

## *I'm Free*

*Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free  
I'm following the path God laid for me,  
I took His hand when I heard Him call.  
I turned my back and left it all.*

*I could not stay another day,  
To laugh, to love, to work or play.  
Tasks left undone must stay that way,  
I found that place at the close of the day.*

*If my parting has left a void,  
Then fill it with remembered joy.  
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss,  
Ah yes, these things too I will miss.*

*Be not burdened with times of sorrow,  
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.  
My life's been full, I savored much.  
Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch.*

*Perhaps my time seemed all to brief.  
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.  
Lift up your heart and share with me,  
God wanted me now, He set me free.*

WHEN WE ALL GET TO HEAVEN,  
WHAT A DAY OF REJOICING THAT WILL BE!

WHEN WE ALL SEE JESUS,  
WE'LL SING AND SHOUT THE VICTORY!

—Eliza E. Hewitt

Photo by Willard Clay

Design by John Silvey

And if I go and prepare a place for you,  
I will come back and take you to be with me that you also may be where I am.

.John 14:3 (NIV)

## SERVICE OF DEATH AND RESURRECTION

James Chapman  
January 27, 1928 – February 1, 2003.

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Jim joined the heavenly chorus on Saturday, February 1. We celebrate with Jim as he entered life with our Savior and Lord, Jesus the Christ.

### Greeting:

Friends, we have gathered here to praise God and to witness to our faith as we celebrate the life of Jim. We come together in grief, acknowledging our human loss. May God grant us grace, that in pain we may find comfort, in sorrow hope, in death resurrection.

### The Word of Grace:

Jesus said, I am the resurrection and I am life. Those who believe in me, even though they die, yet shall they live, and whoever lives and believes in me shall never die. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. I died and behold I am alive forevermore, and I hold the keys of hell and death. Because I live, you shall live also.

Solo                      Nearer, My God, to Thee

### Congregational Prayer:

**Eternal God, we praise you for the great company of all those who have finished their course in faith and now rest from their labor. We praise you for those dear to us whom we name in our hearts before you. Especially we praise you for Jim, whom you have graciously received into your presence. To all of these, grant your peace. Let your eternal light shine upon them; and help us to believe where we have not seen, that your presence may lead us through our years, and bring us at last with them into the joy of your home, not made with hands, but eternal in the heavens; through Jesus Christ our lord. Amen.**

**Old Testament Reading:** Psalm 23

**New Testament Reading:** Revelation 21

**Hymn:** On Eagle's Wings                      **No. 143**

**Gospel Reading:** John 14

**Message:** Pastor Bill

**Eulogy:** David Berg

### Time of Witness:

We invite family and friends to share a memory or a word of thanksgiving to God for the joy of knowing Jim.

**Hymn:** Amazing Grace                      **No. 378**

**Blessings as we go:** Numbers 6:24-26

The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious to you: the Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace.

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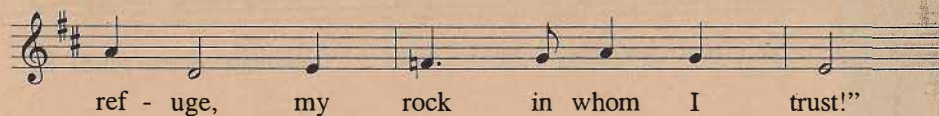
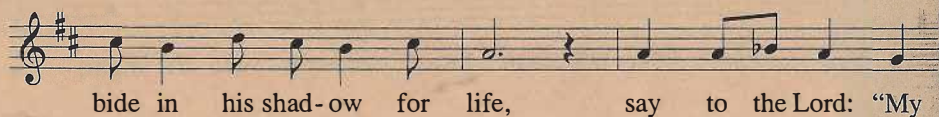
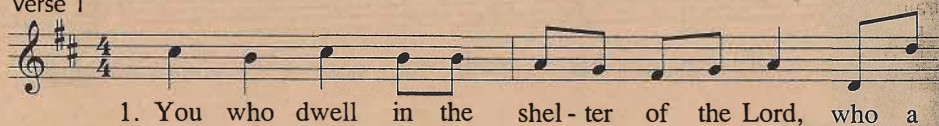
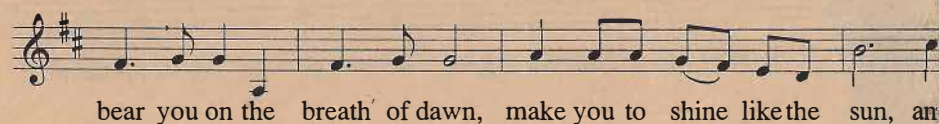
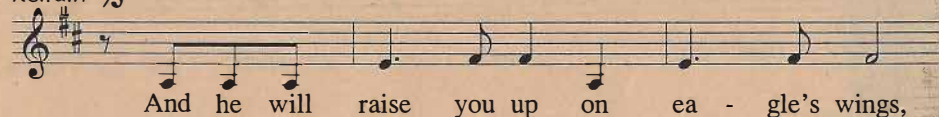

