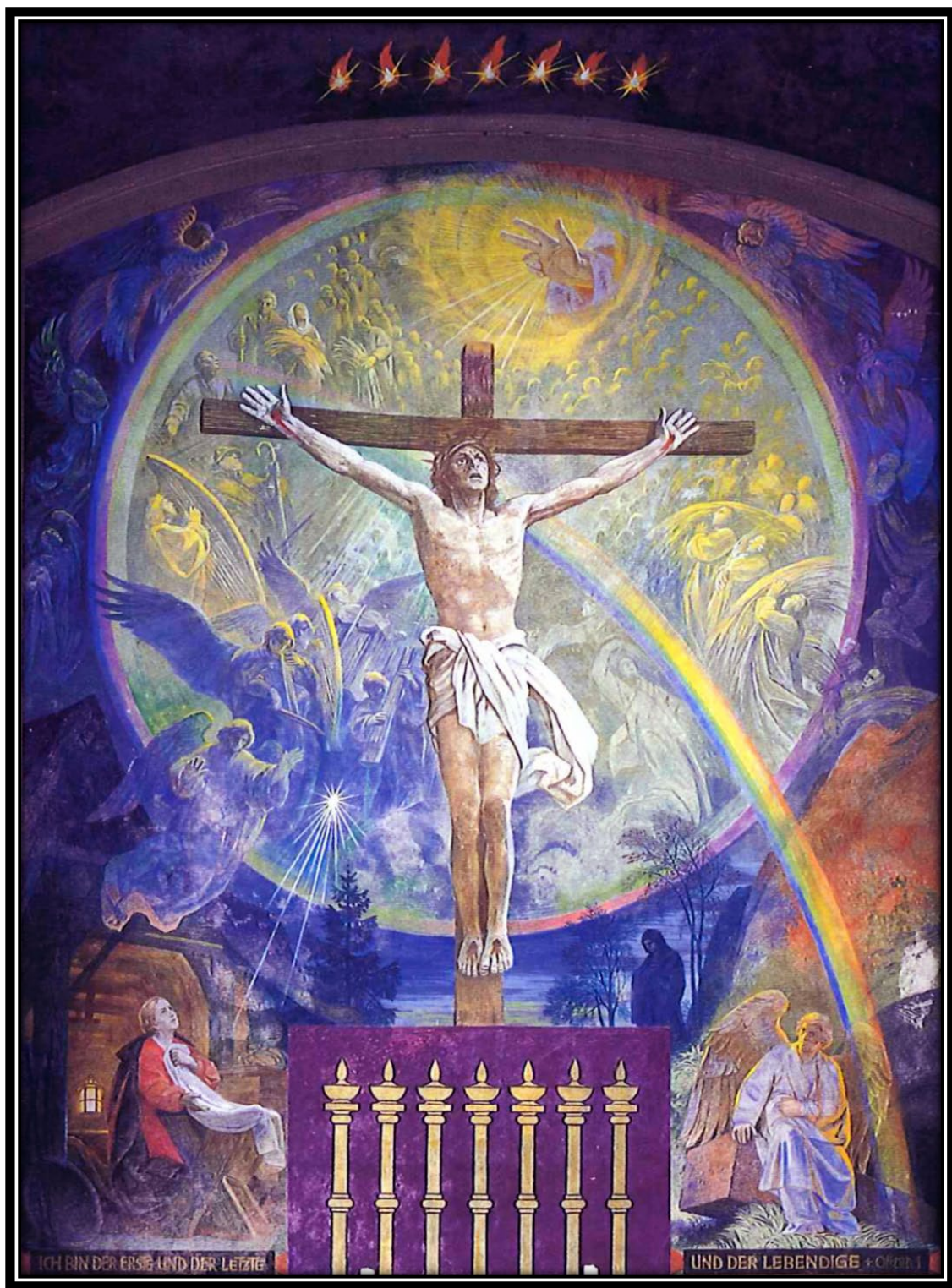




OUR SAVIOR LUTHERAN CHURCH

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

Rev. Steven Cholak, Officiating • Jeff Armstrong, Music Minister

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



Oliver Franklin Biehle

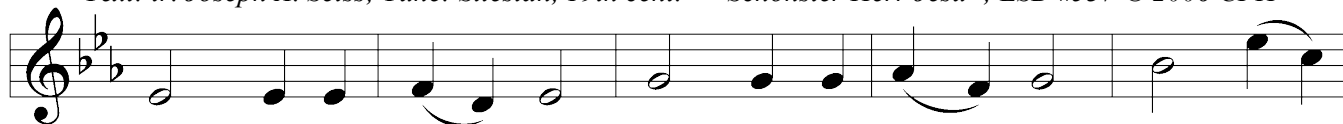
October 29, 1935 - August 15, 2026

*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

BEAUTIFUL SAVIOR

Text: tr. Joseph A. Seiss; Tune: Silesian, 19th cent. – “Schönster Herr Jesu”; LSB #537 © 2006 CPH



1 Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior, King of cre - a - tion, Son of
2 Fair are the mead - ows, Fair are the wood - lands, Robed in
3 Fair is the sun - shine, Fair is the moon - light, Bright the
4 Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior, Lord of the na - tions, Son of



God and Son of Man! Tru - ly I'd love Thee, Tru - ly I'd
flow'rs of bloom - ing spring; Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is
spar - kling stars on high; Je - sus shines bright - er, Je - sus shines
God and Son of Man! Glo - ry and hon - or, Praise, ad - o -



serve Thee, Light of my soul, my joy, my crown.
pur - er, He makes our sor - r'wing spir - it sing.
pur - er Than all the an - gels in the sky.
ra - tion Now and for - ev - er - more be Thine!

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 forever.

Hymn

PRECIOUS LORD, TAKE MY HAND

Text & Tune: Thomas A. Dorsey – “Precious Lord”; LSB #739 © 2006 CPH

1 Pre - cious Lord, take my hand, Lead me on, let me stand;
2 When my way grows drear, Pre - cious Lord, lin - ger near,
3 When the dark - ness ap - pears And the night draws near

I am tired, I am weak, I am worn.
When my life is al - most gone,
And the day is al - most gone,

Through the storm, through the night, Lead me on to the light.
Hear my cry, hear my call; Hold my hand lest I fall.
At the riv - er I stand; Guide my feet, hold my hand,

Take my hand, pre - cious Lord; lead me home.
Take my hand, pre - cious Lord; lead me home.
Take my hand, pre - cious Lord; lead me home.

