

**Celebration of the Life and Legacy
of**

Joseph Kerr

April 29, 1940 - January 24, 2024



Saturday, June 22, 2024

2:00 PM

Rector

The Reverend Michele H. Morgan

Director of Music

Jeff Kempskie

PRELUDE MUSIC

As the procession enters the Nave, all, as able, please stand.

BURIAL RITE

I am Resurrection and I am Life, says the Holy One.
Whoever has faith in me shall have life, even though they die.
And those who have life,
and have committed themselves to me in faith,
shall not die for ever.

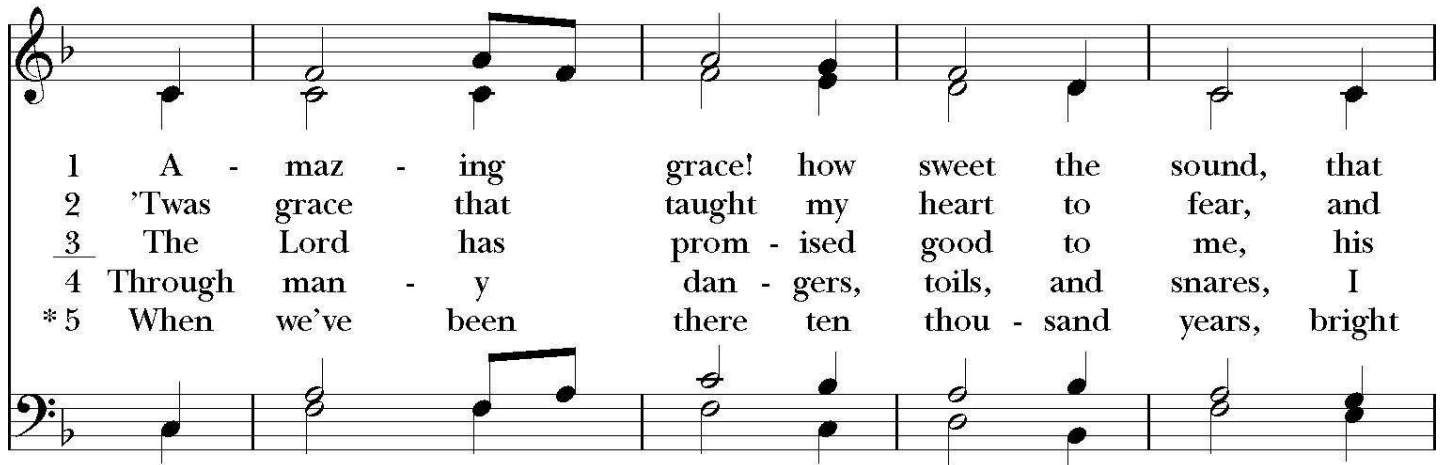
As for me, I know that my Redeemer lives
and that at the last he will stand upon the earth.
After my awaking, my Redeemer will raise me up;
and in my body I shall see God.
I myself shall see, and my eyes behold the one
who is my friend and not a stranger.

For we do not have life in ourselves,
and we do not become our own god when we die.
For if we have life, we are alive in God,
and if we die, we die in God.
So, then, whether we live or die,
we are God's possession.

