

**The Requiem Eucharist
In Celebration of the Life and Legacy
of
Andrew Pratt
March 22, 1970 - April 30, 2025**



**Tuesday, May 13, 2025
2:00 pm**

Presider and Homilist
The Reverend Michele H. Morgan, Rector

Director of Music
Mr. 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 he die.
And those who have life,
and have committed themselves to me in faith,
shall not die for ever.

For we do not have life in ourselves,
and we do not become our own master 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.

OPENING HYMN 390 Praise to the Lord, the Almighty

Lobe den Herren

1 Praise to the Lord, the Al - might - y, the King of cre -
2 Praise to the Lord; o - ver all things he glo - rious - ly
3 Praise to the Lord, who doth pros - per thy way and de -
4 Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me a -

a - tion; O my soul, praise him, for he is thy
 reign - eth: borne as on ea - gle - wings, safe - ly his
 fend thee; sure - ly his good - ness and mer - cy shall
 dore him! All that hath life and breath come now with

health and sal - va - tion: join the great throng, psal - ter - y,
 saints he sus - tain - eth. Hast thou not seen how all thou
 ev - er at - tend thee; pon - der a - new what the Al -
 prais - es be - fore him! Let the a - men sound from his

or - gan, and song, sound - ing in glad ad - o - ra - tion.
 need - est hath been grant - ed in what he or - dain - eth?
 might - y can do, who with his love doth be - friend thee.
 peo - ple a - gain; glad - ly for ev - er a - dore him.

God be with you.
 And also with you.

Let us pray.

O God of grace and glory, we remember this day our brother Andrew. 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.

THE LITURGY OF THE WORD

THE FIRST READING When Great Trees Fall

by Maya Angelou

When great trees fall,
rocks on distant hills shudder,
lions hunker down
in tall grasses,
and even elephants
lumber after safety.

When great trees fall
in forests,
small things recoil into silence,
their senses
eroded beyond fear.

When great souls die, the air around us
becomes
light, rare, sterile.
We breathe, briefly.
Our eyes, briefly,
see with
a hurtful clarity.
Our memory, suddenly sharpened,
examines,
gnaws on kind words
unsaid,
promised walks
never taken.

Great souls die and
our reality, bound to
them, takes leave of us.
Our souls,
dependent upon their
nurture,
now shrink, wizened.
Our minds, formed
and informed by their
radiance, fall away.
We are not so much maddened
as reduced to the unutterable ignorance of
dark, cold
caves.

And when great souls die,
after a period peace blooms,
slowly and always
irregularly. Spaces fill
with a kind of
soothing electric vibration.
Our senses, restored, never
to be the same, whisper to us.
They existed. They existed.
We can be. Be and be
better. For they existed.

[He] loved this country. He had a true feeling and understanding of it. He saw it with the eyes and the heart... of a boy who had been brought up in the west, and the better he saw and understood it, the more he loved it.

He loved the hills in the spring when the snow goes off and the first flowers come. He loved the warm sun of summer and the high mountain meadows, the trails through the timber and the sudden clear blue of the lakes. He loved the hills in the winter when the snow comes.

Best of all he loved the fall... the fall with the tawny and grey, the leaves yellow on the cottonwoods, leaves floating on the trout streams and above the hills the high blue windless skies.

Now those are all finished. But the hills remain. [He] has gotten through with that thing that we all have to do. His dying [too soon] was a great injustice. There are no words to describe how unjust is the death of a too-young man. But he has finished something that we all must do.

And now he has come home to the hills. He has come back now to rest well in the country that he loved through all the seasons. He will be here in the winter and in the spring and in the summer, and in the fall. In all the seasons there will ever be. He has come back to the hills that he loved and now he will be a part of them forever.

THE GOSPEL Luke 6 27 - 31

The Gospel of Jesus according to Luke.

Glory to you, Lord Christ.

“But I say to you who are listening: Love your enemies; do good to those who hate you; bless those who curse you; pray for those who mistreat you. If anyone strikes you on the cheek, offer the other also, and from anyone who takes away your coat do not withhold even your shirt. Give to everyone who asks of you, and if anyone takes away what is yours, do not ask for it back again. Do to others as you would have them do to you.

The Gospel of Jesus

Praise to you, Lord Christ.

