



Funeral Service
For
James Campbell
(1935 – 2007)



Sunday, December 2nd, 2007
2:00 p.m. at the Prytaneion



Minister's Introduction

We have gathered here, one again, to celebrate the life of a beloved member. Today, we honor the life of James Campbell. He was our friend, a firm comrade. He was a loving husband, a generous father, integral to his family, indispensable to his friends. Today, we will give expression of our deep gratitude for the privilege of sharing our lives, love, and presence with James.



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



Psalm 23

1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

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

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

4 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.

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

6 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.

All of us are warriors, spiritual warriors. We need friends to help us with the combat of life. James was the essence of a spiritual warrior. He transformed the battle of life into the sweet energy of his character, into the gentleness of his presence. He was mild, generous, accepting. Spiritual warriors who fulfill their tasks, do not fall on the battlefield, they ascend. As James returns to the source, returns unencumbered to God, let us remember that we share the same passage. We follow in his footsteps.

Reading: Eliza Tudor: Rumi

Today, like every other day, we wake up empty
and frightened. Don't open the door to the study
and begin reading. Take down a musical instrument,
and let the beauty we love be what we do.

There are hundreds of ways to kneel and kiss the ground.

The breeze at dawn has secrets to tell you.

Don't go back to sleep.

You must ask for what you really want.

Don't go back to sleep.

People are going back and forth across the doorsill
where the two worlds touch.

The door is round and open.

Don't go back to sleep.

I would love to kiss you.

But the price of kissing is your life.

Now my loving is running towards my life shouting,
“What a bargain, let's buy it!”

Daylight, full of small dancing particles
and the one great turning, our souls
are dancing *with* you. Without feet, they dance.
Can you see them while I whisper in your ear?

All day and night, music, a quiet, bright reed song.
If it fades, we fade.
People are going back and forth across the doorsill
where the two worlds touch.
The door is round and open.
Don't go back to sleep.

Musical Interlude:

Larisa Smirnova: Harp,

Zoila Munoz: Soprano. Gounod's *Ave Maria*

Eulogy: Daniel Campbell

Cathy:

When I think of my father's death I think of all the wonderful things that came into my life because of him. The love of nature, the desire to push my physical and intellectual being, the ability to enjoy the quietness of a still day and the thrill of an intense thunder storm, he taught me to question life and to accept things in a positive way. Dad touched and changed so many lives, friends from my childhood who have heard of his illness and passing have express how James (Dad) has had a profound positive impact on their lives, that because of him and his kindness, strength and love, they felt their lives had turned out improve, he gave to them a confidence in themselves, he also gave that to me.

As a father he taught best by being what he thought people should be, I remember taking long hikes with him and when ever he saw that someone had left a piece of trash out on the trails, he would just pick it up, never commenting good or bad, put it in his pocket to be disposed of later in it's proper place. That was his way; he lived what he believed and was sanguine about it. He was so much fun, my earliest memories start with him letting us draw all over him with markers, cuts and bruises, stitches and Band-Aids and this was before there was washable markers, he would go to work with faded disasters drawn all over his body by his six kids. He also loved to sing, at the top of his lungs silly loud songs as we drove down to the beach in an old VW bug. His sense of fun and adventure never changed, he most recently enthralled his youngest grandchild

to a trip to the zoo in England, where he was just as enthusiastic about all the animals as she was and she is just three.

There are so many incredible memories I have of him, his smile, laugh, the long intense discussing on life and religion, skipping down the street, the funny faces (which he is probably making now) the encouragement, the honesty, the courage and kindness, and most of all the unconditional love.

Brian:

James' selfless approach to his death has shaken those closet to him. It has softened our shells. He revealed to us another part of himself that was pristine and we reflected it in our relations with each other. I pray we do not lose this insight - this moment - as we return to our habitual and routine lives.

In a recent conversation he stated, as if he had reconsidering his life's experience, "I have always been a spiritual person - even as a child".

Daniel:

THINGS MY FATHER TAUGHT ME

My father taught me the Beauty in the supposed mundane routine of daily life. He cooked with love and the keenness of the chemist he was. Any one who has tasted his famous meat pasta sauce knows what I'm talking about. When my brother Michael, my daughter Annika, and I visited my father and Iris in Italy a

few years back, every night we eat at their house we eat his famous pasta. We could have had a different meal but none of us wanted one.

The beauty in cleaning, especially dishes. And he always washed dishes with a smile and usually singing. Cleaning them expertly and beautifully. He taught me to love to wash dishes -- much to the joy of my wife.

He taught me the importance of education, though he was late to the game. My father didn't really talk too much about studying or college when I was in grade school; however he did make up for this oversight. After 12th grade, while most of my friends were heading off to universities, I stayed home and spent the summer working for a welder. At the end of the summer, feeling a little aimless, I came home early from my welding job in hopes of joining the Army at the local recruiter's office. My dad happened to come early that day too. When he learned what I was about to embark on he sat me down for a talk. You see I thought my dad, being an ex-Army paratrooper would be excited about my choice. Instead he said, "Why don't you try out Santa Monica College first. Just take a couple of classes and see how you feel". I thought it was going to be a waste of time. School wasn't for me. And to prove it I would go one semester but **only** take the classes that I wanted. So, I signed up for Math, Physics, and photography. After that I was hooked. I ended up getting a degree in Math, with an emphasis in Physics and now I work in the film industry.

