



CALVARY
EPISCOPAL CHURCH



A Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of
Norwell Bruce Browne, Jr.
September 14, 1935 – May 30, 2016

Burial of the Dead, Rite I
Friday, June 3, 2016
at one o'clock in the afternoon

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The liturgy for the dead is an Easter liturgy. It finds all its meaning in the resurrection. Because Jesus was raised from the dead, we, too, shall be raised. The liturgy, therefore, is characterized by joy, in the certainty that "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord."

This joy, however, does not make human grief unchristian. The very love we have for each other in Christ brings deep sorrow when we are parted by death. Jesus himself wept at the grave of his friend Lazarus. So, while we rejoice that one we love has entered into the nearer presence of our Lord, we sorrow in sympathy with those who mourn.

Prelude *Andante Sostenuto*, from *Symphonie Gothique*, Op. 70
Charles-Marie Widor

Entrance Anthem *all standing* BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, page 469

The Collect

Officiant The Lord be with you.

People And with thy spirit.

The Officiant prays the Collect, and all say Amen.

Hymn: *How great Thou art* LIFT EVERY VOICE AND SING, 60
All sing the hymn together.

Old Testament Reading (*all sit*) read by Kate Walrath Jeremiah 17:7-8

Psalm 130 (*all read together*) BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, page 474

Gospel Reading read by Nick Walrath John 14: 1-6

Remembering read by Liza Walrath Canon Henry Scott Holland

Reflections James Walrath

Hymn: *O beautiful, for spacious skies* HYMNAL, 719

Homily The Rev. Leslie G. Reimer

The Apostles' Creed (*all standing*)

I believe in God, the Father almighty,
maker of heaven and earth;

And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord;
who was conceived by the Holy Ghost,
born of the Virgin Mary,
suffered under Pontius Pilate,
was crucified, dead, and buried.

He descended into hell.

The third day he rose again from the dead.

He ascended into heaven,

and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father almighty.

From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost,
the holy catholic Church,
the communion of saints,
the forgiveness of sins,
the resurrection of the body,
and the life everlasting. 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,
for ever and ever. Amen.

The Prayers of the People *BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, page 480*
Amen follows each petition.

The Commendation *BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, page 482*

All together Give rest, O Christ, to thy servant with thy saints,
where sorrow and pain are no more,
neither sighing, but life everlasting.

Officiant Thou only art immortal, the creator and maker of
mankind; and we are mortal, formed of the earth, and
unto earth shall we return. For so thou didst ordain
when thou createdst me, saying, "Dust thou art, and
unto dust shalt thou return." All we go down to the
dust; yet even at the grave we make our song:
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

All Give rest, O Christ, to thy servant with thy saints,
where sorrow and pain are no more,
neither sighing, but life everlasting.

The Blessing *All respond Amen.*

Hymn: *Eternal Father, strong to save* *HYMNAL, 608*

Dismissal *All respond: Thanks be to God. Alleluia, alleluia.*

Postlude Tierce en taille, from *Messe pour les Couvents*
François Couperin



Leading today's service:

The Rev. Leslie G. Reimer, *Senior Associate Rector*
Jeremy P. Jelinek, *Organist*

N. Bruce Browne, Jr.

A Life Well Lived

To know my dad was to love him. He was the kindest, most optimistic (except when watching Steelers games) and patient person I know, with a great sense of humor. We had so much fun together. When I was in grade school, our favorite things to do on Saturday night was ride the incline to the top of Mt. Washington, go to Baskin & Robbins for ice cream, and then go home and play monopoly. My friends all wanted to come over to my house for the night because they all had a crush on my handsome dad. He maintained his keen sense of humor to the end. He called me one day recently at work and said he was doing errands and noticed that my favorite store, Anthropologie, had a going out of business sign. I drove by on my way home and saw no such sign and called to tell him he must be confused. Of course, he was not confused at all, and said "Deb, what day is it?" It was April 1, always one of his favorite days.

He was smart and accomplished but he had his disappointments too. He played baseball as a pitcher at Shadyside Academy and Duke. He later tried out for the major leagues, but was not selected. That did not dim his lifelong passion for the game and for the Pirates. The last movie we saw together was *Fastball* at the Harris last month, and we had a blast.

