



WESTMINSTER

— Presbyterian Church —

A Service of Witness to the Resurrection
and In Memory of

David Kingsley McMillan

April 30, 1936 - July 11, 2026

Westminster Presbyterian Church

262 State Street, Albany, NY

August 22, 2026

11:00 am

ORGAN PRELUDE

"No Shadows Yonder"

Alfred R. Gaul
Emma Mrowka, Organist

GREETING

Rev. Heather Kirk-Davidoff, Minister, Westminster Presbyterian Church

OPENING PRAYER

*HYMN #326

"For All the Saints"

CONFESSION AND PARDON

Remember that our Lord Jesus

Hebrews 4:14–16

can sympathize with us in our weaknesses,
since in every respect he was tempted as we are,
yet without sin.

Let us then with boldness approach the throne of grace,
that we may receive mercy
and find grace to help in time of need.

Let us confess our sins
against God and our neighbor.

All:

God of mercy,

whose loving-kindness endures forever:

we confess that often we have failed

to receive and give love;

to care for others as we care for ourselves;

to forgive and accept forgiveness.

We remember good intentions that were not put into actions;

harsh words that were hurtful;

selfish purposes that caused pain;

persistent pride that would not yield.

We acknowledge our fear in the face of death

and our failure to accept the hope you offer us in Christ.

Hear us, O Lord,

as in this silence, we make our confession to you.

(Silence)

Gracious God,

forgive us and help us to forgive others;

heal us from the pain of self-condemnation;

**free us from the burden of failures that cannot be corrected;
renew us with your loving assurance
that our sins have been forgiven,
through Jesus Christ, our Redeemer.**

The mercy of the Lord
is from everlasting to everlasting.
I declare to you, in the name of Jesus Christ,
you are forgiven. Thanks be to God.

Psalm 103:17

CHORAL ANTHEM

"The Falconer"

Alfred V. Fedak

Sung by the Westminster Presbyterian Church Choir, directed by Margaret Randall

FAVORITE QUOTATIONS

Read by Stephen McMillan, Mary McMillan and Katie McMillan Culp

EULOGY

Rev. John Payne

*HYMN

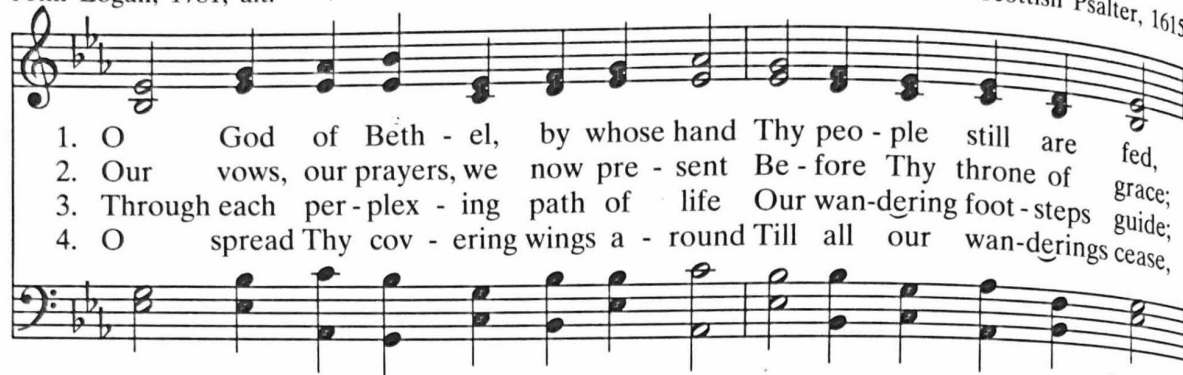
O God of Bethel, by Whose Hand

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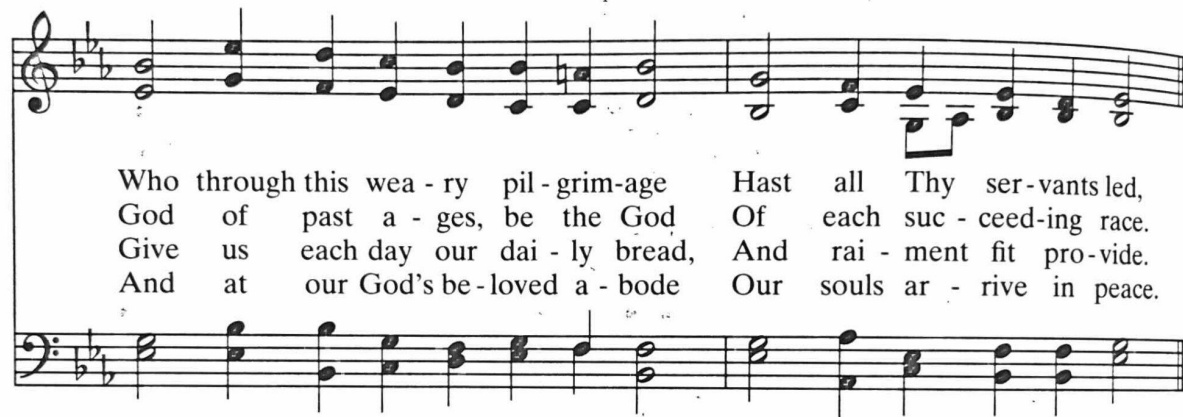
Philip Doddridge (1702-1751)
John Logan, 1781; alt.

