

PC'S REMARKS

It is with a profound sense of loss that we gather in these moments to honor and to celebrate the life of Paul R. Russell -

Beloved husband to Helen. Father to Thad,  
Father in law to Barbara, grandfather to  
Paul and Samuel...

Father, too, to Allen, Mary Virginia, and  
\_\_\_\_\_.

Loved one. Colleague. Friend. And a dedicated  
and committed Christian...one of the outstanding  
laymen of the United Methodist Church in this  
century drawing to a close.

You shared with Paul the love and the labors of these years and there come to us in these quiet and reflective moments many blessed and joyous memories growing out of our associations with him. Indeed, each is here because in some special way his remarkable life reached out and touched ours and made a difference....

Tributes in these moments will be offered several of us. Harold Black will be the first speaker. He will be followed by Edward Brown. Either I will be third, or his son, Thad, speaking for the family...if Thad chooses to be the third speaker, then I will bring things together in closing.

There may be others present who would like to share a special moment or memory...briefly from where you are sitting....and we shall provide you with the opportunity....

CLARKE'S COMMENTS

I've been given a lot of credit ~~these~~ past 24 hours for what has happened here in this church these past 43 years....but I would be the first to acknowledge that it couldn't and wouldn't have happened without the support and the skills and sacrifices of Paul Russell.

I first met Paul on October the 8th, I think it was, 1956...at the National Arts Gallery in Grammercy Park....a day I well remember...not only for the job interview, but also because of something that happened at Yankee Stadium that afternoon - Don Larsen's perfect game. Both the interview and the game went well! I knew where I wanted to be! As we sat around the table - "7" of us... Paul, warm and gracious, Elmer Bostock, Harold Black, Merle Gripman, Winifred Howe, my wife and myself....

There followed that afternoon a tour of the church led by Mrs. Russell and Mrs. McCartney and Miss Hedman....they didn't show us everything in this building and I think I know why....but I do remember walking in here and viewing the sanctuary and wondering at that time..."whatever happened here?" It was not the most inspiring moment...dark, dusty, poor lighting, soot, grime of 30 years on the walls, pew cushions spilling out sand on the floor...

But Paul had a vision that something could happen here and thank God he did! Yes, he was a man of great vision and remarkable faith - patient, persistent and always persevering.

I especially remember June of 1957...following a Trustee Meeting in the Wall Street Club, standing in the area of the Brooklyn Bridge Subway entrance, Paul reached into his inner pocket and took out an envelope...in it was a check. He showed it to me and I asked...."what is it?" He said..."This is the last check we get from the United Methodist City Society. From here on we're on our own". "What do you mean?" I asked. I got the message and I've often thought to myself that that was certainly a "defining moment" for me.

"Nothing like the thought of being hanged within the hour to get your priorities straight".

In the weeks of that summer there were fewer trips up to Yankee Stadium...as I took on (with the help of Harold and Mark and Jack Altoonian) the painting of the third floor Fellowship Hall. Paul concentrated on helping us get some financial undergirding and I concentrated on getting people in and involved. Together we did it!

One of my favorite memories of Paul's patience and perseverance took place in Bishop Newell's office. He counselled us to "get out of that risky warehouse investment...as soon as possible". And Paul responded,

"Yes, Mr. Bishop...we will". But he didn't say "WHEN".....about 8 years later, we did!

Patience. Persistence. Perseverance....describe Paul.

#### OTHER MEMORIES

Of course, there are other memories. I remember where the Russells sat in church...always here....the Sunday morning in February of 1961 when he came in, having been up all night, and shared word that the warehouse was blanketed with snow and in danger of collapsing....of the Sunday morning when he returned from Washington, DC...and the congregation rose as "one" and applauded his efforts in bringing closure to the warehouse investment with a check for one million, three hundred thousand. I remember, too, the good deal he gave me in purchasing his 1956 Newport Chrysler in 1963...and how my growing family enjoyed that cushiony car. \$ 600.00 (worth 5 times that!) And then Paul beating me at a pool game in Lakeville in the nineteen seventies. I remember many evening meals at 525 East 89th Street with Helen, Thad, and Rockett! The warmth and graciousness of this truly remarkable Christian gentleman!

He gave me the freedom to preach the "things on my heart"...never tried to curtail or caution my youth exuberant spirit in the pulpit. He wasn't too happy back in the year when I criticized our government for the U-2 flights... but then again, neither was Jonathan Bush....

There's so much more to say...we'll have opportunity to gather downstairs after the service. Let me close my tribute by using that line written by another Paul:

Said the Apostle Paul,

"I have fought the good fight, kept the  
faith and finished the course!"

And in those beautiful prayer words of the Jesuits:

"Well done, good and faithful servant!  
Enter into thy rest.  
For unto thy faithful, O Lord, life is  
changed and not taken away".

