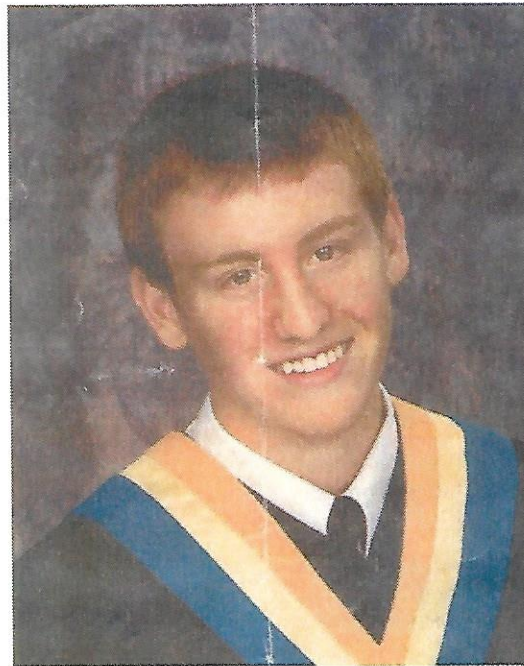


Transcript of the January 12<sup>th</sup> 2007 Funeral Service in Loving Memory of

**DRAFT**

# James Christian Harris



**1988-2007**

Draft 1

DRAFT

## **Prelude Music**

### **Organ recital**

#### **No More Tears in Heaven** (*Eric Clapton and Will Jennings*)

Would you know my name  
If I saw you in heaven?  
Would it be the same  
If I saw you in heaven?

I must be strong  
And carry on,  
'Cause I know I don't belong  
Here in heaven.

Would you hold my hand  
If I saw you in heaven?  
Would you help me stand  
If I saw you in heaven?

I'll find my way  
Through night and day,  
'Cause I know I just can't stay  
Here in heaven.

Time can bring you down,  
Time can bend your knees.  
Time can break your heart,  
Have you begging please, begging please.

Beyond the door,  
There's peace I'm sure,  
And I know there'll be no more  
Tears in heaven.

Would you know my name  
If I saw you in heaven?  
Would it be the same  
If I saw you in heaven?

I must be strong  
And carry on,  
'Cause I know I don't belong  
Here in heaven.

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**Gathering Prayers** *(Rev. Doug Norris)*

God is our refuge and strength,  
a very present help in trouble.  
Therefore we will not fear, though the earth should change,  
though the mountains shake in the heart of the sea;  
though its waters roar and foam,  
though the mountains tremble with its tumult.

The LORD of hosts is with us;  
the God of Jacob is our refuge. *(Psalm 46)*

For I am convinced that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor rulers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. *(Romans 8)*

**Welcome** *(Rev. Doug Norris)*

**Dear David, Michelle, Nancy, Rob, Matt, Caitlin, Andrew, friends, and neighbors...**

We have this time now to honour the life of, and grieve the death of James Christian Harris. We'll follow the Christian traditions... Whatever your own practices...

Let this be a place of comfort, blessing, prayer and peace.

You, God, have given us breath and life. And now with the breath knocked out of us we come seeking new breath.

You have given us all of our days, and because these past days have been a blow and a grief, we come seeking life for the days to come.

You have given us your child James, and now we see him no more, so we come praying for new sight, and new ways to love him still,

For the love you have for him, and the love we have for him, has not died, and will not die, but is only changed – so we seek wisdom for the time ahead.

So we ask for comfort – our hearts beat wild with fears. We ask for tenderness – because the people around us are also afraid. We

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ask for courage – because there is much for us yet to do, and now it will all be harder.

So send your Holy Spirit, we pray – into us and between us, and let there be light.

Most Holy God, even on this day – let there be light...

## **For the Beauty of the Earth**

For the beauty of the earth  
For the glory of the skies,  
For the love which from our birth  
Over and around us lies.

*Refrain*

*God of all, to you we raise,  
This our hymn of grateful praise.*

For the beauty of each hour,  
Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
Sun and moon, and stars of light.

*Refrain*

For the joy of human love,  
Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth and friends above,  
For all gentle thoughts and mild.

*Refrain*

For each perfect gift sublime,  
To our race so freely given,  
Graces human and divine,  
Flowers of earth and buds of Heaven.

