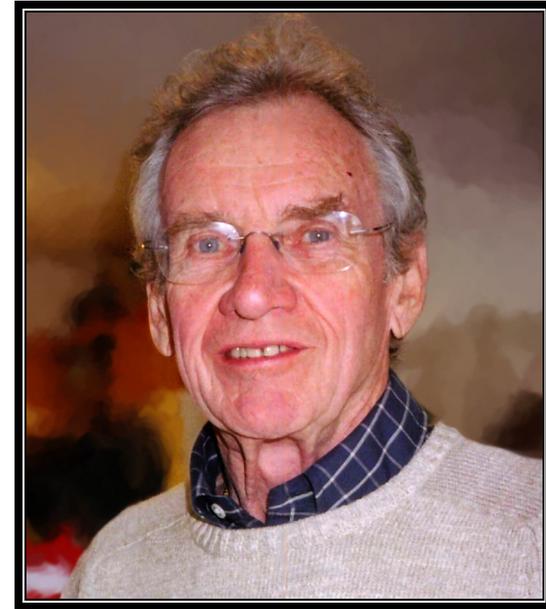


Robert Edward Stone

April 21 1931 – July 14 2006



My Bob

Come To Me

God saw you getting tired, and a cure was not to be.
So He put His arms around you, and whispered: "Come to Me."
With tearful eyes we watched you, and saw you pass away.
And though we loved you dearly, we could not make you stay.
A golden heart stopped beating, hard working hands at rest.
God broke our hearts to prove to us He only takes the best.

Saturday July 22nd 2006 at 10:30

St James Anglican Church, Gravenhurst Ontario

Order of Service for Bob Stone

Prelude: Music by Ann Moulding, George Cadwell

Hymn: "Abide With Me"

Welcome: The Rev. Tom Cunningham

Funeral Liturgy: pg 576

The Collect: pg 577

Readings: pg 577

Stephen Maxner JOHN 4:1-6

Christopher Maxner PSALM 23

Caitlin Ingram MATTHEW 5:1-12

Michael Stone RUTH 1:16-17

Eulogy: Sam Lee

Reflections: Jack Stone

David Stone (thoughts

from Canon Ron Davidson)

Mathew Ingram

Prayers of the People: pg 579

Hymn: "Lift High the Cross"

Communion: pg 580 (Amazing Grace)

Lord's Prayer: pg 583

Prayer after Communion: pg 585

The Commendation: pg 586

Hymn: "Mine Eyes have Seen the Glory"

Dismissal: Invitation to gather at Hahne Hall in Pineridge.

Postlude: Pachelbel's Canon

Abide With Me

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
when other helpers fail and comforts flee,
help of the helpless, O abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour;
what but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's dark sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Psalms 23

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 preparest 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.

Lift high the cross

Refrain: Lift high the cross, the love of Christ proclaim
till all the world adore his sacred Name.

Come, brethren, follow where our Captain trod,
our King victorious, Christ the Son of God (*Refrain*)

Led on their way by this triumphant sign,
the hosts of God in conquering ranks combine. (*Refrain*)

Each newborn soldier of the Crucified
bears on the brow the seal of him who died. (*Refrain*)

This is the sign which Satan's legions fear
and angels veil their faces to revere. (*Refrain*)

Saved by this Cross whereon their Lord was slain,
the sons of Adam their lost home regain. (*Refrain*)

From north and south, from east and west they raise
in growing unison their songs of praise. (*Refrain*)

Mine eyes have seen the glory

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on. (*Refrain*)

I have read a fiery Gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal";
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on. (*Refrain*)

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet;
Our God is marching on. (*Refrain*)

A Celebration of the life of Bob Stone

Robert Edward Stone was born in Niagara Falls in 1931, on April 21, to Charles Robert and Evelyn Attack Stone.

He grew up in Niagara Falls with his younger brother Jack, who looked up to his big brother the football quarterback and loved the time they spent together, whether it was Bob helping him read the comics or the two boys making spaghetti when their parents were out. Bob was Jack's scout leader, and even let his brother tag along on hikes with girlfriends (of which there were a few). When Jack was married, Bob was his best man.

