

Roger Pugh

Funeral Service

Saturday, May 24, 2014

Minister's Introduction

We are gathered here on this spring afternoon to honor and celebrate the life of our beloved friend, Roger Pugh.

We welcome his daughter Rebecca and his son James, watching from afar.

The splendor of the celestial firmament may be eclipsed for a time, but never extinguished. A star climbing to its appointed height cannot be obscured by death. With divine guidance, Roger's youthful spirit ascends above the mortal realm.

Let us stand and remember our friend Roger in silent presence.

(Silence)

Thank you, please be seated.

Each student, through their being and their efforts, forms a stem of our school's living tree. 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.'

As Roger returns to the divine source, we too share the same passage; we too are a witness to the greatest mystery of life.

Music: Justin and Zoila Bach, Bist Du Bei Mir

Reading: Peter Lowry

Ah! my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
TO-DAY of past Regrets and future Fears.
And when the Angel with his darker Draught
Draws up to thee--take that, and do not shrink.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly--and Lo! the Bird is on the Wing.
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

Eulogy for Roger Pugh, Tim Quartly Watson and Paula Joudrey

Today we celebrate dear Roger, husband to our friend Helen, loving father to Rebecca and James, and brother of Trevor, living in England.

We knew Roger as a sweet, intelligent, hardworking student who quietly and professionally used his training as a structural engineer for the benefit of Apollo. During his many years on salary, he significantly contributed to the engineering, surveying and map making work at Apollo. He was particularly involved with design decisions for the water supply of Apollo. During the building of

the Theatron, Roger was instrumental in its design and engineering. Although the intensity of the project took a toll on his health, Roger never complained, having taken on the sacrifice with a willing heart. This willingness to be of service was one of the key notes in Rogers's life. He was always ready to help out, to offer advice and direction on how to do things and helping with them himself. Indeed, he carried a broom in his truck so he could stop to sweep the roads where needed, an example of his many inconspicuous efforts and dedication to the standards of householder.

Roger had shining eyes, an invitation to be present with him. As one fellow student said, he was a delight to be around. Our friend loved ballet, was passionate about it. When he became ill, he very much wanted to attend a ballet performance at the Theatron, which he did, wearing head phones to reduce the sound. A major part of Roger's life was the arts, both painting and music. He personally painted rich, sunny landscapes inspired by Claude Lorraine. These large oil paintings with vibrant blue skies reflected his own inner nature perfectly.

Roger also enjoyed painting scenes from Greek antiquity. When his daughter Rebecca was married, he painted a lovely portrait of her which he always kept in his room. Later when his health declined and oil painting became too strenuous, he transformed this by painting in watercolors. He was a collector of paintings and other fine impressions that both he and Helen enjoyed having around them, creating an art gallery in their room. Roger also played the guitar, set both Rumi and Hafiz poems to music which he lovingly shared with his friends. He painted and played music in a simple but touching way.

Roger was an outdoors person. He grew up in Birmingham in the north of England, spending his youthful summers at his Uncle's mill in Wales and where his father came from. Later he shared the spot with some friends, taking delight in showing them the beauty of the place and how the mill worked. Both sides of Roger were there, his love of beauty and an interest in how things worked. Throughout his life, diverting water, making dams, hiking, collecting rocks, admiring mountains, all these things reflected and fed Roger's essence. He had a love for looking, looking at the sky, at nature, at mountains, just looking.

Roger has been a supportive member of the Fellowship for 24 years. He found the school while in Birmingham, making the regular train trip to be a part of the London center. In 1997 the Maintenance

octave invited him to come on salary. Shortly after arriving at Apollo he met Helen and began 16 years of married life with her. Behind the facts of Rogers life was a multi-talented person who lived life with joy, patience, and a willingness to serve. His love and devotion to Apollo and awakening was tangible.

Second part

Eight years ago our friend Roger suddenly became ill. After a year of recovery he was able to return to work and even go hiking again. But this pattern of illness and recovery re-occurred until recovery was no longer possible. Roger was faced with a different life, one of constant efforts in the face of pain and exhaustion. The Teacher commented that it was payment for awakening. With time Roger came to see each incident in his life as written, that his play could not be any other way. He kept a daily card visible from the Teacher that said, "Look with presence, it is your role. This is what you are doing with your life, to your great good fortune." Roger knew he had been forced to live in the Present.

In the last few years, Roger used his love of the arts and love of looking to watch the changes in the clouds and sky from his room. His tender watercolors reflect his own tender being. He did not lose his joyful side, often singing with Helen as she helped him upstairs. Their dining room was a temple to presence, a time to be in the moment. As time went on, Roger became ever more grateful, even for the smallest things.

Years ago when walking in a garden in London with some friends, he saw them at a distance admiring a bush. As he ran towards them, they touched and smelled the stinging nettle that he was trying to save them from. But he could not. Perhaps the Gods were showing Roger even then that suffering was part of the play, a requirement in fact.

Roger, with his sweet nature, his deep habit of householder, his love for presence, and his gift for service has successfully completed the role of this lifetime. A student shared that in a recent dream she saw Roger lifted up to Paradise. We have been fortunate to know Roger and to have been lifted by his being.

Rogers last words were, " Trust Presence".

Music: Justin

Bach, Prelude from the prelude fugue and allegro

Reading: Julian

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That keeps watch over man's mortality;
Another race has run, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
The smallest flower that blows gives
Thoughts that lie too deep for tears.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Has had elsewhere its setting,
And comes from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home...

Wordsworth, Intimations of Immortality

Minister's Conclusion:

A king of ancient times said, 'I am only a child, yet without ceasing, by day and by night, I act in harmony with heaven.' Roger is now a part of that beckoning loveliness above us, a new succession in the celestial world. Made lovelier still because he bore his part.

May Roger's pursuit of classical beauty shine forth on the path of all who make the divine journey.

May his steady devotion to his Beloved Teacher, his wife, family and friends strengthen our commitment to those whom we love.

May Roger's noble transformation of unknowable physical suffering inspire us to meet all adversity with the same light mind and heart.

And may we come to know the certainty of his final words; 'Trust Presence'.

Dear Roger, 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 Roger to his and our true home.

Reading: Luigi Bacetti

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 ope the doors, O Soul!
Walt Whitman

Minister

We return Roger'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 and family take rose petals and one by one, each put them into the grave. Family rises and withdraws.

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 that we may meet again.

Let us bid farewell, and withdraw for a toast at the Royal festival Hall.

Rose-petals offered to the assembly.