

Footprints in the Sand

One night I dreamed a dream.
As I was walking along the beach with my Lord.
Across the dark sky flashed scenes from my life.
For each scene, I noticed two sets of footprints in the sand,
One belonging to me and one to my Lord.

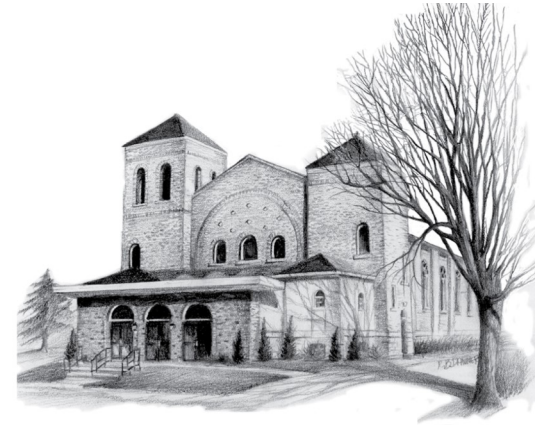
After the last scene of my life flashed before me,
I looked back at the footprints in the sand.
I noticed that at many times along the path of my life,
especially at the very lowest and saddest times,
there was only one set of footprints.

This really troubled me, so I asked the Lord about it.
"Lord, you said once I decided to follow you,
You'd walk with me all the way.
But I noticed that during the saddest and most troublesome times of
my life, there was only one set of footprints.
I don't understand why, when I needed You the most,
You would leave me."

He whispered, "My precious child, I love you and will never
leave you
Never, ever, during your trials and testings.
When you saw only one set of footprints,
It was then that I carried you."

—Mary Stevenson, 1936

Internment: Evangelical Protestant Cemetery
Bear Ridge Road
Pendleton, New York



Memorial Service of Worship
Honoring God's Grace
in the
Life and Death of

William "Bill" John Getty

December 29, 1951—August 15, 2023

Houghton Wesleyan Church

Houghton, New York

August 22, 2023

4:00 p.m.

Psalm 23

A Psalm of David

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.



Isaiah 25: 8a; 26: 19

He will swallow up death forever.

The Sovereign Lord will wipe away the tears

from all faces...Your dead will live;

Their bodies will rise.

You who dwell in the dust, wake up and shout for joy.

Your dew is like the dew of the morning;

The earth will give birth to her dead.

Prelude

Word of Grace

Greeting

Prayer

Hymn 377 *A Mighty Fortress is Our God*

Scripture Reading Psalm 121

Song *The Battle Belongs to the Lord*

Remembrance *Pastor Paul Shea*

Scripture Reading Luke 10: 25-37

Hymn 269 *Amazing Grace*

Homily *The Greatest Commandment*

Hymn 444 *When Peace Like a River*

Benediction

Postlude

Officiant: Pastor Wes Oden

Organist: Judy Congdon