Rolland L. Fletcher, formerly of Houghton, NY, was taken Home to his Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, on Monday, October 28, 2019, at age 92, from his residence in Waukesha, WI. He was born in Emily, Minnesota on July 6, 1927, the son of Rev. Lester and Ruth (nee Macy) Fletcher. He earned his bachelor's degree in theology from Miltonvale Wesleyan college in 1949. While singing in the college quartet, he met his wife during a visit to her home church. He married Alice (Betz) on July 27, 1949 in Billings, Montana, and was a pastor for 20 years with the Wesleyan Church throughout the upper Midwest. Afterward, he was led to work for Houghton College in New York until his retirement in 1990.

He will be sadly missed by his beloved wife and best friend of 70 years, Alice, of Waukesha, WI, and their loving children, Diana (Terrence) Stoneberg of Fairfax, VA. Laurel (Jean-Marc) Pinard of Fairfax, VA, Rodney (Joy) Fletcher of Nashville, TN, and Wenda (Gerry) Krupp of Mukwonago, WI. He was the proud grandfather of eight grandchildren - Richard Stoneberg of Fairfax, VA; Rolland (Marie) Stoneberg of Manassas, VA; Francois (Lisa) Pinard of Redondo Beach, CA; Andre (Gretchen) Pinard of Lisle, IL; Jaclyn Fletcher of Nashville, TN; Geoffrey Krupp of Milwaukee, WI; and Alexander and Allison Krupp of Marion, IN - and eight great-grandchildren: Juliana Johnson; Anais, Giselle, Guillaume, and Gavrie Pinard; and Faye, Celeste, and Vincent Pinard. He is further survived by his sisters and brother: Lola Hermann of Marshfield, MO; Albert (Lucille) Fletcher of Fort Wayne, IN; Carol (the late Ben) Baas, Esther (the late Don) Vermillion, both of Marion, IN; and Rebecca (the late David) Engel of Indianapolis, IN, as well as sister-in-law Doris Harris of Rockford, IL and brother-in-law Burl Baty of Joliet, MT, along with many nieces, nephews, other relatives and friends. He was preceded in death by his sister, Ruth Baty.

He will be remembered for his pastoral ministry by many parishioners from Minnesota, Iowa, Montana, North and South Dakota, and Colorado, and work colleagues and friends from not only Houghton College, but also Miltonvale Wesleyan College (Miltonvale, KS), Bartlesville Wesleyan College (Bartlesville, OK), and Kingsley College (Melbourne, Australia). He was a hard-working and humble man whose desire was to glorify God with each effort, no matter how large or small. His children rise up and call him Blessed for the godly heritage he left them, of Biblical study, spiritual guidance, prayer warfare, unconditional love and faithful example.

Rolland L. Fletcher

July 6, 1927 - October 28, 2019

Houghton Wesleyan Church
Houghton, New York
November 21, 2019
11:00 a.m.

Prelude *Selected hymns*

Announcement

Word of Grace

Prayer

Hymn *Be Still My Soul*

Scripture Reading Psalm 91

Family Reflections

Quartet *What a Day that Will Be*
Daryl Stevenson, Jeff Babbitt, Tim McGarvey, Paul Shea

Family Reflections

Scripture Reading John 14 (selected verses)

Hymn 383 *O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go*

Homily Living and Dying in God's Shadow

Hymn 43 *Great Is Thy Faithfulness* **Fletcher Family**

Benediction

Song *Finally Home* **Rod Fletcher**

Postlude *For All the Saints*

Officiant: Pastor Wes Oden
Organist: Judy Congdon

I Corinthians 15: 54-57

When the perishable has been clothed

with the imperishable,

and the mortal with immortality,

then the saying that is written will come true:

"Death has been swallowed up in victory."

"Where, O death, is your victory?

Where, O death, is your sting?"

The sting of death is sin,

and the power of sin is the law.

But thanks be to God! He gives us the victory through

our Lord Jesus Christ.

THOSE DEAR HANDS

DADDY'S HANDS

The day Daddy died, Wenda took one last picture of his hands….she called it "Those Dear Hands". In the days that followed, when my grief was fresh and savory, "Those Dear Hands" became an avenue for meditation, gratitude, and worship. I could still feel their smooth, cool texture and the lightness of being that characterized his hands, especially late in life. The sense of his touch of benediction when he hugged and patted me reminded me of the countless times he comforted me in his arms and prayed over me all my life. The look of his bone structure when he grasped the handles of his walker or buttoned his shirt all reflected back to my eyes the memories of the shape of his hands around a hammer, or smoothing newly-planed wood, or digging in our earthy family garden.

Hard working hands, those. Countless hours of gardening, car-fixing, building beautiful things - whether a playhouse or swings or sandbox, or Momma's kitchen island, little nightstands, and Grandma Fletcher's occasional table. He shared his gifts outside the family, too - many friends have something in their homes that he made or restored, not to mention the samples of his carpentry all over the buildings of Houghton College, some in Australia, and even here at First Baptist; and with that beauty, the small, patiently-endured injuries - cut fingers, smushed thumbs, craned necks, bumped heads.

He left his mark in very practical ways, too. We watched in wonder as he brought home, hung and skinned deer he had hunted himself for our family's provision, and later, in our kitchen, cut up the whole thing for the freezer, our sustenance through long Montana winters. And who can forget his sacrificial protection from two fires when we were very young - both of them due to our childish forgetfulness - as he wrestled burning mattress or rug out of the house for our safety, unmindful of the burns he was receiving on his hands….Those Dear Hands.

I can still see their gestures when he was preaching, and hear the sharp crack of his snap to arrest our misbehaving attention during church. More often, though, they were lifted in prayer and worship, particularly at family worship every morning before we left for school. Oh, those hands! When he wept in sorrow and humility over an unintentionally sharp word, his hands requested forgiveness from us and mercy from our Father in Heaven. And although he was so gentle with us, he could also use those same loving hands in much-needed loving discipline, which hurt far less than the knowledge that we had disappointed him, or Momma, or the Lord. Most precious are the memories of his hands on our heads in blessing, praying over us and our families when we departed after each visit.

Daddy's hands - now at rest here on earth. The picture looks just like when he rested his hands on the table while he was reading his Bible or meditating for a sermon or praying. But it belies his normal activities - we will always remember his beautiful, unruly signature, and his tap-tap-tapping typewriter, weekly letters home to our grandparents. And further back, to earliest memories - no one else could push a swing so high or catch us so fast at fox and geese, giggling and rolling in the fresh, dazzling snow. He is only still and quiet, it seems, here, now. With the Lord, I am sure his laughter and joy are ringing out like heavenly bells, and his high clear tenor sailing in vibrant, loud song to the Lord he loves.

Have fun, Daddy! We do miss you but we are thrilled at the new, joyful purpose you enjoy now with Jesus. We know you will be busier than ever, and reveling in all that you can do now, again, but to an even greater degree than ever on this earth.

See you soon, dearest Hands!