*Refrain*

**Reading** (Rev. Doug Norris, Genesis 2)

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This is the account of the heavens and the earth when they were created. When the LORD God made the earth and the heavens- and no shrub of the field had yet appeared on the earth and no plant of the field had yet sprung up, for the LORD God had not sent rain on the earth and there was no man to work the ground, but streams came up from the earth and watered the whole surface of the ground- the LORD God formed the man from the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and the man became a living being.

### **Reading** (Rev. Norris, *Philippians* 4:8-9)

Finally, brothers and sisters, whatever is true, whatever is noble, whatever is right, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is admirable—if anything is excellent or praiseworthy—think about such things. Whatever you have learned or received or heard from me, or seen in me—put it into practice. And the God of peace will be with you.

### **Reflections** (Rev. Norris)

During these reflections, we will hear several pieces of music included *Be Lifted High* by Michael Smith and Rhapsody by Burton Cummings. Words and music to listen to. These pieces were picked in love for James.

### **Murray Merkle**

Good Morning Family and Friends

My name is Murray Merkle and this is my son Sam. Our family was introduced to Jamie and the Harris family through Sam while the boys were doing post graduate work at Miss McLaughlin's Preschool at the ripe age of 3.

Their friendship flourished and expanded into a tight group of friends that included neighbors Adam Roebuck and Alistair Scott. Honorary members to this select gang were brothers Matt and Andrew and Al's younger brother Graham Scott

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Jamie from the “get-go” was a bundle of energy with bright red locks seldom ever out of place. His smile and easy going personality was complimented by his gentle and kind demeanor and his very sturdy build.

I would like to call upon Sam to reflect upon his friendship with James.

### **Sam Merkley**

I am honored and privileged to represent James Harris friends in these times of despair.

Everyone has an image of James that wills stick out in their mind and every story differs.

My interpretation of James comes from a longtime friend, fellow hockey and soccer teammate, family friend, road hockey and school buddy.

James and I go back all the way to preschool. James was an individual. To me James was a normal kid that was going through normal issues that kids, teens all go through.

James was always smiling he had the ability to light up a room and even yet a photograph.

James would never bring grief or turmoil to our friendship. Instead James was a friend that would always be there to let everybody lean on his shoulder. He was a caring loving friend that was there for everybody and always willing to help a friend out in need.

He was a guy that could always make sense of others issues.

He helped me grow into who I am today. Like many other of James friends, I valued his friendship.

Everyone respected James and everyone looked up to him. He was the rock of the relationship of our gang. He was a guy that never faltered.

James came from a loving caring family that loved him so very much.

James was a true athlete in many different sports. He was an incredible soccer player who set me up on a number of occasions,

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making me look good time and time again. I remember one time when we went to the farm house in Oxbridge and we hit golf balls all over the prestige's golf course in their back yard. He loved to make sports fun.

He had the ability to make it the whole way. He strived to be the best and accepted nothing less. James and I were able to make a good time on whatever we were doing at the time.

When I look back at James's short lived life, James will be forever known as a loving and friend.

He was a good kid that grew into a young man. He was a funny and nice to all. He was gentle and quite a guy.

He has been described to be the rock of the party. He will be forever remembered in my heart as a true and loyal friend.

When I think of James, I think of loyal, faithful and honored friendship come to mind.

These are only some things that come to mind when I think of my friend. James was a kind, good-hearted guy that was good to us all.

I will forever miss him and will never forget the times we were able to share together.

I will never forget you friend. I love you and will always miss you. May you rest in peace in the better place I know you are in.

I am better to have known James and loved him and experience his life than not knowing him at all.

### **Murray Merkley**

Actually when I reflect back on the kids I thought that Jamie and the boys would one day end up in the air conditioning business.

The laundry room of our house was the indoor venue for stick hockey. But as the boys got board of stick hockey they eventually brought out the big artillery. Real pucks real sticks, real contact.

Yes we had really good air-conditioning with pucks right through the drywall, broken brick, not to mention the 25 broken windows.

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Over the years we saw Jamie mature into a young man with such fine qualities that any parent would be so very proud.

I feel that it is so safe to say that everyone who knew Jamie is in a state of disbelief and shock of this tremendous and unfathomable loss to Jamie, his family, his friends and his fellow teammates.

I would describe Jamie as soft spoken who was most happy when he was with his family or playing sports. Shy, kind, and respectful.

