Eternal God, Out of Whose Mind this
great Cosmic Universe has been Created.
Before whose Face the Generations Rise
and Fall. Let us with all our Might in
the Midst of the Battles of Death, we
Can Lift our Voices to thee in
Joyous Thanksgiving.

In Commune, small dark by the Mystery of
death we are usually/find it difficult/terribly
Are absorbed in our Natural Address that we
find it difficult to lift our Voices to thee
in joyous Thanksgiving. But the Life of
Our Sacred Friend has been so
packed
with concern and so saturated with Creative Fiend
that we Temporarily hold back our Kindness
Expressions.

To give due Thanks
today we come to pay our Obligation of
Respect to one of the Sacred Cabby Chief
And then we packed with energy and


fulfillment that our people have been
forever distilling and improving and
used as a land we think there
More than an stumbling in agrause
through others for the sake of John Wesley
Dabbs. We think these for his Christian
understanding, his devoted public service, his
sensitivity to others and public of
the common man, and his genuine democratic
Concern. Born at a time when the vast majority
of his people could neither count
nor rise up with inner determination and commun
with the insights of poets and philosophers
political scientists and historians and with the
Attenitive memory become the heirs of
a legacy of knowledge. For this lie we that
thankful to the other. Born just a few years
after the Negro emerged from the slave and
absolute night of the Egypt of slavery. He
developed a restless determination to win
the promised land of freedom and become an
implement the law of injustice, a courageous champion of civil rights, and a warm, sincere supporter of civil rights organizations and movements. For his unwavering devotion to the cause of justice, we are thankful to him. Especially, we are thankful for the beauty of his family—life, the matchless quality of his life, and affection for his wife and children. In a day when so many forces have combined to undermine the stability of the home and marriage, for many who have little more than a physical arrangement, it has centered at will and dissolved at whim; may
Born at a time when the Negro had spent a few years earlier emerged from the Edgar of slavery. We developed a system that brought us to a higher standard of living. She became an implicable feel of conwhere the courageous chapter of civil rights for non-violent support of the civil rights organizations and movements. For this unwavering dedication to the cause of justice we are thankful to those.

Send newsletter to:
Mrs. Thelma Johnson
5402 Larchwood Ave.
Phila 45, Pa.

Miss Pauline Jackson
6241 Gardenia St.
Phila 49, Pa.
Dear O Dad, we would close our
humble petition without asking if they
were upon this cherished family - this devoted wife
who do these many years have surrounded her
husband's life with a canopy of love,
sacrifice and loyalty and these lovely daughters
whose accomplishment individually and collectively have
played against cloud filled nights of oppression
new and blazing stars of inspiration. That
that they will gain a degree of consolation
from the universality of this experience, realizing
that death is the inescapable common denominator
of all men. Help them to be reminded
that death is amazingly democratic; it is not
an aristocracy for some of the people but a
democracy for all of the people. Kings die and
beggar die. Rich men die and common men die.
Lament men die and regiment men die. Grant 
O Father, that this family will be strengthened 
by an awareness of Thy Divine presence. Help 
them to realize that life like the ever flowing 
waters of the river, life has its moments 
of flood and its moments of drought, and 
like the ever-recurring cycle of the seasons, 
life has the piercing chill of its winters 
and the glittering sunlight of its summers. 
But may we know that in all of the 
changes and vicissitudes of life there are 
new most difficult hours when we are 
able to lift us from the fatigue of despair to 
the buoyancy of hope, and transform dark 
and absolute valleys of disappointment into
sun-lit paths of inner peace. May they be sustained by their Christian faith, which affirms that man is immortal. May they return to their various responsibilities with this immeasurable comfort, convinced that death is not a period which ends this great sentence of life, but a comma, that death is not a mere punctuation at its more loftier significance; that death is not a dark alley that leads the human once into a state of nothingness, but an open door that leads men into life eternal. Let us then return to our various responsibilities, may they be removed from the sentiment that earthly life is merely an embryonic...
Prelude to a new awakening. Now O God, as one assembled in the spirit of this sanctuary, on the eve of the earthly departure of this primeval servant of humanity, we do not come to question thee, but to praise thee for giving to me and all mankind this small glimpse that will stand as a refreshing oasis in a desert world sweltering in the heat of hatred and cynical, worldly, selfish desires. Thus did Horatio express it at the death of Hamlet, "God might rear a prince, and may the flight of angels take thee to thy eternal rest." In the Name of Jesus we pray. Amen.