#### PRAYER THOUGHTS

Especially we remember Paul R. Russell as a man of great conviction, splendid vision, adventurous faith, dogged determination and rare perseverance. A man who was willing to risk much for the good of many....we speak of him affectionately as "Mr. Trust"....the founder, builder, architect of this Park Avenue Methodist church Trust Fund....that has done so much for so many.

Help us always to be good stewards of that entrusted to our care, always remembering that "to whom much is given, much also is expected!"

For those who like Paul have chattered new paths and done great things for You in this world, we give you our thanks.

# January should be banned

JANUARY is the meanest month, breeding flu germs in the steamy buses, mixing ice and angst, stirring old wounds to fresh pain. January hurts like a serpent's tooth. And it's only half over.

Statistically, January is a killer. On its chill breath come the heaviest snows, the bitterest nights and the highest death rates. January should be banned.

Politically, it's always a melancholy month. Congress convenes and swears, "Not a cent" — except for the Pentagon and further feathering of its own privileged nest. Big city mayors worry about budgets and welfare and the likelihood of a big snow and a big snow removal bill — before March.

Severe cold, psychiatrists tell us, is perceived as a "threat." We draw into ourselves, hide in warm places, curse the dark that falls at 5 o'clock. Absenteeism rises, kids stay home from school, glad to have the snuffles.

But I expect you knew all that. What you may not know is precisely what "weathering" — getting through spells of extreme cold — does to your body, mind and metabolism. There's hardly an area of your life, from your digestion to your social graces, that doesn't suffer winter might. But wait — there are ways to cope.

Since last winter I have added a Weather shelf to my library. It comes just



By Harriet Van Horne

ahead of Whimsy, but will never overtake it. Huddled in my January cocoon, I've been studying for a degree in meteorology. Just ask me about cold fronts, warm fronts, avalanches in Chile. All I need is a sponsor.

Much more pertinent is the effect this little Ice Age is having on me and thee in our daily round. How are we taking this "thermal stress"? Are you weather-beaten or weather-proof?

In a fascinating book, *Weathering* (M. Evans) Stephen Rosen writes that the way people respond to weather depends on their bone structure, their social class and their emotional stability. The middle class takes weather in its stride. The upper and lower classes tend to be hyper-sensitive, as are geniuses.

The links between body structure and weather response is backed up by extensive statistical evidence and analysis. If you are thin, tall, delicately made you are "thermally unstable." The cold gets into your marrow. Thick, muscular types and the overweight withstand winter's blasts fairly well. Skinny people would do well to eat more fats and protein in winter.

Dr. Rosen says the tem-

perature outside has a lot to do with our feelings inside. Extreme cold is exhausting and stressful. Spirits droop. Sleep and dream patterns change.

In very cold weather the body handles medication differently. You'd do well to decrease your dosage of antibiotics, sulfa, barbiturates and tranquilizers when the mercury drops.

Marijuana won't warm you up in winter, Dr. Rosen writes. On the contrary, smoking pot causes warmth to leave your body. Liquor doesn't help you, either, but coffee does.

Another new book on my shelf, *Weather Language* by Julius Fast (Wyden Books) makes the astonishing assertion that January is "the cancer month." A physician who studied the birth records of 15,000 cancer patients discovered that a striking percentage of them were born in January.

Said the Dutch doctor who made the study: "It didn't seem to matter what type of cancer we studied. Breast cancer, intestinal cancer, even pulmonary cancer — January was the significant month."

Did these patients suffer too great a shock at birth? Or was their embryonic life affected by their mothers' response to cold weather?

"In nature," wrote Thoreau, "winter is a cabinet of curiosities." A modest statement. Ruth Kirk's lovely book, *Snow* (Morrow), warns us not to pray for a sudden warming of

the planet. If some of the snow now held fast in glaciers were to melt, the level of the oceans would rise at least 100 feet, and we'd need a lot of Noahs and armadas of arks.

If walking in New York's cold pavement chills your well-shod feet, think about the Eskimos of the Bering Strait. To save wear and tear on their boots these hardy souls sometimes walk through the snow barefoot!

**NORMAN J. LAWRENCE, Ltd.**  
(LAWRENCE OF LONDON)  
**SALE**  
MEN - WOMEN  
**STARTS TODAY**  
417 Fifth Ave. (At 38th Street)  
**(212) 389-3119**

*We buy your Diamonds, Gold and Antique Jewelry*  
**Free Appraisal Highest Prices Paid**  
**NORMAN HENIG**  
78 West 47 St.  
New York, NY 10036  
Collect calls accepted  
**212-575-9390**  
Please call for private appointment

to enhance new... one of... prob... bio na... to assist all...

PC'S REMARKS

It is with a profound sense of loss that we gather in these moments to honor and to celebrate the life of Paul R. Russell -

Beloved husband to Helen. Father to Thad,  
Father in law to Barbara, grandfather to  
Paul and Samuel...

