



Then I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away, and the sea was no more. And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a loud voice from the throne, saying, "Behold, the dwelling place of God is with man. He will dwell with them, and they will be His people, and God Himself will be with them as their God. He will wipe away every tear from their eyes, and death shall be no more, neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain anymore, for the former things have passed away." And He who was seated on the throne said, "Behold, I am making all things new." Also He said, "Write this down, for these words are trustworthy and true." And He said to me, "It is done! I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end. To the thirsty I will give from the spring of the water of life without payment. The one who conquers will have this heritage, and I will be his God and he will be My son."

Revelation 21:1-7 (ESV)

**The Independent Presbyterian Church
Savannah, Georgia
January 29, 2021**

Memorial Service
The Rev. Ronald Harold Parrish
June 13, 1951 – Jan. 26, 2021
The Sanctuary
11:30 AM

The Silent Prayer

O Lord of life, who dwells in eternity, and who has planted in our hearts the faith and hope which look beyond our mortal life to another, even a heavenly country: We give thanks to You this day for the bright shining light of immortality in Jesus Christ. As He has shown us the blessedness of heaven on earth, and has called us into a kingdom not of this world, so may our life be made ever richer in the things that do not pass away. Raise us up, we pray, in the power of His Spirit, from the death of sin to the life of righteousness. Prepare us to follow Him, in hope and trust, through the darkness of the grave into the world of light where He has led the way, in the sure and certain hope of eternal life; through Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, even Jesus Christ our Lord.

The Prelude “O Rest in the Lord” Mendelssohn

The Call to Worship Psalm 121

The Hymnal – #2 “O Worship the King” Lyons

The Invocation

The Scripture Reading – Psalm 23; Romans 8:28-39
1 Corinthians 15:50-58; John 14:1-11

The Psalm – #184 “The King of Love My Shepherd Is” (Ps 23)
St. Columba

The Message

The Prayer of Intercession & Lord’s Prayer

The Hymn – #81 “O Love of God, How Strong and True” Jerusalem

The Benediction

The Postlude – Enigma Variations #10, “Nimrod” Elgar

Officiating

Rev. Terry L. Johnson
Rev. Timothy P. Foster

Soloist

Rev. Timothy P. Foster

Cellist

Mrs. John Garnett

Organist

Dr. Jacob H. Fuhrman

In lieu of flowers, the family requests that remembrances be made to
Independent Presbyterian Church.

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O Worship the King

All you have made will praise you, O LORD; your saints will extol you. Ps. 145:10

1. O wor - ship the King all - glo - rious a - bove, O grate - ful - ly
2. O tell of his might, O sing of his grace, whose robe is the
3. The earth with its store of won - ders un - told, Al - might - y, your
4. Your boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the

sing his pow'r and his love; our shield and De - fend - er, the
light, whose can - o - py space. His char - iots of wrath the deep
pow'r has found - ed of old; has 'stab - lished it fast by a
air; it shines in the light; it streams from the hills; it de -

An - cient of Days, pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor and gird - ed with praise.
thun - der - clouds form, and dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
change - less de - cree, and round it has cast, like a man - tle, the sea.
scends to the plain; and sweet - ly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.

5. Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
in you do we trust, nor find you to fail;
your mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6. O measureless Might! Ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn you above,
the humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
with true adoration shall lisp to your praise.

Psalm 23

1. ¹The King of love my Shep - herd is,
 2. ²Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow
 3. ³Per - verse and fool - ish oft I strayed,
 4. ⁴In death's dark vale I fear no ill
 5. ⁵Thou spread'st a ta - ble in my sight;
 6. ⁶And so through all the length of days

whose good - ness fail - eth nev - er;
 my ran - somed soul He lead - eth,
 — but yet in love He sought me,
 with Thee, dear Lord, be - side me;
 Thine unc - tion grace be - stow eth;
 Thy good - ness fail - eth nev - er;

I noth - ing lack if I am His
 And where the ver - dant pas - tures grow,
 — And on His shoul - der gent - ly laid,
 Thy rod and staff my com - fort still,
 And O what trans - port of de - light
 Good Shep - herd, may I sing Thy praise

and He is mine for - ev - er.
 with food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
 — and home, re - joic - ing, brought me.
 Thy cross be - fore to guide me.
 from Thy pure cha - lice flow eth.
 with - in Thy house for - ev - er.

O Love of God, How Strong and True

I pray that you ... may have power ... to grasp how wide and long and high and deep is the love of Christ, and to know this love that surpasses knowledge. Eph. 3:17-19

Introduction Am⁷ A⁷ D Bm Am⁹ F⁹

Unison C F C F

1. O love of God, how strong and true, e - ter - nal
 2. O heav'n-ly love, how pre - cious still, in days of
 3. We read you best in him who came to bear for
 4. O love of God, our shield and stay through all the

C Am⁷ F C Am⁷

and yet ev - er new, un - com - pre - hend - ed and un -
 wea - ri - ness and ill, in nights of pain and help - less -
 us the cross of shame; sent by the Fa - ther from on
 per - ils of our way! E - ter - nal love, in you we

F#dim Em Am⁷ Em D C Dm A

bought, be - yond all knowl - edge and all thought! O love of
 ness, to heal, to com - fort, and to bless! O wide - em -
 high, our life to live, our death to die. We read your
 rest, for - ev - er safe, for - ev - er blest. We will ex -

Dm⁷ Gm Dm G F C

God, how deep and great, far deep - er than man's deep - est
 brac - ing, won - drous love! We read you in the sky a -
 pow'r to bless and save, e'en in the dark - ness of the
 alt you, God and King, and we will ev - er praise your

F C Dm⁷ G⁷ C F

hate; self - fed, self - kin - dled like the light, change-less, e -
 bove, we read you in the earth be - low, in seas that
 grave; still more in res - ur - rec - tion light we read the
 name; we will ex - tol you ev - 'ry day, and ev - er -

Interlude

C F G C Am⁷ A⁷ D Bm Am⁹ F⁹

ter - nal, in - fi - nite.
 swell, and streams that flow.
 ful - ness of your might.
 more your praise pro - claim.

