

**The Requiem Eucharist
in Celebration of the Life and Legacy
of
Eleanor Toumey Whitman
September 16, 1930 - December 8, 2024**



**December 19, 2024
1:00 PM**

Rector
The Reverend Michele Morgan

Assistant Rector
The Reverend Caitlin Frazier

Director of Music
Jeff Kempskie

PRELUDE MUSIC

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

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.



1 For all the saints, who from their la - bors rest, who
 2 Thou wast their rock, their for - tress, and their might: —
 7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glo - rious day; the
 8 From earth's wide bounds, from o - cean's far - thest coast, through
 thee — by faith be - fore the world con - fessed, thy
 thou, Lord, their Cap - tain in the well - fought fight; —
 saints tri - umph - ant rise in bright ar - ray; the
 gates of pearl streams in the count - less host —
 Name, O — Je - sus, be for ev - er blessed.
 thou, in the dark - ness drear, the one true Light.
 King of — glo - ry pass - es on his way.
 sing - ing to Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

THE COLLECT

God be with you.
 And also with you.

Let us pray.

O God of grace and glory, we remember this day our sister Eleanor. We thank you for giving her to us, her 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 Redeemer. Amen.

The people are seated.

THE LITURGY OF THE WORD

THE FIRST READING Psalm 139:1-5,12-17

O Lord, you have searched me and known me.

You know when I sit down and when I rise up; you discern my thoughts from far away.

You search out my path and my lying down and are acquainted with all my ways.

Even before a word is on my tongue, O Lord, you know it completely.

You hem me in, behind and before, and lay your hand upon me.

even the darkness is not dark to you; the night is as bright as the day,

for darkness is as light to you.

For it was you who formed my inward parts; you knit me together in my mother's womb.

I praise you, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made.

Wonderful are your works; that I know very well.

My frame was not hidden from you, when I was being made in secret, intricately woven in the depths of the earth.

Your eyes beheld my unformed substance.

In your book were written all the days that were formed for me,
when none of them as yet existed.

How weighty to me are your thoughts, O God! How vast is the sum of them!

Hear what the Spirit is saying to us.

Thanks be to God.

THE SECOND READING “When Death Comes” by Mary Oliver

When death comes
like the hungry bear in autumn;
when death comes and takes all the bright coins from his purse
to buy me, and snaps the purse shut; when death comes like the measles-pox;
when death comes
like an iceberg between the shoulder blades,

I want to step through the door full of curiosity, wondering:
what is it going to be like, that cottage of darkness?

And therefore I look upon everything
as a brotherhood and a sisterhood,
and I look upon time as no more than an idea,
and I consider eternity as another possibility,

and I think of each life as a flower, as common
as a field daisy, and as singular,

and each name a comfortable music in the mouth,
tending, as all music does, toward silence,

and each body a lion of courage, and something
precious to the earth.

When it's over, I want to say: all my life
I was a bride married to amazement.
I was the bridegroom, taking the world into my arms.

When it's over, I don't want to wonder
if I have made of my life something particular, and real.

I don't want to find myself sighing and frightened,
or full of argument.

I don't want to end up simply having visited this world.

All, as able, please stand.

THE GOSPEL 1 John 3:1-2

The Gospel of Jesus according to John.

Glory to you, Lord Christ.

See what love the Father has given us, that we should be called children of God, and that is what we are. The reason the world does not know us is that it did not know him. Beloved, we are God's children now; what we will be has not yet been revealed. What we do know is this: when he is revealed, we will be like him, for we will see him as he is.

The Gospel of Jesus.

Praise to you, Lord Christ.

The people sit.

REFLECTIONS

Frank Mullinix

Sophia Whitman Sandmeyer

Noelle Toumey Reetz

Mary-Lou McCutcheon

Penelope Whitman

Eleanor's Grandson

Eleanor's Granddaughter

Eleanor's Niece

Eleanor's former colleague

Eleanor's Daughter

THE HOMILY

The Reverend Michele Morgan

All, as able, please stand.