He was...a leader in sports, a person who shared, a true friend and a consciences student.

Jamie loved to go to the Longest Yard. In fact last night we conducted an audit and believe that between the Harris family and the Merkle family we have consumed 135, 422 medium wings, a record which will always stand.

Jamie over the years did much of his talking with his athletic talent. In Mooredale he proved to be a talented soccer player during the warmer months and when he suited up for hockey he was always a threat on the ice.

Jamie was part of a very active family including brothers Matt and Andrew and his loving sister Caitlin whom he totally worshipped.

To the credit of both of his parents David and Michelle they were juggling masters always attending all of their kid's very active sports schedules.

David often stated that Jamie's talent on the ice exceeded his brother Matt who is currently plays college hockey in the United States.

Jamie was given a position on the Toronto Red Wings Triple A Hockey Team which he subsequently relinquished. He also wore the A on his jersey for Northern Collegiate Hockey Team. One of the staff told my son that the A did not stand for Assistant, It stood for Anchor.

Jamie matured into a strapping young man with a stature of 6 foot 2 inches cut with muscle. But he never lost his shyness or gentleness. He was a gentle giant of a young man.

As we all reflect on this time of wonderment we all ask ourselves why? Why did this young man take it upon himself to end a life which was filled and blessed with such great qualities?

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Without question he must have faced each day with fear and trepidation so well camouflaged by his personality that even those closest to him never suspected what was to happen on January 8<sup>th</sup> 2007.

With all of the fantastic redeeming qualities that Jamie possessed they could not stave off the demons that haunted him on that fateful morning.

Jamie you will be missed by everyone that came in contact with you including your extended family. The pain will never be forgotten, but we pray that your family will learn to live with it.

I hope that you have found a new life of lasting peace and that peace has found you my little Harry.

**Caitlin Harris on behalf of her Mother, Michelle Harris**

My name is Caitlin Harris and James was my brother. I am going to read this eulogy to you that was written by my Mother.

Dearest Lord,  
You give ... You take away.  
You gave us James for close to 18 ½ years.  
And, now, You have taken him home.

Please cover him with Your love and forgiveness.

Please whisper in James' ear that while he was on Earth he was truly, utterly, and deeply loved from the moment he was born until the morning of January 8<sup>th</sup>.

Please let him know that he was loved by imperfect people ... but, even through our imperfections, we still managed to love and cherish him beyond words.

Now ... please let *me* know why he had to leave all of us behind so soon ... me, his Dad, and Matthew, Caitlin, and Andrew, as well as Lauren and Michael.

Please let *me* know why he left behind Rudi and Oz, our two dogs who adored him ... and why he left behind a remarkable little boy called Scotty whose eyes would light up when he saw him.

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I know James is now at peace with You and this fills me with such indescribable joy ... his soul is resting with You in heaven ... and when our time comes he will welcome us, one by one, with that sweet, unassuming, and bashful smile ... his arms extended wide ... so we may be all linked up again forever with each other and also with You, my Lord.

You knew that for **the** past few years James found life a struggle to get through ... he was grappling with so many questions that we never even knew about ...

He was your warrior ... sent down here to fight for what he thought was right and just. James was my angel, protector, and my son ...

A couple of months ago, on a road trip to Rochester to see Matt play hockey, James proudly introduced me to some of the music he enjoyed listening to. We sat there, together, for hours, not talking very much, but feeling so close ... Thank you, God, for keeping us safe and, at the same time, giving me this gift that I will never forget for as long as I live.

May the music in James' heart continue playing inside all of us ... the songs he claims he couldn't sing ... and yet ... he did because we heard it every day.

Dearest Lord, your child is now home with You. Please treasure him, keep him warm, and keep him safe in Your arms.

With all my love and gratitude ... for the years we got to share with him.

I love you, James.

### **Mathew Harris**

James was one of the most thoughtful, respectful, and loving individuals I knew. It was an absolute pleasure to have him as my brother. He always put the thoughts and wants of others ahead of his own needs. I truly believe he did not have a selfish bone in his body.

What many people did not know about James was that he was an extremely picky eater. He wouldn't eat cereal, peanut butter, popcorn and many other common foods. Instead of the typical

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bowl of cereal for James in the morning, my mother would painstakingly make him Kraft Dinner. I found this terribly disgusting, but now that he is gone, the only thing I want to see when I wake up is the sight of him sitting at the breakfast table hunched over the comics chowing down like he always did. He was my baby brother and for the rest of my life I will see his face in the back of my mind and in my dreams, smiling and laughing.

