

When We All Get to Heaven 701

1. Sing the won-drous love of Je - sus; sing his mer - cy
 2. While we walk the pil - grim path - way, clouds will o - ver -
 3. Let us then be true and faith - ful, trust - ing, serv - ing
 4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon his beau - ty

and his grace. In the man - sions bright and bless - ed
 spread the sky; but when trav - eling days are o - ver,
 ev - ery day; just one glimpse of him in glo - ry
 we'll be - hold; soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen;

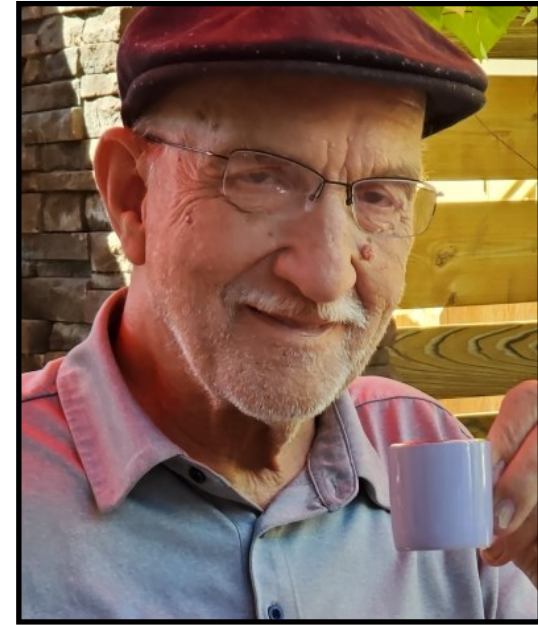
Refrain
 he'll pre - pare for us a place.
 not a shad - ow, not a sigh. When we all get to
 will the toils of life re - pay.
 we shall tread the streets of gold.

heav - en, what a day of re - joic - ing that will be!

When we all see Je - sus, we'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry!

WORDS: Eliza E. Hewitt, 1898
 MUSIC: Emily D. Wilson, 1898

HEAVEN
 87.87 with Refrain

In Loving Memory of**John Mark Anderson**

19 December 1952 - 20 May 2024

Luke 22:31-32

*And the Lord said, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired
 to have you, that he may sift you as wheat:
 But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not:
 and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.*

The Order of Service

Welcome & Prayer **Steve Marlin**
Congregational Song **Eric Johnson**
You Deserve the Glory
Eulogy **Oscar Johnson III**
Duet **Eric Johnson &**
Carol Marlin
Saved By Grace
Sermon **Bro. Oz Johnson**
Comments from Family & Friends
Congregational Song **Eric Johnson**
I Will Praise Him
Closing Directives **Bro. Oz Johnson**

You are all cordially invited to join us for a luncheon in the back of the church. Thank you for coming to honor our dear brother, John Mark.

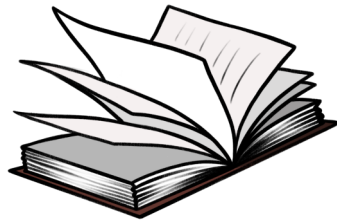
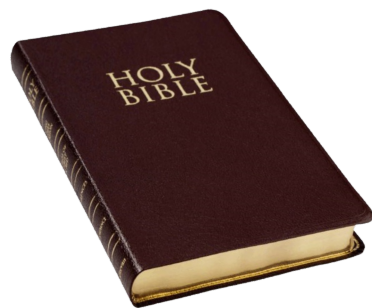
Committal Service
RoseLawn Cemetery
1240 N. Livermore Avenue
Livermore, CA 94551
28 May 2024



Memorial Service held at
East Oakland Assembly
Oakland, CA
August 10, 2024

Grace Marlin (niece) - I have so many good memories of Uncle Mark from when I was growing up. When I was 5 or 6, we used to talk on the phone almost every single day. There were days we'd talk for hours – we both loved to read, so he would always give me books he thought I would enjoy and we would discuss them. He would also tell me stories from his life and we'd talk about life lessons and things that were on my mind or bothering me. When he first got sick, I remember going to visit him in the hospital – that was around the time that we stopped talking as much since he was having so many issues with his health and not doing so well. Over the years, I've seen him always pull through and maintain an optimistic attitude despite a lot of challenges he was facing and had to overcome. I appreciate these memories so much as they give me a lot of peace in knowing that he is finally in a better place and no longer suffering.

Rest in peace, Uncle Mark.



