

*A Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of*

# **JUDITH LYNN (PAUNI) TAKKUNEN**

**January 21, 1944 – June 28, 2024**



**Plymouth**

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

JULY 9, 2024



**All:** A word is not even on my tongue, God,  
before you know what it is:  
you hem me in, before and behind,  
shielding me with your hand.  
Such knowledge is too wonderful for me,  
a height my mind cannot reach!

*One:* Where could I run from your Spirit?  
Where could I flee from your presence?  
If I go up to the heavens, you're there;  
if I make my bed in Death, you're already there.

**All:** I could fly away with wings made of dawn,  
or make my home on the far side of the sea,  
but even there your hand will guide me,  
your mighty hand holding me fast.

*One:* If I say, "The darkness will hide me,  
and night will be my only light,"  
even darkness won't be dark to you;  
the night will shine like the day—  
darkness and light are the same to you.

**All:** My frame was not hidden from you  
while I was being made in that secret place,  
knitted together in the depths of the earth;  
your eyes saw my body even there.

*One:* For all these mysteries I thank you—  
for the wonder of myself,  
for the wonder of your works—  
my soul knows it well.

**All:** How precious your thoughts are to me, O God!  
How impossible to number them!

*One:* I could no more count them  
than I could count the sand.

**All:** But suppose I could?  
You would still be with me!

## WORDS OF REMEMBRANCE

Brianna Burris  
Tanner Nordland  
Mark Nordland

### SOLO

HOW GREAT THOU ART

*Swedish folk melody*

### READING

ODE TO THE ART  
OF AGING GRACEFULLY  
*by Carmelene Siani*

Rev. Beth Hoffman Faeth

## WORDS OF FAITH

### HYMN

THEY WILL STAND AT THE GATES OF THE CITY “*De skall gå*”  
(see page 7)

## PRAYERS OF THANKSGIVING

### COMMENDATION

Martha Nordland

*One:* I have called you before you were born.

***All:* I have molded you in the depths of the earth.**

*One:* I have knitted you together in your mother’s womb.

***All:* I have loved you with an everlasting love.**

*One:* I have written your name in the palm of my hand, and you are hidden in the shadow of my hand.

***All:* You belong to me and I belong to you.**

*One:* You are mine and I am yours

***All:* I will never, ever forsake you.**

*One:* You are my beloved: on you my favor rests.

