

In Thanksgiving for the Life of

Boynton Mott Rawlings

February 9, 2023

3:00 O'Clock p.m.

THE AMERICAN CATHEDRAL IN PARIS
23, avenue George V
75008 Paris

The liturgy for the dead is an Easter liturgy. It finds all 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."*

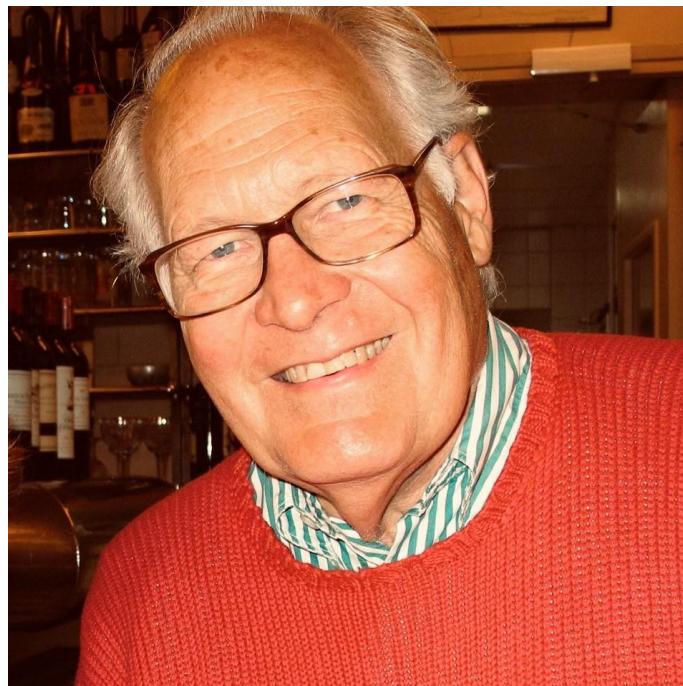
This joy, however, does not make human grief unchristian.

*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. 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.*

La liturgie des défunts est une liturgie pascale. Elle trouve tout son sens dans la résurrection. C'est parce que Jésus est ressuscité des morts que nous ressusciterons nous aussi.

Cette liturgie est donc empreinte de joie, dans la certitude que «ni la mort, ni la vie, ni les anges, ni les dominations, ni le présent, ni l'avenir, ni les puissances, ni les forces des hauteurs, ni celles des profondeurs, ni aucune créature, rien ne pourra nous séparer de l'amour de Dieu manifesté en Jésus Christ.»

Cette joie ne rend pas contraire à l'esprit chrétien la douleur humaine. L'amour même que nous avons en Christ les uns pour les autres, cause une peine profonde lorsque la mort nous sépare. Jésus lui-même a pleuré au tombeau de son ami. Ainsi tout en nous réjouissant de ce que quelqu'un que nous aimons s'est rapproché de la présence du Seigneur, nous éprouvons de la peine avec ceux qui sont dans le deuil.



Boynton Mott Rawlings

Boynton Mott Rawlings was born on December 6, 1935, in El Paso, Texas, and died on December 20, 2022, at 87 years of age in Normandy, France. He was the son of Junius Mott Rawlings, MD, and Laura Bassett Boynton Rawlings.

He is survived by his wife, Kathy Strickland Rawlings, his daughter, Laura Bassett Rawlings, his son James Mott Rawlings his son William Reed Rawlings, his two stepdaughters, Sophie Fabre and Julie Fabre; and his five beloved grandchildren, Fiore and Nicholas Petricone, Adelaide Rawlings and Harlow and Finley Rawlings.

He was a graduate of the Choate School (class of 1954), Princeton University (class of 1958) and Stanford Law School (class of 1961). He also earned a post-graduate degree in European Union law from the University of Strasbourg which prepared him for a rich and rewarding career in international corporate law. A practicing lawyer for five decades, he was a member of the California and District of Columbia bar associations, the Conseil Juridique Paris and the French-American Chamber of Commerce.

