

Prelude

Words of Welcome and Thanks

Rev. Jesse York

Heritage Presbyterian Church, Wildwood MO

Opening Prayer

Rev. Cary Hughes

Living Grace Community Church, Cary IL

Song of Praise

Majesty

Majesty worship His majesty
Unto Jesus be all glory
Honor and praise
Majesty kingdom authority
Flow from His throne
Unto His own His anthem raise
So exalt lift up on high
The name of Jesus
Magnify come glorify
Christ Jesus the King
Majesty worship His majesty
Jesus who died now glorified
King of all kings

Jack Hayford

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Song of Ascent

He Giveth More Grace

He giveth more grace when the burdens grow greater
He sendeth more strength when the labors increase
To added affliction He addeth His mercy
To multiplied trials His multiplied peace

Chorus

His love has no limit
His grace has no measure
His pow'r has no boundary known unto men
For out of His infinite riches in Jesus
He giveth and giveth and giveth again

When we have exhausted our store of endurance
When our strength has failed
Ere the day is half done
When we reach the end of our hoarded resources
Our Father's full giving is only begun

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Scripture Reading

Philippians 2:1-11

So if there is any encouragement in Christ, any comfort from love, any participation in the Spirit, any affection and sympathy, ² complete my joy by being of the same mind, having the same love, being in full accord and of one mind. ³ Do nothing from selfish ambition or conceit, but in humility count others more significant than yourselves. ⁴ Let each of you look not only to his own interests, but also to the interests of others. ⁵ Have this mind among yourselves, which is yours in Christ Jesus, ⁶ who, though he was in the form of God, did not count equality with God a thing to be grasped, ⁷ but emptied himself, by taking the form of a servant, being born in the likeness of men. ⁸ And being found in human form, he humbled himself by becoming obedient to the point of death, even death on a cross. ⁹ Therefore God has highly exalted him and bestowed on him the name that is above every name, ¹⁰ so that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, in heaven and on earth and under the earth, ¹¹ and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

Remembrance

Ken Robison
Brother

Homily – “Imitators”

Rev. Jesse York
Son-in-Law

Ephesians 5:1-2

Therefore be imitators of God, as beloved children. ² And walk in love, as Christ loved us and gave himself up for us, a fragrant offering and sacrifice to God.

Song of Praise

Grace

Your grace that leads this sinner home
From death to life forever
And sings the song of righteousness
By blood and not by merit

Your grace that reaches far and wide
To every tribe and nation
Has called my heart to enter in
The joy of Your salvation

Chorus

By grace I am redeemed
By grace I am restored
And now I freely walk
Into the arms of Christ my Lord

Your grace that I cannot explain
Not by my earthly wisdom
The prince of life without a stain
Was traded for this sinner

Chorus

Let praise rise up and overflow
My song resound forever
For grace will see me welcomed home
To walk beside my Savior

Chorus

**Fatherly Blessing from the Lord
In Honor of Steve Robison**

**Scott Robison
Son**

Numbers 6:23-26

“Speak to Aaron and his sons, saying, Thus you shall bless the people of Israel: you shall say to them, The LORD bless you and keep you; the LORD make his face to shine upon you and be gracious to you; the LORD lift up his countenance upon you and give you peace.

Ephesians 3:20-21

Now to him who is able to do immeasurably more than all we ask or imagine, according to his power that is at work within us, to him be glory in the church and in Christ Jesus throughout all generations, for ever and ever! Amen.

HERITAGE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
4000 Alt Road
Wildwood, MO 63025
636-938-3855 www.heritagewildwood.org

I LOVE MY DAD. His Obituary, by Scott Robison.

Stephen Thomas Robison has changed addresses! On Tuesday, January 18, 2022, while quiet in his sleep, he relocated to the heavenly garden, a place where he and Jesus could walk and talk together. While with us, he tended to the one he considered more beautiful than any flower, his beloved wife Susan Melinda Robison (nee Dawson). He cultivated and pruned his children and their spouses: Scott Howard (Jeanette) Robison, Melinda Suzanne Robison, and Rebecca Jennine (Jesse) York. He nurtured and adored his grandchildren Emma Rose Robison, Violet Hope Robison, Isaiah Scott Robison, Jeremiah James Robison, Hannah Joy Robison and Stevie Maribel York. He was brother of Ken (Valita) Robison, Bruce (Mary) Robison, and Linda (Richard) Croyt; and brother-in-law of Linda Dawson. Indeed, he was family, teacher, mentor, and spiritual father to many. Though Stephen was small in stature, he had shoulders big enough for everyone, which he used to help carry the burdens of many; his reach extended even to those who were persecuted for their faith, in gardens beyond our borders.

Stephen was a quiet and copious man who, when not working his career or serving others, tended his own garden. He described his time in his garden as contemplative; an opportunity to talk with Jesus. Surely the interaction with his Lord manifested with each intentional scraping of dirt, placing of stone, and pruning of plant. Stephen found beauty in the unwanted and abandoned, creating raised beds out of unhewn cement stone, and decorating with “distressed,” wooden or metal items. His flowers bloomed bigger and more beautiful than any of his neighbors’ and the works of his hands were the envy of all.

However, Stephen knew that true beauty did not lay in beds of flowers, but the person of Christ. So he tended to all he knew with serene consideration for whom Christ made them to be. Everyone was like his garden. He specialized in finding and cultivating beauty in the abandoned and rejected. Broken, distressed people—the foundation of their lives wounded from hurt and pain—seemed to find him and, when they did, Stephen saw Christ’s landscape. With a tender-heartedness, he scraped the dirt of many peoples’ wounds and helped prune stray branches of unforgiveness. In the end, the men and women whom he nurtured grew bigger and more beautiful spiritually. Thus, Christ’s mission for Stephen in his earthy address was to uniquely combine the essence of Eden with the compassion of Christ. In short, he was a gardener of men.