



# A Celebration of the Life of Tim Ellis

Friday, August 22, 2025, 2:00 p.m.

Chewonki Foundation

Wiscasset, Maine





## **“Tinkly Music”**

(so-called by Tim)

Scott Andrews and Paul Arthur

## **Welcome**

Nancy Kennedy, President, Chewonki Foundation

Anne Leslie

## **“Look to This Day”**

(by Kalidasa)

Stewart Stout

*Look to this day:  
For it is life, the very life of life.  
In its brief course  
Lie all the verities and realities of your existence.  
The bliss of growth,  
The glory of action,  
The splendour of achievement  
Are but experiences of time.  
For yesterday is but a dream  
And tomorrow is only a vision;  
And today well-lived, makes  
Yesterday a dream of happiness  
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.  
Look well therefore to this day;  
Such is the salutation to the ever-new dawn!*

## **"Farewell Shanty"**

(Traditional Cornish tune; words by Mervyn Vincent)

Lois Lyman and Ross Faneuf

*It's time to go now  
Haul away your anchor  
Haul away your anchor  
'Tis our sailing time*

*Get some sail upon her  
Haul away your halyards  
Haul away your halyards  
'Tis our sailing time*

*Get her on her course now  
Haul away your foresheets  
Haul away your foresheets  
'Tis our sailing time*

*Waves are breaking under  
Haul away down-channel  
Haul away down-channel  
On the evening tide*

*When my time is over  
Haul away for Heaven  
Haul away for Heaven  
God be at my side*

*It's time to go now  
Haul away your anchor  
Haul away your anchor  
'Tis our sailing time*



## Reflections

Craig Kesselheim

Scott Andrews

Sheila Sullivan

Cindy Robertson

## "Simple Gifts"

(Shaker hymn)

Scott Andrews, Paul Arthur, Don Hudson,

Amy Rogers, Sue West, and you

*'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free,  
'Tis the gift to come round to where we ought to be,  
And when we find ourselves in the place just right,  
It will be in the valley of love and delight.  
When true simplicity is gained,  
To bow and to bend we shan't be ashamed,  
To turn, turn will be our delight,  
Till by turning, turning we come 'round right.*

## "How Can I Keep from Singing?"

(by Robert Lowry)

Scott et al., and you

*My life goes on in endless song  
Above earth's lamentation.  
I hear the real, though far-off hymn  
That hails a new creation.*

*Through all the tumult and the strife,  
I hear its music ringing.  
It sounds an echo in my soul-  
How can I keep from singing?*

*While though the tempest loudly roars.*



*I hear the truth, it liveth!  
And though the darkness 'round me close.  
Songs in the night it giveth.*

*No storm can shake my inmost calm  
While to that rock I'm clinging.  
Since love is Lord of heaven and earth,  
How can I keep from singing?*



## **"The Heart of Religion"**

(by Harry Emerson Fosdick)

Susan Goodwillie Stedman

*The heart of religion is friendship - friendship with the Spirit of All Goodness, who is God, and with his children. Religion is not shut up in churches, therefore, although it ought to be kindled and kept burning there, it shines wherever people in their daily lives are keeping clean and fine their inward friendship with the Great Spirit and their outward friendship with their fellows. They who would keep this inward friendship with God wholesome and constant and high must learn to see Him where He is, in all the goodness and beauty of the world. Music is one of His revealers and beauty in art is His interpreter. Human love and friendship are eastern windows through which He shines. He is present in all goodness, loyalty, fidelity, kindliness, and truth.*

## **Family Reflections**

Benjamin Ellis

Flynn Ellis

Rupert Wood

Jenny Ellis

Zoe Ellis Wilson

## **Closing Thoughts**

Nancy Kennedy

Anne Leslie

## **"I Knew This Place"**

(by David Mallett)

