

Funeral Service for Margaret Ayckbourn

Margaret Ayckbourn
19?? - 2017

Funeral Service

Saturday, June 10th, 2017

At the Cemetery:

Minister Kevin Brown's Introduction

Dearest friends, we gather here to witness the completion of a cycle, the life of our beloved friend, Margaret Ayckbourn. Here in this sacred place, consecrated by those here present, and by those whose bodies lie here, we release Margaret to hers, and our true home, even as we return her remains to the earth from where it sprung.

Reading: Hafiz, read by Lucretia Fligner

In a Tree House

Light

Will someday split you open
Even if your life is now a cage,
For a divine seed, the crown of destiny,
Is hidden and sown on an ancient, fertile plain
You hold the title to.
Love will surely bust you wide open
Into an unfettered, blooming new galaxy
Even if your mind is now
A spoiled mule.
A life-giving radiance will come,
The Friend's gratuity will come -
O look again within yourself,
For I know you were once the elegant host
To all the marvels in creation.
From a sacred crevice in your body
A bow rises each night
And shoots your soul into God.
Behold the Beautiful Drunk Singing One
From the lunar vantage point of love.
He is conducting the affairs
of the whole universe
While throwing wild parties
In a tree house - on a limb
In your heart.

Minister

The earth returns to the earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, as **we** look toward eternal

life.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Family places earth into the grave.

Minister's Conclusion

Rabia said, 'Love comes from eternity, and returns into eternity'. A divine flame returns to its divine source. The circle of life is complete. We part, only that we may meet again.

Let us withdraw to the Festival Hall for a service in honour of our Beloved Friend Margaret.

Minister Kevin Brown's Introduction

Dearest friends, we gather here to honor and celebrate the life of our beloved friend, Margaret Ayckbourn.

Welcome to all of you; welcome to our Beloved teacher; welcome Abigail, Margaret's wonderful daughter; welcome Reginald, Margaret's loving companion for so many years.

Let us stand and remember our friend in silent presence.

Silence

Thank you, please be seated.

Through our being and our efforts, each student forms a stem in the living tree of our school. The lifetime of each student, as they create their true Self, raises our School, enriches our lives, and leaves a profound legacy. A legacy of which we can be proud, yet which instructs and humbles us.

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

Margaret is an example for all of us. Her return to the divine source reminds us of our own journey. Her valuation reminds us to treasure this mystical journey of life.

Reading: Rilke, read by Julian Branston

Truly being here is so much; because everything here apparently needs us, this fleeting world, which in some strange way keeps calling to us. Us, the most fleeting of all.

Once for each thing. Just once; no more. And we too, just once. And never again. But to have been this once, completely, even if only once: to have been one with the earth... it seems beyond undoing.

And so we keep pressing on, trying to achieve it, trying to hold it firmly in our simple hands, in our overcrowded gaze, in our speechless heart.

Music: Chopin Etude in A flat, op. 10 no. 2, played by Justin McKay

Eulogy for Margaret, Margaret Mitchell

A friend said of Margaret that she was, "Always sweet, gently funny, never taking, always giving, such a kind unassuming person." These qualities in Margaret reached a wonderful, tender balance. She was an example of a developed nine of hearts; more

available to C Influence and Presence. Walt Whitman said: “What you are picks its way.” She found a way to become an expression of love: healing and helping people, always without judgment, unassuming, and caring, so that she was always trusted. Margaret was strong, able to physically save lives; determined, fighting for the rights of patients; and playful, wearing a Santa hat and festive clothing in the holiday season so that her patients could have fun; caring and kind to those in the last moments of their lives.

As with these great cycles of nature, Margaret knew the cycles of what it took to feed her soul; her high level of external-consideration was part of this; her giving and service.

Great cycles are reflected in her play. She joined the School on May 1st 1976. May Day, the two-thousand-year old Spring festival of dancing, singing and sharing cakes in the festivities celebrating the rebirth of life, still celebrated in the Northern hemisphere.

A few years after joining the School, Margaret herself would head to the Northern Hemisphere and in 1980, she joined a group of students to open the Copenhagen center. Here, Margaret’s love of occasion shone through; actively helping the Center celebrate holidays, decorating the table at meals times with Danish flags. It was in Copenhagen that Margaret met her future husband, Stephen. They married at Apollo in 1983 and 3 years later, their joy was complete with the birth of a baby daughter, Abigail.

