

*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/>).

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