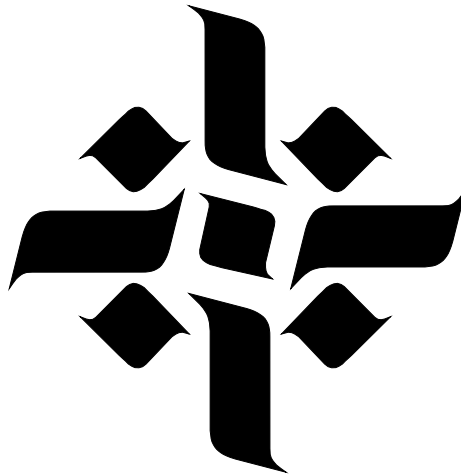
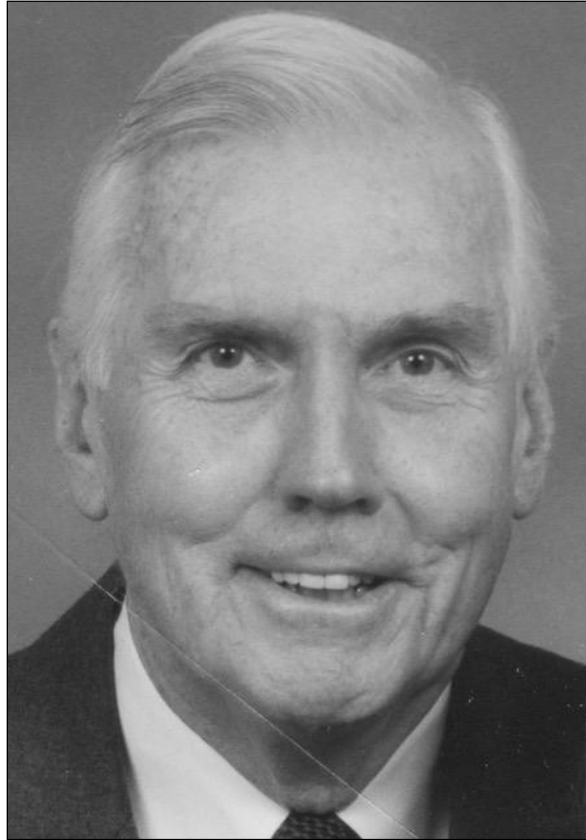


**A Service of Thanksgiving
for the Life of
Robert Lyle Reeves**



March 31, 2022 at 2 pm

CHRIST CHURCH DEER PARK
1570 Yonge Street, Toronto Ontario



Robert Lyle Reeves

8th October 1931 – 2nd January 2022

Assisting with the Liturgy

Clergy

The Reverend Canon Cheryl C. Palmer
Rector, Christ Church Deer Park

Tributes

Geoff and Fraser Reeves
Tony van Straubenzee

Readers

Doug Reeves
Mitchell Reeves
Russell Reeves
Scott Reeves
Alyson Reeves

Prayers

Carl Wehniainen

Organist

Nicholas Wanstall

Soloists

Julia Barber
Sonya Harper Nyby
Ryan Downey
Peter Warren

ORDER OF SERVICE

PRELUDE ABIDE WITH ME

Eventide

THE GATHERING OF THE COMMUNITY

BURIAL SENTENCES

Please stand

I am Resurrection and I am Life, says the Lord.
Whoever has faith in me shall have life,
even though he die.

And everyone who has life,
and is committed to me in faith,
shall not die for ever. *John 11.25–26*

Let not your hearts be troubled;
believe in God, believe also in me.
In my Father's house are many rooms;
if it were not so, would I have told you
that I go to prepare a place for you?
And when I go and prepare a place for you,
I will come again and will take you to myself,
that where I am you may be also. *John 14.1–3*

I am sure that neither death, nor life,
nor angels, nor principalities,
nor things present, nor things to come,
nor powers, nor height, nor depth,
nor anything else in all creation,
will be able to separate us from the love of God
in Christ Jesus our Lord. *Romans 8.38–39*

GREETING

Please sit

TRIBUTES

HYMN

PRAISE MY SOUL, THE KING OF HEAVEN

Praise, My Soul

Praise my soul, the King of heaven;
to his feet your tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
evermore his praises sing.
Alleluia, alleluia,
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour
to our forebears in distress;
Praise him, still the same as ever,
slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Alleluia, alleluia,
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Frail as summer's flower we flourish;
Blows the wind and it is gone;
But, while mortals rise and perish,
God endures unchanging on:
Alleluia, alleluia,
Praise the high eternal one.

