

Funeral Service
In Thanksgiving for the Life of
Danalee Kelly Rayment
August 18, 1964 – November 16, 2025



November 29, 2025 – 11:00am

Hosanna Lutheran Church

Officiants: Bishop Trish Schmermund
Rev. Margaret Koizumi

PRELUDE MUSIC

WELCOME AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

PROCESSIONAL: Prelude in D, by S. Rachmaninoff

(Dana asked that this piece, played by Milton as her wedding processional, be played today.)

INTRODUCTION

Welcome in the name of Jesus, our brother, Saviour of the world. We are gathered to worship, to proclaim Christ crucified and risen, to remember before God our sister Dana, to give thanks for her life, to commend her to our merciful redeemer, and to comfort one another in our grief.

CALL TO WORSHIP (*Lamentations 3 and Romans 8*)

P: We loved her,

C: And now she is gone.

P: She was to us, as a flower blossomed in our lives.

C: O how we will miss her.

P: O Lord, is there any comfort for such a time?

C: Is there any light in such a great darkness?

P: Only this, says the prophet: The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases.

C: God's mercies never come to an end;

P: They are new every morning;

C: Great is thy faithfulness.

P: And this, says the Apostle: I am sure that neither death nor life,

C: Nor angels, nor principalities,

P: Nor things present, nor things to come,

C: Nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation,

P: Will be able to separate us

C: From the love of God in Christ Jesus.

P: Even in this great darkness, light shines on for Dana, and for us. Let us worship God.

BAPTISMAL PROMISE

P: The apostle Paul declares that in baptism, we put on Christ. In her baptism, Dana was clothed with Christ. In the day of Christ's coming, she shall be clothed with glory.

GATHERING HYMN: ELW 735 - Mothering God, You Gave Me Birth



1 Moth - er - ing God, you gave me birth in the bright
2 Moth - er - ing Christ, you took my form, of - fer - ing
3 Moth - er - ing Spir - it, nur - t'ring one, in arms of



morn - ing of this world. Cre - a - tor, source of ev - 'ry
me your food of light, grain . . . of life, and grape of
pa - tience hold me close, so that in faith I root and



breath, you are my rain, my wind, my sun.
love, your ver - y bod - y for my peace.
grow un - til I flow'r, un - til I know.

GREETING

P: The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God,
and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all.

C: And also with you.

PRAYER OF THE DAY

P: Let us pray.

O God of grace and glory, we remember before you today our sister,
Dana. We thank you for giving her to us to know and to love as a
companion in our pilgrimage on earth. In your boundless compassion,
console us who mourn. Give us faith to see that death has been
swallowed up in the victory of our Lord Jesus Christ, so that we may live
in confidence and hope until, by your call, we are gathered to our
heavenly home in the company of all your saints; through Jesus Christ,
our Savior and Lord.

C: Amen.

CHOIR ANTHEM: Rise Up, My Love, My Fair One, by Healey Willan

*Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away;
for lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;
the flowers appear upon the earth;
the time of the singing of birds is come;
arise my life, my fair one, and come away.*

(Note: this anthem's words are from Song of Solomon 2:10-13, a text Dana and Richard chose for their wedding.)

PSALM 46

REFRAIN: (choir sings once, assembly sings once)



Though the earth shall change, though the moun-tains trem-ble,



though the wa - ters rage, you, God, are here.



Though the na-tions war, though the peo-ple's bat-tle,



though the em - pire fal - ters, we will not fear.

¹God is our refuge and strength,

a very present help in trouble.

²Therefore we will not fear, though the earth be moved,

and though the mountains shake in the depths of the sea;

³though its waters rage and foam,

and though the mountains tremble with its tumult. **Refrain**

⁴There is a river whose streams make glad the city of God,

the holy habitation of the Most High.

⁵God is in the midst of the city; it shall not be shaken;

God shall help it at the break of day.

⁶The nations rage, and the kingdoms shake;

God speaks, and the earth melts away.

⁷The LORD of hosts is with us;

the God of Jacob is our stronghold. **Refrain**

⁸Come now, regard the works of the LORD,

what desolations God has brought upon the earth;

⁹behold the one who makes war to cease in all the world;

who breaks the bow, and shatters the spear, and burns the shields with fire.

¹⁰Be still, then, and know that I am God;

I will be exalted among the nations; I will be exalted in the earth."