James lived for spending time with my youngest brother and I out on the street after school. We would play ball hockey everyday till the sun went down. I will never forget those times with him. We grew up on those streets. We learned the meaning of fair play and respect even though our games ended with us at each other's throats. The sound of him laughing and the memory of him running after a stray tennis ball are images that I will cherish forever. I never told him but I always thought he was a better player than I was. I know it is a little late now but it's important that I tell him through these words.

However, there was another side to James that he kept hidden from my family and I. He struggled with his self image over the past few years and totally shunned himself from his peers and even his close friends. We tried desperately to get through to him but I got the feeling that he did not want to burden us with whatever problems he was dealing with. At times it was very hard to deal with his mood swings but I will always remember the spirit of a truly beautiful young man.

If there is one thing that everyone in this room can learn as a life lesson from this tragic loss, it is to never judge a book by its cover. This world can be extremely judgmental and superficial, but if we as a collective group took the time to realize that not everyone fits into the stereotypical mold, I know this world would be a much better place.

I love you James and I will miss you for the rest of my life.

### **Be Lifted High** *(Michael W. Smith)*

Sin and its ways grow old  
All of my heart turns to stone  
And I'm left with no strength to arise  
I need to be lifted high

Sin and its ways lead to pain

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Left here with hurt and with shame  
So no longer will I leave your side  
Jesus, you'll be lifted high

You'll be lifted high  
You'll be lifted high  
You'll be lifted high in my life  
Oh God  
And I fall to my knees  
So it's you that they see  
Not I  
Jesus, you'll be lifted high

And even now that I'm inside your house  
Help me not to grow prideful again  
Don't let me forsake sacrifice  
Jesus you'll be lifted high

And if I'm blessed with the riches of kings  
How could I ever feel that it was me  
For you brought me from darkness to light  
Jesus, you'll be lifted high

You'll be lifted high  
You'll be lifted high  
You'll be lifted high in my life  
Oh God  
And I fall to my knees  
So it's you that they see  
Not I  
Jesus, you'll be lifted

### **Caitlin Harris**

#### **The Hero Within**

This time a week ago I was planning to go back to Vancouver and start my second semester at UBC with a fresh start, looking forward to getting a second chance to boost my grades and see my friends and start playing rugby. Little did I know that later on this week I would be standing in front of all of you lovely people, basking in Jamie's life and weeping over his death.

#### **Jamie The Hockey Player**

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Jamie loved hockey more than anything in the entire world. I have vivid memories of the boys, my boys, playing road hockey on the streets of Moore Park. There were times that I would just get thrown in net and Matt and Jamie would hold me down as they would strap on the goalie pads. Jamie had one mean slap shot that's for sure. And whenever he would wind up and shoot, I would just duck- not even caring if he scored. He loved the game. He loved his teammates. He loved his brothers. And he loved his Dad. In his hockey career, Jamie was always awarded an A on his jersey. It was almost as if he never even wanted to be captain— something which not a lot of people understand. Jamie didn't want the spot light, but that rarely stopped it from shining on him- both on and off the ice.

### **Jamie in the Middle-of-the Road**

For those of you who don't know much about my life, I've been a counselor at Camp Kandalore for the past three years. Saying that this camp is an incredible place would simply be an understatement. I've met some incredible people at Kandalore, who have changed the way I see the world. And every single year at pre-camp, Dave Graham, the Director has a seminar for the staff on "middle-of-the-road" campers. The sort of kid who doesn't stand out as a trouble maker but they don't over-achieve either. They listen. They participate. And they don't grab the spotlight. Dave always said to watch out for those kids. And Jamie we were watching you but no one knew the depth of your pain. Things aren't always as they seem. Jamie was a humble and sensitive person who had an extremely gentle soul. And I believe that Jamie thought that he went unnoticed at times. But you never went unnoticed Jamie. And by looking at everyone's faces today, I know deep down, that he was truly respected, loved and admired.

