

**A SERVICE OF WITNESS
TO THE
RESURRECTION
AND IN
CELEBRATION OF
THE LIFE OF**

Judge Carol M. Hansen

First Presbyterian Church
1001 NW 25th Street
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73106
www.fpcokc.org

A SERVICE OF
WITNESS TO THE RESURRECTION
AND IN CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE OF

Carol Montgomery Hansen

July 3, 1929 – February 22, 2021

First Presbyterian Church of Oklahoma City

March 1, 2021 | 11:00 a.m.

Sanctuary

PREPARATION FOR WORSHIP

WHAT WE BELIEVE ABOUT DEATH

The very center of the gospel focuses upon the victory over death by God in Jesus Christ. As his followers, we are convinced that we share in that victory over the grave. We affirm that at death the believer lives in the presence of God who is an eternal home. Nothing, not even death, can separate us from the love of God in Christ. So, death is not the end, rather it is the beginning of a fuller existence which will be completed in the resurrection of the body. This hope is never based upon our worth, but only upon the graciousness of God.

PRELUDE

STATEMENT OF CHRISTIAN HOPE

Rev. John C. McKinnon

*Entrance of the Family

*CALL TO WORSHIP - *Psalms 95:1-2*

Leader: O come, let us sing to the Lord;

People: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation!

Leader: Let us come into his presence with thanksgiving;

People: let us make a joyful noise to him with songs of praise!

*HYMN 664

Morning Has Broken

BUNESSAN

WELCOME

Rev. Dr. Lori Allen Walke

PRAYER

IN REMEMBRANCE

“I Would Like”

Judith Hansen

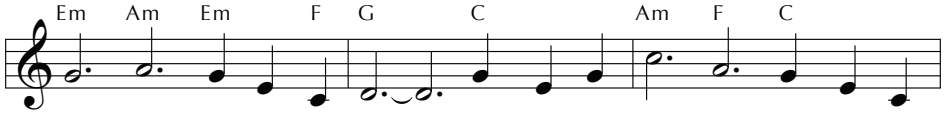
PRAYER OF ADORATION AND THANKSGIVING

*CALL TO CONFESSION

Morning Has Broken 664



1 Morn-ing has bro - ken like the first morn - ing; black-bird has
 2 Sweet the rain's new fall sun - lit from heav - en, like the first
 3 Mine is the sun - light! Mine is the morn - ing, born of the



spo - ken like the first bird. Praise for the sing - ing! Praise for the
 dew - fall on the first grass. Praise for the sweet-ness of the wet
 one light E - den saw play! Praise with e - la - tion; praise ev - ery



morn - ing! Praise for them, spring - ing fresh from the Word!
 gar - den, sprung in com - plete - ness where God's feet pass.
 morn - ing, God's re - cre - a - tion of the new day!

This 20th-century text was created to provide words for this traditional tune named for a small village on the Isle of Mull, off the west coast of Scotland. Through repeated use of "new" and "first," each morning is treated as a re-creation of the promise of the original day.

***PRAYER OF CONFESSION**

Holy God, you see us as we are, and know our inmost thoughts. We confess that we are unworthy of your gracious care. We forget that all life comes from you and that to you all life returns. We have not always sought or done your will. We have not lived as your grateful children, nor loved as Christ loved us. Apart from you, we are nothing. Only your grace can sustain us. Lord, in your mercy, forgive us, heal us and make us whole. Set us free from our sin and restore to us the joy of your salvation now and forever. Amen.

***DECLARATION OF FORGIVENESS**

SOLO

Let There Be Peace on Earth

John L. Edwards, flute

EULOGY

PRAYER OF INTERCESSION AND SUPPLICATION

***AFFIRMATION OF FAITH**

Romans 14:7-9

We do not live to ourselves, and we do not die to ourselves. If we live, we live to the Lord, and if we die, we die to the Lord; so then, whether we live or whether we die, we are the Lord's. For to this end Christ died and lived again, so that he might be Lord of both the dead and the living.

***HYMN 157**

I Danced in the Morning

LORD OF THE DANCE

***COMMENDATION**

***BENEDICTION**

POSTLUDE

Let it Be

*Please rise in body or spirit.

