

*A Celebration of the Life*  
*of*  
*Col. Henry Gordon Hamby III*



**March 1, 1943 – July 25, 2021**

Emmanuel Episcopal Church  
1608 Russell Road  
Alexandria, VA 22301

**In keeping with guidance from the CDC, the City of Alexandria and the Diocese of Virginia, during indoor worship services masks are required and we ask that you respectfully social distance 6 feet from one another when choosing a pew.**

**Thank you for your support and cooperation.**

# A Celebration of the Life of Col. Henry Gordon Hamby III

August 27, 2021 — 11:00 am

*Our liturgy from the Book of Common Prayer is included in this leaflet for your convenience. The people's parts are in bold typeface.*

## **Prelude**

Be Thou My Vision

*Paul Manz*

## **Opening Anthem**

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 he 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.



# Processional Hymn 688

## A Mighty Fortress is Our God

1 A might - y for - tress is our God, a bul - wark nev - er  
 2 Did we in our own strength con - fide, our striv - ing would be  
 3 And though this world, with dev - ils filled, should threat - en to un -  
 4 That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, no thanks to them, a -

fail - ing; our help - er he a - mid the flood  
 los - ing; were not the right man on our side,  
 do us; we will not fear, for God hath willed  
 bid - eth; the Spi - rit and the gifts are ours

of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing; for still our an - cient foe  
 the man of God's own choos - ing; dost ask who that may be?  
 his truth to tri - umph through us; the prince of dark - ness grim,  
 through him who with us sid - eth: let goods and kin - dred go,

doth seek to work us woe; his craft and power are great,  
 Christ Je - sus, it is he; Lord Sa - ba - oth his Name,  
 we trem - ble not for him; his rage we can en - dure,  
 this mor - tal life al - so; the bo - dy they may kill:

and, armed with cru - el hate, on earth is not his e - qual.  
 from age to age the same, and he must win the bat - tle.  
 for lo! his doom is sure, one lit - tle word shall fell him.  
 God's truth a - bid - eth still, his king - dom is for ev - er.

*When all are in place, the Celebrant says*

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 Tack 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.**

*The people sit.*

## **Old Testament Reading**

Read by Miles Hamby

A Reading from the Book of Isaiah

Isaiah 61:1-3

The spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord has anointed me; he has sent me to bring good news to the oppressed, to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and release to the prisoners; to proclaim the year of the Lord's favor, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all who mourn; to provide for those who mourn in Zion— to give them a garland instead of ashes, the oil of gladness instead of mourning, the mantle of praise instead of a faint spirit. They will be called oaks of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, to display his glory.

*Reader*

Hear what the Spirit is saying to God's people.

*People*

**Thanks be to God.**

## **Psalm 23**

Read by Miles Hamby  
Celebrant

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He makes me to lie down in green pastures: he leads me beside the still waters.

He revives my soul: he guides me in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake.

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for you are with me; your rod and your staff they comfort me.

You spread a table before me in the presence of those who trouble me: you have anointed my head with oil; my cup is running over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

## Sequence Hymn 488

## Be Thou My Vision



1 Be thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;  
2 Be thou my wis - dom, and thou my true word;  
3 High King of hea - ven, when vic - tory is won,



all else be nought to me, save that thou art—  
I ev - er with thee and thou with me, Lord;  
may I reach hea - ven's joys, bright hea - ven's Sun!



thou my best thought, — by day or by night,  
thou my great Fa - ther; thine own may I be;  
Heart of my heart, — what - ev - er be - fall,



wak - ing or sleep - ing, thy pres - ence my light.  
thou in me dwell - ing, and I one with thee.  
still be my vis - ion, O Ru - ler of all.

*Please stand as you are able.*

## The Gospel Reading

Matthew 5:14-16

*Reader* The Holy Gospel of our Savior Jesus Christ according to Matthew.

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

“You are the light of the world. A city built on a hill cannot be hid. No one after lighting a lamp puts it under the bushel basket, but on the lampstand, and it gives light to all in the house. In the same way, let your light shine before others, so that they may see your good works and give glory to your Father in heaven.”

*Reader* The Gospel of our Savior.

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

*Please be seated.*

## Homily

The Rev. Charles C. McCoart, Jr.

## Words of Remembrance

Bix Hamby



## The Prayers of the People

Read by Jonathan Hamby

For our brother, 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 Tack, 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.**

Our brother's creative soul was a gift of God, whose work bore witness to the grace and beauty of this world. Welcome him into your communion of saints.

**Hear us, Lord.**

Nurtured and nourished by family and friends, grant him a place at the table in your heavenly kingdom.

