



Sally French

Sarah Louise French (née Winter)

April 16, 1932 – December 9, 2024

*Let us sit down to eat
with all those who have not eaten,
let us spread great tablecloths,
set up planetary bakeries,
tables with strawberries in the snow,
and a plate like the moon itself
from which we shall all eat...*

-Pablo Neruda

From Sally's Valentine 2010

Giving Thanks for the Life and Faith of Sally French

University Lutheran Church of Hope, Minneapolis + January 18, 2024, 11am

+Indicates the Assembly should stand as able

Spoken assembly words are marked in **boldface**.

ELW refers to the red hymnal, Evangelical Lutheran Worship.

PRELUDE

+GATHERING WORDS

+ HYMN

How Great Thou Art

ELW 856

+GREETING AND PRAYER

REMEMBRANCES

Arthur Torrance, *nephew*

Maya Auguston, *on behalf of grandchildren*

Nathan Keeper, *former student*

Judy Hornbacher, *friend and colleague*

SPECIAL MUSIC

Goodnight My Someone

Meredith Wilson

Maria Jette, soloist

READINGS

Valentines, *Sally's Grandchildren*

HOMILY

Pastor Maria Anderson-Lippert

SPECIAL MUSIC

Tis So Sweet/It is Well

Courtland Pickens, soloist

+PRAYERS

Following each petition:

God of mercy, **hear our prayer.**

+THE LORD'S PRAYER

**Our Creator, our Mother, our Father in heaven
hallowed be your name.**

**Your kingdom come, your will be done,
on earth as it is in heaven.**

**Give us today our daily bread;
and forgive us our sins,
as we forgive those who sin against us.**

**Save us from the time of trial,
and deliver us from evil.**

**For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours,
Now and forever. Amen.**

HYMN

On Eagles Wings

ELW 787

Maria Jette - verses, congregation - chorus

+COMMENDATION

+SENDING WORDS

+RECESSIONAL HYMN

Amazing Grace

ELW 779

POSTLUDE

Following the service, please join the family in the fellowship hall for a light reception.



Sally visiting Homewood Studios exhibit of Bill and Beverly Cottman, Book from Little Free Library on the corner



Sally visiting Chihuly Gardens in Seattle on the occasion of granddaughter Maya's graduation

How Do I Love Thee? (Sonnet 43)

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

*How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right.
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.*

Sally's Presence

by Carolyn Light Bell

*Gracious lady,
tall and stately,
established ideals
we all should feel;*

*chose the kindest word when able,
left the rest on the table.*

*Sally loved music and art,
books and children,
flowers and friendship.*

*We were all her children with whom
she shared our world's goodness,
creating spiritual space
for all sentient beings
who thirsted for grace.
She laughed heartily,
ate well, cried gently,
cared for the needy.*

*In her house of abundance
Sally's joy moved us so we too
could tilt a little closer to the sun
letting dark days pass.*

*She could quiet a crowd
with a tiny bell:*

*"My turn," she'd sweetly croon.
"My turn." A happy hush fell over us.*

*With copious praise,
she'd introduce our latest art.
By freeing our expression,
Sally lifted everyone present
just a little closer
to the music of God.*

*Now it's her time to sally forth,
ascending to a place we'll follow,
finding our unique hollow
in the vaporous clouds,
grateful that each of us
is entrusted with unique gifts,
given us for strength, for life.*

She is present.

Invite her in.

"Your turn," she will say. "Your turn."

Sally's Valentines



Winter and Spring – 424 5th Street SE, Mpls.
Photos by Sally French

Let it be told to the future world, that in the depth of winter, when nothing but hope and virtue could survive, that the city and the country, alarmed at one common danger, came forth to meet it.

-Thomas Paine

Quote used by President Barack Obama in his inaugural address 2009

Paintings, like poetry or music, are essential nutrients that help people sustain healthy lives. They're not recreational pleasures or sidelines. They are tools that help us grasp the diversity of the world and its history and explore the emotional capacities with which we navigate that world.

— Roberta Smith, art critic, NYT



Power Of Acrylic on canvas courtesy of Ta-coumba T. Aiken



Photo by Wang Ping, artist and author

On foot

I had to cross the solar systems,
before I found the first thread of my red dress.
Already I sense myself.
Somewhere in space hangs my heart,
sparks fly from it, shaking the air,
to other reckless hearts.

-Edith Södergran, Finish Poet 1892-1923

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways...

*I love thee with the breath, smiles, tears,
of all my life; and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.*

-Elizabeth Barrett Browning,
American Poet 1806 - 1861



Women's March, January 21, 2017
Photo by Edie French



One room schoolhouse on the South Dakota prairie
Photo by Arthur French

The fairest thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the fundamental emotion which stands at the cradle of true art and science.

- Albert Einstein, physicist and violin player

Sally French, April 16, 1932 – December 9, 2024

Sarah Louise French, known to all as Sally, died peacefully at home in Minneapolis surrounded by her family.

Sally was born to Arthur and Helen Winter in Sioux Falls, SD. Early in her childhood the family moved to Vermillion. She married Rodney Miles French in 1955 in Germany during Rodney's service in the U.S. Army. They were married for 56 years before Rodney's death in 2011.

