

MEMORIAL SERVICE

FOR

CASSANDRA SCHMIDT & DANIELA VOSS

Saturday, November 26th ,2005

Minister (Colin Lambert): Introduction

On this blessed Autumn morning, we gather, once again to kneel in loving presence, to honor and celebrate the lives of our beloved friends, Cassandra Schmidt and Daniela Voss. We, here, now give expression to our deep gratitude for the privilege of having shared the graciousness of their living and the beauty and the bounty of their work.

“It is always a major shock when a student of the inner circle completes their role.” Cassandra’s and Daniela’s passing, like the passing of each dear friend, has pierced us, and we are reminded that the Gods have granted us each, lives of only certain length and opportunity ... numbered breaths to return the divine embrace. Cassandra was a member of our beloved Fellowship for 18 years, Daniela for almost two years. Each of us who knew you and loved you, are thankful to you.

May we now stand for a moment of silent presence...

Psalm 23

The Lord is my Shepard;

I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;

He leadeth me besides the still waters.

He restoreth my soul;

He leadeth me in the path of righteousness

For his names 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 shall dwell in

The house of the Lord forever.

Reading: John Graham

“Autumn Rose Elegy” - RUMI

You have gone to the secret world
Which way is it? You broke the cage and flew.

You heard the drum that calls you home.
You left this humiliating shelf, this disorienting

desert where we are given wrong directions.
What use now a crown? You have become the sun.

No need for a belt: you have slipped out of your waist!
I have heard that near the end you were eyes

Looking at soul. No looking now. You live
Inside the soul. You are the strange Autumn Rose

That led the Winter in by withering. You are rain
Soaking everywhere from cloud to ground. No bother of

Talking. Flowing silence and sweet sleep beside
the Friend.

Musical Interlude: Elizabeth Kent

Eulogy for Cassandra: Paula Joudrey

Eulogy for Daniela Voss: Eliaz Tudor - Caruncho

Musical Interlude: quintet

Minister (Colin Lambert): Close

In Psalms 90 it is written:

We spend our years as a tale *that is told*.
The days of our years *are* threescore years and ten;
and if by reason of strength *they be* fourscore years,
yet *is* their length labor and sorrow;
for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.
So teach *us* to number our days,
that we may apply *our* hearts unto wisdom

these thoughts are from Robert;

“The magnitude of this shock reminds us of what we are here for... to have a relationship with the present. Cassandra, Daniela, Kiran and Nora’s shock will help the whole school make more effort for the rest of our lives; it shows that no effort is too big. We have to accept and reaccept this shock.

We, who knew Cassandra and Daniela, will always remember their blessed roles... and now, we tenderly release them.

May we each struggle and succeed in the transformation of our loss, and gain thereby, the sacred state of acceptance. We go on now, to continue honoring the Gods by embracing the gift of life that they have yet allotted to each of us, *returning to the present while yet we may*.