

A Celebration of the Life of

Thomas Parker Morse

August 7, 1980 - November 23, 2021



Chapel at Vermont College, Montpelier, Vermont

December 18, 2021

Stream online at <https://youtu.be/RMn-ArmE6ZU>

Program

Slideshow and Prelude Music

12:30pm

Opening remarks by David Connor

1:00pm

Remarks by Monika Morse

“Elroy’s Revenge” written by Tom Morse and performed by Leon Tubbs

Zach Tonnissen
Joe Davidian
PJ Davidian
Jonny Rovetto
Matt DeLuca

Remarks by Seth Chapell

Music by members of d'Moja

William Noel
Andrew Suits



Remarks by Elliott Morse

“The Tide” by Sara Grace

Sara Grace
Miriam Bernardo
Andrew Suits

Music by the House Band

Sara Grace
Miriam Bernardo
Ben Dunham
Andrew Suits
Jonas Eno-Van Fleet
Terry Youk
Zach Tonnissen
David Ellis

Remarks by Joe Davidian

“A Night in Tunisia” by the
Morse/Davidian Family Band

Burr Morse
Robinson Morse
Rich Davidian
PJ Davidian
Joe Davidian

Remarks by Michael McCarthy

“The Secret” by Gravel

Jerome Monachino Patrick
Ormiston
Matt DeLuca

“A Time for Love” by VT Jazz Ensemble

Rich Davidian
Ron Horton
Frank Kochman
Ron Eldred
Joanne Scott
Bear Irwin
Bill Brislin
Burr Morse
Tim Foley
Rich Steele
David Ellis
Bruce McRae
Tom Allen
Mike Gaydos
Carl Severence
Ron White
Peter Schmeeckle

Closing Remarks by David Connor

Traditional New Orleans 2nd Line Recessional

The Calais Stage

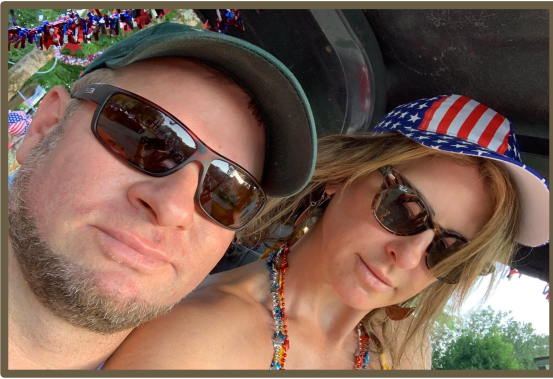
by Thomas Morse

When I used to bring Harry for rides
I always knew the only direction to go was north,
Up the Calais Stage toward Maple Corner and Woodbury Gulf.
Before too long Harry would make his usual comment
About today's drivers with heavy feet and weak minds,
After all, Harry grew up in a time when the only traffic
On the road were a couple Model T's and the stagecoach.

Harry's father, Sydney, drove the coach.
When the morning chores were done,
Young Harry would sometimes accompany his father,
And they would bring country folk down from the hills,
And into the village of Montpelier,
Then a day long trip, now a fifteen minute cruise,
For those with a heavy foot.

My Grandfather Harry and his father Sidney lived long lives,
Watched most of their road get paved,
And saw new houses sprout like clover;
In fields that no longer yielded hay.

While these changes saddened them,
They knew that change, like death and taxes were inevitable
And welcomed in their new neighbor
In his twilight years, when his driving days were over;
I had the privilege of taking Harry
On his beloved rides, up the old stagecoach road,
Past his birthplace, and past Maple Corner;
Where the road turns to dirt, and on into the Gulf,
Where there are no houses, and County Road
Looks like the Calais Stage that it once was.



We remember with love...



***You are forever
in our hearts***