REFLECTIONS

Austin Gray
Ramin Taheri
Joseph Ravida

THE HOMILY

The Reverend Michele H. Morgan

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

THE LITURGY OF THE TABLE

OFFERTORY SOLO Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain

As performed by Willie Nelson
Words & Music by Fred Rose

Matthew Hunt, soloist

*In the twilight glow I see
Blue eyes crying in the rain.
When we kissed goodbye and parted
I knew we'd never meet again.
Love is like a dying ember
And only memories remain,
And through the ages I'll remember
Blue eyes crying in the rain.
Some day when we meet up yonder
We'll stroll, hand in hand again,
In a land that knows no parting
Blue eyes crying in the rain.*

EUCCHARISTIC PRAYER

God be with you.
And also with you.

Lift up your hearts.
We lift them up.

Let us give thanks to our God.
It is right to give God thanks and praise.

It is right, and a good and joyful thing, always and every-where to give thanks to you, God Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth. Through Jesus Christ our Lord; 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, Holy, Holy Lord, God of power and might,
heaven and earth are full of your glory.**

Hosanna in the highest.

Blessed is the one who comes in the name of the Lord.

Hosanna in the highest.

Holy and gracious Father: 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 Father 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 Mother, 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 has been 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!**

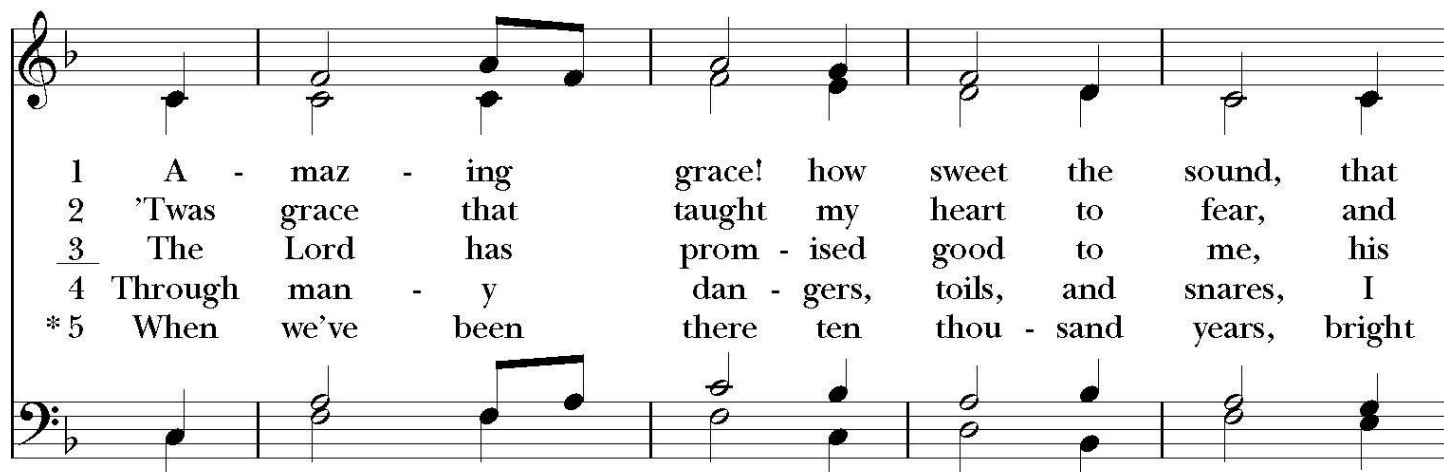
THE COMMUNION

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 by a celebrant and invited to drink from the common cup.

