



*In Celebration
of the Life of*
**Eugene
Frederick
England**

September 25, 1925 to March 26, 2014



May 24, 2014

1:30 pm

Boone Memorial Presbyterian Church

Reverend Aaron Beaty

Prelude - Glory Brass

Tony Baca, Jack Gardner, Bruce Smith, Brad Marshall, Tom Dale

Entrance of Family

Words of Welcome

Reverend Aaron Beaty, Minister

Prayer of Invocation

Amazing Grace

Glory Brass

Prayer of Illumination

Scripture Reading Romans 5:1-5

Cathy Springman

Meditation

The Wings of Hans Bablinger

Words of Remembrance: Lessons We Learned from Dad

Beth Kopadt

Hymn: Old Rugged Cross

Prayer of Thanksgiving

Hymn: The Lord's Prayer

Commendation & Benediction

Postlude - Glory Brass

Gene's family invites you to visit with them and share refreshments in the rear of the church following the service.

The Old Rugged Cross

1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug - ged cross, The em - blem of suf - fring and shame;
 2. Oh, that old rug - ged cross, so de - spised by the world, Has a won - drous at - trac - tion for me;
 3. In that old rug - ged cross, stained with blood so di - vine, A won - drous beau - ty I see,
 4. To the old rug - ged cross I will ev - er be true; Its shame and re - proach glad - ly bear;

And I love that old cross where the dear - est and best For a world of lost sin - ners was slain.
 For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry.
 For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf - fered and died, To par - don and sanc - ti - fy me.
 Then He'll call me some - day to my home far a - way, Where His glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share.

Refrain

So I'll cher - ish the old rug - ged cross, Till my tro - phies at last I lay down;
 cross, the old rug - ged cross,

I will cling to the old rug - ged cross, And ex - change it some - day for a crown.
 cross, the old rug - ged cross,

The Lord's Prayer

Unison

Our Fa - ther, which art in heav - en, Hal-low-ed

The first system of musical notation for 'The Lord's Prayer'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in a unison style. The lyrics 'Our Fa - ther, which art in heav - en, Hal-low-ed' are placed below the notes. A triplet of eighth notes is marked above the final notes of the first line.

be Thy name. Thy king-dom come,

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody from the first system. The lyrics 'be Thy name. Thy king-dom come,' are placed below the notes. The bass staff features a prominent bass line with a rising eighth-note pattern.

Thy will be done on earth as it is in heav - en.

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues with the lyrics 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heav - en.' The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

Give us this day our dai - ly bread, And for-give us our debts, as

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues with the lyrics 'Give us this day our dai - ly bread, And for-give us our debts, as'. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

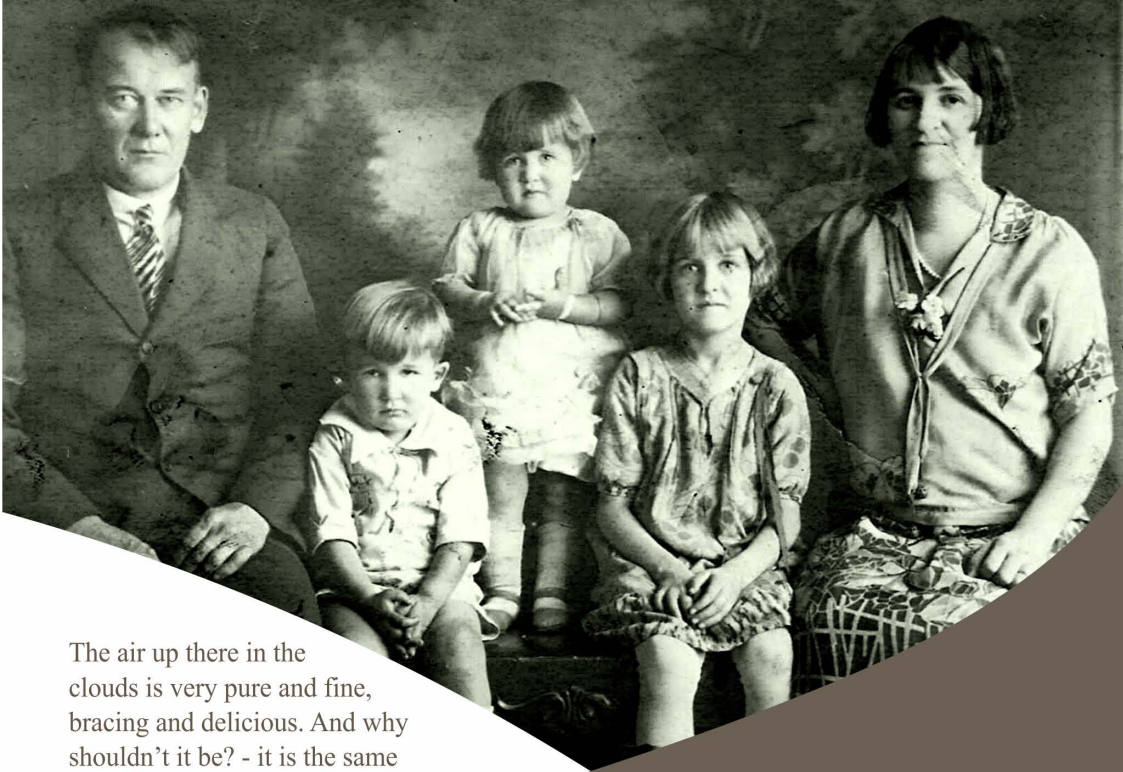
we for-give our debt-ors. And lead us not in-to temp-