THE CREED

We believe in God the Creator,

by whom every person in heaven and earth is named.

We believe in God the Son,

who lives in our hearts through faith,

and fills us with love.

We believe in God the Holy Spirit,

who strengthens us

with power from on high.

We believe in one God:

Creator, Redeemer, and Sustainer.

Amen.

PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE

At the rising sun and at its going down;
We remember her.

At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter;
We remember her.

At the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring;
We remember her.

At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer;
We remember her.

At the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of the autumn;
We remember her.

When we are weary and in need of strength;
We remember her.

When we are lost and sick at heart;
We remember her.

For as long as we live, she too will live,
For Eleanor is now a part of us, as we remember her.

When we have decisions that are difficult to make;
We remember her.

When we have joy, we crave to share;
We remember her.

When we have achievements that are based on hers;
We remember her.

When our nave fills with beautiful music;
We remember her.

When we reach out to another who has less;
We remember her.

For as long as we live, she too will live,
For Eleanor is now a part of us, as we remember her.

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

THE LITURGY OF THE TABLE

OFFERTORY HYMN 608 Eternal Father, strong to save

Melita

1 E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, whose arm hath bound the
2 O Christ, whose voice the wa - ters heard and hushed their ra - ging
3 Most Ho - ly Spi - rit, who didst brood up - on the cha - ces
4 O Trin - i - ty of love and power, thy chil - dren shield in

rest - less wave, who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep its
at thy word, who walk - edst on the foam - ing deep, and
dark and rude, and bid its an - gry tu - mult cease, and
dan - ger's hour; from rock and tem - pest, fire and foe, pro -

own ap - point - ed lim - its keep: O hear us when we
 calm a - mid its rage didst sleep: O hear us when we
 give, for wild con - fu - sion, peace: O hear us when we
 text them where - so - e'er they go; thus ev - er - more shall

cry to thee for those in per - il on the sea.
 cry to thee for those in per - il on the sea.
 cry to thee for those in per - il on the sea.
 rise to thee glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

EUCCHARISTIC PRAYER

God is always present.

God is here among us!

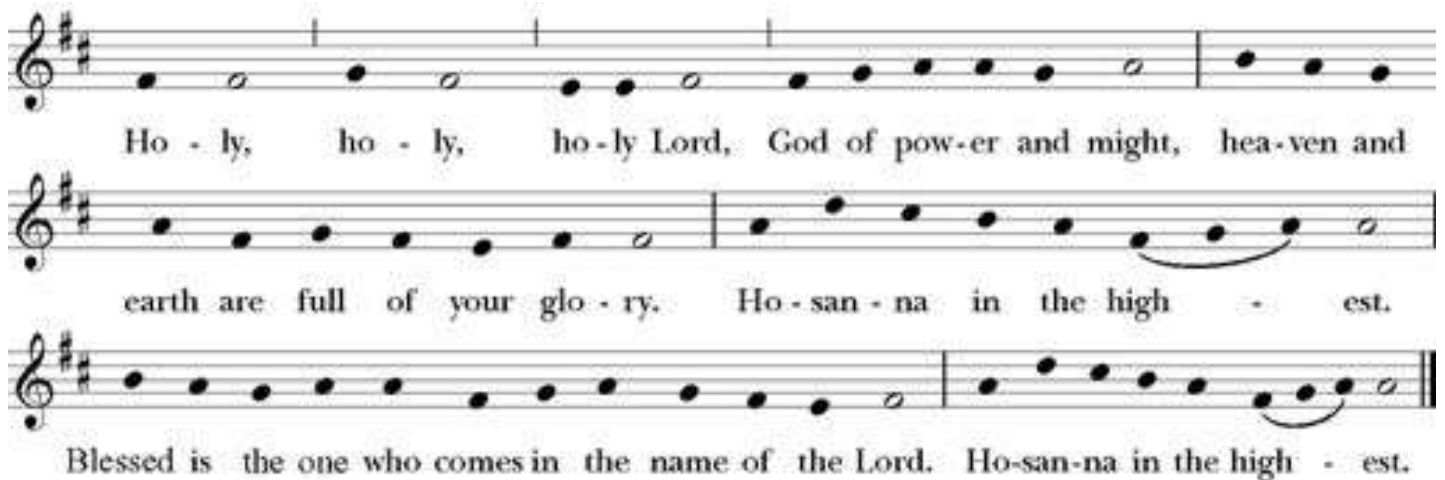
Lift up your hearts.