Angels, help us to adore him;
you behold him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before him,
dwellers all in time and space.
Alleluia, alleluia,
Praise with us the God of grace.

OPENING PRAYER

Officiant The Lord be with you.

People And also with you.

Officiant Let us pray.

God of all consolation, in your unending love and mercy you turn the darkness of death into the dawn of new life. Show compassion to your people in their sorrow. Be our refuge and our strength to lift us from the darkness of grief to the peace and light of your presence. Your Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, by dying for us, conquered death and by rising again, restored life. May we then go forward eagerly to meet him, and after our life on earth be reunited with our brothers and sisters where every tear will be wiped away. We ask this through Jesus Christ, the Lord. **Amen.**

THE PROCLAMATION OF THE WORD

Reader A Reading from Ecclesiastes

Please sit

For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven: a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what is planted; a time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up; a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance; a time to throw away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing; a time to seek, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to throw away; a time to tear, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak; a time to love, and a time to hate; a time for war, and a time for peace. (3: 1-8)

At the conclusion of the reading:

Reader Hear what the Spirit is saying to the Church.

All Thanks be to God.

MOTET FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH

Rutter

*For the beauty of the earth, for the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth over and around us lies:
Lord of all, to thee we raise this our joyful hymn of praise.*

*For the beauty of each hour of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale and tree and flow'r, sun and moon and stars of light:
Lord of all, to thee we raise this our joyful hymn of praise.*

*For the joy of human love, brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth and friends above, for all gentle thoughts and mild:
Lord of all, to thee we raise this our joyful hymn of praise.*

*For each perfect gift of thine to our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine, flow'rs of earth and buds of heav'n:
Lord of all, to thee we raise this our joyful hymn of praise.*

Reader

A Reading from Paul's First Letter to the Corinthians

If I speak in the tongues of mortals and of angels, but do not have love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give away all my possessions, and if I hand over my body so that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing. Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice in wrongdoing but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never ends. But as for prophecies, they will come to an end; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will come to an end. For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part; but when the complete comes, the partial will come to an end. When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways. For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face. Now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I

have been fully known. And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three;
and the greatest of these is love.
(13:1-14)

At the conclusion of the reading:

Reader Hear what the Spirit is saying to the Church.

All Thanks be to God.

HOMILY

HYMN JOYFUL, JOYFUL, WE ADORE THEE

Hymn to Joy

Joyful, joyful, we adore thee
God of glory, Lord of love;
Hearts unfold like flowers before thee,
Opening to the sun above.
Melt the clouds of sin and sadness;
Drive the dark of doubt away;
Giver of immortal gladness,
Fill us with the light of day!

All thy works with joy surround thee,
Earth and heav'n reflect thy rays,
Stars and angels sing around thee,
Center of unbroken praise.
Field and forest, vale and mountain,
Flow'ry meadow, flashing sea,
Chanting bird and flowing fountain
Call us to rejoice in thee.

Thou art giving and forgiving,
Ever blessing, ever blest,
Wellspring of the joy of living,
Ocean depth of happy rest!

Thou our Father, Christ our Brother,
All who live in love are thine;
Teach us how to love each other,
Lift us to the joy divine.

THE APOSTLES' CREED

Please remain standing

Officiant I believe in God

All The Father almighty, creator of heaven and earth.