The Committal Service will be held immediately after the service at the Little Prairie Cemetery and all are invited to attend the luncheon served in the fellowship hall located in the church basement immediately following the committal.

**Memorials**  
Eagle United Methodist Church

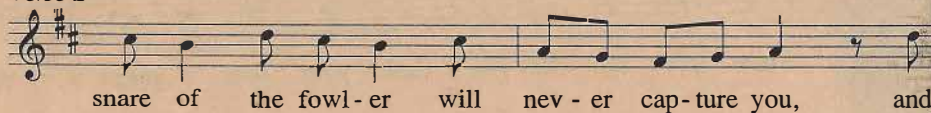
Officiate - Pastor Bill Busch  
Organist – Melodie Haddon  
Soloist – Sandy Sobon

## 611 On Eagle's Wings

## Verse 1

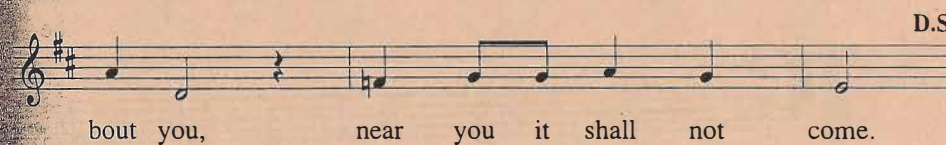
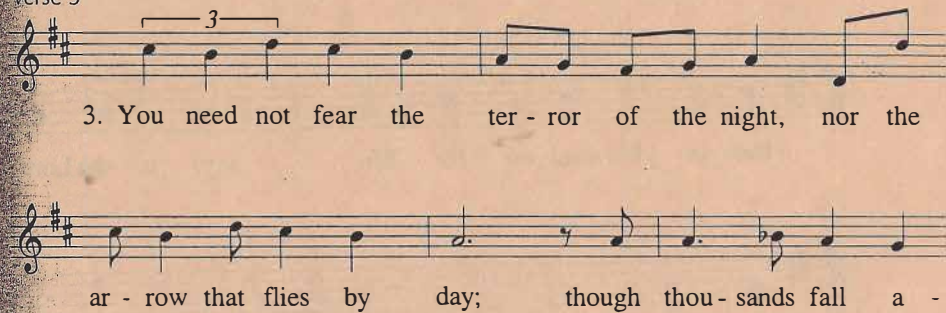
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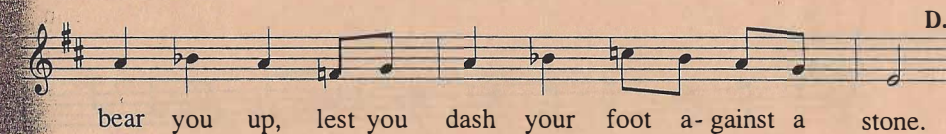
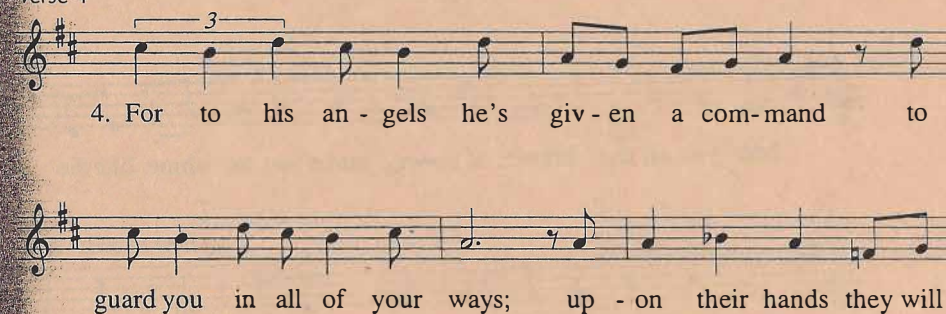