¹¹The LORD of hosts is with us;

the God of Jacob is our stronghold. **Refrain**

SECOND READING: Revelation 22:1-5

¹Then the angel showed me the river of the water of life, bright as crystal, flowing from the throne of God and of the Lamb ²through the middle of the street of the city. On either side of the river is the tree of life with its twelve kinds of fruit, producing its fruit each month, and the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations. ³Nothing accursed will be found there any more. But the throne of God and of the Lamb will be in it, and his servants will worship him; ⁴they will see his face, and his name will be on their foreheads. ⁵And there will be no more night; they need no light of lamp or sun, for the Lord God will be their light, and they will reign forever and ever.

GOSPEL: Matthew 26:6-12

⁶Now while Jesus was at Bethany in the house of Simon the leper, ⁷a woman came to him with an alabaster jar of very costly ointment, and she poured it on his head as he sat at the table. ⁸But when the disciples saw it, they were angry and said, “Why this waste? ⁹For this ointment could have been sold for a large sum and the money given to the poor.” ¹⁰But Jesus, aware of this, said to them, “Why do you trouble the woman? She has performed a good service for me. ¹¹For you always have the poor with you, but you will not always have me. ¹²By pouring this ointment on my body she has prepared me for burial. ¹³Truly I tell you, wherever this good news is proclaimed in the whole world, what she has done will be told in remembrance of her.”

SERMON

HYMN OF THE DAY: ELW 732 - Borning Cry



- 1 "I was there to hear your born-ing cry, I'll be there when you are old.
- 2 "When you heard the won-der of the Word I was there to cheer you on;
- 3 "In the mid-dle a - ges of your life, not too old, no lon - ger young,



I re - joiced the day you were bap-tized to see your life un - fold.
you were raised to praise the liv - ing Lord, to whom you now be - long.
I'll be there to guide you through the night, com-plete what I've be - gun.





I was there when you were but a child, with a faith to suit you well;
If you find some-one to share your time and you join your hearts as one,
When the eve-ning gent-ly clos-es in and you shut your wea-ry eyes,



in a blaze of light you wan-dered off to find where de-mons dwell!"
I'll be there to make your vers-es rhyme from dusk till ris-ing sun."
I'll be there as I have al-ways been, with just one more sur-prise."



4 "I was there to hear your born-ing cry, I'll be there when you are old.



I re-joiced the day you were bap-tized to see your life un-fold!"

PRAYERS OF INTERCESSION

Led by the Spirit, let us turn to God in prayer for the church, the world, and all those in need.

A brief silence.

Holy God, you gather your church in every time and place. Like a mothering hen, you long to gather your children under your wings. We thank you for Dana's fierce spirit, her strong mind, her deep courage and unwavering sense of calling in ministry and in art. As you called her to push the boundaries of how and where we might encounter you, especially through embodiment and in places of the unknown, we give thanks for her journey that helped many experience grace in unexpected places. By your Spirit of Wisdom, Sophia, make your church just as brave, just as honest, and just as open to your liberating love. God of mercy, **receive our prayer.**

Creating God, you have filled the world with beauty and abundance. You are midwife to creation, breathing life into soil, sea and sky. We remember with gratitude Dana's delight in gardens, food, movement, colour and art; her love of nature and for the creatures who so clearly loved her back through the tenderness and trust they placed in her. Inspire us to tend the earth and all its creatures with the same care and wonder, so that all your creation may flourish. God of creation, **receive our prayer.**

God of justice and compassion, you overturn unjust thrones and lift up the lowly; you stand with those who march, protest and persist. Dana was no stranger to heartache, and abuse and yet she stood strong, refusing to be brought down by oppression. We thank you for her fierce commitment to justice, especially for those on the margins and for her solidarity with those who have been harmed and insisting on safety, dignity and equity in the church and in the world- especially women, queer and trans folk, and all whose voices are silenced or dismissed. God of justice, **receive our prayer.**

Tender God, you draw near to the broken-hearted. Like a mother hen gathering her brood, hold close all who mourn Dana's death: especially her husband Richard, her mother, Christine, her siblings, Alfred, Brent and Pam, and their spouses, Deborah, Simone, and Michael, her nieces and nephews, her grand-nieces and grand-nephews, and her wide circle of chosen family, students, colleagues and friends. Tuck them under the shelter of your wings; honour their grief, steady them in their questions, and surround them with companions who can hold their stories with gentleness and care. God of comfort, **receive our prayer.**