### **Jamie The Warrior**

Jamie was my younger brother. And he saw himself as a warrior. The warrior archetype is said to develop the courage to fight for what they believe in- even when doing so requires great risk and even their lives. Warriors become burned out because they live life as a constant struggle against others and against parts of themselves that they regard as unworthy. Many men and women realize how the inner struggle ultimately was destroying themselves: their souls, their hearts, or even their bodies. But what Jamie failed to realize that the only person he was fighting against

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was himself. He was his own worst enemy. During these last few years, Jamie's world was defined by a vision of perpetual threat, where he was irrationally bent on self-destruction. He saw light in death. Jamie had constant fears of not being the best, of being inadequate or inferior. But Jamie ultimately slayed his inner dragon and unfortunately had to leave this world in the process. He developed an alternate, hidden side that none of us, not even my mother, knew about. My family was always there for him but he chose to go through all of this alone. He suffered in silence.

### **Jamie The Family Man**

Jamie first off hated being called Jamie. It was James. And he'll probably get so embarrassed from this- but he also had a lot of nick-names. My mom called him Jummer. My Dad called him Jazz, I called him Jims and Andrew called him J-Hawk. I think Matthew was the sole person who respected his wish to be called James. He was a family man. He looked up to Matthew so much- Matt was his hero. And Andrew was one of his best friends. We were all so close with each other. A new era was beginning for us four, where we were getting older, and we were finally getting along. Our wrestling no longer draws blood, nor does it lead us to the emergency room. We stopped fighting over who would get the front seat. We stopped acting like children and started to become friends. Jamie I know you loved us all so much.

He bought me a card this past week and I liked it so much that I want to share it with you, it said:  
Imagine a world in which every person believed they mattered.

James you mattered to us ... I want every individual in this room to know that they matter.

### **Andrew Harris**

James, to me, was not only a brother, but a friend. He was the kind of guy you could really count on when you needed. From lending you some money for a Barqs, to picking you up some from St. Claire subway, to getting the guy back in hockey who hit you from behind.

Even though sometimes we our ups and downs, we knew exactly how to deal with it. Just give it 20minutes to 1hour, then set up Xbox Live and hook up halo. We all had some good times making fun of the other kids we were playing against.

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But not all good times were playing video games. During the warmer times, we would set up road hockey. The best games were when Jamie strapped on the pads. No one could get past him. Especially when he got older, the net seemed to get smaller.

Jamie was better on skates than off. Last summer, James and his good friend Chris Feniak organized a neighborhood 3 on 3 team. We made it to the finals with Chris' fine goaltending, his brother Jay's dazzling defense and the little speedster Corey Quan. We were the mongoose. At the end of the game, we would all talk about how many points we got, and for me, Corey and Jay it would be 1-2 at least. Then it would turn to James and it would be at least 6-7. 14 points max. our team crushed almost all of the other teams, not only because we were older than everyone, but because we had j-hawk. He was a power player, for every team he played for.

At the theatres, he was something else. Everyone would be eating popcorn, but Jamie would only order sour patch kids or any other good candy they had there. His favourite were milk duds, but they stopped serving them in Canada the last couple of years.

Jamie was unique, but everyone loved him for it. May you rest in peace J-Hawk, you will always be loved, cherished, remembered and adored as a brother, son, teammate, student, hockey fan and an all-around amazing person. I love you to the moon and back.

## **David Harris**

My Dear Dear James

I held you in my hands at your birth, at a moment full of utter wonder, joy and excitement. You were a lovely gorgeous red haired bundle of joy. I loved to waken for your 200 am feedings, to hold your warm gentle body as you slept in my arms.

I recall one Saturday afternoon holding you, fast asleep, in my arms watching the Blue Jays game on TV, as George Bell was blasting a home run over the left field wall - how could it get any better !

We spent so many lovely summer and winter weekends in Uxbridge swimming and splashing in the pool, barbeques, mid night videos and telling you long bed time stories - can you remember when I stopped the story and asked each one of you to continue the path of the story ? -- there were always 4 kids -

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Mooshy, Cuters, Jooters and Anders, wondering in a distant forest or far away planet protecting each other from some unknown monsters or aliens from outer space - you so loved those crazy invented stories - you chased fireflies, lit fireworks, roasted hot dogs over huge bon fires, and in the winter skied and snowboarded.

I loved lifting you on the chair lift at 800 am on a cold Saturday morning for your first ride to the top of Georgian Peaks and hearing your squeals of joy as you slid down the Champlain trail with Matthew, Caitlin and Andrew. You loved darting into the trails through the woods at the bottom of the run. I can see you now bobbing up and down through the trees, laughing with all your heart.