Congregational Songs

You Deserve the Glory

*You deserve the glory and the honor
Lord, we lift our hands in worship
As we praise Your name (repeat)*

*For you are great, You do miracles so great
There is no one else like You
There is no one else like You (repeat)*

I Will Praise Him

1. *When I saw the cleansing fountain,
Open wide for all my sin,
I obeyed the Spirit's wooing
When He said, "Wilt thou be clean?"*

Refrain:

*I will praise Him! I will praise Him!
Praise the Lamb for sinners slain;
Give Him glory, all ye people,
For His Blood can wash away each stain.*

2. *Though the way seems straight and narrow,
All I claimed was swept away;
My ambitions, plans and wishes,
At my feet in ashes lay. (refrain)*

3. *Blessed be the name of Jesus!
I'm so glad He took me in;
He's forgiven my transgressions,
He has cleansed my heart from sin. (refrain)*

John Mark Anderson

December 19, 1952 - May 20, 2024

Born in Yakima, WA, Mark lived the first several years in Washington State then moved with his family to the SF Bay Area. California was always the place that he called home. He bore the same first name as his father so was known as Mark to his family and childhood friends but proudly wore the name John to those he met as an adult.

He has forever marked our memories with the special way that he tickled the ivories and made them sing. Music was a first language to him and he faithfully shared his gift with the world. He was a voracious reader, accruing a wealth of knowledge, and loved discussions about just about any topic, including politics. He loved sharing a good time around big bowls of ice cream. He loved to sit with a cat on



his lap and soak up the sunshine while watching children play. Singing in worship and bringing glory to God was paramount in his life.

He was preceded in death by his parents, John and Dorothy Anderson and younger brother, Daniel. He is survived by his brothers, Philip, Joel, and Nathan Anderson, and his sister, Carol Marlin.

Barak Anderson (nephew) - The thing that really pops in my mind is his love for music and willingness to teach the art of music. The gentle, yet caring soul that held and loved his family.

Briana Maystrik (niece) - I echo Barak's thoughts. I greatly admired his musical talents and gentle soul. How I could feel Grandma there whenever he was at the piano.

Melssa Wulfe (niece) - Uncle Mark was a gentle yet strong man. Holding his pain with deep bravery and willingness to make it into something more. He was a true Seer for he was able to create beautiful things with his imagination and hands—especially with an instrument. He showed us humility and grace. Many moments of wisdom will be passed on.

Brian Anderson (nephew) - Uncle Mark was a gentle, well-spoken and kind man. He was a man of many talents and a man of God. I cherish the memories of Uncle Mark bringing everyone to gather around the piano and blessing us with his gift for music. His endless pursuit for Jesus and love for his family I will always remember. I know that Mark is playing music right now for his brother, Daniel, Mom—Dorothy, and Dad—John.

Benjamin Marlin (nephew) - Always gentle and kind, Uncle Mark was dedicated to his music. Although, his real mission in life seemed to be to take on the battle with alcohol and win, which he eventually did, and became an inspiration to many. In the end, he died a happy man, surrounded by his many friends.

Miraculous Foundation. He played keyboards there in every service and helped them manage their food pantry, driving to get the food that was distributed there. Mark and I reconnected when I needed a place to live and ended up renting a room in a house on East 18th street in Oakland. He managed the house that was owned by the church where rooms were rented to those needing a place to stay. I was living there when I met my wife, Donna, for the first time. I enjoyed sitting and visiting with him, knowing that he believed the same teachings we had received growing up in East Oakland Assembly. By this time, Mark had mellowed a lot as in his younger years was pretty sarcastic and judgmental. The years had taught him quite a bit, and he was slower to speak, much more thoughtful and exuded grace that I had not seen before.

2024 - Donna and I visited Mark in the hospital about 2 months before he passed and sharing his room was a black man who, to our great surprise, told us that he had known Mark years before. As a singer in the clubs and the professional musicians that played there, Mark's reputation as a musician was unmatched as Mark could play in any style of music and often, after hearing a piece only once, could play the accompaniment of his singing perfectly. He spoke of when the patrons would hear, "John Anderson is in the house!" - they would call on him to play for them. It was pretty amazing that an associate and friend from many years before would be place in the same room as Mark the day we went to visit him. Mark told me of an occasion when he was living in Fresno, CA area, that he was invited a home where Elvis Presley was also invited to the party. When Elvis heard that Mark was a pianist, he asked him to play the old hymn, *The Old Rugged Cross*. We know that Elvis started out in the Pentecostal churches but traded that life for the fame and fortune he pursued for a lifetime. Many well-known world-famous musicians offered Mark the opportunity to tour with them and Mark told me that he knew that if he went entirely into that world that he would never emerge alive. He made the conscious decision to avoid the fame that would have been afforded to him, and eventually left that life of performing for the world and came back into the church and played there.