Final ending

C C⁷ Am F C

Horatius Bonar, 1858
 Mod.

JERUSALEM (PARRY) L.M.D.
 C. Hubert H. Parry, 1916
 Arr. by Janet Wyatt, 1977

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The Reverend Ronald Harold Parrish June 13, 1951 - January 26, 2021

The Reverend Ronald Harold Parrish, Associate Minister of the Independent Presbyterian Church (IPC) of Savannah, was called into the Lord's arms in the early hours of Tuesday morning. He was 69 years old. Ron had been recuperating from a nearly 3-month long health battle that began with Covid-19 in October. He died of cardiac arrest.

Ron was serving in his 26th year at IPC, a calling he truly loved and for which he labored diligently. Affectionately referred to as a "people's" pastor, Ron cherished the work of ministering to God's *people* and was certainly known for his warm, engaging personality and affection for others. Housecalls, hospital visitations and praying with those in need were particular gifts and duties he enjoyed. He made many lasting friendships with out-of-town visitors from around the world as he walked the Sunday morning aisles of IPC greeting new faces, not to mention being one of the first people to befriend newcomers. Particular among his favorite parishioners were the children of IPC families.

Ron was born June 13, 1951 in Montezuma, GA, the eldest of Prince and Ann Parrish's three children. Soon after his birth, Ron's family relocated to his dad's hometown of Greensboro, GA, where he was reared. Young Ron found an outlet in high school athletics through which he formed friendships that were formative in his early Christian life. These years also earned him the moniker of "Doc," a nickname he carried throughout high school, college and seminary. Ron was led to pursue his faith as a vocation and fulfilled a dream to attend Belhaven College (now University) in Jackson, MS (class of '73) with several other high school classmates from Greensboro, later earning a Masters of Divinity from Reformed Theological Seminary, Jackson (class of '77).

It was during his time serving as a young assistant pastor at the First Presbyterian Church of Montgomery, AL, that he met and fell in love with a newly credentialed Canadian nurse who had recently moved to the United States for a short nursing assignment. Ron received a "tip" from an elder in his congregation that a team of Canadian nurses recently arrived in town and Ron gladly volunteered himself to help the cohort find a church home! Ron and Donna were married in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada less than a year later and celebrated 41 years of marriage in October.

Ron was a devoted husband and father. He frequently showed great enthusiasm in his children's avocations and professions, often engaging himself in their respective interests. Ron and Donna were overjoyed at their new role as grandparents for the last 2 years, Ron particularly embracing his position as "Papa."

Ron was proud of Donna's Canadian heritage and faithfully returned her and their children to Ontario annually for summer holiday with Donna's parents and family. He spent many years camping with Donna's family across Ontario's provincial parks and introducing each of his children to fishing in Ontario's Grand River.

An avid reader and lover of books, he amassed a collection of historic and theological works that most ministers or academics would envy — save when such a collection must be moved, as was the case several times in Ron’s life.

Ron was a lover of music — particularly classical and jazz, and of course, of sacred choral music and hymns. He was always ready with a “new find” to share with his children. With his knack for impersonation, voices and an on-demand recall for song lyrics to fit a situation, he lovingly brought joy to his family and friends.

Ordained to the ministry in the Presbyterian Church in America in 1977, Ron celebrated his 44th year of public ministry in 2020. During those years, Ron served congregations in Montgomery, AL; Roanoke and Martinsville, VA; Chestnut Mountain, GA; Pensacola, FL; and two separate congregations in Savannah, GA.

Accolades and praise were never sought by Ron, nor did he enjoy them. He would have grimaced at the reading of this tribute. He carried out his work and life with a profound sense of duty and gratitude that the Lord had provided him far more than he had ever imagined or deserved. As he wrote in a public note of thanks to the congregation of IPC on the celebration of his 20th year serving the church, “To quote my favorite homespun philosopher, Bernard P. Fife, ‘You know how I hate all this fuss and falderal. Lord knows job itself’s reward enough.’”

A blessing at his age, Ron was predeceased by no immediate family. He is survived by his wife Donna, son Matthew (Ann Douglas) of Richmond, VA, daughter Leighann Rosenfeld (Victor), son Andrew (Claire), and son David of Savannah; grandsons Max Rosenfeld and Joel Parrish; his parents, M. H. “Prince” Parrish (age 95) and Ann Carr Parrish (age 91) of Greensboro, GA; his brother Scott of Greensboro, GA and his sister Patti Parrish Stansell (Calvin) of Watkinsville, GA; sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law and nieces and nephews across Georgia and Ontario, Canada.

The Parrish and Rosenfeld family sincerely thanks the nurses, doctors and administrators of the St. Joseph’s/Candler Hospital system for their attentive care for Ron over the last 3 months.

Remembrances can be made to the Independent Presbyterian Church of Savannah, P.O. Box 9266, Savannah, GA, 31412.