We lift them up to the living God.

Let us give thanks to our sovereign God.

It is right to give our thanks and praise.

It is right, and a good and joyful thing, always and everywhere, to thank you, Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth. Through Jesus Christ, who rose victorious from the dead and comforts us with the blessed hope of everlasting life. For to your faithful people, O Lord, life is changed, not ended; and when our mortal body lies in death, there is prepared for us a dwelling place eternal in the heavens. Therefore we praise you, joining our voices with Angels and Archangels and with all the company of heaven, who for ever sing this hymn to proclaim the glory of your Name:



Holy and gracious Mother: In your infinite love you made us for yourself, and, when we had fallen into sin and become subject to evil and death, you, in your mercy, sent Jesus Christ, your only and eternal Son, to share our human nature, to live and die as one of us, to reconcile us to you, the God and Source of all. He stretched out his arms upon the cross, and offered himself, in obedience to your will, a perfect sacrifice for the whole world.

On the night he was handed over to suffering and death, our Lord Jesus Christ took bread; and when he had given thanks to you, he broke it, and gave it to his disciples, and said, "Take, eat: This is my Body, which is given for you. Do this for the remembrance of me." After supper he took the cup of wine; and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them, and said, "Drink this, all of you: This is my Blood of the new Covenant, which is shed for you and for all for the forgiveness of sins. Whenever you drink it, do this for the remembrance of me." Therefore we proclaim the mystery of faith:

Christ has died; Christ is risen; Christ will come again.

We celebrate the memorial of our redemption, O Father, in this sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving. Recalling his death, resurrection, and ascension, we offer you these gifts.

Sanctify them by your Holy Spirit to be for your people the Body and Blood of your Son, the holy food and drink of new and unending life in him. Sanctify us also that we may faithfully receive this holy Sacrament, and serve you in unity, constancy, and peace; and at the last day bring us with all your saints into the joy of your eternal kingdom.

All this we ask through your Son Jesus Christ: By him, and with him, and in him, in the unity of the Holy Spirit all honor and glory is yours, Almighty Father, now and for ever.
Amen!

THE LORD'S PRAYER

And now, as Jesus 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.**

Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

**For thine is the kingdom, and the power,
and the glory forever and ever.**

Amen.

THE BREAKING OF THE BREAD

Alleluia. Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us.

Therefore let us keep the feast. Alleluia!

THE INVITATION TO COMMUNION

We recognize this as God's table set before us and this bread and wine as God's food for all.
**Therefore, whoever we are, from wherever we have come, and whatever we believe or
do not believe, all are welcome and invited to receive. Amen!**

THE COMMUNION

*St. Mark's receives communion "in the round" as a symbol of our
strong belief in the power of community.*

*You will be offered bread and invited to drink from the common cup.
Please refrain from intincting (dipping) the host (the bread) into the wine.*

MUSIC DURING COMMUNION

I know that my Redeemer liveth

George Frideric Handel

*I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.
And though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.
For now is Christ risen from the dead, the first-fruits of them that sleep.*



1 Lord of all hope - ful - ness, Lord of all joy,
 2 Lord of all ea - ger - ness, Lord of all faith,
 3 Lord of all kind - li - ness, Lord of all grace,
 4 Lord of all gen - tle - ness, Lord of all calm,

whose trust, ev - er child - like, no cares could de - stroy,
 whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,
 your hands swift to wel - come, your arms to em - brace,
 whose voice is con - tent - ment, whose pres - ence is balm,

be there at our wak - ing, and give us, we pray,
 be there at our lab - ors, and give us, we pray,
 be there at our hom - ing, and give us, we pray,
 be there at our sleep - ing, and give us, we pray,

your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.
 your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.
 your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.
 your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

All, as able, please stand.

