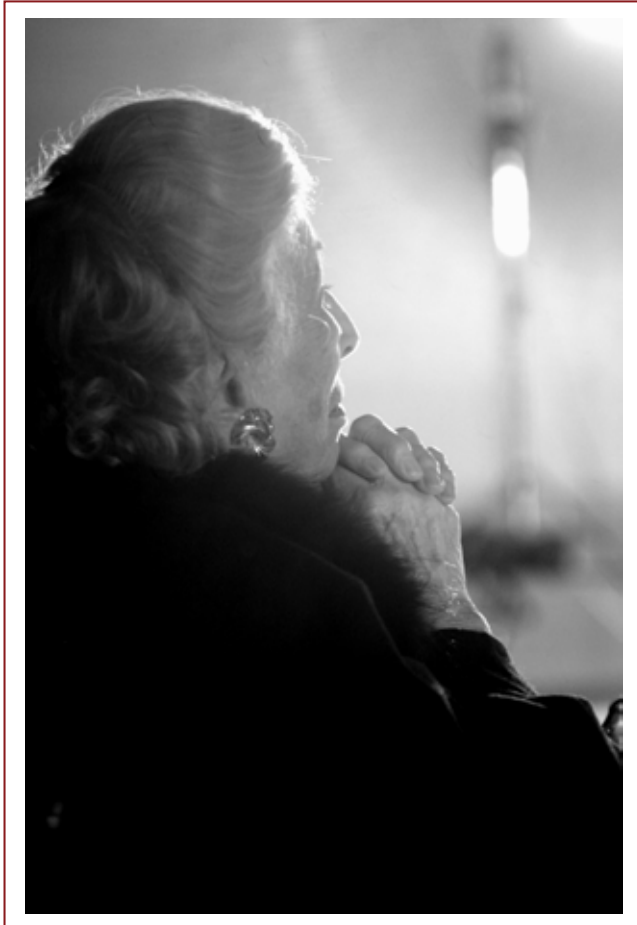


Service of Thanksgiving
for the Life and Work of

Mary Crist Fleming

September 10, 1910 - January 27, 2009



*Her vision and loving spirit lifted the hearts
and minds of generations.*

Church of St. Abbondio, Collina d'Oro

February 1, 2009, 15:00

ORDER OF SERVICE

Prelude: <i>Passacaglia</i> , H. Andriessen	Jonathan Morris
Processional: <i>A Mighty Fortress Is Our God</i> (please stand)	J. Morris
<i>Alma Mater</i> , from the Musical <i>MCF: What a Life!</i>	Erica Cali and J. Morris
Invocation	Don Aldo Aliverti Rev. Andy Horlock
Reading: St. Paul's <i>First Letter</i> <i>to the Corinthians</i> , Ch. 13 (please sit)	Gai Fleming Case

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love,
I have become sounding brass or a clanging cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all
knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, but
have not love, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body
to be burned, but have not love, it profits me nothing.

Love suffers long and is kind; love does not envy; love does not parade itself,
is not puffed up; does not behave rudely, does not seek its own, is not provoked,
thinks no evil; does not rejoice in iniquity, but rejoices in the truth; bears all
things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Love never fails. But whether there are prophecies, they will fail; whether there
are tongues, they will cease; whether there is knowledge, it will vanish away.

For we know in part and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect has come, then that which is in part will be
done away.

When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a
child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see in a mirror dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part,
but then I shall know just as I also am known.

And now abide faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

Responsive Reading:*The Souls of the Righteous*

Wisdom of Solomon

(please stand)

Michael Ulku-Steiner

and Congregation

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God,

And no torment will ever touch them.

In the eyes of the foolish they seem to have died

And their departure was thought to be an affliction,

And their going from us to be their destruction;

But they are at peace.

God created man for incorruption,

And made him in the image of his own eternity.

The righteous live for ever, and their reward is with the Lord;

The Most High takes care of them.

With his right hand he will cover them,

And with his arm he will shield them.

Psalm 23

(please sit)

Bjorn Larsson and J. Morris

Reading:*Remember Now Thy Creator*

Ecclesiastes 12:1-7

Michael D. Aeschliman

Remember your Creator in the days of your youth, before the time of trouble comes and the years draw near when you will say, "I see no purpose in them". Remember him before the sun and the light of day give place to darkness, before the moon and the stars grow dim, and the clouds return with the rain – when the guardians of the house tremble, and the strong men stoop, when the women grinding the meal cease work because they are few, and those who look through the windows look no longer, when the street-doors are shut, when the noise of the mill is low, when the chirping of the sparrow grows faint and the song-birds fall silent; when men are afraid of a steep place and the street is full of terrors, when the blossom whitens on the almond-tree and the locust's paunch is swollen and caper-buds have no more zest. For man goes to his everlasting home, and the mourners go about the streets. Remember him before the silver cord is snapped and the golden bowl is broken, before the pitcher is shattered at the spring and the wheel broken at the well, before the dust returns to the earth as it began and the spirit returns to God who gave it.

The Lord's Prayer

Claire Harrison and J. Morris

EulogiesBill Eichner and
Christopher MacLehose***Here There Must Be A School***from *MCF: What a Life!*E. Cali , Faculty Choir,
and Todd Fletcher***On Eagles' Wings***C. Harrision, B. Larsson, J. Morris
and TESIS Ensemble

***If I can help somebody, then my
living shall not be in vain.***

C. Harrison and J. Morris

Eulogies

Betsy Newell and Paul Zazzaro

Climb Every Mountain

B. Larsson and J. Morris

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

(please stand)

Congregation

1. Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore,
Feed me now and evermore.
2. Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong deliverer, strong deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever give to thee,
I will ever give to thee.