Scott et al., and you

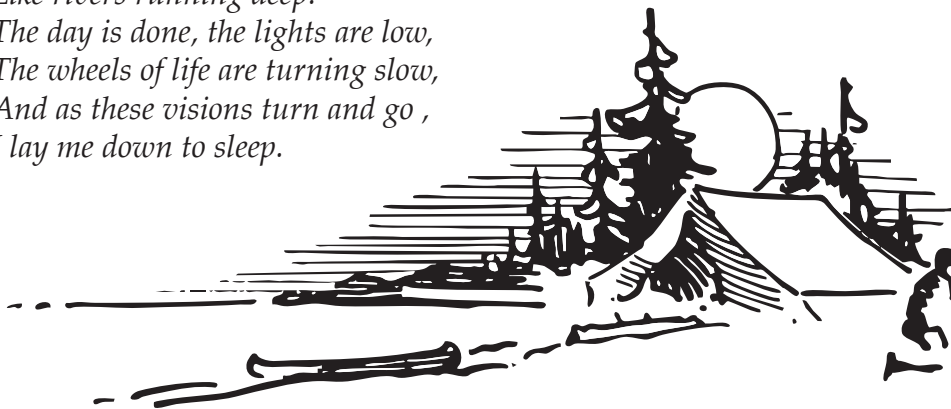
*I knew this place, I knew it well, every sound and every smell,  
And every time I walked I fell for the first two years or so.  
There across the grassy yard, I, a young boy, runnin' hard.  
Brown and bruised and battle-scarred and lost in sweet illusion.*

*From my window I can see the fingers of an ancient tree.  
Reaching out it calls to me to climb its surly branches.  
But all my climbing days are gone and these tired legs I'm standin' on  
Would scarcely dare to leave the spot upon which I am standin'.*

*And I remember every word from every voice I ever heard,  
Every frog and every bird, yes, this is where it starts.  
A brother's laugh, the sighing wind, this is where my life begins.  
This is where I learned to use my hands and hear my heart.*

*This house is old, it carries on like verses to an old-time song,  
Always changed but never gone, this house can stand the seasons.  
Our lives pass on from door to door, dust across the wooden floor,  
Feather rain and thunder roar, we need not know the reason.*

*And all these thoughts come back to me  
Like ships across a friendly sea,  
Like breezes blowing endlessly,  
Like rivers running deep.  
The day is done, the lights are low,  
The wheels of life are turning slow,  
And as these visions turn and go ,  
I lay me down to sleep.*



*I knew this place, I knew it well, every sound and every smell,  
And every time I walked I fell for the first two years or so.  
There across the grassy yard, I, a young boy, runnin' hard.  
Brown and bruised and battle-scarred and lost in sweet illusion.*

## **"Come by the Hills"**

(by Gordon Smith)

Scott et al., and you

*Oh, come by the hills to the land where fancy is free.  
Stand where the hills meet the sky and the lochs meet the sea,  
Where rivers run clear, bracken is gold in the sun.  
Oh, the cares of tomorrow will wait till this day is done.*

*Oh, come by the hills to the land where life is a song.  
Stand where the birds fill the air with their songs all day long,  
Where the trees sway in time, even the breeze sings a tune.  
Oh, the cares of tomorrow will wait till this day is done.*

*Oh, come by the hills to the land where legends remain.  
Stories of old fill the air and may yet come again,  
Where the past is not lost, the future is yet to be won.  
Oh, the cares of tomorrow will wait till this day is done.*

*Oh, come by the hills to the land where fancy is free.  
Stand where the hills meet the sky and the lochs meet the sea,  
Where rivers run clear, bracken is gold in the sun.  
Oh, the cares of tomorrow will wait till this day is done.*





Please join Tim's family and friends at a reception in the Center of Environmental Education. Bring an instrument and/or your singing voice, if you'd like to keep the music going!



Tim devoted his life to helping young people grow through learning in small communities tuned to the natural world. Chewonki continues to do this work every single day.

We invite you to make a gift of any size to Chewonki in his honor. Please designate your gift "For financial aid." You can give online here: [chewonki.org/give](https://chewonki.org/give). Or mail a check to Chewonki, 485 Chewonki Neck Road, Wiscasset Maine 04578.

Our thanks and love,

Ben Ellis, Jenny Ellis, and Nancy Deskins