



IN MEMORY OF

Mark William Riggs

MARCH 15, 1953 - DECEMBER 14, 2020

Order of Service

Symphony No. 9 in E Minor, OP. 95

FROM THE NEW WORLD

Antonín Dvořák

PRAYER OF WELCOME

Psalm 121: 1-8

A SONG OF ASCENTS

One Hand, One Heart

WEST SIDE STORY

Leonard Bernstein & Stephen Sondheim

REFLECTION ON MARK'S LIFE

No Hard Feelings

The Avett Brothers

PRAYER OF BLESSING & REPOSE

DISMISSAL OF FAMILY

Following today's service, the family will be escorted to the side of the amphitheater where they would love to safely greet friends. Please continue wearing a mask during this time for everyone's safety, and to honor both Mark and the medical staff who fought tirelessly for him.

Our family is full of photographers. In the coming years, photographs will be even more precious to us. A slideshow of images to highlight Mark throughout his life has been created, we'd love for you to enjoy it as well:

vimeo.com/showcase/markriggs

Gratitude from the Riggs

FOR TODAY'S SERVICE

Planning this service as a family has been a salve for our soul. We are so thankful for Dr. John York and Daniel Forsythe for speaking and ministering to us. John has been one of Mark's closest friends since they were young marrieds at South 11th & Willis Church of Christ in Abilene. Daniel is a dear friend of Will's and has spent many Thanksgivings with our family. Mark loved both of these men and our entire family has been blessed by their friendship and Godly wisdom over the years.

We are also grateful to Christine Pinson and Michael Stanford for sharing their musical gifts with us today. They both lead our family in worship at Highland and loved Mark. What a gift.

FOR OUR FAMILY & FRIENDS

Thank you for being here today. Our family has been prayed over at all hours of the day and night. You have fed us, kept the grandkids entertained, and met needs we didn't even know we had. We have belonged to you and you belong to us.

We are forever grateful.

FOR MARK'S CONTINUED STORY

In our last conversation with Mark, before he went into the ICU, he told us that this was not the end of his story. That statement has filled us with hope and we are determined that this will not be the end of his story.

Mark's story continues in the lives of his children, grandchildren, and in the lives of thousands of students he taught. His story also continues in the futures of ACU students through the **Dr. Mark & Debbie Riggs Endowment for Actuarial Sciences.**

To join us in continuing Mark's story at ACU, memorials may be sent to : acu.edu/giveonline or ACU Box 29132, Abilene, TX, 79699-9132.

Please designate this endowment in the notes.

No Hard Feelings

THE AVETT BROTHERS

When my body won't hold me anymore and it finally lets me free, will I be ready? When my feet won't walk another mile and my lips give their last kiss goodbye, will my hands be steady?

When I lay down my fears, my hopes, and my doubts, the rings on my fingers, and the keys to my house.

With no hard feelings

When the sun hangs low in the west and the line in my chest won't be kept held at bay any longer. When the jealousy fades away and it's ash and dust for cash and lust and it's just hallelujah. And love in thoughts and love in the words, love in the songs they sing in the church.

With no hard feelings

Lord knows they haven't done much good for anyone. Kept me afraid and cold. With so much to have and hold.

When my body won't hold me anymore and it finally lets me free, where will I go? Will the trade winds take me south through Georgia grain or tropical rain, or snow from the heavens?

Will I join with the ocean blue or run into a savior true and shake hands laughing? And walk through the night, straight to the light. Holding the love I've known in my life.

With no hard feelings

Lord knows they haven't done much good for anyone. Kept me afraid and cold. With so much to have and hold

Under the curving sky I'm finally learning why it matters for me and you to say it and mean it too. For life and its loveliness and all of its ugliness. Good as it's been to me, I have no enemies.

I have no enemies.