*—Garnered from scripture by Fr. Henry J. M. Nouwen*

**SOLO**

KAREN BOYE'S EVENING PRAYER

*Egil Hovland*

**BENEDICTION**

**POSTLUDE**

OUR GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

*Paul Manz*



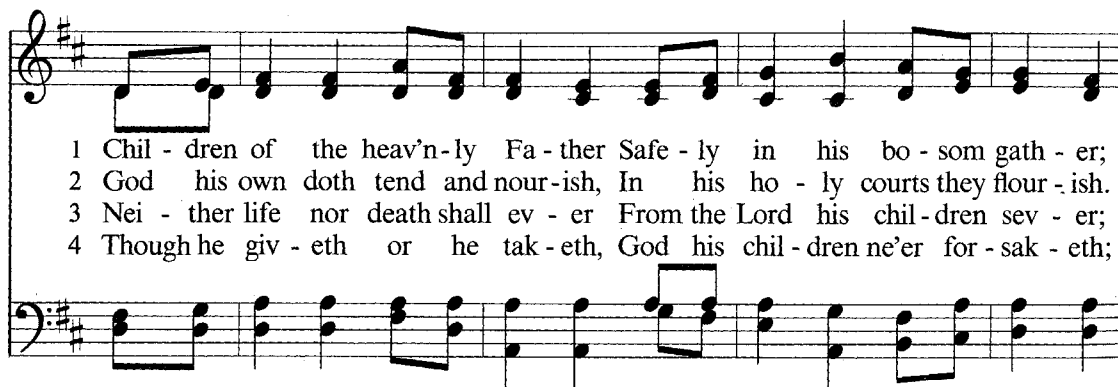
**SOLOIST:** Lisa Drew

**ORGANIST:** Philip Brunelle

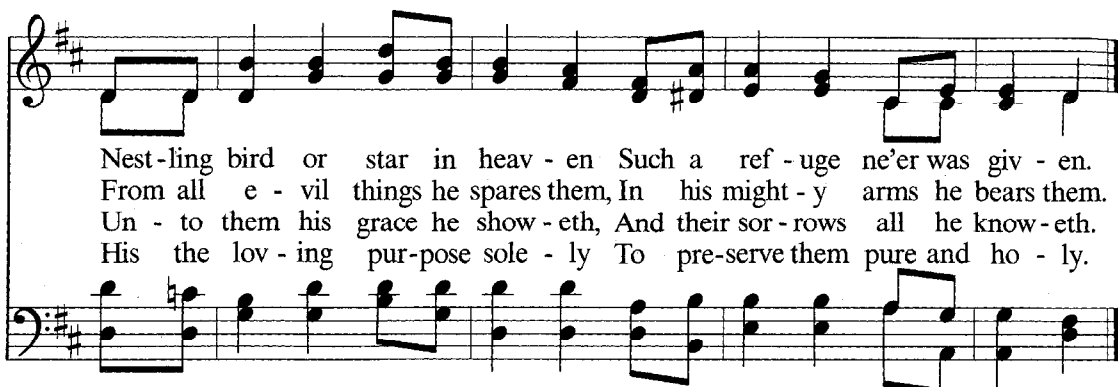
**MINISTER:** Rev. Beth Hoffman Faeth

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

# Children of the Heavenly Father



1 Chil - dren of the heav'n-ly Fa - ther Safe - ly in his bo - som gath - er;  
2 God his own doth tend and nour-ish, In his ho - ly courts they flour - ish.  
3 Nei - ther life nor death shall ev - er From the Lord his chil-dren sev - er;  
4 Though he giv - eth or he tak - eth, God his chil - dren ne'er for - sak - eth;



Nest-ling bird or star in heav - en Such a ref - uge ne'er was giv - en.  
From all e - vil things he spares them, In his might - y arms he bears them.  
Un - to them his grace he show - eth, And their sor - rows all he know - eth.  
His the lov - ing pur-pose sole - ly To pre-serve them pure and ho - ly.

© Text: *Caroline V. Sandell Berg, 1832-1903; tr. Ernst W. Olson, 1870-1958*  
Tune: *Swedish folk tune*

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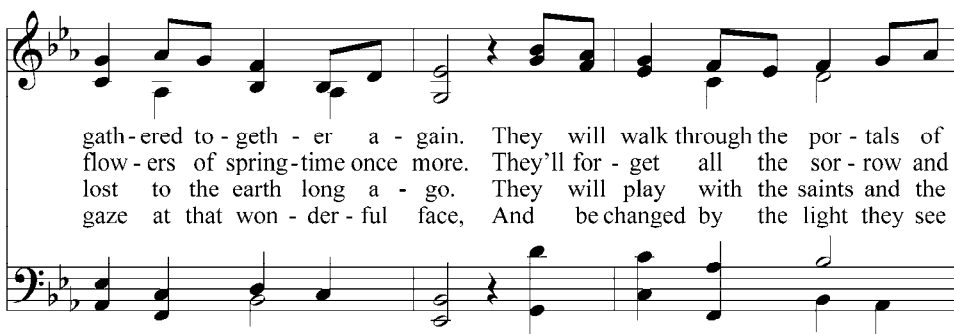
# THEY WILL STAND IN THE GATES OF THE CITY