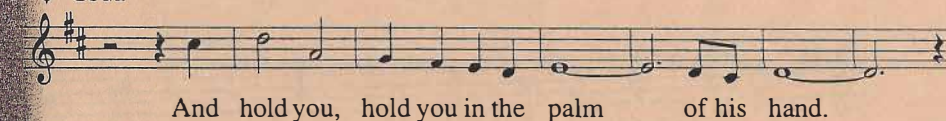
## Verse 3



## Verse 4



## ⊕ Coda



*Jean*

*James Lee Chapman*  
*January 27, 1928-February 4, 2003*

He was known by James, Jiminy, Husband, Father, Grandpa, Brother, uncle, cousin, neighbor... Above all, mentor. He was born January 27, 1928 to Frank and Blanche Chapman on the kitchen table in a farmhouse in Chapman Hills. Born into a farming family of grandparents, parents, 2 bothers, Wally and Pete, and Three sisters, Faye, Shirley, and Nancy. He was nicknamed Dutch by his mother at a young age. Born and survived through the depression years. He always said his favorite treat was bananas. He attended the one-room Baker school, and graduated in 1945 from East Troy high school. Childhood and teen years spent raising Holstein Cows, Suffolk Sheep, and of course chickens. He even showed cattle at the State Fair in the forties. He and cousin Bob Joliffe traveled throughout the state competing in horse pulls in the fifties. Jim met Kathleen Smart at a church youth group at the age of 18 and the two were married a short time later on July 26, 1947. The two then had three Children, Mike, Cheryl, and Cindy.

He was a Milkman from 1950 until he became a livestock hauler from 1957 until 1998 when he retired to become a full time farmer. His career as a trucker traveled him to many parts of the U.S. as far as Kansas and Pennsylvania, Hauling for any farmer large or small and even the Amish from time to time. Many of his trips were near though, simply "takin a load" to the Milwaukee stockyards, with his trusty helper.. ME! Jim was always known there in Milwaukee. Everyone he met greeted him with a HEY JIMMY or good to see ya Jim.

In 1973 Jim and Kathleen Purchased the Eagle Variety and Coffee Shop. Jim arose Early every morning to open the store for the morning coffee, news and town talk.

He never shared the hobbies of hunting or fishing... Whenever a cow needed to be put down, the task was always left to his brother Pete or I. He always tried to portray the tough farmer, but we all know he was a softy at heart.

In 1976 he and Kathleen in Partnership with Cheryl purchased a farm which came to be known as South Vue Acres. His dream of farming and own his own Cattle had been fulfilled.

Jim enjoyed attending the Waukesha County Fair to watch Sarah and I show our various animals. He was an avid supporter of the livestock auction always ensuring that our sale price wasn't too low. Every spring grandpa and I would go searching for the spring pigs, mom would always ask how much we paid, but that was between Grandpa and me. The week before the fair were fill with the guessing game of the pigs weight. In our first year we quickly learned that objects in grandpa's glasses are smaller than they appear. Let's just say the pigs were a bit small that year. The first day of the fair always had grandpa in high gear, inspecting the other pigs. But no matter how we did in the show ring he would always laugh and tells us, "doesn't matter as long as you are havin fun." And when the top pig was chosen grandpa's comments were simple.. "I knew that was a good pig." As the years went by my sister and I were soon in the ring together competing for the top ribbon. And grandpa was there saying to grandma.. "I knew those were good pigs."