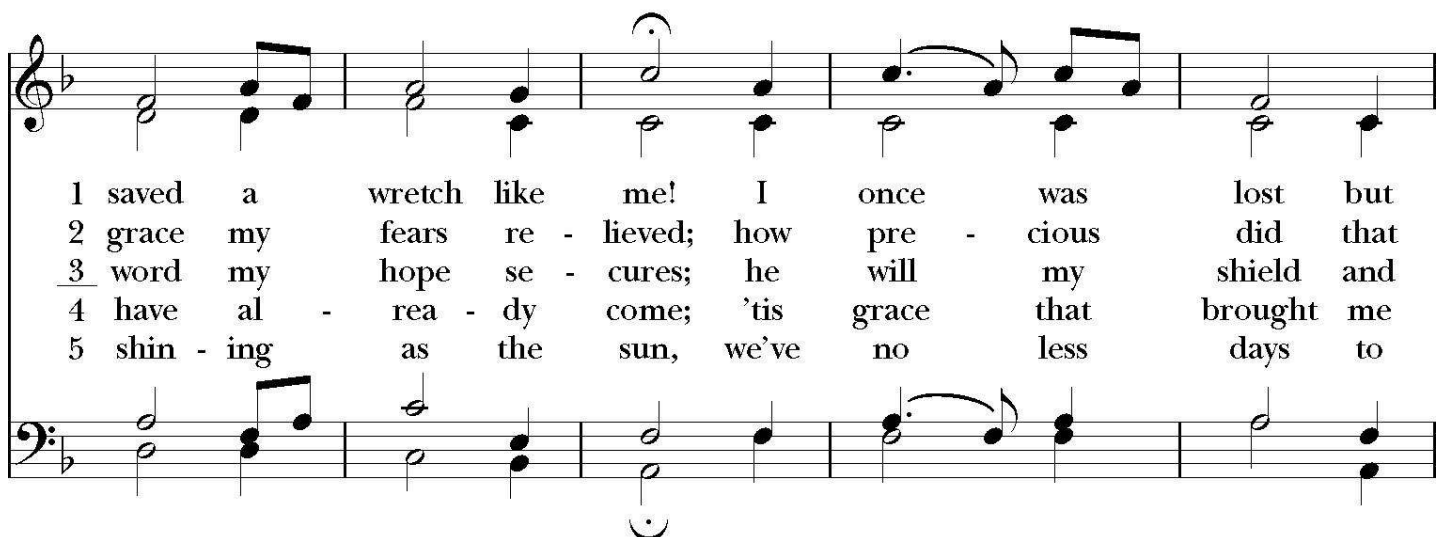
Happy from now on
are those who die in the Holy One!
So it is, says the Spirit,
for they rest from their labors.

HYMN Amazing grace, how sweet the sound

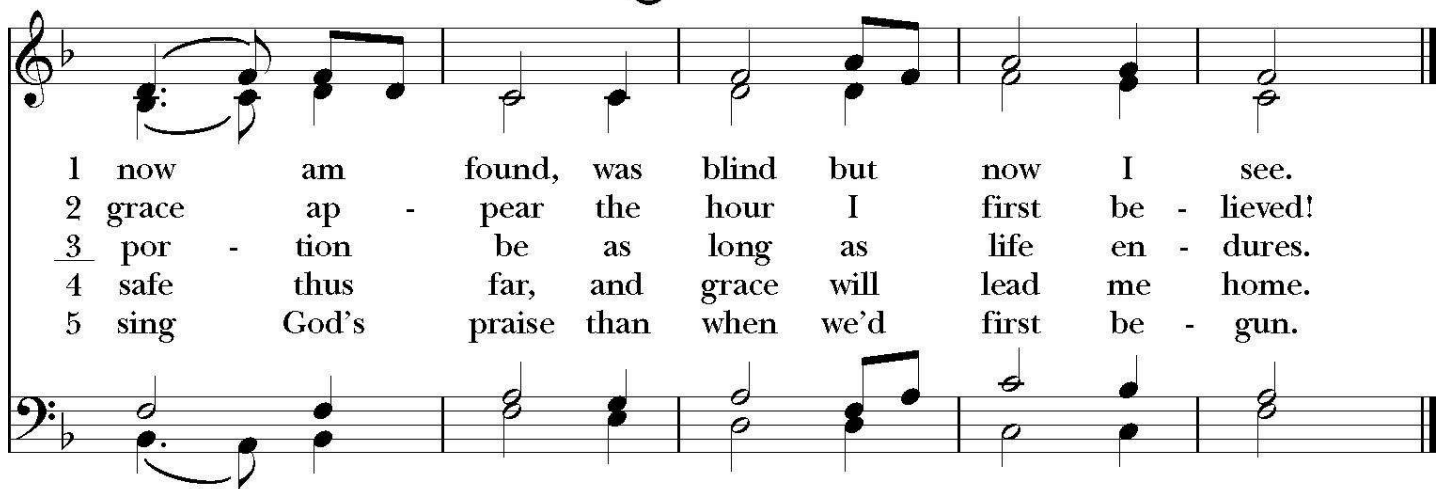
New Britain



1 A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, that
 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and
 3 The Lord has prom - ised good to me, his
 4 Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and snares, I
 * 5 When we've been there ten thou - sand years, bright



