grave of Lazarus, your friend;  
comfort us in our sorrow.

**Hear us, Lord.**

You raised the dead to life;  
give to our sisters and brothers eternal life.

**Hear us, Lord.**

You promised paradise to the thief who repented;  
bring our sisters and brothers to the joys of heaven.

**Hear us, Lord.**

Help us, we pray, in the midst of things we cannot  
understand. Comfort us in our sorrows at the death of  
our sisters and brothers. Let our faith be our  
consolation, and eternal life our hope.

**Hear us, Lord.**

Strengthen and comfort Giles and Brinton and give  
your power of healing to those who minister to their  
needs, that they may be strengthened in their  
weakness and have confidence in your loving care.

**Hear us, Lord.**

Bless all those whose courage, skill and compassion  
were given to the rescue and healing of our friends.

**Hear us, Lord.**

Lord, make us instruments of your peace.  
Where there is hatred, let us sow love;  
Where there is injury, pardon;  
Where there is discord, union;  
Where there is doubt, faith;  
Where there is despair, hope;  
Where there is darkness, light;  
Where there is sadness, joy.

Grant that we may not so much seek  
to be consoled as to console;  
to be understood as to understand  
to be loved as to love.

For it is in giving that we receive;  
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned;  
And it is in dying that we are born to eternal  
life. Amen.

The Peace

Announcements

Commendation Prayer

Into your hands, O merciful Savior, we commend  
your servants Richard, Erik, Pat, Erin, Tasha,  
Alison, Susan, Marion, and Tom. Acknowledge, we  
humbly beseech you, the sheep of your own fold,  
the lambs of your own flocks, the sinners of your  
own redeeming. Receive them into the arms of your  
mercy, into the blessed rest of everlasting peace,  
and into the glorious company of the saints in  
light. Amen.

The Blessing

The Dismissal

Recessional Hymn #665

"All My Hope in God is Founded"

(Insert 3)

(Insert 1)



1 O God, our help in a - ges past, our hope for years to come,  
2 un - der the sha - dow of thy throne thy saints have dwelt se - cure;  
3 Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, or earth re - ceived her frame,  
4 A thou - sand a - ges in thy sight are like an eve - ning gone;  
5 Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, bears all our years a - way;



1 our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, and our e - ter - nal home:  
2 suf - fi - cient is thine arm a - lone, and our de - fense is sure.  
3 from ev - er - last - ing thou art God, to end - less years the same.  
4 short as the watch that ends the night be - fore the ris - ing sun.  
5 they fly, for - got - ten, as a dream dies at the o - pening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past, be thou our guide while life shall last,  
our hope for years to come, and our eternal home.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748), alt.; para. of Psalm 90:1-5

Music: St. Anne, melody att. William Croft (1678-1727), alt.; harm. William Henry Monk (1823-1889)

CM

(Insert 2)

1 How love - ly is thy dwell - ing - place, O Lord of hosts, to  
2 Be - side thine al - tars, gra - cious Lord, the swal - lows find a  
3 They who go through the des - ert vale will find it filled with  
4 One day with - in thy courts ex - cels a thou - sand spent a -

me! My thirst - y soul de - sires and longs with -  
nest; how hap - py they who dwell with thee and  
springs, and they shall climb from height to height till  
way; how hap - py they who keep thy laws nor

in thy courts to be; my ve - ry heart and  
praise thee with - out rest, and hap - py they whose  
Zi - on's tem - ple rings with praise to thee, in  
from thy pre - cepts stray, for thou shalt sure - ly

flesh cry out, O liv - ing God, for thee.  
hearts are set up - on the pil - grim's quest.  
glo - ry throned, Lord God, great King of kings.  
bless all those who live the words they pray.

Words: Para. of Psalm 84; sts. 1-2, *The Psalms of David in Meeter*, 1650; sts. 3-4, Carl P. Daw, Jr. (b. 1944)  
Music: *Brother James' Air*, J. L. Macbeth Bain (1840?-1925)

86. 86. 86

(Insert 3)



1 All my hope on God is found - ed; he doth still my  
2 Mor - tal pride and earth - ly glo - ry, sword and crown be -  
3 God's great good - ness e'er en - dur - eth, deep his wis - dom  
\* 4 Dai - ly doth the al - might - y Giv - er boun - teous gifts on  
5 Still from earth to God e - ter - nal sac - ri - fice of



1 trust re - new, me through change and chance he  
2 tray our trust; though with care and toil we  
3 pass - ing thought: splen - dor, light, and life at -  
4 us be - stow; his de - sire our soul de -  
5 praise be done, high a - bove all prais - es



1 guid - eth, on - ly good and on - ly true. God un -  
2 build them, tower and tem - ple fall to dust. But God's  
3 tend him, beau - ty spring - eth out of nought. Ev - er -  
4 light - eth, plea - sure leads us where we go. Love doth  
5 prais - ing for the gift of Christ, his son. Christ doth



1 known, he a - lone calls my heart to be his own.  
2 power, hour by hour, is my tem - ple and my tower.  
3 more from his store new - born worlds rise and a - dore.  
4 stand at his hand; joy doth wait on his com - mand.  
5 call one and all: ye who fol - low shall not fall.

