

“Do Not Be Afraid. I Am The First And The Last, The Living One.”

By Rudolf Schärer

OUR SAVIOR LUTHERAN CHURCH

Dr. Laurence White, Officiating • Jeff Armstrong, Organist

Our Savior Lutheran, 5000 W. Tidwell, Houston, TX 77091 • 713-290-9087 • www.OSL.cc

COVER ILLUSTRATION – “I Am The First And the Last” by Dr. Rudolf Schäfer presents the awesome vision of our Lord Jesus as He revealed himself to the apostle John in the opening scene of the Book of Revelation. There Christ was standing amid the seven golden lamps which signified the church. Schäfer captures the essence of the vision as Christ upon the cross, shedding His precious blood to win forgiveness for the sins of mankind, dominates the entire image. Our Lord’s humble entrance into this world as the Babe of Bethlehem is shown in the left foreground. A joyful choir of angels proclaims the Christmas gospel above the stable and a gleaming star announces the Savior’s birth. In the right foreground stands the empty tomb with its resplendent guardian angel so that all might know that Jesus has conquered death for us. The beautiful life promise of the rainbow extends from the cross to the open door of the tomb. The risen Lord walks in the nearby garden behind the tomb awaiting the arrival of the women. The angels ascending from the empty tomb are carrying home the life harvest of God’s people. Over all is the extended hand of God the Father surrounded by the countless hosts of heaven, prophets and apostles, faithful men and women of God (including Martin Luther), those who have already received their share of God’s gracious gift of eternal life. Schäfer painted this masterpiece for the altar of the village church in Oberjesigen, Germany.

*A Service of Thanksgiving
Celebrating God's Gift of Eternal Life For*



*Valeria Mittelstaedt Dietrich
February 25, 1929 - August 3, 2025*

*The death of a Christian has been transformed from tragedy into victory by the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. At the moment of physical death the soul of the believer is safe at home in heaven with their Lord. Therefore, it is fitting and proper that those who remain - for a time - here on earth, would gather to celebrate God's gift of life and savor the memories of blessings received through our beloved who now lives with Christ in heaven. We affirm the faith in which they lived and through which they have been given eternal life in the sanctuary where they received the forgiveness of sins in Word and sacrament. **"Praise be to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of Compassion and the God of all comfort, who comforts us in all our troubles, so that we can comfort those in any trouble with the comfort we ourselves have received from God."** (2 Corinthians 1:3-4)*

Opening Hymn

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS

Text: Joseph M. Scriven; Tune: Charles C. Converse – “Converse”; LSB #770 © 2006 CPH



1 What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2 Have we tri - als and temp-ta-tions? Is there trou-ble an - y-where?
3 Are we weak and heav - y lad - en, Cum - bered with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev - er be dis-cour-aged— Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge— Take it to the Lord in prayer.



Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit; Oh, what need-less pain we bear—
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer.



All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness— Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol-ace there.

Text and tune: Public domain

Invocation

Opening Prayers

Scripture Readings



PSALM 23

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil;
for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies;
Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Hymn

MY HOPE IS BUILT ON NOTHING LESS

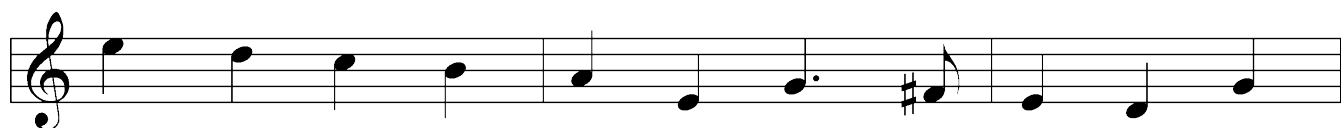
Text: Edward Mote; Tune: John Stainer – “Magdalen”; LSB #575 © 2006 CPH



1 My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus'
2 When dark - ness veils His love - ly face, I rest on
3 His oath, His cov - e - nant and blood Sup - port me
4 When He shall come with trum - pet sound, Oh, may I



blood and righ - teous - ness; No mer - it of my
His un - chang - ing grace; In ev - 'ry high and
in the rag - ing flood; When ev - 'ry earth - ly
then in Him be found, Clothed in His righ - teous -