A lifelong lover of music, he was a member of the Princeton Tigertones and the Paris Choral Society.

His great pleasure was hosting family and friends whom he regaled with carefully chosen foods, vintage wine, humorous family stories and a wide range of music. He loved nothing more than strumming classic American ballads on the banjo (sometimes with his dog backing vocals) for family and friends, whether it be around the winter fire or among his summer roses at his beloved 16th century country home L'Ancien Presbytère in Montreuil-en-Auge, Normandy.

Boynton always supported and respected those from different backgrounds and what, at times, might have sounded like a distant foreigner was in fact a reputable local, ritually harvesting his apples for his neighboring calvados maker, playing at the town's yearly music talent show, or hosting the builders that restored his 400- year-old cider press.

Wit, humor, intellect and joie de vivre were his in abundance and are the attributes for which he will be remembered by his family and numerous friends.

ORDER OF SERVICE

ORGAN VOLUNTARY: *Prelude in E-flat*, BWV 552

J.S. Bach
(1685-1750)

INTROIT: *Sanctus et Agnus Dei* du *Requiem*

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

All stand, as able.

ANTHEMS *said by the Officiant*

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.

ORDRE DE SERVICE

ENTRÉE: *Prélude en mi bémol*, BWV 552

J.S. Bach
(1685-1750)

INTROIT: *Sanctus* and *Agnus Dei* from *Requiem*

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Tous se lèvent.

ANTHEMES : *le officiant*

Je suis la Résurrection et la vie, dit le Seigneur,
celui qui croit en moi, même s'il meurt, vivra;
et quiconque vit et croit en moi ne mourra jamais.

Je sais bien, moi, que mon rédempteur est vivant, que le dernier jour, il surgira de la poussière.

Et après qu'on aura détruit cette peau qui est mienne, c'est bien dans ma chair que je contemplerai Dieu.

Je le contemplerai, oui, moi! Mes yeux le verront, lui, et il ne sera pas étranger.

Aucun de nous ne vit pour soi-même et personne ne meurt pour soi-même.
Car si nous vivons, nous vivons pour le Seigneur;

Si nous mourons, nous mourons pour le Seigneur:
soit que nous vivions, soit que nous mourions, nous sommes au Seigneur.

Heureux dès à présent ceux qui sont morts dans le Seigneur!
Oui, dit l'Esprit, qu'ils se reposent de leurs labeurs, car leurs œuvres les suivent.

COLLECT

Officiant The Lord be with you.
People **And also with you.**
Officiant Let us pray.

O God, of grace and glory, we remember before you this day our brother Boynton. We thank you for giving him to us, his family and friends, to know and to love as a companion on our earthly pilgrimage. In your boundless 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.**

Most merciful God, whose wisdom is beyond our understanding: Deal graciously with Boynton's family and friends in their grief. Surround them with your love, that they may not be overwhelmed by their loss, but have confidence in your goodness, and strength to meet the days to come; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

COLLECTE

Le officiant Le Seigneur soit avec vous.

Le peuple **Et avec ton Esprit.**

Le officiant Prions le Seigneur.

Dieu de grâce et de gloire, nous faisons mémoire devant toi aujourd'hui de notre frère Boynton. Sa famille, ses amis te rendent grâce pour la compagne que tu leur as donné à connaître et à aimer au cours de leur pèlerinage terrestre. Dans ta compassion inépuisable, console-nous dans notre deuil. Donne-nous la foi de voir dans la mort la porte de la vie éternelle, pour que nous puissions continuer avec une confiance sereine notre marche sur la terre, jusqu'au jour où, répondant à ton appel, nous rejoindrons ceux qui nous ont précédés auprès de toi. Par Jésus le Christ notre Seigneur. **Amen.**

Dieu d'inférie miséricorde, ta sagesse dépasse tout ce que nous pouvons comprendre; dans ta bonté, soutiens Boynton dans leur détresse. Que ton Amour les enveloppe, pour qu'ils ne soient pas écrasés par leur malheur, mais qu'ils gardent confiance en ta bonté et aient la force de vivre les jours qui viennent. Par Jésus Christ, ton Fils, notre Seigneur. **Amen.**

THE LITURGY OF THE WORD

All May be Seated.

