CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE OF

DONALD BERT EDWARDS

MARCH 29, 1942 – APRIL 27, 2026

ST. THOMAS'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH

June 13, 2026 10 A.M.

Whether you are new or returning, WELCOME!

To follow the service you need only this bulletin. Congregational responses are shown in **bold**.

All church spaces are accessible. Handicapped parking and a wheelchair ramp are located in back of the building; a lift for access to the second floor is located at the stairway.

Restrooms are located on the second floor. Go through the double doors near the pulpit, upstairs to the second floor, and to the far end of the hallway. A **gender-neutral restroom with baby changing table** is in the Vesting Room, through the same double doors and across the hall.

Three seating areas at the front of the nave are reserved for **families with small children**: the area under the array of paper cranes (for children age 3 and under), and the two areas in front of the front pews (for children age 10 and under). For safety, every child should be accompanied by a caregiver.

Wireless access in the Sanctuary is accessible by connecting to wireless network STEC – Guest. Your device will open a web browser and the St. Thomas's website. Bulletins are posted in the website's Bulletin Archive. To reduce printing, we encourage worshippers to use their smart devices to follow the service.

St. Thomas's Church is located on Eansketambawg (Quinnipiac) land. This acknowledgment compels us to pause: in gratitude for the Quinnipiac and other Algonquin-speaking stewards of the territory that is now Connecticut; in regret for Christianity's participation in the colonization of the Americas; and in faith that God's reconciling power will bring true healing to the Earth and all its inhabitants.

Prelude music performed by ***Off Time Jazz Collective****, beginning at 9:30 A.M.*

INTROIT *(sung by the Choir)* Psalm 23

Alex Chavira, *saxophone*

The Lord is my Shepherd, I have all I need,
She makes me lie down in green meadows,
Beside the still waters, She will lead.

She restores my soul, She rights my wrongs,
She leads me in a path of good things,
And fills my heart with songs.

Even though I walk through a dark and dreary land,
There is nothing that can shake me,
She has said, She won't forsake me,
I'm in Her hand.

She sets a table before me, in the presence of my foes,
She anoints my head with oil,
And my cup overflows.

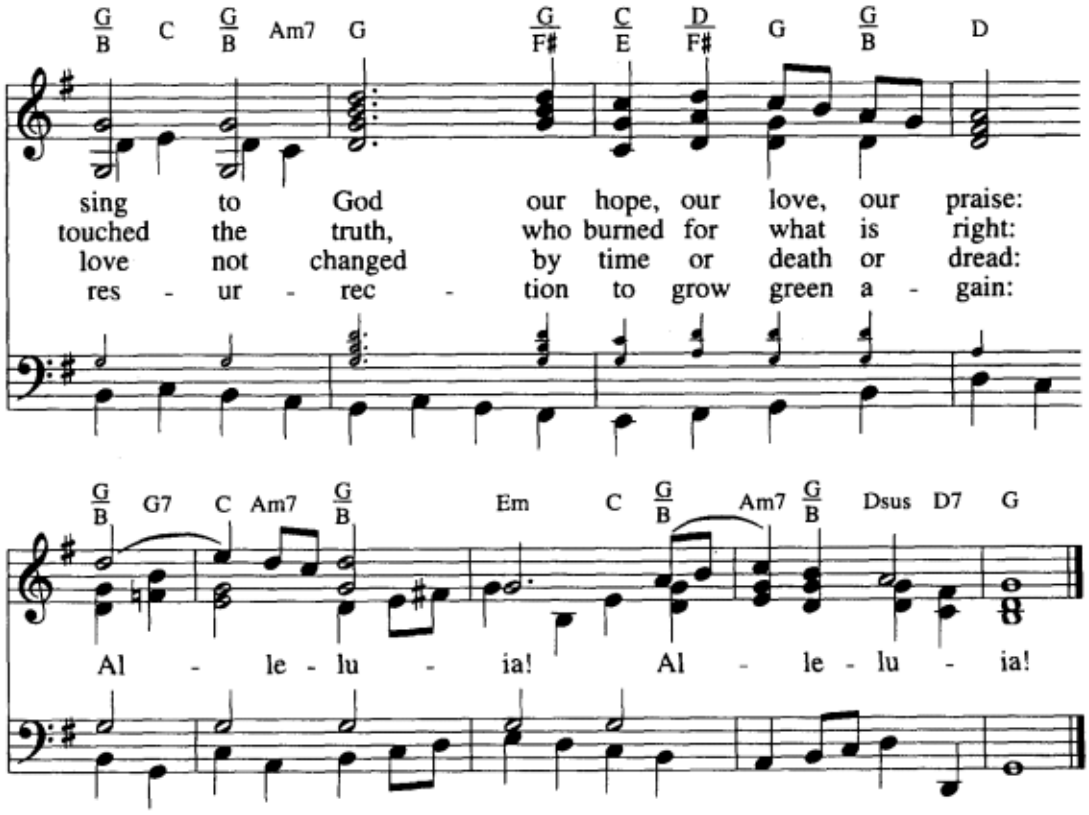
Surely goodness and kindness will follow me
All the days of my life,
And I will live in Her house forever and ever.

