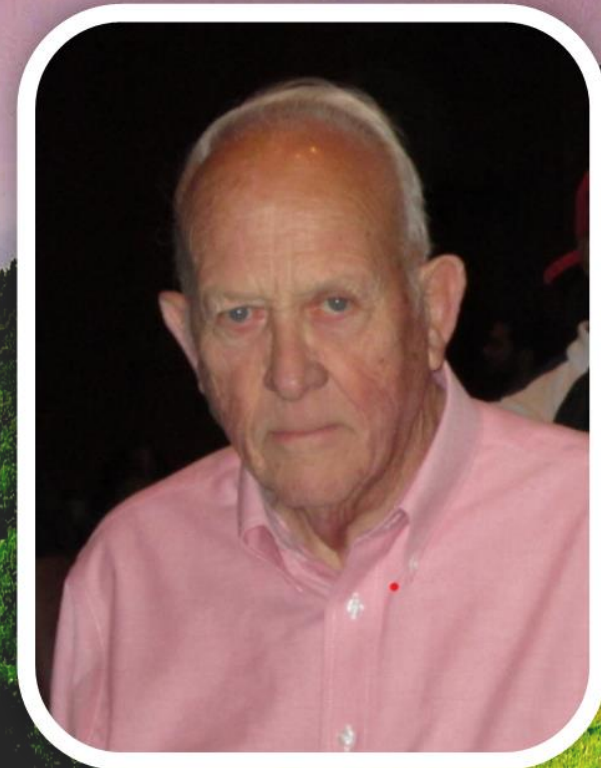


Jack D. Mace, of Richmond, VA, went to be with the Lord, 8 days before his 94th birthday, on Saturday, February 20, 2021. He was loved by all who knew him. He was honest, patient, hardworking, with a quick wit. Known to his family as "Pa", he could fix anything. A proud WWII veteran, he served as a Seabee for the US Navy. After serving in the military Jack continued his career as a professional truck driver, accomplishing 3 million Safe Driving Miles. He retired after 39 years, but that did not keep him off the road. Jack and Peggy became traveling

gypsies, exploring the countryside in their RV. He was also an active member of West Richmond Church of The Brethren, and a 32nd Degree Mason with Masonic Lodge 14. Jack was also a member of Teamster 592, and the American Legion. He was preceded in death by his parents Harrison and Annie (Garber) Mace; siblings Estelle Mace, Garnett Mace, Thelma (Mace) Landes, and Don Mace. Jack is survived by his wife of 69 years, Leila "Peggy" Maxwell Mace; children Terrie Call (Jim), Gayle Todd (John), Jack Dwayne Mace (Melinda), and Keith Mace; grandchildren Amanda Hunsucker (Ricky), Brian Todd (Erin), Josie Mace, Jamee

Morris (Andrew), Zachary Todd, Nick Todd, Corey Call, Caitlin Todd, Clarese and Maxwell Mace; 4 great-grandchildren and several loving nieces and nephews. He is also survived by his sisters, Mary Rowe and Betty Ashmore; and a very special sister-in-law, Mary Jo Maxwell. The family will receive guests from 12:00-1:00 pm with funeral service following from 1:00-2:00 pm on Thursday, March 4 at West Richmond Church of the Brethren, 7612 Wanyama Road, Henrico, VA 23229. Graveside service will follow at Dale Memorial Park, 10201 Newbys Bridge Road, Chesterfield, VA 23832. In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions may be made in his name to West Richmond Church of The Brethren. The funeral service will be streamed on the church website www.wrcob.org.



A Celebration of the Life of Jack D. Mace

February 28, 1927 – February 20, 2021

West Richmond Church of the Brethren

7612 Wanyama Road, Henrico, Virginia 23229-4239

804-288-6439

wrcob@wrcob.org

www.wrcob.org

March 4, 2021



Pre-Service Music

* Processional

The Old Rugged Cross

George Bernard

Opening Words of Welcome

Opening Prayer

Old Testament Lesson

Psalm 90:1-6, 10, 12-17 (NRSV)

Lord, you have been our dwelling place
in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth,
or ever you had formed the earth and the world,
from everlasting to everlasting you are God.

