

**ST. PAUL &
ST. ANDREW**
UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

**A Celebration
of the Life of
Gemstain
Adu**

November 11, 2023
4:00 p.m.

K Karpen
Lea Matthews
Andrea Steinkamp
Pastors



Gemstain Adu

September 14, 2005 - October 4, 2023

♦ *Please rise in body or spirit*

Prelude	Melanie Baker, violin & Dr. Frank Glass, piano Preludio and Sarabanda by Arcangelo Corelli (1700)
The Word of Grace	Rev. Dr. K Karpen
Greeting	Rev. Lea Matthews
Song	bj Karpen, oboe; Melanie Baker, violin & Dr. Frank Glass, piano You Are My Sunshine by Jimmie Davis & Charles Mitchell (1940)
Call to Worship ♦ from Psalm 121	Pastor Andrea Steinkamp One: I will lift up my eyes to the hills, Many: Where will my help come from? One: My help comes from the Lord, Many: The Maker of heaven and earth. One: God will not let you stumble or fall. Many: For God does not slumber; our God does not sleep.
Opening Hymn ♦	Amazing Grace (pg. 4) vs. 1-3
Opening Prayer	Pastor Ekama Eni
Prayer Song	Amazing Grace (pg. 4) vs. 4
Scripture	John & Roseann Forde , friends from church Psalm 30 (page 6)
Hymn	Make Me a Channel of Your Peace (page 5)
Reading	Aurora Celestin & Gem’s church school teachers & youth pastors The Creation of Gemstain: A Blessing
Song	Chancel Choir A Wesleyan Balm Words: Charles Wesley (1741) and Traditional African American spiritual. Music: Frank Glass (2023)
Scripture Reading	Natolyn Tapscott , friend from church Romans 8: 35-39 (page 6)
Meditation Music	bj Karpen & Frank Glass Aranjeuz mon Amor Joaquin Rodrigo

Homily	Rev. Dr. K Karpen
Hymn	Precious Lord (pg. 7)
Reflections	Gina Leonetti & Susan Marchand (church), Joe Gugliolmo (Xavier High)
Hymn Refrain	On Eagles Wings (page 4) Please sing between each reflection
Family Reflection	Uncle Edward Berefo, read by Ekama Eni
A Letter from Mom	Elizabeth Darkoah, read by Annah Heckman
Meditation Music	bj Karpen Sweet Hour of Prayer arr: Kenneth Dake
Commendation	K Karpen
Thanksgiving	Andrea Steinkamp
Parting Song	Amazing Grace (pg. 4) vs. 5-6
Benediction	The Pastors
Song	iPharadisi (please feel free to join in) iPharadisi ikhaya labafile...Kulapho sophumla khona iPharadisi where all the dead are living, iPharadisi where all the dead are living iPharadisi where all the dead are living, may we one day join them all there.
Reception	Please join us in the first floor rooms for refreshments and fellowship. Sanctuary flowers are given by Carner & Cynthia Round in honor of Gemstain's impact on them and on our whole St Paul & St Andrew church family.
Livestream	Brent Ness , director
Ushers	Aurora Celestin, Robin Bahr, Karen Collins, Jessica Tulloch & Julia Tulloch



Prayers for Gem at Xavier High School

Amazing Grace



1. A - maz - ing_ grace! How sweet the sound that saved a__ soul like me!__
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and grace my_ fears re- lieved._
3. Through man - y__ dan - gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come._
4. The Lord has_ prom - ised good to me. God's word my_ hope se- cures._



- I once_ was lost but now_ am found, was blind but now I see.
- How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, the hour I__ first be lieved.
- 'Tis grace_ has brought me safe__ thus far, and grace will lead me home.
- God will__ my strength and por - tion be, as long as__ life en- dures.

5. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail and mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil, a life of joy and peace.

6. When we've been there ten thousand years, bright shining as the sun,
We've no less time to sing God's praise than when we'd first begun.

John Newton, 1779

Traditional American Tune

On Eagle's Wings



- And God will raise you up on ea - gle's wings, bear you on the breathe of dawn,
And God will raise us up on ea - gle's wing, bear us on the breathe of dawn,



- make you to shine like the sun,___ and hold you in__ the__ palm__ of God's hand.
make us to shine like the sun,___ and hold us in__ the__ palm__ of God's hand.

Words and Music: Michael Joncas, 1979

Make Me a Channel of Your Peace

Sebastian Temple, 1967



1. Make me a chan-nel of your peace.____ Where there is ha-tred, let me bring your



love.____ Where there is in - ju - ry, your par-don, Lord,____ and



where there's doubt, true faith in you.____ 2. O Mas-ter, grant that I may nev-er



seek____ so much to be con-soled as to con- sole,____ to be



un-der-stood, as to un-der- stand,____ to be loved, as to love with all my



soul.____ 3. Make me a chan-nel of your peace.____ Where



there's des-pair in life, let me bring hope.____ Where there is dark-ness,



____ on-ly light,____ and where there's sad-ness, ev - er joy.____

Precious Lord, Take My Hand



1. Pre - cious Lord, take my hand. Lead me on, let me stand. I am tired, I am
2. When the way grows drear, pre-cious Lord, lin-ger near, when my life is__



weak, I am worn._____ Through the storm, through the night, lead me
al - most gone._____ Hear my cry, hear my call. Hold my



on to the light. Take my hand, pre-cious Lord, lead me home.
hand, lest I fall. Take my hand, pre-cious Lord, lead me home.

3. When the darkness appears and the night draws near,
And the day is past and gone,
At the river I stand. Guide my feet, hold my hand.
Take my hand, precious Lord, lead me home.