POEM

Because I could not stop for Death, Emily Dickinson

William Rawlings

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 –

LITURGIE DE LA PAROLE

Tous s'assoient

POEME

Puisque je ne pouvais m'arrêter pour la Mort, Emily Dickinson
(traduction par Valeriu Raut)

William Rawlings

Puisque je ne pouvais m'arrêter pour la Mort -
Ce Gentleman eut la bonté de s'arrêter pour moi -
Dans la Voiture il n'y avait que Nous -
Et l'Immortalité.

Nous roulions lentement - Il n'était pas pressé
Et j'avais mis de côté
Mon labeur ainsi que mon loisir,
En réponse à Sa Civilité -

Nous passâmes l'École, où les Enfants s'efforçaient
De faire la Ronde – à la Récréation -
Nous passâmes les Champs d'Épis qui nous dévisageaient -
Nous passâmes le Soleil Couchant -

Ou plutôt - c'est Lui qui Nous dépassa -
Les Rosées tombèrent frissonnantes et Froides -
Car ma Robe n'était que de Gaze -
Mon Étole - de Tulle -

Nous fîmes halte devant une Maison qui semblait
Un Gonflement du Sol -
Le Toit était à peine visible –
La Corniche - Enterrée -

Depuis - ça fait des Siècles - et pourtant
Cela paraît plus court que le Jour
Où je me suis doutée que la Tête des Chevaux
Était tournée vers l'Éternité -

PSALM 23: (sung by the choir)

John Goss
(1800-1880)

- 1 The LORD is my shepherd;
 I shall not be in want.
- 2 He makes me lie down in green pastures
 and leads me beside still waters.
- 3 He revives my soul
 and guides me along right pathways for his Name's sake.
- 4 Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
 I shall fear no evil;
 for you are with me; your rod and your staff, they comfort me.
- 5 You spread a table before me in the presence of those who trouble me;
 you have anointed my head with oil, and my cup is running over.
- 6 Surely your goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,
 and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

PSAUME 23 : (chanté par le chœur)

John Goss
(1800-1880)

- 1 L'Éternel est mon berger:
je ne manquerai de rien.
- 2 Il me fait reposer dans de verts pâturages,
Il me dirige près des eaux paisibles.
- 3 Il restaure mon âme,
Il me conduit dans les sentiers de la justice,
A cause de son nom.
- 4 Quand je marche dans la vallée de l'ombre de la mort,
Je ne crains aucun mal, car tu es avec moi:
Ta houlette et ton bâton me rassurent.
- 5 Tu dresses devant moi une table, En face de mes adversaires;
Tu oins d'huile ma tête,
Et ma coupe déborde.
- 6 Oui, le bonheur et la grâce m'accompagneront
Tous les jours de ma vie,
Et j'habiterai dans la maison
de l'Éternel Jusqu'à la fin de mes jours.

As you set out for Ithaka
hope your road is a long one,
full of adventure, full of discovery.
Laistrygonians, Cyclops,
angry Poseidon—don't be afraid of them:
you'll never find things like that on your way
as long as you keep your thoughts raised high,
as long as a rare excitement
stirs your spirit and your body.
Laistrygonians, Cyclops,
wild Poseidon—you won't encounter them
unless you bring them along inside your soul,
unless your soul sets them up in front of you.

Hope your road is a long one.
May there be many summer mornings when,
with what pleasure, what joy,
you enter harbors you're seeing for the first time;
may you stop at Phoenician trading stations
to buy fine things,
mother of pearl and coral, amber and ebony,
sensual perfume of every kind—
as many sensual perfumes as you can;
and may you visit many Egyptian cities
to learn and go on learning from their scholars.

Keep Ithaka always in your mind.
Arriving there is what you're destined for.
But don't hurry the journey at all.
Better if it lasts for years,
so you're old by the time you reach the island,
wealthy with all you've gained on the way,
not expecting Ithaka to make you rich.