ta-tion, But de-liv-er us from e-vil; For Thine is th'

king-dom, and the pow-er, and the

glo-ry for-ev-er.

A-men, A-men.



The air up there in the clouds is very pure and fine, bracing and delicious. And why shouldn't it be? - it is the same the angels breathe.

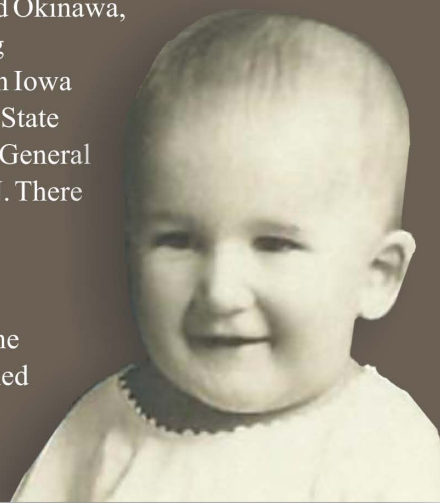
- Mark Twain

Eugene Frederick England

SEPTEMBER 25, 1925 to MARCH 26, 2014

Born in Blaine, KS, Gene had a lifelong love of airplanes and enjoyed a private pilot license. The only son of Fred and Frieda England, Gene grew up between two sisters, Olivette and Viola, in Marceline, MO. graduating from Marceline High School. He was drafted into WWII, serving in the U.S. Marine Corps in the Marshall Islands and Okinawa, Japan. After the war, Gene studied accounting at Chillicothe Business College and worked in Iowa for Standard Oil Co. He graduated from Iowa State College in General Engineering, working for General Motors on aircraft engines in Indianapolis, IN. There he met Carolyn Springer at church, marrying her in 1956.

They moved to St. Louis, MO where Gene worked for McDonnell Aircraft and welcomed daughter Beth into the family.



Several years later Gene moved his young family to Huntsville, AL in a small plane, for work with NASA at the Marshall Space Flight Center on the Saturn Rocket which put the first man on the moon. Son Bill was born in 1960 and daughter Cathy in 1963. The family returned to St. Louis in 1966 for Gene to work on military helicopters for the U.S. Army Aviation Command until he retired in 1986. With Carolyn, he also operated a local toy and hobby store in the 1970's.

Gene was quiet, gentle and patient, so his wry sense of humor snuck up on unsuspecting bridge players. He loved a good argument and he relished ice cream, chocolate, and saving money. He participated in the Alpha Players, a St. Louis theatrical troupe, in the 1960's-70's, and enjoyed camping and water skiing at Lake of the Ozarks. He took the family on camping road trips all over the U.S.

Gene always enjoyed history, big band music, and reading. He and Carolyn moved to Caldwell, ID in 1994, and in retirement Gene enjoyed studying genealogy and investment strategy. He volunteered in the genealogy room at the Caldwell Library and sang in the choir at Boone Memorial Presbyterian Church. He and Carolyn traveled to Europe and across the U.S. a number of times in search of ancestors, as well as visiting children and grandchildren. He enjoyed reading aloud with drama and character voices to children, and they loved when he chased them with his "tickle bug."

Gene passed away peacefully surrounded by family on March 26, 2014 in Caldwell, at the age of 88. He is remembered with love by wife, Carolyn, sister Viola, children Beth & Kurt Kopadt, Bill & Heather England, Cathy & Kurt Springman, six grandchildren and a great-grandchild.



Impressions of a Pilot

Flight is freedom in its purest form,
To dance with the clouds which follow a storm;
To roll and glide, to wheel and spin,
To feel the joy that swells within;
To leave the earth with its troubles and fly,
And know the warmth of a clear spring sky;
Then back to earth at the end of a day,
Released from the tensions which melted away.
Should my end come while I am in flight,
Whether brightest day or darkest night;
Spare me your pity and shrug off the pain,
Secure in the knowledge that I'd do it again;
For each of us is created to die,
And within me I know,
I was born to fly.

- Gary Claud Stokor