Glory be to our Mother, and Daughter,
And to the Holy of Holies,
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be,
World, without end. Amen.

Words: Psalm 23 Music: Bobby McFerrin (b. 1950), 1990

All stand.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN Give thanks for life



WORDS: Shirley Erena Murray (1931-)
MUSIC: Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

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SINE NOMINE
10.10.10.Alleluias

GREETING (*from* A New Zealand Prayer Book)

Presider
We have come together to remember before God the life of Don Edwards, to commend him to God's keeping, to commit his ashes to be buried, and to comfort those who mourn with our sympathy and with our love; in the hope we share through the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

SALUTATION AND COLLECTS

Presider: The Lord be with you.
People: And also with you.
Presider: Let us pray.

O God, whose mercies cannot be numbered: Accept our prayers on behalf of your servant Don, and grant him an entrance into the land of light and joy, in the fellowship of your saints; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. **Amen.**

Most merciful God, whose wisdom is beyond our understanding: deal graciously with Jenny and Ricardo, with Dave and Helen, and with Nick, Lucy, Alex, Sophie, Charlie, and Margot in their grief. Surround them with your love, that they may not be overwhelmed by their loss, but have confidence in your goodness, and strength to meet the days to come; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

All are seated.

• READINGS & ANTHEMS •

ON LIVING from "The Vision of Sir Launfal" by James Russell Lowell

Now is the high-tide of the year,
    And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
    Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop over-fills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
    That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
    We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
    Tells all in his lusty crowing!

ON COOKING & EATING from *How to Eat* by Nigella Lawson

I don't deny that food, its preparation as much as its consumption, is about sharing, about connectedness. But that's not all that it's about. There seems to me to be something robustly affirmative about taking trouble to feed yourself—enjoying life on purpose rather than by default. You cannot truly say you live well unless you eat well.

ON THE SEA AND BOATS "Sea-Fever" by John Masefield

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;

And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

ANTHEM (*Sung by the Schola Antiqua*) Never weather-beaten sail

Never weather-beaten sail
more willing bent to shore,

Never tired pilgrim's limbs
affected slumber more,

Than my wearied sprite now longs
to fly out of my troubled breast:

O come quickly, sweetest Lord,
and take my soul to rest!

Ever blooming are the joys
of Heaven's high Paradise,

cold age deafs not there our ears
nor vapor dims our eyes:

Glory there the sun outshines
whose beams the blessed only see:

O come quickly, glorious Lord,
and raise my sprite to Thee!

Words: Thomas Campion (1567–1620) Music: Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry (1848–1918) from *Songs of Farewell*, 1916

ON EDUCATION from "A Letter to Freshman (1981)" by A. Bartlett Giamatti

You wondered all summer what these days and this place would be like. Would you be alone in your trepidation? Would everyone else be at ease and only you at loose ends? Would you be the loose end? If you were meant somehow to acquire a liberal education, would there be some way to recognize the creature ahead of time?

Here at Yale you will hear often about a liberal education. What is it? Is a liberal education a set of courses, fulfilling certain requirements, across a variety of disciplines? That is certainly a description of the mechanics of what might become a liberal education. Is it an education pursued, as Cardinal Newman believed, in a spirit that studies a subject simply for and in itself, without concern for the practical consequences of such study? That would be the description of the proper attitude to bring to your studies. There is, however, more to what I mean by a liberal education.

I believe a liberal education is an education in the root meaning of "liberal" - "liber" - "free" - the liberty of the mind free to explore itself, to draw itself out, to connect with other minds and spirits in the quest for truth. Its goal is to train the whole person to be at once intellectually discerning and humanly flexible, tough-minded and open-hearted; to be responsive to the new and responsible for values that make us civilized. It is to teach us to meet what is new and different with reasoned judgment and humanity. A liberal education is an education for freedom, the freedom to assert the liberty of the mind to make itself new for the others it cherishes.

