



SAINT PAUL'S
EPISCOPAL CATHEDRAL

Jeanne Hoffman Smith

September 4, 1929 - July 30, 2022

Saturday, August 6, 2022

10:00 AM

Burial Office Rite II

[Please stand as you are able]

Opening Sentences

BCP 491

I am Resurrection and I am Life, says the Lord.
Whoever has faith in me shall have life,
even though he die.
And everyone who has life,
and has committed himself to me in faith,
shall not die for ever.

As for me, I know that my Redeemer lives
and that at the last he will stand upon the earth.
After my awaking, he will raise me up;
and in my body I shall see God.
I myself shall see, and my eyes behold him
who is my friend and not a stranger.

For none of us has life in himself,
and none becomes his own master when he dies.
For if we have life, we are alive in the Lord,
and if we die, we die in the Lord.
So, then, whether we live or die,
we are the Lord's possession.

Happy from now on
are those who die in the Lord!
So it is, says the Spirit,
for they rest from their labors.

The Lord be with you.
And also with you.
Let us pray.

O God of grace and glory, we remember before you
this day our sister Jeanne. We thank you for giving her
to us, her family and friends, to know and to love as a
companion on our earthly pilgrimage. In your bound-
less compassion, console us who mourn. Give us faith
to see in death the gate of eternal life, so that in quiet
confidence we may continue our course on earth, until,
by your call, we are reunited with those who have gone
before; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

[You may be seated]

Lesson

Ecclesiastes 3:1-8
Clayton Hoffman Smith, Reader

A Reading from the Book of Ecclesiastes.

For everything there is a season, and a time for every
matter under heaven: a time to be born, and a time to die;
a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what is planted; a
time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and
a time to build up; a time to weep, and a time to laugh;
a time to mourn, and a time to dance; a time to throw
away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time
to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing; a time
to seek, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to
throw away; a time to tear, and a time to sew; a time to
keep silence, and a time to speak; a time to love, and a
time to hate; a time for war, and a time for peace.

The Word of the Lord.

Thanks be to God.

Psalm 23 (in unison)

**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.**

Lesson

1 John 3:1-2

Mark Andrew Eaton, Reader

A Reading from the First Book of John.

See what love the Father has given us, that we should be called children of God; and that is what we are. The reason the world does not know us is that it did not know him. Beloved, we are God's children now; what we will be has not yet been revealed. What we do know is this: when he is revealed, we will be like him, for we will see him as he is.

The Word of the Lord.

Thanks be to God.

Hymn

Hymnal 488

[Please stand as you are able]

**1. Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;
all else be nought to me, save that thou art
thou my best thought, by day or by night,
waking or sleeping, thy presence my light.**

**2. Be thou my wisdom, and thou my true word;
I ever with thee and thou with me, Lord;
thou my great Father; thine own may I be;
thou in me dwelling, and I one with thee.**

**3. High King of heaven, when victory is won,
may I reach heaven's joys, bright heaven's Sun!
Heart of my heart, whatever befall,
still be my vision, O Ruler of all.**

Gospel

John 14:1-6

The Holy Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ
according to John.

Glory to you, Lord Christ.

'Do not let your hearts be troubled. Believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house there are many dwelling-places. If it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? And if I go and

prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, so that where I am, there you may be also. And you know the way to the place where I am going.' Thomas said to him, 'Lord, we do not know where you are going. How can we know the way?' Jesus said to him, 'I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me.

The Gospel of the Lord.

Praise to you, Lord Christ.

[You may be seated]

Remembrances

Bill Shdeed

Julia Walter

Rachel Thompson

Victoria Eaton

Homily

The Very Rev. Katie Churchwell

Anthem

And have the bright immensities
received our risen Lord,
where light-years frame the Pleiades
and point Orion's sword?
Do flaming suns his footsteps trace
through corridors sublime,
the Lord of interstellar space
and Conqueror of time?

The heaven that hides him from our sight
knows neither near nor far;
an altar candle sheds its light
as surely as a star:
and where his loving people meet
to share the gift divine,
there stands he with unhurrying feet;
there heavenly splendors shine.