DUNDEE CM

Scottish Psalter, 1615



1. O God of Beth - el, by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed,
2. Our vows, our prayers, we now pre - sent Be - fore Thy throne of grace;
3. Through each per - plex - ing path of life Our wan - dering foot - steps guide;
4. O spread Thy cov - ering wings a - round Till all our wan - derings cease,



Who through this wea - ry pil - grim-age Hast all Thy ser - vants led,
God of past a - ges, be the God Of each suc - ceed - ing race.
Give us each day our dai - ly bread, And rai - ment fit pro - vide.
And at our God's be - loved a - bode Our souls ar - rive in peace.

SCRIPTURE

Romans 6:1-6

What then are we to say? Should we continue in sin in order that grace may increase? By no means! How can we who died to sin go on living in it? Do you not know that all of us who were baptized into Christ Jesus were baptized into his death? Therefore we were buried with him by baptism into death, so that, just as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, so we also might walk in newness of life.

For if we have been united with him in a death like his, we will certainly be united with him in a resurrection like his. We know that our old self was crucified with him so that the body of sin might be destroyed, so we might no longer be enslaved to sin.

SCRIPTURE

1 Corinthians 15:51-58

Look, I will tell you a mystery! We will not all die, but we will all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet. For the trumpet will sound, and the dead will be raised imperishable, and we will be changed. For this perishable body must put on imperishability, and this mortal body must put on immortality. When this perishable body puts on imperishability and this mortal body puts on immortality, then the saying that is written will be fulfilled:

“Death has been swallowed up in victory.”

“Where, O death, is your victory?
Where, O death, is your sting?”

The sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore, my beloved brothers and sisters, be steadfast, immovable, always excelling in the work of the Lord because you know that in the Lord your labor is not in vain.

SERMON

Rev. Heather Kirk-Davidoff

HYMN #834

"Precious Lord, Take My Hand"

PRAYERS OF THANKSGIVING, INTERCESSION, AND SUPPLICATION

THE LORD'S PRAYER

*COMMENDATION *(Please stand if you are able.)*

Rev. Heather Kirk-Davidoff

You only are immortal, the creator and maker of all.
We are mortal, formed of the earth,
and to earth shall we return.

This you ordained when you created us, saying,
"You are dust,
and to dust you shall return."
All of us go down to the dust;
yet even at the grave we make our song:
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.
Give rest, O Christ, to your servant with all your saints,
where there is neither pain nor sorrow nor sighing,
but life everlasting. Amen.

Into your hands, O merciful Savior,
we commend your servant David.
Acknowledge, we humbly pray,
a sheep of your own fold,
a lamb of your own flock,
a sinner of your own redeeming.
Receive him into the arms of your mercy,
into the blessed rest of everlasting peace,
and into the glorious company of the saints in light. Amen.

*CLOSING HYMN #354

"Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory"

*BENEDICTION

Rev. Heather Kirk-Davidoff

ORGAN POSTLUDE

"The Strife is O'er"
Based on the tune "Victory"

Roger C. Wilson

Selected Quotations

Island Sojourn

by Elizabeth Arthur (1953 -)

There are moments when stillness comes and, hammer in hand, I can mold raw energy of the world . . . Though the moments pass, and buildings fall into ruin, the power to create remains . . . We all sojourn and we all can build... the only thing we cannot do is stay.

Gracias: A Latin American Journal

By Henri J. M. Nouwen (1932 – 1996)

Within a few years (five, ten, twenty or thirty) I will be no longer on this earth. The thought of this does not frighten me but fills me with quiet peace. I am a small part of life, a human being in the midst of thousands of other human beings. It is good to be young, to grow old, and to die. It is good to live with others, and to die with others. God became flesh to share with us in this simple living and dying and thus made it good. I can feel today that it is good to be and, especially, to be one among many. What founts are not the unique accomplishments in life that make me different from others, but the basic experiences of sadness and joy, pain and healing, which make me part of humanity. The time is indeed growing short for me, but the knowledge sets me free to prevent mourning from depressing me and joy from exciting me. Mourning and joy can now both deepen my quiet desire for the day when I realize that the many kisses and embraces I received today were simple incarnations of the eternal embrace of the Lord Himself.