I believe in Jesus Christ, his only Son our Lord. He was conceived by the power of the Holy Spirit and born of the Virgin Mary. He suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died, and was buried. He descended to the dead. On the third day he rose again. He ascended into heaven, and is seated at the right hand of the Father. He will come again to judge the living and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Spirit, the holy catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

PRAYERS

Officiant The Lord be with you

Please remain standing

People And also with you.

Officiant Let us pray.

Leader God of grace and glory, we thank you for Bob, who was dear to his family and friends. We thank you for the friendship he gave and for the strength, joy and peace he brought. We thank you for the love he offered and received while he was on earth. Lord in your mercy,

People Hear our prayer.

We pray that the goodness in Bob's life will not be lost, but will be of benefit to the world; that all that was important to him will be respected by those who follow; and that everything in which he was great will continue to have meaning now that he has died. Lord in your mercy,

People Hear our prayer.

We pray for all who mourn, that casting all their sorrow on the living God, they may know the consolation of his love. And may Bob continue to live in the thoughts and memory of his children Geoff and Fraser, his grandchildren Doug, Mitchell, Russell, Scott and Alyson and all his family and friends; may he always be in their hearts and in their minds, in their courage and in their consciences. Lord in your mercy,

People Hear our prayer.

We ask that all who were close to Bob may now, because of his death, be even closer to each other, and that we may in peace and friendship here on earth, always be deeply conscious of your promise to be faithful to us in death. Lord in your mercy,

People Hear our prayer.

Almighty God, help us to entrust Bob to your never-failing love, which sustained him in this life. Receive him into the arms of your mercy, and remember him according to the favour you bear for your people, through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Officiant Gathering all our cares into one, let us pray

All 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. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE COMMENDATION

PRAYER OF COMMENDATION

People Give rest, O Christ, to your servants with your saints, where sorrow and pain are no more, neither sighing, but life everlasting. You only are immortal, the creator and maker of all; and we are mortal, formed of the earth, and to earth shall we return. For so did you ordain when you created me, saying, "You are dust, and to dust you shall return." All of us go down to the dust; yet even at the grave we make our song: Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia. Give rest, O Christ, to your servants with your saints, where sorrow and pain are no more, neither sighing, but life everlasting.

Officiant Into your hands, O merciful Saviour, we commend your servant Robert Lyle Reeves. Acknowledge, we pray, a sheep of your own fold, a lamb of your own flock, a sinner of your own redeeming. Receive him into the arms of your mercy, into the blessed rest of everlasting peace, and into the glorious company of the saints in light. **Amen.**

HYMN LORD OF THE DANCE

Traditional, arr. Carter

I danced in the morning when the world had begun
And I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun,
And I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth:
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

I danced for the scribe and the Pharisee,
But they would not dance and they wouldn't follow me;
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John;
They came with me and the dance went on.

Refrain:

Dance, then, wherever you may be,
I am the Lord of the dance, said he,
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,
And I'll lead you all in the dance, said he.

I danced on the Sabbath when I cured the lame:
The holy people said it was a shame.
They whipped and they stripped and they hung me on high,
And they left me there on a cross to die. *Refrain*

I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black;
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back.
They buried my body and they thought I'd gone;
But I am the dance, and I still go on.

They cut me down and I leapt up high;
I am the life that'll never, never die.
I'll live in you if you'll live in me:
I am the Lord of the dance, said he. *Refrain*

BLESSING

DISMISSAL

Officiant The eternal God is your dwelling place,
and underneath are the everlasting arms.
People Blessed is the Lord, our strength and our salvation.

POSTLUDE A GAELIC BLESSING

Rutter

Deep peace of the running wave to you,
Deep peace of the flowing air to you,
Deep peace of the quiet earth to you,
Deep peace of the shining stars to you,
Deep peace of the gentle night to you,
Moon and stars pour their healing light on you,
Deep peace of Christ the light of the world to you,
Deep peace of Christ to you.

