

Celebration of Life

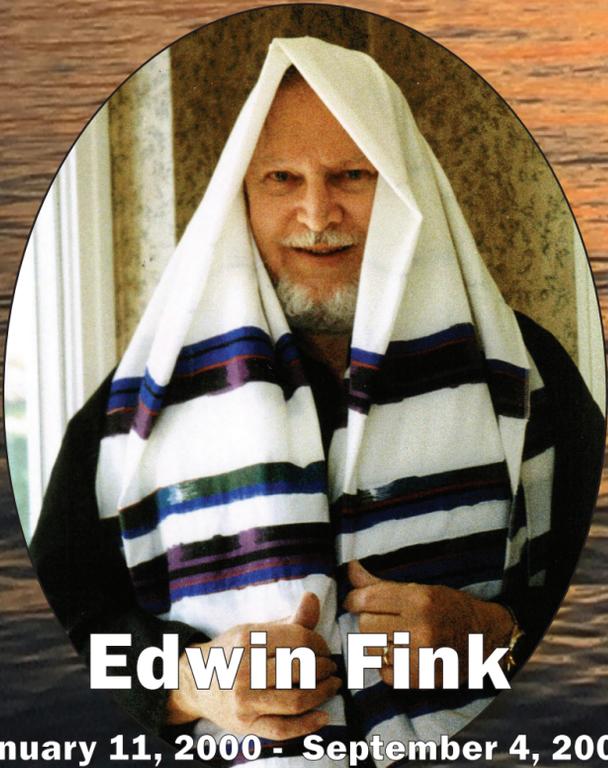
Love
Inspiration
Family
Eternity



Faith Renne' Dowler

January 11, 2000 - September 9, 2016
-Canonsburg, PA-

Remembering...



Edwin Fink

January 11, 2000 - September 4, 2004
-Monessen, PA



Matthew Lutz

November 29, 1983 - March 24, 2016
-McDonald, PA-

Celebrating the Life of... Faith Renne' Dowler



Faith Renne' Dowler

Faith Renné Dowler, 16, of Canonsburg, died Friday, September 9, 2016, as a result of injuries sustained in an automobile accident while traveling for a Christian Outreach program in Clarksburg, W.Va. She was born January 11, 2000, in Pittsburgh, a daughter of Thomas and Renné Cole Dowler of Canonsburg. She was a junior honor student at Canon-McMillan High School. Her life revolved around her faith and church. She was a member of Central Assembly of God in Houston, where she was a student worship leader and was on the praise and worship team of the church and The Rock Student Center. Through the church, she made the national level of competition through Assembly of God Fine Arts Program. She was also involved with the youth program at Champion Christian Center and Life Church. She was instrumental in developing the On Point Team, which was bringing the Word of God to local high school students. She baby-sat for local families and was also employed at Coffee Express-o. Surviving, in addition to her parents, are her maternal grandparents, Sherri and Jack Cole Jr. of Washington; her ma-

ternal great-grandmother, Hazel Paul Cole; aunts and uncles Melissa and Jack Cole III of Washington, Patty and Robert Dowler of Stratford, Conn., and Stephen and Katherine Dowler Murphy of Highlands Ranch, Colo.; cousins Dr. Sarah Murphy Nickolich (Dr. Myles Nickolich), Dr. Anne Murphy, Patrick Murphy, Emily and C.J. Cole, Hunter and Seth Moore and Will Himmelrick; and many friends. She also leaves behind her two dogs, Onyx and Beauty. Deceased are her paternal grandparents, Alan and Barbara Noel Dowler. The family will receive friends from 3 to 6 p.m. Friday in The Rock Student Center of Central Assembly of God, 2203 West Pike Street, Houston, PA 15342. A memorial service celebrating her life was held at 11 a.m. Saturday, September 17, in Central Assembly of God, 155 McGovern Road, Houston, PA 15342. Arrangements were entrusted to McIlvaine-Speakman Funeral Home Ltd., Robert K. McIlvaine, owner/supervisor, 27 Cherry Avenue, Houston, PA 15342. In lieu of flowers, the family suggests memorial contributions be made to Faith Renné