ON SOCIAL JUSTICE & DEMOCRACY from "Together, You Can Redeem the Soul of Our Nation" by John Lewis

While my time here has now come to an end, I want you to know that in the last days and hours of my life you inspired me. You filled me with hope about the next chapter of the great American story when you used your power to make a difference in our society. Millions of people motivated simply by human compassion laid down the burdens of division. Around the country and the world, you set aside race, class, age, language and nationality to demand respect for human dignity.

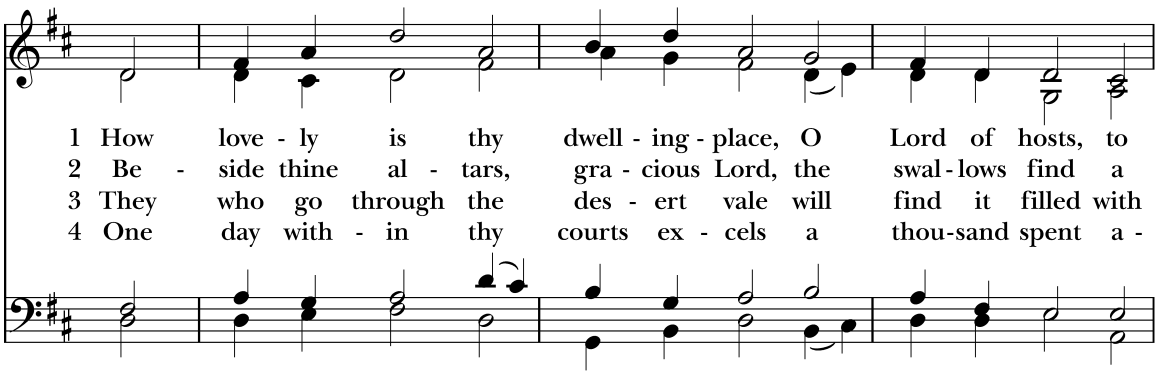
Ordinary people with extraordinary vision can redeem the soul of America by getting in what I call good trouble, necessary trouble. Voting and participating in the democratic process are key. The vote is the most powerful nonviolent change agent you have in a democratic society. You must use it because it is not guaranteed. You can lose it.

You must also study and learn the lessons of history because humanity has been involved in this soul-wrenching, existential struggle for a very long time. People on every continent have stood in your shoes, through decades and centuries before you. The truth does not change, and that is why the answers worked out long ago can help you find solutions to the challenges of our time. Continue to build union between movements stretching across the globe because we must put away our willingness to profit from the exploitation of others.

Though I may not be here with you, I urge you to answer the highest calling of your heart and stand up for what you truly believe. In my life I have done all I can to demonstrate that the way of peace, the way of love and nonviolence is the more excellent way. Now it is your turn to let freedom ring.

All stand.

HYMN How lovely is thy dwelling-place (**517**, *The Hymnal 1982*)



Words: Para. of Psalm 84; sts. 1-2, *The Psalms of David in Meeter*, 1650, alt.; sts. 3-4, Carl P. Daw, Jr. (b. 1944). Sts. 3-4, Copyright © 1982 by Hope Publishing Co., Carol Stream, IL. 60188). All rights reserved. Used by permission. Music: *Brother Jame's Air*, J. L. Mcbeth Bain (1840?-1925). By permission of Oxford University Press.

All are seated.

ON MUSIC from *Absolutely on Music* by Haruki Murakami

I have been a fervent jazz fan for close to half a century, but I have also been listening to classical music with no less enjoyment, collecting classical records since I was in high school, and going to concerts as often as time would permit. Listening to jazz and the classics has always been both an effective stimulus and a source of peace to my heart and mind. If someone told me that I could listen to only one or the other but not to both, my life would be immeasurably diminished. As Duke Ellington once said, "There are simply two kinds of music, good music and the other kind." In that sense, jazz and classical music are fundamentally the same. The pure joy one experiences listening to "good" music transcends questions of genre. Like love, there can never be too much "good music." The number of people who use it as a fuel to recharge their appetite for life is beyond counting.

