

A Celebration of the Life of
Michael P. Salvatore

February 12, 1969 – February 5, 2024



Graphic of her Dad by Helen Salvatore

A Service of
Emmanuel Episcopal Church
At First Parish Congregational Church

Eleven O'clock in the Morning
February 24, 2024

**A Celebration of the Life of
Michael P. Salvatore**

PRELUDE, INCLUDING

Romance Largetto (K. 447)

W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Nicholas Ochoa, French Horn

OPENING AND WELCOME

The Rev. Brett R. Johnson

REFLECTIONS

Helen Salvatore

CHOIR *O Lord, support us all the day long* Gertrude I. Mellett

O Lord, support us all the day long, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done. Then in thy mercy grant us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last. Amen

REFLECTION AND POEM

Leli Sudler

What Remains by Amy Salvatore

*What remains of the rose,
whose redolence fades,
Leaving behind stalk and thorn
when summer ends,
and fall's strength shrouds buds,
once bursting of spring,
with the dryness of old leaves?*

*The skeletal piercing stems,
lay beneath snow piled high beside the door;
Blackened branches implore
the waning sunlight and wait.*

*Yet, what remains of the rose,
that essence of a smell so sweet,
the breath of summer's life?*

It is the residue of memory.

*What remains is not the visible,
that brittle armature of husk
dormant in the cold.*

*No, it is that insubstantial thing,
the reminiscence of fragrance
I suck up with an insect delight,
drunken with the promise of
reddened petal splendor,
that lives on in my mind.*

*It is the phantom, more real than flesh,
I knew before Winter claimed its price.*

CHOIR Ave Verum

By W. A. Mozart

*Ave, verum corpus
Natum de Maria Virgine,
Vere passum immolatum
In Cruce pro homine,
Cujus latus perforatum
Unda fluxit et sanguine,
Esto nobis praegustatum
In mortis examine.*

*Hail, true Body,
born of the Virgin Mary,
who having truly suffered,
was sacrificed on the cross for mankind,
whose pierced side
flowed with water and blood:
May it be for us a foretaste [of the
Heavenly banquet]
In the trial of death.*

PSALM 23

The Rev. Brett R. Johnson

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 preparast 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 for ever.

REFLECTION

George Haldeman

HYMN *Be Thou My Vision*

The Hymnal 1982, #488

(This was sung at Amy & Michael's wedding)



1 Be thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
 2 Be thou my wis - dom, and thou my true word;
 3 High King of hea - ven, when vic - tory is won,



all else be nought to me, save that thou art—
 I ev - er with thee and thou with me, Lord;
 may I reach hea - ven's joys, bright hea - ven's Sun!



thou my best thought, — by day or by night,
 thou my great Fa - ther; thine own may I be;
 Heart of my heart, — what - ev - er be - fall,



wak - ing or sleep - ing, thy pres - ence my light.
 thou in me dwell - ing, and I one with thee.
 still be my vis - ion, O Ru - ler of all.

Words: Irish, ca. 700; versified Mary Elizabeth Byrne (1880-1931); tr. Eleanor H. Hull (1860-1935), alt. Music: *Slane*, Irish ballad melody; adapt. *The Church Hymnary*, 1927; harm. David Evans (1874-1948). By permission of Oxford University Press.

REFLECTION AND POEM

Elise Mott

With the Stars All Around by Rosemerry Trommer

*I wish you the peace of sleep,
your breath a canoe
that carries you
toward the next moment
without any need
for you to touch the oars.
How easily you arrive.*

*Oh, to trust the world like that—
trust you will be carried,
not just in sleep,
but in waking dreams,
trust no matter how high the waves,
the skiff of grace
has a seat for you.
And oh, to let go of the oars—
there is no steering
toward what comes next.*

CHOIR *Never Weather-Beaten Sail*

By Charles Wood

*Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore.
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast:
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest.*

*Ever blooming are the joys of Heaven's high Paradise.
Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims our eyes:
Glory there the sun outshines whose beams the blessed only see:
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to thee!*

REFLECTION

Tete Cobblah

SOLO *Moon River* by Henry Mancini

Holly Ahearn, Soprano

*Moon river, wider than a mile
I'm crossing you in style some day
Oh, dream maker, you heart breaker
Wherever you're goin', I'm goin' your way
Two drifters, off to see the world
There's such a lot of world to see
We're after the same rainbow's end
Waitin' 'round the bend
My huckleberry friend
Moon river and me*

REFLECTION AND POEM

Mary Lou Splaine

Death is Nothing at All by Henry Scott Holland

*Death is nothing at all.
I have only slipped away to the next room.
I am I and you are you.
Whatever we were to each other,
That, we still are.

Call me by my old familiar name.
Speak to me in the easy way
which you always used.
Put no difference into your tone.
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed
at the little jokes we enjoyed together.
Play, smile, think of me. Pray for me.
Let my name be ever the household word
that it always was.
Let it be spoken without effect.
Without the trace of a shadow on it.

Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same that it ever was.
There is absolute unbroken continuity.
Why should I be out of mind
because I am out of sight?*

*I am but waiting for you.
For an interval.
Somewhere. Very near.
Just around the corner.*

All is well.

