**Service of Remembrance**

We now remember our colleagues, Members of the Rocky Mountain Chapter of the American Guild of Organists, who have passed in the recent months.

**Larry Burt - July 2019**

**Mary Lou Bloede - May 2020**

**Kent Olson - July 2020**

**Robert Moore - February 2021**

**Gene Culwell - June 2021**

**From “A Song for St. Cecilia's Day, 1687” by John Dryden**

 From harmony, from Heav'nly harmony

                This universal frame began.

       When Nature underneath a heap

                Of jarring atoms lay,

       And could not heave her head,

 The tuneful voice was heard from high,

                Arise ye more than dead.

 Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,

       In order to their stations leap,

                And music's pow'r obey.

 From harmony, from Heav'nly harmony

                This universal frame began:

                From harmony to harmony

 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,

       The diapason closing full in man.

 What passion cannot music raise and quell!

                When Jubal struck the corded shell,

          His list'ning brethren stood around

          And wond'ring, on their faces fell

          To worship that celestial sound:

 Less than a god they thought there could not dwell

                Within the hollow of that shell

                That spoke so sweetly and so well.

 What passion cannot music raise and quell!

 But oh! what art can teach

          What human voice can reach

 The sacred organ's praise?

 Notes inspiring holy love,

 Notes that wing their Heav'nly ways

          To mend the choirs above.

 Orpheus could lead the savage race;

 And trees unrooted left their place;

            Sequacious of the lyre:

 But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder high'r;

          When to her organ, vocal breath was giv'n,

 An angel heard, and straight appear'd

            Mistaking earth for Heav'n.

 As from the pow'r of sacred lays

          The spheres began to move,

 And sung the great Creator's praise

          To all the bless'd above;

 So when the last and dreadful hour

   This crumbling pageant shall devour,

 The trumpet shall be heard on high,

          The dead shall live, the living die,

          And music shall untune the sky.