ON FACING THE UNKNOWN "Thoughts on Solitude" by Thomas Merton

My Lord God, I have no idea where I am going. I do not see the road ahead of me. I cannot know for certain where it will end. Nor do I really know myself, and the fact that I think that I am following your will does not mean that I am actually doing so. But I believe that the desire to please you does in fact please you. And I hope I have that desire in all that I am doing. I hope that I will never do anything apart from that desire. And I know that if I do this you will lead me by the right road, though I may know nothing about it. Therefore will I trust you always, though I may seem to be lost and in the shadow of death. I will not fear, for you are ever with me, and you will never leave me to face my perils alone.

ON LOVE "Love" by George Herbert

LOVE bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lack'd anything.
'A guest,' I answer'd, 'worthy to be here:'
Love said, 'You shall be he.'
'I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on Thee.'
Love took my hand and smiling did reply,
'Who made the eyes but I?'
'Truth, Lord; but I have marr'd them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.'
'And know you not,' says Love, 'Who bore the blame?'
'My dear, then I will serve.'
'You must sit down,' says Love, 'and taste my meat.'
So I did sit and eat.

ANTHEM (*Sung by the Schola Antiqua*) Beati quorum via

Beati quorum via integra est
qui ambulant in lege Domini.

Happy are those whose way is blameless,
who walk in the law of the Lord.

Words: Psalm 119:1 Music: Charles Villiers Stanford (1852–1924), Op. 38

ON CHRIST'S LOVE ROMANS 8:14-15, 34-35, 37-39

All who are led by the Spirit of God are children of God. For you did not receive a spirit of slavery to fall back into fear, but you have received a spirit of adoption. When we cry, "Abba! Father!" it is that very Spirit bearing witness with our spirit that we are children of God, and if children, then heirs, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ— if, in fact, we suffer with him so that we may also be glorified with him. I consider that the sufferings of this present time are not worth comparing with the glory about to be revealed to us. For

the creation waits with eager longing for the revealing of the children of God; Who is to condemn? It is Christ Jesus, who died, yes, who was raised, who is at the right hand of God, who indeed intercedes for us. Who will separate us from the love of Christ? Will hardship, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. For I am convinced that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor rulers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Reader: The Word of the Lord.
People: Thanks be to God.

THE HOMILY

WELCOME & ANNOUNCEMENTS

ANTHEM (*Sung by the Choir*) In paradisum

In paradisum deducant angeli
in tuo adventu suscipiant te martyres
et perducant te
in civitatem sanctam Jerusalem.

Chorus angelorum te suscipiat
et cum Lazaro quondam paupere
aeternam habeas requiem.

May the angels lead you into paradise,
may the martyrs receive you in your coming,
and may they guide you
into the holy city, Jerusalem.

May the chorus of angels receive you
and with Lazarus once poor
may you have eternal rest.

Words: from the Requiem Mass Music: Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924), *Requiem*, Op. 48 (1893)

All stand.

THE COMMENDATION

Presider and People
Give rest, O Christ, to your servant with your saints,
where sorrow and pain are no more, neither sighing, but life everlasting.

You only are immortal, the creator and maker of mankind; and we are mortal, formed of the earth, and to earth shall we return. For so did you ordain when you created me, saying, "You are dust, and to dust you shall return." All of us go down to the dust; yet even at the grave we make our song: Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

Give rest, O Christ, to your servant with your saints,
where sorrow and pain are no more, neither sighing, but life everlasting.

Into your hands, O merciful Savior, we commend your servant Don. Acknowledge, we humbly beseech you, a sheep of your own fold, a lamb of your own flock, a sinner of your own redeeming. Receive him into the arms of your mercy, into the blessed rest of everlasting peace, and into the glorious company of your saints in light. **Amen.**

THE LORD'S PRAYER

As our Savior Christ has taught us, we are bold to say:

You are invited to say the Lord's Prayer in the language of your choice.

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 trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
and the power, and the glory,
for ever and ever. Amen.

Presider and People
Rest eternal grant to him, O Lord; and let light perpetual shine upon him. May his soul, and the souls of all the departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. **Amen.**

PRAYERS

Presider and People
O God, whose days are without end, and whose mercies cannot be numbered: Make us, we pray, deeply aware of the shortness and uncertainty of human life; and let your Holy Spirit lead us in holiness and righteousness all our days; that, when we shall have served you in our generation, we may be gathered to our ancestors, having the testimony of a good conscience, in the communion of the Catholic Church, in the confidence of a certain faith, in the comfort of a religious and holy hope, in favor with you, our God, and in perfect charity with the world. All this we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

