



IN MEMORY OF

*Claire Frances McKellogg*

August 26, 1924 - November 12, 2020

Loma Vista Memorial Park  
Fullerton, California



*Program*

Opening Song: *You Raise Me Up* - Josh Groban

*The Lord's Prayer*: Bob FitzGerald, brother

Eulogy: Richard McKellogg, son

Celebrant's Remarks: Father John Montejano

Reading: *Trust Him*, The McKellogg Children

Reading: *Gone from my Sight*, Marilyn Forrest, daughter

Closing Song: *Be Not Afraid* -St. Louis Jesuits

*You Raise Me Up - Josh Groban*


When I am down, and, oh, my soul, so weary  
When troubles come, and my heart burdened be  
Then, I am still and wait here in the silence  
Until you come and sit awhile with me

You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains  
You raise me up to walk on stormy seas  
I am strong when I am on your shoulders  
You raise me up to more than I can be

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Trust Him - Anonymous

Trust Him when dark doubts assail you  
Trust Him when your strength is small.  
Trust Him when to simply trust Him is the hardest thing of all  
Trust Him He is ever faithful  
Trust Him for His will is best  
Trust Him for the heart of Jesus is the only place of rest  
Trust Him then through doubts and sorrows  
All your cares upon him cast  
Till the storm of life is over and your trusting days are past.

Gone from My Sight - Henry Jackson Van Dyke

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship, at my side,  
spreads her white sails to the moving breeze and starts  
for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength.  
I stand and watch her until, at length, she hangs like a speck  
of white cloud just where the sea and sky come 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,  
hull and spar as she was when she left my side.  
And, she is just as able to bear her load of living freight to her  
destined port. Her diminished size is in me -- not in her.

And, just at 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...





Closing Song: Be Not Afraid by St. Louis Jesuits

You shall cross the barren desert  
But you shall not die of thirst  
You shall wander far in safety  
Though you do not know the way  
You shall speak your words in foreign lands  
And all will understand  
You shall see the face of God and live

Be not afraid  
I go before you always  
Come follow me  
And I will give you rest

Blessed are your poor  
For the kingdom shall be theirs  
Blessed are you that weep and mourn  
For one day you shall laugh  
And if wicked tongues insult and hate you all because of me  
Blessed, blessed are you

Be not afraid  
I go before you always  
Come follow me  
And I will give you rest

