

Memorial Service for Dieter Schupfer

October 5th, 2019, at the Fellowship of Fiends cemetery.

At the Cemetery:

Minister Graylin Ross's Introduction

Dear Friends,

On this glorious October day, we are gathered here together on this sacred land to honor the life of our departed friend and fellow spiritual traveler, Dieter Schupfer, and to bid him farewell!

Let us now stand and honor Dieter in silent presence. Let Dieter's life and his departing remain with us in memory as a reminder that true glory comes to each of us privately and silently. We Journey together with loved ones and friends in the work, but our final departure remains an earthly mystery. Dieter passed through a door and journeys on, entering a phase which we can only understand as a promise from Higher Forces, a promise of eternity. And through the grace of the Gods, we shall someday realize this promise when we meet again on those beautiful Elysian Fields.

We also wish to acknowledge and give thanks to Dieter's beloved son, Max. We are sure that his unwavering support of his father in the final weeks and hours of life gave great comfort and aid to Dieter in this most trying of times.

Reading: Rumi read by David Woods

Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there, I do not sleep
I am a thousand winds that blow
I am the diamond glints in the snow
I am the sunlight on ripened grain
I am the gentle autumn rain
When you awaken in the morning
I am the swift bush up-lifting rush
or quiet birds in circled flight
I am the soft stars that shine at night
Do not stand at my grave and cry
I am not there, I did not die.

Music: Cello and Flute (Yoshie Muratani and Diana Yudina)

Eulogy: Geoffrey Rowland

Dear Friends,

Dieter was a wanderer, his travels taking him to New Zealand, the Ukraine, the Philippines, Australia, and Mexico, where Robert much appreciated his support of the Tijuana centre. This was all interlaced with numerous sojourns at Apollo; so we trace the thread of his multi-faceted life by simply using the words of some of his friends.

Klaus tells us that Dieter was a man of many colorful attitudes, skills, and thoughts. His dominant memory of Dieter is his laugh. A loud, hearty laugh, no holding back the joy it must have given him. He was a storyteller in the old tradition, like from the Arabian Nights, always finding meaning in his

tales. His home was the highway and his garden a meadow, a coast or hill. To scatter his ashes into the wind does him well, he was too big for an urn or grave.

Above all Dieter was an adventurer who enjoyed driving his motorbike off into the wilds on his own. Troy tells us that when he heard about Dieter's passing, he bought a bottle of Hefeweizen to quietly celebrate his amazing life, and remembered one particular story of his biking in the Australian outback when he passed a semi-trailer on an unpaved road, and the next day awoke in a hospital ... he had survived; the motorbike had not!!

John Belbas first ran into Dieter on the former Renaissance soccer field. John crashed twice into the immovable Dieter, and it created memory for him because even though Dieter was a decade younger both in the School and age than John, Dieter treated him as an equal. Treating others as you wish to be treated yourself, as a rule is truly golden!

Dieter was a published author, a keen artist, and a film-maker. He talked to John about his books, including his first: *The Way of the Feminine*, and the charming short movies he made of his travels. He said he had enough material to make over a hundred movies! A true inexhaustible Jovial!

Paula tells us that she first meet Dieter in Budapest at a large student gathering sometime in the 1990's. "We had not yet met but saw each other across a square balcony at the Opera House - he just spread his arms wide in welcome. It was such a joyful expression of his being - warm, welcoming, emotional. So Dieter. Whether it was his love for his son, when he talked about his tea tree farm in New Zealand or when he simply walked into Apollo D'oro, it was with a sense of joy and living fully."

Yasuko tells us, we heard he wasn't well about a month ago but didn't know the details. His personal life appeared to be a more intense play than for many of us, full of ups and downs throughout his life: working on salary, running a construction company, importing arts and crafts, builder, investor, running a hotel and restaurant in the Philippines—He welcomed the unknown and was unafraid of new challenges on a large scale. His was a short but well-lived life.

Natalia said, "As we walk around Apollo we all leave our footsteps. Dieter walked to corners many of us do not visit, but he saw his role as repairing the footprints left by others – to then move on without leaving traces himself."

As Jon Parks said, "Dieter appreciated a job well done, especially with an eye toward long-lasting results into the future, for future students, like himself, dedicated to the higher.

As a helper at Maintenance one could give Dieter a project and let him run with it: whether it was installing air conditioning at the Bathhouse, repairing the Library roof where the woodpeckers had gotten in, redirecting the storm water runoff at the Apollo d'Oro kitchen entrance, working on road shoulders, or rebuilding the bathroom enclosure at the High Gate, he left Apollo better than he found it.

Some months ago he had been to Germany to bury his father and came back a changed man: more serious, more pensive. And in part, as we were to understand later, this was due to his health. He was trying to get treatment for what he understood to be a benign stomach condition, but it was cancer and it took him at great speed. Stopping for the night with his friend Alex near Las Vegas, driving down on his way to Tijuana for treatment, he was in too much pain to continue, and it was there that his journey

came to an end. He was diagnosed, was given 6 months, then it was changed to 2 months, then to 12 days, then 10, and that same night he passed away. As Klaus said, he drove through life at top speed, and died at top speed.

And finally, from Angela...

Dear Dieter: Usually, of late, when you came into the office in the morning, we would load you up with a list of jobs awaiting your care all around Apollo. Today, though, we load you up with our remembrances and with our love.

Godspeed.

Music: Cello and Flute (Yoshie Muratani and Diana Yudina)

Reading: Richard Jefferies read by Richard Knapp

It is eternity now.

I am in the midst of it. It is about me in the sunshine;

I am in it, as the butterfly in the light-laden air.

Nothing has to come; it is now.

Now is eternity; now is the immortal life.

Minister:

Now let us say farewell to courageous, creative Dieter,

Let us bless him for his energy and willingness to help our School and Apollo,

For his journeys into the unknown,

And for his inconspicuous service to his teacher, to his family, and to us all.

Dearest Dieter, we thank thee.

We only part that we may meet again.

Let us bid farewell, and withdraw to the meadow for a toast.

Toast read by John Belbas, as taken from Francesco Petrarch:

Where have so many of our beloved
friends gone? Where are the dear faces,
the kind words, the pleasurable and
heart-stirring intercourse? We were a
goodly company of friends, and now we
are alone, and we must cultivate new
friendships. And I believe God wills it so,
because having been weaned from the
endearments and the charms which
might captivate us too much in this life,
we are more free to aspire to life
eternal.