

Flyfisher's Club of Oregon

A List of the Articles Written by Tom McAllister in *The Creel*:

“The Rainbow” (Vol. 1, No. 1: Dec. 1961; pp. 2-9)

“The Year of The Flyfisher” (Vol. 6, No.1: Oct. 1968; pp. 24-28)

“Mooch” (Vol. 9, No. 1: Dec. 1971; pp. 18-21)

“Hearing Is Believing, As Much As Seeing” (Vol. 10, No. 2: Dec. 1973; pp. 28-29)

“The Lake That Was” (Vol. 16, No. 1: Aug. 1982; pp. 22-26)

“Frank Wire: A River Imprint” (McKenzie River Edition, 2001; pp. 8-14)

“Phoenix-Like: The Rise, Fall and Resurrection of Diamond Lake” (North Umpqua River Edition, 2008; pp. 16-20)

Although there may be other articles written by Tom for the FCO's monthly newsletter *The Flyline*, below are two that I am aware of:

“The Deschutes Goes Wild” (March 1996, pp.7-8)

“A Deschutes Moonlight Interlude” (Sept. 2004, p. 3)

OSU Tom McAllister FCO Graduate Scholarship:

On March 2, 2002, Tom McAllister, representing the FCO, and Jerry Brown, representing the FFF, signed an agreement establishing the Flyfisher's Club of Oregon Fellowship with Oregon State University for an amount of \$5,000. This annual gift is to be used by a graduate student “pursuing a course of study involving anyone of the endemic wild stocks of fish within watersheds of the State of Oregon.” On March 2, 2010, Tom requested that the name of the Fellowship be changed to the Flyfisher's Club of Oregon Graduate Scholarship. This was agreed to on March 4, 2010 by Steve Schauble of the OSU Foundation. On March 10, 2015, John Pyrch, representing the FFF, requested that the name of the scholarship be changed to the **Tom McAllister FCO Graduate Scholarship** to honor Tom for “his long-standing support and outstanding contributions to our organization.” This was agreed to by Steve Schauble on March 19, 2015.

Since 1997, the FCO/FFF has contributed \$99,500 to the FCO graduate studies program. Nineteen (19) graduate students have benefited from our program.

Information compiled by: John B. Pyrch

**Tom McAllister
1926 - 2018**



“Life is the only wealth and it springs from the land.”

“Take the Children Back Outdoors”

By Marcy Cottrell Houle

from the upcoming book, to be released in 2019:

“A GENEROUS NATURE: Transformed by Oregon,” Copyright: 2018

A deep love of birds and a lifetime of conservation efforts began for Tom McAllister when he was twelve years old. It sprang from an experience once offered in Oregon, nearly a century ago, that inspired numerous young persons to care for the natural environment surrounding them.

It all started at school.

In 1938, the year Tom’s interest ignited, Portland schools offered a program entirely unique to Oregon: Nature Study. It was a year-long course, incorporated in grade school curriculum, and the first such class in the nation. Teachers were instructed by a noted scholar, Professor B. A. Thaxter, an active member of the Oregon Audubon Society. Dr. Thaxter held educational sessions at Lincoln High School in Portland, and followed them up with Saturday bird hikes.

At this time, Oregon led the nation in its involvement in nature education, with much of the credit a result of the influence of the Oregon Audubon Society. Established in 1902, the Portland chapter was among the first in the United States. The initial support of the Audubon Society came from President Theodore Roosevelt, himself an ornithologist.

As Tom recounts, “Theodore Roosevelt reveled in the robust outdoor life, and was known to puzzle White House staff by walking outside to stand motionless for long periods under the trees.”

In addition to Portland’s active chapter, other Audubon organizations—those headquartered in La Grande, Salem, Baker City, and Joseph, Oregon—also supported environmental programs. Local chapters partnered with school districts to bring natural history science programs to classrooms. Students became involved throughout the year with nature observation and hands-on field collecting, and reported their discoveries to their class.

This progressive type of educational opportunity expanded the horizons of thousands of children, opening their eyes to the natural world around them and to its significance.



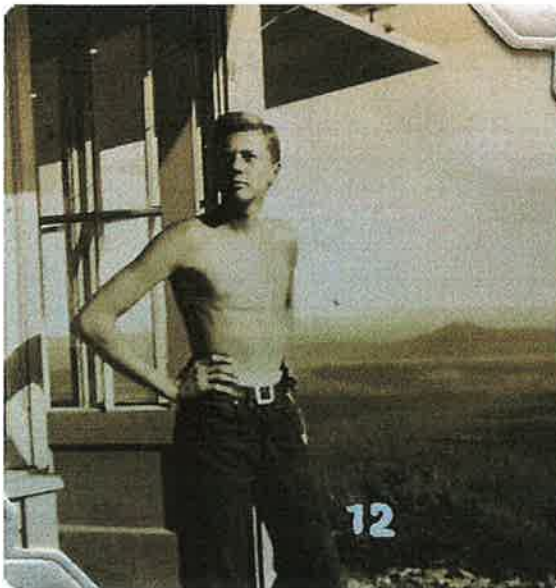
And for some, like Tom, it set their life's course.