"In Silentio" from Silence io Heaven.

By Thomas Merton (1915 – 1968)

Then, in deep silence, wisdom begins to sing her unending, sunlit, inexpressible song; the private song she sings to the solitary soul. It is her own song and her song - the unique, irreplaceable song that each soul sings for herself with the unknown Spirit, as she sits on the doorstep of her own being, the place where her existence opens out into the abyss of God. It is the song that each one of us must sing, the song God has composed that God might sing it within us. It is the song which, if we do not listen to it, will never be sung. And if we do not join with God in singing this song, we will never be fully real; for it is the song of our own life welling up like a stream from the very heart of God.

The Irony of American History.

Reinhold Niebuhr (1892 – 1971)

Nothing that is worth doing can be achieved in our lifetime; therefore we must be saved by hope. Nothing that is true or beautiful or good makes complete sense in any immediate context of history, therefore we must be saved by faith. Nothing we do, however virtuous, can be accomplished alone; therefore we are saved by love.

No virtuous act is quite as virtuous from the standpoint of our friend or foe as it is from our standpoint. Therefore we must be saved by the final form of love which is forgiveness.

Dirge Without Music

Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892 – 1950)

I am not resigned to the shutting away of loving hearts in the hard ground.
So it is and so it will be, for so it has been, time out of mind.
Into the darkness they go, the wise and the lovely. Crowned
With lilies and with laurel they go; but I am not resigned.

Lovers and thinkers, into the earth with you.
Be one with the dull, the indiscriminate dust.
A fragment of what you felt, of what you knew,
A formula, a phrase remains - but the best is lost.

The answers quick and keen, the honest look, the laughter, the love, -
They are gone. They are gone to feed the roses. Elegant and curled
Is the blossom, Fragrant is the blossom. I know. But I do not approve.
More precious was the light in your eyes than all the roses in the world.

Down, down, down into the darkness of the grave
Gently they go, the beautiful, the tender, the kind;
Quietly they go, the intelligent, the witty, the brave.
I know. But I do not approve. And I am not resigned.

David Kingsley McMillan

After a long life and a brief illness, David Kingsley McMillan, beloved husband and father, died peacefully in his sleep on July 11, 2026 at the age of 90 in Slingerlands, NY.

Born April 30, 1936, in White Plains, NY, to John and Grace McMillan, David grew up in Delmar, NY, and graduated from Bethlehem Central High School in 1954. He later earned a B.S. from Hamilton College and a Bachelor of Divinity from Union Theological Seminary.



David and Elizabeth had known each other since kindergarten and married on June 20, 1959. Together they enjoyed 67 wonderful years of marriage and raised four children, Stephen, Mary, Katie and Rachel.

David was a Presbyterian Minister, serving churches in Rochester, NY, Cleveland Heights, OH, and Philadelphia, PA. After retirement, David served as stated supply pastor in Hoosick Falls, NY, and Hudson, NY. Over six decades of ministry he cared for congregations large and small, using sermons, prayer and counsel to illuminate the teachings of the Church and make sense of the modern world. In the early 1970s, he was instrumental in a successful reimagining of the Central Presbyterian Church building in Rochester, NY, which allowed The Hochstein School of music to take up residency.

He wrote several books based on his experiences with his churches: Pilgrimage with a People 1961 – 1975 (edited by Bernie Lemly), Pilgrimage with a People 1983 – 2001 and Pilgrimage with a People Part III 1971 – 2009. He also produced a pamphlet with personal commentary on several dozen of his favorite quotes.

David was known for his love of poetry, his unwavering faith in the Cleveland and Philadelphia sports teams, his love of all things railroad and his joyful experiences traveling the world with Elizabeth. He enjoyed working on a good picture puzzle, was the best in the family at finding the Pangram in the daily NY Times Spelling Bee, and was the family Scrabble scorekeeper. He loved baking and frosting Christmas cookies and building gingerbread houses with his grandchildren. When asked what his greatest accomplishments were, he replied: “Raising a family and creating diverse congregations.”

He is survived by his wife Elizabeth, his children Stephen Kingsley (Anne), Mary Louise, and Katherine Elizabeth (Rob) and three grandchildren – Autumn, Lizzie and Elijah. He was preceded in death by his brother John (Carolyn) and daughter Rachel.