

*A Service of Gratitude for the Life of*

# **HELEN RAYNOLDS ANDERSON**

**December 18, 1922 – May 27, 2024**



**Plymouth**

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

JUNE 23, 2024

PRELUDE	SLEEPERS AWAKE	<i>Johann Sebastian Bach</i>
	JESU, JOY OF OUR DESIRING	<i>Johann Sebastian Bach</i>
	SHEEP MAY SAFELY GRAZE	<i>Johann Sebastian Bach</i>

## WELCOME

## PRAYER OF INVOCATION

**God our Comforter, you are a helper close at hand in times of distress. We thank you that you have made each of us in your own image, and given us gifts and talents with which to serve you. We thank you for Helen, for the years we shared with her, for the good we knew in her, for the love we received from her. Now give us strength and courage to leave Helen in your care, confident in your promises of eternal life. Amen.**

POEM	IN BLACK WATER WOODS	Andrew Humphrey,
	<i>by Mary Oliver</i>	<i>nephew</i>

REMEMBRANCES	Jane Anderson Howard, <i>daughter,</i> with Nora Jane Anderson, <i>granddaughter</i> Wells Anderson, <i>son</i>
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MUSIC INTERLUDE	MORNING MOOD	<i>Edvard Grieg</i>
	(from <i>Peer Gynt Suite</i> )	

**COLLAGE OF VOICES**

Nora, Karen and Alex Anderson, John Humphrey, Claire  
Humphrey, Susan Barnett, Helen Griffith & William Raynolds

**SOLO**

**GOING HOME**

*Antonín Dvořák*

Virginia Humphrey Ward, *niece, soloist*

**UNISON PRAYER**

**PSALM 23**

**The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.  
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:  
he leadeth me beside the still waters.  
He restoreth my soul:  
he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness  
for his name's sake.**

**Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,  
I will fear no evil:  
for thou art with me;  
thy rod and thy staff  
they comfort me.**

**Thou preparest a table before me  
in the presence of mine enemies:  
thou anointest my head with oil;  
my cup runneth over.  
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me  
all the days of my life:  
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord  
for ever.**

**PRAYERS OF GRATITUDE**

**HYMN**

JOYFUL, JOYFUL, WE ADORE THEE  
(see page 5)

*“Hymn to Joy”*

**COMMENDATION**

**BENEDICTION**

**POSTLUDE**

TOCCATA IN F MAJOR

*Charles-Marie Widor*



**ORGANIST:** Philip Brunelle  
**MINISTER:** Rev. Beth Hoffman Faeth

*The family invites all those in attendance to a reception  
in Guild Hall following today’s memorial service.*

# JOYFUL, JOYFUL, WE ADORE THEE

Henry van Dyke, 1852-1933, alt.

HYMN TO JOY 8.7.8.7.D.

Arr. from Ludwig van Beethoven, 1770-1827



1 Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore thee, God of glo - ry, Lord of love;  
2 Thou art giv - ing and for - giv - ing, Ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blessed,  
3 Mor - tals, join the hap - py cho - rus Which the morn - ing stars be - gan;



Hearts un - fold like flow'rs be - fore thee, Ope - ning to the sun a - bove  
Well - spring of the joy of liv - ing, O - cean depth of hap - py rest!  
Love di - vine is reign - ing o'er us, Join - ing all in heav - en's plan.



Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness, Drive the dark of doubt a - way;  
Clasp - ing hands with one an - oth - er, All who live in love are thine;  
Ev - er sing - ing, move we on - ward, Heal - ers in the midst of strife,



Giv - er of im - mor - tal glad - ness, Fill us with the light of day.  
Teach us how to love each oth - er, Lift us to the joy di - vine.  
Joy - ful mu - sic leads us sun - ward In the tri - umph song of life.



## **Helen Raynolds Anderson**

Helen Raynolds Anderson was born December 18, 1922; died at age 101 on Memorial Day, May 27, 2024. Fascinated by astronomy, Helen thrilled at Webb telescope discoveries, hoping after death to explore the universe with Alan R. Anderson, husband of 69 years, answering questions, e.g., what's at the bottom of black holes?

Now she joins predeceased parents John and Valeria Raynolds, husband Alan, daughter Martha Ireland, siblings Jinny Humphrey and John Raynolds, as well as other cherished relatives, friends and pets. Helen is deeply missed by son Wells Anderson (Ellen), daughter Jane Anderson Howard, son-in-law Earl Ireland, grandchildren Nathan Anderson and Nora Anderson (Marcos Esqueda), great grandchildren Karen and Alex Anderson, Judy Anderson (mother of Nathan and Nora) and many treasured Humphrey, Raynolds and Erickson family members and friends.

Helen graduated from Northrop Collegiate School and Smith College, which inspired her to keep reading, studying and exploring new fields. And Helen did. OSS (now CIA) recruited Helen out of college to do research for a planned US invasion of Japan. She served as an original MIA docent and on boards including Planned Parenthood, the Urban League, NAMI and Plymouth Congregational Church. A passionate nature-lover, Helen volunteered to spot raptor nests and transport frogs across a busy road. She worked with Alan at Anderson's China shop and with Alan relished European travels and their final adventure to Borneo to see orangutans. Helen loved summers at Madeline Island with family, friends and wayward bassets.

Helen liked the phrase "absent friends" when giving a toast or prayer as a way of recognizing family and friends no longer with us. Now Helen is among the absent. Not long before she died, Helen was tucked in bed and Jane was saying good night at the end of her visit. Right before Jane left, Helen wanted to express how she felt and paraphrased what Beth said to Jo in Little Women, "I will miss everybody in heaven." We will love and miss Helen—always.

Her delightful sense of humor, sharp intellect and abundant love inspired devoted family and friends. Special thanks to compassionate staff of Presbyterian Homes and to U of MN Anatomy Bequest Program. Memorials to The Nature Conservancy of MN, ND, SD, 1101 W River Pkwy, Ste 200, Mpls, MN 55415 (Helen was 50-year+ member), Plymouth Congregational Church or your choice.



*Helen loved poetry. She memorized at least thirty poems, ranging from Blake to Frost to MacLeish to Shakespeare to Tennyson. With a fiendish grin, Helen would offer to recite all 33 verses of "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" by Thomas Gray. (Her offer was never accepted, although we knew she could do it!)*

*Helen was very fond of poet Richard Wilbur, who wrote:*

### **The Measuring Worm**

This yellow striped green  
Caterpillar, climbing up  
The steep window screen,  
Constantly (for lack  
Of a full set of legs) keeps  
Humping up his back.  
It's as if he sent  
By a sort of semaphore  
Dark omegas meant  
To warn of Last Things.  
Although he doesn't know it,  
He will soon have wings,  
And I, too, don't know  
Toward what undreamt condition  
Inch by inch I go.



**Plymouth**  
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

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