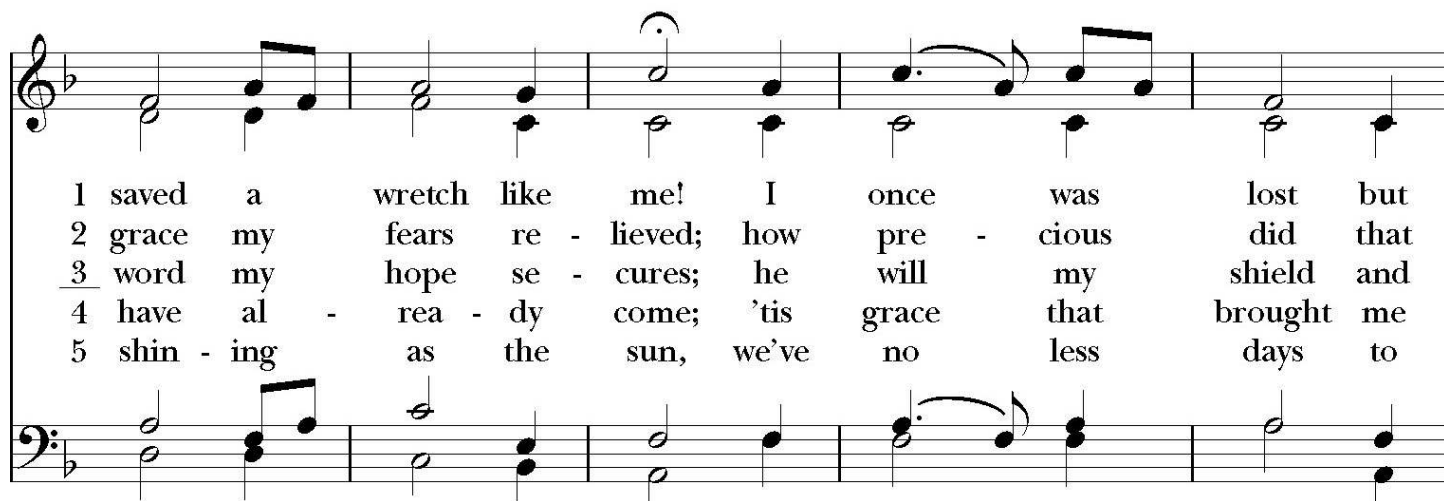
MUSIC DURING COMMUNION

Hymn 671 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound

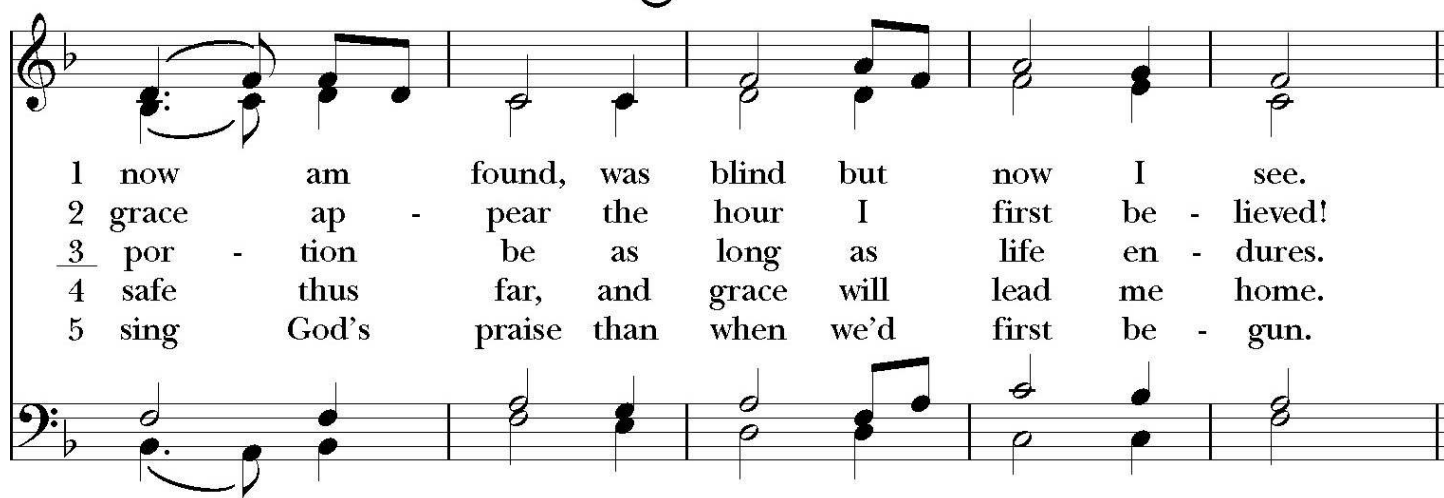
New Britain



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.

1. We would be one as now we join in sing - ing
 2. We would be one in build - ing for to - mor - row

our hymn of love, to pledge our - selves a - new
 a no - bler world than we have known to - day.

to that high cause of great - er un - der - stand - ing
 We would be one in search - ing for that mean - ing

of who we are, and what in us is true.
 which binds our hearts and points us on our way.

We would be one in liv - ing for each oth - er
 As one, we pledge our - selves to great - er ser - vice,

to show to all a new com - mu - ni - ty.
 with love and jus - tice, strive to make us free.

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 Andrew 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 Andrew 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 Andrew. 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.**

Rest eternal grant to Andrew, O God;
And let light perpetual shine.

May Andrew's soul, and the souls of all the departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.
Amen.

