

Sheila Wallace

Cemetery Service

Saturday, February 21, 2015

Minister Graylin Ross's Introduction

We are gathered here on this hallowed ground to celebrate the life of our beloved friend, Sheila Wallace, and to express our gratitude for her valuation, her love for our Teacher and her great contribution to our school.

Let us rise and honor Sheila with our silent presence.

Thank-you.

From the moment Higher Forces first touch one, the true significance of one's life is revealed: the transformation of a play, lovingly crafted and guided by the Gods for a divine purpose.

At the death of a student, we see their play as a whole. We can see it as we cannot yet fully see our own: as a miraculous destiny, fully guided by a higher hand, perfect. Sheila's play has come to its fruition, so that she might truly say, "Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word."

(Silence)

Dear Sheila,

I heard about the death of your mother and had to write to you. Perhaps few students nowadays are aware of the impact you mother had on the Teacher and on our School since she has been living so privately for so many years, but some of us know. We will never forget. Many may think Robert is the origin of our School's inclination towards refinement--yes, but through his loving relationship with your dear mother, he was able to find the way, in this she was Robert's rudder. She truly was a gift from Higher Forces to the School. Though we were not close, I never knew her to be anything other than kind. I will always remember her as beautiful, gracious, noble, and as the School's original North Star to the level of excellence that the Gods push our School to pursue. She is released and we must sail on without her. But she has taught us well! It is enough to last us, I'm sure...

So very sorry for your loss, mine too, and the rest of us who knew your mother. We loved her like no other. There will never be another like her. And those who didn't know her? Well all I can say is we are the luckier ones!

Reading: Julian Branston

Sonnet 55, *William Shakespeare*:

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

Minister Graylin Ross

Yes, Sheila made a rare and noble contribution to the spirit of Apollo. Today, in large part because of her inspiration and vision, the refinement of Apollo is an abiding part of our School. Her work has reached students everywhere, silently, invisibly.

Now we return Sheila's ashes to the ground. The earth returns to the earth, ashes to ashes and dust to dust, while we look towards eternal life.

Urn bearer puts urn in the grave.
Funeral party put rose petals into the grave.

This we have now is not imagination.
This is not grief or joy
Not a judging state, or an elation, or sadness.
Those come and go.
This is the Presence that does not.
Rumi

Minister Graylin Ross's Conclusion:

Sheila's divine spark returns to its divine source. "Love comes from eternity, and returns into eternity". The circle of life is complete.

Dear Sheila, we thank thee.

Let us each bid a farewell, and then withdraw to the Gazebo, there to celebrate the gift of life yet allotted to each of us.

Attendees put rose petals into the grave.

Music: Stephen Rice

Bach piece.

Toast: Michael Rolfer

The neurologist and author Oliver Sacks upon being informed of his own impending death said:

There will be no one like any of us when we are gone, ... ever. When people die, they cannot be replaced. They leave holes that cannot be filled, for it is the fate ... of every human being to be a unique individual, to find their own path, to live their own life, to die their own death.

We were blessed to have been affected by the "unique individual" that was Sheila Wallace. We thank the Gods for her life.