

Margaret Mahoney

Funeral Service

Saturday, December 14, 2013

Minister's Introduction

We have come together on this beautiful afternoon to honor and celebrate the life of our beloved friend, Margaret Mahoney.

Each student, through their being and their efforts, forms a jewel in the crown of our school. Each student raises our School and enriches our lives.

Our Teacher has said, 'Ascending souls finish their roles very well prepared, having received the presence allotted to them in this lifetime.'

Let us stand and remember Margaret with our silent presence.

(Silence)

Thank you, please be seated.

From seeing so many of her friends here, we realize how much Margaret shared with us during her long and active exploration of her life.

As Margaret returns to the divine source, let us be mindful that we share the same passage; and we are also here to witness the great mystery of life.

Music: Zoila Munoz

Schubert, Ave Maria

Reading: Barbara Fife

Come Essence;

I avow that desperate pain that tears my body's mesh.

As mind and spirit burns, so do I blaze in you.

The pyre of my flesh has long resisted
to accept your flame, but now I nourish it
and am its fire.

In your ferocity, my earthly gentleness burns.

Pure and entire, I mount suffering's chaotic pyre,
free of all future

and sure that for this heart

and its muted treasures,

future cannot be bought.

Is it still I that burns unrecognized?

I can no longer reach for memories.

O life, O life, to be without such blaze.

But I am a flame. No one knows my face.

Eulogy for Margaret Mahoney by James Gallagher

Margaret was born in Chicago, Illinois. This is probably why she always loved being in a city. For her, just going to San Francisco and walking around town would rejuvenate her.

Her mother passed away when she was still a child, and she was raised by her paternal aunt, also named Margaret. The family fortune may have been dubious, but it enabled young Margaret to socialize with Chicago's upper classes. After making two society marriages, she eloped with a

handsome but poor sailor, of good blood but no prospects. The couple travelled to Florida, where they had a son, Frederic John, and where they bred champion Great Danes. The poor sailor turned out to be a good salesman, and after stops in Texas and Southern California, they settled in Vacaville, where they had a thriving business in real estate, and had their second child Jordy. Although the family was prosperous, Margaret was restless, always searching. She travelled a lot, was the president of the local art league, worked as a photo-journalist for the Sacramento Bee and made a lot of friends. In 1970, she met a group of people called 'the group' who became the Fellowship of Friends. Shortly after, she left her husband and moved to 'the farm', as Apollo was known then. The next forty-four years of her life, were spent in devotion to the fellowship, her friends, the teacher and the place.

I met Margaret in 1975 in the Carmel Center. I had volunteered for a weekend octave to help re-stain the deck of the Fellowship's business office, located in Carmel at the time. Margaret was supervising the work, and she asked me to do a specific part of the octave. We both remember this as the first time we met. A short time later, I had the opportunity to move into the main teaching house on Carmelo Street where Margaret was living. I worked nights, and when I would get home Margaret was often the only person up, so we would talk. This began a 39-year friendship. A few months later after I moved into the house, Robert asked her to move to the Ranch to open a General Store. After her move to the Ranch, she still continued to visit Carmel on a regular basis, always contributing to the center, visiting with her friends, and going out to dinner for Mexican food.

Margaret always had unconditional love for Robert. She revered the Teacher. She managed the house where they lived in Carmel in the early days of the Fellowship. She recalls Robert focusing intensely on impressions. Theirs was a close relationship.

She was a wonderful proprietor of the Renaissance General Store. Initially, Robert wanted the Store to emulate the store at Ventana in Big Sur, and Margaret was the right choice for the job. She was in her essence, offering a multitude of goods, always beautifully displayed. She was a natural salesman. She loved the art of the sale. Whatever she purchased for the store, whether it was a fine used book or a formal gown, she intuitively understood the value, knew how much she could sell it for, and who would purchase it. Eventually she handed the baton to Linda Joudrey. After she left the store she continued to buy and sell books on EBay and Amazon.

Margaret's official role in the Fellowship consisted of Proprietor of the General Store and Housing Coordinator. But her unofficial capacity of 'devoted friend' to many students far surpasses her public role. She valued friendship more than anyone. She nourished us in friendship as we nourished her. She cultivated deep friendships with many of you here today. She was a trusted confidante. Her devotion to her friends, her practical no-nonsense counsel on the work and personal affairs,

supported many of us. Her home was very emotional. Margaret was very dependable and, after visiting, one left in a better state. You felt that she really cared and was deeply interested in you. She has been a pillar for many of us. There are many friends behind the scenes, still caring for her today.

She strived to have a private life at Apollo, which is often a very public place. Later in life, she married Marcus Hesse, a devoted husband for over 20 years. Whenever the names of her two children Frederick and Jordy came up, she would remark how brilliant they are, and give examples of their achievements for us to enjoy. If one had the opportunity to meet them, then you would have to agree with Margaret, they are indeed brilliant.

Margaret refused to let her instinctive center determine her life. We admire her sense of removing herself intuitively and doing everything with a high sense of dignity. She was intentional with impressions until the very end.

Margaret has truly been one of our remarkable friends.

Music: Sharon Shelton

Gershwin, Summertime

Reading: Stanley Fligner

Now the New Year reviving old Desires
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires
So when that Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff--
you shall not shrink.
Omar Khayyám

Minister's Conclusion:

Margaret knew the value of strong shocks. Although many times frail, she held to her work. She knew the body is payment for the song of the soul.

May Margaret's unwavering love for truth and wisdom be a beacon for us all.

May her devotion to her Teacher, her family and friends strengthen our commitment to those whom we love.

May her ceaseless pursuit of love and beauty inspire us to the same.

And may we be graced, as was she, to value above all, a life in the present.

Dear Margaret, Friend, Warrior, Companion, we thank thee.

Candle ceremony

"Our body is just a shell, our soul will continue."

Extinguish and light the candles.

The urn is lifted and others are motioned to stand. Urn-bearer leads procession.

At the Cemetery:

Minister's Introduction

Here in this sacred place, consecrated by those here present and those who lay here, we release Margaret to her and our true home.

Reading: Diana Kay Eaton

How can I keep my soul
So that it does not alter yours?
How can I lift it
To a space beyond you
To other graces unknown?
O, I should gladly
Shelter it among past treasures
In veiled solitude
In silent spaces which won't re-echo
The deep echoing.
Yet everything that bathes us
You and me, moves us jointly
Like a stroking bow which draws one voice
Out of two distant strings.
Upon what instrument are we strung
And what musician holds us in his hand
O sweet song?

Minister

We return Margaret's ashes to the ground; from earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, we look toward eternal life.

Urn bearer puts urn in the grave.

Minister's Conclusion

Rabia said, 'Love comes from eternity, and returns into eternity'. The inner divine flame returns to its divine source. The circle of life is complete.

We only part to meet again.

Minister takes rose petals and puts them into the grave. Minister offers basket of rose petals to urn-bearer.

Rose-petals offered to the assembly.