Robert Lyle Reeves

It is with great sadness that the family of Robert (Bob) Lyle Reeves announce his sudden death on January 2, 2022. Bob is now reunited with Jane, his beloved wife and partner of over 60 years, who predeceased him in 2017. He was the much-loved father of Geoff (Cathy) and Fraser (Kathryn) and a proud grandfather of Doug, Mitchell, Russell, Scott and Alyson. Bob loved watching his grandchildren develop and thrive, sharing his wisdom, stories and occasional dance move. The family feels blessed to have enjoyed a wonderful, laughter-filled Christmas with Bob.

Bob was born in Montreal on October 8, 1931, the son of Robert Lyle and Margaret Scott (Mackay) and brother of Barbara (Munford). Bob and Barbara lived close to each other in Toronto for many years, so it was a natural transition for Bob to move to the Dunfield Residence when he sold the family home on Briar Hill, to join Barbara, along with many close friends. His last two months were a whirlwind of dinners and social visits.

Bob was the Head Prefect and a graduate of the High School of Montreal. He attended McGill University, graduating in 1952 with a Bachelor of Commerce degree. Bob had a long and illustrious career in investments, starting at Dawson Hannaford shortly after graduation, which later became Richardson Greenshields. He was a senior partner and retired after a distinguished 40 year career. Like all of the numerous successes in his life, Bob was modest about his business achievements, but instilled in both of his sons a strong work ethic and drive to achieve.

Bob was a member of Christ Church Deer Park, where he served as Warden and where he and Jane developed lifelong friendships. Despite his quiet demeanor, he loved to participate in the lively annual variety show, the source of many funny pictures. He dedicated many rewarding hours to church and volunteer activities including the Huntley Youth Services hotline (often after Sunday dinner with the family), investment professional advisory committees, the Anglican Archdiocese and the Canadian Bible Society. He spent over 25 years as an active volunteer with Hope Air. More recently, he enjoyed the comradery of the “Walking Stick Club” and the “Retiree’s Lunch” events.

After retirement Bob discovered joy in painting and was an accomplished artist. His paintings were a reflection of the things that he loved in life, like the outdoors (particularly birch trees), and the interesting and beautiful architecture that he and Jane saw on their many travels abroad. Those in possession of an original “Bob Reeves” count themselves lucky.

Bob loved to ski and to play tennis. He and Jane were members of The Badminton and Racquet Club, and for many years he played with an energetic group of early risers. The family enjoyed many amazing ski trips. Once the nest was empty, Bob and Jane planned annual ski trips with friends, always looking stylish in their ski outfits. But some of his most peaceful and relaxing times were spent at the cottage on Twin Lakes, where he spent his time fixing things, visiting the Saturday market, and keeping track of the comings and goings on the lake. Many on the lake remember Bob for the wave and smile as they passed in their boats, while he relaxed on the deck with a book and his evening Scotch. He was also famous for his incredible cottage Caesars (and Bloody Mary’s), which appeared at 12:00pm and got the day off to a roaring start.

Family and friends were the centre of Bob’s life, and he brought so much to the lives of so many. His natural leadership qualities, dry sense of humour, and excellent conversation will be missed by both his family and extended family, and his numerous cherished friends, many of whom he spoke with on a daily basis.

The family invites you to consider a donation to Christ Church Deer Park or Bridgepoint Foundation in Bob’s name.

PORTIONS FROM A POEM TO BOB

There are times in life
When one declares,
Simply and purely,
Without any airs:
...You've meant mountains to me, Bob.

Father, brother, confessor
And friend,
You give it all freely,
Your strength, you do lend.
...You've been all that for me, Bob.

The hours upon hours
Upon hours untold
Of holding our hands
While our stories unfold...
...You've been there for us, Bob.

How can one thank
For such love you give?
- With no strings attached.
It so helps one to live.
...It's no small thing, Uncle Bob.

Don't stop what you do
- How you give from the core, sharing joys and sorrows
And our dramas galore!
...You make a difference, Bob.

Please accept this thanks
From me and my kin,
With our love and respect,
For the blessing you've been.
...You've got wings on your back, Bob.

Written by Fraser Bliss, a nephew of Bob and Jane's

22.7.2010