Father, too, to Allen, Mary Virginia, and  
\_\_\_\_\_.

Loved one. Colleague. Friend. And a dedicated  
and committed Christian...one of the outstanding  
laymen of the United Methodist Church in this  
century drawing to a close.

You shared with Paul the love and the labors of these years and there come to us in these quiet and reflective moments many blessed and joyous memories growing out of our associations with him. Indeed, each is here because in some special way his remarkable life reached out and touched ours and made a difference....

Tributes in these moments will be offered several of us. Harold Black will be the first speaker. He will be followed by Edward Brown. Either I will be third, or his son, Thad, speaking for the family...if Thad chooses to be the third speaker, then I will bring things together in closing.

There may be others present who would like to share a special moment or memory...briefly from where you are sitting....and we shall provide you with the opportunity....

CLARKE'S COMMENTS

I've been given a lot of credit these past 24 hours for what has happened here in this church these past 43 years....but I would be the first to acknowledge that it couldn't and wouldn't have happened without the support and the skills and sacrifices of Paul Russell.

I first met Paul on October the 8th, I think it was, 1956...at the National Arts Gallery in Grammercy Park....a day I well remember...not only for the job interview, but also because of something that happened at Yankee Stadium that afternoon - Don Larsen's perfect game. Both the interview and the game went well! I knew where I wanted to be! As we sat around the table - "7" of us... Paul, warm and gracious, Elmer Bostock, Harold Black, Merle Gripman, Winifred Howe, my wife and myself....

There followed that afternoon a tour of the church led by Mrs. Russell and Mrs. McCartney and Miss Hedman....they didn't show us everything in this building and I think I know why....but I do remember walking in here and viewing the sanctuary and wondering at that time..."whatever happened here?" It was not the most inspiring moment...dark, dusty, poor lighting, soot, grime of 30 years on the walls, pew cushions spilling out sand on the floor...

Eternal God, our Father...Father of our spirits and the Father of all mankind...Thou who art leading us through the changes of time and circumstance to the rest and the blessedness of Eternity, and who art touched by the feeling of our sorrow and sense of loss at the death of a loved one and a friend, fulfill now Thy promise that Thou wilt not leave the people comfortless, but in ways beyond our human comprehension and understanding will draw close to them and sustain them in this hour.

Help them, O Lord, to turn to Thee with true discernment, to abide in Thee through trust and faith that finding now the comfort of Thy presence, they may also have hope and confidence in facing the difficult days of readjustment that are ahead.

Remind us, O God, that grief and love go hand in hand, and that the sorrow of our human loss is but a token of that love that is stronger than death, that rests at the heart of all life.

We are thankful for the life of this ( Paul ) Russell whom we now commend to the greater adventures of eternal life, recalling in these moments all that made others love ( ) and care for ( ) and hold ( ) in such deep affection and such high regard.

The years we have known ( ) slip through our minds like minutes when we think of ( ). For the privilege of knowing and calling ( ) husband, father, grandfather, colleague and fellow trustee and friend! we give Thee our thanks.

We thank Thee for the goodness and beautiful influences in ( ) home and early training in \_\_\_\_\_, and for the truth, kindness and goodness that have passed from ( ) life into the lives of others and made this world richer and better for ( ) presence in our midst.

We thank Thee, Our Father, for the many good works shown in the life of our loved one and friend, now lost from our sight, but living eternally in our hearts.

We hold in fond remembrance ( ) many fine qualities of mind, spirit and character. For the warmth of ( ) ways, the lift of ( ) spirit, the influence of ( ) words, the strength of ( ) nature, we give Thee our thanks. We remember with gratitude an active, creative, disciplined mind...that those who gave to ( ) received even more than they gave. We are grateful that here was evidence that life is not judged by length of years, but by quality of character.

Our prayers in these moments this hour reach out to include ( ) loved ones:  
HELEN, wife....Son, Thad...Daughter in law, Barbara...grandsons: Paul and Samuel.  
Sons and daughters, took from an earlier day and marriage: Paul, Mary Virginia,  
Allen, William, Esther and Dorothy.... (Ester Jean and Dorothy Ruth...)

Assist us to return to the scenes of our daily life, there to obey Thy will with patience, to bear our trials with fortitude and hope, and when the peace of death falls upon us, may we, too find our perfect rest in Thee.

In the name and spirit of Christ, we pray. Amen.

But Paul had a vision that something could happen here and thank God he did! Yes, he was a man of great vision and remarkable faith - patient, persistent and always persevering.

I especially remember June of 1957...following a Trustee Meeting in the Wall Street Club, standing in the area of the Brooklyn Bridge Subway entrance, Paul reached into his inner pocket and took out an envelope...in it was a check. He showed it to me and I asked...."what is it?" He said..."This is the last check we get, from the United Methodist City Society. From here on we're on our own". "What do you mean?" I asked. I got the message and I've often thought to myself that that was certainly a "defining moment" for me.

