

A Celebration of Life

William Wise Schweitzer



October 7, 1921 – September 7, 2024

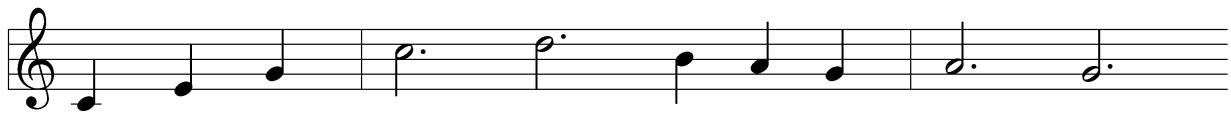
November 15, 2024
Calvary Lutheran Church
Richland Hills, TX

P Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the source of all mercy and the God of all consolation, who comforts us in all our sorrows so that we can comfort others in their sorrows with the consolation we ourselves have received from God.

C Thanks be to God.

P When we were baptized in Christ Jesus, we were baptized into his death. We were buried therefore with him by baptism into death, so that as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, we too might live a new life. For if we have been united with him in a death like his, we shall certainly be united with him in a resurrection like his.

Morning Has Broken



1 Morn - ing has bro - ken like the first morn - ing;
2 Sweet the rain's new fall, sun - lit from heav - en,
3 Mine is the sun - light! Mine is the morn - ing,



black-bird has spo - ken like the first bird.
like the first dew - fall on the first grass.
born of the one light E - den saw play!



Praise for the sing - ing! Praise for the morn - ing!
Praise for the sweet - ness of the wet gar - den,
Praise with e - la - tion, praise ev - 'ry morn - ing,



Praise for them, spring - ing fresh from the Word!
sprung in com - plete - ness where his feet pass.
God's re - cre - a - tion of the new day!

Text: Eleanor Farjeon
Music: BUNESSAN, Gaelic traditional

Text © David Higham Associates, Ltd.

Duplication in any form prohibited without permission or valid license from copyright administrator.

- P** The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all.
- C** **And also with you.**

Prayer of the Day

- P** O God of grace and glory, we remember before you today our brother Bill. We thank you for giving him to us to know and to love as a companion in our pilgrimage on earth. In your boundless compassion, console all who mourn. Give us faith to see that death has been swallowed up in the victory of our Lord Jesus Christ, so that we may live in confidence and hope until, by your call, we are gathered to our heavenly home in the company of all your saints; through Jesus Christ, our Savior and Lord.
- C** **Amen.**

The 23rd Psalm – spoken in unison

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 forever.

Remembrances of Bill

Nancy Schweitzer

Jacob Leh

Barbara Schweitzer Fox

1 Corinthians 13:1-13 – Robert Fox

If I speak in the tongues of mortals and of angels, but do not have love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. ²And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. ³If I give away all my possessions, and if I hand over my body so that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

⁴Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant⁵or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful;⁶it does not rejoice in wrongdoing, but rejoices in the truth. ⁷It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

⁸Love never ends. But as for prophecies, they will come to an end; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will come to an end. ⁹For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part; ¹⁰but when the complete comes, the partial will come to an end. ¹¹When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways. ¹²For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face. Now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known. ¹³And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

Matthew 5:1-12 – Kenneth Fox

When Jesus saw the crowds, he went up the mountain; and after he sat down, his disciples came to him. ²Then he began to speak, and taught them, saying:

³ 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

⁴ 'Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted.

⁵ 'Blessed are the meek, for they will inherit the earth.

⁶ 'Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they will be filled.

⁷ 'Blessed are the merciful, for they will receive mercy.

⁸ 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they will see God.

⁹ 'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they will be called children of God.

¹⁰ 'Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

¹¹ 'Blessed are you when people revile you and persecute you and utter all kinds of evil against you falsely on my account. ¹²Rejoice and be glad, for your reward is great in heaven, for in the same way they persecuted the prophets who were before you.

The Homily

Poem **We Remember Them** (*read responsively*) – Emma Schweitzer

In the rising of the sun and in its going down,
we remember them.

*In the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter,
we remember them.*

In the opening of buds and in the rebirth of spring,
we remember them.

*In the blueness of the sky and in the warmth of summer,
we remember them.*

In the rustling of leaves and in the beauty of autumn,
we remember them.

*In the beginning of the year and when it ends,
we remember them.*

When we are weary and in need of strength,
we remember them.

*When we are lost and sick at heart,
we remember them.*

When we have joys we yearn to share,
we remember them.

*So long as we live, they too shall live, for they are now
a part of us, as we remember them.*

By Roland B. Gittelsohn (adapted)

The Prayers

- P Almighty God, in holy baptism you have knit your chosen people together into one communion of saints in the body of Christ. Give to your whole church in heaven and on earth your light and your peace. God of mercy,
- C hear our prayer.**
- P Grant that all who have been baptized into Christ's death and resurrection may die to sin and rise to share the new life in Christ. God of mercy,
- C hear our prayer.**
- P Give courage and faith to all who mourn, and a sure and certain hope in your loving care, that, casting all their sorrow on you, they may have strength for the days ahead. God of mercy,
- C hear our prayer.**
- P Grant to us who are still in our pilgrimage, and who walk as yet by faith, that, where this world groans in grief and pain, your Holy Spirit may lead us to bear witness to your light and life. God of mercy,
- C hear our prayer.**
- P God of all grace, we give you thanks because by his death our Savior Jesus Christ destroyed the power of death and by his resurrection he opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers. Make us certain that because he lives we shall live also, and that neither death nor life, nor things present nor things to come, will be able to separate us from your love in Christ Jesus our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and forever.
- C Amen.**

