



Michael Mehling Partington

JULY 15, 1939—APRIL 21, 2022

MEMORIAL SERVICE

Friday, July 15, 2022

Lakeview Cemetery 11:00 A.M.

THE REV. PETER FAASS, OFFICIANT

Dear Worshipper,

Christ Church is pleased to have provided the liturgy of burial for Michael Partington today. It is both an honor and a privilege for this parish to be an integral part of this major life transition; transitions which are part of our human experience.

Please know that you are most welcome at Christ Church as we celebrate Michael's life and support his family and friends. If you are currently a member of a faith community, we wish you Godspeed on your journey. If you are not associated with a community of faith, then we invite you to return to Christ Church some Sunday morning for our worship services and explore the wonderful opportunities here to walk with others along their spiritual journeys. This is a community that offers infinite respect and radical hospitality to all and is modeled on the witness of Jesus Christ. Come and experience a loving community of faith and deepen your relationship with God who loves and cares for you more than you can ever imagine. May God's blessing be upon you today and every day.

Faithfully,

The Reverend Peter Faass

Rector

Christ Episcopal Church

Shaker Heights, Ohio

The Burial of the Dead : Rite Two

Michael Mehling Partington

July 15, 1939—April 21, 2022

Order of Worship

Opening Anthem

All stand as they are able while the following anthem is said.

I am Resurrection and I am Life, says the Lord.
Whoever has faith in me shall have life,
even though he die.
And everyone who has life,
and has committed himself to me in faith,
shall not die for ever.

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.

The Officiant then says

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

O God of grace and glory, we remember before you this day our brother Michael. We thank you for giving him to us, his family and friends, to know and to love as a companion 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.

Most merciful God, whose wisdom is beyond our understanding:
Deal graciously with Michael's family and friends 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.

Poem: **To an Athlete Dying Young**

By A.E. Housman 1896

William Rhys

The time you won your town the race
We chaired you through the market-place;
Man and boy stood cheering by,
And home we brought you shoulder-high.

Today, the road all runners come,
Shoulder-high we bring you home,
And set you at your threshold down,
Townsmen of a stiller town.

Smart lad, to slip betimes away
From fields where glory does not stay,
And early though the laurel grows
It withers quicker than the rose.

Psalm 23

King James Version

Recited in Unison

The LORD is my shepherd; *

I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; *

he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; *

he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil; *

for thou art with me;

thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; *

thou anointest my head with oil;

my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, *

and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

Reflection

The Rev. Peter Faass

Prayers

For our brother Michael, let us pray to our Lord Jesus Christ who said, "I am Resurrection and I am Life."

Lord, you consoled Martha and Mary in their distress; draw near to us who mourn for Michael, and 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 brother eternal life.

Hear us, Lord.

You promised paradise to the thief who repented; bring our brother to the joys of heaven.

Hear us, Lord.

Our brother was washed in Baptism and anointed with the Holy Spirit; give him fellowship with all your saints.

Hear us, Lord.

Comfort us in our sorrows at the death of our brother;
let our faith be our consolation, and eternal life our hope.

The Officiant concludes with the following prayer

Father of all, we pray to you for Michael,
and for all those whom we love but see no longer.
Grant to them eternal rest. Let light perpetual shine upon them.
May his soul and the souls of all the departed,
through the mercy of God, rest in peace. *Amen.*

The Commendation

Congregation joins in at italicized text.

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 humankind; 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.*

The Officiant says

Into your hands, O merciful Savior, we commend your servant Michael. 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 the saints in light. *Amen.*

The Committal

Everyone the Father gives to me will come to me;
I will never turn away anyone who believes in me.

He who raised Jesus Christ from the dead
will also give new life to our mortal bodies
through his indwelling Spirit.

My heart, therefore, is glad, and my spirit rejoices;
my body also shall rest in hope.

You will show me the path of life;
in your presence there is fullness of joy,
and in your right hand are pleasures for evermore.

Then, while earth is cast upon the coffin, the Officiant says these words

In sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ,
we commend to Almighty God our brother Michael and we commit his body to the
ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. The Lord bless him and keep him, the
Lord make his face to shine upon him and be gracious to him, the Lord lift up his
countenance upon him and give him peace. *Amen.*

The Officiant says

<i>People</i>	The Lord be with you
<i>Celebrant</i>	<i>And also with you.</i>
	Let us pray.

In unison

**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.**

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.*

Crossing the Bar

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

The Blessing

The Dismissal

Officiant Let us go forth in the name of Christ.
People ***Thanks be to God.***