

**Should You Go First**  
by A.K. Rowswell

Should you go first and I remain,  
To walk the road alone,  
I'll live in memory's garden, dear,  
With happy days we've known.  
In Spring I'll wait for roses red,  
When fades the lilac blue,  
In early Fall when brown leaves call  
I'll catch a glimpse of you.  
Should you go first and I remain,  
For battles to be fought,  
Each thing you've touched along the way  
Will be a hallowed spot.  
I'll hear your voice, I'll see your smile,  
Though blindly I may grope,  
The memory of your helping hand  
Will buoy me on with hope.  
Should you go first and I remain,  
To finish with the scroll,  
No length 'ning shadows shall creep in  
To make this life seem droll.  
We've known so much of happiness,  
We've had our cup of joy,  
And memory is one gift of God  
That death cannot destroy.

Should you go first and I remain,  
One thing I'd have you do:  
Walk slowly down that long, lone path,  
For soon I'll follow you.  
I'll want to know each step you take  
That I may walk the same,  
For some day down that lonely road  
You'll hear me call your name.

**Celebration of Life**  
**Ralph Emerson Hill**  
**July 7, 1931—February 7, 2022**



**May 1, 2022**  
**at 2:30 p.m.**  
**Harrisonburg Mennonite Church**



# Order of Service

<b>Prelude</b> <i>God on the Mountain</i>	Lynda Randle
<b>Selected Hymns</b>	Lucinda Schlabach
<b>Words of Comfort and Prayer</b>	Pastor Craig Maven
<b>VT #670</b> <i>In the Bulb There Is a Flower</i>	Sam Showalter
<b>VT #162</b> <i>The Love of God</i>	
<b>Family Remembrances</b>	
<b>Special Music</b> <i>Precious Lord, Take My Hand</i>	James Hill
<b>Insert</b> <i>When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder</i>	Sam Showalter
<b>Scripture &amp; Meditation</b>	Pastor Craig Maven
<b>Special Music</b> <i>Victory in Jesus</i>	HMC Bluegrass Ralph Hill, Banjo and Vocalist
<b>Insert</b> <i>What a Day That Will Be</i>	Sam Showalter
<b>Benediction</b>	Pastor Craig Maven
<b>Postlude</b> <i>The Holy City</i>	Gaither Gospel

The family wishes to thank everyone for the many prayers and expressions of love at this time.

Close friends and family are invited to the Fellowship Hall for light refreshments.

In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions may be made to Harrisonburg Mennonite Church Building Fund

## Ralph Emerson Hill

Ralph was born on July 7, 1931, in Rockingham County, Virginia to the late Heber and Lena Smith Hill. He graduated from Dayton High School in 1948. He enlisted in the U. S. Navy in 1948. He served as a Radioman and Teletype Operator in the Panama Canal Zone, Panama and Guantanamo Naval Base, Cuba. He worked as an air traffic controller in Bowling Green, Kentucky, Newport News and Charlottesville, Virginia. He enjoyed playing bluegrass music, Harley motorcycles, woodworking, planting trees and feeding the birds. Ralph enjoyed reading the Bible and re-reading books from his unique and old book collection. He was a member of Harrisonburg Mennonite Church.

On June 27, 1992, he married Christine Christophel Mast Hill, who survives. In addition to his wife, Ralph is survived by his children, Ralph Hill II of Texas, James Hill and wife Diane of Ohio, Miriam Frances Hill and husband Brian Orr of Maryland; step-children, Vicki Nolt and husband Wesley of Rockingham, Roger Edward Mast and wife Cheryl of Harrisonburg, V. Andre Mast and wife Gloria of Broadway; a daughter-in-law, Lynette Mast of Harrisonburg; four grandchildren, James Michael Hill, Kimberly Koethe (Andrew), Jayce Hill, and Gray Hill; 10 step grandchildren, Danielle Rhodes (Joel), Briana Shenk (Brian), Julia Nolt, Mark Mast (Rachel), Grayson Mast (Rachel), Michaela Mast, Sylvia Mast, Isaac Mast, Reuben Mast, and Hannah Mast; one great grandchild, Christopher Koethe; and two step great grandchildren, Brooks Rhodes and James Shenk and numerous fun loving nieces and nephews. In addition to his parents, Ralph was preceded in death by a son; Nathan Hill; step son, Christopher Mast; and siblings, Willard Hill, C. Merritt Hill, W. Bernelle Hill, Fern Fix, and V. Frances Hill.

### My Dad By James Hill

If I could be half as patient as my dad,  
half as kind as he,  
half as understanding,  
what a man I would be.

If I could learn to lean on God  
And to keep from sin like him,  
I would be known as a godly man  
With light never growing dim.

If I could raise a family  
And try to teach them all right,  
I'd want to teach them like my Dad taught me,  
To keep them always walking in the light.

I'm proud of my dad for the man he is  
And the way he helped me grow stronger,  
And if I had a wish I could give him,  
It would be to make him the proudest father.