

*I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side  
spreads her white sails in the morning breeze and  
starts for the blue ocean.*

*She is an object of beauty and strength and I stand  
and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck  
of white cloud just where the sea and sky come  
down to mingle with each other.*

*Then someone at my side says: "There, she is gone!"*

*"Gone where?"*

*Gone from my sight—that is all. She is just as large  
in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left  
my side and she is just as able to bear her load of  
human freight to her destined port.*

*Her diminished size is in me, not in her.*

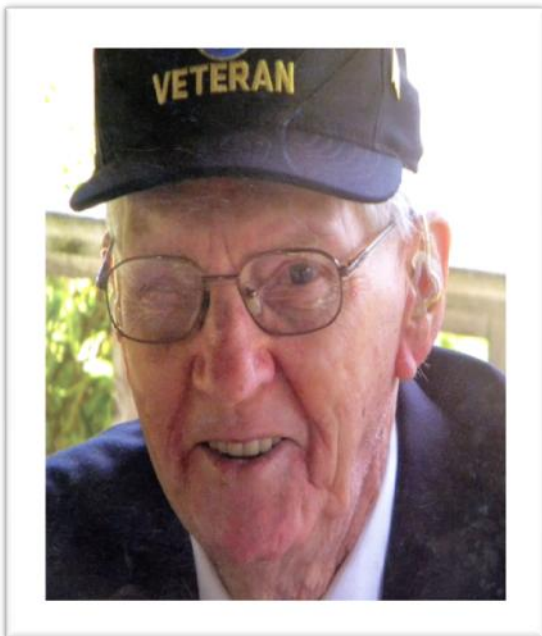
*And just as the moment when someone says, "There, she  
is gone!" there are other eyes watching her coming, and  
other voices ready to take up the glad shout: "Here she  
comes!"*

*And that is dying.*

*Henry Van Dyke*



## *John M. Danielson, Jr.*



*March 23, 1923 – November 27, 2017*

## *Celebrating a Life*

*with  
Pastor Deanna West*

*Gathering words*

*Prayer*

*Hymn: Amazing Grace #378*

*Scripture*

*Eulogy*

*Poem: Gone Fishing read by Joan Wardwell*

*Music: Wind Beneath My Wings performed  
by Judy Collins*

*American Legion Service*

*Hymn: A Mighty Fortress is Our God #110*

*Committal*

*Closing Prayer*