

A Celebration of Life

Jacob Paul Tierney

May 27, 2008 – November 21, 2025



Saturday, January 24, 2026
11:00 a.m.
All Saints Church
Pasadena, California

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
 We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
 In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be.

— William Wordsworth (1770–1850)

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Jacob Paul Tierney was born with Klinefelter Syndrome, a chromosomal condition that shaped the way he learned, felt, and experienced the world. Though he faced challenges, including ADHD and autism spectrum traits, what defined Jacob was not difficulty, but the depth of his heart and the gentleness with which he moved through life.

From the beginning, Jacob followed his own path. He reached milestones on his own time, moving forward when he was ready – whether learning to speak, gaining confidence in the water as he learned to swim, or making important decisions about his health and education. His journey was one of patience and taught those around him the grace of honoring another's rhythm and pace.

Affectionate and people-oriented, Jacob valued connections, shared laughter, and a sense of belonging. This spirit was especially alive during summers spent at Sugar Lake in Minnesota, where he was surrounded by family on his paternal side and always met with kindness and love. There, he learned to fish, often being the first on the dock and the last to leave it. He excelled at the family game of Rummikub, a Tierney gaming tradition and a rite of passage. Jacob became adept at the game and showed no humility or little mercy when winning.

As he grew older, Jacob carried the quiet weight of feeling different while appearing the same. He experienced the world with deep sensitivity and empathy, often absorbing the emotions of others while managing his own anxieties with courage and care.

Jacob found peace in nature rather than city life. Even at this young age, he imagined a future with open spaces – the mountains, in the countryside, or in places like Sugar Lake. He often spoke of Ireland, which was part of a family trip in the summer of 2025, where he was drawn to its beauty and calmness.

That same gentleness defined the way Jacob loved. He was deeply attentive to his father, Michael, who lives with multiple sclerosis. Whenever his father needed help, Jacob came immediately to his aid, always calling him “Pops,” with devotion.

Jacob's brief life reminds us that strength can be gentle, courage can be quiet, and love is often shown through presence and care. In the relatively short time that he was with us, he will be remembered for his warmth, resilience, and the deep connections he formed with others.

VOLUNTARY*Played by Weicheng Zhao.***MINISTRY OF THE WORD****OPENING SENTENCES** *Stand – all who are able.*

Thomas Diaz

Blessed be the God of love and mercy,
 who walks with us in grief,
 who holds us in sorrow,
 and who gathers us in hope.

HYMN "Morning Has Broken" *Remain standing, everyone sings.*

—Words: Eleanor Farjeon (1881–1965), alt.
 Music: *Bunessan*, Gaelic melody

OPENING PRAYER

O God of compassion and tenderness,
you created us in love,
you know us fully,
and you hold us always.

We come before you carrying grief that is heavy,
questions that have no easy answers,
and love that does not end.

Be near to us now.

Hold Jacob in your eternal care.

Hold his family and friends in gentleness.

Hold all of us in the truth that nothing—not even death—can separate us from your love.

Give us courage to breathe,
grace to weep,
and hope enough for this moment.

Amen.

REMEMBERING JACOB *Seated.*

We gather today to remember and give thanks for the life of Jacob Paul Tierney—a beloved child, friend, and companion on this journey of life.

We also gather in honesty, acknowledging the pain of his death, trusting that God meets us not only in joy, but also in sorrow, confusion, and love that aches.

PSALM 121 *Remain seated; all are invited to join in the reading of the psalm.*

I will lift up mine eyes to the mountains;
from where will my help come?

My help comes from our God,
who made heaven and earth.

Our God will not let our footsteps slip,
our Guardian never sleeps.

The Guardian of Israel
Will never slumber, never sleep!

Our God is our Guardian;
our God is our shade,

With God by our side,
the sun cannot overpower us by day
nor the moon by night.

Our God guards us from harm;
guards our lives.

Our God guards our leaving and our coming back,
now and forever.

SOLO *Remain seated.*

Sung by Stephen McDonough.

