

Frances Lee Duckworth Camp June 3, 2017

Prelude music -- Margie Maestas

Welcome and prayer -- Jerry

Thank you all for being here to join in remembering and giving thanks for Frances' life and ministry with us. Frances was the matriarch of her family, and our family of faith. She led by example at home, at church, and in our community – school, business, banking. We will read some scripture she loved and which tell us of her character. We'll sing – and hear – some of her favorite hymns and music. We'll honor her memory with stories. Let us pray.

Our God of grace and glory, we remember and honor Frances today and we thank you for giving her to us to know and to love. By your compassionate presence, console us in our mourning. Inspire in us the confidence of a certain faith, the comfort of holy hope, and the peace which passes all understanding; through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

About Mother: Carol and Roger

Congregational hymn: "Be Thou My Vision" # 450

Scripture readings - Jerry

Psalm 121

**I lift up mine eyes unto the hills. From whence cometh my help?
My help cometh from the Lord, who made the heavens and the earth.
He will not let your foot be moved; he who keeps you will not slumber.
Behold, he who keeps Israel will neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord is your keeper; the Lord is your shade on your right hand.
The sun shall not smite you by day, nor the moon by night.
The Lord will keep you from all evil; he will keep your life.
The Lord will watch over your going out and your coming in
from this time forth and for evermore.**

Psalm 23 (In unison)

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's

sake. Ye though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies. Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life. And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

John 14:1-3.

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

Family Memories – Read by Elizabeth

From Sarah Camp:

I will remember Nani's laugh, her smile, her grace and warmth, her mischievous sense of humor, and her wonderful wisdom; born of so much experience and of a kind heart.

Nani was a stickler for manners, grammar, proper dress, Christian values and family tradition. I will cherish the memories of her visits to my family's home in New York, to our golf club for many a family celebration or golf event, to the sleepaway camp which Stephanie and I attended in Maine, our family visits to Post and the annual birthday trips to Santa Fe to celebrate her birthday and my birthday.

Nani taught me a love of history, of family heritage and ancestry, of travel, of baking and of fashion. Her welcoming and warm home on West Main was a place of laughter, order and tradition.

Nani left an impression with most people she met. After my high school commencement, the Headmaster pulled me aside to tell me how lucky I was to have such an educated and refined grandmother.

I will hold dear the many summer trips I had to Post one on one with Nani. She was solicitous about making sure that Stephanie and I got to know our cousins in Post and our West Texas heritage. I remember attending a few Post rodeos with Nani and my cousins, Laura and Janie. We remember how Nani would encourage her New York

granddaughter to follow her cousins' lead at the rodeo and to improve my hesitant Northeastern attempt at 2 step. She knew the importance of instilling a sense of identity and pride in one's roots.

Laura and I look back with amusement at our trip to Justiceburg to try buffalo burgers and to see the actual buffalo. We were 10 years old. Nani was adamant that her New York granddaughter needed to experience the real thing in Texas. My Post visits were always about doing and visiting. What a gift this was.

Last August, I took Nani to tour Cowboys Stadium for her birthday. As we passed the pictures of past players and coaches, she smiled widely and said, "I lived this". She knew how to live life.

I will remember my grandmother as the much loved, beautiful and admired Matriarch of The Camp Family.

From Stephanie Camp:

My grandmother was a special person. She helped shape me through her lessons, visits and precision. I have wonderful memories of visits to Post connecting with friends and family, learning about the town and tricks of the trade. Nowhere else in my childhood could I have learned to put a towel on the hot seat of a Cadillac, to place a leather envelope into a bank tube, to retrieve a car phone from the trunk, to not tip someone who carries groceries to your car or to avoid sitting in the front row of a rodeo stand. All valuable lessons with often hysterical stories attached to them.

The stories are what keep her memory fresh in my mind. I cherish the road trips with the unique smell from Lubbock, the beautiful topography of Santa Fe and the childhood trip with Janie and Nani's bohemian friend, Linelle. Seeing her favorite places and visiting her old haunts gave me a glimpse into how she liked to spend time. That, coupled with the stories from childhood through retirement, illustrated a well lived and traveled life that set the foundation for my own wanderlust.

I will miss the visits, 5pm cocktails, dancing in the kitchen and bingo. Her competitive spirit was fun and love of chocolate legendary. She is loved and will be missed.