POST-COMMUNION PRAYER

Let us pray.

Almighty God, we thank you that in your great love you have fed us with the spiritual food and drink of the Body and Blood of your Son Jesus Christ, and have given us a foretaste of your heavenly banquet. Grant that this Sacrament may be to us a comfort in affliction, and a pledge of our inheritance in that kingdom where there is no death, neither sorrow nor crying, but the fullness of joy with all your saints; through Jesus Christ our Savior. Amen.

THE COMMENDATION

Give rest, O Christ, to your servant Eleanor 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 Eleanor 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, Eleanor. Acknowledge, we humbly beseech you, a sheep of your own fold, a lamb of your own flock, a sinner of your own redeeming. Receive her 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.

PROCESSION TO THE COLUMBARIUM

*As members of Eleanor’s family process to the Columbarium,
the congregation remains in place and turns towards the chapel.*

THE COMMITTAL

Everyone that God gives to me will come to me. I will never turn away anyone who believes in me. God who raised Jesus Christ from the dead will also give new life to our mortal bodies through God's indwelling Spirit.

My heart, therefore, is glad, and my spirit rejoices; my body also shall rest in hope

You will show me the path of life; in your presence there is fullness of joy, and in your right hand are pleasures for evermore.

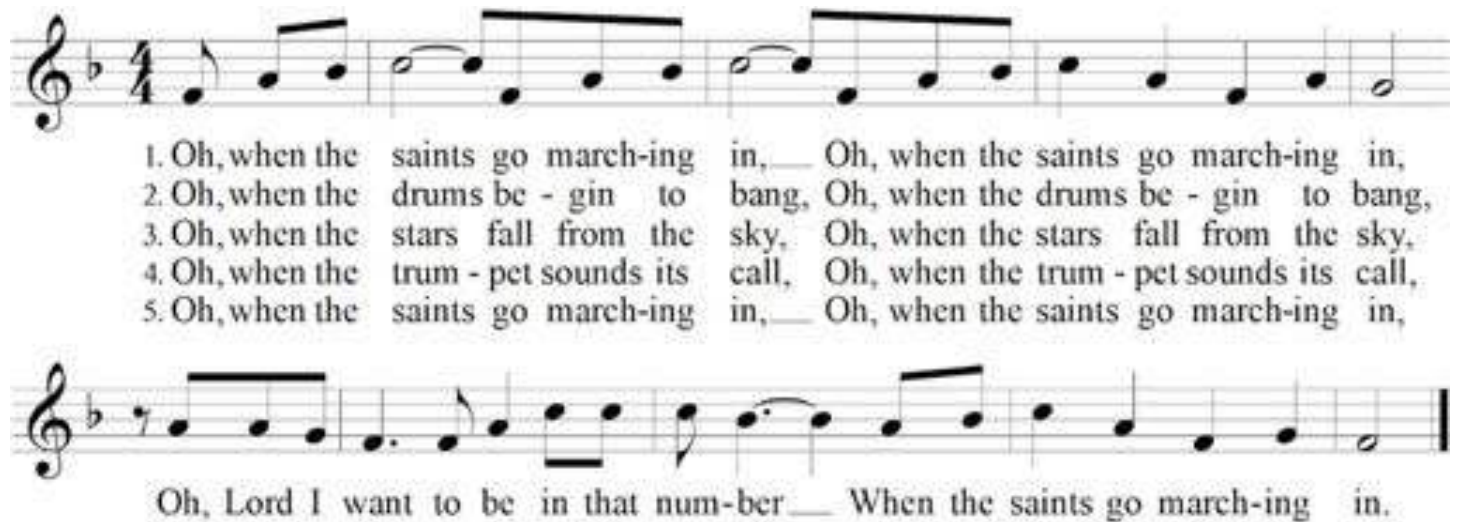
The ashes are placed in the niche.