Margaret saw an opportunity to stay and help the Copenhagen Center through her nursing degree. She was the only non-native student to learn the language, fluent enough to be able to converse in Danish and find a nursing position in a Copenhagen hospital.

Some years before, Margaret graduated from Nursing School in Arizona, where she grew up. She was offered a very good nursing position in San Francisco at Stanford Hospital. Her father gave her the keys to a new convertible and she drove from Arizona to California, listening to the Mamas and Papas sing, ‘California Dreamin’, which was like an anthem at the time. She felt complete. Her dreams were coming true. And in the great cycle of events, other dreams took shape, which led her to joining the school.

Moving to Apollo, Margaret had a long and distinguished career as a Home Health Nurse, first in Oregon House and the surrounding area, and then in Grass Valley. Highly respected by the doctors, nurses, patients, and families she worked with, Margaret was also very active in the early days of the Circle of Friends, supporting and educating students in many areas of wellbeing. When she retired, a friend asked her, 'How are you enjoying your retirement?' She replied: 'It's wonderful, because I can come to the Galleria more often and wash dishes.'

Margaret had a wonderful sense of fun. Once her daughter Abigail came to visit Margaret, and arrived to find plastic dinosaurs on all the flower pots outside the house, as though on patrol. Margaret had found Abigail's old toy dinosaurs while digging the garden, and she cleaned them up, and made a welcome party for Abigail. Margaret loved and was so proud of Abigail. In many ways, Margaret made sure Abigail's childhood was memorable. Abigail said, "I had the best birthday parties, with themes and games, decorations and food, and so much hard work from my mother." Abigail describes Margaret as being a generous mother and a friend. "Her love and dedication was so strong and true," she says, "it will last forever."

Margaret loved and was so happy with Reginald, her longtime companion for more than twenty-five years. Together they created moments and memories; working to develop gardens and landscape together and quietly sharing their Work with friends. Reginald was a true, loving companion for Margaret; staying by her side; caring for her through her difficult illness. The perfume of her Presence still lingers. And it always will.

She had a gift for making events memorable; a lift for refinement, or a tickle for fun, or for creating surprise. She enjoyed Celebration; she understood celebration as an act for valuing the moment and bringing the moment closer to herself and her friends. She understood how to set the stage, how to create the occasion that became alive with the Presence of her guests. She was a great cook and made the best Irish Coffee.

Robert said: Incomparable presence is the best thing to hold onto until your last breath. Margaret became a living example of this. Her last two years required much strength and endurance. Despite the loss of function and connections to her body, she was still there. One day, while walking in the garden at Crystal Ridge, a wonderful care home in Grass Valley, a friend was encouraging Margaret to touch the leaves, smell the roses. They came upon a bee in a rose bush. "Careful, Margaret, there's a bee", said her

visitor. Instantly, Margaret turned to her visitor with a beautiful sunny smile and said: *BE*. It was delightful to visit with her; you would leave with a much better state than when you arrived.

In her last days, many friends visited Margaret and stayed with her. Many of them witnessed a mystery. One after another observed the same. Margaret's eyes were truly open. She was looking out, with her eyes, into the eyes of her friend. With living eyes, she invited the friend to return the looking. Giving, receiving and returning Presence.

Reading: Rumi, read by Kathleen Stavosky

As Ripeness Comes

What souls desire arrives.

We are standing up to our necks

In the sacred pool. Majesty is here.

The grains of the earth take in something
they do not understand.

Where did this come from?

It comes from where you longing comes.

From which direction?

As ripeness comes to fruit.

This answer lights a candle

In the chest of anyone who hears.

Most people only look for the way when they hurt.

Pain is a fine path to the unknowable.

But today is different.

Today the quality we call splendor

Puts on human clothes, walks through the door,

Closes it behind, and sits down with us in this companionship.

Minister Kevin Brown's Conclusion:

An ancient king said, 'Although I am a child in the eyes of the Gods, without ceasing, day and night, I act in harmony with heaven.' Margaret is now part of the light that beckons from above. She forms part of a new succession in the celestial world, made lovelier still because she bore her part, and by her example, changed us for the better.

Dear Margaret:

May your compassion guide us in our love for Our Teacher and for each other.

May your dedication to healing move us to care for each and every budding soul we meet.

May your dedication to life and living inspire us to live more fully and more deeply.

Dearest Margaret, we thank thee. Now and forever.

Candle ceremony

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

Extinguish and light the candles.

Please stand.

Funeral procession, to the reception area.