“FAITH RENNE’ DOWLER” THE PROMISED ONE”

Faith Renne' Dowler ... a beautiful name for a beautiful and inspiring girl. Her story begins with her name, which in itself contains a celebration of her life. She was a miracle baby, conceived against all odds. As a child, her mother Renne', was diagnosed with juvenile diabetes. She shared, "When I was 15 years old, I asked my doctor about having children [someday], because even back then, having juvenile diabetes, it was a concern. So I asked him if he ever recommended me having children. I went home that day and lay on my bed and I prayed, and God spoke to me. It was amazing! It wasn't a soft word; it wasn't even a friendly voice. It was like a 'how dare you' voice that you question Me! And all He said to me was: 'Renne', I will GIVE you ONE.' It was so profound and so loud. Eight years later, Renne' would meet Tom and they would conceive the "ONE" God had promised and her name would be called "Faith Renne' Dowler".

"The name Faith came because the doctors told me they could only find three

chambers of her heart. " Renne' explained. "I had an ultrasound every week and countless doctor appointments and the doctors kept saying she can't live with only three chambers of her heart, and even if she did, she would never lead a normal life and I should abort her. The name came because I had faith that God was right and man was wrong. Faith had to be her name!"

Renne' was sick most of the pregnancy due to diabetes. In spite of all of the mounting negative reports, the couple pressed on in faith that God had given this child to them and had a special purpose for her. Then at the end of her pregnancy, Renne' began to sense that something was wrong so she went to the hospital as a precaution. The doctors tried to send her home thinking it was due to anxiety about her upcoming delivery. But Renne' persisted and when she was checked, she was taken immediately to have an

emergency C-section. Her intuition was right. Her blood pressure reading was 240 over 120. She remembers the moments in the delivery room and commented on the delivery: "It took a minute, but then Faith started screaming really, really loud. When I heard her cry, I knew right then she had all four chambers of her heart! The doctors were finding out at the same time everyone else did and I am sure that God added the fourth chamber of her heart! The baby was perfect and that is why Faith was a miracle baby."

But this wonderful and amazing news was met with yet another challenge shortly after delivery due to complications for both mom and daughter. Faith had contracted pneumonia and was put in the neonatal Intensive Care Unit. Renne' herself had an infection, and both mother and child remained in the hospital a week and a half longer. But nothing could dampen Renne'

or Tom's spirits because they both knew she was a miracle — she was their miracle! As she grew, she remained a happy and very, healthy child. "Other than the chicken pox, she barely ever got sick." Renne' added. In her growing-up years, Faith had a wonderful relationship with her parents and a very natural one with the Lord. Renne' and Tom recalled that during Renee's pregnancy, family, friends and her Pastor all had prayed nonstop for Faith. This was a baby bathed in prayer inside her mother's womb. Renne' shared, "As a young child, we noticed Faith was extremely intelligent. She went to work with me every day. She never went to day care, but was with me every single day which was such a blessing. I am a teacher by trade, so Faith learned really early. She was reading by the time she was three and she would read Bible stories and talk about them just like she was a little mini preacher," Faith's mom recalled.

"Faith loved to pray and was known for that at an early age.

Cover Design by Hazel K. Palmer
Stories By Carolyn Lacek

See PROMISE pg B4

FAITH'S LIFE CONTINUES...

