



## **Dale E. Flinn**

Dale E. Flinn, 90, of Parkersburg, left this world to meet his heavenly father on Dec. 13, 2022, at Ruby Memorial Hospital, Morgantown, WV. He was born March 11, 1932, in Parkersburg, WV, and later moved to Moorefield, WV where he graduated high school. He married his high school sweetheart and love of his life, Emma Jean Bensenhaver, just moments before their high school graduation on May 17, 1951. A few years later, he moved his family back to Parkersburg, with the dream of being a professional photographer. He opened Flinn Studio and successfully operated the studio for 65 years taking weddings, portraits, commercial shoots, and everything in between. He was a prominent fixture in the community and loved by everyone who met him. He was a loving, devoted husband, father, and grandfather. Those left behind to cherish his memory are his loving wife of 71 years Emma Jean Flinn and two children, Stephen Douglas Flinn of Florida and Teresa Dale Johnson of Vienna; grandchildren Andy Johnson of Vienna, Kristina Johnson of Los Angeles, Rick Johnson of Parkersburg, Nikki Rintz of Portland, and Zack Flinn of Jacksonville; one great-grandchild, Winnie Flinn of Jacksonville, 4 months old, as well as several adopted grandchildren. Dale has donated his body to WVU and there will be a Celebration of Life Ceremony at a later date. In lieu of flowers, the family requests that donations be made to Wayside United Methodist Church, Vienna where Dale was a proud member for 62 years.



# DALE FLINN MEMORIAL SERVICE

Pastor Jeremy Daniels

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FUNERAL / DEATH AND DYING

PSALM 91; JOHN 14:1-4; JOHN 14:18-19; JOHN 14:25-27\*

**PRELUDE: JOHNNY CASH - AIN'T NO GRAVE**

WELCOME

On behalf of Jean and the rest of the family; we'd like to thank you all of you for being here for both Dale and Jean. Not only today for this memorial service, or in the last several months or years; but for a lifetime of friendship and love.

Again, thank you.

GATHERING

Dying, Christ destroyed our death.

Rising, Christ restored our life.

Christ will come again in glory. As in baptism Dale put on Christ, so in Christ may Dale be clothed with glory. Here and now, dear friends, we are God's children. What we shall be has not yet been revealed; but we know that when he appears, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.

Those who have this hope purify themselves as Christ is pure.

THE WORD OF GRACE

Jesus said, I am the Resurrection and I am Life.

Those who believe in Me, even though they die, yet shall they live, and whoever lives and believes in Me shall never die. I am Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End, the First and the Last.

I died, and behold, I am alive for evermore, and I hold the keys of hell and death.

Because I live, you shall live also.

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\* Exported from Logos Bible Software, 1:51 PM March 15, 2023.

## GREETING

Friends, we have gathered here to praise God and to witness to our faith as we celebrate the life of Dale Flinn.

We come together in grief, acknowledging our human loss. May God grant us grace, that in pain we may find comfort, in sorrow hope, in death resurrection.

## PRAYER

Will you join me in prayer...

The Lord be with you.

**And also with you.**

Let us pray.

Eternal God,

We praise You for the great company of all those who have finished their course in faith and now rest from their labor. We praise You for those dear to us whom we name in our hearts before You.

Especially, we praise you for Dale, whom You have graciously received into Your presence.

To all of these, grant Your peace. Let perpetual light shine upon them; and help us so to believe where we have not seen, that Your presence may lead us through our years and bring us at last with them into the joy of Your home, not made with hands, but eternal in the heavens; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

## MEMORIES — JEAN FLINN

### **A Celebration of the Life of Dale Elwood Flinn**

**(March 11, 1932 – December 13, 2022)**

It is a privilege to be here to honor my husband of 71 years, Dale Flinn. He was a man who loved God, family, photography, and he loved life. Dale was always a very creative person, like his Heavenly Father.



### **Our Journey Begins**

Dale and his parents moved from Parkersburg to seven miles north of Moorefield, West Virginia, to manage a chicken farm in the late 1940s. I thought this was the most beautiful place in the valley. We met in the 10<sup>th</sup> grade when I was 15 years old. On May 17, 1951, we were married one-half hour before our high school graduation. I was 17 and Dale had just turned 19.

We moved into an apartment on that beautiful farm. Our first child, Stephen Douglas, was born on December 30, 1952. I was a very happy camper and thought we would live there forever. But Dale had a very different dream of becoming a photographer in Vienna, West Virginia. So, two years later in May of 1953 we moved into a house owned by his parents on 30<sup>th</sup> Street in Parkersburg. We had no job or car, but we had a five month old baby boy and a second-hand stroller.

