



A SERVICE OF WORSHIP CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF

- *Barbara Bonds Stine* -

January 25, 1937 - June 7, 2022

PEACHTREE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, ATLANTA, GEORGIA
WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 2022 | 2:00 PM | SANCTUARY

A
Service
of
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Barbara Bonds Stine

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PEACHTREE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Prelude	Dr. Carol Williams, organist and artist in residence
Entrance of the Family	
Hymn of Praise and Thanksgiving	#53 "Morning Has Broken" <i>Bunessan</i>
Invocation and Welcome	Rev. Jim Bell
Special Music	"Hark! The Vesper Hymn" Russian Air Thomas Moore/arr. Kelby Stine
Words of Comfort from Scripture	
	Psalm 23, a unison reading (see back panel) 1 Corinthians 13:4-10 Proverbs 31:25-31 Psalm 46
Remembrances	Carolyn Stine McLaughlin, daughter Elizabeth Jean Stine Weaver, daughter
Special Music	"Little Bird" Kelby Stine
The Gospel Message	"A Servant's Heart" Rev. Nancy Oliver
	Matthew 20:26 "Whoever wants to become great among you must be your servant"
Hymn of Resurrection	#61 "All Things Bright and Beautiful" Royal Oak
Benediction	Rev. Bell
Postlude	"Toccatà" from Symphony 5 Charles Marie Widor

*Immediately following the service, please greet
the family at a reception in Stew Wood Hall
located on the 2nd floor.*

Gifts in memory of Barbara may be directed
to the Heritage Fund of Peachtree Christian
Church, 1580 Peachtree Street, NW, Atlanta, GA
30309

Barbara Bonds Stine 1937-2022



Barbara Bonds Stine passed away at her home on Lake Arrowhead in Waleska, Georgia at the age of 85, following four years of decline from vascular dementia. She was preceded in death by her husband, Richard A. Stine in 2010. She was born January 25, 1937, at Emory Hospital in Atlanta, Georgia to Laurinda (Jenkins) and Rufus Bonds. She lived in Buckhead as a child attending The Lovett School and North Fulton High School. Following a year at Mercer University in Macon she attended Georgia Tech. There she studied ceramic engineering and then worked in research labs from 1959-1965. Barbara met Richard Stine on a blind date to a Georgia Tech football game. They married in 1965.

In addition to being a full-time housewife, Barbara volunteered and supported the community via her children's activities. She had a Blue Bird group for Camp Fire which led to supporting Atlanta area day camps and the organization's regional activities. She assisted with the uniforms for the

Dunwoody High School Band. She was an active board member and wardrobe mistress of many productions of the Southern Ballet of Atlanta.

She attended Peachtree Christian Church from childhood. Her family was active in the formation of the church in 1925. As an adult she supported CAST (Christian Acting and Singing Troupe) and the Christian Women's Fellowship in the group of Mary Martha, holding leadership positions. The ladies of the group always looked forward to Barbara's wonderful cakes which she brought to each meeting.

She is survived by four children, Carolyn Stine McLaughlin (Douglas) of Atlanta, Elizabeth Jean Stine Weaver (Mike) of Bishop, Kelby Thomas Stine (Amy) of Minnetonka, Minnesota and Jennifer Leigh Stine Desia (Mickey) of Chamblee; and six grandchildren, Zachary Michael Weaver, Amanda Carolyn Weaver, Margot Elizabeth McLaughlin, Ian Joseph Stine, Evelyn Dayne McLaughlin and River Katherine Stine.

Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd, I lack nothing.
He makes me lie down in green pastures,
he leads me beside quiet waters,
he refreshes my soul.
He guides me along the right paths
for his name's sake.
Even though I walk
through the darkest valley,
I will fear no evil,
for you are with me;
your rod and your staff,
they comfort me.

You prepare a table before me
in the presence of my enemies.
You anoint my head with oil;
my cup overflows.
Surely your goodness and love will follow me
all the days of my life,
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord
forever.

Little Bird

Little bird! O little bird!
I wonder at what thou doest,
Thou singing merry far from me,
I in sadness all alone!

Little bird! O little bird!
I wonder at how thou art,
Thou high on the tips of branching boughs,
I on the ground a-creeping!

Little bird! O little bird!
Thou art music far away.
Like the tender croon of the mother loved
In the kindly sleep of death.



PEACHTREE.ORG

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