**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.

**Hear us, Lord.**

*Silence may be kept.*

*Celebrant* Father of all, we pray to you for Tack, and for all those whom we love but see no longer. Grant to them eternal rest. Let light perpetual shine upon them. May his soul and the souls of all the departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. **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 Peace

*Celebrant* The peace of Christ be always with you.

*People* **And also with you.**

*Remaining in place, the Ministers and People may greet one another with a friendly gesture in the name of Christ.*

## The Commendation

*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 humankind; and we are mortal, formed of the earth, and to earth shall we return. For so did you ordain when you created us, 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.**

*Celebrant* Into your hands, O merciful Savior, we commend your servant Tack. 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.

*People* **Amen.**

Christ is risen from the dead, trampling down death by death, and giving life to those in the tomb.

The Sun of Righteousness is gloriously risen, giving light to those who sat in darkness and in the shadow of death.

The Lord will guide our feet into the way of peace, having taken away the sin of the world.

Tack, into paradise may the angels lead you. At your coming may the martyrs receive you, and bring you into the holy city Jerusalem.

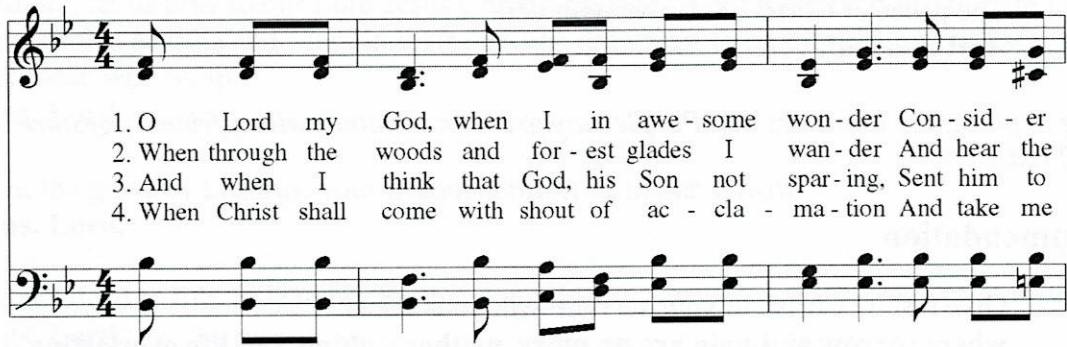
## The Blessing

May Almighty God, who has redeemed us and made us his children through the resurrection of his Son our Lord, bestow upon you the riches of his blessing. And the blessing of God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, be upon you and remain with you for ever. **Amen.**

