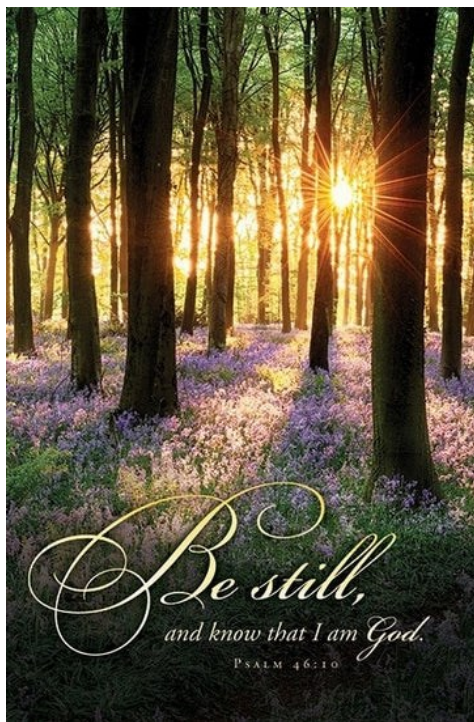


**Memorial Service in Loving  
Memory of**

**Linda B. Smith**

**Saturday February 17, 2024, 1 pm**



**First Presbyterian  
Church** IN **VICTOR**

70 East Main Street  
Victor, NY 14564  
585-924-2289  
www.victorpres.org

**Pastor:** Rev. Michael McNamara  
**Organist:** Ayn Patrowicz

**Memorial Service in Honor of  
Linda B. Smith**

*January 22, 1943– January 10, 2024*

\*Please stand if you are able.

**Prelude**

“Aria“ by Paul Manz

**Welcome**

Rev. Michael McNamara

**Opening Prayer**

\***Hymn No. 368**

“I’ve Got Peace Like a River”

**Prayer for Illumination**

**Scripture Readings**

**Isaiah 40:1-11**

Comfort, O comfort my people,  
says your God.  
Speak tenderly to Jerusalem,  
and cry to her  
that she has served her term,  
that her penalty is paid,  
that she has received from the Lord’s hand  
double for all her sins.

A voice cries out:

“In the wilderness prepare the way of the Lord;  
make straight in the desert a highway for our God.  
Every valley shall be lifted up,  
and every mountain and hill be made low;  
the uneven ground shall become level,  
and the rough places a plain.  
Then the glory of the Lord shall be revealed,  
and all flesh shall see it together,  
for the mouth of the Lord has spoken.”

A voice says, “Cry out!”

And I said, “What shall I cry?”

All flesh is grass;  
their constancy is like the flower of the field.  
The grass withers; the flower fades,  
when the breath of the Lord blows upon it;  
surely the people are grass.  
The grass withers; the flower fades,  
but the word of our God will stand forever.

Get you up to a high mountain,  
O Zion, herald of good news;  
lift up your voice with strength,  
O Jerusalem, herald of good news;  
lift it up, do not fear;

say to the cities of Judah,  
“Here is your God!”  
See, the Lord God comes with might,  
and his arm rules for him;  
his reward is with him  
and his recompense before him.  
He will feed his flock like a shepherd;  
he will gather the lambs in his arms  
and carry them in his bosom  
and gently lead the mother sheep.

**Psalm 27:1,4-6, 13-14**

The Lord is my light and my salvation;  
whom shall I fear?  
The Lord is the stronghold of my life;  
of whom shall I be afraid?  
One thing I asked of the Lord;  
this I seek:  
to live 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.  
For he will hide me in his shelter  
in the day of trouble;  
he will conceal me under the cover of his tent;  
he will set me high on a rock.  
Now my head is lifted up  
above my enemies all around me,  
and I will offer in his tent  
sacrifices with shouts of joy;  
I will sing and make melody to the Lord.  
I believe that I shall see the goodness of the Lord  
in the land of the living.  
Wait for the Lord;  
be strong, and let your heart take courage;  
wait for the Lord!

**1 Corinthians 13:1-13**

If I speak in the tongues of humans and of angels but do not have love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers and understand all mysteries and all knowledge and if I have all faith so as to remove mountains but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give away all my possessions and if I hand over my body so that I may boast but do not have love, I gain nothing. Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable; it keeps no record of wrongs; it does not rejoice in wrongdoing but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Love never ends. But as for prophecies, they will come to an end; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will come to an end. For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part, but when the complete comes, the partial will come to an end. When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways. For now we see only a reflection, as in a mirror, but then we will see face to face. Now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known. And now faith, hope, and love remain, these three, and the greatest of these is love.

**A Reading by Madeline L'Engle**

*I am still every age that I have been. Because I was once a child, I am always a child. Because I was once a searching adolescent, given to moods and ecstasies, these are still part of me, and always will be... This does not mean that I ought to be trapped or enclosed in any of these ages... The delayed adolescent, the childish adult, but that they are in me to be drawn on... Far too many people misunderstand what \*putting away childish things\* means and think that forgetting what it is like to think and feel and touch and smell and taste and see and hear like a three year old or a thirteen year old or a twenty three year old means being a grown up. When I am with these people I, like the kids, feel that if this is what it means to be a grown up, then I don't ever want to be one. Instead of which if, I can retain a child's awareness and joy, and \*be\* fifty one, then I will really learn what it means to be grown up.*

**Choir Anthem**

“Amazing Grace”

**Meditation**

**Song of Remembrance**

“Smile” sung by Ann Mitchell

**Words of Remembrance**

**Prayers of Thanksgiving, Intercession and Supplication**

**The Lord's Prayer**

\*Hymn GTG No. 727

“The Servant Song”

**Commendation**

**Blessing**

**Benediction**

**Postlude**

“Trumpet Tune in D Major“ by David N. Johnson  
“What a Friend We Have in Jesus“ arranged by John Carter