Words: Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930), alt., after Joachim Neander (1650-1680)  
Music: Michael, Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

87. 87. 337

## PARTICIPANTS

The Portland Symphonic Choir shares in the grief of its members, Wayne Litzenberger (father of Alison) and George O'Leary (father of Erin). Director: Bruce Browne.

Orchestra musicians accompanying the Symphonic Choir have volunteered their services through the permission of Musicians Mutual Association, Local 99.

The Trinity Choir is directed by choirmaster and organist, John Strege.

Organists John Strege, Trinity Church  
Sue Jensen, Oregon Episcopal School

Pascal Candle Winde Bekins  
President, OES Student Body

Crucifer Franklin Dyer  
OES Eighth Grade

Torches Carrie Helm and Leigh Okies  
OES Fifth Grade

Banner Kuniko Kurisu  
OES Eighth Grade

Officiant The Rt. Rev. Robert L. Ladehoff  
Bishop of the Diocese of Oregon

Preacher The Rev. Malcolm H. Manson  
Headmaster, Oregon Episcopal School

Bishop's Chaplain Carolyn Harris  
OES Senior

Opening Anthems The Rev. Alcena Boozer  
Former OES Dean

Old Testament Lector Brian Litzenberger  
OES Senior

New Testament Lector Dr. William Lamb  
OES Physics Teacher

The Gospel Lector The Rev. William H. Wagner, Jr.  
Rector of Trinity Church

Prayer of the People Lou Ann Pickering  
OES Director of Religious Education

Commendation Prayer The Very Rev. C. Roy Coulter  
Dean, Cathedral of St. John the Baptist

Dismissal The Rev. Elise Donahower  
OES Chaplin

Ushers From the congregation of the  
Cathedral of St. John the Baptist

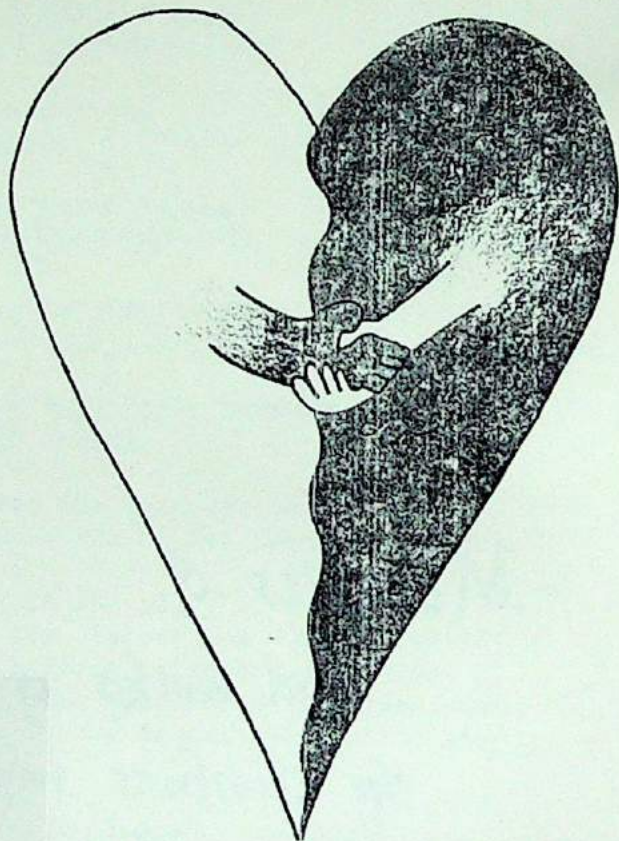
Altar flowers are given to the glory of God and in loving memory of Tasha Amy, Father Tom Goman, Richard Haeder, Marion Horwell, Alison Litzenberger, Susan McClave, Pat McGinness, Erin O'Leary and Erik Sandvik by The Oregon Episcopal School Alumni Association and the Coordinating Council.

The Oregon Episcopal School community is deeply grateful for the support received from across the nation and for the many who have helped us through this experience.

We encourage people to make contributions to the memorial funds established by the individual families or the OES memorial fund. In due time, the Headmaster will meet with the families of the climbers to renew the fellowship established on the mountain and to decide what is an appropriate memorial for the school.

You are cordially invited to meet with friends and share refreshments following the service in Kempton Hall located in the south wing of Trinity.

Memories of  
and works of  
the climbers who were lost...



Susan McLane '86



ERIN O'LEARY 14

Susan McClave loved to write. These are examples of her thoughts.

### Religion

Religion is not saying prayers and going to church. Religion is the way you live your life. I do God more respect by keeping God in mind every day, and trying to live my life in a way God would want me to, than the person who goes to church every Sunday and forgets about God Monday - Saturday. I think people should go to church if that's the way they choose to worship God - but I don't think someone who doesn't go should be thought of as less religious.

