

*The wind passeth over it, and it is gone . . . But the mercy of  
the LORD is from everlasting to everlasting . . . Psalm 103:16,17*



PASTOR ALFRED MILLER  
Born June 12, 1928  
Died October 9, 1986

BELOVED FAMILY

Mrs. Eleanor Miller, wife  
Joyce and Jeff Phillips, daughter and son-in-law  
Kristopher Phillips, grandson  
Mrs. Marie Mlynar, mother  
Mr. Arthur Mlynar, brother

IN THE LORD'S SERVICE

Pastor, First Baptist Church, Ionia  
Pastor, First Baptist Church, Tawas City  
Pastor, American Baptist Church, Flint  
Pastor, First Baptist Church, Belding  
Pastor, First Baptist Church, Palo  
Supply Pastor, various churches

And how shall they preach except they be sent? as it  
is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that  
preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings  
of good things!

Romans 10:15 (KJV)

MEMORIAL SERVICE  
October 12, 1986

First Baptist Church  
Palo, Michigan

Organ and Piano Prelude.....Miss Joy Stowe  
Mrs. Wilma Ackerson

Call to Worship

Hymn #391.....Where He Leads Me  
Prayer

Scripture Reading

Pastoral Prayer

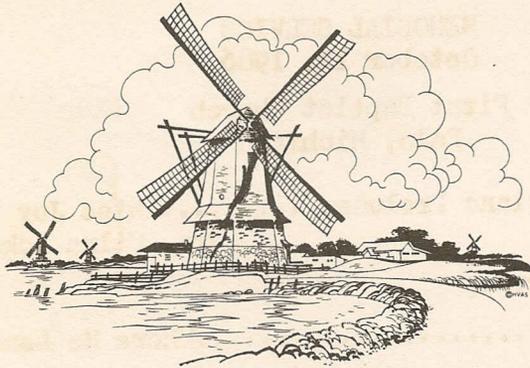
Words of Recognition.....Dr. Delino Eslinger  
Region Associate Minister  
American Baptist Churches of Michigan

Message.....Rev. Charles Hall  
Prayer

Hymn #100.....Mansion Over the Hilltop  
(Folk Hymnal)

Committal at Palo Cemetary

Family and friends are invited to a luncheon served  
in the church basement after the commital service.



# RAINBOWS FOR TOMORROW

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God's mercy and His love extend  
 Beyond the reason of the mind  
 Where only faith can comprehend  
 The pathway of tomorrow.

He heals our bruises, wipes each tear,  
 And guides the way to higher ground,  
 Imparting strength, dispelling fear  
 That we might face tomorrow.

With tenderness He lifts each care  
 And gives a new song in the night,  
 His vision and His joys to share  
 With promise of tomorrow.

When longing for the soul's release  
 From storms that buffet, winds that blow,  
 To those who trust He sends His peace  
 And rainbows for tomorrow.

He longs His power to impart  
 To those who crown Him Lord of all.  
 To those who trust with all their heart  
 There's triumph for tomorrow.

Our gracious Lord supplies each breath  
 And daily leads in pastures new,  
 Then opens in the hour of death  
 The door to His tomorrow.

What joy when on that other shore  
 United with the One we love,  
 We'll share with Him forevermore  
 Eternity's tomorrow.

—Viola Jacobson Berg