den/study on the ground floor next to the living room. In that room, we had laid a carpet of colorful sample squares and a piano held pride of place against the wall, with dad's reel-to-reel tape recorder on an adjacent shelf. There was a record player, on which we played Chris's collection of Lettermen and other singers of the day as well as our favorites from Colombia, Spain, and Argentina. There was minimal seating, but we were accustomed to sitting on the carpet when we had gatherings. So naturally, Mark took his place at the piano bench and began tinkling, while we shouted out requests. Ruthy's guitar, Baby, may or may not have been involved; I can't remember. She was our guitarist and she and Chris both played piano very well, but none of us could play at Mark's level. As we began belting out harmonies together, mixing popular and gospel tunes, I decided we must memorialize the occasion with a recording, so we set up the reel-to-reel to record ourselves. I particularly remember singing, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," daringly throwing in some little runs, and Philip's lusty off-key rendition of "You see this guy? This guy's in love with you. Yes, I'm in love! Who looks at you the way I do, when you smile? I can tell we know each other very well. My hands are shaking...." After we were done singing, Ruthy and I decided that we would not entice the boys into doing what our fathers feared we might do, and faked a scene where the four of us (excluding Chris, who was way too dignified) piled onto the sofa bed, fully clothed but covered in blankets, and snapped a photo or two with my Kodak Instamatic camera. Perhaps fortunately, the film was lost in the mail when I sent it to be developed. For months afterward, back in Medellin, I frequently played that tape, sometimes singing along with it, and always smiling at the memories it evoked. With the advent of cassette tapes, the reel-to-reel recordings and the player disappeared, but the memory remains.



mischievous comfort together immediately, having sent occasional letters and cards over the years. Martha and I especially bonded with Mark and Philip, inventing games with glee. We were taking piano lessons ourselves and were so impressed with Mark's musical facility. All of us thoroughly enjoyed our Oakland visit, and thereafter Martha and I took up writing letters to our boy cousins in earnest. These letters continued over a period of years as we returned to Colombia. Written individually or jointly, our missives were mainly silly. Early in the process we invented the Slug-O-Phone, an imaginary device that we sketched between sentences to deliver punches with a boxing glove on a spring when the cousins were too slow in answering our letters. Many giggles ensued as we imagined Mark and Philip reading our words and feeling the humorous reproach. It's true that Mark was closer to our older sister Chris's age and like her in maintained greater dignity than Philip, Martha, and I did. But he was a good sport who humored us and often joined in the fun.

Martha Goring Munoz - One memory that comes frequently to me and always makes me smile is from the summer of 1971. We Goring's were living in a borrowed house in Kansas City, MO, during our parents' second furlough from the mission field in Colombia. Whenever we were in the U.S., our mothers made a point of getting our families together, and on this particular occasion, Aunt Dorothy and Uncle Johnnie came to Grandma's house in Merriam, KA, with their kids. We hung out together in the yard and commenced to catch up on each other's lives. Mark and our sister, Chris, were both 18; Ruthy and Philip were 17; I was 15. After a while, we "older" teens decided to leave all the old ones and young ones and go hang out at the Goring house. When we presented this plan to our assembled parents, we were a little nonplussed to find that Dad and Uncle Johnnie were not keen on the idea. They seemed to think that our nefarious hormones would get the best of us if we were left unsupervised. Nonetheless, somehow, we managed to persuade them that we would not ravish one another and merrily drove over the state line with Chris driving the elderly green Nash station wagon. In our cozy little house, there was a miniscule

I am grateful that as Bro. O.W. Johnson said at Mark's graveside service, "It's not how you start or even live, but how you finish your race that counts." Mark finished well and I look forward to seeing him again where he can demonstrate to the full, all that magnificent musical ability that our amazing God gave to him.

Joel - I have fond memories of playing electric football on Sunday afternoons with Mark, watching him eat an entire half gallon of ice cream by himself.

- I loved watching him in his element exercising his talents making music.