Soon your skiing gave way to hockey. How many practices and games did we attend together...likely a thousand. I watched you grow into a young man of 6' 2" from a tiny child. You had all the athletic ability and charm and intelligence to be whatever you aspired to be. You were the on the on-ice leader on the Northern Hockey Team and your AA Kings team. You were admired and loved by your fellow players and your coaches. I know you were not overly keen that I coached your team for two seasons - you believed I was showing too much attention to you.

You never aspired to the spotlight. You wore the A on your shirt, but never sought out the C. I recall your coach at Northern advising you that in the next season it was all up to you whether it would be a C or an A on your sweater. I knew you preferred the second seat, away from the glare. I expect that you are now humbled by the attention of this day as we speak, as you watch from above.

Most of all, James, I loved playing on the same adult hockey teams with you. We won two league championships in the summer of 2005 with you and Matthew - the Old Nats and The Rotten Leafs. I remember now our friend Vito telling me then to treasure such beautiful moments together. What prophetic words - David, never ever take this for granted, Vito, said. I treasured that time then and I do so now - I treasure and honour these memories of our moments together.

It will be something that can never be repeated - I resign my hockey career now in memory of you - in any event, my shoulders ache, not to mention my heart, and realistically the chances of me getting drafted are pretty slim, even with all the Leaf injuries.

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I knew that you had troubles lurking within you in the last few years. I knew you were depressed and needed help. You shunned your friends and those who tried to befriend you. You were lonely without your siblings in town.

On our cruise from Venice last summer with Matthew and Andrew, you were very happy, enjoying every minute. You left lasting smiling photographs of this trip which are etched in my heart forever.

You and your friends Chris, Jay Feniak and Corey and your brother Andrew spent the weekend at the Uxbridge house to party at the end of this summer before Chris went off to school. You cleaned up every bottle and the place looked spotless - even better than before the weekend. We laughed together as I read Chris' thank you note as I said to you "Nancy says whoever left the note brought the beer".

Matthew took you to Rochester on a clothes buying trip in early September - you respected his choice of clothes and he was so proud and ready to help you. You returned with Andrew so seemingly full of love and hope.

Your mother and Nancy and I extended that medical help to you which seemed to be working. You told Nancy and me on our long drive together in September as to how much you loved your new school SOLA and how wonderful it was that your teachers cared for you and how much you wanted to excel academically. Your life at that moment seemed so positive and hopeful. We burst with happiness for you as you thanked us for that new opportunity.

You were overjoyed to have your first "new car" in late November when Matt was here for US Thanksgiving.

At Christmas this year you seemed so happy to have all your siblings back together. You bounced out of our house Christmas Eve with your Christmas present and a smile as wide as the Grand Canyon and gave us such a loving hug and kiss.

I know now that demons were inside you hurting you so much. Your hidden pain must have been unbearable. You did not reach out for help and vocalize your issues to all those you cared and loved you - all of us were ready to help you. Perhaps you were too proud or afraid to do so - we were all here for you James.

My heart and my soul ache to see you and hold you once more. You meant the world to me James. I wanted so much to guide your future travels through the world - to congratulate you for next end

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to end rush on the hockey rink, on your excellent marks in school, for the friends who love you now and would have loved you tomorrow, on your graduation dates, on the commencement of your new career, on your wedding day, the birth of your own children - and most of all to be by your side to help you when you fell.

James, you have fallen. I am so saddened you did not allow us who love you so much to help you in your time of your deepest darkest despair. I cannot imagine the terror of the demons that haunted your soul and what bizarre irrational thought drove your last wishes.

You have hurt so many people around you who love you as I do. I forgive you for this heinous act you have committed. I am only comforted that in my death our souls will unite and be together forever.

Just as our pain has begun this week, I pray your demons have ceased and you are at peace.

This morning when I was alone in the car I asked you to send me a sign you were safe. I was startled when in the next minute the radio played the Burton Cummings song: *I will Play a Rhapsody*:

How will you know?  
Where you should go?  
Anywhere you want to love is fast or love is slow  
Falling through feeling  
And falling through time  
You won't know me to see me  
But I'll come to you in rhyme

For I... Will play a rhapsody  
Cleverly disguise it, so it's not been heard before  
And I... Will sing a lullaby  
Let you know I'm near you through the night to keep you warm.  
I... Will play a rhapsody  
Cleverly disguise it, so it's not been heard before...  
And.. I... Will sing a lullaby  
Let you know I'm near you through the night to keep you warm.  
I'll let you know I'm near you through the night to keep you warm.

