



**THE COMMUNITY OF ST. PHILIP
AT WORSHIP**

JANUARY 9, 2021

A SERVICE OF WITNESS TO THE RESURRECTION

IN MEMORY OF

LONNIE WAYNE FUGIT

MARCH 2, 1949 – DECEMBER 20, 2020

OPENING VOLUNTARY

OPENING SENTENCES

The Lord be with you. **And also with you.**

HYMN 625 ([see page 4](#))

How Great Thou Art

HOW GREAT THOU ART

PRAYER

Eternal God,
our strength and our comfort, our hope and our help,
your love cares for us in life and watches over us in death.
We praise you for the great company of all those who have kept the faith,
finished their race, and who now rest from their labor.
Especially we thank you for Lonnie,
whom you have now received into your presence.
We are grateful for all he gave us, for the memories that will abide with us,
and for the assurance that he lives forever
in the peace and joy of your unending love.
Take from us now our regrets and sorrows,
and grant us your grace, we pray, that as we face the mystery of death
we may see the light of eternity, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

silent prayer

Holy One, in your mercy. **Hear our prayer.**

DECLARATION**PRAYER FOR ILLUMINATION****SCRIPTURE READINGS**

Ecclesiastes 3:1-8
 Psalm 121
 Matthew 25:31-46

SERMON**HYMN 649** *(see page 5)**Amazing Grace*

NEW BRITAIN

PRAYERS OF THANKSGIVING AND INTERCESSION**SOLO***The Lord's Prayer*

Albert Hay Malotte

COMMENDATION**BLESSING****CLOSING VOLUNTARY****Worship Leaders**

The Rev. Omar Rouchon
 The Rev. Dr. John W. Wurster

Cecilia Duarte, cantor | Randall Swanson, organist

[i carry your heart with me(i carry it in]BY E. E. CUMMINGS

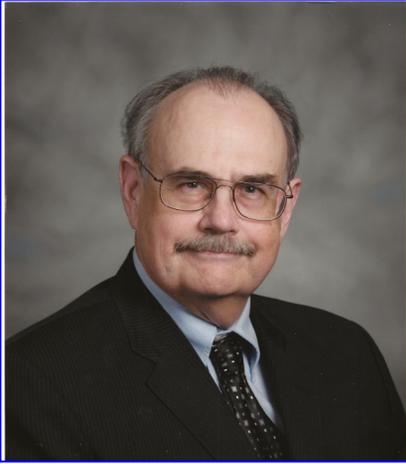
i carry your heart with me(i carry it in
 my heart)i am never without it(anywhere
 i go you go,my dear;and whatever is done
 by only me is your doing,my darling)

i fear

no fate(for you are my fate,my sweet)i want
 no world(for beautiful you are my world,my true)
 and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant
 and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows
 (here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
 and the sky of the sky of a tree called life;which grows
 higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)
 and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart(i carry it in my heart)



Lonnie Wayne Fugit, born March 2, 1949 in Tulsa, Oklahoma to Gerald Wayne and Margie Fugit, passed away December 20, 2020 in Houston, Texas from complications caused by a spinal cord injury.

Raised in Tulsa, Lonnie attended Michigan State University in 1967, graduating with high honors. His successful academic career was interrupted in 1972 by service in The United States Navy where he served on the USS Coral Sea during the Vietnam War. Following active duty and during his service in the Naval Reserve, he continued his studies at The University of Texas School of Law.

He graduated Order of the Coif and began his successful legal career by achieving the highest score on the July 1977 Texas Bar Exam. In 1999, following 22 years in private practice as a real estate lawyer in Dallas, Lonnie joined the General Counsel's Office of The University of Texas

System. In 2006, he moved to The UT M.D. Anderson Cancer Center in Houston to work until retirement in 2011.

Throughout his life, Lonnie read profusely. He also enjoyed listening to classic rock, running, working out, lifting weights, playing with many beloved dogs, and watching action movies. He loved his cars and motorcycles. He was a staunch supporter of the Second Amendment. And he never met a piece of chocolate he didn't like.

He married his beloved wife Joyce Ann Harris at the Sudie George Chapel of The First Presbyterian Church in Dallas on August 29, 1981. His survivors include Joyce Ann; his children and their families: daughter Joyce Faith Fugit, her husband John Sigren, and his two grandsons James Christopher Sigren and Andrew Hjalmar Sigren of Houston; son Jeremiah Carlyle Fugit and his wife Meghan McCaffrey of Austin; his three sisters, Patricia Fugit Taylor, Pamela Fugit Teehee, and Mona Fugit Shannon; his brother John Winters; extended family; many colleagues; and numerous life-long friends. He was predeceased by his sister, Linda Winters Nethercutt, and his step-mother Imo Ross Winters Fugit.



1. O Lord my God, when I in awe-some
 2. When through the woods and for-est glades I
 3. And when I think that God, his Son not
 4. When Christ shall come with shout of ac-cla-



won-der Con-sid-er all the works thy hands have
 wan-der And hear the birds sing sweet-ly in the
 spar-ing, Sent him to die, I scarce can take it
 ma-tion And take me home, what joy shall fill my



made, I see the stars, I hear the roll-ing
 trees, When I look down from loft-y moun-tain
 in That on the cross, my bur-den glad-ly
 heart! Then I shall bow in hum-ble ad-o-



thun-der, Thy pow'r through-out the u-ni-verse dis-played!
 gran-deur And hear the brook and feel the gen-tle breeze,
 bear-ing, He bled and died to take a-way my sin!
 ra-tion And there pro-claim, "My God, how great thou art!"



Then sings my soul, my Sav-ior God, to thee: How great thou



art, how great thou art! Then sings my soul, my Sav-ior God, to



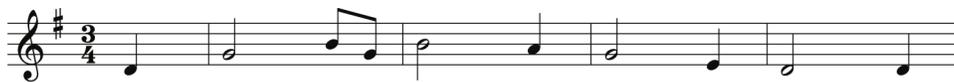
thee: How great thou art, how great thou art!

Text: Stuart K. Hine, 1899–1989

Tune: HOW GREAT THOU ART, 11 10 11 10 with refrain; Stuart K. Hine, 1899–1989

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1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And
 3. The Lord has prom - ised good to me, His
 4. Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and snares, I
 5. When we've been there ten thou - sand years, Bright



saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but
 grace my fears re - lieved; How pre - cious did that
 word my hope se - cures; He will my shield and
 have al - read - y come; 'Tis grace has brought me
 shin - ing as the sun, We've no less days to



now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
 grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved!
 por - tion be As long as life en - dures.
 safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 sing God's praise Than when we'd first be - gun.

Text: St. 1-4, John Newton, 1725-1807; st. 5, attr. to John Rees, fl.1859
 Tune: NEW BRITAIN, CM; *Virginia Harmony*, 1831; harm. by John Barnard, b.1948

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