



Florence Mary Harrison Brown

January 13, 1919 – March 31, 2022

Loving wife, mother and friend

Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing shake
All now mysterious shall be bright at last

Be still, my soul, the waves and winds still know
His voice who ruled them while He dwelt below

PASTORAL PRAYER

THE LORD'S PRAYER (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 forever. Amen.

PSALM 130

**Out of the depths I cry unto thee, O Lord!
Lord, hear my cry.
Let thine ears be attentive
to the voice of my supplication.
If thou, Lord, should mark iniquities,
Lord, who could stand?
But there is forgiveness with thee,
that thou may be feared.
I wait for the Lord, my soul waits,
and in his word do I hope.
My soul waits for the Lord
more than those who watch for the morning.
O Israel, hope in the Lord!
For with the Lord is great mercy.
With him is plenteous redemption,
and he will redeem Israel from all their sins.**

OLD TESTAMENT READING
Isaiah 40:1-8

Rev. John A. Thomason

Comfort, O comfort my people, says your God.
Speak tenderly to Jerusalem, and cry to her
 that she has served her term, that her penalty is paid,
that she has received from the Lord's hand double for all her sins.
A voice cries out: "In the wilderness prepare the way of the Lord,
 make straight in the desert a highway for our God.
Every valley shall be lifted up,
 and every mountain and hill be made low;
the uneven ground shall become level, and the rough places a plain.
Then the glory of the Lord shall be revealed,
 and all the people shall see it together,
 for the mouth of the Lord has spoken."
A voice says, "Cry out!"
 And I said, "What shall I cry?"
All people are grass, their constancy is like the flower of the field.
The grass withers, the flower fades,
 when the breath of the Lord blows upon it;
surely the people are grass.
The grass withers, the flower fades;
 but the word of our God will stand forever.

PSALM 23

Rev. John A. Thomason

**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.
Yea, 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.**

GOSPEL LESSON

From John 14

[Jesus said,] "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?
 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.
 I will not leave you orphaned; I am coming to you.
 In a little while the world will no longer see me,
 but you will see me;
 because I live, you also will live.
 I have said these things to you while I am still with you.
 But the Advocate, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my
 name, will teach you everything,
 and remind you of all that I have said to you.
 Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you.
 I do not give to you as the world gives.
 Do not let your hearts be troubled, and do not let them be afraid."

A MEMORIAL REFLECTION

Rev. Cobb

REMEMBRANCES FROM LOVED ONES

Leigh Brown

Claudia Fortunato

"My Get Up and Go Has Got Up and Went" Author Unknown

Ramelle Brown

Maya Angelou's response to Oprah Winfrey on Aging

Leigh Brown

Last verse of “Thanatopsis” by William Cullen Bryant (1816)

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

SONG

Let There Be Peace on Earth

1. Let there be peace on earth
And let it begin with me.
Let there be peace on earth
The peace that was meant to be.
With God as our father
Brothers all are we.
Let me walk with my brother
In perfect harmony.

3. Let there be peace on earth
And let it begin with me.
Let there be peace on earth
The peace that was meant to be.
With God as our father
Sisters all are we.
Let me walk with my sister
In perfect harmony.

2. Let peace begin with me
Let this be the moment now.
With every step I take
Let this be my solemn vow.
To take each moment
And live each moment
With peace eternally.
Let there be peace on earth,
And let it begin with me.

4. Let peace begin with me
Let this be the moment now.
With every step I take
Let this be my solemn vow.
To take each moment
And live each moment
In peace eternally.
Let there be peace on earth
And let it begin with me.

PRAYER OF COMMENDATION

CLOSING HYMN 378

Amazing Grace

v. 1,2,4

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me

I once was lost, but now am found
Was blind but now I see

Was Grace that taught my heart to fear
And Grace, my fears relieved
How precious did that Grace appear
The hour I first believed

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me
I once was lost but now am found
Was blind but now I see

BENEDICTION AND DISMISSAL

POSTLUDE

Anchors Aweigh!

Stand Navy out to sea, fight our battle cry!
We'll never change our course so vicious foes steer shy-y-y-y!
Roll out the TNT, anchors aweigh!
Sail on to victory, and sink their bones to Davy Jones, hooray!

Anchors Aweigh, my boys, Anchors Aweigh!
Farewell to foreign Shores, we sail at break of day-ay-ay-ay;
Through our last night ashore, drink to the foam,
Until we meet once more, here's wishing you a happy voyage
home!

Blue of the mighty deep, Gold of God's great sun;
Let these our colors be, Till All of time be done, done, done, done;
On seven seas we learn, Navy's stern call:
Faith, courage, service true, With honor over, honor over all.

Florence Mary Harrison Brown

January 13, 1919—March 31, 2022

Loving wife, mother and friend

Florence Mary Harrison Brown, 103, of Southbury CT died in her home on March 31, 2022. Wife of the late Gordon Ray Brown, she was a resident of Southbury for 30 years and Pleasantville, NY for 32 years. Florence was born in Detroit MI on January 13, 1919, to Celia May and William Wesley Harrison and spent most of her youth in Indianapolis where she attended Shortridge HS. Graduating in 1941 from Ohio Wesleyan University (OHU) with a bachelors in speech, she was recommended by the dean of OHU to join the Navy's first class of WAVES (Women Accepted for Volunteer Emergency Service) in 1942. She served in the New York City Port Director's office decoding messages to and from ships and ports in Europe and South America. She was a lieutenant when she was discharged.

Returning to civilian life she met the love of her life, Gordon Brown, with whom she had two sons and a loving marriage of 56 years. Florence worked for the Pleasantville Board of Education and volunteered for numerous organizations including the Red Cross, American Field Services, Honolulu Academy of Art, PEO and the PTA. Life-long Methodists, Florence and Gordon were active in congregations from NYC to Honolulu to Woodbury CT. Wherever Florence went, she filled the world with love and laughter. Florence is survived by two sons, William Brown (Gail Suderman) of Kamuela, HI, and Leigh Brown (Nadine Genet) of Ridgewood NJ, five granddaughters and four greatgrandchildren.

In lieu of flowers, donations to Woodbury United Methodist Church (WUMC) or your favorite animal sanctuary would be perfect.

Woodbury United Methodist Church

Rev. J. Michael Cobb, pastor

Rev. John A. Thomason, reader

Christopher Shay, organ

You are invited to the Fellowship Hall for light refreshments.