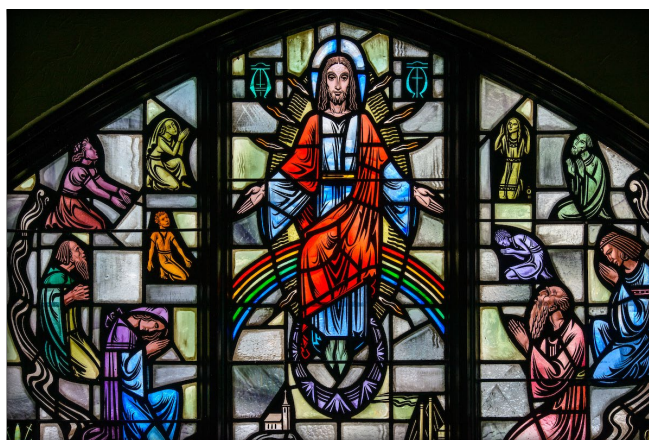
own I claim But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.
storm - y gale My an - chor holds with - in the veil.
prop gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
ness a - lone, Re - deemed to stand be - fore His throne!

Refrain



On Christ, the sol-id rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

Text and tune: Public domain



ROMANS 8:18-19, 31, 38-39

[18] For I consider that the sufferings of this present time are not worth comparing with the glory that is to be revealed to us. [19] For the creation waits with eager longing for the revealing of the sons of God.

[31] What then shall we say to these things? If God is for us, who can be against us?

[38] For I am sure that neither death nor life, nor angels nor rulers, nor things present nor things to come, nor powers, [39] nor height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

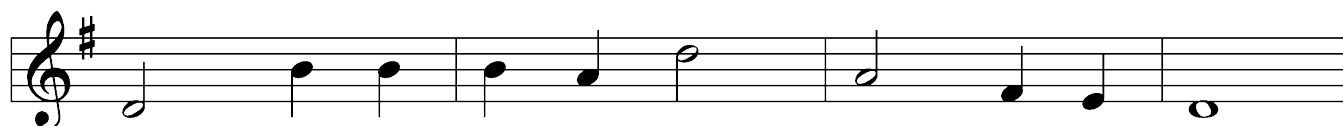
Hymn

I'M BUT A STRANGER HERE

Text: Thomas R. Taylor; Tune: Arthur S. Sullivan – "Heaven Is My Home"; LSB #748 © 2006 CPH



1 I'm but a strang - er here, Heav'n is my home;
2 What though the tem - pest rage, Heav'n is my home;
3 There - fore I mur - mur not, Heav'n is my home;



Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home.
Short is my pil - grim - age, Heav'n is my home;
What - e'er my earth - ly lot, Heav'n is my home;



Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on ev - 'ry hand;
And time's wild win - try blast Soon shall be o - ver - past;
And I shall sure - ly stand There at my Lord's right hand;



Heav'n is my fa - ther - land, Heav'n is my home.
I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
Heav'n is my fa - ther - land, Heav'n is my home.

Text and tune: Public domain



REVELATION 21:1-4

[1] Then I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away, and the sea was no more. [2] And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. [3] And I heard a loud voice from the throne saying, “Behold, the dwelling place of God is with man. He will dwell with them, and they will be his people, and God himself will be with them as their God. [4] He will wipe away every tear from their eyes, and death shall be no more, neither shall there be mourning nor crying nor pain anymore, for the former things have passed away.”

Sermon Hymn

FOR ALL THE SAINTS

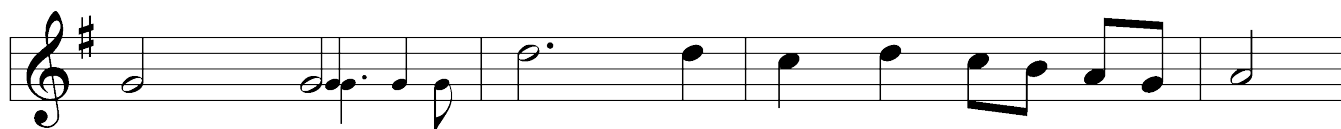
Text: William W. How; Tune: Ralph Vaughan Williams – “Sine Nomine”; LSB #677 © 2006 CPH



1 For all the saints who from their labors rest,
2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
3 Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
4 Oh, blest communion, fellowship divine!



Who Thee by faith before the world confessed, Thy
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old And
We feeblely struggle, they in glory shine; Yet



name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.
win with them the victor's crown of gold!
all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

5 And when the fight is fierce, the warfare long, Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia! Alleluia!

6 The golden evening brightens in the west; Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of paradise the blest. Alleluia! Alleluia!

7 But, lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day: The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way. Alleluia! Alleluia!

