

**A Service for Celebrating
the Life of**
Douglas Edward McLean

Lambert Funeral Home

November 21, 2009 2:00pm

Welcome & Opening Prayer

Rev. Dr. Susan Hamilton

Scripture Reading

1 John 4: 7-16

**Reflection on Doug's Life &
A Time of Sharing:**

Pastoral Prayer and Lord's Prayer

(Use 'trespasses')

****Unison Commendation:**

Holy God, by your mighty power you gave us life, and in your love you have given us new life in Christ. We now entrust Doug McLean to your eternal care. Receive him into the arms of your mercy and into the presence of your Holy Light. Amen

****Responsive Benediction:**

One: The Lord is our shepherd, we shall lack nothing. We are led to quiet places and our souls are restored.

All: We rejoice in your unfailing care.

One: For God's name's sake we are guided in paths of righteousness. Even if we walk into the sight of death, we fear no evil.

All: We rejoice in your righteousness and strength.

One: God prepares a table for us, anoints us and fills our cup to overflowing.

All: We rejoice in your generosity.

One: We can count on goodness and mercy to go with us throughout our lives. We shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

All: We rejoice in your everlasting love.

All are invited to a reception immediately following the service at the Harbison home: 1705 Diamond Woods Circle, Roseville

The Song of the River

The snow melts on the
mountain,
And the water runs down to the
spring,
And the spring in a turbulent
fountain,
With a song of youth to sing,
Runs down to the riotous river,
And the river flows to the sea,
And the water again
Goes back in rain
To the hills where it used to be.
And I wonder if life's deep
mystery
Isn't much like the rain and the
snow
Returning through all eternity
To the places it used to know.
For life was born on the lofty
heights
And flows in a laughing stream,
To the river below
Whose onward flow
Ends in a peaceful dream.
And so at last,
When our life has passed
And the river has run its course,
It again goes back,
O'er the selfsame track,
To the mountain which was
its source.

So why prize life
Or why fear death,
Or dread what is to be?
The river ran
Its allotted span
Till it reached the silent sea.
Then the water harked back
To the mountain-top
To begin its course once more.
So we shall run
The course begun
Till we reach the silent shore.
Then revisit earth
In a pure rebirth
From the heart of the virgin snow.
So don't ask why
We live or die,
Or whither, or when we go,
Or wonder about the mysteries
That only God may know.

~ William Randolph Hearst



Douglas Edward McLean

11 - 13 - 2009