1 saved a wretch like me! I once was lost but
 2 grace my fears re - lieved; how pre - cious did that
 3 word my hope se - cures; he will my shield and
 4 have al - rea - dy come; 'tis grace that brought me
 5 shin - ing as the sun, we've no less days to



1 now am found, was blind but now I see.
 2 grace ap - pear the hour I first be - lieved!
 3 por - tion be as long as life en - dures.
 4 safe thus far, and grace will lead me home.
 5 sing God's praise than when we'd first be - gun.

THE COLLECT

God be with you.
And also with you.

Let us pray.

O God of grace and glory, we remember this day our brother Joseph. We thank you for giving him to us, his family and friends, to know and to love as a companion on our earthly pilgrimage. In your boundless compassion, console us who mourn. Give us faith to see in death the gate of eternal life, so that in quiet confidence we may continue our course on earth, until, by your call, we are reunited with those who have gone before; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The people are seated.

THE LITURGY OF THE WORD

THE FIRST READING Sea-Fever

Poem by John Masefield

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

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.

SOLO Wurlitzer Prize

Chips Moman & Bobby Emmons

*I'm not here to forget you
I'm here to recall the things we used
to say and do.
I don't wanna get over you,
I don't wanna get over you.*

*I haunt the same places we used to go
Alone at a table for two.
I don't wanna get over you,
I don't wanna get over you.*

*They ought to give me the Wurlitzer prize
For all the silver I let slide down the slot.
Playin' those songs sung blue
They help me remember you.
I don't wanna get over you.*

*A fresh roll of quarters, same old song,
Missin' you through and through.
I don't wanna get over you,
I don't wanna get over you.*

*They ought to give me the Wurlitzer prize
For all the silver that I let slide down the slot
Playin' those songs sung blue.
They help me remember you,
I don't wanna get over you.
I don't wanna get over you,
I don't wanna get over you.*

SECOND READING

"It's Not"

by Tracy K. Smith

REFLECTIONS

Jim Kerr (Joe's Cousin)

Jim Kerr (Joe's twin)

Joe Clare (military)

Sheridan Harvey (volunteer life on the Hill)

THE HOMILY

The Reverend Michele H. Morgan

SOLO The Parting Glass

Traditional Scottish Song

*Of all the money that e'er I spent,
I spent it in good company,
And all the harm that e'er I've done
Alas, it was to none but me.
And all I've done for want of wit
To mem'ry now I can't recall,
So fill to me the parting glass,
"Good night and joy be with you all."*

*Of all the comrades that e'er I had
Are sorry for my going away,
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had
Would wish me one more day to stay.
But since it falls unto my lot
That I should rise and you should not,
I'll gently rise and softly call
Good night and joy be with you all."*

The people, as able, stand.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

And now, as Jesus has taught us, we pray,

**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 thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever.

Amen.

PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE

At the rising sun and at its going down;

We remember him.

At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter;

We remember him.

At the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring;

We remember him.

At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer;

We remember him.

At the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of the autumn;

We remember him.

At the beginning of the year and when it ends;

We remember him.

As long as we live, he too will live,

For Joe is now a part of us, as we remember him.

When we are weary and in need of strength;

We remember him.

When we are lost and sick at heart;

We remember him.

When we have decisions that are difficult to make;

We remember him.

When we have joy we crave to share;

We remember him.

When we have achievements that are based on his;
We remember him.

For as long as we live, he too will live,
For Joe is now a part of us, as we remember him.

THE PEACE

May the peace of God be always with you.
And also with you.

All, one with another, exchange a sign of peace.

