

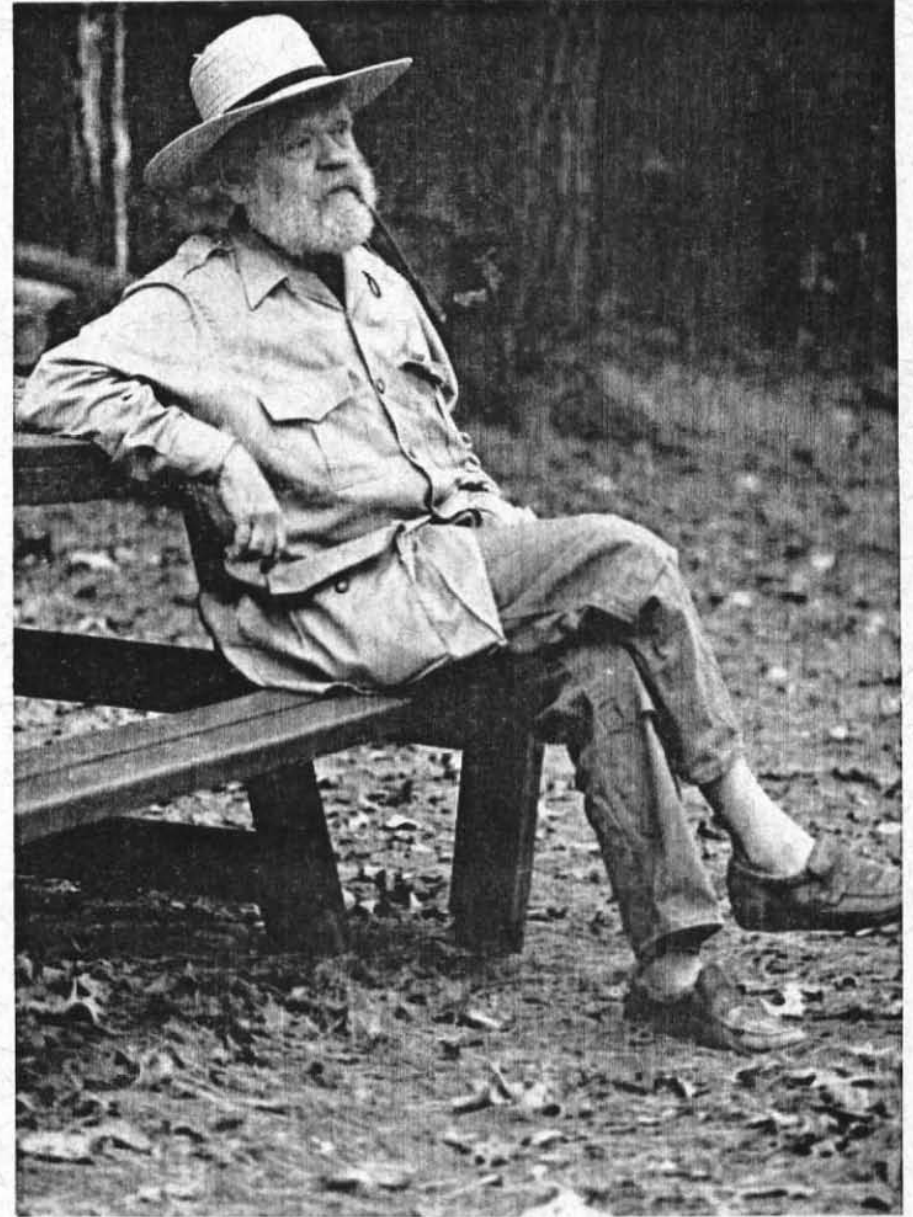
Conscientious Objector
by Edna St. Vincent Millay

I shall die, but that is all that I shall do for Death.
I hear him leading his horse out of the stall: I hear
the clatter on the barn-floor.
He is in haste; he has business in Cuba, business in
the Balkans, many calls to make this morning.
But I will not hold the bridle while he cinches the girth.
And he may mount by himself:
I will not give him a leg up.

Though he flick my shoulders with his whip, I will not
tell him which way the fox ran.
With his hoof on my breast, I will not tell him where
the black boy hides in the swamp.
I shall die, but that is all I shall do for Death;
I am not on his pay-roll.

I will not tell him the whereabouts of my friends nor of
my enemies either.
Though he promise me much, I will not map him the
route to any man's door.
Am I a spy in the land of the living, that I should
deliver men to Death?
Brother, the password and the plans of our city are safe
with me; never through me
Shall you be overcome.

John Madison Grindrod
April 12, 1918-January 3, 1996



Carry on crisply, we'll see you anon.

Prelude: -from Requiem by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Requiem; Hostias; Rex tremendae; Recordare;
Lacrimosa (with lighting of candles by
grandchildren); Benedictus

Welcome and Opening Words: -from Robert Frost

Preliminary Remarks: by Rev. Bonnie-Jeanne Casey

Meditation

Tributes and Reflections on John's Life:

-from Reverend Max Gaebler

-Musical: Ricercare dopo il credo by Girolamo
Frescobaldi, introduced by Dr. Joe Benforado

-Spoken, by Jack Jallings

-Musical: Wedding march from The Marriage of
Figaro by W.A. Mozart, arranged for recorders
by John Grindrod; introduced by Al Nettleton

-Reading from Edna St. Vincent Millay,
"Dirge Without Music"

-Musical: Hupfauf by Tielmann Susato

-Spoken, by David Grindrod

Prayer "We Remember Them" (please join in the refrain):

Personal Recollections:

(John was a spontaneous, good-humored man,
though shy as well; he would understand your
discomfort at speaking out, but all who wish are
invited to share a favorite memory.)

Committal: "Tumultuous Shore" by Arthur Ficke

Benediction: -from "Song of Myself" by Walt Whitman

Recessional:

Aria (Basso) Der alte Drache brennt vor Neid
from Kantate 130 by J.S. Bach

Contate Jubilate Domino pour voix seule, viole de
gambe et continuo by Dietrich Buxtehude

Many thanks to the musicians, or as John affectionately
referred to recorder players, the "toddlers".

We Remember Them

In the rising of the sun and in its going down,
we remember them.

In the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter,
we remember them.

In the opening of buds and in the rebirth of spring,
we remember them.

In the blueness of the sky and in the warmth of summer,
we remember them.

In the rustling of leaves and in the beauty of autumn,
we remember them.

In the beginning of the year and when it ends,
we remember them.

When we are weary and in need of strength,
we remember them.

When we are lost and sick at heart,
we remember them.

When we have joys we yearn to share,
we remember them.

So long as we live, they too shall live,
for they are now part of us.

as we remember them.