I learned many things from Grandpa during my 4-H years. We tried shearing sheep but they ended up looking like they went through an eggbeater. His nephew, Brian, sheared the sheep and he was much happier with the job Brian did. We butchered chickens and grandpa would always scare us by making the dead chicken crow. I learned never to butcher a blue Swedish duck and never, never butcher a year old chicken; too tough to eat. I learned turkey farming wasn't for us, they were 45 pounds by thanksgiving. He scolded Sarah for delivering a lamb and turning it inside the womb with no glove, he said she didn't need sheep disease.

The most important things I learned from Grandpa were my farming lessons. Everything from how to raise a calf to raising corn. I have plans to someday come back to the farm and raise my own herd of cows, and get the 6-horse hitch of <sup>PERC. HERONS</sup> ~~peritons~~ we were always talking about. I know I would never be successful or who I am today without the teaching and guidance of my grandfather Jim.

The barn cats on the farm were Jim's also. When they heard his trucking coming down 67 they would all run to greet him. He would have to stop the truck half way down the driveway to feed them and then drive the rest of the way. He even made a hole in the barn door he built for the cats to get in and out of.

Some people may say he was a frail man but last year he put up 6500 bales of hay, along with the help of Cheryl. He worked 16-hour days in the summer, his only rest under the oak trees or sitting on a lawn chair in front of the house. Cars would go by and honk and he would wave. I would always ask him who was honking; he just said, "I don't know" and kept waving. He was a craftsman and never hired anyone to do a job. He built a garage door, a railing on the deck, a barn door, repaired the same barn door a few days later after mom drove a hay wagon into it to his simple response, WELLL!!! He roofed his own house and even did his own lawn work.

No matter what the time of year you could always depend on grandpa to be up on any news story. He always ate in front of the TV watching Tom Brokaw talk about politics and stock prices. And when September 11 occurred, I don't think the cows ate for a few days. He was always there talkin to the TV with his favorite foods, weaties, popcorn, Orange juice or soda, and ice cream. He was a meat and potatoes man, and he loved a "good feed."

His favorite pastimes spent talking farming with his brothers, or talking to neighbors Anne and Newell Meyer, Melvin Rockteacher, Ed Gardiner, and Bob Jolliffe. He would often attend farm auctions not to buy anything but just to talk to old friends.

He enjoyed his granddaughter's wedding, Heather, On June 1, 2002. Grandma noticed he was slowing down a bit in July and August. On Labor Day weekend he enjoyed a whole day at Royal Angus Farm for a luncheon, auction and dinner, where he got to talk with friends and neighbors. In November he became ill with a kidney ailment but seemed to feel better after surgery.

Last month, he told grandma to take him to the hospital for pain in his chest, back and shoulder. He was so worried about the cows, we just told him to get better, but that wasn't in god's plan. Thomas Jefferson once said, "Those who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God." I believe God wanted another farmer, he needed Jim.

I know Grandpa is in Heaven along with his folks and brother, Wally and his wife Helen. I see him standing on a hill over-looking the land, ready to plow, plant corn and soybeans, ready to cut and bale hay. He's probably talkin to Bob Joliffe and Ed Gardiner about the weather and how soon he can get on the land. He'll have some cows, maybe Holsteins and start to milk.

So grandpa, you are about to take your final ride past the farm on to you resting place in Little Prairie. You were loved and will be missed, but we will think of you every time we see a farmer plowing, planting, or harvesting his crops, and we know you are doing it too.

I would like to read a short poem on behalf of Mike, Cheryl, and Cindy that we all agreed described Jim...

Kathleen and family would like to thank all of you for your thoughts and prayers and especially to Steve Chapman for his continued help with the farm work and chores

And now I can only end with a quote from grandpa...

Well that's some story, and that's the way it goes.