



Celebrating the  
Life of  
Mary Elizabeth "Polly"  
Lowry  
1930-2007

*Memorial Service*  
*October 27, 2007*  
*1 pm*

*We have one lifetime on earth to come to know God, to love  
Him and to serve Him in this world and to be with Him  
forever in the next.*

**SERVICE**

**Prelude Music** Susan Morehouse, harpist

**Prayer** Pastor Tony Martorana  
*Joy Community Church*

**Readings, Grandchildren**

Joel *Matthew 6:19-21*  
Johanna *Proverbs 31:10-12*  
Sarah *John 14:1-6*  
Nathan *"The Ship"*

**In Honor of Polly's Life, Children**

Harold Lowry Jr.  
Susan Morehouse  
Tom Lowry

**Special Song**

Susan Morehouse *Danny Boy*

**God's Word shared**

Pastor Tony Martorana

**Closing**

All - *Amazing Grace*



## **Mary Elizabeth “Polly” Lowry**

Irondequoit: Thursday, October 18, 2007 at the age of 77. Predeceased by her sister, Sarah Zimmermann and brother, Will Robison. Mrs. Lowry is survived by her loving husband of 57 years, Harold children, Hal Jr. (Carol), Susan (Bill) Morehouse, Tom (JoAnn); grandchildren, Malcolm, Melissa, Dillon, Delaney, Sarah, Nathan (Kari), Johanna, Joel, Meghan and Julia; great-granddaughter, Zoya; brother, Charles D. (Betty) Robison; many nieces, nephews and friends. Polly was an excellent tennis player and at the age of 17 she won the Nebraska State Title for Women’s Tennis. She loved to swim and more importantly teach children to swim. Polly taught at the YMCA Backyard program for over 16 years. Polly had a love of gardening and was a strong supporter of the RPO. She was a member of the Rochester Yacht Club for 27 years, where she ran the duplicate bridge game. She enthusiastically shared her interests with family and friends.



## *The Ship*

A Parable of Immortality  
by Henry Van Dyke

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength. I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white clouds just where the sea and sky come to mingle with each other.

Then someone at my side says: "There, she is gone!"

"Gone where?"

Gone from my sight. That is all.

She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side, and she is just as able to bear the load of living freight to her destined port. Her diminished size is in me, not in her.

And just at the moment when someone at my side says: "There, she is gone!" there are other eyes watching her coming, and other voices ready to take the glad shout:

"Here she comes!"