Dale worked several jobs until we moved into our home on 27<sup>th</sup> Street in Vienna in the spring of 1954. He started working in photography part time in this location. On July 15, 1956, our second child was born, Teresa Dale.

In the early 60s Dale and our two children were baptized by Rev. R. A. Atkinson, and he has been a faithful member of Wayside United Methodist Church for 62 years. In the 60s Dale also had the leading role in a play called "Everybody Works But Father." I played his daughter, and this play was a very successful fundraiser for Neale School.

After Dale worked for the DuPont Company for 20 years, his dream became a reality when Flinn Studio opened in the mid-1970s. We were in that location for 20 years until we moved the studio back into our home on 30<sup>th</sup> Street in Parkersburg in 1992. Flinn Studio was closed in 2017.



During those 65 years we photographed hundreds of weddings and portraits. Dale also did commercial photography. His favorite pastime was his motorcycle and traveling. We enjoyed many scenic trips on the motorcycle. They included a trip across the Keys to Key West, Florida and a northern trip across Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. One day Dale came home from a motorcycle trip to Canada with a few younger guys and told me we were going to Ireland. I asked, "How?" and he said, "On the motorcycle." I asked, "Do you know where Ireland is?" He said, "Yes, I'm going to sell my motorcycle."

He did, and we spent two weeks traveling around Ireland and staying in B&Bs. The night of our 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary we stayed in Dromoland Castle in County Clare, owned by Mr. McDonough of Vienna, West Virginia. Another dream had come true.

We had a very blessed and exciting life together for 71 years. I praise God that Dale went to his Forever Home on December 13, 2022, where he is now living with Jesus, his Lord and Savior.

We thank you for coming to celebrate the life and 91<sup>st</sup> birthday of Dale Flinn on March 11, 2023.

Jean Flinn

## PSALM 91 CEB

<sup>1</sup> Living in the Most High's shelter, camping in the Almighty's shade, <sup>2</sup> I say to the LORD, "You are my refuge, my stronghold!

You are my God — the One I trust!"

<sup>3</sup> God will save you from the hunter's trap and from deadly sickness. <sup>4</sup> God will protect you with His pinions; you'll find refuge under His wings.

His faithfulness is a protective shield. <sup>5</sup> Don't be afraid of terrors at night, arrows that fly in daylight, <sup>6</sup> or sickness that prowls in the dark, destruction that ravages at noontime. <sup>7</sup> Even if one thousand people fall dead next to you, ten thousand right beside you — it won't happen to you.

<sup>8</sup> Just look with your eyes, and you will see the wicked punished. <sup>9</sup> Because you've made the LORD my refuge, the Most High, your place of residence — <sup>10</sup> no evil will happen to you; no disease will come close to your tent. <sup>11</sup> Because He will order His messengers to help you, to protect you wherever you go. <sup>12</sup> They will carry you with their own hands so you don't bruise your foot on a stone. <sup>13</sup> You'll march on top of lions and vipers; you'll trample young lions and serpents underfoot.

<sup>14</sup> God says, "Because you are devoted to Me, I'll rescue you. I'll protect you because you know My name. <sup>15</sup> Whenever you cry out to Me, I'll answer. I'll be with you in troubling times. I'll save you and glorify you. <sup>16</sup> I'll fill you full with old age. I'll show you My salvation."

## JOHN 14:1–4 CEB

<sup>1</sup> "Don't be troubled. Trust in God. Trust also in Me. <sup>2</sup> My Father's house has room to spare. If that weren't the case, would I have told you that I'm going to prepare a place for you? <sup>3</sup> When I go to prepare a place for you, I will return and take you to be with Me so that where I am you will be too. <sup>4</sup> You know the way to the place I'm going."

## JOHN 14:18–19 CEB

<sup>18</sup> "I won't leave you as orphans. I will come to you. <sup>19</sup> Soon the world will no longer see Me, but you will see Me. Because I live, you will live too.

## JOHN 14:25–27 CEB

<sup>25</sup> "I have spoken these things to you while I am with you. <sup>26</sup> The Companion, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in My name, will teach you everything and will remind you of everything I told you. <sup>27</sup> Peace I leave with you. My peace I give you. I give to you not as the world gives. Don't be troubled or afraid.

We are here today to honor and celebrate the life of Dale Flinn today. As we have heard and will hear more from in a moment, is only a tiny snapshot of the wonderful life of a wonderful man.

