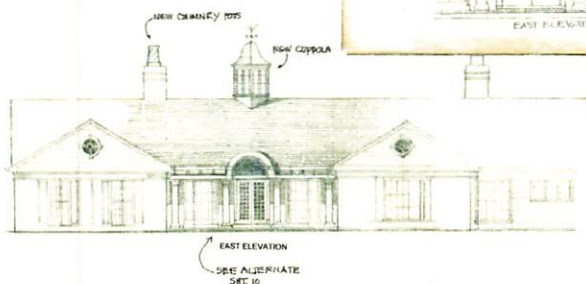
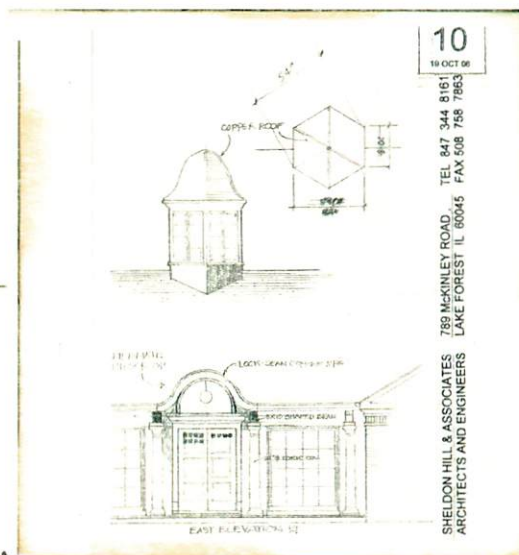


Sheldon L. Hill

March 30, 1926 — June 10, 2012



SITE PLAN

22 JAN 02



SHeldon HILL & ASSOCIATES
ARCHITECTS

September 25, 2012

Two p.m.

First Presbyterian Church

Lake Forest, Illinois

Sheldon L. "Shel" Hill

(March 30, 1926 ~ June 10, 2012)

2:00 p.m

September 25, 2012

First Presbyterian Church

Lake Forest, Illinois

A Celebration of Life

Prelude *Joyful, Joyful*

Welcome & Call to Worship Rev. Christine Chakoian

Invocation

Hymn 138 *Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty*

Poem Do Not Go Gentle Dylan Thomas
Cory Hill

Speaking for Shel's Mattapoisett Friends Ross Edminster

Poem Into This Silent Night Ann Weems
Lindsay Hill

Solo *Vision*
Pam Bergdall

Family Remembrance Drew Hill

Scripture Reading Psalm 139:1-18

Meditation Rev. Christine Chakoian

Speaking for Shel's Lake Forest Friends Tom O'Mara

Prayer of Consolation

The Lord's Prayer

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 debts, as we forgive our debtors
and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom, and the power,
and the glory, forever. Amen.

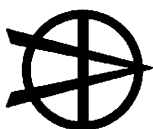
Hymn 302

I Danced in the Morning

Benediction

Recessional

For All the Saints



Participants in the Service

Reverend Christine Chakoian

Pam Bergdall and Susan Noble, Vocalists

Jill Hunt, Organist

*The family will welcome reflections and remembrances from Shel's friends
during a reception at the home of*

Steve and Kitty Cole, 340 Bluff's Edge Drive.

Directions to the Cole house: Sheridan Road south to Westleigh Road.

East on Westleigh Road to Bluff's Edge.

Left (north) on Bluff's Edge to #340.

Psalm 139

O Lord, you have searched me and known me.
You know when I sit down and when I rise up;
you discern my thoughts from far away.
You search out my path and my lying down,
and are acquainted with all my ways.
Even before a word is on my tongue,
O Lord, you know it completely.
You hem me in, behind and before,
and lay your hand upon me.
Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;
it is so high that I cannot attain it.

Where can I go from your spirit?
Or where can I flee from your presence?
If I ascend to heaven, you are there;
if I make my bed in Sheol, you are there.
If I take the wings of the morning
and settle at the farthest limits of the sea,
even there your hand shall lead me,
and your right hand shall hold me fast.
If I say, "Surely the darkness shall cover me,
and the light around me become night,"
even the darkness is not dark to you;
the night is as bright as the day,
for darkness is as light to you.

For it was you who formed my inward parts;
you knit me together in my mother's womb.
I praise you, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made.

Wonderful are your works;
that I know very well.
My frame was not hidden from you,
when I was being made in secret,
intricately woven in the depths of the earth.
Your eyes beheld my unformed substance.
In your book were written
all the days that were formed for me,
when none of them as yet existed.
How weighty to me are your thoughts, O God!
How vast is the sum of them!
I try to count them—they are more than the sand;
I come to the end—I am still with you.