A lifelong educator and writer, Sally spent most of her career with Minneapolis Public Schools. She served as the district's public information director in the 1980s during its era of most profound transformation. Later at Minneapolis South High School and through the city-wide Arts for Academic Achievement initiative, she introduced thousands of youth to the life-changing power of the arts.

Sally will be remembered as a community gatherer who opened her beautiful home for scores of literary salons, concerts, sports team dinners, gatherings of international guests, and milestone family celebrations. A passionate lover of life and insistent rejoicer, Sally gave her radiant smile and relentless love to everyone who crossed her threshold.

Sally is survived by her adult children Sarah Richard, Edie French (Paul Auguston), Arthur French (Kyoko), Ellen French, all of NE Minneapolis, ten grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren as well as her sister Mary Winter Torrance, of Tucson, AZ and many nieces and nephews. .

Gifts in Sally's honor may be made to Guthrie Education Program, Capri Theater, and Black Storytellers Alliance.

Musicians

Dan Chouinard, pianist (<https://danchouinard.com/>)

Maria Jette, soprano. <https://www.chambermusicmn.org/maria-jette-1>

Courtland Pickens, founder of Voicez Inc. and KnownMPLS <https://www.knownmpls.com>

Susan Crawford, Theresa Elliott, Elizabeth Cregan, and Joe Englund - Groveland Strings

Cinerary Urn **John Kantar**

cover photo **Paul Auguston**

additional photos of Sally **Edie French**

Ministers Pastor Maria Anderson-Lippert
Hospitality Members of ULCH
Tech Facilitator Seth Strudhoff

UNIVERSITY CHURCH OF
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HYMN LYRICS (Not for Print)

How Great Thou Art

Oh Lord, my God
When I, in awesome wonder
Consider all the worlds Thy hands have made
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder
Thy power throughout the universe displayed

Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art
Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing
He bled and died to take away my sin

Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art
Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart
Then I shall bow, in humble adoration
And then proclaim, my God, how great Thou art

Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art
Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art
How great Thou art, how great Thou art

Tis so Sweet / It Is Well - Cortland Pickens

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3F65FaxDqTg>

'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus
Just to take Him at His Word
Just to rest upon His promise
Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord"
Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him
How I've proved Him o'er and o'er
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus
Oh, for grace to trust Him more
I'm so glad I learned to trust Him
Precious Jesus, Savior, Friend
And I know that He is with me
Will be with me to the end
Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him
How I've proved Him o'er and o'er
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus
Oh, for grace to trust Him more
Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him
How I've proved Him o'er and o'er
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus
Oh, for grace to trust Him more
Oh, for grace to trust Him more

It Is Well

When peace like a river, attendeth my way
When sorrows like sea billows roll
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say
It is well, it is well, with my soul
It is well With my soul It is well, it is well with my soul
Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come
Let this blest assurance control
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate
And hath shed His own blood for my soul
It is well (it is well)
With my soul (with my soul)
It is well, it is well with my soul

My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
My sin, not in part but the whole
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, o my soul!
It is well (it is well)
With my soul (with my soul)
It is well, it is well with my soul
It is well (it is well)
With my soul (with my soul)
It is well, it is well with my soul.

On Eagles Wings

You who dwell in the shelter of the Lord
Who abide in His shadow for life
Say to the Lord, "My refuge, my rock in whom I trust!"

And He will raise you up on eagles' wings
Bear you on the breath of dawn
Make you to shine like the sun
And hold you in the palm of His hand

The snare of the fowler will never capture you
And famine will bring you no fear
Under His wings your refuge, His faithfulness your shield

And He will raise you up on eagles' wings
Bear you on the breath of dawn
Make you to shine like the sun
And hold you in the palm of His hand

You need not fear the terror of the night
Nor the arrow that flies by day
Though thousands fall about you, near you it shall not come

And He will raise you up on eagles' wings
Bear you on the breath of dawn
Make you to shine like the sun
And hold you in the palm of His hand

For to His angels He's given a command
To guard you in all of your ways
Upon their hands they will bear you up
Lest you dash your foot against a stone

And He will raise you up on eagles' wings
Bear you on the breath of dawn
Make you to shine like the sun
And hold you in the palm of His hand
And hold you, hold you in the palm of His hand

AMAZING GRACE

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me
I once was lost, but now I'm found
Was blind, but now I see

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear
And grace my fears relieved
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed

Through many dangers, toils, and snares
We have already come
'Twas grace that brought us safe thus far
And grace will lead us home

When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun

We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we've first begun
Than when we've first begun

Goodnight My Someone

Goodnight, my someone
Goodnight, my love
Sleep tight, my someone
Sleep tight, my love
Our star is shining, it's brightest light
For goodnight, my love, for goodnight

Sweet dreams be yours, dear, if dreams there be
Sweet dreams to carry you close to me
I wish they may and I wish they might
Now goodnight, my someone, goodnight

True love can be whispered from heart to heart
When lovers are parted they say
But I must depend on a wish and a star
As long as my heart doesn't know who you are

Sweet dreams be yours, dear, if dreams there be
Sweet dreams to carry you close to me
I wish they may and I wish they might
Now goodnight, my someone, goodnight
Goodnight
Goodnight