

Celebrating the Incredible Life of



A Hopi Prayer

by Mary E. Frye (slightly changed)

Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there. I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet white doves in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry;
I am not there, I did not die.

Arrangements for the Beauvais family are under the care of



Chris Beauvais

June 5, 1981 – February 19, 2011

2:00 PM - Friday, February 25, 2011
Duke University Chapel
Durham, North Carolina

CELEBRANT

Mark Higgins

ORGANIST

J. Samuel Hammond



Simple Gifts

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free,
'Tis the gift to come down where we ought to be,
And when we find ourselves in the place just right,
'Twill be in the valley of love and delight.

REFRAIN: When true simplicity is gain'd,
To bow and to bend we shan't be asham'd,
To turn, turn will be our delight,
Till by turning, turning we come round right.

'Tis the gift to be loved and that love to return,
'Tis the gift to be taught and a richer gift to learn,
And when we expect of others what we try to live each day,
Then we'll all live together and we'll all learn to say,

REFRAIN

'Tis the gift to have friends and a true friend to be,
'Tis the gift to think of others not to only think of "me",
And when we hear what others really think and really feel,
Then we'll all live together with a love that is real.

REFRAIN

BENEDICTION



Please join the family for a reception
in the Hall of Science.

God Picks A Flower

Sometimes God picks a flower that's still in full bloom.
Sometimes the flower that is chosen, we feel He's picked to soon.
We're at peace knowing; in God's heavenly garden,
He has placed the ones we treasure.
You have changed our lives forever.

Hymn

Words of Welcome

On Eagles Wings

Hymn

You who dwell in the shelter of the Lord,
Who abide in His shadow for life,
Say to the Lord, "My Refuge,
My Rock in Whom I trust."

REFRAIN: And He will raise you up on eagle's wings,
Bear you on the breath of dawn,
Make you to shine like the sun,
And hold you in the palm of His Hand.

The snare of the fowler will never capture you,
And famine will bring you no fear;
Under His Wings your refuge,
His faithfulness your shield.

REFRAIN

You need not fear the terror of the night,
Nor the arrow that flies by day,
Though thousands fall about you,
Near you it shall not come.

REFRAIN

For to His angels He's given a command,
To guard you in all of your ways,
Upon their hands they will bear you up,
Lest you dash your foot against a stone.

REFRAIN



"Trout Fishing" by Eunice Lamberton 1873

Give me a rod of the split bamboo,
a rainy day and a fly or two,
a mountain stream where the eddies play,
and mists hang low o'er the winding way,

Give me a haunt by the furling brook,
A hidden spot in a mossy nook,
No sound save hum of the drowsy bee,
or lone bird's tap on the hollow tree.

The world may roll with its busy throng,
And phantom scenes on its way along,
Its stocks may rise, or its stocks may fall,
Ah! What care I for its baubles all?

I cast my fly o'er the troubled rill,
Luring the beauties by magic skill,
With mind at rest and a heart at ease,
And drink delight at the balmy breeze.

A lusty trout to my glad surprise,
Speckled and bright on the crest arise,
Then splash and plunge in a dazzling whirl,
Hope springs anew as the wavelets curl.

Gracefully swinging from left to right,
Action so gentle- motion so slight,
Tempting, enticing, on craft intent,
Till yielding tip by the game is bent

Drawing in slowly, then letting go
Under the ripples where mosses grow
Doubting my fortune, lost in a dream,
Blessing the land of forest and stream.

Remembrance

Ben Freeman

Remembrance

Elizabeth Beauvais

Ave Maria

Remembrance

Organ Interlude

Dave Pearson

"A Light from Our Family Is Gone"

A light from the family is gone
A voice we loved is stilled
A place is vacant in the home
Which never can be filled

We have to mourn the loss of one
We would've loved to keep
But God who surely loved him best
Has finally made him sleep

Remembrance

Tom Williams

"A Brief Candle"

"A brief candle; both ends burning
An endless mile; a bus wheel turning
A friend to share the lonesome times
A handshake and a sip of wine
So say it loud and let it ring
We are all a part of everything
The future, present and the past
Fly on proud bird
You're free at last".

- Charlie Daniels (written en route to the funeral for his friend,
Ronnie Van Zant of the band, **Lynyrd Skynyrd**)

Remembrance

Dan Richter

A Litany of Remembrance

The Lord's Prayer

