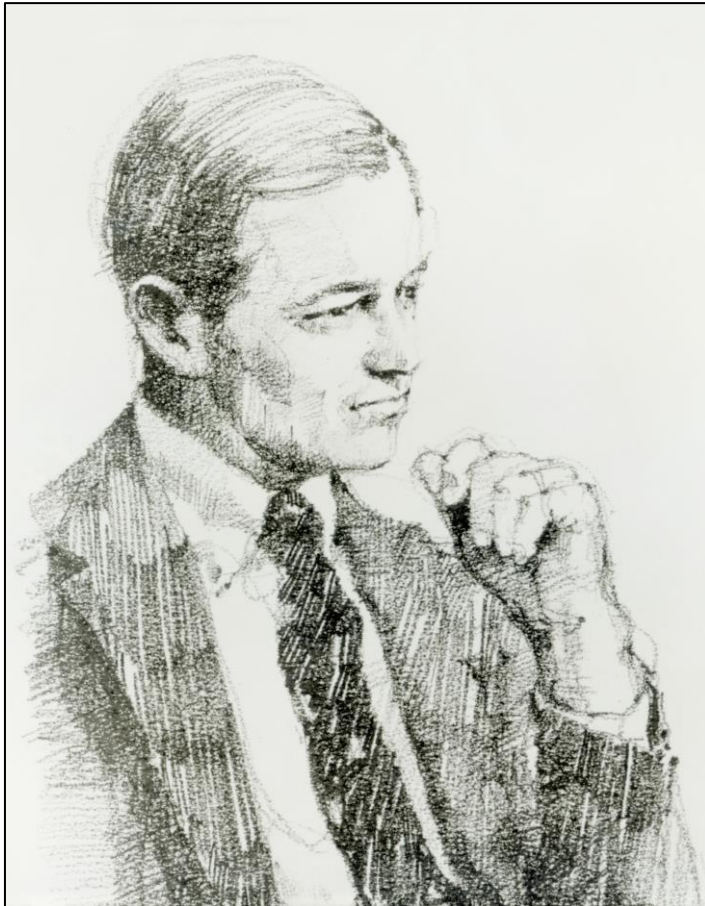


Celebration of Life
for George Seymour Bissell
April 27, 1929 – October 13, 2023



Thursday, November 2, 2023

2:00 PM

Wellesley Village Church

ORDER OF WORSHIP

All hymns are found in the New Century (black) hymnal.

** Please stand as you are able.*

*Wellesley Village Church welcomes family and friends
for this time of a celebration of life for George Seymour Bissell.*

PRELUDE

“Eternal Source of Light Divine”
G.F. Handel

WELCOME

Rev. Dr. Sarah Sarchet Butter

OPENING PRAYER

*HYMN NO. 4

“Joyful, Joyful, We Adore You”

WORDS OF REMEMBRANCE

William Bissell, *son*

“Uncommon Virtues”

Chip Elfner, *colleague, friend*

“Inspirational Leader”

Bruce Nolen, *stepson*

“The Gentleman”

MUSICAL OFFERING

“Adagio for Strings”
Samuel Barber

Theo Bissell, Katie Grogan

“Remembrances from Suds’ Grandchildren”

Kenyon Bissell Grogan, *daughter*

“Life Lessons”

1 CORINTHIANS 13

If I speak in the tongues of men or of angels, but do not have love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give all I possess to the poor and give over my body to hardship that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.

Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge, it will pass away. For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when completeness comes, what is in part disappears. When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put the ways of childhood behind me. For now we see only a reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known.

And now these three remain: faith, hope, and love. And the greatest of these is love.

HOMILY

MUSICAL OFFERING

*“As Steals the Morn”
G.F. Handel*

PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING & THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be 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 trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, now and forever.
Amen.