Ithaka gave you the marvelous journey.
Without her you wouldn't have set out.
She has nothing left to give you now.

And if you find her poor, Ithaka won't have fooled you.
Wise as you will have become, so full of experience,
you'll have understood by then what these Ithakas mean.

Quand tu partiras pour Ithaque,
souhaite que le chemin soit long,
riche en péripéties et en expériences.

Ne crains ni les Lestrygons, ni les Cyclopes,
ni la colère de Neptune.

Tu ne verras rien de pareil sur ta route si tes pensées restent hautes,
si ton corps et ton âme ne se laissent effleurer
que par des émotions sans bassesse.

Tu ne rencontreras ni les Lestrygons, ni les Cyclopes,
ni le farouche Neptune,
si tu ne les portes pas en toi-même,
si ton cœur ne les dresse pas devant toi.

Souhaite que le chemin soit long,
que nombreux soient les matins d'été,
où (avec quelles délices !) tu pénétreras
dans des ports vus pour la première fois.

Fais escale à des comptoirs phéniciens,
et acquiers de belles marchandises :
nacre et corail, ambre et ébène,
et mille sortes d'entêtants parfums.

Visite de nombreuses cités égyptiennes,
et instruis-toi avidement auprès de leurs sages.
Garde sans cesse Ithaque présente à ton esprit.
Ton but final est d'y parvenir.

mais n'écoupe pas ton voyage :
mieux vaut qu'il dure de longues années,
et que tu abordes enfin dans ton île aux jours de ta vieillesse,
riche de tout ce que tu as gagné en chemin,
sans attendre qu'Ithaque t'enrichisse.

Ithaque t'a donné le beau voyage :
sans elle, tu ne te serais pas mis en route.
Elle n'a plus rien d'autre à te donner.

Même si tu la trouves pauvre, Ithaque ne t'a pas trompé.
Sage comme tu l'es devenu à la suite de tant d'expériences,
tu as enfin compris ce que signifient les Ithaques.

REMEMBRANCES

Laura Rawlings

James Rawlings

William Rawlings

Karl Robinson

All stand, as able.

Hymn: “O God, our help in ages past”

ST. ANNE

The musical score consists of two staves of music in G major, common time. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The music features a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are organized into numbered stanzas, with some stanzas appearing under both staves. The first five stanzas appear under the top staff, and the final stanza appears under the bottom staff. The lyrics describe God as a source of help and hope through ages past, comparing him to a shelter from storms and a guide through life.

1 O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come,
2 un - der the sha - dow of thy throne thy saints have dwelt se - cure;
3 Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, or earth re - ceived her frame,
4 A thou-sand a - ges in thy sight are like an eve - ning gone;
5 Time, like an ev - er - roll-ing stream, bears all our years a - way;

1 our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, and our e - ter - nal home:
2 suf - fi - cient is thine arm a - lone, and our de - fense is sure.
3 from ev - er - last - ing thou art God, to end - less years the same.
4 short as the watch that ends the night be - fore the ris - ing sun.
5 they fly, for - got - ten, as a dream dies at the o - pening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
be thou our guide while life shall last,
and our eternal home.

REMEMBRANCES

Laura Rawlings

James Rawlings

William Rawlings

Karl Robinson

Tous se levant

Hymn : “O God, our help in ages past”

ST. ANNE

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle is in bass clef, and the bottom is in bass clef. The music is in common time. The lyrics are written below the notes, with numbered lines 1 through 6. The first section ends at the end of line 5, and the second section begins with line 6.

1 O God, our help in a - ges past, our hope for years to come,
2 un - der the sha - dow of thy throne thy saints have dwelt se - cure;
3 Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, or earth re - ceived her frame,
4 A thou-sand a - ges in thy sight are like an eve - ning gone;
5 Time, like an ev - er - roll-ing stream, bears all our years a - way;

1 our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, and our e - ter - nal home:
2 suf - fi - cient is thine arm a - lone, and our de - fense is sure.
3 from ev - er - last - ing thou art God, to end - less years the same.
4 short as the watch that ends the night be - fore the ris - ing sun.
5 they fly, for - got - ten, as a dream dies at the o - pening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past, be thou our guide while life shall last,
our hope for years to come, and our eternal home.