After graduating from Duke as an English major and spending 3½ years as an Air Intelligence Officer in the Navy, he spent 9 months in Mexico writing a novel that was never published, but that didn't keep him from maintaining this lifelong passion for literature and writing. He published poems and anecdotes in the Longwood monthly paper, *The Long View*, each month, and called the editor from the hospital on his last day of conscious awareness to tell her that the next installment of the series he was working on would not be ready this month, but that she should publish a poem he had given her instead.

After over 20 years of running Bruce Browne Oldsmobile and Toyota, the automobile business became increasingly difficult, and he turned his interest in investments into an opportunity to build a new career in the financial advisory business. The exemplary way in which my dad handled disappointments and adversity demonstrated the true strength of his character.

Despite my parents desire for more children, I was their only child, but dad was always the very best dad to me and as a father-like figure to so many others as well. He maintained an especially close relationship with his niece, April, who he adored.

In addition to being a wonderful father, my dad was an amazing husband to Anne, the love of his life. I have never seen two people who loved each other more than my parents. They were inseparable and in the last few weeks when my dad was in the hospital, they would still talk on the phone and tell each other how much they loved and missed each other. They had an extraordinary bond.

—continued on the back

My dad was most proud of his 3 grandchildren Nick, Liza, and Kate, who have all grown into extraordinary young adults. He and my mom were never happier than when they were standing on the sidelines and cheering them on at soccer, lacrosse, and basketball games, or on family vacations at the beach or in national parks.

He remained very close to his sister, Jania, all his life, and they talked regularly even when they could not travel as often to see each other. Through Jania, he remained connected with his Texas roots on his mother's side of the family.

Dad was the most positive and optimistic person I know. He often would start conversations with me by saying, "Three great things happened today" and then tell me what they were. I was able to spend his last full day of consciousness with him and three great things happened – we watched the Pirates game together and they won; we watched the game 7 of the NHL Eastern Conference Championship and the Pens won. When it was clear his time was short, I called his 3 grandchildren, who all live within a mile of each other in Oakland, CA and caught them as they were getting ready or on the way to work. They all turned on a dime, got on the same plane by noon and reached his bedside by midnight. The third great thing that happened on that day was that we were all able to spend 1½ hours with my dad reminiscing about our many great times together.

My dad was not scared near the end, but still optimistic that there might be a positive development. On his last day, he was the most organized person in the room, giving me names of people to call and rattling off their phone numbers to me by memory. He didn't have a smart phone and didn't need one because he knew all the numbers by heart. As usual while he should have been the one needing to be comforted, he was trying to make all of his family more comfortable. He told me he had a wonderful life, and that he believed in an afterlife and strongly felt the presence of those who had departed before him and was looking forward to being with his parents and many great friends who had died before him – including Don Winson, Carole Sinclair, Ken Hanau, Phil Sauereisen, Charlie Staley, and Nate Parker.

He was a man truly at peace with himself and the world. He taught me many things, but perhaps the most important lesson he taught me is that kindness matters most of all. In his last weeks in the hospital, as throughout his life, he never complained. He had a kind word to say to every doctor or nurse. He remembered all their names (and there were many) and always said something special to them. He was always trying to make others feel comfortable and at ease. He never made it to the major leagues as he had once dreamed, but in the way he lived his life, he pitched a perfect game.

–Deb Walrath



WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD

I see trees of green, red roses too.
I see them bloom, for me and you.
And I think to myself,
what a wonderful world.

I see skies of blue, And clouds of white.
The bright blessed day, The dark sacred night.
And I think to myself,
What a wonderful world.

The colors of the rainbow, So pretty in the sky.
Are also on the faces, Of people going by,
I see friends shaking hands. Saying, "How do you do?"
They're really saying,
"I love you".

I hear babies cry, I watch them grow,
They'll learn much more, Than I'll ever know.
And I think to myself,
What a wonderful world.

Yes, I think to myself,
What a wonderful world.

—Louis Armstrong



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