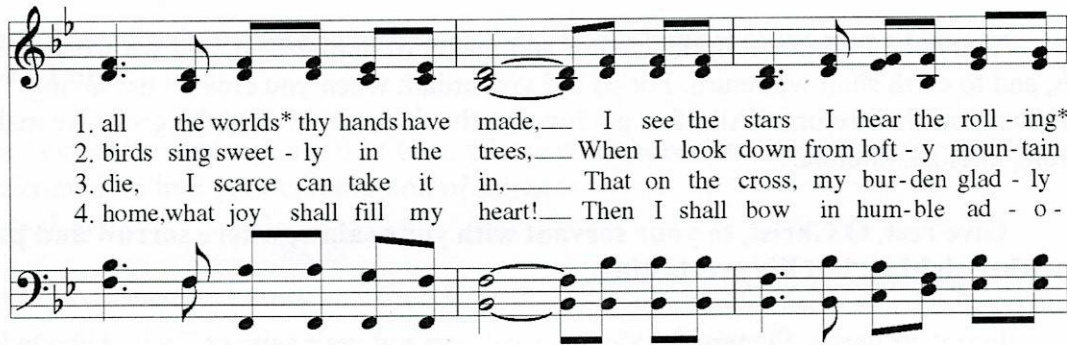


# Recessional Hymn

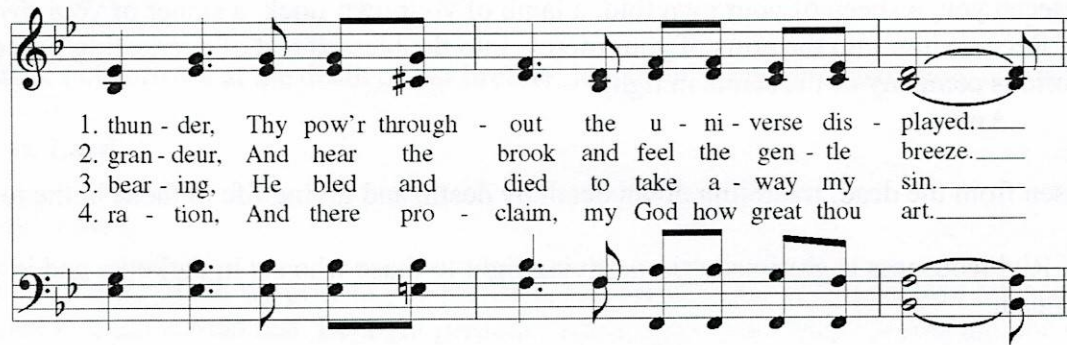
## How Great Thou Art



1. O Lord my God, when I in awe - some won - der Con - sid - er  
2. When through the woods and for - est glades I wan - der And hear the  
3. And when I think that God, his Son not spar - ing, Sent him to  
4. When Christ shall come with shout of ac - cla - ma - tion And take me



1. all the worlds\* thy hands have made, — I see the stars I hear the roll - ing\*  
2. birds sing sweet - ly in the trees, — When I look down from loft - y moun - tain  
3. die, I scarce can take it in, — That on the cross, my bur - den glad - ly  
4. home, what joy shall fill my heart! — Then I shall bow in hum - ble ad - o -



1. thun - der, Thy pow'r through - out the u - ni - verse dis - played. —  
2. gran - deur, And hear the brook and feel the gen - tle breeze. —  
3. bear - ing, He bled and died to take a - way my sin. —  
4. ra - tion, And there pro - claim, my God how great thou art. —



Then sings my soul, my Sav - ior, God, to Thee: — How great Thou

\*The translator's original words are "works" and "mighty."



art, — how great Thou art! — Then sings my soul, my Sav - ior, God, to  
 Thee: — How great Thou art, — how great Thou art! —

**The Dismissal**

*Celebrant* Let us go forth in the name of Christ.  
*People* **Thanks be to God.**

**Postlude**

Now Thank We All Our God

*Bach arr. Claude Means*



The Rev. Charles C. McCoart, Jr., Presider  
 Nancy Swingle, Organist  
 Barbara Burke, Cantor

*In lieu of flowers, people wishing to honor Tack can make donations to:*

*Emmanuel Episcopal Church  
 Rector's Discretionary Fund  
 1608 Russel Road  
 Alexandria, VA 222301*

*(Please note "Rector's Discretionary Fund" on the memo line of the check.)*

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A Celebration of the Life

Col. Harry G. ...



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**EMMANUEL**  
EPISCOPAL CHURCH

1608 Russell Road  
Alexandria, VA 22301  
www.emmanuelonhigh.org  
Church: 703-683-0798  
office@emmanuelonhigh.org  
Preschool: 703-683-0303  
preschooladministrator@epsonhigh.org

**Church Staff**

The Rev. Charles C. McCoart, Jr., *Rector*  
The Rev. Joan L. Peacock, *Associate for Worship*  
Ms. Winnie Smith, *Seminarian*  
Mr. Ryan Fitch, *Director of Music*  
Ms. Janie Piemonte, *Parish Administrator*  
Ms. Karen O'Hern, *Administrative Assistant*  
Mr. Carlos Guzman, *Sexton*  
Ms. Nicole Crochet, *Preschool Director*  
Ms. Lilian Urrea, *Nursery* · Ms. Natalie DeLeon Santizo, *Nursery*  
Ms. Jeni Rivera, *Nursery*

**2021 Vestry**

Mr. Tom Craig, *Senior Warden*  
Ms. Meredith Wade, *Junior Warden*  
Ms. Barbara Huffman · Mr. Scott Keplinger  
Ms. Emily McNaughton · Mr. John Read  
Ms. Doris Rudolph · Mr. Nathan Turner · Mr. Chris Yianilos  
  
Ms. Sarah Kolo, *Clerk* · Mr. Gene Lange, *Treasurer*

**Office Hours**

1:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. (Monday–Friday)

**Pastoral Emergencies**

Rev. McCoart 703-795-5231



*(Eulogy for Henry G. Hamby, III, at his memorial service on August 27, 2021, delivered by his brother William O. Hamby)*

**EULOGY for TACK HAMBY**

**August 27, 2021**

**from his brother Bix**

Thank you for joining us in remembrance of my oldest brother, Col. Henry Gordon Hamby III.

The Resume Virtues:

He was a career officer in the United States Air Force, a member of the Air Force Academy's 6<sup>th</sup> graduating class in 1965. After flight school, he twice was sent to Vietnam: first to fly C130 turboprop cargo planes to Saigon from Tokyo, then to fly rescue helicopters picking up downed American and South Vietnamese aviators.