THE GOSPEL: JOHN 14:15-17; 25-28

“If you love me, you will keep my commandments. And I will ask the Father, and he will give you another Advocate, to be with you forever. This is the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it neither sees him nor knows him. You know him, because he abides with you, and he will be in you.

“I have said these things to you while I am still with you. But the Advocate, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, will teach you everything, and remind you of all that I have said to you. Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you. I do not give to you as the world gives. Do not let your hearts be troubled, and do not let them be afraid. You heard me say to you, ‘I am going away, and I am coming to you.’ If you loved me, you would rejoice that I am going to the Father, because the Father is greater than I.

The Officiant The Word of the Lord.
The People **Thanks be to God.**

All are invited to be seated.

HOMILY

The Reverend Canon Nathaniel Katz

THE LORD'S PRAYER (*sung by the choir in French*)

Maurice Duruflé
(1902-1986)

EVANGILE : Jean 14 : 15-17 ; 25-28

Si vous m'aimez, gardez mes commandements. Et moi, je prierai le Père, et il vous donnera un autre consolateur, afin qu'il demeure éternellement avec vous, l'Esprit de vérité, que le monde ne peut recevoir, parce qu'il ne le voit point et ne le connaît point ; mais vous, vous le connaissez, car il demeure avec vous, et il sera en vous.

Je vous ai dit ces choses pendant que je demeure avec vous. Mais le consolateur, l'Esprit Saint, que le Père enverra en mon nom, vous enseignera toutes choses, et vous rappellera tout ce que je vous ai dit. Je vous laisse la paix, je vous donne ma paix. Je ne vous donne pas comme le monde donne. Que votre cœur ne se trouble point, et ne s'alarme point. Vous avez entendu que je vous ai dit : Je m'en vais, et je reviens vers vous. Si vous m'aimiez, vous vous réjouiriez de ce que je vais au Père ; car le Père est plus grand que moi.

Le Officiant Parole du Seigneur.

Le peuple **Nous rendons grâce à Dieu.**

Tous s'assoient

HOMÉLIE

The Reverend Canon Nathaniel Katz

LE NOTRE PERE

(chanté par le chœur)

Maurice Duruflé

(1902-1986)

PRAYERS

For our brother Boynton, let us pray to our Lord Jesus Christ who said, “I am the Resurrection and the Life.”

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

People **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 our brother eternal life.

Hear us, Lord

You promised paradise to the thief who repented; bring our brother to the joys of Heaven.

Hear us, Lord.

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

Hear us, Lord.

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

Hear us, Lord.

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

SILENCE

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

All may be seated.

PRIERES

Pour notre frère Boynton, prions le Seigneur Jésus Christ qui a dit : «Je suis la résurrection et la vie».

Seigneur, toi qui as consolé Marthe et Marie dans leur détresse, rends-toi proche de ceux qui pleurent ton ami Boynton et essuie toute larme de nos yeux.

Le peuple **Seigneur, écoute-nous.**

Toi qui as pleuré ton ami Lazare au tombeau, réconforte-nous dans notre peine.

Seigneur, écoute-nous.

Toi qui as fait revivre les morts, accorde la vie éternelle à notre frère.

Seigneur, écoute-nous.

Toi qui as promis le paradis au brigand repenti, conduis notre frère à la joie de ton ciel.

Seigneur, écoute-nous.

Tu as lavé notre frère dans l'eau du baptême et tu l'as marqué de l'Esprit-Saint, reçois-le dans la compagnie de tes saints.

Seigneur, écoute-nous.

Tu l'as nourrie de ton corps et de ton sang, accorde-lui une place à la table de ton Royaume.

Seigneur, écoute-nous.