"Nothing like the thought of being hanged within the hour to get your priorities straight".

In the weeks of that summer there were fewer trips up to Yankee Stadium...as I took on (with the help of Harold and Mark and Jack Altoonian) the painting of the third floor Fellowship Hall. Paul concentrated on helping us get some financial undergirding and I concentrated on getting people in and involved. Together we did it!

One of my favorite memories of Paul's patience and perseverance took place in Bishop Newell's office. He counselled us to "get out of that risky warehouse investment...as soon as possible". And Paul responded,

"Yes, Mr. Bishop...we will". But he didn't say "WHEN".....about 8 years later, we did!

Patience. Persistence. Perseverance....describe Paul.

#### OTHER MEMORIES

Of course, there are other memories. I remember where the Russells sat in church...always here....the Sunday morning in February of 1961 when he came in, having been up all night, and shared word that the warehouse was blanketed with snow and in danger of collapsing....of the Sunday morning when he returned from Washington, DC...and the congregation rose as "one" and applauded his efforts in bringing closure to the warehouse investment with a check for one million, three hundred thousand. I remember, too, the good deal he gave me in purchasing his 1956 Newport Chrysler in 1963...and how my growing family enjoyed that cushiony car. \$ 600.00 (worth 5 times that!) And then Paul beating me at a pool game in Lakeville in the nineteen seventies. I remember many evening meals at 525 East 89th Street with Helen, Thad, and Rockett! The warmth and graciousness of this truly remarkable Christian gentleman!

He gave me the freedom to preach the "things on my heart"...never tried to curtail or caution my youth exuberant spirit in the pulpit. He wasn't too happy back in the year when I criticized our government for the U-2 flights... but then again, neither was Jonathan Bush....

There's so much more to say...we'll have opportunity to gather downstairs after the service. Let me close my tribute by using that line written by another Paul:

Said the Apostle Paul,

"I have fought the good fight, kept the  
faith and finished the course!"

And in those beautiful prayer words of the Jesuits:

"Well done, good and faithful servant!  
Enter into thy rest.  
For unto thy faithful, O Lord, life is  
changed and not taken away".

#### PRAYER THOUGHTS

Especially we remember Paul R. Russell as a man of great conviction, splendid vision, adventurous faith, dogged determination and rare perseverance. A man who was willing to risk much for the good of many.....we speak of him affectionately as "Mr. Trust"....the founder, builder, architect of this Park Avenue Methodist church Trust Fund....that has done so much for so many.

Help us always to be good stewards of that entrusted to our care, always remembering that "to whom much is given, much also is expected!"

For those who like Paul have chattered new paths and done great things for You in this world, we give you our thanks.

OUR prayers reach out to include his wife, Helen...in Orlando, his son Thad and his wife and their sons in Maplewood, NJ.

As we look to the future, we pray that your blessing may continue to rest upon Ed Brown as he continues to lead the trust with great skill and faithfulness to the spirit of the founder, Paul....

In this time of pastoral transition, we pray too that your spirit may undergird Bill Shillady as we leads the church ~~that bears the name of this Trust~~ to even greater things, greater accomplishments... for whom the Trust is named.

Help us to be GOOD STEWARDS of that entrusted to our care, always remembering that "to whom much is given, much also is expected."

In the spirit of Jesus, we pray....

"Bless this food to our use, bless us to your service...keep us mindful of the needs of others."

Allen Russell and sister, Mary Virginia.  
Colorado

719 - 547 -0237

Pueblo West.

*with  
CONV  
CO ALL  
COMP.*

PRAYER: Trust Fund Meeting  
May 11, 1999

LEAD-IN: As you know, we'll be celebrating the life and good works of Paul Russell...."MR. TRUST"...in a Memorial Service on Sunday, May 23rd...1 pm.

Felt we should remember him in our prayer here today at the start of our meeting....appropriate for us to stand...

PRAYER THOUGHTS

Gracious God, we pause to thank you for the lives of those who have made a difference...who have chartered new paths and done great things for YOU in this world...

Especially we remember PAUL R. RUSSELL... referred to affectionately as "Mr. Trust"...the found, builder, architect of this Fund that ~~does~~ **HAS** so much for so many. **DONE**

We remember him today as a man of great conviction, splendid vision, adventurous faith... rare perseverance, dogged determination....

A man who was willing to rish much....and we think of those great risk taken in the twelve years from 1954 to 1996, prior to the birth of this Trust Fund....risks that even our Bishop questioned.

We have often sensed his presence in our midst across the years...trying to recall how he best felt for us to use the gifts given us....

**AND OPPORTUNITIES**