"It was a wonderful time for science education," Tom explains, "a convergence of kindred souls. The Oregon Audubon Society had a strong purpose, at the same time, the nation was benefitting from having had a president who set in motion the conservation movement." The vision of the Oregon Audubon Society, as Tom relates, was clearly stated: "To protect the wild birds and animals of the State of Oregon, and by literature, lectures, and all other available methods, to disseminate knowledge and appreciation of the economic and esthetic value of wild bird and animals."

Teddy Roosevelt, in similar fashion, had modeled the same commitment.

"With an eye to the future, President Roosevelt set aside 230 million acres, a public lands legacy that included national forests, parks, monuments, and refuges." As a young student, Tom took both messages entirely to heart. They blazed a purpose for his life that he has followed for over eight decades. After that class, Tom was hooked. He never looked back.

Starting in high school, Tom took jobs at the Fremont National Forest and the Malheur National Wildlife Refuge. As Tom describes, Malheur Lake was one of three federal refuges that President Roosevelt had decreed by executive order in 1908. The two others were Lower Klamath Lake and Three Arch Rocks—the latter the first bird refuge in the West. All three sites, located in Oregon, abounded with waterfowl.



My Mountain Shack

*How often at night
When the Stars glimmer bright
And waning old moon
Says "Goodnight" all too soon,
Have my thoughts crept back
To my dear little shack,
Far away on a mountain high,
Perched amidst the clear blue sky.*

*Seems far from me now,
Yet, I know somehow,
When the green tints the trees
And music's in the breeze,
My heart will start thumping
And my mind a wandering,
Back to the trail to the mountain crest,
For only out there will my spirit rest.*

-by Tom McAllister, 1944

Tom thirstily absorbed rich information during these formative years from a host of early naturalists with whom, he readily notes, he was privileged to work. His mentors still remain highly regarded for their groundbreaking efforts in conservation: Stanley Jewett, U.S. Biological Survey; John Scharff, manager of Malheur National Wildlife Refuge; Leo Simon, of the Native Plant Society, among others. Their collective wisdom passed on to Tom only furthered his drive to work with wildlife and to study the exciting natural environments of Oregon.

Then all nature study came to a halt. World War II broke out and, as for many young men, Tom's life took a diversion.

Interrupting his schooling, Tom was called to duty as a Navy Corpsman. Because of the great need, he enrolled to become a medic. After completing training, he embarked on a hospital apprenticeship at Camp Adair north of Corvallis, near Oregon State College, before shipping out for the Philippines and the Pacific Theater.

Liberty breaks, says Tom, were scarce and therefore precious. For his first one, he decided to hop on a bus and head into town. He noticed a few coeds already seated on the transport. One, a redhead, grabbed his attention. There was something about her he vaguely recalled. Tom knew he didn't have much time. Moving to sit next to her, quickly he seized his chance.

"Didn't you go to Grant High School?" he asked the pretty girl.

She replied that she had. Talking a bit further, they discovered that she had been two years ahead of Tom in school. Her name, she said, was Barbara.



Before they disembarked, Barbara told him there was to be a dance that night at the Oregon State Memorial Union. She said Tom would likely know some of the people there. Kindly she offered to meet him there, and locate the girls from his class at Grant that he might enjoy visiting with. Tom thanked her. Later that evening, he headed over to the dance. He saw her with several old classmates that Barbara had generously rounded up.

None of that was important to Tom. He was already smitten—by the redhead.



"I danced the whole time with her," he remembers, with a smile. "I walked her back to the Pi Phi house that night. And every liberty leave I had for the months I was stationed at Camp Adair, I went to see her. After I shipped out, I had an unbroken correspondence with her until my return in 1946."

They married on December 18, 1948, after the war was over, while both were enrolled at Oregon State. Two years later, Tom graduated with a degree in Wildlife Management.

After sixty-seven years of a happy marriage, Tom expresses with affection, "We always said we lived on love and the GI bill."

BACK WHEN THE LAST OF THE PACK STRING SUMMERS



by Tom McAllister
Outdoor Writer
The Oregonian

The packstring of mules on the mountain
paths was a common site for others visitors to
the backcountry.