Faith spent her elementary school years at Central Christian Academy in Houston, PA and was attending Canon-McMillan High School where she was a Junior. On September 9th, 2016, Faith was going to West Virginia with some friends from another local church to take part in the Festival of Lights outreach sponsored by Clarksburg area Assembly of God churches. At 6:15 PM, the minivan Faith and her friends were riding in was hit by a box truck which crossed the median strip on Interstate 79, killing the driver, Rhoda Malone, age 40 and Breanna Africa, age 17 in addition to Faith, age 16. The other passengers that were not on the dri-



Mason Boni, Faith's close friend drew the image above in her honor. Faith loved Peter Pan, and for her 16th Birthday Party she wanted a "Peter Pan" theme... hence the word: "Neverland".

ver's side of the vehicle escaped with minor injuries. Those in the box truck only had minor injuries as well.

Shock and deep sorrow spread throughout the Canonsburg area for the losses the families suffered, both immediate and church families. Renne' commented on what she remembered of the days that followed. "The funeral service for Faith was overflowing. It was held at The Rock Student Center, part of Central Assembly of God in Houston, PA where she was actively involved. An estimated four thousand people came to pay their respects to the family in a receive-

See FAITH pg B5

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Remembering... Matthew Lutz

November 29, 1983 -
March 24, 2016



MATTHEW LUTZ WAS A ONE OF A KIND

Matthew John Lutz

Matthew John Lutz, 32, of McDonald, PA died unexpectedly Thursday, March 24, 2016.

He was born November 29, 1983, in Washington, a son of Daniel Ray Lutz Sr. and Denise Petrone Lutz of McDonald.

Mr. Lutz was a graduate of McGuffey High School and Western Area Vo-Tech School. He was employed at Bricklayers and Allied Craftworkers Local 9 as a bricklayer.

Mr. Lutz was a member of New Life in Christ Church.

He loved to ride his Harley Davidson motorcycle, fish, hunt and play his guitar. He cherished his daughter,

Keirsten, and loved spending time with her. Surviving, in addition to his parents, are a daughter, Keirsten Lutz, and two brothers, Daniel Ray Lutz Jr. of Washington and Jonathan Ryan Lutz of McDonald.

Friends were received from 2 to 4 and 6 to 8 p.m. Tuesday in William G. Neal Funeral Homes Ltd., 925 Allison Avenue, Washington, where services will be held at 1 p.m. Wednesday, March 30, with Pastor Ed Popovich officiating. Burial followed in Claysville Cemetery.

Memorial donations may be made for his daughter to Fidelity, fbo Keirsten P. Lutz, H. Financial Management, 400 Southpointe Boulevard, Suite 420, Canonsburg, PA 15317.

Matthew was one of a kind. He was greatly loved and had a smile and a laugh that was contagious! And those intense blue eyes. Matthew was very lovable and kind. He never met a stranger, and he was full of life! He had an outgoing personality and if you were his friend or family, you better believe he had your back for sure. He believed in family values and was a good son, dad, brother, uncle, cousin, nephew, friend.

Matthew was strong. He was courageous, he knew no fear yet he was gentle and kind. He was the guy that you wanted on your team. He was always full of life, energetic, upbeat, and positive, the best son, brother, uncle, nephew, cousin, or friend we could ever have. He had a huge, kind heart, he loved his family and friends, and his heart beat was his beautiful daughter.

He was the middle child of 3 sons, all close in age and he remained close to his 2 brothers into adulthood. Matthew was very kind, generous, and intelligent. He was also our most stubborn child and anything he put his mind to he would accomplish. Matthew was competitive, athletic, and outgoing. He loved the outdoors, family beach vacations, riding his Harley, fishing, and hunting. Matthew

loved wildlife and had a special fondness and knowledge of birds.

Matthew had a smile that lit up the whole house. Matthew

his Italian heritage. Matthew was always adventurous, and he seemed to do just about everything "first" in the family. He walked when he was only 7 months old. His daughter says her dad was very talented and she is right. He liked to laugh and have a good time. For a "tough guy" he could be very sensitive at times; he got that from me. He liked being with his family especially his daughter. They were like 2 peas in a pod, always playing and laughing. He was so good with her. He taught her many things like to tie her shoes and to work her math problems. He was smart. He was a good person. He never wanted to hurt his family. He loved us and we loved and continue to love him.