*HYMN NO. 28

“For the Beauty of the Earth”

*BLESSING

*RECESSIONAL

POSTLUDE

“Amazing Grace”

* * *

Officiant: Rev. Dr. Sarah Sarchet Butter

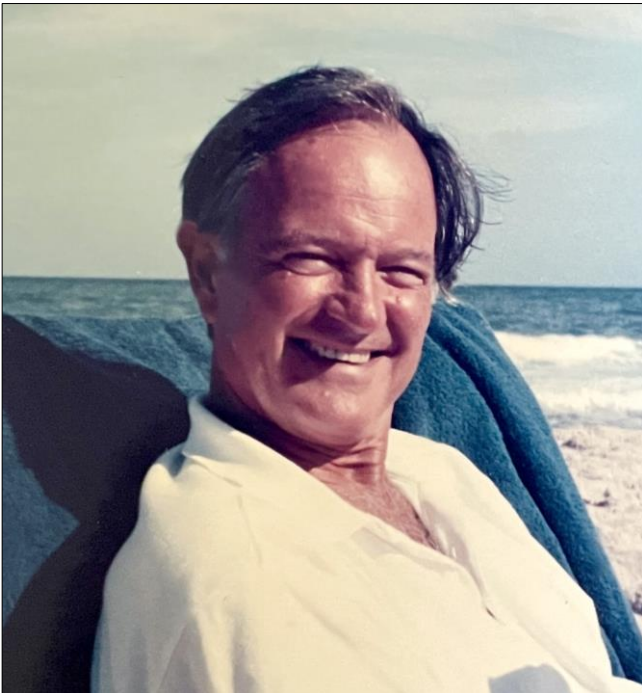
Organist: Kristjon Imperio

*“Think where man's glory most begins and ends,
and say my glory was that I had such friends.”*

-- William Butler Yeats

*Following the service, please join the family for a reception at
The Country Club, 191 Clyde Street, Brookline, to share in
refreshments, continued remembrance, and celebration.*





In lieu of flowers, donations may be made in memory of George S. Bissell to Anatolia College (<https://anatolia.edu.gr/en/giving>) or Hiram College (<https://www.hiram.edu/giving>)

The Tree

There's a tree
You can see
From anywhere.

Tall and proud, it stands in a field
Its strength displayed, its compassion concealed
But its magic is so very simply revealed
If you just stop for a second. And talk.

Discover this place and you'll find shelter to spare
Linger a while, you'll find reasons to care
Know it a little, there'll be stories to share
And everybody will listen.

Everyone feels like they've been there before
There's a genuine comfort you can't ignore
And somehow there always seems to be more
Such is its power to give.

We have all at one time sat in its shade
Sat and watched as the grandkids played
Sat and watched as it gently swayed
Without breaking. Ever.

Even when the clouds made its vision less clear
The wind in its leaves made it harder to hear
"Don't worry about me," it would say, drawing near
"How are things with you?"

After years of observing, it's the only tree we know
That's intent on watching everything around it grow
And no matter how many influences come and go
We'll all still be standing on its roots.

There is never any thought too insignificant to hide
Laid bare is the emotion, the selflessness, the pride
Without much effort you can see deep down inside
To where another ring gently grows.

In the corner of a field it stands alone
94 years since the day it was sown
And all that time it has steadily grown
To become this incredible gift.

In a field in our hearts is a solitary tree
A constant in the ever-changing scenery
Unassuming and majestic it stands impressively
And it always will.

G-S-B Great-Sweep-of-Brae Burn

Growing up as a lad in 'ole Shaker Heights,
Suds eyed the international sports lights.
The garage, the basement, the kitchen floor,
Shone with a brilliance never before.
When Mama said, "Sweep them up, boy"
He handled that broom as tho' a toy.
This forced training pays off at the meets,
As Bissell sweeps the opponents off the sheets.
First all the playdowns, then Hamilton Thistle,
You took Weston and Winchester all in a whistle.
Mount Royal, the stars, the boys to un-curl,
Were dumped on their tams in a stone-throwing whirl.
Left only was Nashua, from the land of the cow,
Before long they too, felt Bissell's know-how.
We lift our kilts, and tip our plaid lids,
Now the Stockton belongs to the Brae Burn Whiz Kids.



WELLESLEY VILLAGE CHURCH
Congregational † United Church of Christ

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