Trout stocking in Oregon began with barren water. Hundreds of mountain lakes hadn't held fish since their day of creation by landslide, glacier, beaver or other eruption.

Until 1911, the state's hatchery stations were used solely for salmon production. But a desire by sportsmen of that era to introduce trout into the barren lakes of the Cascade, Willamette, Strawberry and Elkhorn mountains had the support of Governor Oswald West.

Because of Oregon's then primitive road system, William L. Fisher, the State Game Warden at the time, had a railroad express car converted in 1912 to transport the fingerling trout in 10-gallon milk cans that were fed by an aeration system and iced in hot weather.

Named "The Rainbow" — this rail car began the trout distribution program in Oregon. Local rod and gun clubs arranged to meet the train and do a good share of the early stocking.

That first summer, 83 barren Cascade lakes were stocked with rainbow, brook trout and coho fry from Bonneville by means of a pack string that met "The Rainbow" at railheads in Oakridge, Detroit, Estacada and Bend. Except for a break during World War II, packers with mules and horses were employed each summer to stock the backcountry mountain lakes, those reached only by trails. Some remote lakes were reached only by bushwhacking, or following dim blaze marks.

The backcountry lakes program in the Cascades shifted to airplanes stocking in 1942. Now, hundreds of lakes are stocked by helicopter in just a week.

As a fledgling biologist attending Oregon State University on the GI Bill, I had the ultimate summer job. In 1947, I was on a lake and stream survey project based out of Princess Creek Campground on Odell Lake. Backcountry lakes were being inventoried to determine their suitability and carrying capacity for trout. My pack horse carried a year's

July-August 1988

Tom relished being in college. Summers between courses at Oregon State, he adds, were equally stimulating. During those months, Tom took a job managing a twelve mule pack string while surveying and stocking multiple Cascade Mountain lakes with fingerling trout.

A large part of his love for Oregon wilderness was formed during this time.

"In the 1940s, I could look out over absolute unbroken, forest country mixed with mountain meadows. There were no roads whatsoever; it was all defacto wilderness—a wilderness that covered the entire Cascade Mountains in Oregon. My job required I go up on top of every lookout, in particular Maiden Peak, Diamond Peak, South Sister. In those days we didn't have GPS; it was primitive mapping — locating ourselves, orienteering, tying things in with the different geographic features to get a feel of the whole country."

Tom expresses regret for what happened later. "It all went so fast. The speed at which we went through and logged the entire Cascade National Forest was and battles were waged by early conservation groups to

staggering, except for the highest country. Great battles were waged by early conservation groups to try to retain what little wilderness remained."

Tom himself was involved with several such efforts. Two were remarkably successful, to his lasting satisfaction: the fight to save Waldo Lake and the effort to create and then expand the Eagle Cap Wilderness in northeastern Oregon.

"These were huge accomplishments, just getting low elevation land preserved, the ponderosa pine and tamarack stands. We also were able to protect the entire Minam Watershed in the Eagle Cap Wilderness. This achievement saved one great river, which is nearly completely intact from its very headwaters, down to its juncture with the Willamette River and on into the Grande Ronde. It remains a watershed that is entirely roadless, except for the very lower end.

"We need places like this," Tom affirms. "There is something about openness and space that in itself gives a feeling of freedom—whether its plains or prairies or mountains."



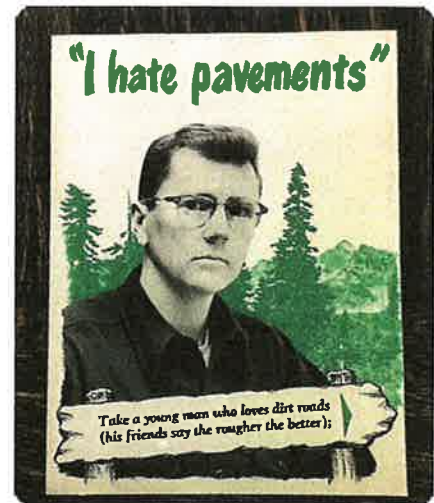


After graduating from Oregon State College, Tom was hired by the Oregon Fish and Wildlife Commission and worked for them for three years. He was then offered a job that would recalibrate his life's trajectory. The Oregon Journal, a highly respected newspaper, came to him with a proposal that he write a column for them. The opportunity would allow him not only to study the fish and wildlife of the northwest, but to write about it.

In 1953, Tom took the job for the paper. He became the first, full-time, outdoor writer in the region. It was a position he loved, and would hold for the next forty years. The work to travel, research, and write would shape him as an expert on the outdoor life of Oregon, and, in turn, help form the understanding of all who read his column, "Wide Open Spaces," describing the natural wonders of Oregon for generations of readers.