He taught me about love and acceptance. It was rare to ever hear my father prejudge someone before he met them - even if they were vilified by others. Upon first meeting he always treated people with love and respect. I work at perfecting this to this day. And I have never heard him say a racist remark, ever. In fact I didn't even recognize there were different races until others at school pointed them out.

He taught me the love of the outdoors. He loved to walk. It's where he thought the best and it gave him the most peace. He walked 400 miles of the Pacific Crest Trail, alone. And no crushed ankle was going to stop him. He healed much better than expected by his wonderful bone surgeon. And, through incredible pain, continued as best he could his regime of walking.

He taught me about humor. He was an easy man to make laugh. And you could tell that he loved to laugh. One poke to his side and only threats later would send him into minutes of laughter.

Eulogy: John Craig

I want to welcome all of you, friends in the Fellowship and the 25 members of James and Iris' families, including four of James' children—Michael, Brian, Catherine, and Daniel; his sisters Margaret and Mary Louise; and his brother Brian. Truly, as Daniel has said, James was a loving and kind man.

My grandfather used to speak of an old Christian tradition: the first third of life for oneself, the second third for one's family, and the last third for God. I was reminded of that formula when James Campbell joined the School in the Los Angeles Center in 1987. Here was a man already past 50 who was embarking on the great endeavor of Schoolwork. I was curious to know him, and very soon we became friends. Center life is intimate, as one's fellow students become a kind of life raft for one between trips to Isis, and in that intimacy of center life I came to know the gentle honesty and wise patience that James offered to all of us. He was a man of fine intellect and formidable education, but he didn't seem to care at all about those accomplishments. He had found something much greater, something that became his core of meaning in the last 20 years of his life. And I at midlife had met a man from whom I could learn practical wisdom and emotional control. For me, his joining the Fellowship of Friends was a gift.

To maximize his own possibilities in the Work, James moved to Isis, then Renaissance, to take a position as a carpenter, a job he loved. His great friend Paul Charpentier told me that James researched and planned projects methodically and was thorough and exacting in their implementation, always more concerned with quality than with speed of execution. To quote Paul, “He often had to help me redo projects I had done too quickly.” In that comment we are once again made aware of James’ defining patience, something I will address further in a moment. In 1991 James and Iris began their relationship, marrying in 1992, and sharing until his death the tender support of marital companionship in the Work.

I asked Iris what she thought were James’ great virtues. She immediately replied, “Patience, generosity, and the courage to bear his pain uncomplainingly.”

What is patience but the ability to bear the heated urgency of the lower self and consciously apply the kings of centers? Chaucer calls patience “a conquering virtue,” and St. Luke quotes famously these words of Christ, “In your patience ye possess your souls.” We sense admiringly when someone is acting from patience, especially when that action has the gentility of conscious caring. Thus it was easy to admire James.

James often said that at some point he wanted “to die in his boots,” and in fact he did not succumb to cancer so much as he rode his illness to heaven,

leaving his body behind, willed to science. A week before his death, he and Iris had attended an informal dinner with Robert, who later said that seeing James had been a pleasure beyond his expectation. At a breakfast on the morning of the day James died, Robert commented to others that James' Third Eye was wide open. In response to a verse from St. Paul read at the Sunday meeting after James' death—*Stand perfect and complete in all the will of God*—Robert said of James, “He died standing, ‘stand perfect’.” Paul Charpentier understands Robert's comment to mean that James died present and conscious. It had been to Paul that James had confessed one disappointment that the disease had caused: it meant he would not get a longed- for pilot's license. James then added, “I guess I'll have to grow my own wings.”

When on Saturday morning I received the news that James had died, I pictured him and my mind immediately formed a predictable sad thought. But then he turned in my mind's eye and flashed a gleaming smile, and the message came clearly, “I'm fine.” And indeed he was more than fine; he was radiant and full of joy in the liberated being he had earned in his blessed life.

Musical Interlude:

Larisa Smirnova: Harp. Pachelbel's *Canon*

Reading: John Graham

From 'A SONG OF JOYS' of Walt Whitman

O to make the most jubilant song!

Full of music – full of common employments.

O the joy of my spirit, it is uncaged, it darts like lightning.

It is not enough to have this globe or a certain time,

I will have thousands of globes and all time.

O the joy of my soul leaning pois'd on itself, receiving

identity through materials and loving them, my soul vibrated back to me
from sight, hearing, touch, memory and the like.

The real life of my senses transcending my senses and flesh, my body done
with materials, my sight done with my material eyes, proved to me this day
beyond argument that it is not material eyes that finally see, not my material
body that finally loves, walks, laughs, shouts, embraces, procreates.

For not life's joys alone I sing repeating - the joy of death!

The beautiful touch of Death soothing and benumbing. My real body doubtless
left to me for other spheres, my voided body nothing more to me, returning to
the purifications, further offices and eternal uses of the earth.

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.

In Proverbs, it says, "Teach us to number our days." Let us remember that any time we have, is allotted to us by the Gods, and is given to us 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.

James' presence, his life and his death are an example to us. To follow his example is our finest testament to him. Dearest James, we thank thee.

Let us go now, together, and celebrate his life, and ours.