Father of all, we pray to you for those we love, but see no longer: Grant them your peace; let light perpetual shine upon them; and, in your loving wisdom and almighty power, work in them the good purpose of your perfect will; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

Grant, O Lord, to all who are bereaved the spirit of faith and courage, that they may have strength to meet the days to come with steadfastness and patience; not sorrowing as those without hope, but in thankful remembrance of your great goodness, and in the joyful expectation of eternal life with those they love. And this we ask in the Name of Jesus Christ our Savior. **Amen.**

CHORAL BLESSING (*Sung by the Choir*) Let your bearing in life

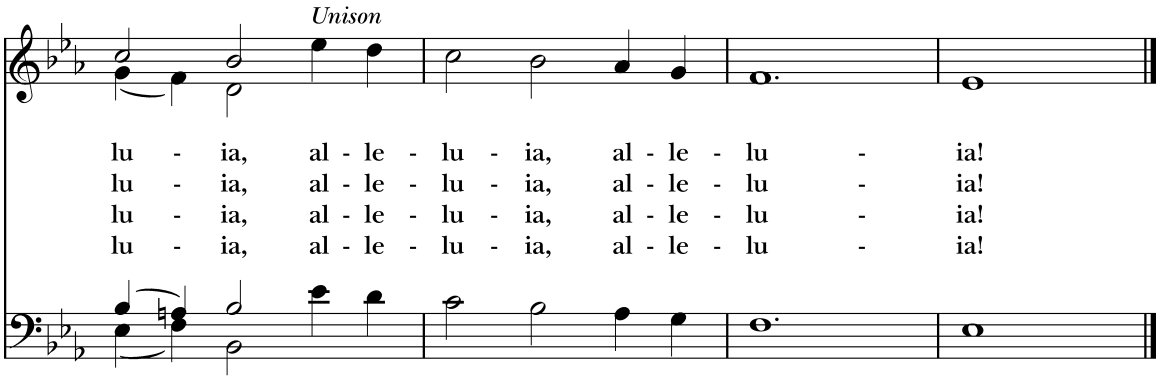
Let your bearing in life towards one another
arise out of your life in Christ.
All that is just and pure,
all that is lovable and gracious,
whatever is excellent and admirable, too.
Fill your thoughts with these things
and the God of peace will be with you!
Amen.

Words: adapted from Philippians 2:5, 4:7, 8, 9b Music: Lee Hastings Bristol, Jr. (1923–1979), 1977

THE BLESSING

Presider: *[The Presider blesses the People.]*
People: Amen.

HYMN Ye watchers and ye holy ones (**618**, *The Hymnal 1982*)



Words: John Athelstan Laurie Riley (1858-1945). By permission of Oxford University Press. Music: *Lasst uns erfreuen*, melody from *Auserlesene Catholische Geistliche Kirchengeseng*, 1623; adapt. and harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958). By permission of Oxford University Press.

DISMISSAL

Priest: Let us go forth in the name of Christ.
People: Thanks be to God.

VOLUNTARY

Toccata

Charles-Marie Widor (1844–1937), *Symphony No. 5*, Op. 42, 1887

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Participants in the Service

Presider & Preacher: The Rev. Alan C. Murchie
Assisting Priest: The Rev. Jane Jeuland
Lectors: Nick Edwards, Lucy Waghorn, Jenny Edwards Chavira, Charlie Edwards, Jack Gillette, Alex Chavira, Sophie Waghorn, Margot Edwards, Ricardo Chavira
Ushers: Anne Gunning, Jim Kenny, Alisa Masterson, Tamara Schurdak
Crucifer: Bryan Hiott

Music Director: Dr. Matthew Cramer
Organist: Dr. Stephen Gamboa-Diaz

Off Time Jazz Collective
Alex Chavira (saxophone), Jackson Cross (piano), Julian Saint Denis (drums), Logan Sidle (bass)

Schola Antiqua
Maggie Lieberman, Sarah Reed, Bridget Nixon, Gene Stenger, Jack Purdue, Nathaniel Adam, Matthew Cramer

St. Thomas's Choir & Guests
Arianne Abela, Nathaniel Adam, Mark Branch, Constance Cahill, Morgen Campbell, Nancy Campbell, Sheldon Campbell, Emilie Hannon, Simon Lee, Maggie Lieberman, Linda Meyer, Bridget Nixon, Jack Purdue, Sarah Reed, Debbie Rice, Alexandria Robison, Heather Robison, Gene Stenger, Rebecca Stoll

St. Thomas's Episcopal Church

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Julie Kelly, Administrator ♦ j.kelly@stthomasnewhaven.org
The Rev. Alan C. Murchie, Rector ♦ alan@stthomasnewhaven.org

Notes on the Service

Thank you for joining us to celebrate Don's life in this place that meant so much to him.

