



Gerald Matthew Carter

August 29, 1941 – April 30, 2021

A Service of Witness to the Resurrection

In Loving and Grateful Memory of

Gerald Matthew Carter

August 29, 1941 – April 30, 2021

May 15, 2021

Oak Grove Presbyterian Church

Bloomington, Minnesota

Prelude Judy Cooper

Call to Worship/Opening Sentences Rev. Mary Koon

Opening Prayer Rev. Denise Dunbar-Perkins

Scripture I Corinthians 13:4–8 Rev. Mary Koon

Special Music/Slideshow

Remembrances James Howard
Eric Matthew Carter, Jr.
Allan Steven Carter
Oliver Maxwell Carter

Poetry Rev. Mary Koon

Scripture John 14:1–3 Rev. Denise Dunbar-Perkins
Psalm 121

Homily Rev. Denise Dunbar-Perkins

Prayer of Thanksgiving & Intercession Rev. Mary Koon

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 debts, as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Postlude



Psalm 23

**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.**



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.