"The Three Lutz Brothers"



Matthew with his Daughter Keirsten

Matthew was a bricklayer by trade since the age of 15. He was good at his craft and took pride in his work.

was a great cook! He made the best macaroni salad and the best spaghetti and meatballs. He was proud of

Tell us about Matthew's struggle with addiction
Matthew got addicted to Xanax in 2015. He hid it well. He had struggled hard with alcohol since his devastating divorce in 2011 but then decided to quit, went to the doctor, was prescribed benzodiazepines for "anxiety" and soon became addicted. He became withdrawn from family and friends which was totally out of character for him. His life was spiraling downward; he got suspended from the Bricklayers Union, wrecked

See MATTHEW pg B6

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Remembering...

Edwin Fink

June 27, 1927 - Sept. 24, 2004



USHERED TO HEAVEN "EDWIN FINK"



Edwin Fink

Age 77, of Monessen, on Saturday September 4, 2004, while vacationing in Alaska; beloved husband of Paula (Steck) Fink, loving father of Eric Fink of Centerville, Virginia; Laine (Fink) Specter of Mount Lebanon and Jaclyn Fink of California; devoted stepfather of Johna, Jonathan and Jill Turik; brother of Warren Fink of New Jersey; also survived by 10 grandchildren. Ed was retired from H.J. Heinz Company. He was a past president of Temple Ohav Shalom in the North Hills. Service will be private. Family requests that in lieu of flowers, contributions may be made to the American Heart Association, the American Diabetes Association or a charity of your choice.

Ed and Paula Fink were married for 12 years before Ed transitioned from earth to Heaven. They had gotten engaged on National Pearl Harbor day, December 7th, 1991 and were married on April 4th, 1992. Ed was of Jewish descent and Paula was a Christian, each one gleaming from the other's faith which had become the center of their marriage. They first lived in Pittsburgh before moving to Greensburg, PA and then on to Monessen, PA. For three and a half years Ed enjoyed living in the house they were destined to build together in Monessen, PA. (See Pg. A1)

Both Paula and Ed loved to travel, and as tradition would have it, every year on August 19th they would fly out of state to celebrate Paula's granddaughter's birthday. In 2004, her granddaughter was living in Alaska which made for an ideal vacation for Paula and Ed to visit family. Paula shared, "We planned on spending a month there so we had many plans of what we wanted to see once we got there. But as Ed and I were flying to Alaska, the Holy Spirit spoke to me and said that Ed's seat will be empty coming

back, that Ed would not be returning home. Then He gave me the scripture from Ezekiel where Ezekiel was told that in the evening he was to get everything together because in the morning his wife was going to die. (Ezekiel 24: 15-18). I said to the Lord, you're telling me that you're going to take Ed?" Ed had been feeling well and hadn't been sick, so she tucked this message away into her heart, never saying anything to anyone of what she had just been shown. Paula said, "When it did happen, I wasn't taken by surprise. I was shaken when it happened, but yet I knew. God had prepared me for what was to happen to Ed in Alaska." They arrived safely in Alaska and it was a joyful reunion. They celebrated Paula's granddaughter's 9th birthday and everything was going well until the night when Ed himself was prepared for what was about to happen to him. Ed had an encounter with an angel during the night that shook him to his core. Paula explained, "After this happened to him, he came looking for me! He thought maybe he had died because he saw an angel. And I can still remember what he said: 'Oh my God Paula! I saw an angel and he told me to get my affairs in order! I think I'm going to die!' Ed described the angel as being so big, that his head was outside of the house going through the roof. He told me it didn't obstruct the house seeing the angel look like that, but he was so tall that his head went through the roof of the house. Ed said the angel was black and held a scroll. When he opened the scroll, that's when he told Ed to get his affairs in order. He was leaving in three days."

