

Jim's memorial service video: 4/9/2022

Have to sign into zoom to see it, and put in the passcode.

<https://us02web.zoom.us/rec/share/Lxp8p8-lfNjCDirpq0KEdJbv6Pb1kXfyJJsh3ZJqHJWLixiu10vrnO-JncOhwunO.wnsXLd362K9tCDPe>

passcode 1azf9+j1

0:11:45 - 0:15:00 sisters-in-law Jennifer Worley and Mary Ray Worley sing Psalm of Life

0:53:00 - 0:56:20 sisters-in-law Jennifer and Mary sing How Can I Keep from Singing?

This table of contents is at:

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1luUDzHToWceJISNNOmAw0AuFfsC2ojSDdDpP7pfu_no/edit

0:00:00 organ prelude

0:03:00 Pastor Heidi Weatherford

0:05:15 hymn: Make Me a Channel of Your Peace

0:07:20 Pastor Heidi Weatherford

0:08:00 uncle Mark Juergensmeyer reads Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

0:10:30 cousin Margie Juergensmeyer reads Sam's Song from The Return of the King

0:11:45 sisters-in-law Jennifer Worley and Mary Ray Worley sing Psalm of Life

0:15:00 Pastor Heidi Weatherford reads Proverbs 17:17

0:15:30 nephew Sean Worley reads Corinthians 13:1-13

0:17:00 Pastor Heidi Weatherford

0:18:40 friend Andy Stone

0:22:15 brother Fred Worley

0:35:10 Uncle Mark

0:42:10 friend Flint Pellett

0:45:45 daughter Moira Worley

0:47:15 Pastor Heidi Weatherford

0:51:15 sister-in-law Jennifer and brother Fred read We Remember Them

0:53:00 sisters-in-law Jennifer and Mary sing How Can I Keep from Singing?

0:56:20 Pastor Heidi Weatherford: Prayer of Thanksgiving; Maori Lord's Prayer; prayers of commendation

1:00:20 Morning Has Broken

1:02:30 cousins Fran, Brian, Kiersten Juergensmeyer read closing prayers

1:03:25 Pastor Heidi Weatherford: benediction

1:03:45 organ postlude, Yohei Endo, organist

1:11:55 end

Fred: My remarks from Jim's memorial service are here:

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1dQ3qAhQYsyqH7jwpu1fTrlv9WxOIAdIgSHUeoN2Gdsw/edit?usp=sharing>

The photos we showed on the slideshow at the reception are here:

https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1EbuB-l7dm3R46ISx7pl1CQsNC_Jps5kl?usp=sharing

The Zoom recording is here:

https://us02web.zoom.us/rec/share/_LWCMtdphliVwh-LGzIncKadxqFkR9fJDaNwrVj1MRINRv512gSPMUA7BVTtskUh.RLIncchvfzNh_HOt?startTime=1649527648000 (Passcode: 1azf9+j1)

Feel free to share all of the above with the Uni crew / whoever else is appropriate.

Love,

Fred

Andy Stone:

There is something about the people you have known since early in your life that give you a sense of place, of home, of continuity. This was the gift of Jim's friendship with me. I'd like to remember three things about him.

1) **Jim was steadfast and loyal.** Jim was the friend I had the longest – for we were together in school from age 4 through 18 – through the Child Development Laboratory, Yankee Ridge, Urbana Junior High and Uni High, and reunited countless times since. For me, Jim was a part of Urbana, a part of home.

Jim was a reliable friend, even when I couldn't provide the most sparkling entertainment. I remember us at about 5 or 6, sitting in my back yard, on a warm summer afternoon, exchanging the following:

"What do you want to do, Andy?"

"I don't know, what do you want to do, Jim?"

We almost always found something to do. Jim acquired special prestige as the son of my cub scout den mother, Mrs. Carolyn Worley. By senior year in High School, Jim was our class President and as always, my friend. In my Senior yearbook he wrote, "Just because you are going away, don't think you have heard the last from me. A good friend is a good friend...." In subsequent years, except for his years in Normal, a visit home involved a visit to Jim, a meal or a coffee and, many times, a round of mini golf (which Jim invariably won). My kids learned to love our Urbana meet-ups with Jim at Orchard Lanes and Links.

And after almost 60 years of friendship, I was very touched when, in his final hospital stay, Jim and I exchanged a phrase we had not felt comfortable with before, "I love you."

2) **Jim had a wry sense of humor.** In my sophomore yearbook, when we were 16, Jim wrote, "Dear Andy: I have only known you for 12 years...hope to get better

acquainted.” By senior year Jim noted, “It certainly has been a long time.” Jim’s smile will live with me for a very long time.

3) **Jim had a sense of hope, faith and optimism.** I remember as a youth Jim told me, “You know if you can sell a golf ball for a million dollars, you only need to sell one!” Jim was far more entrepreneurial than I was – launching his own business – Grog’s. I remember, whatever challenges life dealt him, Jim retained hope for the future and a positive sense of what was to come. Jim saw the brightness in his family and in what life offered him. And I felt the hope, the faithfulness, the loyal friendship of Jim. Jim, I miss you, my friend.

Fred: Memories of my brother James

Fearless. My brother James was fearless. Now I’m the little brother, and since he was 7 years older everything he did was always big and brave to me. But as I grew older, I realized that at pretty much any age he was willing to jump in and do things that would scare the pants off of me. In high school, he ran for Senior Class President and *gulp* -talked-to- other people – some of whom were older than himself! He could speak in public, was great at meeting new people, friendly and outgoing – when I was in high school these things terrified me, but there he was – smiling, laughing, making it look easy.