Tom's column ran three times a week with a full outdoors page each weekend. His articles followed the seasons, with stories on camping, fishing, hunting, and Oregon natural history. In winter, Tom covered skiing activities around the West with a "Ski Scope" column.

As Tom affirms, his expanding fund of knowledge about Oregon's wildlife and natural areas made him appreciate his state all the more. From years of exploring Oregon's resources and writing his columns, his dedication to conservation issues across Oregon only continued to increase and burgeon. Over time, he would become a founding member or president of numerous conservation organizations.



Tom helped establish the Oregon Chapter of The Nature Conservancy. He became its president—holding that role for

several decades. He remained committed to the Portland Audubon Society, mindful of the tremendous impact it had had on his life and future. He was president of the Flyfisher's Foundation, and active on the boards of the Oregon Wildlife Heritage Foundation and the Isaak Walton League, becoming its chairman. He was also one of the original founders of the Oregon Parks Foundation, and participated in that philanthropic conservation organization for more than thirty years.



Tom's expertise did not go unnoticed in Oregon's political corners. When the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act became law in 1968, (then) Governor Tom McCall asked Tom to be president of the committee that nominated Oregon rivers to be protected under the legislation. Tom remembers feeling especial delight the day that Governor McCall signed into law Oregon's Rogue River to be one of the original eight rivers designated as national Wild and Scenic Waterways in 1968.

Throughout the years he was writing and reporting, Tom also remained involved in advocacy efforts to protect spectacular natural places in Oregon that held special meaning for him. With his friend and fellow biologist, David Marshall, he worked to create the William L. Findley National Wildlife Refuge,

which became established in 1964. He also played an integral role in the fight to save Tillamook County's Kilchiss Point from development—a place he had loved since childhood, abounding with waterfowl, a rich coastal ecosystem, and imbued with historic significance. As Tom recounts, Kilchiss Point was the spot where Robert Gray landed and placed the first American flag on the West Coast.

The core of his motivation? Tom states it freely. It is based on a personal, philosophical conviction, one that he jointly holds with his wife Barbara.

"The protection of Oregon's natural resources is critical to the state's future. Dramatic losses are ahead if rampant and unplanned development is not addressed. Life is the only wealth, and it springs from the land," avers Tom.

"Preserving areas takes people back to their roots. America is relatively young; our roots are not very deep; but we do have this attachment to the land, and it grows," he continues. "It is important to have places where one can go to experience the real foundations of Oregon. Admittedly, it is harder and harder to find these special spots because of modern technology. It is therefore important to keep these special spots true to what they have always been, rather than to modernize them. Then they erode away and become a Disneyland type of experience."

Tom takes encouragement from the proliferation of smaller, non-profit conservation groups in Oregon, bands of citizens who have come together with goals to support preservation at the local level. The North Coast Land Conservancy, Southern Oregon Land Conservancy, and the Willowa Land Trust, says Tom, are just a few examples of people working to protect their native landscape, whether a specific watershed or geographic unit.



"To me, these grassroots groups evince this desire to experience what the land originally was, and what through preservation and good stewardship can be again," he says. "We have had wonderful citizen representation in Oregon, as far as this longing to save or recapture some of what we had at the beginning.

'Senator Mark Hatfield was out in the forefront to making new wilderness areas in Oregon. Senator Bob Packwood created the Hells Canyon National Recreation Area. Governor Victor Atiyeh worked to save the Deschutes River. Governor Bob Straub preserved our coastline by stopping the construction of the highway from going straight down the coast. Straub was a Democrat; all the others were Republican," says Tom, "but that's when we had a different breed of Republican."

In 1993, at age sixty-six, Tom retired from his long and celebrated writing career at the Oregon Journal and the Oregonian. It did not stop him, though, from continuing his mission to educate others about Oregon and the natural world. For the next fifteen years, he was a popular naturalist/historian for Lindblad Expeditions cruises in Alaska and on the Columbia River. As his son, Scott, attests, "My father

is among the last of the original naturalists standing between urbanization and the Oregon wilderness."

Today, at age ninety, Tom's love and interest in nature, and the passion for birds that has lasted all his life, has not waned. He remains rooted and devoted to Oregon.

"There is no other state in the country quite like Oregon. It is that whole feeling of distant great horizons. Barbara and I have always felt blessed that our families were Oregonians. Because our areas are so exceptional, we have sensed the need to protect them. We need to always treasure Oregon's wilderness that sets us apart."

But how do we do that? one may ask. How do we keep that feeling alive?