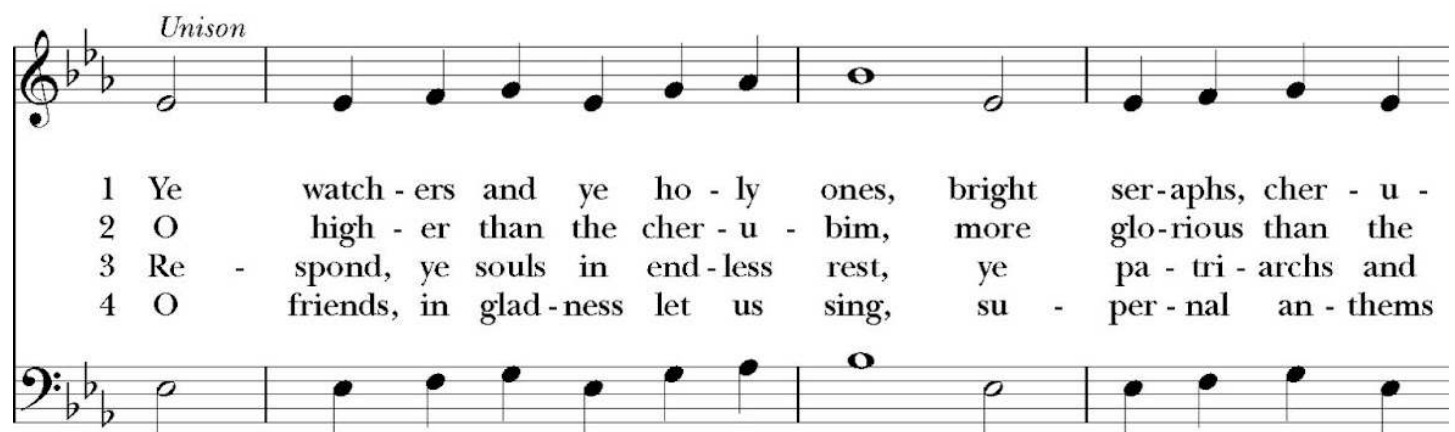
Let us pray, saying together.

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 618 Ye watchers and ye holy ones

Lasst uns erfreuen

Unison



1 Ye watch - ers and ye ho - ly ones, bright ser - aphs, cher - u -
2 O high - er than the cher - u - bim, more glo - rious than the
3 Re - spond, ye souls in end - less rest, ye pa - tri - archs and
4 O friends, in glad - ness let us sing, su - per - nal an - thems

Harmony *Unison*

bim, and thrones, raise the glad strain, Al - le - lu - ia! Cry
 ser - a - phim, lead their prais - es, Al - le - lu - ia! Thou
 pro - phets blest, Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Ye
 ech - o - ing, Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! To

out, do - min - ions, prince-doms, powers, vir - tues, arch - an - gels, an - gels'
 bear - er of the e - ter - nal Word, most gra - cious, mag - ni - fy the
 ho - ly twelve, ye mar - tyrs strong, all saints tri - um - phant, raise the
 God the Fa - ther, God the Son, and God the Spi - rit, Three in

Harmony

choirs, Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le -
 Lord, Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le -
 song, Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le -
 One, Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le -

Unison

lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

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

Fantasia in G Major, BWV 572 “Piece d’orgue”

Johann Sebastian Bach

❖ ❖ ❖

Liturgical Leaders & Worship Participants

Presider & Homilist	The Reverend Michele H. Morgan
Director of Music	Jeff Kempskie
Soloist	Matthew Hunt
Readers	Heather Fletcher, <i>first reading</i> Andy Wilson, <i>second reading</i> Kate Keith, <i>Prayers of the People</i>
Bread and Wine	The Pratt Family
Ushers	Levi Stamper & Jim Olsen
Live stream Volunteer	Charlie Rupp
Verger	Jan Lipscomb

Andrew (Andy) F. Pratt

Andrew (Andy) F. Pratt, 55, of Hailey, on April 30. Andrew died peacefully, surrounded by his family, after a courageous battle with pancreatic cancer.

Andrew was born on March 22, 1970, in Los Angeles, California, to Robert and Åshild Pratt, joining his older sister, Leslie. The family soon moved northward, settling in Issaquah, Washington, where Andrew spent his childhood playing soccer, riding bikes and being a class clown. While American by birth, Andrew grew up equally Norwegian in a household immersed in his mother's culture. Summers spent with family in Norway were among Andrew's happiest memories.