Sois notre réconfort à la mort de notre frère Boynton que la foi soit notre consolation et la vie éternelle notre espérance.

SILENCE

Le officiant

Père de tous, nous te prions pour Boynton et pour tous ceux que nous aimons, mais ne voyons plus. Donne-leur le repos éternel, que brille sur eux la lumière sans déclin. Que l'âme de Boynton et celles de tous les fidèles défunt reposent dans la paix, par la miséricorde divine. **Amen.**

Tous s'assoient.

ANTHEM: *In Paradisum* from *Requiem*Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Into Paradise may the Angels lead thee: at thy coming may the Martyrs receive thee, and bring thee into the holy city Jerusalem. May the Choir of Angels receive thee, and with Lazarus once poor, mayest thou have eternal rest.

All stand, as able.

PRAYER OF COMMENDATION

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

You only are immortal, the creator and maker of humankind; 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 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 Boynton. Acknowledge, we humbly beseech you, a sheep of your own flock, a sinner of your own redeeming. Receive him into the arms of your mercy, into the blessed rest of everlasting peace, and into the glorious company of the saints in light. **Amen.**

ANTHEME : *In Paradisum* du Requiem

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Que les anges te conduisent au paradis ; qu'à ton arrivée les martyrs te reçoivent et t'introduisent dans la cité sainte, Jérusalem. Que le chœur des anges te reçoive, et qu'avec Lazare, le pauvre de jadis, tu jouisses du repos éternel.

Tous se levant

DERNIER ADIEU

Le officiant Avec tes saints, O Christ, accorde le repos à ton serviteur,

Le peuple **Là où il n'y a plus ni peine, ni tristesse, ni gémissement, mais la vie sans fin.**

Seul tu es immortel, toi qui as créé l'homme et l'as façonné. Mortels, nous avons été façonnés de la terre et à la terre nous devons retourner, comme tu l'as ordonné, toi qui m'as formé et m'as dit: «tu es terre et tu retourneras à la terre». Nous allons tous à la terre, mais même à la tombe, notre chant est l'Alléluia, alléluia, alléluia.

Avec tes saints, O Christ, accorde le repos à ton serviteur, là où il n'y a plus ni peine, ni tristesse, ni gémissement, mais la vie sans fin.

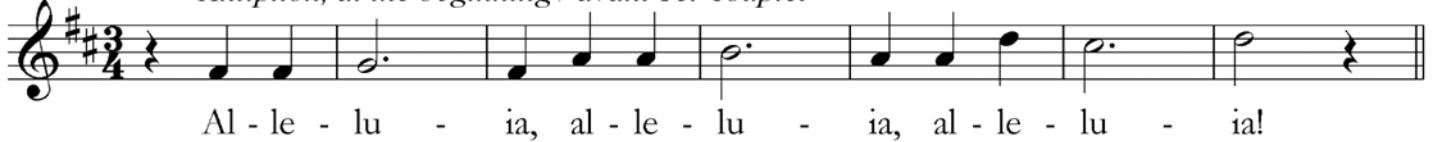
C'est entre tes mains, Sauveur miséricordieux, que nous remettons ta servante Boynton. Reconnais en elle, nous t'en supplions, une brebis de ton bercail, un agneau de ton troupeau, un pécheur que tu as racheté. Dans ton amour, reçois-le dans le repos bienheureux et la paix qui ne finit pas, et introduis-le dans l'assemblée des saints qui jouissent à jamais de ta lumière. **Amen.**

THE BLESSING

HYMN: 208, "The strife is o'er, the battle done"

VICTORY

Antiphon, at the beginning / avant 1er couplet



1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done, the vic - to - ry of
2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst, but Christ their le - gions
3. He closed the yawn - ing gates of hell, the bars from heav'n's high
4. Lord! by the stripes which wound-ed thee, from death's dread sting thy

life is won; the song of tri-umph has be - gun. Al-le - lu - ia!
hath dispersed: let shout of ho - ly joy- out - burst. Al-le - lu - ia!
por - tals fell: lethymns of praise his tri - umphs tell! Al-le - lu - ia!
serv - ants free, that we may live and sing to thee. Al-le - lu - ia!

