

Cemetery Service
René Berenyi
October 11, 2015

At the Cemetery:

Minister's Introduction

We are gathered in this sacred place, consecrated by those here present and by the departed, to release René to his true home. He was conceived here at Apollo. And here at Apollo we receive him.

Eulogy:

The part René played in our lives was small, yet its significance is great. In his brief touch with life, he brought the lightness of a starry world. There were no words, no message, nothing conveyed. Yet what was received, and continues without burden, was light. A vibration more subtle than a delicate perfume, yet definite as the rising sun. He evokes an image: a small boy, clear of the lower self, opening a door and handing on a gift. And what is that gift? It is a lightness for each of us as we pass out of these roles, as the sun sets on each of our plays. A lightness that leaves the contradiction of mortal flesh and immortal spirit, and moves to where this contradiction does not exist; free of time and death, overtaken by joy, witnessing a starry world.

Music: Yoshie and Christopher

Reading: Rilke read by Thomas Fenn

These leaves are like the last green
in the paint pots – dried up, dull, and rough,
behind the clustered flowers whose blue
is not their own, but mirrored from afar.

They reflect it tear-stained, vaguely,
as if deep down they hoped to lose it;
and as with old blue writing paper
there's yellow in them, violet and gray;

Washed out as on a child's pinafore,
things that are finished with, no longer worn:
the way one feels a small life's brevity.

But suddenly emotion seems to flare
in one of the flowers, and one sees
a moving blue as it takes joy in green.

Minister

As we place René's ashes into the ground, as the earth returns to the earth, let us remember we look towards eternal life.

Urn bearer puts urn in the grave.

Minister's Conclusion

Rumi said; 'I find a new meaning in every joy and sorrow. In that silence, I hear the voice of the spirit, and freed from this world, I see another world where the end is another beginning.'

Natasha places flower bouquet in front of grave.

We only part that we may meet again.

Let us bid farewell, and then withdraw for a small tribute at the Gazebo.

Rose-petals placed in the grave.

Toast:

For Gabor and Natasha, their little boy René is a gift, a sign of when a higher world chooses to manifest. Let us toast to the love that connects us so closely and forms a bridge to a higher world.