Britt Hallqvist, 1976  
Tr. Gracia Grindal

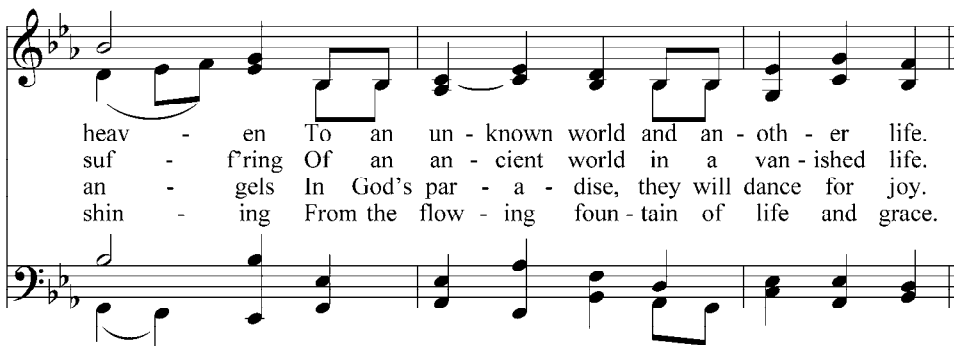
DE SKALL GÅ 10.9.10.10.9.6.  
Egil Hovland, 1976



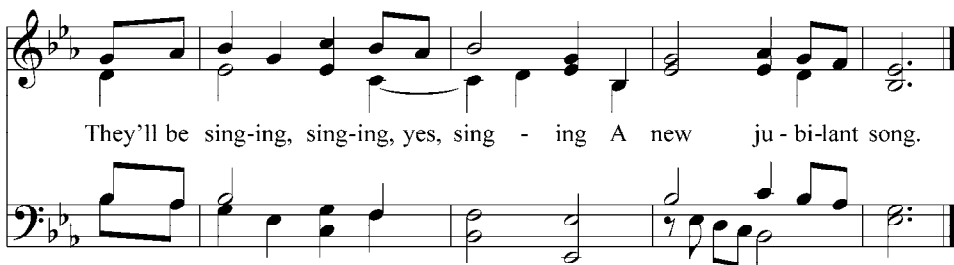
1 They will stand in the gates of the cit - y And be  
2 They'll re - mem - ber the green fields of sum - mer And the  
3 They will meet with their friends and the fam - 'ly Which they  
4 They will meet with the Lord of Cre - a - tion, They will



gath - ered to - geth - er a - gain. They will walk through the por - tals of  
flow - ers of spring-time once more. They'll for - get all the sor - row and  
lost to the earth long a - go. They will play with the saints and the  
gaze at that won - der - ful face, And be changed by the light they see



heav - en To an un - known world and an - oth - er life.  
suf - f'ring Of an an - cient world in a van - ished life.  
an - gels In God's par - a - dise, they will dance for joy.  
shin - ing From the flow - ing foun - tain of life and grace.



They'll be sing-ing, sing-ing, yes, sing - ing A new ju - bi-lant song.

## THIS GROUND MADE OF TREES

The giants have fallen.  
I think I can hear the echo  
of their slow composition

the centuries passing  
as note by note  
they fall into the forest's

silent music. Moss has run  
over their backs, mushrooms  
have sprung from the moss,

mold has coated the fungal caps  
and the heartwood  
has given itself to

muffled percussion  
of insect and microbe  
that carpet of sound

that gives the forest its rhythm.  
A nuthatch twits  
or a vole cheeps.

The scent of decay rises  
like steam from a stewpot.  
Anywhere I set my foot

a million lives work  
at metabolizing  
what has gone before them.

The day is shortening  
and the winter wrens have  
something to say about that.

I can almost give thanks  
that the soil will claim me  
but first allow me, dear life,

a few more words of praise  
for this ground made of trees  
where everything is an invitation

to lie down in the moss for good  
and become finally really  
useful, to pull closed

the drapery of lichen  
and let the night birds  
call me home.

—*Alison Hawthorne Deming*

*October 2008, H.J. Andrews Experimental Forest*



**Plymouth**  
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

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