A man that you could say was of many talents and gifts. A man that you could count on. A man that was known all over the Vienna area as a man of faith, a man of trust, and a man of joy. Dale embodied the life of a Christian and lived into his beliefs each and every day.

The stories of Dale Flinn and his love for Jesus Christ, his Lord and Savior, his love for Jean, his beloved wife, and his love for his hobbies and profession of motorcycles and photography didn't just stay here in the Mid-Ohio Valley.

I know they traveled further south than Mineral Wells, as the tales and legend of Dale Flinn, the motorcycle-riding photographer had made its way to Putnam County as early as the summer of 2021. I know, because I began hearing about the life of this man that we are here to celebrate today, long before I knew that I would have the privilege to be his pastor.

As the life of a United Methodist pastor is known for traveling just as much as Dale did on his bike; I began hearing these stories the moment I met one of his former pastors, Rev. Joe Kenaston, who was then the Senior Pastor I had the privilege of serving under for a year before moving to Wood County this past June.

Joe shared some great stories about his friends and former parishioners, Dale and Jean, and I just couldn't wait to meet these two-leather clad individuals when I got here. You see, I never could believe the tales that Joe told me; and honestly when I got up here and met both Dale and Jean; I'm still not sure I believe all of those stories either. But as I got to know the Flinns over the next several months, by sharing meals and stories during our monthly Lunch Bunch, or talking in the Crossing area before and after worship services, or even in these pews. I'm thankful that I got to know them both as I settled in.

I ended up hearing some more of those stories about their travels, their business, and their relationship. From getting married as soon as they could, to moving back to this area to begin their wonderful and noteworthy career serving the fine people of the Vienna - Parkersburg area. Now, any good United Methodist knows that we don't technically have assigned seats in the church; but every time I looked out at these pews I quickly figured out which general area that Dale would sit in. I wasn't the only one who knew that either, as I'm quickly reminded of their grandchildren and how they would always know where to go to and where to run straight to their seats screaming "Grandma, Grandpa!" as loud and as excited as they would be.

That excitement seemed to bring a smile to more than just my face, as others noticed it too, as well as Dale himself when he saw them come running. His smile continued I'm sure; back in December, when he took his last breath and awoke to one of the best scenes that he could ever imagine upon his arrival in Heaven. No adjustment to the camera settings, hours spent in the dark room preventing pesky dust, or day long trips through a hurricane on a motorcycle could have helped him reach a more picture perfect spot; than being in the presence of his Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

The name Dale comes from the Old English word that means "valley," which is why many places throughout the UK have "dale" in their name. Dale speaks like a breath of fresh air and offers a simple yet refined title for nature lovers.

A name fitting for a man who knew how to travel to; and how to capture the natural beauty that God created and blessed him with.

As one of his favorite chapters of scripture, Psalm 91:4 reads **"God will protect you with His pinions; you'll find refuge under His wings. His faithfulness is a protective shield."** As I read that verse, I couldn't help but think of the protective shield that was over Dale and Jean as they traveled to and fro on their motorcycle; and how he must've felt under the wings of protection of his Lord and Savior.

May we continue to remember Dale in ways that remind us not only of him, but of the things he loved so dearly during his time with us here on earth. From motorcycles, to photography, to his beautiful bride and his wonderful loving family. As picture perfect as life may seem, nothing will beat the view we can all share if we too share in the same faith in Jesus Christ as our friend Dale did.

Now we will get to hear more memories from his granddaughters, Nikki and Kristina. Nikki, we invite you to come and share now...

## MEMORIES

### NIKKI FLINN

**Irish Proverb:** "May neighbors respect you, trouble neglect you, the angels protect you, and Heaven accept you."

Here is a snapshot, a brief picture from my brain camera perspective about a blip of time in the movement of the universe, yet also a piece of a wonderful lifetime, to us human-folk.

Each person here today remembers another page in the album that is you. May your spirit be filled with all this love and honor, of a life well-lived.

Grandfather: The title and impression has various meanings for many. But this is what makes me think of mine, of ours — the Flinn family's Patriarch, Dale Flinn.



**Grandpa Flinn:** A symbol of a kind male presence, a role model. A joyful light. Strong. Fit. Smart. Talented. Artist.

A good man, simply for goodness itself. The man praying over broken bread in tandem with a painting above him depicting the same scene. Giving thanks.

He did not need to be the loudest person in the room, but rather had a gentle grace.

Tall and slender with an amazing voice and great boots. Agile. Nice hair. Motorcycle rider.