Tom's response comes swiftly. It returns to his original inspiration, and a belief what is essential for the future of Oregon if it is to remain the place he loves.



"We have got to have those outdoor programs back," he says, unwaveringly. "We must take the children back outdoors."



The McAllister Clan

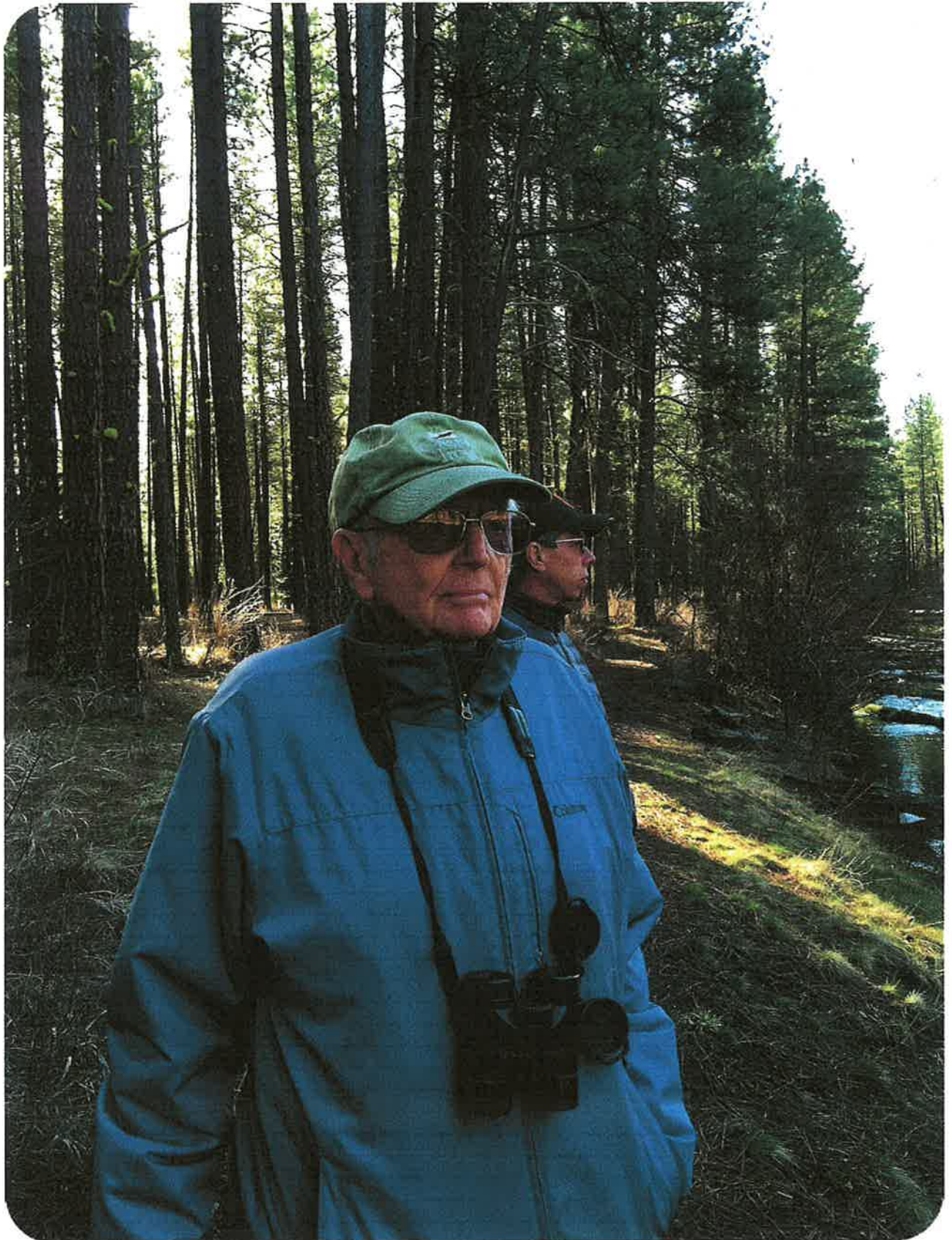
Tristan, Jill, Scott, Jim
Hailey, Torrie, Barbara, Tom, Mike, David, Jake
Alexandra, Teal, Kyann



The McAllister Clan

Tristan, Jill, Scott, Jim
Hailey, Torrie, Barbara, Tom, Mike, David, Jake
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A Celebration of the Life of



Thomas Herbert McAllister, Jr.

May 6, 1926 - March 12, 2018

Episcopal Church of the Transfiguration

May 26, 2018

A Celebration of the Life of



Thomas Herbert McAllister, Jr.

