

A Memorial Service Celebrating the Life of
REV. THEODORE W. LODER
September 12, 2021

Video montage prologue

Send in the Clowns, Judy Collins

Amazing Grace, Hanspeter Kruesi (*guitar solo*)

I Wish I Knew How It Feels to Be Free, Nina Simone

Carillon

Carillonneur: Janet Tebbel

Tolling of the bells for Ted's 38 Years of Ministry in Germantown

Welcome

Rev. Bob Coombe

Hymn

Standing with body and spirit

UMH 117 "O God our Help in Ages Past" (v. 1-4)

Scripture

Reader: David Loder

Romans 8:37-39

And Lead Me Out of my Doubts and Fears...Guerrillas of Grace, Ted Loder

Speaker

Bishop John Schol

Grandchildren Reading of Grandfather's Prayer

What Can I Believe (*excerpted, 7 verses*) *Guerrillas of Grace*, Ted Loder

Grandchildren:

Hannah & Chloe Long, Danny Loder and Jake Loder Friedman

Speaker

John Riggan

Solo

Michael Yancey, *Soloist*, Jodi Bohr *Organist*

“Going Home” from New World Symphony

Speaker

Ann Marie Donohue

Grandchildren Reading of Grandfather’s Prayer

Gather Me to Be With You *Guerrillas of Grace*, Ted Loder

Grandchildren:

Aaron, Marek, Kyle and Amanda Loder

Speakers

Chris Long

Tom Loder

Commendation

Rev. Bob Coombe

Hymn UMH 700 *“Abide with Me”* (v. 1&2) *Standing with body and spirit*

Benediction

Rev. Bob Coombe

Closing excerpt from *Home at Last, Heart in My Mouth*, Ted Loder

Empower us to be among those who dare to do the things that are just and beautiful, true and faithful, visionary and deeply joyful, so we may be free and whole and home at last, home where we belong, home with our true selves, home with each other, home in the human family, home with you; Through Christ our Lord, Amen.



Loving Deeply

Was it the resonance of the voice accustomed to itself,
offering assurance, impatient with the small fears borne by my imagination?
Or was it the cradle of the hand that enveloped my own,
That anchored me and drew me along to witness?
Was it the cherry-sweet smoke absently expelled
while weighty thoughts held sway, or the tower of black robe,
strident, swept with the importance of cause?
Was it the time spent nestled upon his lap safe at the center of the universe,
Keen on absorbing every simple and profound exchange?

Was it the gritty stillness that followed a flash of rage,
or the flood of relief when his laughter baptized me?
And what of his lumbering through the kitchen door,
His shoulders hunched, wearing a cloak of terrifying sadness
From which my youthful antics could not distract him?
Was there some defining moment in so many lessons learned,
passing through a child's picture book of memories,
well before any words took hold?

And then the words, a lifetime of words, a lifetime of Sundays,
finding form on so many Saturdays,
having hovered over so many weeknights --
Elevating words, ennobling words, provocative words loaning me courage,
engaging the small voice within too often deafened by a noisy world,
luminous words strewn along a path, revealing a way new and yet familiar,
Words that chastised my faithlessness, and beckoned my faltering footsteps,
A persistent calling that echoes still-through each critical choice,
choosing life over death, hope over despair, devotion over indifference,
forgiveness over bitterness.

All restless images that scatter, and sift to the surface
no one surpassing another in my most precious collection,
but yes, a mosaic, revealing to me one central lesson:
Commit your life, love deeply, and labor for God's kingdom, here and now.
I recognize the pattern-the artist weaving so many random threads,
clothing the child I was with the fabric of my being.
The weaver softly and relentlessly speaking a vital message,
directly to my heart.

Karen Ann Loder, For My Father

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First United Methodist Church of Germantown



*Let me no more
my comfort draw
From my frail
hold of thee;*

*In this alone
rejoice with awe,-
Thy mighty grasp of me.*

John Campbell Shairp

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