



*The After Party*  
Belle Haven Country Club  
6023 Fort Hunt Road  
Alexandria, VA 22307



*Gifts in memory of Chip may be made to:*

Team Kennett Family Trust  
<https://www.giveforward.com/fundraiser/ltc7/team-kennett-family-trust>

LUNGeivity Foundation  
[http://events.lungevity.org/goto/Chip\\_Kennett](http://events.lungevity.org/goto/Chip_Kennett)

Legacy Mission  
<http://www.legacymission.org/donate>



*Clergy*

The Rev. Oran E. Warder  
The Rev. Ross Kane  
The Rev. Samuel A. Mason, Objn  
The Rev. Annie Pierpoint Mertz  
Mr. Greg Millikin

*Oblation Bearers*

Saint and Maria Pollard

*Organist*

Mr. Grant Hellmers

*Prelude and Communion Music Organist*

Mr. J. Reilly Lewis,  
Founder and Music Director, Washington Bach Consort



Music during Prelude, Communion and Postlude:  
*Selections from J. S. Bach, chosen by Senator John D. "Jay" Rockefeller IV*

Flowers given by Men of Patriots Football Sunday



**SAINT PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH**  
228 South Pitt Street • Alexandria, Virginia 22314  
703· 549· 3312

**A Memorial Service  
in Thanksgiving for the Life of**

**Bayard Winslow "Chip" Kennett II**

**December 23, 1980 – January 17, 2015**

**Thursday, January 22, 2015  
11:00 a.m.**

**"SHINE AS A LIGHT IN THE WORLD TO THE GLORY OF GOD"**



Prelude *Prelude and Fugue in E-Flat ("St. Anne")* J.S. Bach  
 ("O God, our help in ages past")

Hymn *Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee* (see insert)

Remembrances Sheila B. Kennett  
 Clete D. Johnson, *Godfather to Joe and Crosby*

Opening Sentences The Book of Common Prayer, p. 491

A reading from I John 4:16b-20 Smitty (known by a few as Chris Smith)  
*Childhood friend from Conway*

Psalm 139:1-5, 12-17

LORD, you have searched me out and known me;  
 you know my sitting down and my rising up;  
 you discern my thoughts from afar.  
 You trace my journeys and my resting-places  
 and are acquainted with all my ways.  
 Indeed, there is not a word on my lips,  
 but you, O LORD, know it all together.  
 You press upon me behind and before  
 and lay your hand upon me.  
 Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;  
 it is so high that I cannot attain to it.  
 For you yourself created my inmost parts;  
 you knit me together in my mother's womb.  
 I will thank you because I am marvelously made;  
 your works are wonderful, and I know it well.  
 My body was not hidden from you,  
 while I was being made in secret  
 and woven in the depths of the earth.  
 Your eyes beheld my limbs, yet unfinished in the womb;  
 all of them were written in your book;  
 they were fashioned day by day,  
 when as yet there were none of them.

A reading from Philippians 4:4-7 Kerry Ates  
*Chief mentor, counselor and devoted friend*

Hymn *Love Divine, All Loves Excelling* (see insert)

A reading from the Gospel of John 14:1-3

The Homily The Rev. Oran E. Warder

The Apostles' Creed BCP p. 496

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 Prayers BCP, p. 465

Receive, O LORD, your servant, for he returns to you.  
*Into your hands, O Lord, we commend our brother Chip.*

Wash him in the holy font of everlasting life, and clothe him in his heavenly  
 wedding garment.  
*Into your hands, O Lord, we commend our brother Chip.*

May he hear your words of invitation, "Come, you blessed of my Father."  
*Into your hands, O Lord, we commend our brother Chip.*

May he gaze upon you, Lord, face to face, and taste the blessedness of perfect rest.  
*Into your hands, O Lord, we commend our brother Chip.*

May angels surround him, and saints welcome him in peace.  
*Into your hands, O Lord, we commend our brother Chip.*

Offertory Hymn *How Great Thou Art* (see insert)

**The Holy Communion** BCP, p. 361

Sanctus S-129 *Holy, Holy, Holy*

Communion Music Chorale Prelude: *Schmücke dich, O liebe Seele* J.S. Bach  
 ("Deck thyself, my beloved soul, with gladness")

The Post-Communion Prayer BCP, p. 498

The Commendation BCP, p. 499

The Blessing

Hymn *Battle Hymn of the Republic* (see insert)

The Dismissal

Postlude *Fantasia in G* J.S. Bach

## Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee

Joyful, joyful, we adore thee, God of glory, Lord of love;  
hearts unfold like flowers before thee, praising thee, their sun above.  
Melt the clouds of sin and sadness, drive the dark of doubt away;  
giver of immortal gladness, fill us with the light of day.

All thy works with joy surround thee, earth and heaven reflect thy rays,  
stars and angels sing around thee, center of unbroken praise.  
Field and forest, vale and mountain, blooming meadow, flashing sea,  
chanting bird and flowing fountain, call us to rejoice in thee.

Thou art giving and forgiving, ever blessing, ever blest,  
well-spring of the joy of living, ocean-depth of happy rest!  
Thou our Father, Christ our Brother: all who live in love are thine;  
teach us how to love each other, lift us to the joy divine.

## Love Divine All Loves Excelling

Love divine, all loves excelling, joy of heaven to earth come down;  
fix in us thy humble dwelling; all thy faithful mercies crown!  
Jesus, thou art all compassion, pure unbounded love thou art;  
visit us with thy salvation; enter every trembling heart.

Finish, then, thy new creation; pure and spotless let us be.  
Let us see thy great salvation perfectly restored in thee;  
Changed from glory into glory, 'til in heaven we take our place,  
'til we cast our crowns before thee, lost in wonder, love, and praise.

## How Great Thou Art

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder  
consider all the world thy hand hath made,  
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,  
thy pow'r throughout the universe displayed.

*Refrain:* Then sings my soul, my saviour God, to thee,  
How great Thou art! How great thou art!  
Then sings my soul, my saviour God, to thee,  
How great Thou art! How great thou art!

*(continued on the reverse side)*

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*(continued on the reverse side)*

*(cont'd)*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander  
I 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.

*Refrain.*

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 o take away my sin.

*Refrain.*

*\* (final verse is to be sung a capella)*

When Christ shall come with shouts 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!"

*Refrain.*

### **Battle Hymn of the Republic**

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
he is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;  
he hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;  
his truth is marching on.

*Refrain:* Glory, glory! Hallelujah!  
Glory, glory! Hallelujah!  
Glory, glory! Hallelujah!  
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps,  
they have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,  
his day is marching on.

*Refrain.*

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;  
he is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;  
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubilant, my feet!  
Our God is marching on.

*Refrain.*

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,  
with a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;  
as He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
while God is marching on.

*Refrain.*

*(cont'd)*

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