Please feel free to exit the Sanctuary during the postlude or remain seated. The family will greet worshipers in the Sanctuary following the postlude.

OFFICIATING

Rev. Dr. Lori Allen Walke
Mayflower Congregational Church UCC

Rev. John C. McKinnon
First Presbyterian Church

ORGANIST

John L. Edwards

157 I Danced in the Morning

Capo 3: (D) (Bm) (F#m) (Bm)
F Dm Am Dm

1 I danced in the morn-ing when the world was be-gun, and I
2 I danced for the scribe and the Phar - i - see, but
3 I danced on the Sab-bath and I cured the lame. The
4 I danced on a Fri - day when the sky turned black. It's
5 They cut me down and I leapt up high. †

(Em) (A)
Gm C

danced in the moon and the stars and the sun, and I
they would not dance and they would not foll - ow me. I
ho - ly peo - ple said it was a shame. They
hard to dance with the dev - il on your back. They
I am the life that will nev - er, nev - er die. I'll

(D) (Bm) (F#m) (Bm)
F Dm Am Dm

came down from heav - en and I danced on the earth. At
danced for the fish - er - men, for James and John. They
whipped and they stripped and they hung me high, and
bur - ied my bod - y and they thought I'd gone, but
live in you if you'll live in me, †

(Em) (A7) (G) (D)
Gm C7 Bb F

Beth - le - hem I had my birth.
came with me and the dance went on.
left me there on a cross to die.
I am the dance and I still go on.
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he.

This 20th-century ballad-like retelling of the life of Christ, though written for this Shaker tune, has many similarities with the pre-Reformation carol "Tomorrow shall be my dancing day." Such narrative carols were common both at Christmas and as part of medieval mystery plays.

JESUS CHRIST: LIFE

Refrain

(F#m) (Bm) (F#m) (Bm) (D) (Bm)
 Am Dm Am Dm F Dm

Dance, then, wher-ev - er you may be; I am the Lord of the

(Em) (A) (D) (Bm) (D) (A7) (D)
 Gm C F Dm F C7 F

Dance, said he, and I'll lead you all, wher - ev - er you may be,

(Em) (A7) (D) (G) (D)
 Gm C7 F Bb F

and I'll lead you all in the dance, said he.

Carol M. Hansen

Carol Helen Montgomery was born in Oklahoma City on July 3, 1929, to Albertis and Marie (Cheney) Montgomery. She passed away February 22, 2021, at her home in Forest Park. Carol was the little sister to brothers William and Alan Montgomery. Carol attended Wilson Elementary, Taft Junior High and Classen High School, graduating in 1946. She went to Oklahoma City University where she was in Gamma Phi Beta and graduated Magna Cum Laude in 1950. She met the charming basketball player, Paul Hansen, and they were married from 1951 until his death in 1993. Carol and Coach Paul raised five daughters, while welcoming players into their home and providing food, tutoring and advice as needed. She engaged in the traditional roles of homemaking, PTA and church functions. At age 42, she entered OCU Law School, earned a Juris Doctorate in 1974 and embarked on a long, distinguished career in the legal/judicial field.

Carol began her career as judicial council to Justice John B. Doolin of the Oklahoma Supreme Court. While living in Stillwater, she opened a five-county area office for Legal Aid of Western Oklahoma and served as the managing attorney. She also served as Municipal Judge of the City of Stillwater. In 1984, Carol became Marshall of the Oklahoma Supreme Court. In 1985, she was appointed by Gov. George Nigh as Judge of the Court of Appeals. She was elected to that position in 1986 and was re-elected on statewide retention ballot until her retirement on January 1, 2012. In 1993, Carol was elected Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals, the first woman to serve as Chief Judge of any appellate court in Oklahoma. Carol was active in the Oklahoma Bar Association, the National Women Judges Association, the Dispute Advisory Board, American Inns of Court and Charter 35. She was involved in various aspects of OCU, served on the Board of Trustees and has been honored with distinguished alumni recognition and the OCU Law School's Justice Marian P. Opala Award for Lifetime Achievement (2011). Carol was named as a Spotlight Women's Trailblazer recipient by the Women in Law Conference (1997), honored by Oklahoma City Hospitality Club (2000), Panhellenic Women of the Year (2002) and the Oklahoma City Chapter of the Association for Women in Communication Byliner Award (2008). In 2012, Carol was the recipient of the first Ralph B. Hodges-Robert E. Lavender Award for Judicial Excellence given by the Oklahoma Supreme Court.