May God Bless your soul and comfort you forever, James, my lovely lovely child.

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Good Bye, my beautiful lovely son, and until we meet again, I will try so hard to wear my sorrow proudly. Please stay near me through the night to keep me warm.

## **I Will Play a Rhapsody** *(Burton Cummings)*

### **VERSE 1**

What will you see?  
What will you be?  
Anything you want to love is easy  
How will you know  
If I am for you?  
You won't know me to see me  
But you'll know by what I do.

### *Chorus*

*For I... Will play a rhapsody  
Cleverly disguise it, so it's not been heard before  
And I... Will sing a lullaby  
Let you know I'm near you through the night to keep you warm.*

How will you know?  
Where you should go?  
Anywhere you want to love is fast or love is slow  
Falling through feeling  
And falling through time  
You won't know me to see me  
But I'll come to you in rhyme

### *Chorus*

I... Will play a rhapsody  
Cleverly disguise it, so it's not been heard before...  
And.. I... Will sing a lullaby  
Let you know I'm near you through the night to keep you warm.  
I'll let you know I'm near you through the night to keep you warm.

I Will play a rhapsody, you see?

### *Chorus*

## **Gospel & Homily** *(Rev. Norris, John 14 (selected))*

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"Do not let your hearts be troubled. Trust in God; trust also in me. In my Father's house are many rooms; if it were not so, I would have told you. I am going there to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back and take you to be with me that you also may be where I am. You know the way to the place where I am going. On that day you will realize that I am in my Father, and you are in me, and I am in you. Peace I leave with you; my peace I give you. I do not give to you as the world gives. Do not let your hearts be troubled and do not be afraid.

There is a tradition, in the Church, of reading these words, when we are together to grieve a death : "*Do not let your hearts be troubled – and do not be afraid*". Brave words, noble words. And nonsense – at least for now.

Of course our hearts are troubled – and of course we are afraid.

This is as hard a day as we will find. We shouldn't be here – James shouldn't be here – not like this. But we are, and he is, and so our hearts are troubled and we are afraid. The earth shifts under us. Things that made sense, that brought joy, now seem foolish, flat.

Let me bring two convictions – two messages from the community of faith here – hoping that this very small light may at least be some light for you today.

First – I do not believe this is part of some plan of God. Sometimes the easy thing to say is that there must be a reason God has for this. That it is part of the unfolding of some larger plan we just can't see.

I've looked all through this Holy Book and I don't find anything to tell me that this is how it should go – in fact I find that the desire of God for each human life is to be lived fully and abundantly and in peace. Sometimes the easy thing to say is that God must have had a better place in mind for Jamie. I think he had a fine place right here, among all of you, and your deep love for him.

Whatever has happened here –whatever fears and loss of light became mixed in with all of the life and light that was in Jamie – we do not have to believe that God thought this was OK. God grieves alongside you, and weeps with you today.

Second – I believe Jamie is not now being judged for his choices. Some folks, who are frightened by how deeply this hurts, may want to say that this is a terrible sin. Here's what I find in the Scriptures : Do you think Jamie was weary of trying to carry

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whatever has was carrying ? Jesus said '*Come to me, you who are weary...*' Do you think Jamie was burdened – and longed to not be burdened anymore ? Jesus said '*Come to me, you who are weary, and carrying heavy burdens – come to me and I will give you rest...*'

This is the desire of God – that we live fully, abundantly, with joy, and when that dream fails – to know that we are held anyway – loved deeply, welcomed and finally given rest.

David, Michelle, Matt, Caitlin, Andrew – if love could have fixed this, you were all over it. And because of the deep love it hurts deeply. You will carry this as an almost unbearable grief – for a while – and time will not take it away but will change it into a mark that will always mark you – know that it is the mark of love. You see, by this room full of your people – you do not wear the mark alone. Reach out. Your people are nearby.

