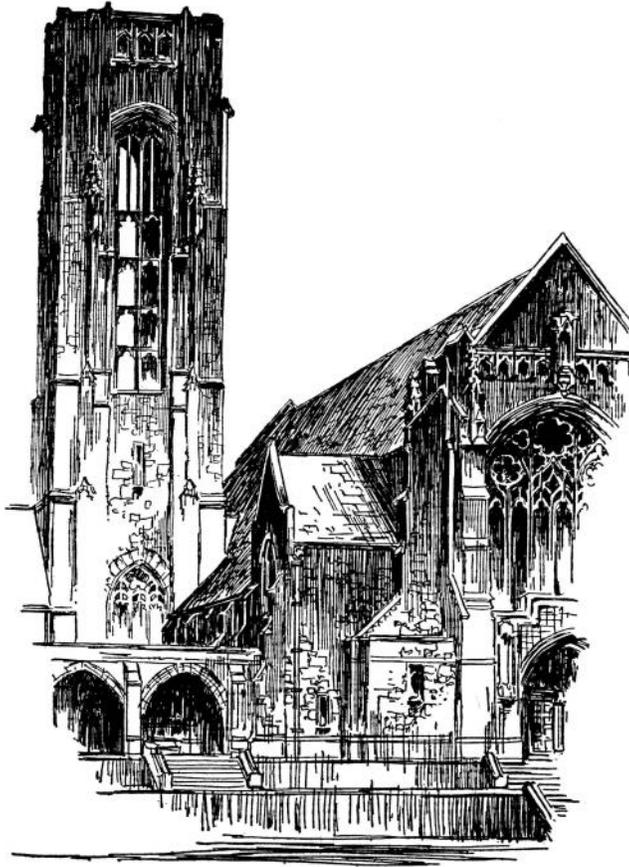


Idlewild Presbyterian Church



June 28, 2020 at 2:00 p.m.

A Service of Witness to the Resurrection
in Gratitude to God for the Life of

The Reverend Henry Blaine Strock, Jr., D.Min.

September 19, 1927—May 23, 2020

ORDER OF WORSHIP

**Those who are able, please stand.*

Prelude

Call to Worship

The Reverend Anne H.K. Apple

“I am the Resurrection and the Life,” says the Lord.
“Whoever lives and believes in me shall never die.”

Opening Hymn

“Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee”

HYMN TO JOY

Joyful, joyful, we adore thee,
God of glory, Lord of love!
Hearts unfold like flowers before thee,
opening to the 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.

Thou art giving and forgiving,
ever blessing, ever blest,
wellspring 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.

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,
flowery meadow, flashing sea,
chanting bird and flowing fountain,
call us to rejoice in thee.

Mortals, join the happy chorus
which the morning stars began;
Father love is reigning o'er us,
Brother love binds man to man.
Ever singing, march we onward,
victors in the midst of strife,
Joyful music leads us Sunward
in the triumph song of life.

Invocation

Old Testament Lessons

Psalm 103:1-5, 8-12, 20-22

Psalm 121

PSALM 23

Congregation

The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul.
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness
for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.
For thou art with me.

Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the
presence of mine enemies.
Thou anointest my head with oil;
my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life.
And I will dwell in the house of the LORD forever.

Hymn

“O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go”

ST. MARGARET

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
that in thine ocean depths its flow
may richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
my heart restores its borrowed ray,
that in thy sunshine’s blaze its day
may brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
and feel the promise is not vain
that morn shall tearless be.

New Testament Lessons

The Reverend Deborah Strock-Kuss

- 1 Peter 1:3-9
- 1 Corinthians 15:51, 52a, 53-55
- Romans 8:16-18, 31-35, 37-39
- John 14:1-6a, 25-27

Homily

Pastoral Prayer and The Lord’s Prayer

Rev. Apple

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed by 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 debts, as we forgive our debtors;
 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
 For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever. Amen.

Hymn

“For All The Saints”

SINE NOMINE

For all the saints who from their labors rest,
who thee by faith before the world confessed,
thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle; they in glory shine;
yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

***Commendation**

Rev. Apple

You only are immortal, the creator and maker of all.

We are mortal, formed of the earth, and to earth shall we return.

This you ordained when you created us, saying, "You are dust, and to dust you shall return."

All of us go down to the dust; yet even at the grave we make our song:

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

Give rest, O Christ, to your servant with all your saints,
where there is neither pain nor sorrow nor sighing, but life everlasting.

Into your hands, O merciful Savior, we commend your servant, Henry.

Acknowledge, we humbly pray, a sheep of your own fold, a lamb of your own flock,

A sinner of your own redeeming.

Receive him into the arms of your mercy.

**Receive him into the blessed rest of everlasting peace,
and into the glorious company of the saints in light.**

***Benediction**

Rev. Strock-Kuss

Now may the peace of God,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit
Come...Be...and Remain with you
and those whom you love
This day and forevermore.
Amen

***Hymn**

"The Strife is O'er, The Battle Done"

VICTORY

Tyler Brumback, Soloist

The strife is o'er, the battle done;
the victory of life is won;
the song of triumph has begun.
Alleluia!

***Peeling of Bells**

You are asked to depart in silence.



Participants in the Service

The Reverend Anne H.K. Apple
Executive Associate Pastor & Acting Head of Staff

The Reverend Deborah Strock-Kuss
Daughter

Mr. Barry Oliver
Director of Music Ministry

Tyler Brumback, Charles Dove, Amy Phillips, Donia Wade
Choir

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Family Reflections
Of
Rev. Dr. Henry B. Strock, Jr.

