

Funeral Service for Carol Davis

Carol Davis

Funeral Service at the Cemetery

Saturday, September 16, 2017

Minister Graylin Ross's Introduction

On this lovely day, we gather here, full of tender memory, to joyfully release our Beloved friend Carol Davis.

Let us stand and honor Carol with our silent presence.

(Silence)

Thank-you.

Reading: Sweet Memories read by Judith Grace

Sweet Memories coming home to remind me of my luck

Where I come from nobody knows

Where I go to everyone goes

The wind blows, the sea flows

And nobody knows

Across the narrow beach we flit

One little sandpiper and I

And fast I gather bit by bit

The scattered driftwood

Bleached and dry - the wild waves reach their hands for it

The wild wind raves,

The tide runs high

As up and down the beach we flit

One little sandpiper and I

There is a time in every man's education

when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance

Imitation is suicide

That each man has been given his own plot to till

And none knows what that is that he can do -

Until he has tried.

Music: Agnes Cartry, Christopher Earl, Yoshie Muratani
Vivaldi's Concerto RV 428

Eulogy: Kevin Brown

Carol Davis, 1928-2017

For those taking care of Carol in her last days, it was a gift to see her passing, to witness her struggle then to break free from the body. Much like the struggle of the magicians — an indefinable spirit frees itself from the body.

About a half hour before her death, she opened her eyes and said very clearly, 'May I have some water?' She took two sips, looked up and said, 'Thank you' and closed her eyes again. Those were her last words. It felt like she was saying 'thank you' for much more than water. In Japanese, the word 'thank you' means to be grateful for our own existence. It felt like her 'thank you' was a thank you for Everything.

Influence C chose to release Carol during the celebrations for Robert's 50th anniversary of meeting Influence C; just as the Apollo Chorus began to practice Beethoven's *Ode to Joy* from the final

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'Choral'. Carol means 'song of joy'. And Carol is the feminine variant of the masculine Charles. And Caroline was Carol's care-giver in those final hours.

Carol was an artist; she saw the world with an artist's eye. In her notebook, she wrote, 'I am an artist. This is my main role in this lifetime.' But she acknowledged that this might not be the only thing; 'I was given so much strength and so many talents ... to experience this lifetime.'

Carol said once her mother took her to a palm reader who told her, 'Don't try to control your daughter, she will find her people and they will teach her.' And indeed, it happened just that way.

Her art incorporated nature and seemed to draw strength from it. She was drawn to sculpture that portrayed the relationship between beings, that told a story; between a man and a woman, with a child, or between Robert, Leonardo and Influence C. In her self-portraits, it was the story of the moment; in her portraits, she tried to capture the essence of her subject.

In her later years as an artist, Robert asked for the right of first refusal for her work.

Her artistic essence came into all she did; her interior design, her portraits, her gardening, her sculpture, her macrobiotic cooking, her relationships, her sons and her life. Her sons would call her, with essence playfulness, 'mud' or 'mudley' as one of them sometimes sculpted with her. One is reminded of a quote from a Zen Master, 'No mud, no lotus.'

In 2013, Carol wrote in her journal, 'After a mini-stroke, lost balance and memory – gained the extremely happy experience of loving everyone.' This state of Conscious Love lasted for two weeks.

She said she became aware of living in 2 worlds simultaneously, and she felt it was fine to go any time.

When Robert heard that Carol's last words were, 'Thank you' at 2:40pm, he said, 'World 24, essence-presence, expressing gratitude.'

A personal friend said, 'Carol was an unforgettable person, truly one of the most thoughtful and generous people I have known.' Although a private person, she was always available and emotional for her friends; she had a big heart. One of her friends said, 'She made me feel she really liked me'.

She went deeply into each endeavor. Her portraits were loving; she could capture a person's inner spirit and portray its beauty – like the one of Anna Gold, in the Apollo Festival Hall entry room.

She had already lived a full life before she joined the school in Chicago at the age of 48 and her family was always a great source of love and tenderness for her. She never stopped being in love with her boys Andrew and Tony. And there were loving friendships too with many others in her family, some of them here with us, her nieces Judy and Janet, her nephew Stewart.

Sometimes, with her close lady friends, she would give them a hand crafted white flower, symbolizing a sisterhood of friends.

Charles asked Carol to marry him when she was nearly 60. She accepted him, and for 30 years, she served in her role while keeping her independence, doing what she felt was right for her. She was so full of life, the age difference between them was never an issue. A student commented how

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interesting to watch her and her husband relate as a couple, while still maintaining a true sense of themselves.

Carol enjoyed foreign languages – Italian, French, even Chinese. She met a Chinese lady one day who wanted to learn English when she wanted to learn Chinese. So they met every week and taught each other their languages by using *The Psychology of Man's Possible Evolution* as a text book. At one point, the Chinese lady asked her, ‘Do you really believe in these ideas?’ and Carol said ‘Yes.’

Carol was deeply committed to Robert; at his request, she converted the garage at the Collin House into an apartment for Anna Gold. She loved the house, said, ‘I helped remove a forest to make room for a garden.’

Later, at Robert’s suggestion, Carol went to support the Paris centre, living for 4 years at the Chateau. When Robert visited, she would drive him around Europe in her Mercedes. Experiences which created a lasting bond between them.

Carol was so full of life, an inspiration to many. Her beauty, her clarity and her curious nature drew people to her. She loved to have fun; for no reason at all, something would strike her as absurd and she would dissolve into glorious laughter. And then laugh again at how silly she was. She was an amazing person, unique, loved by her friends and family. With her passing, we become aware of how well she lived. And how important it is, to truly live.

Music: Agnes Cartry, Christopher Earl, Yoshie Muratani
Vivaldi’s Domine Deos from Gloria

Minister Ross begins urn burial

Minister guides urn-bearer and invites family to the gravesite.

Reading: Rodney Collin, read by Curtis Evarts

In the light of a certain big achievement, big plan, one has to disappear. One’s personal self, with which one lives nearly the whole time, is too small to have any relation to that. So it has to disappear, if one is to understand. The more it disappears, the more can be understood.

This may be very painful—for a time. Later, it is quite the reverse; and it is the return, the interference of the personal self which becomes painful, and its absence happiness.

There are two sides of our work and they must go together. The first is the gradual weakening and the end destruction of this false side, this personal self, which at present arranges our lives. The other is the gradual acquirement of something new, a new permanent guiding principle of consciousness, which we have not got at present. We have to lose something we have, and create something we have not. Giving up self-will shows the way towards the first, self-remembering the way towards the second.

Minister Ross introduces urn burial:

Here in this sacred place, consecrated by those of us here, and by those whose bodies lie here, we release Carol to her, and our true home.

Urn is lowered. Family places earth into the grave.

As the body gives birth to the body, the spirit gives birth to the spirit.

Minister Ross's Conclusion

Carol now joins the light that beckons from above. She becomes part of a new succession in the celestial world, made lovelier still because she bore her part, and by the example of her life, changed us all for the better.

Dear Carol:

May your love for our Teacher guide us towards him, and in our love for each other.

May your sincere appreciation for friends and family move us to care for each and every budding soul we meet.

May your love of life inspire us to live more fully and more deeply.

Dearest Carol, we thank thee. Now and always.

Not in utter nakedness and not in entire forgetfulness but trailing clouds of glory do we come from God, who is our home.

Let us withdraw for a farewell toast to our Beloved Friend at the gazebo, and celebrate the life still yet allotted to each of us.

Minister invites Charles and family to put rose petals into the grave.