

Benediction

Postlude

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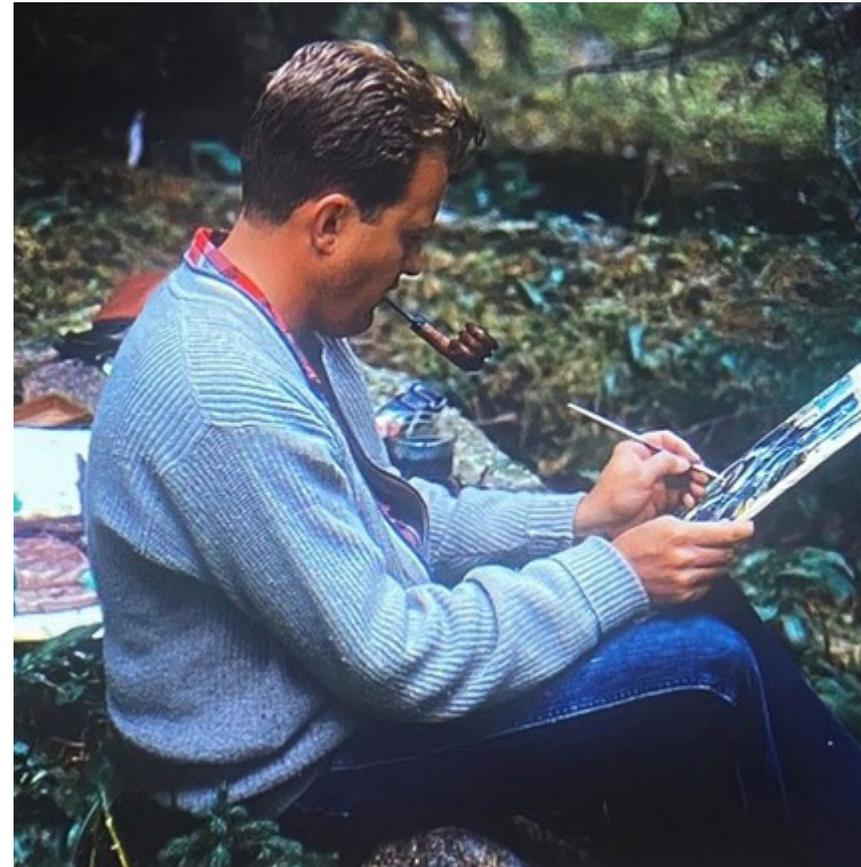
Officiant: Rev. Dr. Tim McConnell
Musicians: Rev. Matt Holtzman
Chase and Elisabeth Cornelius
Coordinator: Rev. Linda Boyles



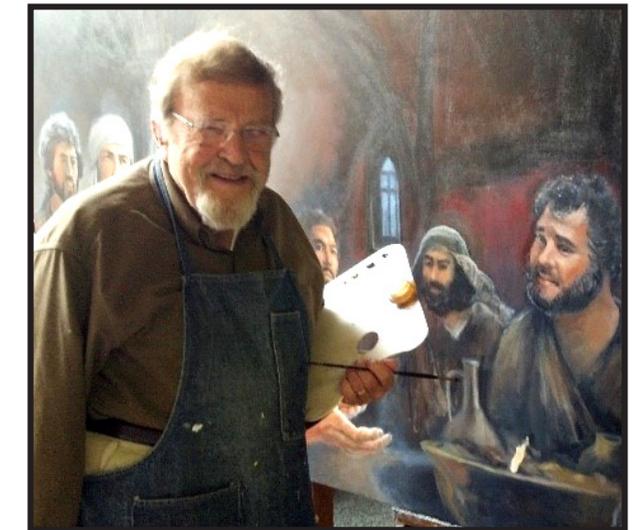
Psalm 23

*The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He makes me lie down in green pastures.
He leads me beside still waters.
He restores my soul.
He leads me in 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 you are with me;
your rod and your staff,
they comfort me.
You prepare a table before me
in the presence of my enemies;
you anoint my head with oil;
my cup runs over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life,
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord
forever.*



*Service to Celebrate
the Life of
Phillip Robert "Bob" Simpich
January 25, 1926 – August 15, 2020*



SUNDAY WORSHIP SERVICES

Online: firstprescos.org/watch
Sanctuary: 8:30 a.m.
Worship Center: 9:30 a.m.



