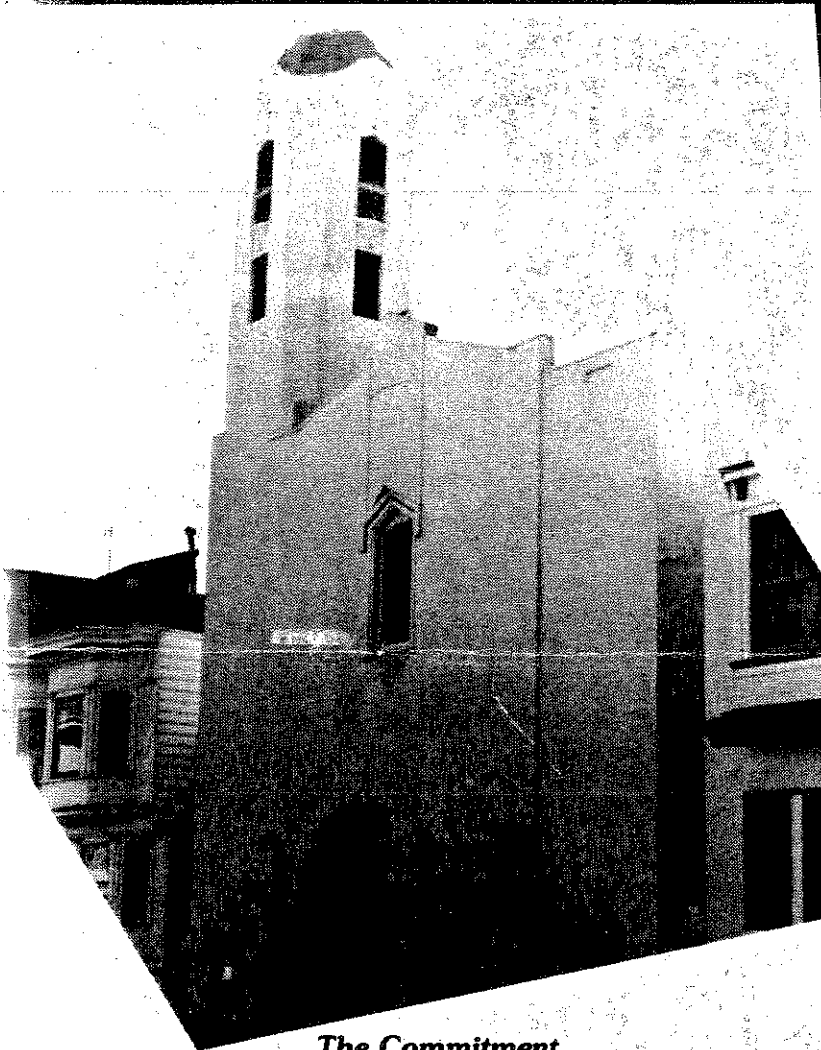


We are here to  
celebrate LIFE



### The Commitment

I affirm my need for a growing understanding of all people as children of God, and I seek after a vital experience of God as revealed in Jesus of Nazareth and other great religious spirits whose fellowship with God was the foundation of their fellowship with all people

I desire to share in the spiritual growth and ethical awareness of men and women of varied national, cultural, racial and creedal heritage united in a religious fellowship.

I desire the strength of corporate worship through membership in The Church for the Fellowship of All Peoples with the imperative of personal dedication to the working out of God's purpose here and in all places.

The Church for the Fellowship of All Peoples  
2041 Larkin Street  
San Francisco, California 94109  
(415) 776-4910

SATURDAY - 20 FEBRUARY 1983 - 2 PM

HYMN 254 - CHRIST MY REFUGE  
(WORDS BY MARY BAKER EDDY)

IN CHRISTIAN SCIENCE, OUR PASTOR IS  
THE HOLY BIBLE and SCIENCE AND HEALTH  
(KING JAMES VERSION) (by MARY BAKER EDDY)

REV. MARVIN CHANDLER consented to  
read our SERMON: honoring John's life

SILENT PRAYER - THE LORD'S PRAYER

HYMN 218 - MISSIONARY CHANT  
(WORDS BY SAMUEL LONGFELLOW)

MESSAGE FROM MRS. JOHN LAWRENCE  
MONROE  
(MARTHA HAANEL MONROE)

