

*In Loving Memory Of
Stephen Ryan Ivens
June 14, 1976-July 30, 2012*



"But the souls of the just are in the hand of God, and no torment shall touch them. They seemed in the view of the foolish, to be dead, and their passing was thought an affliction and their going forth from us, utter destruction, but they are in peace."

-- Wisdom 3:1-3

Memorial Mass
St. Francis Xavier Catholic Church
3801 Scott Road, Burbank, California
Saturday, August 11, 2012, 10:30 am

Presider: **Fr. Benny George, CMI**

Entrance Song for Mass:

"Amazing Grace"

Opening Prayer:

LITURGY OF THE WORD

First Reading:

By Karen Cayaba

A reading from the Book of Lamentations

The word of the Lord.

R: Thanks be to God

Responsorial Psalm: (Sung)

Response: The Lord is my shepherd; there is nothing I shall want.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. In verdant pastures he gives me repose; beside restful waters he leads me; he refreshes my soul. He guides me in right paths for his name's sake. *R*

Even though I walk in the dark valley, I fear no evil; for you are at my side. With your rod and your staff that give me courage. *R*

You spread the table before me in the sight of my foes; you anoint my head with oil; my cup overflows. *R*

Only goodness and kindness follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for years to come. *R*

Second Reading:

By Naomi C. Lewis

A reading from the Letter of Saint Paul to the Romans

The word of the Lord.

R: Thanks be to God



Stephen Ryan Ivens **Called to Eternal Life**

California was a dream and his real life began...

Steve found calm by the beach where he did his early runs. He located a cozy bachelor pad facing the waters in the Redondo Beach area where a typical day would find hundreds in the sun and around the ocean.

He took pride in his uniform as a police officer for the LAPD and practiced to heart his oath of "to serve and protect the people of the community."

He was highly regarded for his intelligence and unassuming demeanor, admired by his peers in the diligence of his work ethic. That crooked smile of his was the only crooked thing he bore. This man was made of hardcore principle, his quiet presence a semblance of a man at peace with himself, his world and his God. As one relative so aptly put it, "Stephen was an almost perfect man." There was no single bad bone in his body. Life was good.

And then he relocated to the chockfull Hollywood area, the metonym of American movies. He took the transfer quite lightheartedly, unbelieving even that he had gone a long way from the easy and effortless life in Braintree, Massachusetts, to the busy and challenging lifestyle of Hollywood, California. In a way, this change amused him, but Steve remained unchanged in character.

When he met **Thea Joyce** in 2002, two years after his move from the east coast, he found in her as many similarities as there were disparities not only in their culture and upbringing, but in their thoughts and feelings as well. What ultimately drove them closer together was absolute love of family, giving it their topmost priority, having lost both their fathers as adolescents. Also, they shared adventurous travels together, one, the driver, and the other, the navigator. Steve was happy with Thea and he did not need to prove anything to be liked by her wide circle of friends and her big family.

He rarely contributed to clamorous and senseless group discussions which happened during most gatherings. He chose instead to be a spectator and observed with his keen eyes, like a true policeman, the behavior patterns of this crowd who would eventually become his extended family. He also loved and enjoyed the overflowing servings and display of good Filipino food and desserts during these many gatherings and he chose, while he observed, to relish in these.

The sun was bright that one fine morning of September 5 in 2004, and its light a manifestation of yet another resplendent future for two hearts now joined as one in matrimony. One could readily surmise that the special glow in Steve's eyes was that of happiness. Life was a promise. Life was good.

Although he took joy in his work as an LAPD police officer, his heart remained fragmented from the tragedy and enduring effects of 9/11. He realized his calling was not just "to serve and protect a community" but to serve and protect a nation. His feelings were strong. His determination to prevent evil from walking the face of the earth unpunished, was palpable.

Sustained once again with the levelheaded advice from his mom, **Cathy**, and equipped once more with his incorruptible values, practicality and quiet confidence, he joined the FBI as a special agent committed in the area of counter-terrorism. This was three years ago.

The birth of **Kyle Xavier** in 2009 was another clasp of joy and promise to this simple man at heart. At first in shock and in fear by the news of a forthcoming baby, Steve was ecstatic, exuberant and immediately enthralled the moment his eyes lay on the beautiful baby boy before him. He embraced fatherhood as if it were second nature to him. This was almost three years ago. Life was good and the direction it seemed to tread was that of the promise of a dream.

Thinking of Steve, one is reminded of a sad poem by Edwin Arlington Robinson entitled, "Richard Cory," except that Steve was inherently happy and content in his simplicity. He was so plain and transparent, consistent in his ways, pleased with whatever situation of life was placed before him, no matter how difficult. He was not embarrassed to shed tears or cry nor molt his shyness nor distance his constraints if duty or morality or family were at stake. For Steve, tears were not signs of weakness and frailty but of profound honesty. That was his character.