Thursday, September 3, 2020 • 10:30 a.m.
FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Order of Service

Prelude

Solo, “*Find Us Faithful*”

Greetings and Opening Prayer

Call to Worship by Readings

Isaiah 40:1–5 — Polly Layton

Isaiah 40:9–11 — Joe Simpich

Isaiah 40:28–31 — Charlie Simpich

Solo, “*He Will Hold Me Fast*”

Scripture Reading

John 15:5–11 — Mike Lambert Sr.

John 15:12–17 — Mike Lambert Jr.

Family Remembrance

Reg Simpich, David Simpich

Solo, “*My Worth Is Not in What I Own*”

Scripture Reading

Psalms 121:1–4 — Kemper Simpich

Psalms 121:5–8 — Toby Simpich

Psalms 84:1–7 — Gwendolyn Devine

Message, “*The Beauty of Heaven*”

Hymn, “*It Is Well With My Soul*”

Prayer of Commendation

Signed and framed, Bob Simpich’s 94 years might well be expressed by his stunning five-panel oil painting hanging in a hospital waiting room. Displayed is a Colorado mountain stream—transcendent, yet so lovingly detailed you’re hearing water. It’s injured, yet refined by time; searching, deliberate, yet extravagant. Lifegiving.

This achievement, dedicated in 2008 for display at the St. Francis Medical Center in Colorado Springs, was thumbnailed by young “Phil Bob” as he delighted in the impressions of light and color, form and texture dancing across a Missouri farm near Rocheport. Born in Maryville, Missouri, the 3-year-old and his family found refuge here during the Great Depression.

A one-room schoolhouse began the sketching process, an opportunity to draw “as much as you want—hotdog!—as long as the assignment’s done.” Elementary and secondary schooling in Columbia, Missouri (where the Simpiches settled in the mid-’30s) brought encouragement and valuable exercises in spontaneity—even as parents, Phil and Susie, and sister, Tancy, stood by puzzled, yet beaming with pride at Bob’s artistry splashed across numerous mediums and styles.

The discipline, focus and concentration this mountain stream masterwork would require were certainly honed at the University of Missouri where he received his Master of Arts. But it was his 62-year marriage to an artist his equal, Janice Nickson, that stretched the canvas and steadied the easel. A job teaching art in the District 11 schools moved the newlyweds from Missouri to Colorado Springs in ’52. Here his energy and rapport with students caught the eye of district leaders. Positions as district art director and supervisor soon followed. All the while, a growing family—four beloved children: Ragan, Gretchen, David and Brenda Sue, and an endless list of hobbies (camping, fishing, miniature trains, sailboats, photography, calligraphy, pottery, archery) all laid drop cloths and adjusted the lighting; set things in place to really get going... For at the end of the day, it was all about the painting. His

efforts were prolific: oil, some acrylic, portfolios bursting with watercolors (Bob and Jan’s first dates were watercolor excursions, afternoons by a Colorado stream). Finished framed works were sold and given to his beloved family and friends.

Oh, but there was this distraction—this unstoppable little “character doll” enterprise thing—fueled by Jan and HER unquenchable artistry. It tended to take a lot of Bob’s time, and best energy, and innovation. How he loved and supported his wife. This “sideline” eventually became a business employing over 100 people, bursting the seams of three commercial properties, and carrying Bob and Jan’s artwork to homes around the world. “But Janny, there’s this mountain stream waiting! The paint’s squeezed out... The lighting’s good!”

The exquisite work of art did get painted. And it seemed the raw talent, the years of prep, the skill, opportunities, even the distractions, had gotten everything ready. But Bob, mysteriously, through decades and by design, was in truth being chiseled, smoothed, and refined by the very source of this mountain stream. The Life Giver, this relentless Hound of Heaven, was forging, demanding this artist’s very soul... and threatening to grab the brush and place His own signature on the canvas. Bob—with bowed knee, bruised pride, with an ever-growing passion for this greater Artist’s instruction manual; for this Sovereign Who commands the roar of seas, as well as the rush of mountain streams—relinquished his brush, over and over. And from this act, LIGHT was—and IS—given to Bob’s art. (It’s even in the faces and spirit of all those character dolls, go figure.)

And an example of a cherished man “in Christ” was rendered and lived out over nine decades. Thirst-quenching refreshment was and is offered to all who are anxiously alert, weary, and seeking—in the waiting room—to observe and receive Living Water. Thank you, Mr. Simpich, for displaying this work for us. And, just as you truly wanted, we can’t take our eyes off the signature.