He attended the Department of Defense's War College. He earned his Masters in Aeronautical Engineering with his thesis on the benefits of the Coanda Effect on airplane wing lift.

Before he retired, he was heavily involved in managing program development for the C17, a Short Takeoff and Landing cargo transport jet.

The Eulogy Virtues:

Henry Gordon Hamby III was known to his family as just "Tack."

My name is Bix. I am his youngest brother.

Tack was born in 1943 while our father was flying paratrooper drops as a European theater squadron commander during World War II.

"The Great Conflict," as Dad always called the war, put a serious crimp in Mother and Dad's family building activity, so my brother Chip is five years younger than Tack and I am two years younger than that. Chip is one of today's readers of scripture.

I remember Tack as one of our caregivers rather than a fellow recipient of care. He babysat Chip and me as a pre-teen with quasi-grownup status. The family would say he was a 40-year-old 12-year-old. In later life, he was outpaced by his own progeny when our nephew Brad started babysitting as a 40-year-old 10-year-old... or was it nine-year-old?

When our parents talked about us, we were identified not as "our three sons," but rather as "Tack and the LITTLE boys."

Even when young, Tack already displayed a commitment to assume responsibility. He was comfortable in the role.

This comfort and commitment was demonstrated by his carrying each of us across a large field to the air base hospital's emergency room on separate babysitting occasions when first Chip, then later I, had suffered profuse bleeding from minor head trauma caused by rough-housing. Tack, by the way, was not an innocent bystander to said rough-housing that preceded the injuries.

When he became a 40-year-old 14-year-old, we relocated to Spain for a three year tour of duty outside Madrid. Our house had a swimming pool that our parents would fill only to chest level because neither Chip nor I could swim.

Tack was unhappy being restricted to using a large wading pool (remember, we were “The LITTLE boys”) so he promised Dad he would teach us to swim if Dad filled the pool all the way. The two reached agreement and each kept his word.

Tack had a paper route while he was in Spain, delivering newspapers to residents of the village where we lived which had an essentially American enclave populated by Air Force officers connected with the base. One night, Tack allowed us to ride our bikes with him to [quotation fingers] “help” deliver newspapers. He gave us a few papers and told us where they should be left, then rode off to toss papers onto driveways one block over. We did the same until we came to a property surrounded by a high wall with a large, locked gate. I threw a paper over the gate, then remembered we weren’t supposed to deliver to that house. I was upset enough contemplating Tack’s displeasure that, at age seven, in pitch darkness and with the unknown on the other side, I climbed over the wall and recovered the paper rather than risk his annoyance.

Later that night, after all his papers were delivered, we had a great time riding behind him as he catapulted down a long, step-ramp pathway with 4 x 4 timber steps spaced several feet apart – KABUMP, KABUMP, KABUMP. Now THAT was fun!

The following spring of that first year, we were visited by Mother’s sister, Lorena, her husband Eugene, and their fraternal twins. Helen and “little” Gene were a year older than Tack (there was a lot of “little” going on with our family for some reason).

During their visit, Genie and Tack combined to convince both parental dyads to let Tack go back to the States at the end of summer and live with the McClearys in Pennsylvania while completing his high school education. By no “little” coincidence, this also would enable his participation in varsity sports with “little” Gene, who was an absolute hunk of an athlete with state-wide recognition as a track and football star. In football, Genie played running back and defensive back while Tack played... wait for it... tackle, and tackle.

Tack was 15 years old when he returned to the U.S. He never lived with us again. He was accepted into the Air Force Academy, where he played tackle during football season and competed in discus, shotput, and hammer throw for the track team in the spring.

We were living on Griffis Air Base in upstate New York while Tack attended the Academy. He would visit us for a week or so at Christmas and then come back for a week or two each summer. He didn’t have much time to spend with Chip and me as he was very busy dating girls. In fact, he would sometimes have two dates for the same evening, having supper with the first one, then dropping her off to pick up the second date for touring night clubs.

One of the few times during his visits that Tack offered a pearl to this piglet was when I asked him how someone knew he was a man. The answer: “When he stops asking himself whether he is one.”

As a First Classman (a.k.a. Senior), Tack decided he would get married between graduation from the Academy and commencement of flight school. He came home that Christmas break and dated the daughter of another Colonel who lived down the street from us. Her name was Pat Richardson. By the end of Christmas break, they were engaged.



Tack and Pat were married at Rome, New York in June of 1965. The reception was a milestone for me because our minister's daughter and I got really drunk together by wandering around the reception, drinking the unfinished champagne from all the glasses left by the wedding guests.