Carol was an active member of Mayflower Congregational Church. At Mayflower, Carol found opportunities to help within the community and develop a close group of friends for book club, movie going and party hosting. Carol's curiosity and love of learning prompted her to take an auto mechanics class, flying lessons, skydiving, a civilian leadership program with the Department of Defense and travel to all seven continents. She dearly loved family gatherings and was happiest when all five daughters were together.

Carol is predeceased by her parents, brothers and husband. She is survived by daughters Elizabeth Hatcher (Richard), Patti Hansen (Chris Soldau), Judith Hansen (Phillip Burke), Mary Hamill (Steve Barrow), and Heidi Palzer Ferrell (Hoby); grandchildren Alan Hatcher, Matthew, Michael, Rachel and Justin Hamill, and John and Joshua Palzer; and a faithful group of Hansen and Montgomery nieces and nephews. Carol's family is grateful for the love, care, and dedication of Joane, Linda and Michele. Memorial contributions can be made to Paul and Carol Hansen Endowed Scholarship in Athletics, Oklahoma City University, 2501 N. Blackwelder Ave., OKC 73106 or to the Benevolence Fund at Mayflower UCC, 3901 NW 63rd, OKC 73116.

“I Would Like”
by Yevgeny Yevtushenko

I would like
I would like
to be born
in every country,
have a passport
for them all
to throw
all foreign offices
into panic,
be every fish
in every ocean
and every dog
in the streets of the world.
I would like to plunge
deep into Lake Baikal
and surface snorting
somewhere,
why not in the Mississippi?
In my beloved universe
I would like
to be a lonely weed,
but not a delicate Narcissus
kissing his own mug
in the mirror.
I would like to be
any of God’s creatures
right down to the last mangy hyena-
but never a tyrant
or even the cat of a tyrant.
And I would like happiness,
but not at the expense of the unhappy,
and I would like freedom,
but not at the expense of the unfree.
I would like to be man’s daily bread-
say,
a cup of rice
for a Vietnamese woman in mourning,

cheap wine
in a Neapolitan workers’ trattoria,
or a tiny tube of cheese
in orbit round the moon.
Let my death
be of some use.
I would like to belong to all times,
shock all history so much
that it would be amazed
what a smart aleck I was.
I would like to bring Nefertiti
to Pushkin in a troika.
I would like to increase
the space of a moment
a hundredfold,
so that in the same moment
I could drink vodka with fishermen in Siberia
and sit together with Homer,
Dante,
Shakespeare,
and Tolstoy,
drinking anything,
except, of course,
Coca-Cola,
-dance to the tom-toms in the Congo,
-chase a ball with Brazilian boys
at Copacabana Beach.
I would like to know every language,
like the secret waters under the earth,
and do all kinds of work at once.
I would make sure
that one Yevtushenko was merely a poet,
the second-an underground fighter
somewhere,
I couldn’t say where
for security reasons,
the third-a student at Berkeley,

the fourth-a jolly Georgian drinker,
and the fifth-
maybe a teacher of Eskimo children in Alaska,
the sixth-
a young president,
somewhere, say, modestly speaking, in Sierra Leone,
the seventh-
would still be shaking a rattle in his stroller,
and the tenth...
the hundredth...
the millionth...For me it's not enough to be myself,
let me be everyone!
I would like to fight on all your barricades,
humanity,
dying each night
like an exhausted moon,
and resurrecting each morning
like a newborn sun.
And when I die,
do not lay me in the earth
of France
or Italy,
but in our Oklahoma earth,
on a still-green hill,
where I first felt
that I was
everyone.

1972

Translated by the author