From Shelley Devinny:

My fondest memories of Nani are from summers in Post. We always were working on a project- whether it be sewing clothes for my American Girl doll or trying a new recipe There were always Lifesavers in the desk drawer and ROLLING pennies that needed bundling to take to the bank (after earning them from picking up crabapples, of course!). I will also always remember how she carried herself with such poise and strength. She was always beautifully dressed and did not allow for anyone to take advantage of her. She made an impression everywhere she went and I think that is apparent with the amount of people here today to celebrate her life!

From Jason Devinny:

Memories:

- **Going to Padre Island as a kid (almost dying) –**
- **(Shelley, Sarah, and I almost drowned one year in the undertow. Sarah saved us.**
- **I remember her taking Nicholas and me to the local pool in Post in the summer as a kid**
- **Obviously Thanksgiving at her house growing up - WE ALWAYS WENT TO POST FOR THANKSGIVING. HAD GOOD FOOD AND ALWAYS LOOKED FORWARD TO GOING**
- **Watching TX v ATM every year at her house in Post - WE WATCH A LOT OF FOOTBALL TOGETHER**

From Nancy (Norman) Gordon:

My children (Doug, Maggie, Nicholas, Abby) and I loved Aunt Frances very much. She was so good to them (and me) for those 26 years living next door to her in Post. We really hated it when she moved!! It just didn't feel right AT ALL! It was so comfortable having her right there. It was good for my kids too, learning to serve, to be thoughtful, caring and loving, and to always be respectful and obedient to their elders. They learned how to adapt to her different needs as she aged.

We felt it a privilege to be able to help Aunt Frances every day and hope it was comforting for her to have us nearby. The kids would watch out for her and report to me if someone was around that was

unfamiliar and if something didn't look right or was off of her ordinary routine. They "kept an eye out" on the house, the back yard, etc. when she was gone for any reason. Aunt Frances taught them a lot about her plants and flowers and how to care for them. She helped teach them responsibility, as she gave them various jobs to do. She told them how to do something, and they knew she wanted and expected them to do it the way she asked. They learned to respect and abide by her ways (don't mess with the gravel in the driveway! ♥□) and give other kids in the neighborhood a heads up abt it. They felt they were "protecting" HER as well as her property! (And maybe protecting the kids in the neighborhood, too! □)

As children, we four nieces and nephews (Lee, Bobby, Mary Ann and I) have many years of memories of Christmas, especially, with Aunt Frances and Uncle Shelley, Roger and Carol, at our grandparents' home as well as the Camp home. We made priceless family memories.

Prayer and Lord's Prayer - Elizabeth

Congregational hymn: "Fairest Lord Jesus." # 630

Scripture and Sermon – Acts 18:24-28. -- Jerry

24 Now a Jew named Apol'los, a native of Alexandria, came to Ephesus. He was an eloquent man, well versed in the scriptures. 25 He had been instructed in the way of the Lord; and being fervent in spirit, he spoke and taught accurately the things concerning Jesus, though he knew only the baptism of John. 26 He began to speak boldly in the synagogue; but when Priscilla and Aq'uila heard him, they took him and expounded to him the way of God more accurately. 27 And when he wished to cross to Acha'ia, the brethren encouraged him, and wrote to the disciples to receive him. When he arrived, he greatly helped those who through grace had believed, 28 ... showing by the scriptures that the Christ was Jesus.

This is a pretty obscure passage in the Acts of the Apostles, but filled with deeply human meaning. St. Paul is trying to keep track of fledgling missionaries all over the place. And he gets word about a kid named Apollos who's got it about half right. So he sends out a husband and wife ministry team – Priscilla and Aquilla – to school him up. The take away is that the first theological seminary had, in effect, a woman on the faculty, in a family partnership.

Frances holds the distinction of being the first woman to serve on the Board of Elders at First Presbyterian-Post. In a kind of family partnership, she took Shelly's seat at his death. So that makes her, at least on paper, something of a feminist around here. Frances might resist that label. But I'm sure it was an easy call. Who knew better? Who knew more? Being the first woman to serve in that way was incidental to carrying on what was needed. Consistent leadership. Continuity of ministry. It's worth noting here that Frances was also a trained and experienced teacher. And God knows the ministers around here needed plenty of schooling up from time to time – still do.