*Nothing is hurt; nothing is lost.
One brief moment and all will be as it was before.*

How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting when we meet again!

CHOIR *The Parting Glass,*
arr. Audrey Snyder

David McSweeney, Tenor
Caroline Lieber, Violin

*Of all the money that e'er I had
I spent it in good company
And all the harm I've ever done
Alas it was to none but me
And all I've done for want of wit
To mem'ry now I can't recall
So fill to me the parting glass
Good night and joy be to you all*

*So fill to me the parting glass
And drink a health whate'er befall,
And gently rise and softly call
Good night and joy be to you all*

*Of all the comrades that e'er I had
They're sorry for my going away
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had
They'd wish me one more day to stay
But since it falls unto my lot
That I should rise and you should not
I gently rise and softly call
Good night and joy be to you all*

*If I had money enough to spend
And leisure time to sit awhile
There is a fair maid in this town*

*That sorely has my heart beguiled.
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips
I own she has my heart in thrall
Then fill to me the parting glass
Good night and joy be with you all.*

*A man may drink and not be drunk
A man may fight and not be slain
A man may court a pretty girl
And perhaps be welcomed back again
But since it has so ought to be
By a time to rise and a time to fall
Come fill to me the parting glass
Good night and joy be with you all
Good night and joy be with you all*

THE LORD'S PRAYER

The Rev. Brett R. Johnson

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.

BLESSING AND CLOSING

The Rev. Brett R. Johnson

EXITING PROCESSION

Caroline Lieber, Violin

The Skye Boat Song by William Ross

*(Amy and Michael processed down the aisle to this song
played by a bagpiper at their wedding)*

POSTLUDE *Fugue in Eb Major (St. Anne)*

J.S. Bach

*Please join us following the service for a reception
downstairs in the dining room hosted by
the Salvatores and Emmanuel Episcopal Church*



Participating in today's service

Officiant: The Rev. Brett R. Johnson
Organists: Suzanne McAllister and Louise Munding
Reflections: Tete Cobblah, George Haldeman, Elise Mott,
Helen Salvatore, Mary Lou Splaine
and Leli Sudler
Soloists: Holly Ahearn and David McSweeney
French Horn: Nicholas Ochoa
Violin: Caroline Lieber
Ushers: Chris Chen, Eric Dannenberg, Paul LaSpina
and David Sullivan
Greeters: Elizabeth Downs and Lisa Ventura
Streaming
Coordinator: Henry Jackson

The Emmanuel Episcopal Church Choir and friends

Darryl Abbey, Gail Abbey, Steve Allen, Audra Bartz,
The Rev. Katharine Black, Bruce Blakeley-Smith, Dawn
DeKemper, Doug DeNatale, Wendy Dennis, Cecilia Gandolfo,
Roberta Gilbert, Liz Good, Vicky Hutchens, Debra Katt-Lloyd,
Judy Leamy, Meredith Lowmaster, Gail Matthews-DeNatale,
David McSweeney, Sue Mitchell, Jeffrey Mills, Janlyn Murphy,
Nicholas Ochoa, The Rev. Debbie Phillips, Jason Stonehouse,
Eric Wagner, Gary Wilkins, Pace Willisson,
Eileen Wladyka and Jeff Workman

Emmanuel Hospitality Team

Kathryn Adams and Margaret Gilligan, Coordinators
Neil Adams, Dawn Jackson, Carol Johnson,
Karen Keough, Paul LaSpina, Beth Martin, Jennifer Morrell,
Nikki Nash-MacIsaac, Cynthia Peach, Debra Plummer,
Andrea and Dave Sullivan, Lisa Ventura,
Andy Wallace and Amy Walsh

It is a mystery of life that in our most dire moments we can be visited by a Grace so beautiful it is beyond words to express. My hope is to try, though, to capture and give thanks for the Grace we experienced through the gestures of so many: our family members who supported us from afar, offering encouragement, memories, and laughs through calls and texts, our neighbors who offered meals, cleared snow, and took care of things we forgot, our places of work, Fenn School and Beverly Hospital, that allowed us time to care for Michael and then to grieve him, the community of doctors and oncology nurses whose consistent care helped Michael reach far beyond the life expectancy of a Stage 4 cancer patient, the hospice workers and caregivers who came to our home, imparting both their knowledge and their guidance to us, our priest, Brett, and our church community, whose outpouring of love and prayers continues to be a source of strength, and last but not least, our dearest friends, whose willingness to love us by rolling up their sleeves and showing up through even the darkest moments is a testament of their kindness and love. We are so very grateful for everyone who, through their actions, prayers, and support, showered us with Grace.

Thank you, Amy and Helen Salvatore.



This photo is from our 2022 trip to Ireland to celebrate Helen's graduation from college. It is at the Giants Causeway in Northern Ireland.



This picture of Michael is taken at a commemorative service at St. Hubert's, a small chapel in Raquette Lake, NY in the Adirondacks.

Donations in Michael's memory may be made to Emmanuel Episcopal Church (5 Bryant Street) in Wakefield (<https://www.emmanuelwakefield.org/>) or the Witness Tree Institute (<https://www.witnesstreeinstitute.org/>).

Permission to reprint and podcast / stream the music in this service obtained from ONE LICENSE, License #A-732355. All rights reserved.