



José Luis Martí with Guillermo Armengol



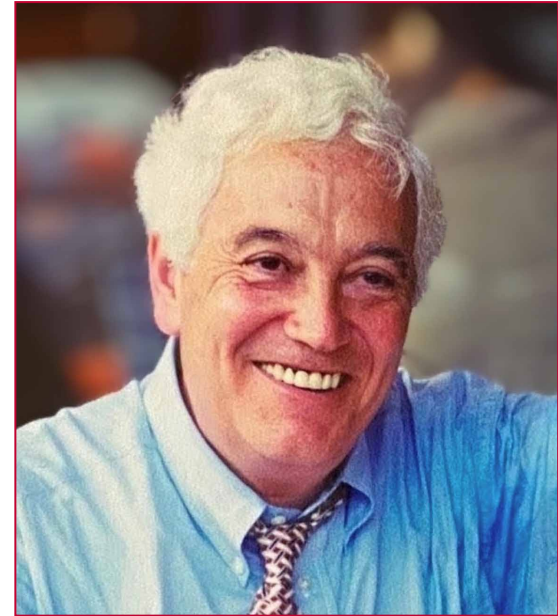
On behalf of the Martí family, thank you to

Steve Murray
Karen Reading
Joaquín González and Paloma Torres
Department of Public Safety
Facilities Services
Hutchins Galleries
Information Technology Services
The Lawrenceville School

Following the service, please join the family at
Alumni Study, Foundation House.



Celebration of Life



José Luis Martí
April 1940 ~ August 2026



October 3, 2026
2 p.m.
Hutchins Galleries Rotunda
The Lawrenceville School

Prelude

Gathering

"Gabriel's Oboe"

Ennio Morricone

Welcome Nina Laubach, Celebrant

Interlude

"Recuerdos de La Alhambra"

Francisco Tàrrega

Remembrances Ned Miller
Beth Worth

Poema

"Orillas del Duero" Recited by Guillermo Armengol
Antonio Machado

Interlude

"Impossible Dream"

Mitch Leigh

Family Remembrances

Interlude

"Concierto de Aranjuez: 2 Adagio"

Joaquín Rodrigo

Reflection Nina Laubach

Hymn of Celebration

"How Great Thou Art"



Verse 1

Oh Lord, my God

When I, in awesome wonder

Consider all the worlds Thy hands have made

I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder

Thy power throughout the universe displayed

Chorus

Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee

How great Thou art, how great Thou art

Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee

How great Thou art, how great Thou art

Verse 2

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing

Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in

That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing

He bled and died to take away my sin

Chorus



Closing Remarks and Benediction Nina Laubach

Song of Sending Forth

Postlude

Musicians Matt Davis, Guitarist
Craig Renoe, Keyboardist

“Orillas del Duero”

Antonio Machado



Se ha asomado una cigüeña a lo alto del campanario.

Girando en torno a la torre y al caserón solitario,
ya las golondrinas chillan. Pasaron del blanco invierno,
de nevascas y ventiscas los crudos soplos de infierno.

Es una tibia mañana.

El sol calienta un poquito la pobre tierra soriana.

Pasados los verdes pinos,
casi azules, primavera
se ve brotar en los finos
chopos de la carretera
y del río. El Duero corre, terso y mudo, mansamente.
El campo parece, más que joven, adolescente.

Entre las hierbas alguna humilde flor ha nacido,
azul o blanca. ¡Belleza del campo apenas florido,
y mística primavera!

¡Chopos del camino blanco, álamos de la ribera,
espuma de la montaña
ante la azul lejanía,
sol del día, claro día!
¡Hermosa tierra de España!

“Banks of the Duero”

Antonio Machado



A stork has appeared atop the bell tower.
Circling the tower and the solitary manor,
swallows are already calling out. Gone is the white winter,
gone the harsh, hellish blasts of snowstorms and blizzards.

It is a mild morning.
The sun warms, just a little, the poor soil of Soria.

Beyond the green pines—
hued almost blue—spring
can be seen budding on the slender
poplars along the road and by the river.
The Duero flows, smooth and silent, gently.
The countryside seems not merely young, but adolescent.

Amidst the grasses, a humble flower has sprung up,
blue or white. Beauty of the countryside just beginning to bloom,
and mystical spring!

Poplars along the white road, aspens by the riverbank,
mountain foam
set against the blue distance,
sun of the day, clear day!
Beautiful land of Spain!