After his encounter, Ed went into seclusion. She explained, "For the next three days, Ed began to repent, asking God to cleanse him from everything he had done wrong. Things would be brought to his mind and he would then repent. At one point at the end of the three days, he said to me: 'Paula, there's nothing left I can think of to repent of.' That night, Ed went to bed and Paula wanted to watch the borealis, a/k/a northern lights, an incredible light show that can be viewed in the northern and southern hemispheres. Paula explained, "It happens around 2 o'clock in the morning, so I lay on the couch looking out the window waiting for it to happen and fell asleep. I never made it up to the bed-



Ed and Paula Fink



Ed was the president at the Temple Ohav Shalom located in the North Hills. He loved serving and sharing his faith with Paula, respecting Paula's faith in God through Messiah, Jesus. As years went by, Paula and Ed found a new depth in their faith, a spiritual gift that they gave to one another causing them to grow closer to God.

room, and I thank God I fell asleep in the family room because Ed died that night in the bedroom exactly three days after the angel appeared to him. He had a massive heart attack. I found him that next morning when I went into the bedroom. It looked like he was going to get up and fell back on to the bed. He was lying on the bed on his back and his index finger of his one hand was pointing up. I know he was letting me know he went up!"

It was Jewish custom that Ed be buried within 24 hours, as Paula respected His Jewish roots one last time. Just as she was told that Ed's seat would be empty on the flight back home, Paula flew back to Monessen as a widow for the second time. She was a widow when she first met Ed and now she was a widow once again. But Paula's comfort then and now has been the assurance of how they experienced two messages that came from Heaven to both of them allowing them to know ahead of time what was to come. It was time for Ed to leave this earth because his destiny had been fulfilled. Later Ed...



"Faith"

PROMISE from Pg. B2

She would go around my office at work to my employees and pray for them. When she was five, Hurricane Katrina hit. I remember how she prayed and prayed. We put packets together to send to kids. She would pray over the packages before we sent them. She was always the one asked to pray at school events, and at the basketball games for the team she was a part of. They always asked Faith to pray. That was her thing. She prayed. She was an intercessor. If someone needed prayer, they asked Faith. At Central Assembly in Houston, PA, she was the student leader in "The Rock" youth ministry from 6th grade until she left to go to Heaven. Faith was heavily involved in the fine arts program and went to national competitions for her spoken word and her writing. As part of the leadership team, she was asked at times to preach at meetings held at The Rock. She was heavily involved several times a week. So many kids that went to The Rock had been invited by Faith." Renne' recalled.

Whether Faith was inside praying and sharing about the Lord or outside on the street, it didn't matter. It simply was who she was and she had a contagious faith that connected her with others that would create avenues for her to pray with people. Renne' reminisced: "When Faith was fifteen, we were driving in the car and suddenly she said, 'Mommy, Mommy stop! That's the lady I prayed for at the mall! Stop! That's her!' We got out of the car and Faith went up to her to see how she was doing. The lady immediately recognized her and thanked her for praying that day in the mall. She went on to tell her how she was doing and what she was learning about the Lord. Then Faith prayed for her again before we left. She would just see people and out of the blue go up and pray for them. She was exuberant and full of energy. This was how she was."

"One time, we were on vacation in Florida and needed a taxi." Renne' continued. "When we got settled into the taxi, she began to converse with the taxi driver and asked him questions. It was obvious to us that he was a foreigner. When she asked if she could pray for him, he was so blessed by her prayer that that he told us if we needed anymore taxis, to call him and he would come get us. We ended up calling him a few more times." Sometime after Faith's death and burial, after everything was said and done, Renne' and her husband received an unusual phone call. The taxi cab driver from Florida learned about her death online. He said his life was forever changed after he met her. Shortly after their conversation, he sent her parents the book "Heaven is for Real."