Mother was Tack's confidant throughout his youth. She would listen as he spoke of matters he would reveal to no other. When he and Pat found each other, she became his private sounding board and shoulder to cry on as well as his lover, the devoted mother to their three towheaded boys, his partner in all things. She remained his anchor until her death more than 50 years later.

After Pat suffered a devastating injury in the mid-90s, Tack was terribly shaken. I know this because Mother told me how frightened he was. Outwardly, of course, he held himself in check and steadfastly worked to get Pat the best medical treatment and rehabilitation that she could tolerate. He did his best to hide any pain, fear, or doubt that troubled him.

Tack became Pat's devoted caregiver for the next 20+ years. He was A Bridge Over Troubled Waters for her, holding the tiller of their life steady and faithfully sailing right beside.

He seemed to lose his bearings when Pat died. Without her, his *raison d'être*, Tack's sense of purpose wavered. He was given a short respite when he met, dated, and married Ginny, but she died not six months after their wedding.

His sadness deepened, though he tried to continue projecting that lifelong persona of competence as a father, leader, epicure, and sympathetic supporter, sometimes offering support beyond the limits of financial or emotional prudence.

Just before his death, I thought we finally had begun to build a connection wherein it might have been possible for him to set aside affects used for self-defense and so reveal his unvarnished core, the essential being I believe only Mother and Pat were privileged to see.

To my sorrow, I didn't realize during those last conversations that his penny jar was almost empty. Coulda... shoulda... woulda...

I miss you, Tack. I wish... I wish... I wish I had been an older brother for you.

Rest in peace.



We pray for your family  
and know he's already  
in a better place where  
together with Pat and Ginni  
and my Parents Angel and  
Conchita is taking good care  
of all of you.

Our love to all,

Gracia, Enrique  
Alejandra Jr. + Gracia Jr.



MADRID, 17 DE AGOSTO DE 2021

DEAR FAMILY:

I SEND YOU OUR MOST SINCERE CONDOLENCES  
ON THIS DAY OF PRAYING BACK HOMEBOY.

AS YOU KNOW, WE LOVED HIM VERY MUCH  
AND WE WILL CARRY HIM IN OUR THOUGHTS,  
FOR EVER. HE IS NOW IN PARADISE WITH PAT  
AND MY PARENTS AND ALL THE GOOD FRIENDS  
THEY HAD IN LIFE. THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT FOR US.

WE WILL MISS HIM A LOT.

WE LOVE YOU AND SEND YOU A BIG HUG.

MAR GONZALEZ



Agosto 2021

To the family of Tack,

Please accept our sincerest  
condolences on the passing  
away of our friend Tack.

We are so sorry about the  
loss. He was a very special

friend of us. Tack will

never be forgotten. We pray

for Tack and all of you

in this difficult times.



Know that you are in  
our thoughts and prayers



DE TODO CORAZÓN  
ESTAMOS CON VOSOTROS...







Queridísima familia Flaming,  
El fallecimiento de Tack ha sido una  
verdadera sorpresa para todos nosotros.  
Conocimos a Tack y a Pat desde  
hace muchos años, y a lo largo del  
tiempo los hemos ido queriendo cada  
vez más, hasta el punto de ser nuestra  
familia. Lo mismo sucede con todos  
vosotros, y aunque nos hemos visto  
menos, continuamos queriéndonos a  
todas las igual manera. Aquí tenéis  
familia para lo que haga falta.

Puede decirse la pérdida física  
de Tack, pero creo que el ahora  
nos está ayudando a todos sobre  
el cielo. ¡Lo vamos a echar mucho  
de menos! Un abrazo muy grande para  
todos vosotros de Ramón Cordero.

Tack passed away on the 25th of July,  
which is the feast of Santiago, patron saint  
of Spain. We already miss him a lot.  
I hope that you are all fine and look forward  
to better times, in which we will hopefully  
be able to meet again. As I said before,  
we loved Pat and Tack very much.

I believe that we all have to be very  
positive in these troubled times for we  
for the victory against evil forces is  
already ours. Evil will not prevail.

Dark times will pass soon and I hope  
to see you all in good health and spirits  
very soon. Un abrazo muy grande, a que  
tenéis amigos y familia para lo que  
haga falta.  
Ramón

IN THE LOSS OF YOUR

BROTHER

If

FORGIVING MEMORIES OF HIM

BRING YOU COMFORT.

I hope you know  
how much others care  
and are thinking of you.

With Sympathy

Please keep us  
updated, and take care  
of yourself!

Love,  
Helen and Reid