### Home/Family/Growth

Maybe growth does come through pain and suffering but I've grown more as a result of living in a loving environment both at home and school the past three years than all the pain in my life combined.

I think my family has had a lot to do with my willingness to be a loving person.

### A description of Father Tom Goman, (written in her college application).

Finally, I come to Father Dr. Tom Goman, the individual who has done the most to develop the intellectual side of me. He has a reputation for being one of the most demanding teachers in the school, and whether it's AP Physics or Ethics, Fr. Dr. Tom is always pushing me and challenging me, making me ask questions, making me answer his. He is willing to put out however much work it takes to help me stretch my mind to its limit. He makes me surprise myself.

From a short story by Alison Litzenberger:

When they got home and sat down to dinner, his mother said, "You know, even though I wouldn't like to do it on a regular basis, today was kind of fun in a way, now that I think about it. There's something to not knowing exactly what's going to happen next."

From a short story by Erik Sandvik:

That Saturday, the big fall dance was held. It was supposed to be a Halloween dance. I went as the "Tidy Bowl Man". It was really a great costume if I do say so myself. I had made a little boat with wheels and a big hole underneath so nobody could see me push it with my feet. I was all dressed up like a sailor, and I even had some stripes for my shirt. I was hoping for both the most original and the funniest costume prizes.

Richard Haeder paraphrased this soliloquy from Shakespeare's Henry IV. (lines 213-225)

So when I shake this bum rap  
And pay for the things I've said I wasn't  
goin' to,  
I'll look like a saint compared to my  
reputation.  
You can bet that I'll shatter my so called  
friends' hope, and  
kind of like shiny chrome on a dull car,  
The new me will shine covering the old,  
I'll look good to my peers.  
Nothing can bring me down,  
Each action wrong, I'll make right . . .  
I'll show them when they think I won't.

From the short story, "Climbing" by Tasha Amy which will be published in the OES art/literary magazine.

The fact that you had to pull, instead of push to open the double doors at the entrance to the school foreshadowed the work that lay ahead. I'm sure these doors would have seemed different to someone who liked school, but as I didn't, they were a monumental struggle.

After the doors came a staircase with about ten stairs. Each stair at this school was topped by a metal plate. I always wondered what these were for. On rainy days, they were very easy to slip on and they made a lot of noise when hit by hard soled shoes. Neither of these facts were to the school's advantage.

At the top of these stairs there was a landing. There was a single door at the end of this landing. This was now the only barrier between learning and me. So with a sigh, I pushed open the door.

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I've thought many times of visiting that school. Climbing the stairs to thank my teachers for making me learn when I didn't want to. I don't know where I'd be if they hadn't done their job so well (certainly not at OES.) But it's been too long. I can't visit now. Most of them have probably retired. Besides, do I really want to climb those stairs again?

From a short story by Pat McGinness which will appear in the OES art/literary magazine:

The summer of '77, wonderful year! Grandma's house was a favorite of mine, a place to grab a bite to eat, and be off, quite ill-mannered as I look upon it now.

As I recall this particular day, the temperature was about--Forget it--it was too hot and muggy. A typical summer day on the East Coast. I was riding my Schwinn candy-apple red, X-150 mongoose engulfer, with mag wheel training wheels on the rear tire. The alley which I had chosen for my destination was the one adjacent to my Grandmother's house.

As I operated my vehicle, pretending to be "Evil Knevil", I entered a realm of coolness. A shaded spot on the road caused it. The shade grew colder as I rode into it.

Then, at that moment, within 20 yards of her gate, I was attacked by pebbles and rocks of every size. They originated from Tommy Henner's fort. Pebbles flew in every direction. One hit my head and made me collapse in a daze. Tommy, who was my age, towered over me along with his associates repeating over and over in a chant, "Bloody Mary!".

Remembered comments of Marion Horwell as Dean of Students.

"Adele, your yellow boat is a bit hard to miss driving down Scholls Ferry Road during school hours!"

"Dana, you weren't in O.W.C. II today, were you?"

From a student, "We had an argument about my car and I said I would do what she asked because she was the authority. She said, 'Sara, I appreciate your attitude. You know I'd do anything for you. I love you like a daughter.' "

Marion often said (in imitating Gary Coleman on TV's "Different Strokes"), "What you talkin' about?"

"What's up, Tessa?" she'd ask and I'd say, "The sky!" and she'd answer wisely, "Ohhh!"

A conversation with Father Goman which occurred during a recent hike:

Hiker: Is this pace fast enough, FrDr?

FrDr Tom: Well, if it were just you and me..."

Hiker: Well, if it were just you and me ...  
I'd say "Go on ahead. I'll see you later."

FrDr Tom: If it were just you and me ...  
I'd never leave you.

From signs posted in Father Goman's office:

"When any mortal (even the most odd)  
can justify the ways of man to God,  
I'll think it strange that normal mortal  
cannot justify the ways of God to man."

"Adventure is an attitude toward discomfort."



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