Words and Music: Thomas Andrew Dorsey, 1932

Psalm 30 -

Sing praises to the Lord, you faithful ones,
And give thanks to God's holy name.
Surely, though sorrow comes for a moment,
God's favor lasts for a lifetime.
Weeping may tarry for the night,
But joy comes with the morning.
Hear, O Lord, and be gracious to us!
O Lord, be my helper!
You will turn my mourning into dancing;
You will loosen my sackcloth
and wrap me in gladness
My soul will praise you and not be silent
O Lord, my God, I will give thanks to you forever!

Romans 8

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall trouble or hardship or persecution or famine or nakedness or danger or sword? As it is written: "For your sake we face death all day long; we are considered as sheep to be slaughtered." No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. For I am convinced that neither death nor life, neither angels nor demons, neither the present nor the future, nor any powers, neither height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Poem:

Javien Vasquez, Xavier High School

You know, it's an awful thing. The moment that it hits- The knowledge that we got to live abreast a king. The silent shock that falls as death's bell rings-
The lack of any words that possibly fit. You know, it's an awful thing.

None of it seems real. Everything else feels immaterial.

The shifting steps, climbing the bleachers. Whispers in ears, nods exchanged with teachers.
It was curiosity, it was fear. Overhanging uncertainty to where the speech would steer.
Even through the nervousness, there was still light. That perhaps it was trivial. That perhaps it would be all right.

When it was said, everything stopped. When it was said, the black curtain dropped,
And our souls were smothered in night.

More than just a name. The title of a soul that never deserved pain.
The embodiment of the man that never left one's heart the same.

"Gemstain"

It's a unique title. It's fitting. Catches your attention in the first sitting.
But with him, your soul warmed. You sprung up, you laughed. Your soul became forever transformed. The love of a smile who's grace would forever last.

I'd never heard a name like yours. If anything, its singularity was a hint at what was in store. That playful look of shock when the words that came out of my mouth were enough to ignite wars.
Quiet in class, but your chosen words etched laughter forevermore.

Gem.

All your facets, refracting the sun's love into anyone lucky enough to see you. Your shining radiance, warming anyone lucky enough to hear you.

What a star- it's no wonder that from you, joy always seemed to stem.

Stain. You left your mark, that's for damn sure.

You graced us all with a presence so pure That from my face the lines of sadness seemed to drain.

I recall French, you know? It's not the same without you to bug.

That was where we had our first jokes. Getting placed in that three-man row.

Those whistles you were so uncannily good at-

because, you know, the rules could always use another harmless tug.

The museum. That was a lovely trip. It was fun, even if it was just an excuse to dip Out of school, into a break. But the art was wonderful. The time was, too. It was odd, none of it being fake. In a superficial world, you had the odd habit of being true.

I miss you. We all miss you. You're exactly where you always deserved to be, you know?

Pain free, blissful. Among angels like you, but even so- I'd do anything for one more joke. One more smile.

One more day. Just for a while. Because without you, there's a missing piece.

Without your love, it's hard to be whole. It's hard to be at peace, Without the warmth of your soul.

I hope you can hear this. Despite how cheesy that may sound.

Or that your eyes, looking at all those who love you, can read this.

And you can bask in the adoration of all the love you found.

At the end of it all Steps shuffled out, padded in defeat

Your loss flooded the hall- And drained out into the street.

Without you, everything changed. Ever so slightly out of the way it was arranged.

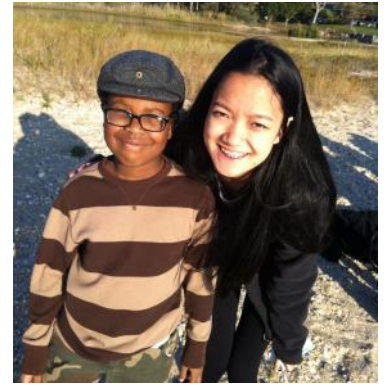
Sadly, still- our world rotates on, Aimlessly round the setting sun.

Watch its glow fall upon His world, with his mark, never to be gone.

It sits a shade darker now, without its favorite son.

Gem's life in pictures:









Eulogy: Alex Degryse, Gemstain's classmate at Xavier

Hello, as you know, on October 4th, Gemstain Adu passed away. He was a dear friend to many of us at Xavier. Just a few days before, I had walked with him in the hallway talking about our classes, life, and our plans. Gemstain was a great friend to many, and was a very likable person in general. He could walk into a room, and it would instantly brighten up because everyone knew he was about to crack the most random jokes. Like when he was in religion, he asked Mr. George why he couldn't be a nun, and they went on to have a 20 minute debate.

He always knew how to make light of any situation, and could keep a conversation going for hours without it being dry or repetitive. Gemstain was a very good friend to me, he was always there to lend a helping hand and was just a fun energetic guy. Earlier last year, we had a project in Mr. Sweeney's class where we could go to the tenement museum and write a paper about it. Gemstain and I had decided to go, and we thought it would be boring, but we went and it ended up being super fun. We were making jokes the whole way through and it's one of my favorite memories with him, just messing around and hanging out as it was the summer. We went on a bike ride.

I have many fond memories with Gemstain and last years seniors in the back of the lunch room where we'd eat and mess around. There was literally never a dull moment, any time you sat there you were bound to laugh. Gemstain and Davonte would start making useless arguments just for the sake of arguing and it was the funniest thing. Everyone would be laughing while they're arguing about why a bottle should be recycled or the most random thing. I'm happy I got to get as close as I did with Gemstain. I had gotten super close to him Junior year as we had an identical schedule since we had every class together besides from English, we spent nearly every moment together that year, and I'm very grateful for him.

Thank you, Gemstain.

