

Dr. Charles "Charlie" Paule, age 61, died unexpectedly at home November 5, after hospitalization related to a breakthrough Covid-19 infection.

Charlie was a devoted father, husband, brother, and son. He was fascinated with electronics, and quick to learn how something worked in order to fix it when it didn't. Charlie's quiet, gentle presence will be missed by many who knew him. An Eagle Scout in high school, Charlie later became a "Hooper", member of the University of Wisconsin (Madison) outing club. Charlie married another Hooper named Lisa in 1993; they were married for 28 years at the time of his death.

Charlie held a doctorate in molecular biology, and applied his skills on research teams with the University of Virginia department of Pharmacology, University of Minnesota, and the Minnesota Department of Health.

He is survived by his wife Lisa (Renard-Paule) two children, Cal and Gwynn (Paule) sister Annie (Tran) of Houston, and father Bob (Dr. Robert Paule) of Gainesville, Florida.

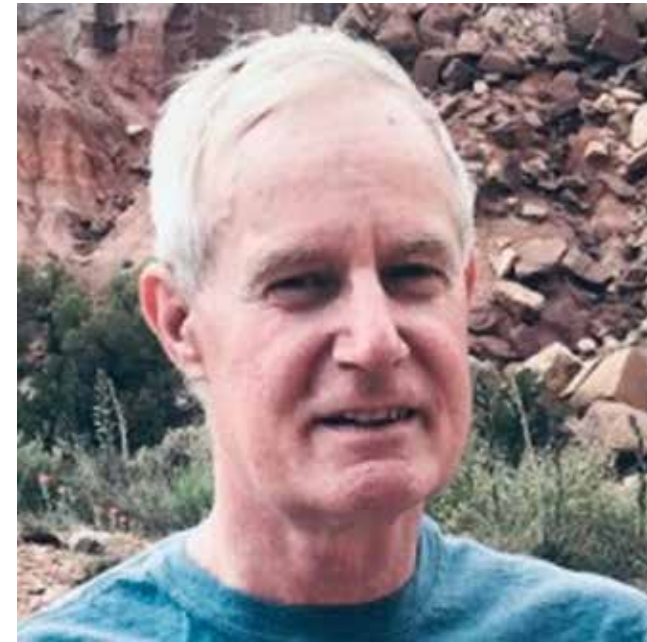
Charlie was preceded in death by his mother Joan Paule, who died in October 2020.

Charlie loved hearing live music, bicycling the area trails, canoeing (or tubing) Minnesota lakes and rivers, and skiing its celebrated winters.

A long-time member of Unity Church, Charlie's spirit of quiet volunteerism will be recalled by members who knew him.



In Memoriam



Charles "Charlie" Paule
November 24, 1959 - November 5, 2021



Memorial Service for Charlie Paule
Wednesday, January 5, 2022 • 2:00 p.m.

GATHERING MUSIC

Ahmed Anzaldúa, piano

TOLLING OF THE BELL

PRELUDE

This Time Tomorrow by Brandi Carlile
Laura Moe, guitar and vocals

OPENING WORDS AND CHALICE LIGHTING

Rev. Karen Hering

HYMN (see insert)

Down to the River to Pray, traditional American
Kathleen Radspinner, piano

RESPONSIVE READING “We Remember Them” by Rabbis Sylvan Kamens and Jack Riemer

In the rising of the sun and in its going down, we remember them.

In the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter, we remember them.

In the opening of buds and in the rebirth of spring, we remember them.

In the blueness of the sky and in the warmth of summer, we remember them.

In the rustling of leaves and in the beauty of autumn, we remember them.

In the beginning of the year and when it ends, we remember them.

When we are weary and in need of strength, we remember them.

When we are lost and sick at heart, we remember them.

When we have joys we yearn to share, we remember them.

So long as we live, they too shall live, for they are now a part of us, as we remember them.

WORDS ON GRIEF

SILENCE

PRAYER

INTERLUDE

Promised Land

READING

Psalm 23

COLLAGE OF VOICES

EULOGY

HYMN (see insert, verses 1 and 2)

How Can I Keep from Singing

BENEDICTION

POSTLUDE

Fields of Gold by Sting



Down to the River to Pray, traditional American

As I went down to the ri-ver to pray, stu-dy-ing a - bout that good old
(in)

8

way, and who shall wear the star - ry crown, Good Lord, show me the way.

16

O chil - dren, let's go down, let's go down, come on down,
sib - lings,
peo - ple,

24

come on chil - dren let's go down, down to the ri - ver to pray.
sib - lings, (in)
peo - ple,

How Can I Keep From Singing

My life flows on in endless song above earth's lamentation
I hear the real tho' far-off hymn that hails a new creation
Thru all the tumult & the strife I hear that music ringing
It sounds an echo in my soul, how can I keep from singing?

D G D A/D G DAA D/- - - - /- GDD DAA D

What tho' the tempest loudly roars, I hear the truth, it liveth
What tho' the darkness round me close, songs in the night it giveth
No storm can shake my inmost calm while to that rock

I'm clinging

Since Love is Lord of heaven & earth, how can I keep...?

When tyrants tremble sick with fear & hear their death knells

[as they hear the bells of freedom] ringing

When friends rejoice both far & near, how...

In prison cell & dungeon vile our thoughts to them are winging

When friends by shame are undefiled, how...

I lift my eyes, the cloud grows thin, I see the blue above it
And day by day this pathway clears, since first I learned to love it
The peace of God restores my soul, a fountain ever springing
All things are mine since I am loved, how...

— w: Anne Warner, 1864 (v3. Doris Plenn) m: Rev. R. Lowry

This version © 1957 (renewed) Sanga Music Inc. All rights reserved. Used by permission. — This is not an old "Quaker" hymn, tho' it certainly dates from at least 1864. It is popular in Iredell Co., North Carolina. Plenn wrote the new verse when friends were imprisoned during the McCarthy period. In SO! 7-1, Reprints #8 & How Can We Keep..., S of the Spirit, Quaker SB, & FSEncy V2. In Pete Seeger Bells of Rhymney, on his "I Can See a New Day" & "Prec Friend" (w/A Guthrie). On J McCutcheon "How Can I...", Bok Muir & Trickett "Turning Toward the Morning" & "Simple Gifts for the Dulciner".