“Dancing in the Sky”

— by Samuel Barber

HOMILY *Remain seated.*

Thomas Diaz

SOLO *Remain seated.*

Sung by Stephen McDonough.

“In My Life”

— by John Lennon and Paul McCartney

PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE *Standing – all who are able.*

Reader: For Jacob, beloved and precious, that he may rest in peace and rise in glory, held forever in God's gentle care.

People: Holy God, hear our prayer.

Reader: For Jacob's family and those who loved him, for their grief, shock, anger, confusion, and love – that they may be surrounded by compassion, patience, and support.

People: Holy God, hear our prayer.

Reader: For all who carry guilt or unanswered questions, for those who wonder what they missed or what might have been, that they may know God's mercy is wider than our understanding.

People: Holy God, hear our prayer.

Reader: For all who struggle with depression, despair, anxiety, or thoughts of self-harm, that they may know they are not alone, and that help, hope, and healing may reach them in time.

People: Holy God, hear our prayer.

Reader: For this community, that we may learn how to hold one another more tenderly, speak more honestly, and love more fiercely.

People: Holy God, hear our prayer.

Reader: For ourselves, that God may give us strength for this day, and light enough for the next step forward.

People: Holy God, hear our prayer.

Reader: Loving God, receive these prayers – spoken and unspoken – and hold us in the promise that death is not the end of love. *Amen.*

Reader: And now, as our Savior Christ has taught us, in the language of your heart, we are bold to say,

Reader and People:

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 trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

PRAYER OVER THE URN

Into your hands, O God,
we commend your child Jacob Paul Tierney.

Acknowledge, we pray, a beloved life,
known to you from before his first breath,
cherished beyond all measure,
and now returned to your eternal care.

May he know peace without pain,
rest without fear,
and love without end.
Amen.

CLOSING SENTENCES

Even in the shadow of grief, love endures.
Even when words fail, God remains near.

Jacob's life was a gift,
his love has left a mark,
and his story does not end in death.

We go from this place carrying sorrow,
but also carrying one another –
trusting that light is not extinguished by darkness,
and that hope, though quiet, still rises.

May we walk gently, love bravely,
and hold fast to the promise
that nothing can separate us from the love of God.

COMMUNITY PRAYER AND BLESSING

God of mercy and hope,
as we leave this place, stay with us.

Carry what we cannot carry.
Heal what is broken within us.
Teach us to care for one another with courage and tenderness.

May we go forth in peace,
holding memory with love,
grief with honesty,
and hope with humility.

And may the love of God – the love that created us,
the love that sustains us,
and the love that never lets us go –
be with us now and always.

Amen.

HYMN "Go, My Children, with My Blessing" *Remain standing; everyone sings.*

1 Go, my chil - dren, with my bless - ing, Ne - ver a - lone;
 2 Go, my chil - dren, sins for - giv - en, At peace and pure,
 3 Go, my chil - dren, fed and nour - ished, Clos - er to me;

Wak - ing, sleep - ing, I am with you, You are my own;
 Here you learned how much I love you, What I can cure;
 Grow in love and love by serv - ing, Joy - ful and free.

In my love's bap - tis - mal riv - er I have made you mine for - ev - er,
 Here you heard my dear Son's sto - ry, Here you touched him, saw his glo - ry,
 Here my Spi - rit's pow - er filled you, Here its ten - der com - fort stilled you;

Go, my chil - dren, with my bless - ing, You are my own.
 Go, my chil - dren, sins for - giv - en, At peace and pure.
 Go, my chil - dren, fed and nour - ished, Joy - ful and free.

—Words: Jaroslav J. Vajda (1919–2008)
 Music: *Ar Hyd y Nos*, Traditional Welsh Melody

VOLUNTARY

Played by Weicheng Zhao.

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Participants

Officiant

Thomas Diaz, *Director of Pastoral Care and Parish Life*

Director of Music/Organist/Choirmaster

Dr. Weicheng Zhao

Soloist

Stephen McDonough

Coordinator

Eric Whitten

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