REMARKS from you who are here  
today

HYMN - HOW GREAT THOU ART

Please stay for refreshments  
and SOCIAL TIME

THANK YOU FOR COMING

6-1417

JOHN LAWRENCE MONROE

August 31, 1958 - January 23, 1988

FORMER DIRECTOR - HENRY GEORGE  
SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE - CHICAGO

DIRECTOR - INSTITUTE FOR ECONOMIC INQUIRY  
- SAN FRANCISCO -

NORTON 8.4.8.4

LYMAN BRACKETT

CHRIST MY REFUGE

MARY BAKER EDDY



1. O'er wait-ing harp-strings of the mind There sweeps a strain,
2. And wake a white-winged an-gel throng Of thoughts, il-lumed
3. Then His un-veiled, sweet mercies show Life's bur-dens light.
4. And o'er earth's troubled, an-gry sea I see Christ walk,



- Low, sad, and sweet, whose meas-ures bind The power of pain,  
 By faith, and breathed in rap-tured song, With love per-fumed.  
 I kiss the cross, and wake to know A world more bright.  
 And come to me, and ten-der-ly, Di-vine-ly talk.



5. Thus Truth engrounds me on the 6. From tired joy and grief afar,  
 Upon Life's shore, [rock, And nearer Thee,—  
 'Gainst which the winds and waves Father, where Thine own children  
 can shock, are,  
 Oh, nevermore! I love to be.

7. My prayer, some daily good to do  
 To Thine, for Thee;  
 An offering pure of Love, whereto  
 God leadeth me.

Words Copyright, 1887, by MARY BAKER EDDY. Renewed, 1915  
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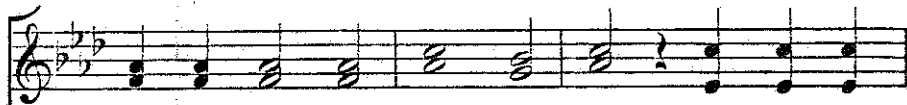
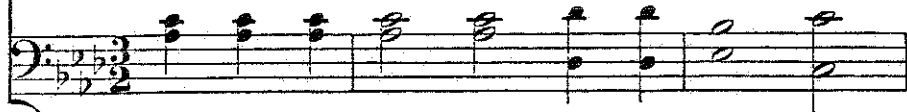
## MISSIONARY CHANT L.M.

HEINRICH C. ZEUNER

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW



1. O Life that mak - eth all things new, The
2. From hand to hand the greet - ing flows, From
3. One in the free - dom of the truth, One
4. The fre - er step, the full - er breath, The



bloom - ing earth, the thoughts of men; Our pil - grim  
 eye to eye the sig - nals run, From heart to  
 in the joy of paths un - trod, One in the  
 wide ho - ri - zon's grand - er view; The sense of



feet, wet with Thy dew, In glad-ness hith-er turn a - gain.  
 heart the bright hope glows, The seek-ers of the Light are one:  
 heart's per - en - nial youth, One in the larg-er thought of God;—  
 Life that knows no death,— The Life that mak-eth all things new.



### HOW GREAT THOU ART

1. O Lord my God! when I in awesome wonder Consider all the worlds thy hands have made, I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder, thy pow'r throughout the universe displayed,

#### Refrain

- Then sings my soul, my Savior God to thee; How great thou art, how great thou art! Then sings my soul, my Savior God to thee; How great thou art, how great thou art!
2. When through the woods and forest glades I wander And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees; When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze;
  3. And when I think that God, his Son not sparing, Sent him to die, I scarce can take it in; That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing, He bled and died to take away my sin;
  4. When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation and take me home, what joy shall fill my heart! Then I shall bow in humble adoration And there proclaim, my God, how great thou art!

Friday the 15<sup>th</sup> - May 1988

Dear Friend Bob

We had a happy surprise to receive the Congregationalist Journal with your kind note. Thank you.

It tells me John's Dad died in 1929, as you said.

I'm not sure about 1939 as the year John went to Chicago. I think he went in 1934 - ?; ?!

You didn't get the <sup>correct</sup> name of the church, where I held a celebration of John's life - The Church for the Fellowship of All Peoples.

The service was very wonderful to me. There were 27 guests - mostly John's Congregational friends.

I've received many, many letters, also, from 46 friends all around the country, in which you could read the glorious praises of John's efforts.

Instead of this postal card I'm going to send you 2 copies of the program. Gratefully, Martha