May 6, 1926 - March 12, 2018

Episcopal Church of the Transfiguration

May 26, 2018

Do not stand at my grave and weep.
I am not there. I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glint on snow.

I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle Autumn rain.

When you wake in the morning bush
I am the swift, uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circling flight.
I am the soft star light at night.

Do not stand at my grave and weep.
I am not there. I do not sleep

- Anon.

A Service of Christian Burial

Saturday May 26, 2018

Prelude

Steve Allely, Piper

*The Water is Wide
Here is Love*

The people stand as they are able.

Anthem

Fr. Joseph Farber

Officiant

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 has committed himself to me in faith,
shall not die for ever.

Antiphon

As for me, I know that my Redeemer lives
and that at the last he will stand upon the earth.
After my awakening, he will raise me up;
and in my body I shall see God.
I myself shall see, and my eyes behold him
who is my friend and not a stranger.

Antiphon

For none of us has life in himself,
and none becomes his own master when he dies.
For if we have life, we are alive in the Lord,

and if we die, we die in the Lord.
So then, whether we live or die,
we are the Lord's possession.

Antiphon

Happy from now on are those
who die in the Lord!
So it is, says the Spirit,
for the rest from their labors.

Antiphon

We have come here today to remember before God our brother
Tom, to give thanks for his life; to commend him to God our
merciful redeemer and judge; to commit his body to be
buried/cremated, and to comfort one another in our grief.

Collect of the Day

Celebrant The Lord be with you.

People *And also with you.*

Celebrant Let us pray.

Collect

O God of grace and glory, we remember before you this day our
brother Tom. We thank you for giving him to us, his family and
friends, to know and to love as a companion on our earthly
pilgrimage. In your boundless compassion, console us who
mourn. Give us faith to see in death the gate of eternal life, so
that in quiet confidence we may continue our course on earth,
until, by your call, we are reunited with those who have gone
before; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

All **Amen.**

A period of silence is kept.

The Liturgy of the Word

First Reading

Alexandra Piredda

A reading from The Book of Lamentations.

(Lamentations 3:22-26, 31-33)

The steadfast love of the Lord
never ceases, his mercies never come to an end;
they are new every morning; great is your faithfulness.
“The Lord is my portion,” says my soul,
“therefore I will hope in him.”
The Lord is good to those who wait for him,
to the soul that seeks him.
It is good that one should wait quietly
for the salvation of the Lord.
For the Lord will not reject forever.
Although he causes grief, he will have compassion
according to the abundance of his steadfast love;
for he does not willingly afflict or grieve anyone.

Reader Hear what the Spirit is saying to God's people.

People **Thanks be to God.**

A period of silence is kept.

Gradual Hymn

Hymnal 405

Descant
All things bright and beau - ti - ful, crea-tures great and small,
Refrain
All things bright and beau - ti - ful, all crea-tures great and small,

all things wise and won - der - ful, God made them all.

all things wise and won - der - ful, the Lord God made them all.

1 Each lit - tle flower that o - pens, each lit - tle bird that sings,
 2 The pur - ple - head - ed moun - tain, the riv - er run - ning by,
 3 The cold wind in the win - ter, the pleas - ant sum - mer sun,
 4 He gave us eyes to see them, and lips that we might tell

Repeat Refrain

he made their glow - ing col - ors, he made their ti - ny wings.
 the sun - set, and the morn - ing that bright - ens up the sky,
 the ripe fruits in the gar - den, he made them ev - ery one.
 how great is God Al - might - y, who has made all things well.

Words: Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1895) Music: *Royal Oak*, melody from *The Dancing Master*, 1686; adapt. and harm. Martin Fallas Shaw (1875-1958)
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A period of silence is kept.

Second Reading

Jim Miller

Reader A reading from The First Letter of John (1 John 3:1-21)

See what love the Father has given us, that we should be called children of God; and that is what we are. The reason the world does not know us is that it did not know him.

Beloved, we are God's children now; what we will be has not yet been revealed. What we do know is this: when he is revealed, we will be like him, for we will see him as he is.

Reader Hear what the Spirit is saying to God's people.

Congregation

Thanks be to God.

The people stand as they are able.

Sequence Hymn

Wonder Love and Praise #812

Unison

1. I, the Lord of sea and sky, I have heard my
 2. I, the Lord of snow and rain, I have borne my
 3. I, the Lord of wind and flame, I will tend the

peo - ple cry. All who dwell in deep - est sin My hand will
 peo - ple's pain. I have wept for love of them, They turn a -
 poor and lame. I will set a feast for them, My hand will

save. way. save. I who made the stars of night,
I will break their hearts of stone,
Fin - est bread I will pro - vide

I will make their dark - ness bright. Who will bear my
Give them hearts for love a - lone. I will speak my
Till their hearts be sat - is - fied. I will give my

light to them? Whom shall I send?
word to them. Whom shall I send?
life to them. Whom shall I send?

