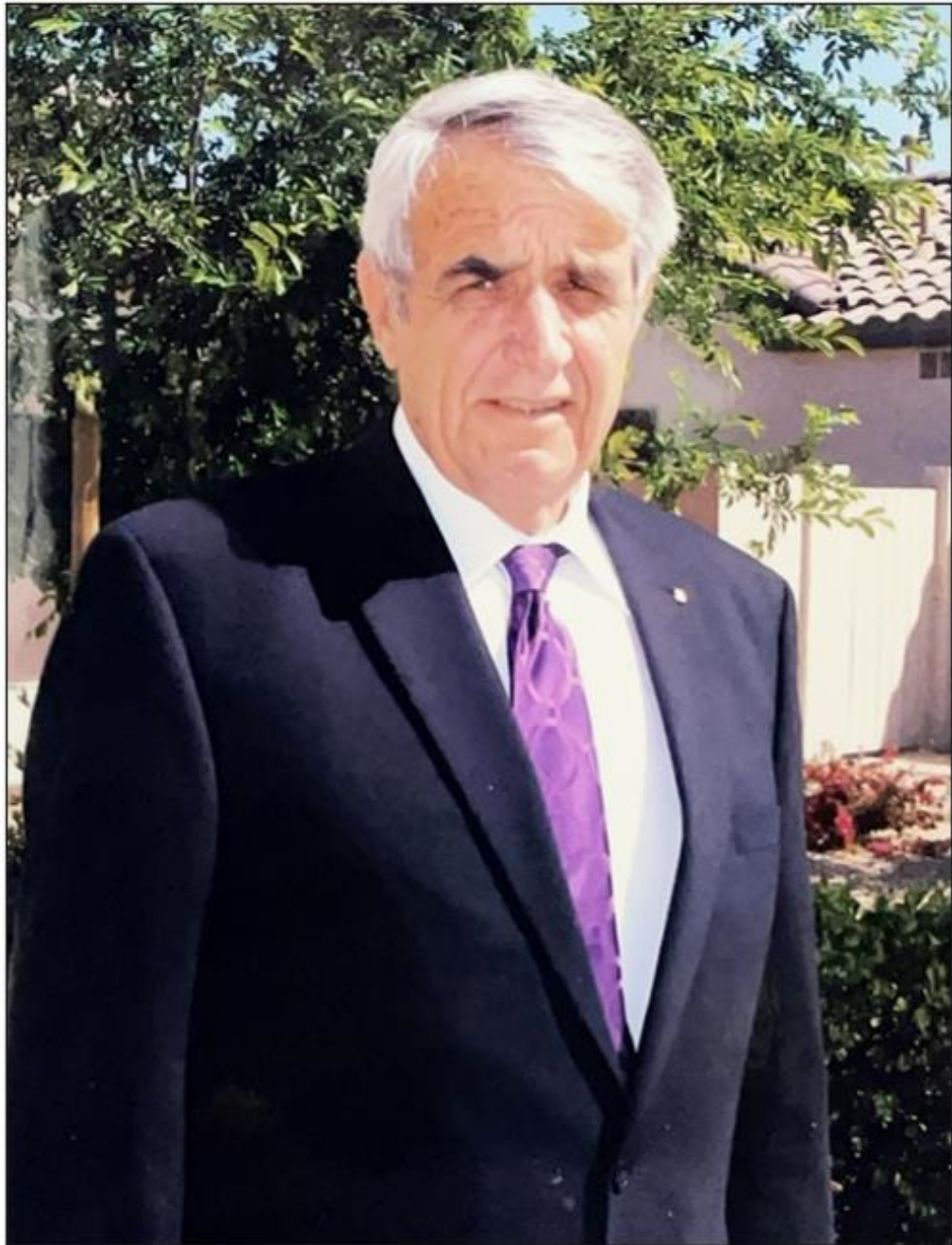


A Service of Witness to the Resurrection
Remembering the life of
Lester Reed Barton
October 6, 1942 – May 25, 2022



