

In Loving Memory



Esther Giesbrecht

1933 ~ 2024

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

~ Psalm 27:4

In Loving Memory



Esther Louise Kilcup Giesbrecht

Date of BirthJanuary 22, 1933 ~ Hoquiam, Washington
Parents.....Charles & Nina Simpson Kilcup
Married..... Donald Henry Giesbrecht ~ May 1st, 1954
Children..... Kit, Tim, Tony, Celia, Nina, Anne, & Luci
Date of DeathJuly 26, 2024 ~ Pocatello, Idaho



Quartet Medley

This is a medley of songs Mom loved. She taught them to us, and we used to sing them together as a family.

Hello, Central, give me Heaven, For my Mother's there
You will find her with the Angels on the Golden Stair
She'll be glad it's me who's speaking, Call her won't you please?
For I only want to tell her I'm so lonely here.
As the girl received this message, Coming o'er the telephone,
How her heart did sink that moment, And the wires seemed to groan.....
Hello, Central, give me Heaven, For my Mother's there.
You will find her with the Angels on the Golden Stair
She'll be glad it's me who's speaking, Call her, won't you please?

Many years ago in days of childhood,
I used to play till evening shadows come;
Then winding down an old familiar pathway,
I heard my mother call at set of sun.

Chorus:

Come home, come home, it's suppertime.
The shadows lengthen fast.
Come home, come home it's suppertime,
We're going home at last.

One day beside her bedside I was kneeling,
And angel wings were winnowing the air.
She heard the call for suppertime in Heaven,
And now I know she's waiting for me there.
In visions now I see her standing yonder,
And her familiar voice I hear once more.
The banquet table's ready up in Heaven,
It's suppertime upon the golden shore.

Come home, come home, it's suppertime.
The shadows lengthen fast.
Come home, come home it's suppertime,
We're going home at last.

When the evening shadows kiss the west,
There comes a vision so fair,
Of an aged form on bended knee,
My mother engaged in prayer.

(Continued next page)

O the cruel shame! I've spurned her so!
God answer my mother's prayer!
Let the wandering son come home tonight,
For Heaven his soul prepare.

Dear Brother, Mama left us this morning,
For the City where there is no pain.
She's gone to meet Daddy up there in Heaven,
And someday we'll meet her again.

Chorus;

She left this world with a smile on her face,
Praising the Blessed Savior's name!
Dear Brother, Mama left us this morning,
For the City where there is no pain.

As I stood by her bedside, those last few moments,
I lived my childhood again,
I thought of you, Brother and of the old homestead,
And the tears, how they fell like rain.

She left this world with a smile on her face,
Praising the Blessed Savior's name!
Dear Brother, Mama left us this morning
For the City where there is no pain.

Christ is coming! Are you ready?
He is coming for his own
He will call them up to meet them to meet him
And will place them on his throne
He will come we know at midnight when the world in slumber lies
Or it may be in the morning, ere the day dawns in skies.
Watch ye therefore, for ye know not
What the hour your Lord may come
Whether in the morn or midnight or in the evening gloam
Are you thoughts of him when toiling mid the busy cares of day
As the hours of night are passing do you wake to think and pray
Is your heart aglow at even as the sun sinks in the west
And the heaven's glowing splendor brings
sweet thoughts of home and rest
Blessed rest from toil and sorrow, rest from suffering, pain and woe
And a home with Christ in Heaven
Happy Home to which we go.

Congregational Hymn

Rise, my soul, thy God directs thee,
Stranger hands no more impede;
Pass thou on, His hand protects thee,
Strength that has the captive freed.

Is the wilderness before thee,
Desert land where drought abides?
Heavenly springs shall there restore thee,
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.

Light divine surrounds thy going,
God Himself shall mark thy way;
Secret blessings, richly flowing,
Lead to everlasting day.

God, thine everlasting portion,
Feeds thee with the mighty's meat;
Price of Egypt's hard extortion,
Egypt's food no more to eat.

Art thou weaned from Egypt's pleasures?
God in secret thee shall keep,
There unfold His hidden treasures,
There his love's exhaustless deep.

In the desert God will teach thee
What the God that thou hast found,
Patient, gracious, powerful, holy,
All His Grace shall there abound.

On to Canaan's rest still wending,
E'en thy wants and woes shall bring
Suited grace from high descending,
Thou shalt taste of mercy's spring.

(Continued next page)

Though thy way be long and dreary
Eagle strength He'll still renew:
Garments fresh and foot unwearied
Tell how God hath brought thee through.

When to Canaan's long-loved dwelling
Love divine thy foot shall bring,
There, with shouts of triumph swelling
Zion's songs in rest to sing –

There no stranger-God shall greet thee
Stranger thou in courts above,
He who to His rest shall greet thee,
Greets thee with a well-known love.



VISITATION SERVICE

10:00-10:45 a.m. Wednesday, August 7, 2024
American Falls High School
2966 S Frontage Rd, American Falls, ID 83210

FUNERAL SERVICE

11:00 a.m. Wednesday, August 7, 2024

Welcome Tony Giesbrecht
Invocation Dean Giesbrecht
Life Sketch Becky Giesbrecht
Memories Grandchildren
Vocal Quartet Tony Giesbrecht, Bill Osborn,
Jim Brown, & Dan Brown (*insert*)
Message..... Steve Bambaur
Congregational Hymn..... (*insert*)

“Rise My Soul”

Benediction Chad Giesbrecht

CASKET BEARERS

Andrew Tysor	Doug Giesbrecht	Lamont Giesbrecht
Warren Giesbrecht	Darren Giesbrecht	Todd Giesbrecht
Luke Giffen	Barry Jacobson	Silas Bambauer

HONORARY CASKET BEARERS

Grandsons Great-Grandsons

GRAVESIDE SERVICE

Falls View Cemetery ~ American Falls

Opening Hymn..... (*back cover*)

“High in the Father House Above”

Speaker..... John Tysor

Closing Hymn Children with John & Pam Labenne

“There is Coming a Day”

Closing Prayer..... Seth Bambauer

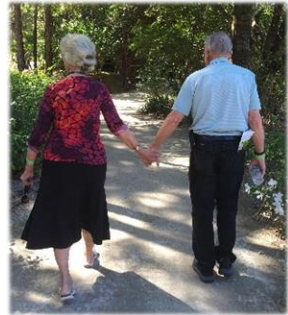


High in the Father's House Above

High in the Father's house above,
Our mansion is prepared;
There is the home, the rest we love,
And there our bright reward.

With Him we love, in spotless
white,
In glory we shall shine;
His blissful presence our delight
In love and joy divine.

All taint of sin shall be removed,
All evil done away;
And we shall dwell with God's Beloved,
Through God's eternal day.



Appreciation

On behalf of the family, we express their gratitude for your many kindnesses evidenced in thought, deed, and attendance at the service.

Davis-Rose Mortuary & Monuments, American Falls, Idaho