Refrain
Here I am, Lord. Is it I, Lord? I have
heard you call - ing in the night. I will go, Lord,
if you lead me, I will hold your peo - ple in my
heart.

1. 2. 3.

Gospel

(John 14:1-6)

Priest or Deacon The Holy Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ according to John

Congregation **Glory to you, Lord Christ**

Jesus told his disciples, "Do not let your hearts be troubled. Believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house there are many dwelling places. If it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? Or If it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, so that where I am, there you may be also. And you know the way to the place where I am going."

Thomas said to him, "Lord, we do not know where you are going. How can we know the way?"

Jesus said to him, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me.

Priest or Deacon The Gospel of the Lord.

Congregation Praise to you, Lord Christ.

A period of silence is kept.

Eulogy

Victoria McAllister

David McAllister

The Lord's Prayer

Priest And now, as our Savior Christ has taught us, let us pray

In unison

**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, and the power, and the glory,
for ever and ever. Amen.**

A period of silence is kept.

Collect

O God, who by the glorious resurrection of your Son Jesus Christ destroyed death, and brought life and immortality to light: Grant that your servant Tom, being raised with him, may know the strength of his presence, and rejoice in his eternal glory; who with you and the Holy Spirit lives and reigns, one God, for ever and ever.

All AMEN.

The Commendation

The Altar Party takes its place beside the urn.

Give rest, O Christ, to your servant(s) with your saints,

*All where sorrow and pain are no more,
neither sighing, but life everlasting.*

You only are immortal, the creator and maker of mankind; 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 servant(s) with your saints,

*All where sorrow and pain are no more,
neither sighing, but life everlasting.*

Solo Anthem

On Eagle's Wings

Ms. Jeanne Wentworth
Accomp., Mr. Boyd Levet

The Commendation

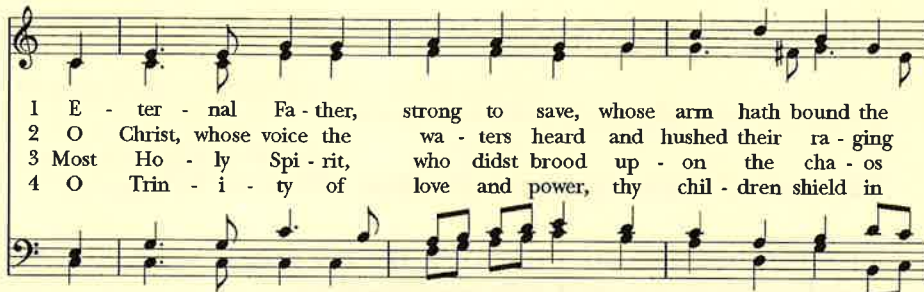
Officiant

Into your hands, O merciful Savior, we commend your servant Tom. Acknowledge, we humbly beseech you, 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.

