

A  
MEMORIAL  
SERVICE  
FOR  
MARK  
NIBLOCK-  
SMITH.



1·28·58 - 2·20·93

ALL  
SAINTS  
CHURCH

-  
PASADENA  
CALIFORNIA

-  
3 · 6 · 93

THE  
REV.  
GARY J. BRADLEY  
OFFICIANT

ROBERT FOX  
PIANIST

DONNEHRLICH  
SOLOIST

ORDER  
*of*  
WORSHIP

—

VOLUNTARY  
/SOLO

'Days'

(Raymond Douglas Davies)

OPENING  
SENTENCES

Book of  
Common Prayer

PAGE 491

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THE LITURGY  
OF THE WORD

*from*

The Old Testament

WISDOM OF SIRACH

38:24-34

*from*  
The Psalms  
PSALM 139:1-13  
Book of  
Common Prayer  
PAGE 494

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*from*  
The Gospel  
MATTHEW  
25:31-40

MEDITATION  
/SOLO  
'Friends'  
(Elton John / Bernie Taupin)

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REMEMBRANCES

PETER FRANK  
Editor, art critic  
and writer

JEFFREY HERR  
Curator,  
Municipal Art Gallery

SHERI THOMPSON  
ROGER WORKMAN



HOMILY  
GARY J. BRADLEY



THE APOSTLES'  
CREED

Book of  
Common Prayer  
PAGE 496

PRAYERS  
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Common Prayer  
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THE  
COMMENDATION

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Common Prayer  
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RECESSIONAL  
'Solsbury Hill'  
(Peter Gabriel)

IN KEEPING WITH  
MARK'S WISHES,  
A FINE ARTS  
SCHOLARSHIP HAS  
BEEN ESTABLISHED  
IN HIS NAME AT  
OTIS SCHOOL  
OF ART AND DESIGN  
2401 WILSHIRE BLVD.  
LOS ANGELES  
CA 90057

AN ENVELOPE HAS  
BEEN PROVIDED FOR  
THOSE WHO WISH  
TO CONTRIBUTE  
TO THIS FUND.

THERE WILL BE A  
RECEPTION FOLLOWING  
THE MEMORIAL SERVICE  
from 3.00pm to 5.00pm  
AT THE HOME OF  
ROGER WORKMAN  
315 S. PLYMOUTH BLVD.  
LOS ANGELES

(PASADENA FREEWAY TO HOLLY-  
WOOD FREEWAY, EXIT LEFT  
ON VERMONT, RIGHT ON 3RD,  
LEFT ON PLYMOUTH.)

ROGER WORKMAN WISHES  
TO THANK ALL OF HIS AND  
MARK'S MANY FRIENDS  
WHOSE LOVE AND DEVOTION  
ALLOWED MARK TO LIVE  
HIS LAST DAYS IN  
DIGNITY AND PEACE.

MY ENCOUNTERS IN THE  
WOODS WERE MUCH MORE  
THAN A CHILD'S FOLLY.

THERE I LEARNED TO  
RESPECT NATURE. I GAVE  
TO IT AND IT GAVE TO ME IN  
RETURN. IT WAS AN OPP-  
ORTUNITY TO LEARN, AN  
OBLIGATION TO PARTICIPATE:  
TO INTERACT, TO SMELL, TO  
FEEL, TO HEAR THE WAY OF  
THE WOODS. I WAS EQUAL  
TO THE LAND AND THE BEASTS  
AND PLANTS THAT I MOVED  
AMONG. IT WAS AN INTIM-  
ATE AFFAIR WHERE LIFE AND  
LIVING SUDDENLY BECAME  
A MYSTERIOUS EVENT, A  
CELEBRATION, A TIME OF  
WORSHIP AND DISCOVERY. MY  
BODY TREMBLED AT THE

TOUCH OF MY OWN HAND.  
IT WAS ALL SO GOOD. I WAS  
PRIVILEGED. NOW I AM FAR  
AWAY FROM THAT JUNCTURE.  
SUCH SIMPLE GESTURES AS  
REMOVING MY SHOES, FEELING  
THE COOLNESS OF THE SOIL,  
TOUCHING MY BODY AND SOUL  
TO THE EARTH, BROUGHT ME  
CLOSER TO PHENOMENA THAT  
I WAS UNABLE TO FULLY  
COMPREHEND IN MY YOUTH. IT  
TAKES ONLY A QUIET MOMENT  
TO BRING IT BACK. I SEARCH  
FOR THAT PROTECTED PLACE  
DEEPLY SET IN MY MEMORY.  
I REJOICE KNOWING THAT  
IT'S STILL THERE AND  
ALWAYS WILL BE AND  
I AM SWEETLY BECKONED TO  
COME HOME.

Mark Niblock-Smith - Untitled 1991