In the sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ, we commend to Almighty God our sister Eleanor and we commit her body to this resting place. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. O God, bless her and keep her, make your face to shine upon her and be gracious to her, lift up your countenance upon her and give her peace.

Amen.

CLOSING HYMN When the Saints Go Marching In

Traditional



1. Oh, when the saints go march-ing in, — Oh, when the saints go march-ing in,
2. Oh, when the drums be - gin to bang, Oh, when the drums be - gin to bang,
3. Oh, when the stars fall from the sky, Oh, when the stars fall from the sky,
4. Oh, when the trum - pet sounds its call, Oh, when the trum - pet sounds its call,
5. Oh, when the saints go march-ing in, — Oh, when the saints go march-ing in,

Oh, Lord I want to be in that num-ber — When the saints go march-ing in.

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.

DISMISSAL

Go into the world and know how much a tired and hurting world needs your strength and gladness, for there are deeds of compassion and courage that will never be done unless you do them; and words of hope and healing that will never be spoken unless you speak them. And now let us go forth into the world in peace, to love and serve the Lord.

Amen.

POSTLUDE When the Saints Go Marching In

arr. Eric Baumgartner



*All are invited to Baxter Hall immediately following
the service for a reception.*

*In lieu of flowers, gifts can be made to St. Marks Music Fund.
Scan the QR Code, click on [this link](#), or make checks payable to
St. Mark's Church with Music Fund in the memo.*



Liturgical Leaders & Worship Participants

Homilist	The Reverend Michele Morgan
Presider	The Reverend Caitlin Frazier
Director of Music & Organist	Jeff Kempskie
Soloist	Andrew Sauvageau
Verger	Josie Jordan
Acolyte	Stephanie Deutsch
Readers	Marilu Sherer, Kitty Whitman,
Altar Guild	Susan Sedgewick, Gretchen Willson
Bread & Wine	The Whitman Family
Video Director	David Deutsch
Production Assistant	Charlie Rupp



Permissions *For all the saints, who from their labors rest.* Words: William Walsham How (1823-1897). Music: *Sine Nomine*, Ralph Vaughn Williams (1872-1958). *Eternal Father, strong to save.* Words: William Whiting (1825-1878), alt. Music: *Melita*, John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876). *Sanctus.* Music: From *New Plainson*; David Hurd (b. 1950), © 1981 GIA Publications, Inc. *I know that my Redeemer liveth.* Words & Music: G.F. Handel. Public domain. *Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy.* Words: Jan Struther (1901-1953, by permission of Oxford University Press. Music: *Slane*, Irish ballad melody; adapt. The Church Hymnary, 1927; harm. Hymnal 1982. *When the Saints Go Marching In.* Public domain.

Eleanor Toumey Whitman

Eleanor McCormick Toumey was born in New York City on September 16, 1930, to James William Toumey, an orthopedic surgeon, and Eleanor (Noël) Stone. A position at the Lahey Clinic meant a move to Dedham, Mass, a seventeenth-century New England town with a woodlot blooming with lady slippers and a proper town green. She would toggle between city and town all her life, decrying sprawl betwixt and between.

Summers were for the North Woods. Her suffragist Great Aunt Caroline and Great Uncle Louis Slade had an Adirondack camp called Underpines on Upper Saint Regis Lake. There Eleanor and her younger brother Jim learned to swim, sail, and portage canoes. On Sunday nights, all the rusticators whose camps were tucked away around the lake tied up to the Slade's dock and sang hymns to the night sky in four-part harmony.

Eleanor studied at Dedham Country Day School and the Winsor School (she made a rigorous choice to send her daughters to co-ed public schools!). Part and parcel of her education was tutelage in proper carriage, training that she couldn't help but to pass along to mentees in the more relaxed decades to follow. She enjoyed tennis and ice skating, double features and soda fountains, and climbing Mt Chocorua while at summer camp in Maine.

She left Boston in 1949 for Bryn Mawr College, taking off a semester to live in Izmir, Turkey as companion to the mother of a diplomat. When her dad fell ill, Eleanor moved home to finish her studies at Radcliffe, befriending intellectual women who shared her love of art history and the written word for the rest of their lives.