God of life, you knit us together in the great communion of saints: we remember here today not only Dana but those who have gone before her. Her father, Danny; grandparents, Alfred and Jean, and Walter and Jenny; and relatives, Orest, and Shirley, Ihor, Raymond, Melvin and Helen, Norma and Wendell, Larry and Arlene; Les; Heather; Kristen; Briar; parents-in-law, Carl and Ann; brother-in-law, Bernhard. We give thanks for those who poured out their love onto Dana and shaped her. You who birth us into life and hold us in death, keep us in that same trust until we too are gathered into your light with all your saints in glory. God of the communion of saints, **receive our prayer.**

Receive the prayers of your people, O God, and fold all things into your love, through Jesus Christ, holy Wisdom made flesh, who like a midwife stays beside us as new life is born from sorrow. **Amen.**

LORD'S PRAYER (*Version from the New Zealand Prayer Book*)

Eternal Spirit

Earth-Maker, Pain-bearer, Life-giver,

source of all that is and that shall be,

Father and Mother of us all. Loving God, in whom is heaven.

The hallowing of your name echoes through the universe!

The way of your justice be followed by the peoples of the earth!

Your heavenly will be done by all created beings!

Your commonwealth of peace and freedom



sustain our hope and come on earth.
 With the bread we need for today, feed us.
 In the hurts we absorb from one another, forgive us.
 In times of temptation and test, spare us.
 From the grip of all that is evil, free us.
 For you reign in the glory of the power that is love,
 now and forever.

COMMENDATION

Let us commend Dana to the mercy of God, our maker and redeemer.

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

C: Amen.

SENDING HYMN: ELW 543 - Go, My Children, With My Blessing



1 "Go, my chil - dren, with my bless - ing, nev - er a - lone.
 2 "Go, my chil - dren, sins for - giv - en, at peace and pure.
 3 "Go, my chil - dren, fed and nour - ished, clos - er to me.



Wak - ing, sleep - ing, I am with you, you are my own.
 Here you learned how much I love you, what I can cure.
 Grow in love and love by serv - ing, joy - ful and free.



In my love's bap - tis - mal riv - er I have made you mine for - ev - er.
 Here you heard my dear Son's sto - ry, here you touched him, saw his glo - ry.
 Here my Spir - it's pow - er filled you, here my ten - der com - fort stilled you.



Go, my chil - dren, with my bless - ing, you are my own."
 Go, my chil - dren, sins for - giv - en, at peace and pure."
 Go, my chil - dren, fed and nour - ished, joy - ful and free."

CONGREGATIONAL BLESSING

God grant to the living grace,
to the departed rest,
to all nations and people,
unity, peace and concord,
and to us and all God's servants,
life everlasting;
and the blessing of God almighty,
the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit,
be among you and remain with you always.

DISMISSAL

Let us go forth in peace,
C: in the name of Christ. Amen.

POSTLUDE

Interment to follow the lunch at:
Glenwood Funeral Home & Cemetery
52356 Range Road 232, Sherwood Park

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The family of Danalee Rayment wishes to thank you for your presence today, your prayers, and your expressions of sympathy. They invite you to attend a light reception after the service.

PALLBEARERS

Alfred Rayment
Brent Rayment
Michael Evans
Prosper Rayment-Evans
David Mockford
Nancy Julien

SERVICE PARTICIPANTS

Preacher Bishop Trish Schmermund

Officiant Rev. Margaret Koizumi

Musicians Dr. Milton Schlosser
Darryl Dewalt
Kari Heise
Rev. Elly McHan
Dr. Rob Curtis

Reader Rev. John Lentz

Livestream Rev. Dr. James Hendricksen
Helena Hendricksen

Slideshow Mark Koeppen

Catering Bob Ronnie Catering

Thanks as well to all the other people who worked hard to make this service possible.

Danalee Kelly Rayment *August 18, 1964 - November 16, 2025*

“Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away ...”

Dana Rayment, beloved wife, daughter, auntie, friend, died Sunday, November 16th, 2025, peacefully, taking her last breath following a glorious sunrise, held by her husband and surrounded in love by immediate family.

Her husband, Richard Reimer, would often say that while he got lost in the trees, Dana saw the forest—that is, the vastness of life, its possibilities, its mystery, its beauty, its invitation. She seized all of it as terrain for the imagination, fearless in a dizzying array of media: ballroom and modern dance, photography, glass fusing, jewelry making, encaustic, painting, sketching, theatre, Pilates, and spiritual care. And she turned her enormous creativity to food, an inveterate gardener, growing heirloom tomatoes from seed she’d ferment annually—140 plants this

year (!) for salsa, pasta sauces, tomato juice—tomatillos, purple cabbage, borage, nasturtiums, a riot of vegetal colour. An outstanding cook, many will recall the delicious hospitality (with some experimental exceptions!) that flowed from her kitchen.