Tom and Renne' knew she was a miracle from the very beginning—the promised one prophesied 28 years ago. Faith was 16, the same age of her mother when she wondered if she would ever have children, and she heard God say to her: "I will give you ONE." And this "ONE" now also had a relationship with the Lord just as her mother did. But He didn't only give her to Renne' and Tom, He gave her to us. All of the lives that she touched and the prayers that she prayed continues on—working and moving inside of people and in ways that cannot be understood with the mortal mind. Her reach cannot be measured in numbers because everyone she touched, touched somebody else. Faith knew why she was here. She knew Father God personally, and her heart's desire was that everyone could know Him like she did.

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Celebrating The Life of... Faith Renne' Dowler



FAITH from Pg. B2

ing line that lasted beyond hours at the memorial reception. The police were there to direct the traffic and the roads were backed up with a sea of cars."

Through all of this, during and after the funeral, God was comforting Renne', Tom and the family at large. "There have been so many signs of His comfort" Renne' shared. "For instance, we never had flowers behind our house. A week after she was gone, we had purple flowers all over our back yard. This was so remarkable because Faith's favorite color was purple."

Another way the Lord comforted the couple started with a customer of Tom's who lives in New York. The woman told Tom during a phone conversation that she felt that Faith wanted them to have a Lennox angel. Renne' explained, "I never even knew that Lennox made anything but tableware. We kept it to ourselves and didn't tell anybody about this conversation. Sometime later, we were over at my brother's house. During our visit, my sister-in-law took me into her dining room and reached into the back of her cabinet and pulled out the most beautiful Lennox angel. She said, 'I feel very strongly and compelled by the Lord to give you this.' My husband just about fell over!"

Renne' said there was so much she could share, that it all would not be able to be contained in this special tribute to her daughter, but there were some high points that were important to be shared, one of which was about Faith's fake tattoo. "To begin with, I can't stand tattoos. I really cannot." Renne' admitted. "For three years every single day, Faith would write her favorite scripture on her wrist with a Sharpie marker. She would continually ask me if she could have this scripture tattooed on her wrist. The scripture was Isaiah 41:10 which reads: "So do not fear, for I am with you; do not be dismayed, for I am your God. I will strengthen you and help you; I will uphold you with my righteous right hand." I would always tell her, 'No, you are

not getting the tattoo. No!" Everyone knew that was her verse. My dad hates tattoos too, and he would get so mad that Faith would put that on her arm. The day after everything happened, the funeral director asked me for a picture of Faith to display. We have a picture of her with her arm raised over her head showing her Bible verse that she had written on her arm. It's a beautiful picture and we picked it because that really showed who she was. After he left, I turned to my Dad and said: "Guess who is getting this tattoo? Me! And guess who is taking me? You!" But that's not where it ended. Twelve other people now have Faith's tattoo in her memory. Mine is so special to me because it is in her handwriting."

Renne' went on to say, "Faith was giving and kind. She always had a servant's heart. She knew everyone because she would go up to strangers all the time and pray for them. It didn't matter who they were. As parents, we would get scared sometimes because she would go up to anyone. She was a beautiful girl, blonde hair and blue eyes. She would always find some way to reach out to someone no matter where she was or what she was doing to tell them about God. God used her in a very powerful way. She did more in her sixteen years of life serving God than most people do in a lifetime serving God! She really did."

The effect of a life so young and so full of mission to tell others about Jesus, has not ended with her death. There was someone in the City of Washington that Faith always wanted to reach out to and pray for, but she left this world before she got the chance. Renne' described what took place: "We would see this person and when we would spot him, we would drive around the block, park the car and try to find him so Faith could witness to him. But he would always be gone. That happened five times altogether. So it never worked out that Faith was ever able to pray with this man. About a month after she went to heaven, as I was walking out of the bank, about ten feet in front of me, there he was! I came up from behind him and said, 'Excuse me.' He said, 'Hi. What can I do for you?' 'I have to finish a job.' I

said. I told him about Faith and how she always wanted to talk with him but now she was gone. Then I said, 'So may I do with you what my daughter always wanted to do?' He said yes, and so I prayed with him. When I was done, he said, 'Wow! Thank you, thank you! Wow!' Some people that knew him found out about this and remarked how amazed they were that he let me pray for him because he doesn't let people do that. I got to finish Faith's work."