Text and tune: © 1938 (renewed) Warner-Tamerlane Publishing Corp., admin. Alfred Music. Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110005129



Readings

REVELATION 7:9–17

[9] After this I looked, and behold, a great multitude that no one could number, from every nation, from all tribes and peoples and languages, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, with palm branches in their hands, [10] and crying out with a loud voice, “Salvation belongs to our God who sits on the throne, and to the Lamb!” [11] And all the angels were standing around the throne and around the elders and the four living creatures, and they fell on their faces before the throne and worshiped God, [12] saying, “Amen! Blessing and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving and honor and power and might be to our God forever and ever! Amen.” [13] Then one of the elders addressed me, saying, “Who are these, clothed in white robes, and from where have they come?” [14] I said to him, “Sir, you know.” And he said to me, “These are the ones coming out of the great tribulation. They have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

[15] “Therefore they are before the throne of God,
and serve him day and night in his temple;
and he who sits on the throne will shelter them with his presence.

[16] They shall hunger no more, neither thirst anymore;
the sun shall not strike them,
nor any scorching heat.

[17] For the Lamb in the midst of the throne will be their shepherd,
and he will guide them to springs of living water,
and God will wipe away every tear from their eyes.”





Gospel Reading

JOHN 14:1-6

[1] “Let not your hearts be troubled. Believe in God; believe also in me. [2] In my Father’s house are many rooms. If it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? [3] And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, that where I am you may be also. [4] And you know the way to where I am going.” [5] Thomas said to him, “Lord, we do not know where you are going. How can we know the way?” [6] Jesus said to him, “I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me.”