Reading: St. Paul, *Philippians 4:8* Lynn Fleming Aeschliman
(please sit)

And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence,
and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is
gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are
found – let this be the argument of your thoughts.

Eulogies Fernando Gonzalez and
W. Thomas Fleming

Prayer of St. Francis B. Larsson and J. Morris

It's Up To You from E. Cali, Faculty Choir,
MCF: What a Life! and T. Fletcher

O God, Our Help in Ages Past Congregation
(please stand)

1. O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!
2. Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.
3. Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
4. A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
5. Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening 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!

Benediction Don Aldo and Rev. Horlock

Recessional: *The Navy Hymn* J. Morris

Postlude: *E minor fantasia*, J.S. Bach J. Morris
(please sit)

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Reception for all Guests in the M. Crist Fleming Library
on the TASIS Campus

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PRIVATE BURIAL

By invitation only for family members, close friends & pallbearers

Don Aldo and Rev. Horlock

Organist Jonathan Morris
Faculty Choir Tamara Schumacher, Director
TASIS Ensemble Jonathan Morris, Director
Composer Todd Fletcher, *MCF: What a Life!*

Ushers: Gianna Kestenholz (Head Usher), Anna Aeschliman, Simone Aeschliman,
Michelle Arslanian, Tom Bendel, Jeremy Birk, Daniella Case, Sarah Di Lenardo,
Melissa Eichner, Hans Figi, Max Gygax, Nilda Lucchini, Francesca Muller,
Yvonne Procyk, Keith Reimer, Marilu Riva, Reni Scheifele, Howard Stickley

Pallbearers: Tom Fleming, Adrien Aeschliman, Mark Aeschliman,
Michael Aeschliman, Giorgio Cerbai, Piero Cerbai, Paolo Cerbai,
Bill Eichner, Todd Fletcher, John Gage, Fernando Gonzalez, Alex Korach,
Christopher MacLehose, John Nelson, Peter Newell, Miro Pozzi,
Paul Zazzaro

From the Musical *MCF: What a Life!*

music and lyrics by Todd Fletcher

Alma Mater

Humanitas et Sapientia,
Scientia et Veritas.--
Culture and Wisdom;
Culture, Wisdom, Knowledge, and Truth,
Eternal flames that find their sparks in youth.--
On a hill of gold,
there's a tower rising boldly,
A lamp that shines night and day.--
There's a book open wide
That will forever be our guide,
And the sun to light our way.--
Humanitas et Sapientia,
Scientia et Veritas.--
Culture, Wisdom, Knowledge, and Truth,
Eternal flames that find their sparks in youth.
Culture, Wisdom, Knowledge, and Truth.--

Here There Must Be a School

This little spot is only one little spot in a world of lots of little spots,
Spots I've simply got to see.
But this little spot is such a perfect little spot,
It's clear that this is the spot where I am supposed to be. --
I've sailed the oceans, climbed the Alps,
Seen the great cathedrals and chateaux
But being here it's crystal clear
There's nowhere else on earth I need to go.--
It's here I stake my claim. Here I sign my name.
It's here I light the flame.
Here there must be a school.
This perfect little spot was surely meant for children.--
My duty in this case is to share the beauty of this place. Yes!
Here there must be a school.

Here there must be a gate.
A gate that opens wide and welcomes all the world.--
Enter children through these doors.
Enter children; it's all yours. Yes!
Here there must be a school.
With one small step I leave security
for a world I just don't know.--
One small step and I am off on a journey dreamt of long ago.
With one step it seems I've lost complete control.
It's now my life. Not only just a goal.
Here there will be a bell.
A bell that rings so clearly that it sings among the stars.--
From every corner of this Earth,
I will ring that bell to herald this birth. Yes!
Here there must be a school.
With one small step I leave security
For a world I just don't know.--
With one step I'm on that journey
That I dreamt of long ago.
With one step I've lost control.
It's now my life, not only a goal. --
We're on our way. And we're starting today.
What's past is done. Life's just begun.
Here there must be, here there will be
Here there will be a school!--

It's Up To You

I opened a door. I shed a faint light.
I followed a hunch and threw the first punch
in a never ending fight.
I took a first step, but who'll follow through?
I've gone as far as I can go.
I have done my best to show: It's up to you.
It's up to you. It's up to you to go where others fear to tread.
It's up to you to lead where others must be led.

It's up to you to pave the path and forge ahead.
It's up to you. It's up to you. It's up to you.
It's up to you to take the torch and guide the way.
It's up to you to take the tide without delay.
It's up to you to hoist the sails and sail today.
It's up to you. It's up to you.
When we started on our journey, you followed me at first.
And thus we set off on our quest until our roles reversed.
Now you are the leaders in a world brand spanking new!
My work is done. // My work has just begun. It's up to you.
I opened a door. I shed a faint light.
I followed a hunch and threw the first punch
in a never ending fight.
I took a first step, but who'll follow through?
I've gone as far as I can go.
I have done my best to show
It's up to ...// ME! It's up to me
to go where others fear to tread.
It's up to me to lead where others must be led.
It's up to me to pave the path and forge ahead.
It's up to me. It's up to US!
It's up to us to take the torch and guide the way.
It's up to us to take the tide without delay.
It's up to us to hoist the sails and sail today. It's up to us.
When we started on our journey,
you followed me at first.
And thus we set off on our quest until our roles reversed.
Now we are the leaders in a world brand spanking new.
Your work is done. // Your work has just begun.
It's up to us. It's up to me. It's up to you!