Gilbert Presbyterian Church
10:00 am June 7, 2022

*In Celebration of the Life of
Lester Reed Barton*

TRIBUTE IN PHOTOS AND SONG	<i>In My Life</i> , Johnny Cash
WELCOME AND CALL TO WORSHIP	Pastor George Prohaska
PRELUDE	Susan Martinez
PRAYER	Pastor George Prohaska
SCRIPTURE READINGS Isaiah 61:1-3 John 14:1-3, 27	Pastor George Prohaska
HOMILY	Rev. Dr. Terry Palmer
PRAYER AND LORD'S PRAYER <i>Our Father who art in heaven; hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us; and lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen</i>	
SPECIAL MUSIC	<i>Broken Halos</i> , Chris Stapleton
IN MEMORY	Dan Hyland, Ken and Jacob Barton
BENEDICTION	Pastor George Prohaska
POSTLUDE	Susan Martinez
DEPARTURE	<i>We'll Meet Again</i> , Johnny Cash

You are invited to join us for a reception following the service
in the Palmer Center

Memorial Donations may be made in Lester's name to Gilbert
Presbyterian Church, 235 E. Guadalupe Road, Gilbert, AZ 85234

LESTER REED BARTON

Lester was born in Centerville, Iowa, and passed away May 25, 2022, after a long battle with lung-related illnesses. His wife, Anne, and sons, Kenneth and Jacob, were by his side.

He was born on October 6, 1942, the youngest of nine children, and raised in southern Iowa. At a young age, Lester was milking cows, tossing hay bales into the barn, helping with the garden, pumping water and shoveling feed, and always hoping for a ride to town on Saturday night to watch a movie while his folks did their grocery shopping.

In his Junior year in high school, Lester was cast as the father in a class play, His wife in the production was played by Anne Burchett whom he started dating. The couple married on March 29, 1964. In 1967, Lester was drafted into the U.S. Army and sent to Vietnam where he served in the 1st Infantry Division. He earned three Bronze Stars and a South Vietnamese medal for his valor in combat. After being discharged, Lester continued military service in the Iowa Reserves and Arizona National Guard.

Lester was employed by the Iowa Department of Transportation and later by the cities of Mesa, Scottsdale, and Chandler, Arizona, as a construction inspector. He also drove a big rig for a while, logging lots of miles and gathering substantial material for storytelling to friends and family.

Surviving family members are Lester's wife, Anne, their sons and families, Kenneth and Julie Barton, Amy and Jason Hector, and Jacob, Andrea, and Jael (Lester's favorite 4-year-old) Barton, all in Chandler, AZ. Lester is also survived by his sister Margaret Christensen of Carlisle, Iowa. Preceding him in death were his parents, Esther and Glen Barton, brothers William, Robert, and George and sisters June Robison, Hope Mendenhall, Jean Courtney, and Leona Barton.

MEMORIAL WEBPAGE

<https://www.azgpc.org/lester-barton-memorial>

My G.I. Joe, My Hero
By Jacob Barton

The game is rigged, never fair.
Visions of a future lost now.
Rewind the tape,
Memories.

He lived those lives before me.
Farmer, Soldier, Husband, Father,
Son and Brother.
More unknown.

All I knew was love's embrace.
My father's shield from his cold world.
Pain in his eyes,
Peace in mine.

I grew, afraid and in awe.
Bits and pieces fed this child's mind.
Too scared to ask,
I must know.

A drive here, a meal there,
Each chance seized, eyes and ears open.
Observe. Take in.
Learn to grow.

Magic carpet rides, new worlds
Four to eighteen wheels carried us,
Stress to the man
The child free

I saw the best, lived the worst
The crutch was gone, survival mode.
Do what we must,
Life goes on.

Golden days come, gone too soon,
Enjoy each swing, hold tight the fun.
The vice too strong,
A breath gone.

Then God made me a father,
The shield I had transferred to her.
Can I be him?
Good father?

I dreamt of the days to come,
Hear, see, feel, taste; it has to be.
She loves Pampa.
Meant to be.

Time runs out, even heroes.
Six babies born, we wait to mourn.
Ironies worst,
Please not now.

I whisper we'll be ok,
It's ok to go, but please stay.
My hero's gone
All too soon.

In my baby's eyes I see
He lives on, his joy and loves charm.
We soldier on,
I love you.