Sermon Hymn

HOW GREAT THOU ART

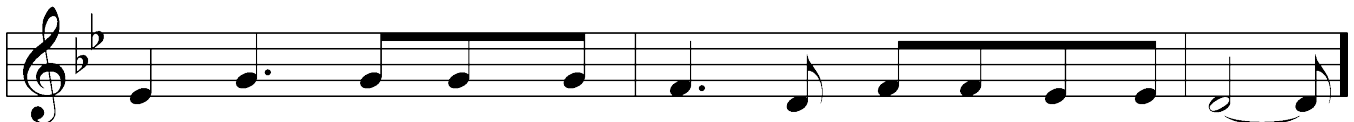
Text: Carl Gustaf Boberg; Tune: Swedish; arr. Stuart W. K. Hine – “O Store Gud”; LSB #801 © 2006 CPH



1 O Lord my God, when I in awe-some won - der Con - sid - er
2 When through the woods and for - est glades I wan - der, I hear the
3 But when I think that God, His Son not spar - ing, Sent Him to
4 When Christ shall come with shout of ac - cla - ma - tion And take me

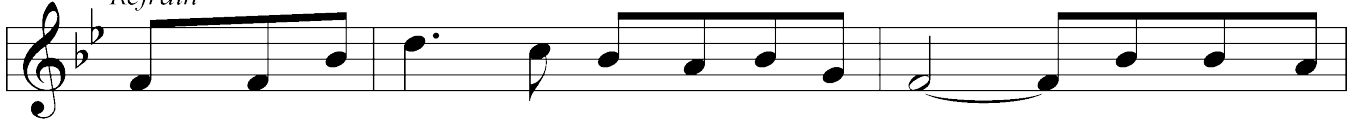


all the works Thy hand hath made, I see the stars, I hear the might - y
birds sing sweet - ly in the trees; When I look down from loft - y moun - tain
die, I scarce can take it in— That on the cross my bur - den glad - ly
home, what joy shall fill my heart! Then I shall bow in hum - ble ad - o -



thun - der, Thy pow'r through - out the u - ni - verse dis - played;
gran - deur And hear the brook and feel the gen - tle breeze;
bear - ing He bled and died to take a - way my sin;
ra - tion And there pro - claim: “My God, how great Thou art!”

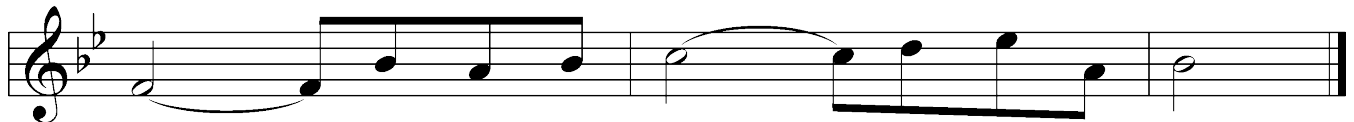
Refrain



Then sings my soul, my Sav - ior God, to Thee, How great Thou



art! How great Thou art! Then sings my soul, my Sav - ior God, to



Thee, How great Thou art! How great Thou art!

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Sermon

PSALM 23

Harp Interlude

Obituary

OLIVER FRANKLIN BIEHLE, P.E.

Oliver Franklin Biehle was born October 29th, 1935, to Walter and Esther Biehle. He was baptized on November 17th, 1935, at Trinity Lutheran Church by Rev. Oliver Harmes whose name he was given. At this time, his father, Walter, was working for Johnny Franks Auto Parts, hence the middle name of Franklin. Oliver was confirmed on April 10th, 1949, at Messiah Lutheran Church. His first job was at age eleven. He graduated from Reagan High School, and earned a degree in Mechanical Engineering from the University of Houston on May 31st, 1958.