To all of you who are singed by the edges and ripples of this loss – let Jamie teach us. Whatever he has in his life to bring, to teach, to give, has now been taught, brought, given. So our work is to honour him by seeing clearly, and then, whatever has been finest, best, strongest, in his life – think about these things, and love how he has been with you. And the God of peace will be with us...

Let us each now take a time for silence, and in the silence to offer our last blessings for James, and to hear for his words and blessing for you.

**Mary Gently Rocked Her Baby** (St. Joseph's  
Choir, Hamilton, Ontario)

**Prayers** (Rev. Norris)

And so, God, your people pause in grief.

We understand that in days to come we will feel strong again,  
That in days to come, this beloved Jamie will be recalled with love,  
even joy –  
But for today we find heartache, and so we ask for the comfort of  
your Spirit.

May you build us back up, so that we are again able to live fully.

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May you restore us to strength, so that we might live strongly.

Hear our prayers for David, Jamie's father, and for Michelle, his mother,  
and bless them, and their families with grace...

Hear our prayers for Matt, for Caitlin, for Andrew.  
May they be strong in their aching – for it is an ache which rises from love.  
And when this pain is calmed, may they find the blessing of life-long remembering, and  
For your Jesus, who has taught us of your grace, and who taught us to pray, saying :

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 trespasses  
as we forgive those who trespass against us;  
and lead us not into temptation,  
but deliver us from evil.  
For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours  
now and forever.

Amen.

## **Closing Hymn, Morning Has Broken**

*(Bunessan)*

Morning has broken, like the first morning  
Blackbird has spoken, like the first bird  
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning  
Praise for the springing fresh from the world

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven  
Like the first dewfall, on the first grass  
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden  
Sprung in completeness where his feet pass

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning  
Born of the one light, Eden saw play  
Praise with elation, praise every morning  
God's recreation of the new day

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## **Blessing** (Rev. Norris)

"May The Lord bless you and keep you;  
The Lord make His face shine upon you,  
And be gracious to you;  
The Lord lift up His countenance upon you,  
And give you peace."

## **Recessionals**

### **Sweet Baby James** (James Taylor)

There is a young cowboy he lives on the range  
His horse and his cattle are his only companions  
He works in the saddle and he sleeps in the canyons  
Waiting for summer, his pastures to change

And as the moon rises he sits by his fire  
Thinking about women and glasses of beer  
And closing his eyes as the doggies retire  
He sings out a song which is soft but its clear  
As if maybe someone could hear

*(chorus)*

*Goodnight you moonlight ladies  
Rockabye sweet baby James  
Deep greens and blues are the colors I choose  
Won't you let me go down in my dreams  
And rockabye sweet baby James*

Now the first of December was covered with snow  
And so was the turnpike from Stockbridge to Boston  
Lord, the Berkshires seemed dream-like on account of that frosting  
With ten miles behind me and ten thousand more to go

*(chorus)*

There's a song that they sing when they take to the highway  
A song that they sing when they take to the sea  
A song that they sing of their home in the sky

Maybe you can believe it if it helps you to sleep  
But singing works just fine for me

*(chorus)*

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**Chasing Cars** (*Snow Patrol*)

We'll do it all  
Everything  
On our own

We don't need  
Anything  
Or anyone  
If I lay here  
If I just lay here  
Would you lie with me and just forget the world?

I don't quite know  
How to say  
How I feel

Those three words  
Are said too much  
they're not enough

If I lay here  
If I just lay here  
Would you lie with me and just forget the world?

Forget what we're told  
Before we get too old  
Show me a garden that's bursting into life

Let's waste time  
Chasing cars  
Around our heads

I need your grace  
To remind me  
To find my own

If I lay here  
If I just lay here

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Would you lie with me and just forget the world?

Forget what we're told  
Before we get too old  
Show me a garden that's bursting into life

All that I am  
All that I ever was  
Is here in your perfect eyes, they're all I can see

I don't know where  
Confused about how as well  
Just know that these things will never change for us at all

If I lay here  
If I just lay here  
Would you lie with me and just forget the world?

## **Pall Bearers**

Matthew Harris  
Andrew Harris  
Michael Bucys  
Justin Gray  
Jan Feniak  
Sam Merkley  
Caitlin Harris  
Lauren Bucys  
Geoffrey Birkenshaw  
Chris Feniak  
Kenin Timney

Lives of great men all remind us  
can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate ;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

*(H. W. Longfellow)*

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**Requiescat in Pace James**