Open arms, almost in a stance, as if ready to take on what life threw his way and give big, real hugs.

Greetings with “Hey kid.” and a smile. Focused on living life.

A Lifelong learner, observer, philosophizer, inventor.

It never felt like he needed to get anywhere else or do anything more important than to have a rich conversation with the people he was with.

Able to practice gratitude and enjoy the beauty of simple things in life. He did it right.

Mixing every flavor known to humankind. I don’t know anyone else that would eat coleslaw, macaroni salad stuff, and peanut butter in the same bite, and absolutely enjoy it.

A Dry sense of humor. When I spoke to him on his birthday last year and he said, “I was having a really good day, until they told me I was 90.”

My fellow tall person in the family (as proof I’m not from the milkman).

A helping hand. Having fun and taking interest in new things, ready to pitch in and go along with all kinds of wild projects.

Really always up for a project. The amount of learning, playing, and creativity; taking my graduation photos and assisting with crazy antics. Taking my wedding photos and making our intricate album. Going out of his way to do incredible techniques on Photoshop. Helping me with redoing a vintage stool. Troubleshooting and delicately attaching my wedding dress fabric to the bench with patience and care.

He cared for people. He loved his family. His wife, his best friend Jean, being a gentleman and always giving her a hand walking, working together in the kitchen, an example of family and the fellowship that brings warmth to the meaning of “home.”

Went out of his way to be accepting and honor the beauty of others.

A true Christian. Passionate and excited about his faith. He did not judge. Devoted in spirit and love. Ready to bless anyone who was in need and wanting to heal. Prayer.

Entrepreneurial: photography known by so many in the community, always developing new skills and trying techniques. Innovative. A hard worker.

But it is not easy to truly capture someone who stayed behind the lens, so ready to humbly receive others and highlight them rather than turn the focus on himself. Willing to educate about cameras anytime, and proud of his eclectic curated collection.

What is truly knowing someone? What is family?

Talk about the weather. Might not remember a favorite color. May not see each other very much. May not really, *really* know a lot of things deeply about a person, but when they see you and they light up. To hear the light in the voice. And they're filled with warmth, and they are glad to give you a generous, big hug and be there to hear wherever it is you are at that moment. They are willing to get down on their knees and take your hands and bless you with every fiber they possess. Send out as much good energy as they can and bless you and your life to a higher power, and wish you absolute abundance; that's love!

I remember my grandparents taking pictures of us kids and how they worked together to get us to smile. With Grandma's goofy enthusiastic monkey-ish call sounds — "oo-oh, woohoo, hewwy, hey now" — and Grandpa's "Hey there".

The warmth bottled and frozen in time. Love in little ways, in the family meals shared, celebrations, church trips, meaningful conversations, tours of the photography studio, which to my child's eyes, appeared larger than life, with frames as high as I could look up. A place of business, but more importantly, a place of hard work, earned creativity, and abundance, and of course, for growing sprouts.

The Flinn Studio that became well known throughout the mid-Ohio Valley, and then evolved into a home studio that was welcoming, and people were in awe with the skill and care given to them and their treasured moments. A studio beaming with varied past projects and styles representative of vast, self-taught skills. So many people in the community have stories about someone taking pictures with Flinn Studio.

I think about you holding your arms up as the wind blew up over the rock face on the wild Oregon Coast and shot out with strong gusts about to throw people down, and yet you walked towards it, and you stood there and put your arms out like you were flying. You faced the wind and were present and free, and felt alive in the exhilaration.

Thank you for showing how to love the simple beauties of life so fully.

Enjoying the fresh snow falling from your cozy nook, the reading of scripture, the grape skins popping, cheese in Amish Country, Irish festivals, dapper, matching outfits with Grandma. Washing dishes together and cooking in the kitchen, making whipped

butter spread and other concoctions. The sounds, smells: wish I remembered more, but the wisps of memory are such a gift.

The thoughts of all that was made, celebrated, given thanks.

A bountiful life.

Where will the winds carry you? May they lift you up, may they set you in the heavens you looked up to with wonder and awe.

Amen.

KRISTINA JOHNSON

### **THE GRAND'S CELEBRATION OF LIFE**

March 11, 2023

I had been trying to find the right words, or just the right story to share that would encapsulate everything this man was to me. But the truth is, I couldn't. There are too many stories, too many memories. And how do you sum up a lifetime into just a few words? You can't - or you might be able to, but (at least) I can't.