Oliver worked for 40 years in the Oil & Gas Measurement business, serving as Vice President there. He served our country from 1953-1961 as a S/SGT in the 111th Fighter Interceptor Squadron, 147th Fighter Bomber Group Texas Air National Guard, U.S. Air Force. He met his bride to be, Marilyn Janet Smith on October 7th, 1950. Oliver married Marilyn, the love of his life, on August 16th, 1957, and had a loving marriage for 55 years. They were blessed with three children, Gregory, Janan and Gavin.

Saturday, August 15th, 2026, Oliver was called home unto his Lord at the age of 90. He was preceded in death by his wife, Marilyn, his parents, and his brother. He is survived by his children, Gregory and wife Monica, Janan and husband John, Gavin and wife Debra; his beloved grandchildren, Austin, Parker, and Antoinette; his sister Darlene Wendland, as well as many relatives and close friends. Oliver was a devoted husband and loving father. He was a “fair-to-middling” poet, loved to sing, and was fondly known as “PaPa” by his grandchildren. He will be greatly missed.

A service will be held at 2:00pm, on Saturday, September 12, at Our Savior Lutheran Church, followed by a reception downstairs.

In lieu of flowers, the family requests that memorial contributions be made to “Forward Faithfully Building for Our Future” fund for Our Savior Lutheran School, 5000 W. Tidwell Rd, Houston, TX 77091. *“Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on.” Revelation 14:13*



Prayers



The Lord's Prayer

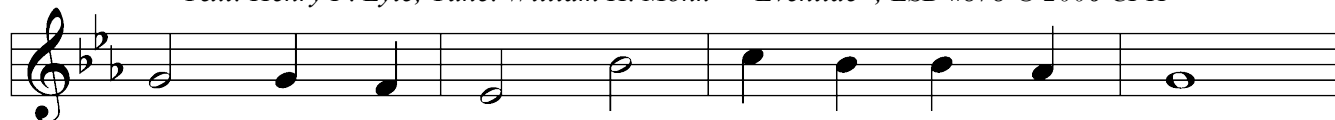
Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name,
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;
Give us this day our daily bread;
and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us;
and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
For Thine is the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

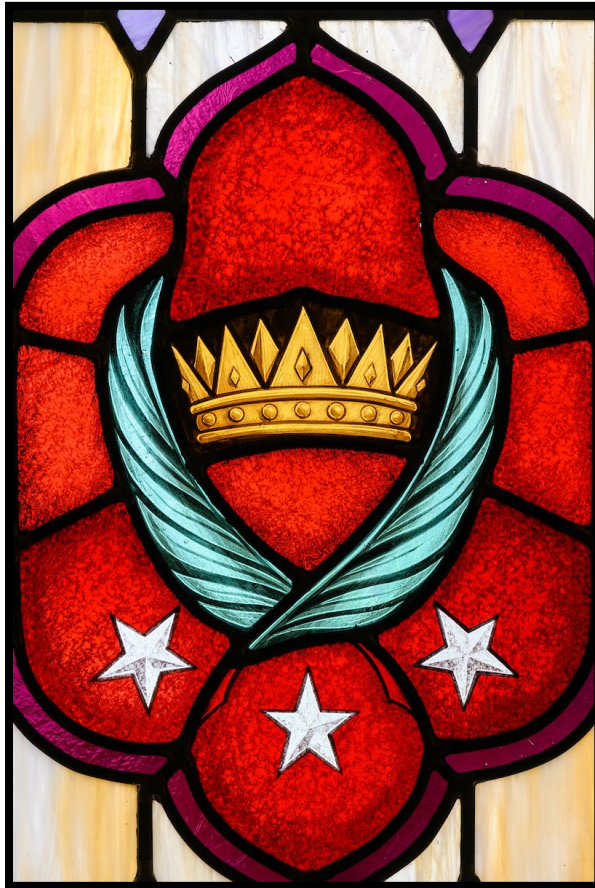


Help of the help - less, O a - bidē with me.
Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bidē with me.
Come, Friend of sin - ners, thus a - bidē with me.
O Thou who chang - est not, a - bidē with me.

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



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Soli Deo Gloria