Bob went to high school in Niagara Falls, then to McMaster University for two years, followed by three years at the University of Toronto, where he graduated with a BAsC in engineering and business in 1957. While at school, he developed a lifelong passion for Swiss Chalet chicken and met his future bride (not necessarily in that order).

Engineers and nurses go together like Scotch and water, so Bob and Edie were probably destined to be together. And since love is blind, it's fitting that they met on a blind date, arranged by Bob and Edie for a group of fellow engineers and nurses. The other members of the group paired up and left Bob and Edie together. "I thought he was wonderful," says Edie. "He was kind and gentle, and he treated me like a real lady."

The night they met, Bob said he loved her. "That was the first time someone came out right from their heart and told me they loved me," says Edie. But Bob didn't call for months, and Edie started dating other people. Finally, she got a message from him, and her heart started pounding all over again. She found out later he had been dating someone else and it took him that long to break off their relationship so he could be with Edie. In other words, Bob engineered his way into Edie's heart.

The two married in 1957 in Bradford, with lilies of the valley that Edie and her sisters picked from the graveyard near their house. Bob worked for H.G. Acres in Niagara Falls for five years, and during that time his

son Dave (1959) and his eldest daughter Rebecca (1960) were born. At one point, they lived in northern Quebec in a one-room trailer, and Edie learned how to fry onions in garlic when she saw Bob heading home, so it smelled like something good was on the stove for dinner.

Bob went to Northern Electric in Toronto for four years, and his second daughter Barbara (1963) joined the family. In 1966, Bob and Edie bought a small cottage near Gravenhurst that became their refuge for the next 40 years. They expanded it into a summer home, as Bob built a sleeping cabin and a sauna and workshop. The bay was used for mudpie making and volleyball games and the raft was the scene of many play fights, while the loft provided room for heaps of sleeping grandchildren.

Bob's time at Northern Electric was followed by six years at Ferranti-Packard, then five years at S&C Electric in Toronto and finally a job at Superior Electric, where he stayed for 18 years and became manager of the Canadian division. During their time in Toronto, the family made many lasting friends, including the Fennings and the Lawsons and the Schwasses in Etobicoke and the Adams, Crossmans and Kerrs in Thornhill, where Bob helped run the Pegasus investment club.

Bob retired in 1994, and he and Edie moved to Muskoka to live full-time. In later years, they split their time between the cottage and a retirement home in Florida, where Bob's calendar seemed even more packed with things to do than it was when he was working full-time. Bob spent many wonderful days with his children and grandchildren swimming in the ocean, collecting shark's teeth and watching the sun set over the Gulf of Mexico.

Bob was many things to many people: a loving son to his mother and father, a teacher and role model to his kid brother Jack, and a devoted husband and faithful support to his beloved wife Edie; to his son and daughters he was a wise and patient father, friend and hockey coach; to his sons-in-law and daughter-in-law he was a second father and friend, and to his 10 grandchildren he was their loving Poppa. To just about anyone who knew him or came in contact with him, he was a loyal friend.

At his 75th birthday party in April, Bob read a nursery rhyme about how Monday's child is fair of face and Tuesday's child is full of grace, and noted that he was born on a Tuesday. "I hardly think that I'm full of grace," he said, "but I am full of gratitude -- for my wonderful wife, Edie and my three beautiful children, David, Becky and Barbara. I'm grateful for my lovely daughter-in-law Jennifer and my two stalwart sons-in-law Steve and Mathew. God has blessed me with 10 beautiful grandchildren and I love each and every one of them and am fortunate to be loved in return. I have been truly blessed and I thank you all from the bottom of my heart."

Well said, Bob. We thank God for letting us have you for so long. We are all better people for having known you.





Go now in peace, never be afraid
God will go with you each hour of every day.
Go now in faith: steadfast, strong and true.
Know He will guide you in all you do.
Go now in love and show you believe.
Reach out to others so all the world can see.
God will be there watching from above.
Go now in peace, in faith and love.

Thank you for being with us at this time and
sharing your love, support and fond memories.

Reception to follow at Hahne House in Pineridge,
Gravenhurst, Ontario