The Apostles' Creed

BCP 496

[Please stand as you are able]

In the assurance of eternal life given at Baptism, let us proclaim our faith and say,

**I believe in God, the Father almighty,
creator of heaven and earth;
I believe in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord.
He was conceived by the power of the Holy Spirit
and born of the Virgin Mary.
He suffered under Pontius Pilate,
was crucified, died, and was buried.
He descended to the dead.
On the third day he rose again.
He ascended into heaven,
and is seated at the right hand of the Father.
He will come again to judge the living and the
dead.
I believe in the Holy Spirit,
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

BCP 364

[Please stand or kneel as you are able]

And now, as our Savior Christ hath taught us, we are bold to say,

**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.**

Prayers

BCP 497

For our sister, Jeanne, let us pray to our Lord Jesus Christ who said, "I am Resurrection and I am Life."

Lord, you consoled Martha and Mary in their distress; draw near to us who mourn for Jeanne, and dry the tears of those who weep.

Hear us, Lord.

You wept at the grave of Lazarus, your friend; comfort us in our sorrow.

Hear us, Lord.

You raised the dead to life; give to our sister eternal life.

Hear us, Lord.

You promised paradise to the thief who repented; bring our sister to the joys of heaven.

Hear us, Lord.

Our sister was washed in Baptism and anointed with the Holy Spirit; give her fellowship with all your saints.

Hear us, Lord.

She was nourished with your Body and Blood; grant her a place at the table in your heavenly kingdom.

Hear us, Lord.

Comfort us in our sorrows at the death of our sister; let our faith be our consolation, and eternal life our hope.

And help us, we pray, in the midst of things we cannot understand, to believe and trust in the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, and the resurrection to life everlasting. **Amen.**

Father of all, we pray to you for Jeanne, and for all those whom we love but see no longer. Grant to them eternal rest. Let light perpetual shine upon them. May her soul and the souls of all the departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. **Amen.**

Hymn

Hymnal 400

[Please stand as you are able]

***O praise him, O praise him,
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!***

- 1. All creatures of our God and King,
lift up your voices, let us sing:
Alleluia, alleluia!**

**Bright burning sun with golden beams,
pale silver moon that gently gleams,**

- 4. Dear mother earth, you day by day
unfold your blessings on our way,
O praise him, Alleluia!**

**All flowers and fruits that in you grow,
let them his glory also show:**

- 5. All you with mercy in your heart,
forgiving others, take your part,
O sing now: Alleluia!**

**All you that pain and sorrow bear,
praise God, and cast on him your care:**

- 7. Let all things their creator bless,
and worship him in humbleness,
O praise him, Alleluia!**

**Praise God the Father, praise the Son,
and praise the Spirit, Three in One:**

The Commendation

BCP 499

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

You only are immortal, the creator and maker of mankind; and we are mortal, formed of the earth, and to earth shall we return. For so did you ordain when you created me, saying, "You are dust, and to dust you shall return." All of us go down to the dust; yet even at the grave we make our song: Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

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

Into your hands, O merciful Savior, we commend your servant Jeanne. Acknowledge, we humbly beseech you, a sheep of your own fold, a lamb of your own flock, a sinner of your own redeeming. Receive her into the arms of your mercy, into the blessed rest of everlasting peace, and into the glorious company of the saints in light. **Amen.**

Closing Hymn

Hymnal 685

- 1. Rock of ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in thee;
let the water and the blood
from thy wounded side that flowed,
be of sin the double cure,
cleanse me from its guilt and power.**

- 2. Should my tears for ever flow,
should my zeal no languor know,
all for sin could not atone:
thou must save, and thou alone;
in my hand no price I bring,
simply to thy cross I cling.**

- 3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
when mine eyelids close in death,
when I rise to worlds unknown
and behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in thee.**

[Procession to East Garden]

The Committal

BCP 501

In sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ, we commend to Almighty God our sister Jeanne, and we commit her body to its resting place; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

The Lord bless her and keep her,
the Lord make his face to shine upon her
and be gracious to her,
the Lord lift up his countenance upon her
and give her peace.

Amen.

The Lord's Prayer

BCP 364

And now, as our Savior Christ hath taught us, we are bold to say,

**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.**

Grant, O Lord, to all who are bereaved the spirit of faith and courage, that they may have strength to meet the days to come with steadfastness and patience; not sorrowing as those without hope, but in thankful remembrance of your great goodness, and in the joyful expectation of eternal life with those they love. And this we ask in the Name of Jesus Christ our Savior.
Amen.

Rest eternal grant to Jeanne, O Lord;

And let light perpetual shine upon her.