I was sitting in his recliner rubbing my hand over the blanket that lines his chair. It is carefully woven cotton, wool with different textures and designs with hues of grey, blues and green then I look over to the other Grand's chair and it's made up of the same cotton and wool yet hers has hues of reds and oranges. And that's the thing about people, love - they create their own unique hue and when mixed with another it creates an entirely different hue. Who he was to me had its own unique hue and who he was to you created its own unique hue. But no matter the hue or texture or design He is deeply woven into the fabric of our family and this community. When something is woven so tightly and deeply into fabric you admire the complexity, the intricacies, its richness and depth of color, all the layers, and nuance - the legacy of it all.

To me, The Grand — that was my name for him — was our peaceful, creative, loving, devoted patriarch, who was steadfast, strong like bamboo who was rooted yet could sway and dance with the weather of life. He is the thread that connects each of us and brought us all here today.

He is woven into the very fabric of who I am. So there isn't one story I can share that could possibly sum up his legacy. Honestly, he's in a league of his own with that.

But I will share a few things I have learned from him. . .

The power of presence. His presence. No matter what was happening in the world, or how busy life got, he always made time. To talk, to listen, to just be with you. He had this wonderful gift of making you feel like you were the most important person in the room - you had his undivided attention and the rest of the world melted away. He

believed you showed up for people, in the good and bad times. When someone was in need — he sprang into action before anyone else even had time to respond.

From early childhood I would walk from elementary school to his studio on Grand Central Ave to spend the afternoon with him - learning about photography, how to make pictures and put the clamps on just right to hold the pictures- which were way too hard for my tiny hands, but He let me try every single time. He set up magical tents under the curtain in the dressing room with pillows and blankets for me to “hide” - knowing full well he was putting me down for a much-needed nap. He would hold me on his porch swing as he swung us back and forth in the middle of the thunderstorm calming me with his stories and explanations of what was making the thunder and the lightning so scary showing me there was nothing to be afraid of. We would stare up at the moon, counting stars and naming every constellation, talking to the man in the moon - I never did figure out who that man was up there, but he knows a lot about me. The Grand created indoor camping nights with sleeping bags and flashlights - He had this knack for making the everyday mundane feel special and magical.

His passion for the arts ignited my love of theater, music and all things Jazz. We would have Sunday afternoon skat sessions where I would just come over and spend the day playing the piano - imperfect and all - he preferred jazz, but he was happy to have me there playing anything. He would take us to candlelight Christmas eve services, stand hours for the live nativities in freezing cold winter nights, take me to jazz concerts, plays and to the symphony.

I would climb trees way too high, getting stuck every single time - It never failed. He would wait until I was at the top, knowing I would get stuck and get scared because i would just take off and go as I high as I could climb and not be able to climb back down - he would come and get me each and every time, carefully guiding me step by step making me feel like I was the one doing all the hard work. And he was there to keep me company and “just in case.”

The Grand was the man who, anytime I called and needed a ride to or from school, without fuss or hesitation, would say, “I’m on my way.” At times I would find him sitting waiting for me or on one of his “just in the neighborhood” drive-bys in case I needed a ride. We would stay up way too late sitting at the kitchen table with Elle Fitzgerald, Duke Ellington, or Louie Armstrong playing on the radio just talking - about life, complex issues, God, beliefs, values, fears and worries - all the great mysteries of life. He didn’t like the fluffy stuff or over sensationalize melodrama - he loved real, honest, meaningful conversations with people he cared about and enjoyed spending time with.

The Grand was a brave man. I had just gotten my learners permit at the ripe old age of 15 and the next day we headed to Florida. Let me tell you he didn’t waste any time. We hit the road and I was behind the wheel learning to drive sandwiched between

semi's and thin painted lines that were supposed to keep me from spontaneously swerving off the road and crashing into a ditch. He was steady, calm, and had way more faith in me, than I did. The other Grand on the other hand, her heart was racing so fast I could hear it pounding all the way from the back seat. I wanted to give up several times, but he said, "NO. You're doing great. Just keep your eyes on the road, stay between those lines and keep going." We made it to Florida, and I don't think Grandma had ever been more relieved. That was the thing about him - his belief was unwavering, and he made you face your fears, and when you wanted to give up or lose faith, he would carry you with his.

My curiosity, my vivaciousness, and tenacity were never too much for him - from childhood to adulthood - he would tell me, "Don't let anyone take that away from you and you'll go far, kid."

