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**A Celebration of the Life of  
Nancy Dutton Sanders  
March 5, 1941 - November 20, 2020**

**Thursday, June 3, 2021  
11:00 a.m.**

**FIRST CHURCH  
IN CAMBRIDGE**

Congregational 1633-1636  
United Church of Christ  
Garden and Mason Streets  
Cambridge, Massachusetts

*Rev. Daniel A. Smith, Senior Minister  
Peter Sykes, Organist and Director of Music  
Susan Neubauer, Soprano*

**Psalm 23**

**The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.  
You make me lie down in green pastures;  
you lead me beside still waters;  
you restore my soul.  
You lead me in right paths  
for your name's sake.  
Even though I walk through the darkest valley,  
I fear no evil;  
for you are with me;  
your rod and your staff—  
they comfort me.  
You prepare a table before me  
in the presence of my enemies;  
you anoint my head with oil;  
my cup overflows.  
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me  
all the days of my life,  
and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord  
my whole life long**

## ORDER OF SERVICE

### **VOLUNTARY**

*Adagio*

Schubert

### **HYMN**

For the Beauty of the Earth

*(Due to Covid, there will be no congregational singing. You are invited to enjoy the music and to read and meditate on the lyrics provided in this program.)*

### **GREETING**

Rev. Daniel Smith

### **CANDLELIGHTING**

“To Carry the Light Forward”  
by Greg Ward

Owen Brosanders

“The Best Nana Ever”  
written and read by Madeline Sanders

“The Most Lovely Grandmother”  
written and read by Zoe Brosanders

“Adjectives”  
Written by the grandchildren, read by Olivia Sanders

### **\*UNISON READING**

Psalm 23

### **WORDS OF REMEMBRANCE**

Melissa Brosanders  
Betty Donovan  
Nancy Mahoney Cohen  
Priscilla Howland  
Dianne Austin-Young

### **WORDS FROM THOSE NEAR AND FAR**

Nancy’s amazing community of family and friends is so much larger than the group that is gathered in person today. Our celebration of her life is limited by the pandemic and we would like to read for you a few of the comforting and uplifting words that we have received from all of you.  
– Stew, Melissa, Daryll, Eric, and Christin

*\*You are invited to stand.*

**ANTHEM**

*The Call*  
Susan Neubauer, Soprano

Ralph Vaughan Williams

**PASTORAL PRAYER**

**THE LORD'S PRAYER**

**All: Our Creator, 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 forever. Amen.**

**\*HYMN**

*God of Grace and God of Laughter*

**CLOSING WORDS**

"Inspired by Our Ancestors"  
by Leia Durland-Jones

Owen Brosanders

**\*BENEDICTION**

**VOLUNTARY**

Amazing Grace

arr. Peter Sykes

## OPENING HYMN

### For the Beauty of the Earth



1. For the beau-ty of the earth, for the splen-dor of the skies,
2. For the beau-ty of each hour of the day and of the night,
3. For the joy of ear and eye, for the heart and mind's de-light,
4. For the joy of hu-man love, broth-er, sis-ter, par-ent, child,
5. For each per-fect gift of thine un-to us so free-ly given,



for the love which from our birth o-ver and a-round us lies,  
hill and vale, and tree and flower, sun and moon, and stars of light,  
for the mys-tic har-mo-ny link-ing sense to sound and sight,  
friends on earth, and friends a-bove, for all gen-tle thoughts and mild,  
grac-es, hu-man and di-vine, flowers of earth and buds of heaven,



Lord of all, to thee we raise this our hymn of grate-ful praise.



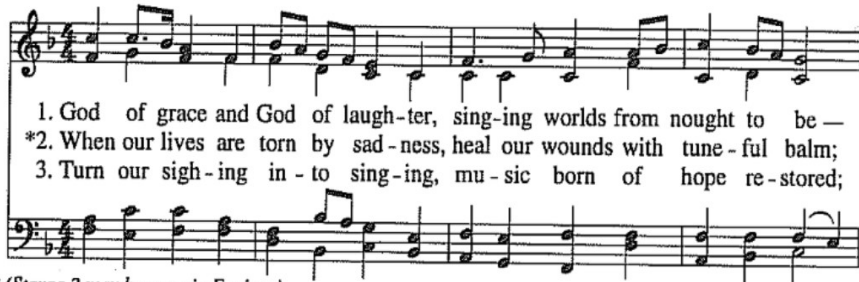
WORDS: Folliot S. Pierpoint, 1864, alt.  
MUSIC: Conrad Kocher, 1838; adapt. William H. Monk, 1861

Originally written as a joyful communion hymn, Pierpoint's text had as its refrain, 'Christ, our God, to thee we raise, this our sacrifice of praise.'