Steve was a reputable man like most men who heed the spirit of righteousness. He respected people because he expected the same. He never spoke ill of anyone because he didn't want anyone to speak ill of him. He served and protected his community and his country and hoped to make our world a better place to live. He never boasted about his achievements in life because his goals and his acquisitions were products of his character. He pursued his dreams out of an intense desire to see what his world could offer him. His life was uncomplicated because he lived by the rules of the One who created him.

Steve was a son, a brother, a nephew, a cousin, an in-law, a friend, a husband and a father. His life was never a bed of roses but he thought it good. He had hoped to live his life in serenity. His wants were almost too passive, guileless and mundane they could almost be regarded as part of daily existence. All he wanted was to eat good food, read good non-fiction books, be asleep by 10PM and watch Bill O'Reilly's political commentaries. As much as he could, he was happy to take Kyle to the park, to wrestle and to play rough with him. He called him his "little munchkin" and his "little buddy." He had started to show little Kyle the ways to a good life as much as he knew it then.

It is seldom in life that one is given the opportunity to be in the constant presence of true goodness. Steve was that man, an almost perfect man. He only had one flaw--- that is, his utter humility. How is it that it is this same flaw that must've pleased his Creator to have now made him perfect in the presence of the blessed? We will never understand God's ways.

We are only assured that **Stephen Ryan Ivens'** eternal life has begun...



*Don't grieve for me,
for now I'm free...*

*God wanted me now...
He set me free...*

Alleluia Verse:

This is the will of my Father, says the Lord, that everyone who sees the Son and believes in him may have eternal life, and I shall raise him on the last day.

Gospel:

A reading from the Holy Gospel according to Matthew.

At that time Jesus answered: "I give praise to you, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, for although you have hidden these things from the wise and the learned you have revealed them to the childlike. Yes, Father, such has been your gracious will. All things have been handed over to me by my Father. No one knows the Son except the Father, and no one knows the Father except the Son and anyone to whom the Son wishes to reveal him."

Come to me, all you who labor and are burdened. And I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn from me, for I am meek and humble of heart; and you will find rest for yourselves. For my yoke is easy, and my burden light."
The Gospel of the Lord.

R: Praise to you Lord Jesus Christ.



Homily:

Prayer of the Faithful:

By Jim Ryan

Prsider: A baptized child Jesus is the Son of God and the pattern for our own creation. His promise is that one day we shall truly be like him. With our hope founded on that promise, we pray:

Response: Lord, hear our prayer

That God will receive our praise and thanksgiving for the life of Stephen Ivens.
Let us pray to the Lord **R**

That God will bring to completion Stephen's baptism into Christ.
let us pray to the Lord. **R**

That God will lead Stephen from death to life. Let us pray to the Lord. **R**

That all of us, Stephen's family and friends, may be comforted in our grief.
Let us pray to the Lord. **R**

That God will grant release to those who suffer. Let us pray to the Lord. **R**

That God will grant peace to all who have died in the faith of Christ.
Let us pray to the Lord. **R**

That one day we may all share in the banquet of the Lord, praising God for victory
over death. Let us pray to the Lord. **R**

LITURGY OF THE EUCHARIST

Offertory Song: *“Jesus Remember Me”*
“You Are Mine”

Gift Bearers: Cathy Ryan, Michelle Ivens-Ryan
Thea Joyce Ivens

Communion Song: *“We Remember”*

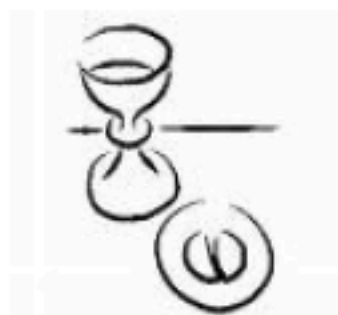
Meditation Song: *“The Rose”*

Eulogy: The Almost Perfect Man **By Justine C. Lewis**

After the Blessing of the Body: *“Song of Farewell”*

Closing Song: *“Ave Maria”*

Cantor: Georgette Manio



Interment/Burial follows immediately after Mass

Mission Hills Catholic Mortuary
11160 Stranwood Avenue
Mission Hills, CA 91345

Pall Bearers:

Jim Ryan	Ed Ryan
Scott Kelly	Paul Ivens
Jaime Gonzalez	Alan Lewis
Walter Pontillano	Juney Cayaba



Thea Ivens and little Kyle

would like to express their profound thanks to those who served as pillars in their time of grief, bringing the spirit of pride and honor in Steve's work as a law enforcement officer.

*To the **Los Angeles Police Department** for the very meaningful funeral bagpipes, buglers and honor guard ceremony and the **Federal Bureau of Investigation** for sending the voice of an angel in **Georgette Manio**, FBI special agent.*

God bless you for keeping us safe!