Antiphon, at the end / après 4em couplet



THE DISMISSAL

Officiant Let us go forth in the name of Christ. Alleluia, alleluia.

People **Thanks be to God. Alleluia, alleluia.**

VOLUNTARY: *Fugue in E-flat "Saint Anne", BWV 552*

J.S. Bach
(1685-1750)

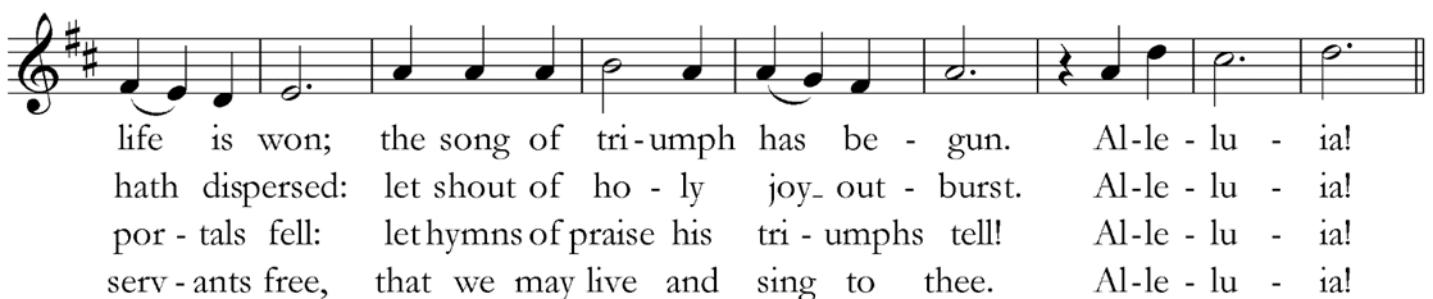
***Boynton's Family invite everyone to the Parish Hall
for a reception immediately following the service.***

LA BÉNEDICTION

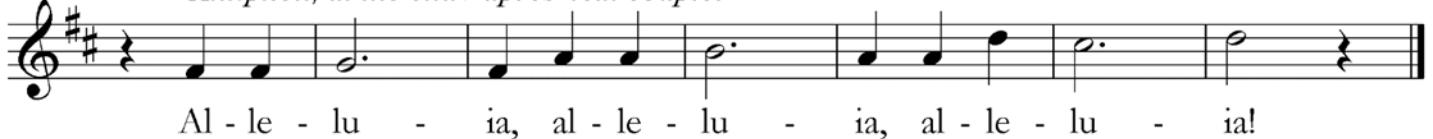
HYMN : 208, "The strife is o'er, the battle done"

VICTORY

Antiphon, at the beginning / avant 1er couplet



Antiphon, at the end / après 4em couplet



L'ENVOI

Le officiant Allons, au nom du Seigneur. Alléluia, alléluia.

Le peuple **Nous rendons grâce à Dieu. Alléluia, alléluia.**

VOLONTAIRE : *Fugue en mi bémol "Saint Anne"*, BWV 552

J.S. Bach
(1685-1750)

The two arrangements on either side of the stairs leading to the choir are given in loving memory by the friends of Boynton's daughter, Laura Rawlings-Petricone:

Alina, Amy, Ann, Barbara, Jessica, Johanna, Kalen, Laura, Mary, Nathalie, Salome

Participating in the Service

Officiant

The Reverend Canon Nathaniel Katz
The American Cathedral in Paris

Director of Music

Canon Zach Ullery

Organist

Andrew Dewar

Readers and Remembrances

William Rawlings

Laura Rawlings

James Rawlings

Karl Robinson

The American Cathedral in Paris

23, avenue George V

75008 Paris

01 53 23 84 08

parish.coordinator@americancathedral.org

The Convocation of Episcopal Churches in Europe

23, avenue George V

75008 Paris

www.tec-europe.org