

**Funeral Service
For
Konstanze Murr
(1945 – 2008)**

Saturday, June 7, 2008
2:30 p.m. at the Prytaneion

Minister's Introduction

We have gathered here, once again, to celebrate the life of a beloved friend. Today, we honor the life of Konstanze Murr. She was our friend, a firm comrade. Today, we will give expression of our deep gratitude for the privilege of sharing our lives, love, and presence with her.



Let us stand for a few moments and honor Konstanze with prolonged presence.



How do you measure a life? It is not by external accomplishments but by inner ones. By the love one gave and created, by the way one transformed the earthly into the divine, by the way one fought for an inner life.

All of us are warriors, spiritual warriors. Konstanze was the essence of a spiritual warrior. She transformed the battle of life into becoming a joyful, light, caring friend and comrade. Spiritual warriors who fulfill their tasks, do not fall on the battlefield, they ascend. As Konstanze returns to the source, returns unencumbered to God, let us remember that we share the same passage. We follow in her footsteps.

We cannot be grateful enough for the payment that Konstanze made for us. ♥

Musical Interlude: Bach Adagio by Sasha and Marina

Reading: Robert George: Rumi

*Death comes, and what we thought
we needed loses importance.*

*The living shiver, focused
on a muscular dark hand,
rather than the glowing cup it holds
or the toast being proposed.*

*In that same way love enters
your life, and the I, the ego,
a corrupt, self-absorbed king,
dies during the night.*

*Let him go.
Breathe cold new air,
the nothing of roselight.*

♥ This sentence was added at Robert's request.

Eulogy: Mihai Algiu

To Konstanze

Konstanze enjoyed life. She embraced it with all her heart. Passionate and enthusiastic, she sought and cultivated beauty in its many forms. For her, it was a way to reach out for God, for the truth, for the highest in herself. She dedicated herself to the pursuit of beauty and to becoming it: the charm and refinement of the museums and streets of old Italy, the divine harmony of music and dance (even belly dancing), the light in the gaze of her many friends, the joy of Apollo with its gardens and the galleria, the inner beauty of her teacher...all these she continuously sought and breathed in, nourishing the light of her spirit.

She loved giving. A bright smile, a joyful gaze, a supportive nod, she generously gave her time to support her friends have new experiences. Konstanze would slip money to a friend and have them enjoy a romantic evening; such things were precious as she understood one's time on this earth is limited.

Konstanze sought to penetrate the moment. It was the guiding principle of her life. She sought and utilized experiences ... and considered things largely superfluous that could not be placed in the context of enriching the present. She taught this, mostly by example.

Strong in her verification and faith in the Path, she enjoyed her friends and was devoted to her Teacher. As long as she could, she made efforts. Her last trip to Egypt, although not easy, brought her a great leap in consciousness. It brought her close to her heart and her own Self. After the trip, she confessed to a friend, that for week, she would wake up in the morning with presence and turn off the light in the night with presence. It was a magic time for her and her picture with Robert reflects her joyful state.

Even to her last days, Konstanze lived her life fully. She was never afraid to take chances, did not mention regrets, and was remarkably light in her spirit. She took inspiration from many things, but especially from Rumi and Hafiz.

In one of her last days, she planned, what she called, her farewell party. In fact, she did not have many instructions for her funeral service yet was very specific about the reception celebration that follows. She gave an exact menu, prosciutto and melon and the brand of champagne she wished us to enjoy.

Konstanze was a happy soul till her last breaths and she wanted us to remember her that way.

From her very worn out Hafiz book, one of the poems, *This Constant Yearning*, sums up her passion for living:

We are like lutes, once held by god.

Being away from His warm body, fully explains this constant yearning.

On the subject of life after death, the Teacher was asked ‘What next?’. ‘Nothing dark...angels will take your soul and place it carefully in a room, one level higher.... And eventually, eternal life will come your way.

Beloved Konstanze,
Here and Now and Forever
We thank you,
Love you,
And release you with Joy.
Amen!

Musical Interlude: Bach/Gounod's Ave Maria by Sasha and Yoshie

Reading: Rebecca George: Hafiz

Love Is the Funeral Pyre

*Love is
The funeral pyre
Where I have laid my living body.*

*All the false notions of myself
That once caused fear, pain,*

*Have turned to ash
As I neared God.*

*What has risen
From the tangled web of thought and sinew*

*Now shines with jubilation
Through the eyes of angels*

*And screams from the guts of
Infinite existence
Itself.*

*Love is the funeral pyre
Where the heart must lay
Its body*

Minister's Conclusion

The death of the body is the narrow gate to a higher world. The body tires and then stops. But the spirit may keep ascending.

Ibn Arabi says, “*Do not spend the numbered breaths which have been given to you without purpose. Ever action must be for a divine purpose.*” Let us remember that the time given to us by the Gods, is for the purpose of creating our immortal spirit.

From: Rabi'a (Mari Reeves)

I am not afraid of death.

Death will be eternal union with my Beloved.

I know this.

Above, beyond all the union I know on this earth.

I am confident of this.

Death will be my bridge.

Konstanze's presence, her life and her death are an example to us. To follow her example is our finest testament to her. Dearest Konstanze, we thank thee.

We may now meet at the cemetery.

Jonathan Parks takes the urn to the car.

At the Cemetery: Minister's Introduction

In the book of Job it says, “Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return: the LORD giveth, and the LORD taketh away; blessed be the name of the LORD.”

Here, the earth returns to the earth and the divine spark returns to its divine source. Here, the outer and inner worlds separate.

Konstanze, return to Paradise. Good-bye, My Fancy.

The Urn is then placed in the grave by Jonathan Parks.

Dean, Linda, John, Kevin, Mihai place rose petals on the urn.

Reading: Rebecca George: Rumi

Our Hearts Should Do This More

I sit in the streets with the homeless

My clothes stained with the wine

From the vineyards the saints tend.

*Light has painted all acts
The same color*

*So I sit around and laugh all day
With my friends.*

*At night if I feel a divine loneliness
I tear the doors off Love's mansion*

And wrestle God onto the floor.

*He becomes so pleased with Hafiz
And says,*

"Our hearts should do this more."

Minister:

You are all invited to pay your respects with rose petals. Afterwards, Konstanze invites us all to attend her farewell party at Apollo d'Oro. Let us go now, together, and celebrate her life, and ours.