From the time I can remember, Dad shared with me an undeniable faith that never faltered. It became the foundation from which I grew and in which I learned what it was to be loved and feel safe. This foundation became the cornerstone of my own faith and who I am today.

He taught me by his example of how he lived; to be gentle, have a pure heart, hunger for uprightness, have a desire to make peace, have patience, and above all to love unconditionally. Dad's gentleness calmed me when I was sick and re-centered me when I was troubled; sometimes with a few words, a shoulder massage, a hug, or a well-timed joke.

Not only was Dad my role model, but I had the privilege of watching him become my children's role model. Always sharing his faith, gentle timely humor, reassurance, positive can-do, nothing's impossible attitude, along with his patience, deep understanding, wisdom, and love.

Following his death, my siblings, mother and I gathered in the kitchen and we spoke of family memories. We began to share pictures from our phones, sending images to one another along with our stories that involved Dad. My niece and nephew created a slide deck of these family memories with Dad throughout many happy times and years that was quickly shared with his grandchildren and their families who could not be with us in Memphis because of COVID-19.

As I watched this wonderful memory of slides, I realized I was looking at his legacy existing through 3 generations, seeing Dad in all who were a part of him. I find great reassurance and comfort in the knowledge that Dad continues to live on in all twenty-two of us; from me, his eldest child, right straight down to the youngest among us, Peter Hayes, who is the youngest great grandchild. What a blessing and gift for all of us.

~ **Beth Himes**



One of the things I will miss most are Dad's hands. They were steady and sure. They were skilled. They were expressive. They were warm. Dad's hand would hold mine as we walked down the sidewalk in New York City, on our bi-annual trips to the pediatric ophthalmologist. His hands would rub my forehead or my back when I was sick. They were draped over the steering wheel as we drove the thousands of miles on our family camping trips across the continent and they built the mudroom at the back of our house. They also built the Grandfather's clock, refinished several pieces of furniture and caned the seats of several chairs that we still have throughout the family today. Dad's hands held many-a fly rod and tennis racquet. They held lots and lots of babies for baptisms over the years and consoled innumerable grieving people at funerals. How many hands did they shake in greeting and welcome at the receiving lines after worship? How many times did Dad's hands create gestures from the pulpit ~ expressive tools to assist in sharing the Word?

In his later years, Dad's hands grew spotty with age and colder to the touch. His circulation was slowing down, you see. And I grieved the loss of their warmth. But they were always just as assured and expressive. They still helped to point the way ~ the way to love and family, and the Way to faith in Jesus Christ he lived and breathed and passed on to us.

~ **Deb Strock-Kuss**

Searching the web for best human character traits, you'll likely find something along these lines:

- 1.) Honesty
- 2.) Loyalty
- 3.) Compassion
- 4.) Integrity
- 5.) Courage
- 6.) Perseverance
- 7.) Humility

From his Scouting days where he made Eagle Scout and throughout his life and ministry, Dad was unwaveringly **honest**. He was very **loyal**, most notably to the Father, but also to his family, friends, and congregation. I can't begin to count how many times I saw his **compassion** for others shine forth in any given situation he found himself in, and this endeared him to many people. Dad's **integrity** was always evident in the way he lived his life as a human, as a minister, a husband, and father. He was always compelled to do the right thing in whatever situation he found himself in. Dad showed **courage** in making statements about needed social change, from marching with Dr. King in the 1960's to leading the Idlewild congregation to call the first woman minister in 1975, not only in the Memphis Presbytery, but also in the greater Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Missouri areas. Of course, it also took a lot of courage to raise 3 daughters....not so much 1 son! The very nature of the ministry necessitates that a person with great **perseverance** is ordained and spends a career in the ministry. Sharing the joys and the sorrows of life with members of a congregation, with friends, and with family takes great perseverance. Lastly, although Dad accomplished a lot throughout his life and his ministry, he never sought the spotlight. Rather, he deflected it to others and walked humbly with his Lord as his Guide.

I would also add that Dad had a great sense of humor and a dry wit and loved to have fun and there are too many stories to tell about him having fun and poking fun at himself to go into here. He was also very **present** when you were talking to him; you had his undivided attention and he accepted you for who you were and where you were in your life's journey. All these traits make him sound too good to be true. You know, I think he was and my life has been truly blessed to have him be such a presence in it for so long. Now I carry him always in my heart! ~ **H. Blaine Stroock, III**



It's just a blue C9 light bulb, one of those old-fashioned ones on a string of Christmas lights. It was a dud back in 1976. Dad, having a mischievous sense of humor, stuffed it down the back of my shirt while we decorated the tree. I placed it in his pocket. He retaliated by putting it under my pillow. I strategically positioned it on the pulpit the next Sunday, and so on and so on. Once, an Elvis impersonator *got all shook up* while presenting it to Dad - I felt pretty victorious over that exchange! But Daddy found a way to return it with just as much flare. We swapped that silly bulb for 43 years.

I adored my daddy. He was a positive thinking, glass half-full kind of person. He dried my little girl tears and made me laugh, forgetting whatever was wrong. A consummate Camp Guy, Dad would sing camp ditties at the top of his voice, making our moods light and happy. He emulated Proverbs 17:22, "A cheerful heart is good medicine" to his family, those with whom he worked, his friends, and even strangers. Dad was a heart warmer. His twinkling eyes and big laugh lit every room.

My faith in God is deeply influenced by my father. Our long conversations, whether I was grappling with or humbled by our Lord, were reassuring and delightful. I will treasure them in my heart. The light and love of God shone through Henry Stroock.

By the way, I may have had the last laugh. Look *very closely* at the flower arrangements!
I love you, Daddy.

~ **Peggy Stephens**