You turn us back to dust,
and say, "Turn back, you mortals."

For a thousand years in your sight
are like yesterday when it is past,
or like a watch in the night.

You sweep them away; they are like a dream,
like grass that is renewed in the morning;
in the morning it flourishes and is renewed;
in the evening it fades and withers.

The days of our life are seventy years,
or perhaps eighty, if we are strong;
even then their span is only toil and trouble;
they are soon gone, and we fly away.

So teach us to count our days
that we may gain a wise heart.

Turn, O LORD! How long?

Have compassion on your servants!

Satisfy us in the morning with your steadfast love,
so that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad as many days as you have afflicted us,
and as many years as we have seen evil.

Let your work be manifest to your servants,
and your glorious power to their children.
Let the favor of the Lord our God be upon us,
and prosper for us the work of our hands—
O prosper the work of our hands!

Special Music

Far-Side Banks of Jordan

Terry Smith

I believe my steps are growing wearier each day
Still I've got a journey on my mind
Lures of this old world have ceased to make me wanna stay
And my one regret is leaving you behind

But if it proves to be his will that I am first to go
And somehow I've a feeling it will be
When it comes your time to travel likewise, don't feel lost
For I will be the first one that you'll see

And I'll be waiting on the far side banks of Jordan
I'll be waiting, drawing pictures in the sand
And when I see you coming, I will rise up with the shout
And come running through the shallow waters, reaching for your hand

Through this life we've labored hard to earn our meager fare
It's brought us trembling hands and failing eyes
I'll just rest here on this shore and turn my eyes away
Until you come, then we'll see paradise

And I'll be waiting on the far side banks of Jordan
I'll be waiting, drawing pictures in the sand
And when I see you coming, I will rise up with the shout
And come running through the shallow waters, reaching for your hand

And I'll be waiting on the far side banks of Jordan
I'll be waiting, drawing pictures in the sand
And when I see you coming, I will rise up with the shout
And come running through the shallow waters, reaching for your hand

Sharing from Family and Friends

Solo

The Lord's Prayer

Albert Hay Malotte

New Testament Lesson

John 14:1-6 (NRSV)

“Do not let your hearts be troubled. Believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father’s house there are many dwelling places. If it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, so that where I am, there you may be also. And you know the way to the place where I am going.” Thomas said to him, “Lord, we do not know where you are going. How can we know the way?” Jesus said to him, “I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me.

Just a few more weary days and then
I'll fly away
To a land where joys shall never end
I'll fly away [Refrain]

* Benediction

* Postlude

“Amazing Grace”

John Newton

Special Music

Why Me Lord

Kris Kristofferson

* Please stand as able and led

Eulogy

Pastoral Prayer

After the service, you are invited to join the family for a graveside service at Dale Memorial Park, 10201 Newbys Bridge Road, Chesterfield, VA 23832.

* Hymn

I'll Fly Away

Albert E. Brumley

Some glad morning when this life is over
I'll fly away
To that home on God's celestial shore
I'll fly away

I'll fly away, oh glory
I'll fly away
When I die, Hallelujah by and by
I'll fly away

When the shadows of this life have gone
I'll fly away
Like a bird from these prison walls have flown
I'll fly away [Refrain]

Oh, how glad and happy when we meet
I'll fly away
No more cold iron shackles on my feet
I'll fly away [Refrain]



Pastor..... David Whitten
Scripture Reader..... David Brunk
Guitarist..... David Whitten
Pianist Bob Phillips
Soloist..... Bob Gangwer
Special Music..... Kelly Nylander & Kristy Swisher
Violinist Bill Kinzie
Technology..... Kevin Beers
Pallbearers John Aiello, Corey Call, Ricky Hunsucker, Allen Lindsey,
Max Mace, Brian Todd, Nick Todd
Honorary Pallbearers Jim Call, John Todd

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