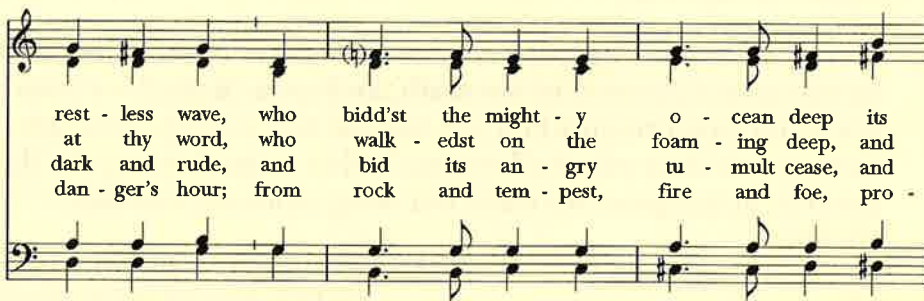
All **AMEN.**

Closing Hymn

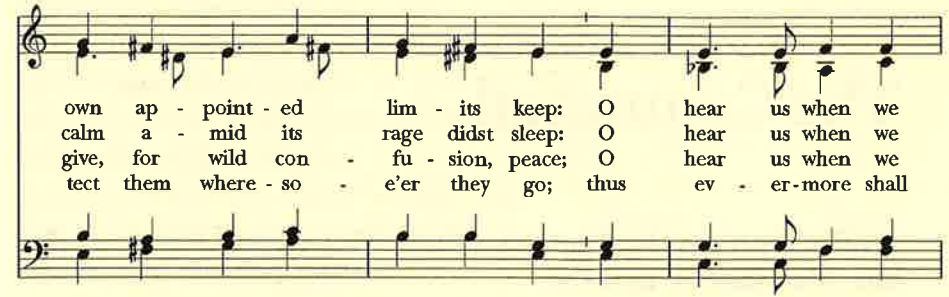
The Hymnal 1982 #608



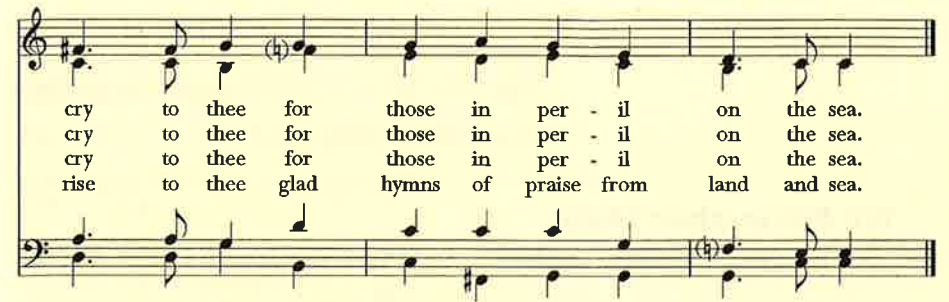
1 E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, whose arm hath bound the
2 O Christ, whose voice the wa - ters heard and hushed their ra - ging
3 Most Ho - ly Spi - rit, who didst brood up - on the cha - os
4 O Trin - i - ty of love and power, thy chil - dren shield in



rest - less wave, who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep its
at thy word, who walk - edst on the foam - ing deep, and
dark and rude, and bid its an - gry tu - mult cease, and
dan - ger's hour; from rock and tem - pest, fire and foe, pro -



own ap - point - ed lim - its keep: O hear us when we
calm a - mid its rage didst sleep: O hear us when we
give, for wild con - fu - sion, peace; O hear us when we
tect them where - so - e'er they go; thus ev - er - more shall



cry to thee for those in per - il on the sea.
cry to thee for those in per - il on the sea.
cry to thee for those in per - il on the sea.
rise to thee glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

Words: William Whiting (1825-1878), alt. Music: *Melita*, John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)

Postlude

Highland Cathedral

Steve Allely

The service will continue with **The Committal**, to take place on the banks of the Metolious River. Please bring your bulletin with you.

The Committal

Reflection on the history of the Metolious River and the McAllister family

- Mike McAllister

- Scott McAllister.

We Remember Them

(From *The Jewish Prayer Book*, ©)

Officiant and Congregation, responsively

At the rising of the sun and at its going down

We remember them.

At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter

We remember them.

At the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring

We remember them.

At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer

We remember them.

At the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of autumn

We remember them.

At the beginning of the years and when it ends

We remember them.

As long as we live, they too will live;

for they are now a part of us

as we remember them.

When we are weary and in need of strength

We remember them.

When we are lost and sick at heart

We remember them.

When we have joy we crave to share

We remember them.

When we have decisions that are difficult to make

We remember them.

When we have achievements that are based on theirs

We remember them.

As long as we live, they too will live;

for they are now a part of us

as we remember them.

The family carries the ashes to the island where they are to be interred.

Officiant The Lord be with you.

People ***And also with you.***

Officiant Let us pray.

In the sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ, we commend to Almighty God our brother Tom, and we commit his ashes to this islet in the rippling spring, source of the Metolius he dearly loved, and the place which he and his beloved wife Barbara chose as their final resting place. May the Lord bless him and keep him, the Lord make his face to shine upon him and be gracious to him, the Lord lift up his countenance upon him and give him peace.

All **AMEN.**

Officiant

Almighty God, with whom still live the spirits of those who die in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful are in joy and felicity: We give you heartfelt thanks for the good examples of all your servants, who, having finished their course in faith, now find rest and refreshment. May we, with all who have died in the true faith of your holy Name, have perfect fulfillment and bliss in your eternal and everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord

All **AMEN.**

Officiant

Father of all, we pray to you for Tom, and for all those we love, but see no longer: Grant them your peace; let light perpetual shine upon them; and, in your loving wisdom and almighty power, work in them the good purpose of your perfect will; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

All AMEN.

Then may be said

Rest eternal grant to him, O Lord;
And let light perpetual shine upon him.
May his soul, and the souls of all the departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

All AMEN.

Officiant Go in peace to love and serve the Lord.

People *Thanks be to God.*

Mull of Kintyre

Steve Allely, Piper