

Obituary

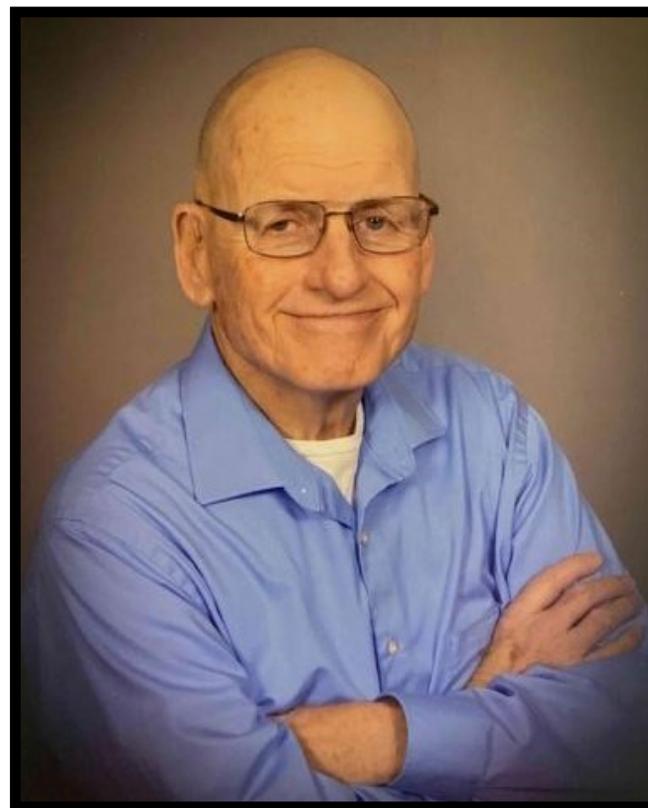
Owen Leister Huffaker was born to CJ and Isla Rhea Huffaker on September 29, 1941, in Stillwater, Oklahoma. He passed from this life on March 23, 2024 at home in Lubbock, TX, at the age of 82. He left his body to the TTUHSC Willed Body Program.

Owen had an outgoing personality. He loved to tell stories and had a quick sense of humor - and loved "pulling the wool" over someone's eyes! He graduated from Farwell High School before proudly serving in the United States Marines, and later enjoyed a long career as a banker in New Mexico and Texas for 30 years. Owen enjoyed reading and learning about the human spiritual journey, and about Native American history. He was a faithful member of Second Baptist Church where he served as a deacon. He enjoyed working on Habitat projects, and following retirement, loved serving as a volunteer at St. Benedict's Chapel and at the South Plains Food Bank.

Survivors are his wife of 26 years, Madeline Douglas, and his dearly loved family - daughter Shelley Huffaker, son Richard Huffaker (Jodie), and son John Huffaker (Nattasha), and grandchildren Nathan, Nicholas, Chase, McKenna, Ava, Emma, and Owen, his sister Carolyn Price, and brother Dan Huffaker (Gabriella), and many beloved nieces, nephews, and cherished friends.

A CELEBRATION OF LIFE

OWEN LEISTER HUFFAKER



APRIL 20, 2024
2:00 PM

SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH
LUBBOCK, TEXAS

ORDER OF WORSHIP

Prelude

Larry Landusky

A Resurrection of Faith excerpt from Richard Rohr

I am your God, who for your sake have become your son. Out of love for you and for your descendants I now by my own authority command all who are held in bondage to come forth, all who are in darkness to be enlightened, all who are sleeping to arise. I order you, O sleeper, to awake. I did not create you to be held a prisoner in hell [usually a hell of our own making—RR]. Rise from the dead, for I am the life of the dead. Rise up, work of my hands, you who were created in my image. Rise, let us leave this place, for you are in me and I am in you; together we form only one person & we cannot be separated.

Welcome and Prayer

Rev. Charles Johnson

Worship through Music

The Servant Song

Obit & Scripture Reading

Rev. Stephanie Nash

Romans 8:38-39 First Nations Version

Worship through Music

Hymn of Promise

Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd, I have all that I need. He lets me rest in green meadows; leads me beside peaceful streams. He renews my strength. He guides me along right paths, bringing honor to his name. Even when I walk through the darkest valley, I will not be afraid, for you are close beside me. Your rod and your staff protect and comfort me. You prepare a feast for me in the presence of my enemies. You honor me by anointing my head with oil. My cup overflows with blessings. Surely your goodness and unfailing love will pursue me all the days of my life and I will live in the house of the Lord forever. New Living Translation

Reflections From the Family

Words of Hope

Rev. Charles Johnson

Worship through Music

Benediction

Rev. Charles Johnson

The Servant Song

¹ We are travelers on a journey, Fellow pilgrims on the road;
We are here to help each other.

Walk the mile and bear the load.

I will hold the Christ light for you.

In the night time of your fear; I will hold my hand out to you,
Speak the peace you long to hear.

² Sister, let me be your servant,

Let me be as Christ to you;

Pray that I may have the grace to Let you be my servant too.

Brother, let me be your servant, Let me be as Christ to you;

Pray that I may have the grace to Let you be my servant, too.

³ I will weep when you are weeping,

When you laugh, I'll laugh with you;

I will share your joy and sorrow, Till we've seen this journey thro'.

When we sing to God in heaven, We shall find such harmony,
Born of all we've known together Of Christ's love and agony.

Hymn of Promise

¹ In the bulb there is a flower; in the seed,
an apple tree; in cocoons, a hidden promise:
butterflies will soon be free!

In the cold and snow of winter there's a spring that waits to be,
unrevealed until its season, something God alone can see.

² There's a song in every silence, seeking word and melody;
there's a dawn in every darkness bringing hope to you and me.
From the past will come the future; what it holds,
a mystery, unrevealed until its season,
something God alone can see.

³ In our end is our beginning; in our time, infinity;
in our doubt there is believing; in our life, eternity;
in our death, a resurrection; at the last, a victory,
unrevealed until its season, something God alone can see.