Andrew was an ardent believer in hope and optimism for wayward teens, precisely because that was his own story. After teenage malarkey led him to drop out of school, he had an epiphany that he had to do better. He returned to high school, then went on to graduate from the University of Washington in 1993 with a degree in microbiology.

After graduation, Andrew moved to Anchorage, Alaska, where he worked as a phlebotomist. Over a long, dark winter there, he applied to law school, and then enrolled at Temple University in Philadelphia.

Andrew's years at Temple formed one of the most important epochs in his life. Not only did he stretch his brilliant mind over three academically grueling years, he also made lifelong best friends. And he met the love of his life, Jody.

Andrew met Jody in a venerable dive bar in Philly named Dirty Frank's. Andrew was there with his classmates, one of whom had just convinced Jody to move to Philadelphia on a lark. Jody remembers being wowed by his sparkling blue eyes and utterly charmed by his impish intelligence. The two became an instant item, inseparable from the start. Jody decided to stay in Philadelphia to wait for Andrew, and when he graduated from law school in 1998, they moved to Seattle, where Andrew began his career as an intellectual property attorney.

Andrew had a knack for litigation. His ability to absorb complex information, combine it with legal knowledge and synthesize it into a clear argument was admired by his colleagues and led to a successful career where he rarely lost a case.

Andrew was also a great lawyer for the same reason that he was a great person: He had impeccable integrity, an inquisitive nature and a comic wit that put everyone at ease. Whether he was deposing someone or just meeting them at a party, they were subject to a flurry of questions. Jody often teased him, calling him Barbara Walters for his ability to win people over and find out everything about them. He always responded, "I'm just truly curious about people!"

Andrew and Jody were married in Seattle on Oct. 13, 2001. In 2003, they relocated to Chicago, where Andrew had been offered a job and it rained less. Three years later, they welcomed their first child, Anja. Andrew's entire world changed. Andrew was enchanted with fatherhood. His love and

devotion as a dad knew no bounds. Two years later—and after a move to Washington, D.C.—Andrew was blessed with another daughter, Ingrid. Three years after that, his happy family was complete with the birth of his son, Stigur.

Andrew and his family lived on Capitol Hill for 14 years. These years were full of love, laughter and world travel with Jody and the kids, professional success and a rich fabric of friends and community. His D.C. life lacked only one thing: skiing.

Having grown up in the mountains with a Scandinavian mother, Andrew could ski as soon as he could walk. He often mused that the mountains were calling him west. So when his job went remote over COVID, he and Jody decided to leap into another adventure and the family moved to Sun Valley.

The years in Sun Valley began as some of the happiest of his life. He and Jody and the kids spent winters skiing and summers hiking and mountain biking. As they reflected on their beautiful family and incredible surroundings, they truly felt that they had reached peak human happiness.

When cancer shattered their world in 2023, Andrew rose to the fight, enduring brutal rounds of chemotherapy and extensive surgeries with grit, hope and his trademark sense of humor. During a period of remission, he was determined to give back to his community, so he trained to be an EMT, on a path to becoming a volunteer firefighter. Recurrence dashed his plans of becoming a firefighter, but he refused to give up on being an EMT. Studying sometimes with a chemo drip in his vein and coming to class when most people would have stayed in bed, Andrew soared through the course with his usual brilliance.

Being both smart and personable, Andrew was a natural with patients, always eager to hear their life stories and making them laugh while compassionately caring for them. One of the last things Andrew was able to accomplish in this world was successfully completing his course, becoming a licensed EMT and a volunteer for the Ketchum Fire Department.

Andrew is survived by his adored and adoring wife, Jody; daughters, Anja and Ingrid; son, Stig; aunts, Anne Stiff and Marit (Harald) Myhra; father- and mother-in-law Benjamin and Robin Ravid; sisters-in-law Heidi Ravid and her children, Kyle and Shannon, and Laura McLendon and her sons, Jack and Ben; brother-in-law Joseph (Amanda) Ravid and their son, Robinson; as well as beloved extended family in Norway and friends all over the world.

He was preceded in death by his sister, Leslie Anne Howley; mother, Åshild Pratt; and father, Robert Pratt.

A memorial service will be held at 2 p.m. on May 13 at St. Mark's Episcopal Church, 301 A Street SE, Washington, D.C. All are welcome. In lieu of flowers, please consider remembering Andrew with a donation to his favorite charity, the Carter Center.