Today's readings, music, and participants reflect what was important to him: music, food, the ocean and boats, social justice, education, friends, and most especially his faith, his family, and his beloved wife, Sally. A few specific notes:

- Don adored his grandchildren, relished their talents and accomplishments, and shared special connections with each of them. We are so gratified that they are all participating in the service today. (Their names are indicated in **bold** below.)
- Music before the service is provided by core members of **Alex's** semi-professional jazz collective from his senior year at Boston University. In addition to loving the music, Don was tickled when they were hired for parents or development office events.
- All of today's hymns and anthems were favorites of Don's. Bobby McFerrin's setting of Psalm 23 was a frequent selection for several church choirs Don sang in, and it was his particular choice for Sally's memorial service in 2022 with Alex joining on saxophone.
- Don also included the greeting from the New Zealand prayer book in Sally's service as a nod to the Anglican communion and in recognition of Helen, **Lucy**, and **Sophie**'s heritage. Don made a life-affirming journey there with Helen and Dave in 2024.
- In an interview for a Rutgers University historical archive, Don reported having learned the Lowell poem in school in Tulsa and still being able to recite several sections from memory. **Nick's** masters graduation from University of Wisconsin in December was Don's last out-of-state travel.
- To embellish the Nigella Lawson quote, here are some of our strongest food memories from life with Don/Dad/Poppy: homemade donuts, grilled bluefish, tuna melts, perfectly prepared steak, Poppy bread (oatmeal molasses), lobster rolls at Day's in Freeport, ME, Cheez-its, gin gimlets, rye creoles, Kingston wines, Armagnac, and the best pie crust you ever tasted. **Lucy** enjoyed a trip to Portugal with Don last fall, filled with culinary delights, and during which he bragged about her recent masters degree in glaciology to fellow travelers..
- Several of Giamatti's books graced Don's bookshelves, and this selection reflects much of what he believed about education. He had dearly hoped to live long enough to attend **Charlie's** Yale graduation last month, to celebrate three generations of Edwards Yalies.
- John Lewis was one of several civil rights heroes of Don's, along with William Sloane Coffin, whom you will hear about during the reflections at the reception after the service. Reader Jack Gilette succeeded Don (with Alisa Masterson) as president of Loaves & Fishes food pantry here in New Haven.
- Music was indeed fuel to recharge Don's life, as in the Murakami reading offered here. It was a great pleasure of his life in Connecticut to be able to attend **Alex's** music concerts more frequently. They regularly bonded over jazz recordings and history, and he loved hearing Alex's reports on BSO concerts he attended while studying at Boston University.

- A printout of Thoughts on Solitude was tucked into Don's Book of Common Prayer – presented to him when he was received into the Episcopal Church in the late 1970s – which he brought with him for most of his hospital stays over the last year and a half. Don was cheered by **Sophie's** Facetime calls during & between those hospital stays, including news from her senior year at Savannah College of Art and Design and her post-grad life in Florida.
- The Herbert poem was the subject of one of his most recent conversations with St. Thomas's rector, Alan Murchie, and also a special favorite of Sally's. Having just finished her first year in the nursing school at Northeastern, **Margot** was introduced to every health care provider caring for Don in Yale New Haven in March.
- Beati quorum via, in addition to being a transporting piece of music, represents Don's deep and abiding love for the Anglican choral tradition, one of the great benefits of his and Sally's move to the Episcopal Church in the 1970s.
- Let Your Bearing in Life was composed by Lee Bristol, Jr., who was affiliated with Trinity Church, Princeton, NJ, Don & Sally's first parish. It was frequently performed by the choir there as well as by the American Boychoir, where Don served as president. Dave sang it (as a boy treble) at Don's mother's funeral, and Jenny & Ricardo included it in their wedding ceremony.
- Widor's toccata is an Edwards family favorite, and representative of Don's love of French organ music. While often associated with weddings and other celebratory occasions, it is also often played at the end of Easter services in Episcopal churches. We think it is therefore appropriate for today, to highlight Don's hope and faith in the resurrection.

With love and gratitude,

Jenny (Edwards) & Ricardo Chavira and Dave & Helen Edwards