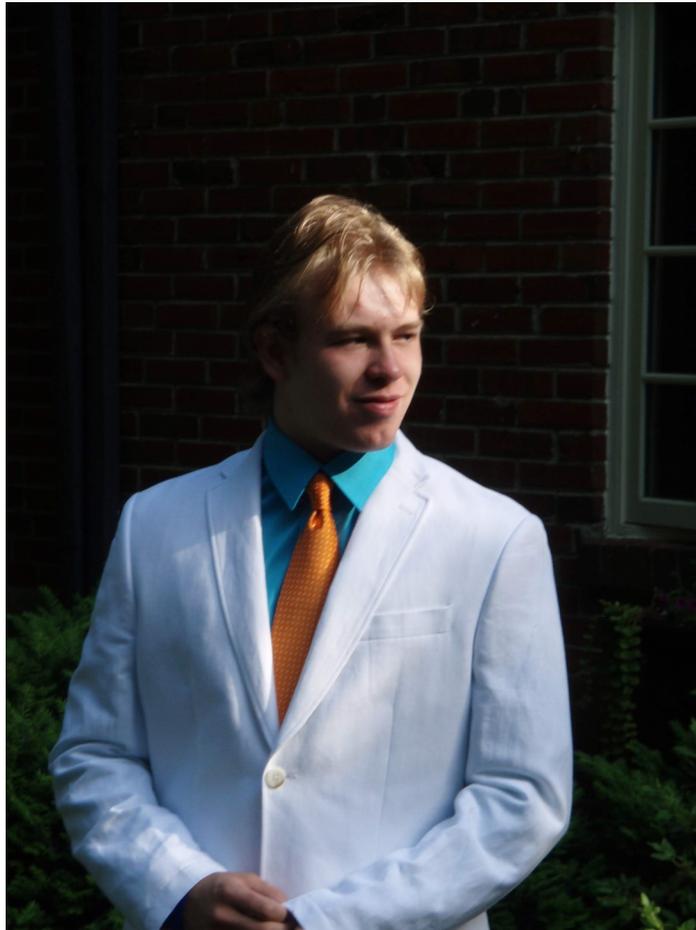


A CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE OF
Nicholas Alexander Dudley Ryder
March 24, 1995—July 25, 2021



August 29, 2021
1:00 pm
Grace Episcopal Church
1607 Grace Church Rd
Silver Spring, MD 20910



The Burial Office is an Easter liturgy. It finds all its meaning in the resurrection. Because Jesus was raised from the dead, we too, shall be raised.

The liturgy, therefore, is characterized by joy, in the certainty that “neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord” (Romans 8:38-39).

This joy, however, does not make human grief unchristian. The very love we have for each other in Christ brings deep sorrow when we are parted by death. Jesus himself wept at the grave of his friend. So, while we rejoice that the one we love has entered into the nearer presence of our Lord, we sorrow in sympathy with those who mourn.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD: RITE TWO

PRELUDE

CLERGY WELCOME

OPENING HYMN • *Be Thou my Vision*

All stand.

Celebrant I am Resurrection and I am Life, says the Lord.
Whoever has faith in me shall have life,
even though he die.
And everyone who has life,
and has committed himself to me in faith,
shall not die for ever.

As for me, I know that my Redeemer lives
and that at the last he will stand upon the earth.
After my awaking, he will raise me up;
and in my body I shall see God.
I myself shall see, and my eyes behold him
who is my friend and not a stranger.

For none of us has life in himself,
and none becomes his own master when one dies.
For if we have life, we are alive in the Lord,
and if we die, we die in the Lord.
So, then, whether we live or die,
we are the Lord's possession.

Happy from now on
are those who die in the Lord!
So it is, says the Spirit,
for they rest from their labors.

Celebrant The Lord be with you.

People **And also with you.**

Celebrant Let us pray.

O God, whose mercies cannot be numbered: Accept our prayers on behalf of your servant Nicholas, and grant him an entrance into the land of light and joy, in the fellowship of your saints; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever **Amen.**

Most merciful God, whose wisdom is beyond our understanding: Deal graciously with Nicholas' family and friends in their grief. Surround them with your love, that they may not be overwhelmed by their loss, but have confidence in your goodness, and strength to meet the days to come; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

THE LITURGY OF THE WORD

Please sit.

