



Celebrating
THE *Life* OF

Carol Anne Ewart Class

February 29, 1936 – February 16, 2021

Carol Anne Ewart Class

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A Celebration of her life and faith

Saturday, February 27, 2021, 2 p.m.

Chapel of Erb & Good Family Funeral Home, Waterloo



~ WE ARE GATHERED BY GOD'S SPIRIT

Processional Music

Words of Welcome and Gathering Prayer

~ WE REMEMBER OUR LOVED ONE ~

A Story for All Ages: "The Glove"

Words of Remembrance:

- Anne-Louise Dietrich (daughter) – on behalf of Jacquie Welsh (sister of Carol)
- Emily Knight (granddaughter)
- Hannah Atkins and Tim Atkins (grandchildren)
- Video from grandchildren from Carol's special birthday, 2020
- Pauline Class-Atkins (daughter)
- Valerie Class-Knight (daughter): "What it is to live a Good Life" by Ralph Waldo Emerson

~ WE RECALL WORDS OF SACRED WISDOM ~

Scripture: Ecclesiastes 3: 1-11

Homily: "Abiding Places"

Solo: "The Prayer" – Celine Dion

~ WE RETURN TO THE WORLD LOVED BY GOD ~

Commendation

Prayer of Thanksgiving and The Lord's Prayer

Trumpet Solo: "Bist du bei mir in Eb Major" – J.S. Bach

Blessing

Recessional Music



Musicians: Larry Larson; Amanda Kind

Presiders: (Rev.) John Lougheed; Rev. Rose Ann Vita

Beloved wife of the late Richard Paul Class (1996). Loving mother of Maureen (Colin) Jones, Anne-Louise (Dale) Dietrich, Valerie Class-Knight (Jeffrey Knight), and Pauline Class-Atkins (David Atkins). Cherished Gma of Andrew (Julia), Sarah (Sam), Ben (Jennifer), Blake, Zach, Emily, Paul, Hannah, Julia, and Tim. Dear G.G. of Landon, Lacey, Paisley, Hudson, and Sawyer. Loving sister of Jacquie (the late Dan) Welsh and Scott (Melinda) Ewart. Carol was also an aunt and great aunt to many nieces and nephews throughout North America who will miss spending time with her. Predeceased by her parents Ivan and Lillian Ewart.

Carol was a leap year baby born in Guelph, on February 29, 1936. She moved to Kitchener and graduated from KCI, but not before meeting the love of her life, Paul Class. The two young teachers married in 1957. With four daughters, Carol switched her focus from the classroom to the family room and organized each daughter by colour. Her organizational skills were exemplary!

Carol was a longtime member of First United Church, Waterloo, a volunteer for the Out Of the Cold program, Probus, KWMP, a passionate volunteer and proud supporter of the KW Symphony and Conductors Circle. She held a special place in her heart for Third Age Learning, Book Club(s), The Stratford and Drayton Festivals and loved to treat herself (others too) to delicious meals at her favourite local restaurants.

Carol was all about family. Her love of travel began with Paul on the annual family trips to Myrtle Beach, Halls Lake, Florida, Texas, or trips across Canada and around the world. She travelled with her daughters to recognize their special birthday milestones, her sister, and dear friends to many exotic places.

She wore her love of country like a badge of honour wherever she travelled. She loved unconditionally and was so proud of her family. She relished playing bridge in many clubs as well as spending time with her lifelong friends who carried her through the years after Paul died. Carol loved the CBC, PBS, British detective shows, International hockey and classical music. She had a remarkable zest for life and her smile lit up any room. She touched many lives and we are all better for having known her. The world is a kinder and gentler place because of Carol's generosity and love.

Remember Me

To the living, I am gone.
To the sorrowful, I will never return.
To the angry, I was cheated,
But to the happy, I am at peace,
And to the faithful, I have never left.
I cannot be seen, but I can be heard.
So as you stand upon a shore,
gazing at a beautiful sea - remember me.
As you look in awe at a mighty forest
and its grand majesty - remember me.
As you look upon a flower
and admire its simplicity - remember me.
Remember me in your heart, your thoughts,
your memories of the times we loved,
the times we cried, the times we fought,
the times we laughed.
For if you always think of me,
I will never be gone.

Margaret Mead