A lover of her Ukrainian heritage, she relished traditions passed on by her Baba and mother, drawing intricate ‘pysanky’ (Easter eggs) and baking ‘kolach’ (braided bread), and teaching these things to generations of students gathered by Lutheran Campus Ministry at the University of Alberta, where her husband served as a Chaplain. She herself took the expansion of the ministry into NAIT and MacEwan University from fledgling to flourishing as a Chaplain using the creative media of art, singing bowls, meditation, and ‘yurt yaks’ (more later).

Her spirituality was, as she said, ‘Christian with bits’—as a feminist, and survivor of sexual abuse experienced in the church, fighting to raise up the stories and perspectives of women, and feminine imagery for the divine, ignored, marginalized, excluded in a history and hierarchy privileging men. She practiced an inclusive spiritual caregiving that utilized art as a means of self-exploration, and included potlucks and cooking lessons in her home, and painting in the gazebo, to foster community among students from a wide diversity of nationalities, races and creeds, men, women and those who identify otherwise. And it wasn’t without humour—as those who came across a ‘yurt yak’ that she and her Jewish colleague set up in the middle of a NAIT hallway, with the invitation to candy and the sharing of “Ghost Stories from Around the World!”

Dana was a loyal friend, open, passionate, vulnerable, and her ‘chosen family’ extended into many communities, especially in the arts, volunteering on the boards of AMAAS (Alberta Media Arts Alliance Society), and FAVA (Film and Visual Arts Society of Alberta), making films for its Gotta Minute Festival, and shared with Bobbi Westman in the directorship of Theatre of the New Heart, focusing its mandate on supporting ‘emerging’ productions to the benefit of many local theatre companies. Through theatre she turned pain into catharsis. In “The Adventures of Ayla and Avalon,” staged at the Fringe Festival, she chronicled the ‘renovation gone wrong’ of her basement Pilates studio from the perspective of her cats, their snide comments about the unscrupulous contractor making children giggle, and their toppling of the ladder as he reached the top rung, witnessed in shadow behind a scrim, suggesting for adults the ultimate revenge! And out of the ashes of her experience with infertility, she wrote and produced, “The Photo,” plumbing a photographer couple’s agony over a stillbirth through the fiction of witnessing in photos her growth to adulthood, eventually

coming back to reality in the framing, with their stillborn, of a final, still photo.

For all her independence, Dana was fiercely devoted to her family and loved them deeply. She is survived by her mother, Christine Rayment; her siblings, Alfred (Debbie), Brent (Simone), Pam (Michael); and her nieces and nephews, Madeline (Skylar), Natasha (Riley), Piper, Aidyn (Mackenzie), Amber, Sage, Eric (Suzanne), Nikolai (Mae) and Prosper; and her great nieces and nephews, Esme, Henry, Cedric and Ayla.

She was predeceased by her father, Danny Rayment.

Diagnosis with end stage pancreatic cancer was crushing, but Dana lived with determination to the end. She will be missed beyond measuring by her husband, for whom she was closest confidante, wise counsel, adventuring companion, gorgeous beauty and dearest friend. Reaching their 35th anniversary, September 1st, he wrote, referencing their wedding text from Song of Songs, "You are 'my love, my fair one', I'm so lucky to have come away with you!"

Richard would like to thank those who constructed the back yard solarium Dana had always wanted: Rick Mast, Markus Wilhelm, and Mark Koeppen, the volunteer crew who prepared the way by disposing of the 'ratty' old gazebo and furniture; and Ken Schmermund, and son, Brandon, of Vast Improvements, who completely readjusted their calendar to complete the construction, with help from Alf Rayment, in time for Dana's birthday!

To Brenda Young, who was Dana's nurse advocate and came alongside her throughout the ordeal of these past months, I am so grateful for your unconditional gift.

And a special thanks to the physicians, nurses, chaplains and staff of the Cross Cancer Institute, the Palliative Home Care Service of Pilgrim's Hospice, and especially the Tertiary Palliative Care Unit at the Grey Nuns Hospital.

If you wish to remember Dana best, grow a tomato plant and enjoy its fruit. Or, if you would like to make a memorial donation, direct it to Amnesty International, a non-profit dear to Dana, the Tertiary Palliative Care Unit at the Grey Nuns Hospital or Pilgrim's Hospice.