i am a little church, e.e. cummings

Read by Sam Nyitray

i am a little church (no great cathedral)
far from the splendor and squalor of hurrying
- i do not worry if briefer days grow briefest,
i am not sorry when sun and rain make april
my life is the life of the reaper and the sower;

my prayers are prayers of earth's own clumsily striving
(finding and losing and laughing and crying) children
whose any sadness or joy is my grief or my gladness

around me surges a miracle of unceasing
birth and glory and death and resurrection:
over my sleeping self float flaming symbols
of hope, and i wake to a perfect patience of mountains

i am a little church (far from the frantic
world with its rapture and anguish) at peace with nature
- i do not worry if longer nights grow longest;
i am not sorry when silence becomes singing

winter by spring, i lift my diminutive spire to
merciful Him Whose only now is forever:
standing erect in the deathless truth of His presence
(welcoming humbly His light and proudly His darkness)

- 1 The LORD is my shepherd;*
I shall not be in want.
- 2 He makes me lie down in green pastures*
and leads me beside still waters.
- 3 He revives my soul*
and guides me along right pathways for his Name's sake.
- 4 Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I shall fear no evil;*
for you are with me;
your rod and your staff, they comfort me.
- 5 You spread a table before me in the presence of those
who trouble me;*
you have anointed my head with oil,
and my cup is running over.
- 6 Surely your goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days
of my life.*
and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.



Reader A reading from Paul's first letter to the Corinthians.

If I speak in the tongues of mortals and of angels, but do not have love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give away all my possessions, and if I hand over my body so that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice in wrongdoing, but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Love never ends. But as for prophecies, they will come to an end; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will come to an end. For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part; but when the complete comes, the partial will come to an end. When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways.

For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face. Now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known. And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

Reader The Word of the Lord.

People **Thanks be to God.**

REMEMBRANCES

Daniel Metherell

Chris Ryder & Lisa Summers



*Reçois l'adoration,
Tu es le Roi de gloire,
Notre victoire,
Digne es-tu Seigneur, Emmanuel.*

*Dieu de lumière élevé dans les cieux,
Rempli de grâce et de paix.
Environné de louange et de feu,
Gardien de l'éternité.*

*Pourquoi quitter ce palais de bonheur
Pour un sentier de misère,
Par quel amour les chemins de ton cœur
Ont su trouver nos prières.*

*De cette foi que ton cœur a montré,
Je veux puiser mon secours.
Sur le chemin que ta vie a tracé
Je marcherai chaque jour.*

*Garde mes yeux des attraits de ce monde,
Garde-moi près de la croix.
En ce lieu saint où mon âme est féconde
D'humilité et de joie.*

Receive adoration,
You are the King of glory,
Our victory,
Worthy are you Lord, Emmanuel.

God of light lifted up in the heavens,
Filled with grace and peace.
Surrounded by praise and fire,
Guardian of Eternity.

Why leave this palace of happiness
For a path of misery,
By what love the paths of your heart
Have found our prayers.

Of this faith that your heart has shown,
I want to draw my help.
On the path that your life has marked
I will walk every day.

Keep my eyes from the attractions of this world,
Keep me near the cross.
In this holy place where my soul is fruitful
Of humility and joy.

Please stand.

THE GOSPEL • MATTHEW 5:1-9

Celebrant The Holy Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ according to Matthew.

People **Glory to you, Lord Christ.**

When Jesus saw the crowds, he went up the mountain; and after he sat down, his disciples came to him. Then he began to speak, and taught them, saying: “Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. “Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted. “Blessed are the meek, for they will inherit the earth. “Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they will be filled. “Blessed are the merciful, for they will receive mercy. “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they will see God. “Blessed are the peacemakers, for they will be called children of God.

Celebrant The Gospel of the Lord.

People **Praise to you, Lord Christ.**

Please sit.

THE HOMILY

The Reverend Grey Maggiano

Please stand.

THE APOSTLES' CREED

Celebrant In the assurance of eternal life given at Baptism, let us proclaim our faith:

**I believe in God, the Father almighty,
creator of heaven and earth.**

I believe in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord.

**He was conceived by the power of the Holy Spirit
and born of the Virgin Mary.**

**He suffered under Pontius Pilate,
was crucified, died, and was buried.**

He descended to the dead.

On the third day he rose again.

**He ascended into heaven,
and is seated at the right hand of the Father.**

He will come again to judge the living and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Spirit,
the holy catholic Church,
the communion of saints,
the forgiveness of sins,
the resurrection of the body,
and the life everlasting. Amen.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy Name,
thy kingdom come,
thy will be done,
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those
who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
and the power, and the glory,
for ever and ever. Amen.

THE PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE *All join in the italicized portions*

For our brother Nicholas, let us pray to our Lord Jesus Christ who said, "I am Resurrection and I am Life."

Lord, you consoled Martha and Mary in their distress; draw near to us who mourn for Nicholas, and dry the tears of those who weep.

Hear us, Lord.

You wept at the grave of Lazarus, your friend; comfort us in our sorrow.