△ 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost: Alleluia! Alleluia!

Sermon

ST. MATTHEW 25:21

His lord said unto him, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy lord.'

Obituary

Valeria was born February 25, 1929, to her parents Anton and Alma Mittelstaedt. She went to live with her Lord and Savior and the saints in heaven on August 3, 2025. She was baptized at Trinity Lutheran Downtown and when she was two, the family moved to Klein where they were members at Trinity Klein. They moved back to the Heights, and she started the 4th grade at Immanuel Lutheran School where she met the love of her life Henry Dietrich Jr. They graduated from Reagan High School together. They were married at Immanuel Lutheran on February 11, 1950, a wonderful marriage that lasted 72 years.

She was preceded in death by her parents Anton and Alma Mittelstaedt, brother Will Mittelstaedt, sister Seltha Dorsch, husband Henry Dietrich Jr. and son Steven Dietrich. Valeria is survived by daughter-in-law Ann Dietrich, daughter Cindy and husband Ken Wright, son David and wife Terri Dietrich. Valeria was blessed to have enjoyed three grandchildren, Michelle Wright, Jeff Wright and wife Carlee, and Michael Dietrich. Later in her life she was again blessed to witness the excitement and enjoyment of three great grandchildren, Kade, Rubie and Baker Wright.

Growing up in the Heights, she enjoyed her pet house chicken which was her alarm clock in the morning jumping on her bed waking her up for school. Valeria loved team bowling and was an avid artist in ceramics, landscape and still life. Her other passion was music; she played the piano and organ by ear. When she could no longer play her organ, she donated her beloved organ to Our Savior School. Over the years, in her many home improvement projects, she was extremely proficient at promptly dismissing contractors and completing the job herself. Valeria was the living example of a true Christian witness and dedicated wife and mother impacting her family and those around her for a lifetime.

The family welcomes you to a lunch prepared downstairs in the Bible Class Room following this service. Procession to Memorial Oaks Cemetery begins at 1:30 pm, 13001 Katy Fwy, Houston TX 77079. Pallbearers: David Dietrich, Michael Dietrich, Jeff Wright, Tim Wilson, Alan Nicholson, and Doyle Honeycutt.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to: Our Savior Lutheran Church, Houston Lutherans For Life, or emergehopeandhelp.org/give.

"Well done thou good and faithful servant"



Eulogy

David Dietrich

Prayers



The Lord's Prayer

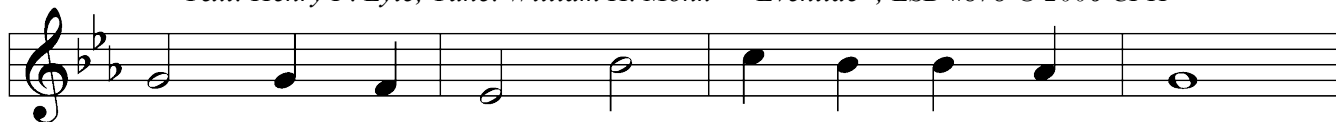
Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name,
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;
Give us this day our daily bread;
and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us;
and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

Benediction

Closing Hymn

ABIDE WITH ME

Text: Henry F. Lyte; Tune: William H. Monk – “Eventide”; LSB #878 © 2006 CPH



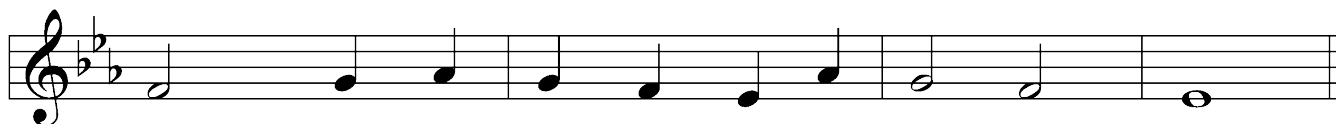
1 A - bidē with me, fast falls the e - ven - tide.
2 I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour;
3 Come not in ter - rors, as the King of kings,
4 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;



The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bidē.
What but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r?
But kind and good, with heal - ing in Thy wings;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;



When oth - er help - ers fail and com - forts flee,
Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be?
Tears for all woes, a heart for ev - 'ry plea.
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;



Help of the help - less, O a - bidē with me.
Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bidē with me.
Come, Friend of sin - ners, thus a - bidē with me.
O Thou who chang - est not, a - bidē with me.

- 5 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me!
- 6 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Text and tune: Public domain