

orientation, gender identity, or nationality. Truly embodying the idea that "God has made of one blood all people of the earth," their move to Berea and Union Church was truly a gift to us all and perfectly inline with their faith and values.

As some will know, these last years have not been easy ones. Tom suffered multiple cognitive declines making it increasingly impossible to read, attend events he loved, or enjoy the company of others. Physical infirmity accompanied the mental ones, and after the loving efforts to keep him safe at home were unsuccessful, his family helped him transition to nursing care in Richmond. Dorie was able to be with him much of this time due to her own rehabilitation in the same facility: a joy and a sorrow in one. His daughters Susan and Christie and Susan's husband Jim made frequent visits to see him and help manage affairs, and while not able to be present today, were here last week to share time and tears.

All of the family are in our prayers today and for the weeks and months to come. A small private family service is planned in the near future with a larger public commemoration of Tom's life to be held later in the spring. We will soon know how best to support Dorie and the family, but for now your prayers and your comfort are deeply appreciated. Since Dorie has recently moved to Morning Pointe in Richmond, I've included that address below for those who would like to express condolences.

Tom and I spent many good hours sharing poetry (of which his knowledge was nearly encyclopedic), and I treasure the warmth and pleasure he shared over words that matter. After these last months of suffering the fetters of mind and Covid, and decline, I am holding my friend in the light, the wild light of Wild Nights. May he be done with sorrows and done with restraints, and moor deep in the wild, wild love.

~Rev. Kent Gilbert

Pastor



Tom Hubbard

August 1, 1930—March 5, 2022

A Service of Remembrance for the Life of
Tom Hubbard

August 1, 1930 ~ March 5, 2022

March 12, 2022
Union Church

Rev. Kent Gilbert, Pastor
Bernardo Scarambone, Organist

Gathering Music

Welcome

Rev. Kent Gilbert

Opening Prayer

Readings

<i>Isaiah 40:28-31</i>	<i>Ellen Mink</i>
<i>Because I Could Not Stop For Death</i>	<i>Jim Gannon</i>
<i>"Memories"</i>	<i>Dorie Hubbard</i>
<i>Stopping By Woods On A Snowy Evening</i>	<i>Susan Hubbard</i>
<i>Christie Poem by Dorie Hubbard</i>	<i>Christie Hubbard</i>
<i>Matthew 25:31-40</i>	<i>Carla Gilbert</i>

Words of Remembrance

Kent Gilbert and Open to All

A Life in Pictures

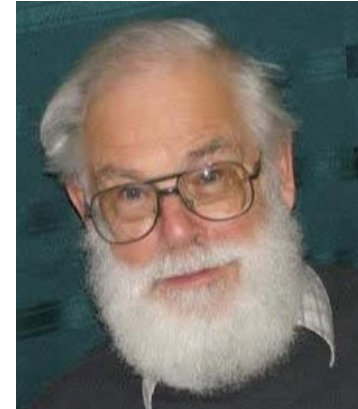
Slide Show with Music by John Courter

"Take Up Your Cross"

"Fantasia in G Major"

"Air from Suite in D Major with Saxophone"

"Prelude on Madrid and Holy Manna"



Tom Hubbard

August 1, 1930 ~ March 5, 2022

Tom Hubbard, a long-time and dear member of the Union Church family has died and entered a wider life, one I pray will be filled with the unfettered joy and release his mind and body were unable to sustain in these last years. Tom died the morning of March 5th 2022, in the presence of his wife, Dorie, at Kenwood nursing home in Richmond, KY, under the attentive care of Hospice Care Plus. He was 91 years old.

Tom and Dorie first retired to Berea more than 26 years ago and began attending Union Church shortly thereafter. Though Tom never formally joined the church, but he also never missed a Sunday, a potluck, a mission program, a children's play, or a bazaar, often laboring to bring them to fruition. A native of Minnesota, he worked as a social worker in New York City before taking a job in Chicago where he met Dorie when she worked in different branch of the same social service agency. Though they worked in other places, Illinois was home until coming to Kentucky.

An avid professional magician, Tom donated his time and talent to so many Berea events. He will also be remembered as a great Christmas Santa Claus (and you can see why!). He was an appreciator of fine music, fine poetry, and fine company with special passions for jazz, anything by organist and carillonneur, John Courter (Organist Emeritus at Union Church), and Emily Dickinson. His interests were by no means limited to these, however, and Tom rarely missed any chance to absorb beauty in sound, sight, or print. Keenly interested in world affairs, a great traveler, and with a penchant for deep friendships with interesting characters, Tom brought color and insight to every conversation.

His love of beauty extended to the love of people in our many variations. Tom actively participated in civil rights movements across his career and was an advocate for the fair and equal treatment of all people regardless of color, class, sexual

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Whose woods these are I think I
know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

—ROBERT FROST

Wild nights - Wild nights!

Were I with thee

Wild nights should be

Our luxury!

Futile - the winds -

To a Heart in port -

Done with the Compass -

Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden -

Ah - the Sea!

Might I but moor - tonight -

In thee!

—EMILY DICKENSON

Words of Affirmation

So we do not lose heart. Even though our outer nature is wasting away, our inner nature is being renewed day by day, ¹⁸because we look not at what can be seen but at what cannot be seen; for what can be seen is temporary, but what cannot be seen is eternal. We know that if the earthly tent we live in is destroyed, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Prayers of Rest and Release

Hymn 433

In the Bulb There is A Flower

*In the bulb there is a flower;
in the seed, an apple tree;
in cocoons, a hidden promise:
butterflies will soon be free!
In the cold and snow of winter
there's a spring that waits to be,
unrevealed until its season,
something God alone can see.*

*There's a song in every silence,
seeking word and melody;
there's a dawn in every darkness
bringing hope to you and me.
From the past will come the future;
what it holds, a mystery,
unrevealed until its season,
something God alone can see.*

*In our end is our beginning;
in our time, infinity;
in our doubt there is believing;
in our life, eternity.
In our death, a resurrection;
at the last, a victory,
unrevealed until its season,
something God alone can see.*

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Benediction

Closing Music

Wade In the Water



Psalm 65

Blessing at the Waters:

*Go forth from this world
With magic tricks and Santa Clause
With Poetry, Jazz, and Classical Music*

*Go forth from this world
With long walks and good friends
With good books and peace-filled days and nights.*

For you have brought us love.

Because I could not stop for Death –
He kindly stopped for me –
The Carriage held but just Ourselves –
And Immortality.

We slowly drove – He knew no haste
And I had put away
My labor and my leisure too,
For His Civility –

We passed the School, where Children
strove
At Recess – in the Ring –
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain –
We passed the Setting Sun –

Or rather – He passed Us –
The Dews drew quivering and Chill –
For only Gossamer, my Gown –
My Tippet – only Tulle –

We paused before a House that seemed
A Swelling of the Ground –
The Roof was scarcely visible –
The Cornice – in the Ground –

Since then – 'tis Centuries – and yet
Feels shorter than the Day
I first surmised the Horses' Heads
Were toward Eternity –