

Celebration of Life



Marina A. Clarke Marsh

June 16, 1956 – October 3, 2025

Tuesday, October 14th, 2025, 10:00 a.m.

Pacific Beach United Methodist Church

Prelude

Lisa Pagan

Welcome and Words of Grace

Rev. Lori Leopold

Hymn #377

"It Is Well With My Soul" Vs 1, 3, 4

**When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.**

Refrain:

It is well with my soul, it is well, it is well with my soul.

**My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
My sin, not in part but the whole, is nailed to the cross,
And I bear it no more, praise the Lord,
Praise the Lord, O my soul! *Refrain***

**And, Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
Even so, it is well with my soul. *Refrain***

Opening Prayer

Scripture Reading

Psalm 27

Remembrances

Hymn #2146

"His Eye Is On the Sparrow"

**Why should I feel discouraged? Why should the shadows come?
Why should my heart be lonely and long for heaven and home,
When Jesus is my portion? My constant friend is he:**

Refrain:

**His eye is on the sparrow, and I know he watches me:
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know he watches me.
I sing because I'm happy, I sing because I'm free,
For his eye is on the sparrow, and I know he watches me.**

**"Let not your heart be troubled," his tender word I hear,
And resting on his goodness, I lose my doubts and fears;
Though by the path he leadeth but one step I may see: *Refrain***

**Whenever I am tempted, whenever clouds arise,
When song gives place to sighing, when hope within me dies,**

I draw the closer to him, from care he sets me free: *Refrain*

Scripture Reading
Homily

Luke 24:13-35

Prayer of Thanksgiving and 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.

Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Hymn

"Through All the Changing Scenes of Life"

Through all the changing scenes of life, in trouble and in joy,

The praises of my God shall still my heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliv'rance I will boast, till all that are distressed,

From my example comfort take and lay their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me, exalt his holy name;

When in distress to him I called, he to my rescue came.

The hosts of God encamp around the dwellings of the just;

Deliv'rance he affords to all who in his promise trust.

O taste and see that he is good; experience will decide

How blest are they, and only they who in the Lord confide.

Fear him, you saints, and you will then have nothing else to fear;

Make serving him your sole delight, your wants shall be his care.

Benediction

Postlude

Lisa Pagan

***Please join the family for a reception immediately following the service in
Hughes Hall.***



Marina A. Clarke Marsh

In African culture and tradition, the Griot, (pronounced "Gree-oh") is an oral historian who holds the details of their society's music, poetry, culture and storytelling. On Friday October 3, 2025, our family's 'griot,' Marina Augusta Marsh, took her final breath,

leaving us with precious family stories she so carefully preserved and the memory of her voice carrying our history forward.

Marina possessed the remarkable gift of knowing our family's intricate web. Who was related to whom, how our branches connected, which cousin belonged to which aunt and so on. She could trace our lineage with clarity and joy, ensuring that no family member was ever a stranger to another.

But beyond preserving these connections on paper, she strengthened them through her profound love, especially for each of her siblings; the ones whom preceded her in death: William, Anita, Benjamin, Ivor—and the ones she is survived by: brothers David, Cecil, Veron, Eugene and sister Arlene, with whom she shared an unbreakable bond.

Marina possessed an unwavering devotion to family. She understood that we are not just names on a family tree, but living stories bound together by blood, history, and the love she so generously shared. In her presence, family wasn't just important—it was everything.

Marina embodied a beautiful duality—equally comfortable in deep, serious conversation about family history as she was sharing laughter and light-hearted banter. She could pivot seamlessly from keeper of sacred traditions to the life of the party, from wise counsel to playful confidant. This wasn't contradiction; it was her completeness. She understood that life required both reverence and joy, both listening and speaking; both holding on and letting go.

Marina could talk to anyone about anything. Words were her currency, and she spent them generously—from enjoying the company of close friends, sharing a family story that needed to be remembered, or checking in on a relative who needed encouragement, she had the gift of making everyone feel heard and understood. She knew just what to say and when to say it. Her phone was never far from reach, and our telephone conversations about everything and nothing, will live in my heart and mind forever.

Marina's entrepreneurial spirit was fueled by her natural ability to connect with people and see opportunities where others saw obstacles. As a businesswoman, she brought that same gift for communication—building relationships with clients and customers, understanding what people needed before they even asked, and creating ventures that brought people together. She could sell anything because she genuinely believed in what she offered and had the charisma to make others a believer, too.

Her quick mind allowed her to adapt, pivot, and find creative solutions to challenges. But more than profit, her businesses were extensions of her love for community—another way to weave connections, create gathering spaces, and keep conversations flowing. She understood that successful entrepreneurship wasn't just about transactions; it was about relationships, trust, and the power of a well-told story. Marina was a warrior who faced her battles with grace and determination that inspired everyone who knew her. She endured challenges that would have broken lesser spirits,

yet she never let her struggles dim her light or diminish her commitment to family. The world has lost a woman of extraordinary resilience—someone who understood that strength isn't the absence of suffering, but the choice to love fiercely in spite of it. Her family gained everything by having her. A keeper of history, a bridge between generations, a voice that reminded us who we are and whose we are. The hole Marina leaves is vast for our family; her siblings, nieces, and nephews, the love of her life--her rock and soul mate, Dale Blackford, and last but not least, especially for her only child, Christopher, whom she loved with her entire heart.

Marina's favorite hymn, "Through All the Changing Scenes of Life" reflects her steadfast faith through joy and sorrow alike. She lived knowing the Lord was her savior and we take comfort in this and know she now dwells in His eternal presence.

The fullness she created—the hearts she touched, the connections she forged, and the legacy of love she leaves behind will never be forgotten.

Rest well, Marina. Rest well.

Love you always, Cousin Veronica James



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Participants in today's service:

Pastor: Rev. Lori Leopold, PB UMC, lead pastor; Pianist: Lisa Pagan

Technical Support: Bruce Trumbo, Doc Nelson, Brian Kaplan

Reception Coordinators: Ray McCune, Hope Anderson, Malea Sandstrom, Su-Yen Kuhn