WELCOME

SOLO Danny Boy

Words by Frederic Weatherly
Traditional Irish Song

*Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side.
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
It's I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow,—
Oh, Danny boy, Oh Danny boy, I love you so!*

*But when ye come, and all the flowers are dying,
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,
Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an Avé there for me.
And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!*

THE COMMENDATION

Give rest, O Christ, to your servant Joe with your saints,
where sorrow and pain are no more, neither sighing, but life everlasting.

You only are immortal, the creator and maker of humankind; and we are mortal, formed of the earth, and to earth shall we return. For so did you ordain when you created me, saying, "You are dust, and to dust you shall return." All of us go down to the dust; yet even at the grave we make our song: Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

Give rest, O Christ, to your servant Joe with your saints, where sorrow and pain are no more, neither sighing, but life everlasting.

Into your hands, O merciful Savior, we commend your servant Joe. Acknowledge, we humbly beseech you, a sheep of your own fold, a lamb of your own flock, a sinner of your own redeeming. Receive him into the arms of your mercy, into the blessed rest of everlasting peace, and into the glorious company of the saints in light.

Amen.

Let us pray, saying together:

O God, whose days are without end, and whose mercies cannot be numbered:

Make us, we pray, deeply aware of the shortness and uncertainty of human life; and let your Holy Spirit lead us in holiness and righteousness all our days; that, when we shall have served you in our generation, we may be gathered to our ancestors, having the testimony of a good conscience, in the confidence of a certain faith, in the comfort of a holy hope, in favor with you, our God, and in perfect charity with the world. All this we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

CLOSING HYMN It Is Well With My Soul

Horatio Spafford & Philip P. Bliss



1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my
2. My sin oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous
3. And, Lord, hast the day when the faith shall be



way, When sor - rows like sea - bil - lows roll;
thought My sin not in part, but the whole
sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,



What - ev - er my lot, thou hast taught me to
Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no
The trump shall re - sound and the Lord shall de -



say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
scend, "E - ven so" it is well with my soul.



It is well _____ with my soul, _____



— It is well, it is well with my soul.

THE BLESSING

Life is short, and we do not have much time to gladden the hearts of those who make the journey with us. So be swift to love, and make haste to be kind. And the blessing of God, who made us, who loves us, and who travels with us, be with you now and forever.

Amen.

THE DISMISSAL

Let us go forth in the name of Christ. Alleluia, alleluia!
Thanks be to God. Alleluia, alleluia!

POSTLUDE

All are invited to join the family in Baxter Hall immediately following the service for a reception and opportunity to share remembrances - a slideshow of family photos, recorded music and display of military honors.



Liturgical Leaders & Worship Participants

Presider & Homilist	The Reverend Michele H. Morgan
Music Director & Organist	Jeff Kempskie
Soloist	Lou Bayard
Bagpiper	Joe Thompson
Verger	Michael Knipe
Acolyte	Liz Layton
Readers	First Reading; Steff Kerr Psalm; Julia Thome Second Reading; Megan Kerr Prayers of the People; Amy Kerr Thome
Ushers	Kenn Allen & Maureen Shea
Video Director	Elin Whitney-Smith
Technical Director	Chris Berendes

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Joseph Kerr, 83, died unexpectedly January 24, 2024 at his home in Washington, DC. A career intelligence officer with the US Army, Joe served in Korea, Vietnam and Germany, including a divided Berlin at USMLM in the Soviet-occupied sector of E. Germany. Post-active duty, Joe worked another 30 years in arms control with both DIA and CIA. He was recognized for his superior service with numerous medals and awards. Outside of work Joe loved travel, art, music and time with family and friends. He is survived by his wife, Catherine Cleary; his four children: Amy Kerr Thome (Stephen) of Cleveland, OH, Megan Kerr (Thomas Powers) of Needham, MA, Joseph Kerr, Jr. (Anna Fuhrman) of Washington, DC, and Steven Kerr (Hannah) of Brookeville, MD; as well as nine beloved grandchildren. Joe was preceded in death by his first wife, Andrea (d. 2018). He will be buried in Arlington National Cemetery.