Launching her career in book publishing, she worked in both the editorial and advertising departments at Harcourt Brace Jovanovitch. She married Ray Whitman in 1962. Their daughter Penelope was born later that year and twins Kitty and Nell followed in 1966. While home with young children in Manhattan, Eleanor promoted natural childbirth and nursing with Lamaze International.

Only the discovery of St. Mark's Church on Capitol Hill in 1969 assuaged the ennui of leaving New York City for the Maryland suburbs when husband Ray took a teaching position at the University of Maryland, College Park. The spirit of inquiry and vibrant community made St Mark's Eleanor's lifelong spiritual home.

Eleanor returned to school to get a master's from Catholic University in 1977 with a concentration in case work and elder care issues. At the Red Cross local chapters in Hyattsville and Silver Spring, she directed disaster services and programs for military families and veterans and established a volunteer shoppers' program for the elderly.

Thanks to a friend at St. Mark's, a Whitman summer tradition was born: an annual pilgrimage to a Maine cabin on Orr's Island in Casco Bay. Oh, the glee of escaping Washington's heat, all the better when joined by Eleanor's beloved nephew Jim and nieces Noëlle and Caroline and other choice companions!

What had begun as an expedient—au pairs from among U of M students to help with the kids—became an accidental grow-a-global-family-plan extraordinaire. In University Park, Eleanor hosted students from Costa Rica, Botswana, Turkey, South America, Bulgaria, Spain and Iran. This larger family was especially sustaining for Eleanor as her daughters fledged and her husband Ray left the marriage to pursue a new, alternative spiritual life.

In 1985, Eleanor graduated from chapter work to National Headquarters of the Red Cross. She hit her stride working with the Red Cross and Red Crescent around the world on social service cases including AmerAsian resettlement, HIV/AIDS education, and a program procuring travel documents for stateless people. She was particularly proud of her team's work reuniting families separated by war. And she conducted trainings in Geneva, served as a delegate on a fact finding mission to Macedonia, and assisted disaster relief efforts after Hurricane Hugo and 9/11.

Ever frustrated with the anonymity of the suburbs, Eleanor joined a group eager to adopt the Scandinavian notion of a multi-generational, intentional, self-governing, cooperative community. They broke ground on Takoma Village Co-Housing, a complex of homes built around a shared "piazza" in Takoma, DC in 1998. The move adjacent to the Metro on the near edge of Takoma Park MD meant not only a new experiment in consensual living but the return to a proper town setting.

Eleanor retired in 2002, applying herself to community work in co-housing. Twice-yearly book buys at Politics and Prose for the St. Mark's bookclub allowed her to devour a work of new non-fiction or fiction every two weeks. Other pursuits: Theater and ballet. Yoga. Trips to see family scattered all over the U.S. and the world. Board work and travels with Action for Community Transformation in Honduras and in Kenya. Pilgrimages abroad with St Mark's. Keeping abreast of politics among dedicated Democrats.

In the last days of 2017, Eleanor moved to Collington, a continuing-care retirement community in Mitchellville, Maryland where dozens of her St. Mark's friends and her cousins were living. Life was richer thanks to singing and Yolanda's serious pours in the Ivy Bar, film, and the incredible live music program. When Eleanor's strength started to wane, she was aided by wonderful women on Collington and Choice's staff, from Nigeria to Zimbabwe to South Africa. Independently, Tandy Moyo, Sitsho Moyo and Lumka Oyemade made her last three years the very best they could be.

Eleanor is survived by daughters Penelope and Kitty Whitman, sons-in-law Louis Jaffe and Bob Sandmeyer, nephew Jim Toumey and nieces Noelle Toumey and Caroline Dellinger, grandson Franklin Mullinix, granddaughters Sophia and Lucy Whitman Sandmeyer, great niece Maggie Reetz, and great nephew Heath Dellinger. She was preceded in death by her brother James Toumey III, her former husband Ray Whitman, and her daughter Nell Whitman.