The Lord's Prayer

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, forever and ever. Amen

Shall We Gather at the River



- 1 Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, where bright an - gel feet have trod,
- 2 On the mar - gin of the riv - er, wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
- 3 Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
- 4 Soon we'll reach the shin - ing riv - er, soon our pil - grim - age will cease;

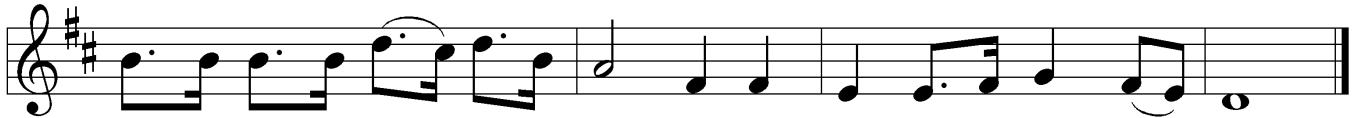


with its crys - tal tide for - ev - er flow - ing by the throne of God?
we will walk and wor - ship ev - er, all the hap - py gold - en day.
grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, and pro - vide a robe and crown.
soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er with the mel - o - dy of peace.

Refrain



Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, the beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er;



gath - er with the saints at the riv - er that flows by the throne of God.

Text: Robert Lowry, 1826–1899

Music: HANSON PLACE, Robert Lowry, 1826–1899

The Commendation

- P** Into your hands, O merciful Savior, we commend your servant Bill. 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.
- C** **Into paradise may the angels lead you. At your coming may the martyrs receive you, and bring you into the holy city Jerusalem. May a choir of angels welcome you, and, where Lazarus is poor no more, may you have everlasting rest.**

Benediction

The Lord bless you and keep you.

The Lord's face shine on you and be gracious to you.

The Lord look upon you with favor and ☩ give you peace

Postlude *Take the A Train* Duke Ellington

We invite you to exit during the Postlude, following the family.

Please join us for a reception after the service in the Narthex

Family requests any memorial donations be directed to Lutheran World Relief.

The Schweitzer family wishes to express particular gratitude to Sandy Kozlowski who lived with Bill for 15 years and was his housekeeper, caregiver, nurse, barber (during Covid), guardian angel and daughter.

The Reverend Kyle Rouze
Intern Pastor Rebecca Chase
Debbie Villavicencio, organ/piano

☩ ☩ ☩

Obituary

Bill Schweitzer was born on October 7, 1921, to August Jacob and Flossie Schweitzer in Natrona, PA. He was five years older than his only sister, Anna Mae. Natrona was a tiny town located on the Allegheny River 25 miles northeast of Pittsburgh. It consisted of 10 or so blocks of closely packed houses and businesses bookended by two mills. A century later, it is hard for many of us to imagine how a town itself can be one's family. Bill, along with his childhood friends, had the run of the town. He knew everybody, and everybody knew him. Growing up surrounded by aunts, uncles, neighbors and friends grounded him in a strong sense of community, loyalty and well-being. His childhood in Natrona was like a little boat that carried him through life's changing waters.

Bill attended Westminster College where he met his sweetheart, Cora May Ford. Cora May's family owned a summer cottage at the Methodist Campground right up the hill from Natrona—a park-like acre or so of brightly painted cottages surrounding a central open-air tabernacle, dedicated to visiting preachers and summer hymn sings. The first summer vacation after his freshman year, Bill, whose family had moved to Pittsburgh several years before, returned to Natrona, moved in with Uncle Lou, and climbed the stairs over the hill to the campground every day to be with Cora May.

Bill served in the Army Air Force during World War II. Subsequently, he finished his degree in business and married Cora May, who was by then teaching high school in the Pittsburgh area. Bill landed a job with United States Steel Corporation. In 1954, believing that more opportunities for advancement might be found in Texas, Bill took a USS job in the Fort Worth/Dallas area, and relocated his growing family. Dislocated might be a more apt word. Where were the green hills of Pittsburgh? What is this scorpion doing in the bathtub? That snake in the yard is called a copperhead. It is hot as hades here!

Bill and Cora, strangers in the strange land of Texas, found friends and like-minded people through fellowship at Calvary Lutheran Church, where they were founding members. They raised four daughters and made a good life for themselves in Hurst. Sadly, Cora May died in 1981. Through Cora's brother and sister-in-law, Bill was introduced to Bette Winters, a nurse and fellow Yankee from Brant, New York. Bette became his wife and loving companion for the next 30 years.

Throughout his life, Bill treasured his family and friends. The steadiness and security that surrounded him as a child imbued in him a sense of family and social responsibility. He was a generous and supportive parent and stepparent, and generous in his philanthropic giving. As Natrona struggled with the realities of late 20th Century rustbelt ruin, Bill sent donations not only to his childhood Lutheran church there, but also to a Roman Catholic parish, and to the cemeteries where his relatives were buried.

Bill was always an avid and thoughtful reader and crossword puzzler. He read the Wall Street Journal daily and frequently monitored his investments via his computer. In these last years, as his eyesight failed, reading became impossible. With little to distract him, he would sit quietly at length. When asked what he was thinking about, he replied, "I'm down Natrona."