



## **David S. Lavender**

*February 4, 1910 - April 26, 2003*

'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 gained,  
To bow and to bend we shan't be ashamed;  
To turn, turn will be our delight,  
Till be turning, turning we come out right.

'Tis the gift to be gentle, 'tis the gift to be fair,  
'Tis the gift to wake and breathe the morning air;  
And every day to walk in the path we choose,  
'Tis the gift that we pray we may ne'er come to lose.

*(refrain)*

'Tis the gift to be loving, 'tis the best gift of all,  
Like a quiet rain it blesses where it falls;  
And if we have the gift, we will truly believe  
'Tis better to give than it is to receive.

*(refrain)*

# Memorial Service

Thursday, June 12, 2003 - 3:00 o'clock

The Thacher School Outdoor Chapel

## *Program*

**Welcome** ..... David G. Lavender

**Song** ..... Lavender Grandchildren and Great Grandchildren  
*Shepherd Me, O God* - by M. Haugen

**Speakers** ..... John Briggs  
Jim Moreland  
Brad Dimock

**Song** ..... Assembly  
*Simple Gifts* - Traditional Shaker Hymn  
Please stand and join in singing (lyrics on inside front cover)

**Speakers** ..... Robert Sharkey  
Jack Huyler

**Eulogy** ..... David W. Lavender

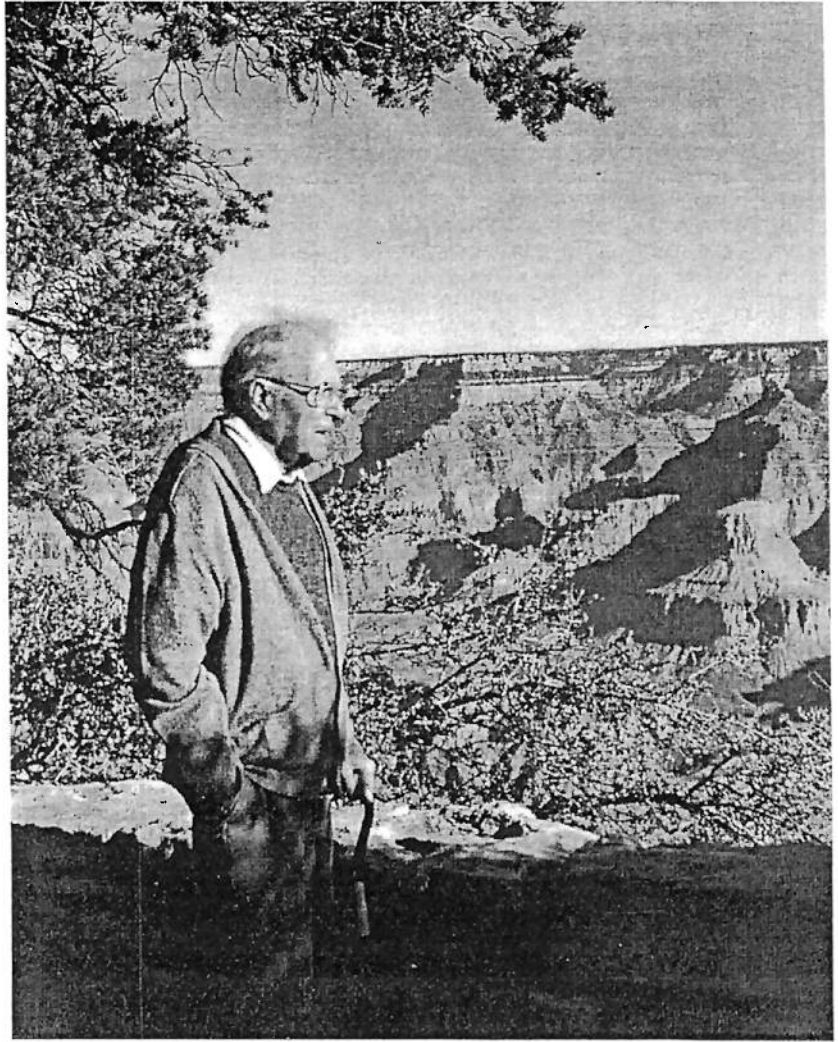
**Reading** ..... Robert Miller

**Close** ..... Michael Mulligan

**Postlude** ..... Brian and Martha Lavender Howard  
*Ashokan Farewell* - by McGregor/Ungar

A reception on the Pergola will follow the Memorial Service.

*The family suggests that those who would like to make memorial gifts consider  
sending a contribution to the David S. Lavender Scholarship Fund at  
The Thacher School.*



I thought that my voyage had come to its end at the last limit of my power - the path before me was closed, that provisions were exhausted and the time come to take shelter in a silent obscurity.

But I find that thy will knows no end in me. And when old words die out on the tongue, new melodies break forth from the heart; and when the old tracks are lost, new country is revealed with its wonders.

*by Rabindranath Tagore*