DIX  
77.77.77

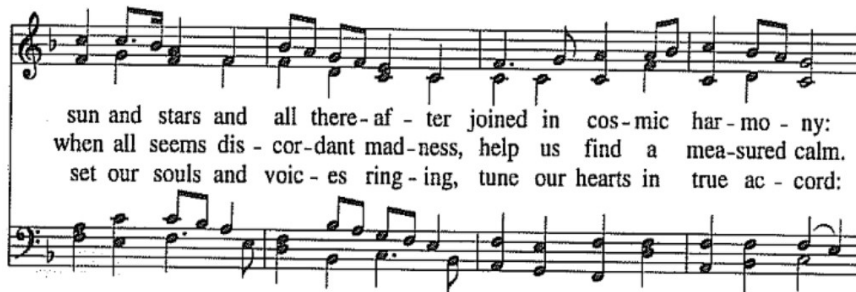
## CLOSING HYMN

### God of Grace and God of Laughter

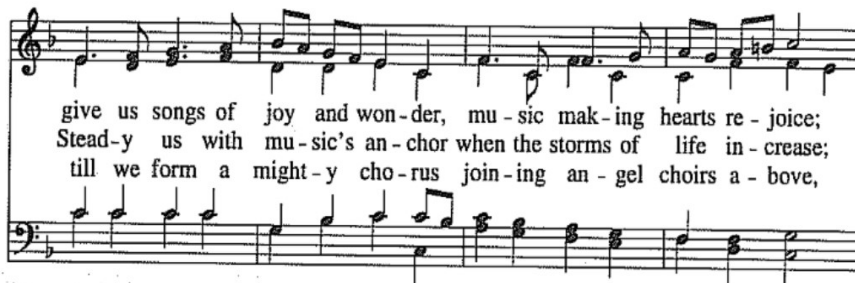


1. God of grace and God of laugh-ter, sing-ing worlds from nought to be —  
\*2. When our lives are torn by sad-ness, heal our wounds with tune-ful balm;  
3. Turn our sigh-ing in - to sing-ing, mu-sic born of hope re-stored;

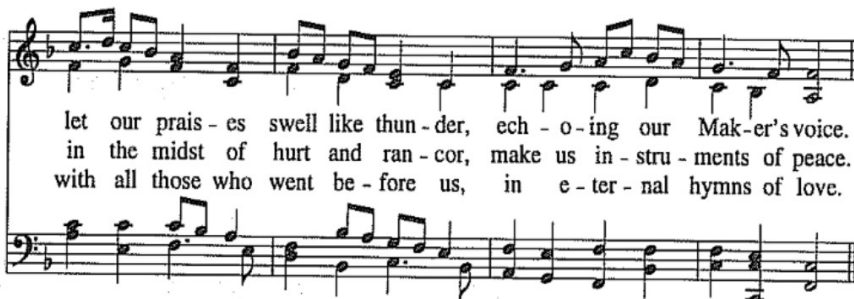
\* (Stanza 2 may be sung in F minor).



sun and stars and all there-af - ter joined in cos-mic har-mo - ny:  
when all seems dis - cor-dant mad-ness, help us find a mea-sured calm.  
set our souls and voic - es ring - ing, tune our hearts in true ac - cord:



give us songs of joy and won-der, mu-sic mak-ing hearts re-joice;  
Stead-y us with mu-sic's an-chor when the storms of life in-crease;  
till we form a might-y cho-rus join-ing an-gel choirs a-bove,



let our prais-es swell like thun-der, ech-o-ing our Mak-er's voice.  
in the midst of hurt and ran-cor, make us in-stru-ments of peace.  
with all those who went be-fore us, in e-ter-nal hymns of love.

WORDS: Carl P. Daw, Jr., 1989  
MUSIC: Alfred Fedak, 1990, adapt.

SOUTH BRANCH  
87.87D

Carl P. Daw helps us think of our music as joyous, healing worship, in which even laughter is appropriate. This text was written for an American Guild of Organists celebration.

Words © 1989 Hope Publishing Co.  
Music © 1990 Selah Publishing Co., Inc.

## THE LANYARD by Billy Collins

The other day I was ricocheting slowly  
off the blue walls of this room,  
moving as if underwater from typewriter to piano,  
from bookshelf to an envelope lying on the floor,  
when I found myself in the L section of the dictionary  
where my eyes fell upon the word lanyard.

No cookie nibbled by a French novelist  
could send one into the past more suddenly—  
a past where I sat at a workbench at a camp  
by a deep Adirondack lake  
learning how to braid long thin plastic strips  
into a lanyard, a gift for my mother.

I had never seen anyone use a lanyard  
or wear one, if that's what you did with them,  
but that did not keep me from crossing  
strand over strand again and again  
until I had made a boxy  
red and white lanyard for my mother.

She gave me life and milk from her breasts,  
and I gave her a lanyard.

She nursed me in many a sick room,  
lifted spoons of medicine to my lips,  
laid cold face-cloths on my forehead,  
and then led me out into the airy light

and taught me to walk and swim,  
and I, in turn, presented her with a lanyard.

Here are thousands of meals, she said,  
and here is clothing and a good education.

And here is your lanyard, I replied,  
which I made with a little help from a counselor.

Here is a breathing body and a beating heart,  
strong legs, bones and teeth,  
and two clear eyes to read the world, she whispered,  
and here, I said, is the lanyard I made at camp.

And here, I wish to say to her now,  
is a smaller gift—not the worn truth

that you can never repay your mother,  
but the rueful admission that when she took  
the two-tone lanyard from my hand,

I was as sure as a boy could be  
that this useless, worthless thing I wove  
out of boredom would be enough to make us even.



One of Nancy's passions was children's literacy. She read every day to her own children and later loved reading to her grandchildren. She listened intently when children read to her. In her professional life, she taught reading strategies to children who were struggling to learn. In lieu of flowers, please consider a donation in her honor to:

Reading is Fundamental ([www.rif.org](http://www.rif.org))

or

Make Way for Books ([www.makewayforbooks.org](http://www.makewayforbooks.org))

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First Church in Cambridge, Congregational, UCC

11 Garden St. • Cambridge, MA 02138

617-547-2724 • [info@firstchurchcambridge.org](mailto:info@firstchurchcambridge.org) • [www.firstchurchcambridge.org](http://www.firstchurchcambridge.org)

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