After Shelly's death, it fell to her to do much more of what was needed, and in many profound ways. She took the lead with all of the social and material needs in her world. In the business, and at the Bank. She again provided continuity of leadership. Leading by example. What's interesting to me is how that continuity of leadership extends to the next generation. Carol is also a teacher. Schooling them up. Roger is in business. Sweating the details. Both are deeply involved in their churches. Leading with wisdom, experience, and by example.

And yet -- For all the practicalities Frances took on as Matriarch, and her sense of propriety and attention to detail are legendary, I think today mostly of her heart. Which she didn't wear on her sleeve, especially. But if you knew where to look, it changed you.

It must have been sometime right after Jeanie and I got married. 15 or so years ago anyway. Tech had beaten UT in something important for the first time since the Middle Ages I think. And Frances walked into Sunday School the next morning wearing a really fine red and black knit suit. We all kind of raised our eyebrows a bit and she broke out a big grin. For all she bled burnt orange, her heart was with the people she loved in that room, and on that day. We didn't miss the point.

The people she loved.

It was our honor to run her out to the airport for regular trips to Dallas and New York. Which she always had on her calendar and counted the days between. She absorbed the ever increasing hassle of flying - from TSA and her own advancing years - because it was worth it. To

be with the people she loved. And go into the City for dinner. Or meet together around the Thanksgiving and Christmas tables. To watch football and then watch some more football. Together. With the people she loved.

Often as not when she returned to Lubbock, we'd go to dinner the three of us soon after and we'd get to hear all about it. Hearing about those sacred family stories as we got to share a good meal someplace nice together. She loved new places and we found a few that became in time old places to which we'd return. For lamb chops. Or a good filet. Sharing. Food. Love. Stories. And the details.

Details. We were visiting her at Wedgewood one Sunday after church. She rather out of the blue remarked that my shoes looked especially nice. I wasn't especially mindful of my shoes at that time, so I fessed up that I had oddly just shined them. And they must have really needed it. We laughed about tending to small matters like that, and my tendency to often let them go too long untended. Then I told her the story of some very practical advice – some schooling up – I'd gotten in seminary from a wise mentor. Shine your shoes before Communion Sunday. The tradition in my Illinois church at that time was for communicants to kneel around an altar rail. Which meant as they bowed their heads in after receiving the bread or wine, they were looking right down at the pastor's shoes. Yeah, she laughed a little too. Of course here we distribute communion such that my shoes are far out of sight. Thus, they were oddly shined that day.

The next time we visited she handed me a little paper sack. Inside was a very handy sponge like gizmo for applying the shoe polish that was embedded inside. 4 buck at Wal-mart. It takes literally five seconds a shoe to get a nice shine with that thing. I've kept one handy ever since, and use it every time I change into dress shoes. I just bought a new one Thursday, and I think of her every time. It's like she's saying if you look a little better than you might otherwise, you might be a little better sometime when it counts. Or as Jesus put it, "You have been faithful over a little; I will set you over much." Well done." You see, it has much less to do with appearances than the habit of tending to details. Especially if tending to details involves tending to business. Schooling someone up. Or sharing food with friends. With family.

"When Priscilla and Aq'ula heard him, they took him and expounded to him the way of God more accurately When (Apollos) arrived, he greatly helped those who through grace had believed, 28 ... showing by the scriptures that the Christ was Jesus.

He'd been schooled up. He knew then as we know now, that no matter our age or station, we continue needing wisdom, leadership, good teachers and mentors.

Please do one holy thing today or soon. A holy thing that's a healing thing. Tell a story. Tell the story of something you learned or of someone you love because Frances was in your life. A story you live as you live out what you learned to honor her memory. Honor her memory with love. Amen.

Prayer and Benediction – Jerry

To Honor Frances - Go into the world in peace. Have courage. Hold onto what is good. Return to no-one evil for evil. Strengthen the fainthearted, support the weak, help the suffering. Honor all people. Speak and act with love on your lips and in your heart.

For it is into your hands O merciful Savior that we commend Frances, your servant. Acknowledge her we pray, a sheep of your own fold, a lamb of your own flock. Receive her into the arms of your mercy, into the blessed rest of everlasting peace, and into the glorious company of all the saints in light. Amen.

"The Eyes of Texas." UT Band.

Postlude Music: Margie Maestas