It was a hard example for a little brother to follow. I tried, mind you. He became an Eagle Scout and I became an Eagle Scout. He studied French and I studied French. He went to the U of I and I went to the U of I. I watched him go off to work to be a programmer, writing software for BYU in Utah, for Bell Helicopter in Texas, and for GIST in Savoy. And I got a job as a programmer at GIST in Savoy, too.

Then he did something that I don’t think I could ever do - he went into business for himself, running a Grog’s Pizza restaurant in Normal, making all the decisions and having to make enough money to pay others and rent, leaping into that role with no experience, no training, and no fear. I’ve never seen anyone work harder at anything than Jim did at Grog’s.

So many times I would watch him jump in and do, especially when helping others, with faith that things would turn out alright in the end. Whether he was facing a dragon in a DnD game, or flying to Central America to help build a school, or any time a friend, his family, or especially his children needed help, he would be there - with no thought to himself, moving heaven and earth to get whatever it was done.

When our mother turned 60 she was diagnosed with Parkinson’s disease. Before she turned 70 she needed significant care, which our Dad, 11 years her senior, was less able to provide. Jim moved home to take care of them, and stayed with them, as that terrible disease progressed, for the rest of their lives. It didn’t matter that Urbana didn’t have great job prospects for him then. He took whatever job he could to be home to help Mom

and Dad, and let Tom and me continue our work in Wisconsin and California. He said yes, he jumped in, he never looked back.

He really was fearless.

He was also a great big brother.

- Taught me to play ping-pong
- Taught me out to throw a football
- Taught me how to drive a car
- Spent time with me
- As I got older Jim invited me into his life and took me along to things he did with his friends, even though he was in College and I was just barely in high school
 - My first DnD game
 - My first Plato signon
 - My first all-nighter
 - (ok, maybe some of those things may not have been great to my Mom, but I thought they were pretty great at the time)

Now we did, occasionally, pick on each other.

In the readings today is Proverbs, 17:17. The translation used today is from the New International Version, but in our family we were fond of the translation in the Good News Bible from the 1970s. It read "Friends always show their love. **What are brothers for** if not to share trouble?" That was an often asked question in our household. "What are brothers for?" If even Solomon, famed for his wisdom and author of Proverbs, couldn't figure it out, we were at a loss. And sharing trouble, that seemed to fit as well - we certainly shared a lot of trouble with each other - if your brother has a little trouble he could always use some more, right? And nothing could possibly be tastier than your brother's french fries - especially if you get the first one, before they have had any - clearly that one is the best. We had a fine example from our uncles that "brotherly love" involved a fair amount of picking on each other. They taught us that "sible" is actually a verb, as in "Mom, he's sibling me!"

But despite all of that, or perhaps because of it, we learned how important we are to one another. Even when affection is expressed outwardly as "nobody picks on my brother but me!", I knew that I had someone in my life that cared for me deeply, that would put me first, that would move mountains for me in a time of need.

And I had an example in my life of the benefits of building relationships. Jim always seemed to have so many great friends, and I was struck by how, after his long struggle with heart failure and the brave decision to come home, a dozen friends he'd known from work, gaming, high school, even preschool, came to welcome him home. I just can't tell you all how much he, and I, appreciate that. But that is another gift he gave me - the understanding of the enormous value of those relationships. That those relationships are worth the work of pushing past the fear. Even though it took me 35 years to be able to do the things he did so easily in high school - to speak in public, to be the person who reaches out to say hello to someone new - I finally learned to follow that example as well.

It's hard to think about not having that example to follow forward. For so long, I've been able to follow that light, to depend on someone who could show me how to be generous, loving, caring. How to be someone that I wanted to be when I grew up.

I miss him terribly.

But I'm grateful. Grateful for his life. Grateful for his example. Grateful for his love.

Messages about Jim in the Uni High Class of '76 group

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1pX27JCKheNcSwLqUgH6C3Xhfh9nWmaixEeqklCjYypg/edit>

Obituary: <https://www.owensfuneralhomes.com/obituary/James-Worley>

James Logan Worley, born April 21, 1958 to Carolyn and Will Worley, passed away at his home in Urbana, IL on February 1st, 2022. Beloved brother of Thomas Ray Worley (Mary) and Fred B. Worley (Jennifer), beloved husband of Eleisha Whitney-Olson, devoted father to daughter Moira Elise Worley and son Ian James Weikle. Doting grandfather of Lilyanna Rose Marie Parrish (6), Lyla Parrish (9), Riley Parrish (10), Alyssa Selwyn (2), and Phoebe Selwyn (1) as well as 2 nieces, a nephew and many dearly loved cousins, aunts and an uncle. He also leaves behind many great friends, including Andrew Stone, Max Wei, Gerhard Lueschen, Flint and Nancy Jane Pellet, Doug Drew, Tom Kirtz, Scott Ellison, Shane Barbee, Frank Trainer, and their families, as well as many others. James was an alumnus of the University of Illinois with a BA in Political Science. He graduated from University High School, where he served as senior-class president, and Yankee Ridge Elementary in Urbana, IL. After careers as a software engineer in Texas and Utah and as the owner of a Grog's Pizza franchise in Normal, IL, James returned to his Urbana home to care for his aging parents. He remained in Urbana at his boyhood home. James greatly enjoyed games of strategy, from his time on Uni High's championship chess team throughout his adult life. James was grateful to the Cleveland Clinic, Cleveland, OH, for their care during his extensive battle with right-side heart failure.

Memorial services were held on Saturday, April 9th, 2022, at McKinley Church and Foundation at 809 S. Fifth St. in Champaign, IL, with a visitation from 11am to 1pm, a memorial service at 1pm, followed by burial of cremated remains at Woodlawn Cemetery in Urbana, IL.

Online condolences may be offered at www.owensfuneralhomes.com.