I knew I was gonna' go far - When it was time for college - he packed me and all my belongings up in his van like a can of sardines and off we went. He didn't know it then, but that was the first of many, *many, many* moves he would help me with over the years. Each time it became more and more like a game of Tetris with a whole lot of Hail Marys, but somehow he made it work. I'm not sure that was exactly what he meant when he told me I'd go far in life and or that he would be the one taking me there.

But no matter the distance or time away, the Grand would greet me at the front door with the biggest, warmest hug - you know his kind of hug - the one that engulfs you and swallows you up whole - in the best way possible - and no matter what was going on before - all of life's woes melted away and everything just seemed better afterwards.

He taught me to be a creator not a consumer. He didn't like sitting around or watching TV - he liked to be up and doing things - creating, dreaming, building, making, and visioning. He would be doing yard work, working in his garage, and perfecting his technique in the studio, he was always a student, learning and growing,

He taught me that life, contentment, and fulfillment, doesn't come from the things you have, but through the time you spend together, the memories you make and how you make people feel. He felt life was short and people are too important to sweat the small stuff . . . and as far as he was concerned, almost everything was small stuff.

He taught me the steadfastness of love through his devotion - to his wife of 71 years, to his family, to photography, to his craft, community, church, to his faith, and to life.

Things will be different now, and it's an end of an era for sure. But he is deeply woven into the tapestry of who I am . . . and I know he will find me...

... Right before the shutter snaps of each picture I take

... In the rustling leaves and changing fall colors, to the birds and squirrels who congregate and play outside the window

... And, When I sit down to share a warm meal, He will be there.

... Every time I give a welcoming embrace

... Have a meaningful conversation

... Awed by the wonderment of the world or

... Hear the blow of the trumpet - he will be there.

... When I look up at the night sky and see the man in the moon

... Get lost in my imagination, contemplate deep thoughts

... Create something out of nothing

... And go on spontaneous adventures - He will be there.

He lives In the twinkling color of Christmas lights...

...The smell of a tobacco pipe, roaring motorcycles, Sunday drives and the silky sound of jazz. You can't forget the jazz — he will find me there.

And when I feel the heaviness of life, the Grand's love, grace, peace, and presence will remind me — Life is short, don't sweat the small stuff kid — and almost all stuff is small stuff.

Thank you GRAND for weaving this beautiful, layered, rich tapestry we see in all who are here today, for making life more meaningful and our world so wonderful for all who have met you for a moment or knew you for a lifetime.

I love you. We will never be the same without you here, but you are forever with me, woven into the tapestry of who I am.

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EPITAPH BY MERRIT MALLOY

Read by Kristina Johnson

When I die  
Give what's left of me away  
To children  
And old men that wait to die.  
And if you need to cry,  
Cry for your brother  
Walking the street beside you.  
And when you need me,  
Put your arms  
Around anyone  
And give them  
What you need to give to me.  
I want to leave you something,  
Something better  
Than words  
Or sounds.  
Look for me  
In the people I've known  
Or loved,  
And if you cannot give me away,  
At least let me live on in your eyes  
And not your mind.  
You can love me most  
By letting  
Hands touch hands,  
By letting bodies touch bodies,  
And by letting go  
Of children  
That need to be free.  
Love doesn't die,  
People do.  
So, when all that's left of me  
Is love,  
Give me away.

## GUESTS

### CLOSING PRAYER — PASTOR JEREMY DANIELS

God of us all, Your love never ends. When all else fails, You still are God. We pray to You for one another in our need, and for all, anywhere, who mourn with us this day. To those who doubt, give light; to those who are weak, strength; to all who have sinned, mercy; to all who sorrow, Your peace. Keep true in us the love with which we hold one another. In all our ways we trust You. And to You, with your Church on earth and in heaven, we offer honor and glory, now and forever. Above all else we thank you for Jesus, who knew our griefs, who died our death and rose for our sake, and who lives and prays for us. And as He taught us, so now we pray.

### THE LORDS PRAYER

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, the Power, and the Glory for ever and ever. Amen.

### CLOSING SONG - LOUIE ARMSTRONG "WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD"

### BLESSING OVER THE MEAL

Father God, we give You thanks for Dale Flinn and the life he led, the life he shared, and the love that remains here with us today. As we continue to honor and celebrate his life through stories, memories, photographs, and this wonderful meal. We ask a blessing on it, on those who helped prepare it, and upon the conversations that will be shared together during this time of celebration. In Your name we give thanks, Amen.

### POSTLUDE

Download a copy of this transcript and view the entire Celebration at  
<https://rick-sawyer.com/dale/>