

A CELEBRATION  
OF THE LIFE JOURNEY  
OF  
**JAMES ARTHUR JEWELL**

September 19, 1931- January 24, 2010



Sunday, February 7, 2010  
3 o'clock in the afternoon  
at  
The Brighton  
Seattle, Washington

Burning flame and life is born, burning flame and all is gone,  
Trembling and afraid above the abyss,  
Grasping now that nothing exists.  
Then I plumb the abyss, my life becomes new birth: ceaselessly,  
Comes the dawn of silence.

Reflections -- Justin Morrill

Musical selection: "Amazing Grace" Russell & Stephanie

Memoirs on Jim's life from

His Children: Mark, Diane, Nathan, Russell

A Colleague / friend: Gordon Harper

Those gathered

A Poetic Reflection - "Circles" by Wendell Berry  
read by Nancy Lanphear

Song: "Those who wait on the Lord"

Those who wait on the lord shall renew their strength,  
They shall mount up on wings as eagles, *with*  
They shall run and not be weary, they shall *fall* and not faint,  
Help us, Lord, help us Lord, in thy way.

Those who love the Mystery.

Those who live the risen life.

Those who serve the suffering world.

Those who die on the march.

Those who wait on the lord.

Prayer *[together]*

We return thanks to our mother, the earth, which sustains us.

We return thanks to the rivers and streams, which supply us with water.

We return thanks to all herbs, which furnish medicines for the cure of our diseases

We return thanks to the corn, and to her sisters, the beans and squashes, which give us life.

We return thanks to the wind, which moving the air heals diseases.

We return thanks to the moon and stars,

Which have given to us their light when the sun was gone.

We return thanks to the sun, that has looked upon the earth with a beneficent eye.

Lastly, we return thanks to the Great Spirit, in whom is embodied all goodness, and who directs all things for the good of earth's children

Amen.

Closing Grace

Musical Postlude

*The family invites you to remain to share refreshments  
and enjoy the community*

## WHAT IS THE ULTIMATE?

Finally, where do we come from? Mystery.  
Finally, where do we go? Mystery.  
Finally, what and who are we? Only Mystery.  
Finally, how do we live? Only Mystery.  
Life—existence—is pure Mystery.  
Finally we are pure Mystery.

I am Mystery  
You are Mystery  
After all is said and done,  
we all cease to exist as individual human beings and...  
Silence.  
Finally, Silence.  
No questions.  
No responses.  
Finally,  
only Silence...  
emptiness of all;  
fullness of all.

--Basil Sharp, 2000

## AH DEATH

Ah death you are a tricky one,  
Taking us when we least expect it,  
Letting the ill get better just enough  
To expect more of life,  
Then cutting them off unexpectedly.  
Do you get a kick out of that?

Ah, death, you are an unjust one,  
letting some live to term,  
To enjoy a second but powerless childhood  
and cutting others off in the prime  
Coming ready or not, with no back answer,  
When all is vision and passion  
But not for death: you get a charge out of that?

Ah, death, you are the merciful one,  
Our lust to live forever hits the wall.  
Declaring a terminus to all our cares,  
Cessation to all our Striving.  
Ah, death, you are good and part of life,  
It's you that puts the zest into the business of living.

--Brian Stanfield, 1998

## Order of Service

Musical Prelude: Russell Jewell and Stephanie Sarkisian

Welcome & Invocation

Historic Words of Affirmation

Song: "O God our help in ages Past"

O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast, and our eternal home.

Before the hills in order stood or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting, thou art God, to endless years the same.

A thousand ages, in thy sight, are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night, before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever rolling stream, bears all who breathe away  
They fly forgotten, as a dream dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guide while life shall last, and our eternal home.

Psalm 121: David Kile, Seattle First Baptist Church

Remembering and Honoring Jim: Dorothea Jewell

Song: "The Vision" Tune: *Sounds of Silence*

We heard the cry from the past, we heard the cry set forth at last.  
Our ancestors plead to live our time,  
The crimson line their only awesome sign.  
Now all the earth cries out within our hearts: agony  
Comes the dawn of silence.

Beyond the wanderings of time, beyond the race of humankind,  
I see living bodies torn and crushed,  
Live emerging from the arid dust  
Now the face I see is dark beyond all hope: mystery  
Comes the dawn of silence.

Pain and joy and hope unfold, pain and joy and hope untold,  
We cannot contain ascending life,  
Nor escape the chaos and the strife.  
Now the wonder of our God is struggle and love: eternally  
Comes the dawn of silence.

Lightning moment blazing spark, lightning moment in our dark.  
The birth and death of every star and tree,  
The dread assault of spirit within me,  
The God confronts me with terror and with love: ecstasy  
Comes the dawn of silence.