

# **Sar-Anne Frew**

**Funeral Service**

**Saturday, May 25, 2013**

## Minister Graylin Ross' Introduction

We are gathered today to witness a mystery, the life of a beloved student, our dear friend, Sar-Anne Frew.

Her sister Alisanne, our friend, is here and we welcome Sar-Anne's sisters Karanne and Jeannie.

Sar-Anne's life, the lessons she learned, and her gift of understanding the simple, great truth of Presence forms another jewel in the great play of our School. Sar-Anne's dedication to her evolution, her inconspicuous service to Robert and her faithfulness to her friends both touch and inspire us.

Each student brings the school to a new level through their efforts and their being.

Let us stand, and honor Sar-Anne with our presence.

(Silence)

Thank-you.

As Sar-Anne returns to the divine source, let us remember that we share the same passage. Robert said, "Ascending souls finish their roles very well prepared, having received the presence allotted to them in this lifetime."

Death is preparation for another phase, the phase of the soul.

### Music: Justin McKay

Chopin Largo in E flat major

### Reading: Sharon Shelton

Walt Whitman said:

"I can conceive a community, today and here, in which, on a sufficient scale, the perfect personalities, without noise, meet: say in some pleasant western settlement or town, where a couple hundred best men and women, of ordinary worldly status, have by luck been drawn together, with nothing extra of genius or wealth, but virtuous, chaste, industrious, cheerful, resolute, friendly and devout."

### Eulogy: Roger Shelton

Sar-Anne's story is a story of family - you can tell from the bagpipe music that she has the glory of the Scots in her. It is also a story of turning great talents into generosity, and of turning great affliction into quiet strength.

Sar-Anne grew up in Cleveland, the second oldest of six children, in a dynamic household of ten that included her maternal grandparents. Later, for many years she shared her New Jersey home with her sister Karanne and her four children, establishing a new extended family, in a loving and mutually supportive environment that became a recurring theme in her life. When Sar-Anne, Sharon, and I, merged our households, another such family came into being, a family grounded in friendship that opened into love, and into a shared sense of stewardship, each for the other's highest possibilities.

Sar-Anne was a specialist in turning things around, and her career combined her abilities with her desire to serve. She rescued struggling companies, guiding them back to financial stability, often in the teeth of bankruptcy or dissolution. Sar-Anne was a pioneer in this kind of work, and was one of the only women doing it at the time. She had an unbroken record of success with manufacturing firms of all sizes, and did it all without a college degree; so it came from her nature, to turn things round, to set things right.

She brought the same ability to Apollo when she came here as a new student. Upon arrival she was appointed Chief Financial Officer for Renaissance Vineyard and Winery, and became instrumental in streamlining its sales and fiscal operations. Later, she played a pivotal role in the Ananda fellowship's successful reorganization, making many friends there, many of whom have sent heartfelt condolences.

Sar-Anne's first impulse was usually a generous one. She loved the arts and was a dedicated supporter of the Arts at Apollo. She deeply appreciated people and their talents, and the memories of her many acts of friendship and kindness remain fresh and alive in us.

One of her gifts was the ability to 'recognize' people in their simple, essence selves. Often this recognition became mutual, forging an immediate bond that endured, remaining intact regardless of how often she saw that person. Over the years, this discernment grew in power and became an active force in her inner life.

Transformation lies at the heart of our work, transformation of suffering, and indeed, of everything within us. At a most decisive point in her play, Sar-Anne's health became critical, so critical that her whole approach to life and her participation in the school had to be turned around.

Her role of an active, visible leader of the School's operations turned toward inward, invisible efforts. Her responsibilities changed. Her flair for generous thinking and innovative reorganization had to be taken up and turned towards herself.

The rewards were slow, but definite. As Sar-Anne's health deteriorated, and her physical abilities declined, she began to find a sense of identity beyond her natural competencies.

The last years of her life were a prolonged struggle - one she undertook sincerely, and without complaint - to see and be herself more fully. The Daily Card on her desk said *Humility is to yield to the truth*; a state that she learned to practice, and which she achieved.

Humility opened into other great truths; Sar-Anne became more grateful, grateful to Influence C, to her Teacher, and to her friends and family. Harvesting small moments became her daily enterprise; a walk around the garden with Sharon, looking with attention: being present to the texture of food as her ability to taste declined.

Another quotation important to her - one which expresses her life as she lived it at the end - is from William Blake:

*We are put on earth a little space  
that we may learn  
to bear the beams of love.*

### **Music: Michael Parks**

Chopin, Etude A Flat Opus 25 Number 1

### **Reading: Julian Branston**

Shakespeare, Sonnet 116

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come:  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
If this be error and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

### **Minister Graylin Ross' Conclusion:**

At her passing, we see Sar-Anne's life as a whole, her accomplishments, the things touched by her hands and loved by her heart. But ultimately, no life can be measured by external fact or accomplishment. At death, it is the simple, unobtrusive moments of presence that are truly significant.

Now it is time to bid our friend farewell.

May Sar-Anne's example of strength inspire us to greater fortitude.

May her capacity to find and penetrate the truth inspire our inward journeys.

And may her great love for us deepen our love for one another.

Her work is finished. Ours is to let her go.

With gratitude, Sar-Anne, friend and fellow-traveler, We Thank Thee.

### Candle ceremony

#### All stand

#### Bearing of the urn

#### At the Cemetery:

##### Minister's Introduction

Here on this beautiful day and in this blessed place, we return Sar-Anne's ashes to the earth. Her play on earth is complete; and we release her to hers, and our, true home.

##### Music: Sharon Shelton

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

##### Reading: Rebecca George

In my loose cotton robe  
I prepare tea and toast  
lean with cup and plate  
in my hands on my friends  
the Wall and the Wooden  
Beam of the entrance hall  
...I conquer  
the two steps that lead  
outdoors...  
munch crunch  
slowly sip...  
white gossamer clouds

tiny lavenders peek  
from the spring grass...

Be kind to yourself, dear  
to our innocent follies  
forget any scent or touch  
you knew did not help you dance  
You will see that  
all evolve us.

Urn bearer puts urn in the grave.

### **Minister's Last Invocation**

At the last, tenderly,  
From the walls of the powerful fortress'd house,  
From the clasp of the knitted locks, from the keep of the well-closed doors,  
Let me be wafted.  
Let me glide noiselessly forth;  
With the key of softness unlock the locks; with a whisper,  
Set open the doors, O soul.

### **Minister's Conclusion**

The earth returns to the earth, and the inner divine flame returns to its divine source.

Rabia said, 'Love comes from eternity, and returns into eternity.'

The circle of life is complete.

Let us join together in saying farewell to Sar-Anne.

Minister and company take rose petals.

Rose petals in the grave. The leaving begins.

Cherry blossoms!

The unseen delights me more than the seen

*Chiyo*