Hear us, Lord.

You raised the dead to life; give to our brother eternal life.

Hear us, Lord.

You promised paradise to the thief who repented; bring our brother to the joys of heaven.

Hear us, Lord.

Comfort us in our sorrows at the death of our brother; let our faith be our consolation, and eternal life our hope.

(silence)

Celebrant Lord Jesus Christ, we commend to you our brother Nicholas, who was reborn by water and the Spirit in Holy Baptism. Grant that his death may recall to us your victory over death, and be an occasion for us to renew our trust in your Father's love. Give us, we pray, the faith to follow where you have led the way; and where you live and reign with the Father and the Holy Spirit, to the ages of ages. **Amen.**

The Peace

Celebrant The peace of Christ be always with you.

People **And also with you.**

THE COMMENDATION

The people stand.

The Celebrant and other ministers take their places at the urn. All join in the italicized portions

Celebrant Give rest, O Christ, to your servant with your saints,

People ***where sorrow and pain are no more,
neither sighing, but life everlasting.***

Celebrant You only are immortal, the creator and maker of mankind; and we are mortal, formed of the earth, and to earth shall we return. For so did you ordain when you created me, saying, "You are dust, and to dust you shall return." All of us go down to the dust; yet even at the grave we make our song: Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

People ***Give rest, O Christ, to your servant with your saints,
where sorrow and pain are no more,
neither sighing, but life everlasting.***

The Celebrant, facing the urn says

Into your hands, O merciful Savior, we commend your servant Nicholas. Acknowledge we humbly beseech you, a sheep of your own fold, a lamb of your own flock, a sinner of your own redeeming. Receive him into the arms of your mercy, into the blessed rest of everlasting peace, and into the glorious company of the saints in light. **Amen.**

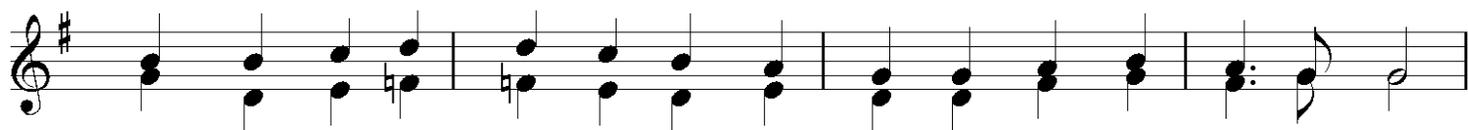
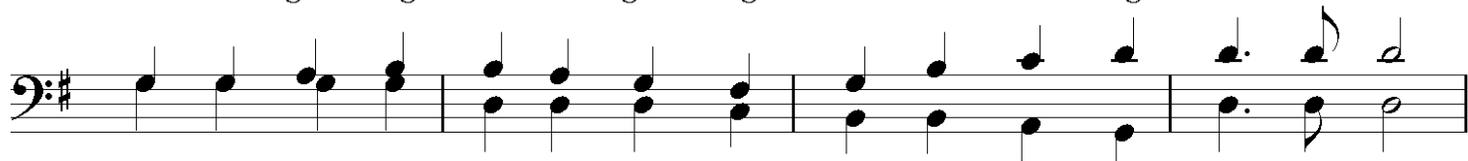
THE BLESSING

Celebrant The peace of God, which passes all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be among you this day, and remain with you always. **Amen.**

CLOSING HYMN • *Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee*



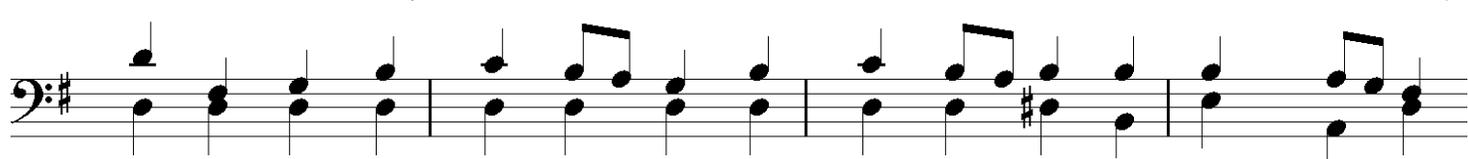
1 Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore thee, God of glo - ry, Lord of love;
 2 All thy works with joy sur-round thee, earth and heaven re - flect thy rays,
 3 Thou art giv - ing and for - giv - ing, ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blest,



hearts un - fold like flowers be - fore thee, prais - ing thee, their sun a - bove.
 stars and an - gels sing a - round thee, cen - ter of un - bro - ken praise.
 well - spring of the joy of liv - ing, o - cean - depth of hap - py rest!



Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness; drive the dark of doubt a - way;
 Field and for - est, vale and moun - tain, bloom - ing mea - dow, flash - ing sea,
 Thou our Fa - ther, Christ our Bro - ther: all who live in love are thine;



giv - er of im - mor - tal glad - ness, fill us with the light of day.
 chant - ing bird and flow - ing foun - tain, call us to re - joice in thee.
 teach us how to love each o - ther, lift us to the joy di - vine.



THE DISMISSAL

Celebrant Alleluia, alleluia. Let us go forth in the name of Christ.

People Thanks be to God. Alleluia, alleluia.

POSTLUDE



Immediately following the service, you are invited to join the family for refreshments outside under the canopy.

In lieu of flowers, Nick's family asks that contributions in his memory be made to one of the following:

YMCA of Haiti

<https://bit.ly/WorldServiceGive>

(Please note in the Comments/Special Instructions box "for YMCA Haiti in memory of Nicholas Ryder")

YMCA of Central Maryland

<https://fundraise.ymaryland.org/give/113923/#!/donation/checkout> or

Maryland SPCA,
3300 Falls Road, Baltimore, MD 21211

<https://mdspca.org>

Your local animal Shelter

NICHOLAS ALEXANDER DUDLEY RYDER

Nicholas Alexander Dudley Ryder, beloved son and a friend to many, passed away in Salt Lake City on July 25, 2021. He was 26.

Nick was a quiet and gentle soul with a huge heart and a sweet sense of humor. His death was another senseless loss in this country's epidemic of substance use.

Born in South Carolina, Nick was adopted at birth and grew up in Silver Spring, MD, where he lived in the same home until leaving for college. He was baptized at Grace Episcopal Church and nurtured at Grace Episcopal Day School. Nick attended McLean High School in Potomac, MD, where he ran cross-country, wrestled, and, not to be bound by convention, went to prom in a white linen suit. Nick was fiercely independent and an out-of-the-box thinker, always striving to do his best, even when things were not easy for him.

Nick loved to read, especially the wry novels of Carl Hiaasen, which followed his dry sense of humor and appreciation of irony. His good humor and generous spirit, along with his good looks and tousled blond hair, charmed peers and adults alike. Nick was a man of few words, but with those he knew, he had an infectious quality that made him great company. Part of Nick's great character was that he seemed almost incapable of being judgmental, and was always present for others facing hardship. His gentleness extended to "fluffies" and "furries" as he called cats and dogs when a youngster, and he tended to befriend the neediest.

Although an avid cyclist for some years, Nick's real passion was for cars. He was slow to recycle car magazines and later much enjoyed a temporary valet job that gave him the opportunity to get behind the wheel of high-end cars.

"Shelby" spent the summers working at Calleva, an outdoor education facility in the Washington D.C. suburbs, cementing his love of the outdoors. That led him, after graduation from McLean, to Springfield College in Massachusetts, from where he graduated in 2018 with a degree in Recreation Management and a minor in YMCA studies.

Nick leaves many heartbroken friends in the greater Washington D.C. and Salt Lake City areas and recovery communities. He is survived by his parents, Christopher Ryder and Lisa Summers, as well as his brother, Jake Hudson, his "nana" Diane Hudson, and his Aunt Jill Hudson, all part of his birth family in South Carolina. In addition to his parents, he is survived by his grandmother Jeanne Ryder, and his uncle Victor Summers and aunt Lotus McElfish.

Nick's birth brought great joy to his grandfather Victor F. Summers and to Margaret Ann Summers, Lisa's mom, who was thrilled to "finally!" have a grandchild. Nick also enjoyed and later

in their lives spent relaxed time with Chris's late father, Richard Dudley Ryder and Chris's late mother Angela Jiovanna (Melotti) Ryder, both vivid characters to whom Nick was drawn. Nick is survived by other loving relatives in the Ryder, Summers, Hudson, Melotti, Fuqua, Quennell and Klinc-Giallombardo families.

Nick was also predeceased by his birth mother, Catherine Hudson and his uncle Mark Campbell Dudley Ryder. Cathy and Mark were also casualties of addiction.

The best memorial to Nick is for us to live our lives fully, in gentleness and peace, being present for those who need us. If you wish to make a donation in Nick's memory (and in lieu of flowers), please consider one of the organizations on page 12.



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e.e. cummings

The Rev. Kevin Antonio Smallwood
Associate Rector, Grace Episcopal Church
Officiant

The Rev. Grey Maggiano
Rector, Memorial Episcopal Church, Baltimore, MD
Preacher

Heather Adelsberger
Organist & Director of Music Ministries
Grace Episcopal Church

Carolyn Braus
Guitarist

Ogden Brown
Acolyte