- I was really struck by how at peace he was the last few months and weeks of his life here on earth, bringing to mind scripture about Jesus telling His disciples, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

It really struck me how unbelievers never really have or enjoy real peace from the Lord, and to see a believer in dire and grave circumstances display that beautiful peace from God in Mark's demeanor during tough times was a real boost to me. What grace to trust Jesus in all life's circumstances and display true peace to those around you when the chips are down. Mark was more interested in exhorting others and encouraging them instead of displaying the typical worldly 'poor me' attitude that unbelievers instinctively exhibit in times of trouble.

Carol - I was almost 10 years younger than my oldest brother, Mark, so he always seemed a bit intimidating to my timid younger self. Yet, I felt protected and safe when I was with him. I watched in awe as his fingers seemed to fly across the keys as I was struggling to get my clumsy fingers to complete a round of C scale up and down the piano. At that time, I had no way of understanding that at one time, he, too, had started where I was.... at the beginning! I love classical music to this day and I think that the seeds of that love were planted when I was a small child. It was an honor to care for our father during the last years of his life and to witness our dad and his firstborn son coming to

love and accept one another, laying aside the past hurts and disappointments, was a priceless gift. They taught me that anything is possible and that Love has the final move. Mark shared many meals with us, often playing soothing music for our father as his life wound down. As Mark approached his own finish line, he grew in grace and was a constant encouragement to me, expressing gratitude always. His courage was remarkable in the face of the death of his earthen body. He set his affairs in order, laughed often, sang much, and did all that he could to cheer us all on in this race of life while praying that our faith would fail not. I anticipate seeing him again, playing the piano and singing praise to God, then jumping up and running around, shouting joyfully as he never could while in the broken body into which he was born. What a day that will be! To God be the glory!

Nathan - Mark and I were never really close as there were 11 years between us. The best memories I have are just listening to him play the piano. It fascinated me that he could hear a song once and be able to play it immediately and with style. I envied that as an amateur player myself.

Mike McGillic (cousin) - Mark was a great gift to our family and our paths crossed when we were boys. It was then that we became brothers for life.

Chris Goring Kepner (cousin) - The story of Mark's life is an inspiration to me. He was such a talented, gifted, intelligent, and funny person with an outgoing manner that put people at ease. In spite of his talents and abilities, I remember him as quite humble, especially regarding this memory: Aunt Dorothy related to my mom and grandma that Mark did not mention to his parents, at all, that he had been selected for membership in the academically competitive and selective National Honors Society (perhaps this was in the summer of 1971). At his high school graduation, his parents were very surprised to see his name on the NHS list in the printed program. This reticence or discretion impacted me as classily humble; in contrast, I had loudly shared my own hard-won inclusion in the NHS with everyone I could think

of. Although I lost touch with Mark for many years after that, I remember with fondness a brief visit to L.A. at Mary Beth's home when he came with Philip for a cousin's visit; that meeting was characterized by much hilarity as we recalled past episodes of zaniness. I have always thought that the Lord spared Mark's life for a special purpose during those scary years of treatment of HIV. During Mark's recent experience with cancer, his reliance on the Lord for strength and peace was an example of faith and trust that I hope to emulate when the times come. Finally, I want to comment on the remarkable physical resemblance between Mark and our Uncle Tom Harris. I had the opportunity to be in touch with Tom during his final years of life and every time we met, I was struck by how much alike they were: the talent for piano (which Tom did not pursue as an adult as Mark did), their clever sense of humor and strong opinions, their physical similarities, body type (long fingers and limbs, and the way they moved them, for example), facial structure and expressions, timbre of voice and quick way of speaking, and especially their sense of independence, individuality and desire to make their own way in life. In Mark's case, his return to the Lord in the final years of his life reminds me of the Prodigal Son story. It is a comfort to imagine the joyful reunion taking place in Heaven now between Mark and his heavenly Father as well as with his biological parents and grandparents. Our hope is in the Resurrection; we grieve, but not as those without hope.

Ruth Goring (cousin) - In the summer of 1966 our dad bought a truck, mounted a camper shell on it, and took the family on a two-month road trip through the American Southwest, up the West Coast to Vancouver Island, then southeast back to Kansas City. That summer I turned 12 and my "pal-partner", Martha, was 10. We were visiting families and churches that supported our parents' missionary work, but we also visited relatives along the way. These included our mother's sister Dot (Dorothy), married to Johnnie Anderson, and their five children, who were conveniently close in ages to the six Goring kids. We hadn't spent time together since we were small, but we felt a