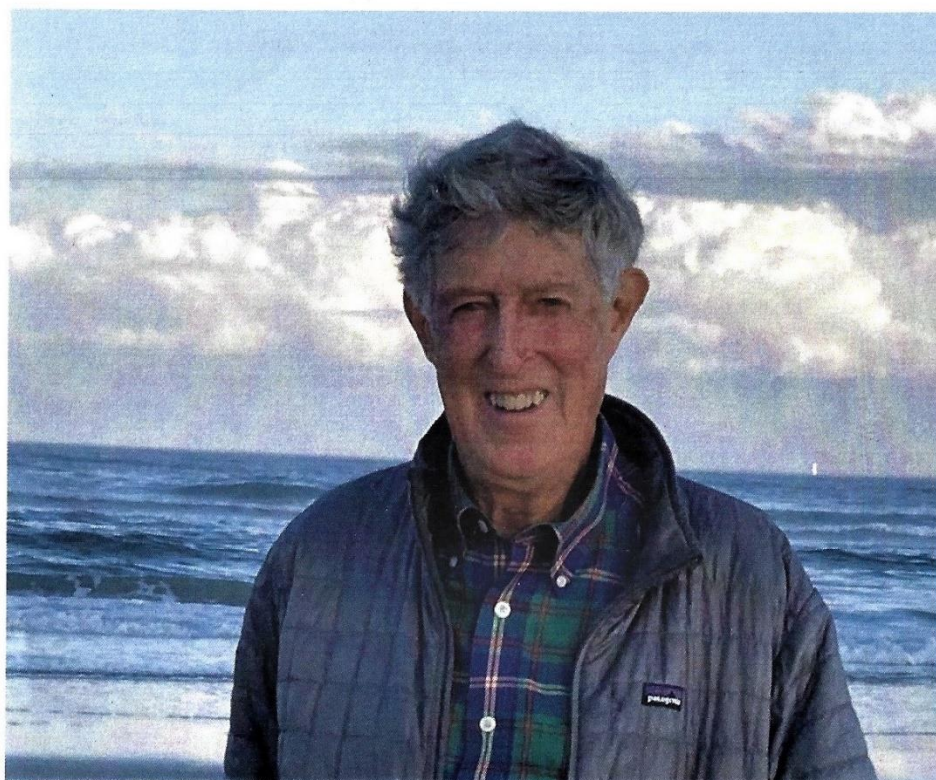


**Celebrating the Life of
William Barry Wright**



May 17, 1939 – January 7, 2023

♥ **Welcome** ~ Rev. Dick Dutton

♥ **Musical Celebration** ~ *For Good* by Stephen Schwartz

Pianist: Ernie Found, Brother-in-law

Soloist: Cedric Alexander, Brother-in-law

♥ **Daddy-O** ~

Daughters Laura Wright Hull & Ruth Wright Hurford

♥ **Memories** ~ Mark Slocum, Brother-in-law

♥ **Ode to Tomato** ~ Granddaughter Lillian Bethania Hull

♥ **Musical Celebration**

~ *The Prayer* by Carole Sager & David Foster

♥ **Memories** ~ Susan Alexander, Sister-in-law

♥ **Look to This Day** ~ Grandson John William Hull

♥ **Gratitude** ~ KC

♥ **Open Mic** ~ Brief comments welcome

♥ **Closing Remarks** ~ Rev Dick Dutton

♥ **Musical Celebration** ~ Seasons of Love, by Jonathan Larson
All stand, All sing!

Ode to Tomato,

The street filled with tomatoes midday, summer, light is
halved like a tomato, its juice runs through the streets.
In December, unabated, the tomato invades the kitchen,
it enters at lunchtime, takes its ease on countertops, among
glasses, butter dishes, blue saltcellars.
It sheds its own light, benign majesty.
Unfortunately, we must slice it:
the knife sinks into living flesh, red viscera,
a cool sun, profound, inexhaustible,
populates the salads of Onion Corner happily,
it is wed to the clear onion, and to celebrate the union we pour
oil, essential child of the olive,
onto its halved hemispheres,
pepper adds its fragrance, salt, its magnetism;
it is the wedding of the day,
Parsley hoists its flag, potatoes bubble vigorously,
the aroma of the roast knocks at the door,
it's time! come on! and, on the table, at the midpoint of
summer, the tomato, star of earth, recurrent and fertile star,
displays its convolutions, its canals,
its remarkable amplitude and abundance,
no pit, no husk, no leaves or thorns, the tomato offers its gift of
fiery color and cool completeness.

—adapted from Pablo Neruda

Look to this Day, for it is Life – the very Life of Life.

In its brief course lie all the verities & realities of your existence:
the Bliss of Growth, the Glory of Action, the Splendor of Beauty.
For yesterday is already a dream and tomorrow is only a vision;
but today, well-lived, makes every yesterday a dream of happiness
and every tomorrow a vision of hope.

Look well, therefore, to this Day.

~ by Kalidasa, Indian Sanskrit Poet, Hindu Philosopher, 4- 5th cen AD

Seasons of Love

by Jonathan Larson

525,600 minutes, 525,000 moments so dear.

525,600 minutes - how do you measure, measure a year?

In daylights, in sunsets, in midnights, in cups of coffee.

In inches, in miles, in laughter, in strife.

In 525,600 minutes - how do you measure a year in the life?

How about love? How about love? How about love?

Measure in love. Seasons of love.

525,600 minutes! 525,000 journeys to plan.

525,600 minutes - how can you measure the life of a woman
or man?

In truths that she learned,

Or in times that he cried.

In bridges he burned,

Or the way that she died....

It's time now to sing out,

though the story never ends

let's celebrate, remember a year in the life of friends.

Remember the love!

Remember the love!

Remember the love!

Measure in love.

Seasons of love! Seasons of love.