May her soul, and the souls of all the departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. **Amen.**

Blessing

The God of peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, the great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant: Make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight; in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. **Amen.**

Dismissal

Let us go forth in the name of Christ.

Thanks be to God.

Celebrant and Homilist

The Very Rev. Katie Churchwell

Deacon

The Rev. Marilyn Robertson

Assisting Clergy

The Rev. Sarah Smith

Canon Musician Designate

Joseph Ripka

Verger

Susan Urbach

Crucifer

John Koons

Ushers

Blue Clark

Rick Hill

Tim Fischer



I am standing upon the seashore. A ship,
at my side,
spreads her white sails to the moving
breeze and starts
for the blue ocean. She is an object of
beauty and strength.
I stand and watch her until, at length, she
hangs like a speck
of white cloud just where the sea and sky
come to mingle with each other.
Then, someone at my side says, "There,
she is gone."
Gone where?
Gone from my sight. That is all. She is
just as large in mast,
hull and spar as she was when she left
my side.
And, she is just as able to bear her load of
living freight to her destined port.
Her diminished size is in me -- not in her.

And, just at the moment when someone
says, "There, she is gone,"
there are other eyes watching her
coming, and other voices
ready to take up the glad shout, "Here
she comes!"

Jeanne Hoffman Smith was truly one of a kind. She died peacefully on July 30, with a family that loved and appreciated her more with every passing day. She herself talked more and more of gratitude as her 92 years went by. Jeanne lived a long and rich life, guided by her father's motto to "Leave more wood on the woodpile than was there when you came." She lived by her own mottos as well, such as "always be curious," and "It never hurts to ask." She was generous with her resources in their many forms, and did all she could to make her community a better place.

She was born on Sept 4, 1929, just months before the Great Depression, in Oklahoma City to Grace (Thatcher) and Roy Hoffman. She grew up in Chandler, OK until war called her father, and the family. Her experiences as a member of this great generation shaped her life, from being a child of that depression to later WWII trauma and dislocation. When she witnessed a German Uboat sink a freighter off the coast of Florida, she was left all too aware of the vulnerability not only of our way of life, but of life itself. Her experience being sent to boarding school at 12, on the same train as those wounded in the attack, forced her into maturity at an early age. She later moved to Oklahoma City with her mother as the war continued, later joined by her father upon return from New Guinea, battered by his experiences. She attended Classen High, went on to Smith College, then Oklahoma City University, ultimately receiving a graduate degree in social work from the University of Louisville.

She married Boston Smith in 1949, as he began his career as a lawyer and judge, and she worked as mother and community volunteer. In the last 50 years of her life, she maintained a practice as a clinical social worker, seeing clients into her last year. She held steady as this life wobbled, and proceeded with its losses and gains, its struggles and rewards. She had three children, Harrison, Roy and Victoria, who live on with their spouses Joanne, Marty, and Mark Eaton. She is also survived by grandchildren Clayton and his wife Gaby, Julia and her husband Jake, Rachel and husband Dan, and Andrew and Elliot Eaton. She loved being a grandparent to these now adults, and then a great grandmother to Lia, Louise, Lila, Noah, and Grace.

She was a great supporter of poetry, the liberal arts, social services, and her church. She loved books, and language, and began numerous programs in the areas of film and video studies, as well as an annual poetry week at OCU, where poets laureate came to educate and illuminate. In her later years, as her vision deteriorated, she would read word by word, with one eye and a magnifier. Her body betrayed her, but she did not let the pain or neuropathy stop her, much to the admiration as well as dismay of her children. As she spoke more about her own gratitude, she left us to now carry this sentiment for her, and all she brought to us. We are now left with the weight of her loss, but also with enormous gratitude indeed for what she gave and meant to us. We will strive to carry forward all she represented and taught.

In lieu of flowers, memorials may be made to St. Paul's Church, 127 NW 7th St, Oklahoma City, Ok 73102.



i thank You God for most this amazing
day: for the leaping greenly spirits of trees
and a blue true dream of sky; and for everything
which is natural which is infinite which is yes

(i who have died am alive again today,
and this is the sun's birthday; this is the birth
day of life and of love and wings: and of the gay
great happening illimitably earth)

how should tasting touching hearing seeing
breathing any—lifted from the no
of all nothing—human merely being
doubt unimaginable You?

(now the ears of my ears awake and
now the eyes of my eyes are opened)

e.e. cummings