According to Jill McBratney, a close family friend, amidst the countless number of people who came to honor Faith's life, there was one thing she will especially remember and never forget. It was what Faith's dad said at the funeral. Jill shared her memory: "Faith worried so much about her dad going to heaven someday. That was the main thing she was worried about. I can remember how she posted on Facebook that she was sitting on the couch talking to Papa about Jesus. She said, 'It doesn't get any better than this!' When they had the funeral service at Central Assembly of God, Tom, Faith's Papa got up to speak. I don't know how he did it, but he did it, and he said he wanted everybody to know about Jesus because that's where Faith was now. He said, 'I invited Jesus into my life today.'" Faith always called her father "Papa" and she even bought him a shirt that said on the front: "I'm Too Cool to be Called Dad. That's Why I'm Called Papa." Renne' shared, "People still come up to us all the time wherever we go and tell us how she prayed with them when they needed it. Some say they are saved because of her." Her "Papa" was one of those people closest to her heart.

"Faith's life of serving God continues. Channel 11 News Team showed up at The Rock to cover a story of a balloon release we did on her birthday a few weeks ago on January 11th." Renne' fondly remembered. Somehow, there's a bigger picture that life does continue. It cannot be seen with the physical eye, yet it can be seen with the spiritual eye and known in the heart that there IS more. And that's where Faith is right now, just as her Papa said. It's a place-- a real place where there is MORE, and it makes one wonder what Faith's doing right now. Death was conquered thanks to Jesus, Faith's best friend. So Faith, until we see you again... we stand on your shoulders. ...Later.

Editor's Note: Faith's personal testimony about her birth and its message in her own words spoken at "The Rock" was forever captured by video and is online. Go to Facebook and visit "Jubilee News". It went viral with 25K views after she went to Heaven.

"Forever Land"



Faith with Mom and Papa



Faith and Tori Balak



Faith and Great Grandma Hazel Cole



Madison Petros, Faith, Sarah Stanek and Allison Paxton



Faith with Grandparents, Jack and Sherri Cole



Faith and Donny Opp


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Remembering... Matthew Lutz



MATTHEW from Pg. B3 automobiles several times, his fiancé left him. He finally went to rehab in December of 2015, relapsed in January after being out of the program for about a week, and was in jeopardy of losing custody of his daughter. After relapsing, Matthew went and completed an outpa-

tient program while living at our residence temporarily. Matthew once said to me "I can beat this drug mom, it's not going to define who I am, I'm stronger than this." I believed him, I truly did. Everything seemed to be going good. He finished the program, he was going to meetings, he was reinstated to the union, everything was

settled with his daughter, he was moving back to his own home on April 1st. I found him unresponsive in his bed in our guest room the morning of March 24th, 2016. We called 911 and started CPR. The autopsy report revealed small amounts of 3 drugs in his system. But for him they were fatal. My world crashed and

ended that day.
What made Matthew smile?
His beautiful daughter Keirsten.

What do you miss most about Matthew?
I miss everything! Every single thing about Matthew! I miss his voice, I miss seeing him play and being silly with his daughter. I miss him telling me

he loves me and texting "Goodnight, I love you." I miss our conversations over a cup of coffee or his random phone calls during the day just to say hello. I miss our trips to the beach and our family gatherings. I miss him so much. My heart broke into a million pieces the day my precious son died and I don't think it will ever be put back together

again. I will miss him until the day I die. I miss 3:33...that was the time he was born. I miss my beautiful, kindhearted son. I miss his jokes and sense of humor, I miss the smell of his favorite cologne. I miss him every time we are gathered as a family. I miss him every morning of every day!

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