

**May 24, 1999
12:30 P.M.**

COMMITTAL SERVICE
Norman Leslie Turnbull
and
Ellen Grace (Atkinson) Turnbull
Grip Fast Farm
Binscarth, Manitoba

Service provided by Heather Thurston

OPENING

Well, Norm and Grace, Dad and Mom, Grandpa and Grandma,
Great-grandpa and Great-grandma.....your long journey has come to a
close and we are all here to fulfill your requests that the symbolic
remains of your earthly lives be brought together in this special way.

Dad, I heard you say many times that you just wanted to be buried
beneath the old manure pile.....well, we're almost there! And Mom, your
final desire was to be with Dad. How happy we are to engage in this
small ceremony for two lives so extremely well lived.

INVITATION FOR OTHERS TO SPEAK

POEM - READ BY KAREN KLEMM

"REQUIEM"

I care not where you lay me
When my time comes to rest;
For I am a part of all that I have met;
Trees, the purling brook, the wave's wild crest,
The prairie grass and lake of blue,
The wind, the flying cloud, and mountains too;
The ocean deep, the sandy shore,
Me all these have made and more.

I care not where you lay me,
Perchance 'twill be among my fellow men,
These too in passing touched my hand,
Have left their mark upon my soul;
Yet, all at last shall come to rest
Set free from earthly care and toil,
Shall find a narrow cot, and strong of faith,
Sleeping, undefeated, shall smile at death.

I care not where you lay me nor shall I be alone;
No land, no sea, no mountain rock,
Sunlit prairie, nor forest dim of road,
Can stand between or circumvent
The all embracing love of God.

(Norman Leslie Turnbull 1948)

POEM - READ BY HEATHER THURSTON

A PARABLE OF IMMORTALITY

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength, and I stand and watch until at last she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and the sky come down to mingle with each other. Then someone at my side says, "There she goes!"

Gone where? Gone from my sight --- that is all. She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side and just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of destination. Her diminished size is in me, not in her. And just at the moment when someone at my side says, "There she goes!" there are other eyes watching her coming and other voices ready to take up the glad shout, "Here she comes!" (Henry Van Dyke)

INTERMENT

(Placing of small cedar chest into grave by grandsons, Jim, Doug, and Don Turnbull; small scattering of cremated remains by great-grandsons, Ryan and Cody Turnbull)

COMMITTAL (Prayer)

God, into your keeping we commend our Mother and Father here departed. We offer you our thanks for all you have done through the spirit of love given in Jesus of Nazareth and forever found in people like Grace and Norman. By giving them to live and die with and for us, we can take with us a renewed sense of devotion and commitment to one another and our earth. There is nothing that can finally come between us. We have been shown how to respond to one another with a love so well instilled that even endings give way to beginnings.

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust"

Through the original and creative spirit of your eternal presence, God, we release Mom and Dad to you, knowing they are free to live on within us as well. May they rest in peace and be forever an inspiration to a love that knows now end. AMEN

INVITATION TO PARTICIPATE IN REPLACING THE SOIL

CLOSING

You would know the secret of death.

But how shall you find it unless you seek it in the heart of life?

The owl whose night-bound eyes are blind unto the day
cannot unveil the mystery of light.

If you would indeed behold the spirit of death,
open your heart wide unto the body of life.

For life and death are one.

For what is it to die but to stand naked in the wind
and to melt into the sun?

And what is it to cease breathing,
but to free the breath from its restless tides,
That it may rise and expand and seek God unencumbered?

Only when you drink from the river of silence
shall you indeed sing.

And when you have reached the mountaintop,
then you shall begin to climb.

And when the earth shall claim your limbs,
then shall you truly dance." (Kahlil Gibran)

Go in peace