

Anthony Chancellor

April 6, 1942 – January 18, 2024

Memorial Service
Minister: Benjamin

February 17, 2024

Minister's Introduction:

Welcome friends.

We have come together to honor the life of our beloved friend, Anthony Chancellor.

We are here to bear witness to the mortal man who moved through this lifetime, playing the role of his name, and to the immortal soul which has transcended that role.

Anthony was a faithful member of the Fellowship for 52 years. About seven years ago he wrote, "I feel like a beginner learning to use the sequence and the thirty work 'I's. Being a member of the Fellowship for many years is no guarantee of being anything more. Perhaps our time in the school teaches us to realize that we are all beginners."

Now let us stand and remember Anthony in silent presence.

(Silence)

Thank you.

The physical body is designed to produce presence and being, and then to be laid aside. Walt Whitman said, "The best of me then, when no longer visible, for toward that I have been incessantly preparing." Anthony takes with him the presence that he gained in this lifetime, and his connection with Influence C. Our teacher has said, "That is all we can take with us, but it is more than enough."

[Reading: Walt Whitman, “O Captain, My Captain”]
(Reader: Conrad C.)

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
 But O heart! heart! heart!
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up- for you the flag is flung- for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths- for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
 Here Captain! dear father!
 This arm beneath your head!
 It is some dream that on the deck,
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
 Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
 But I with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

[Music: Bach, “Air” from Suite n.3 in D major]
(Musicians: Diana, flute; Veronique, piano)

[Eulogy: Timothy]

Today we gather to remember our friend Anthony Chancellor, who died on the 18th of January following a brief illness.

Anthony and his family immigrated from Holland in 1950 when he was eight years old. He grew up in Los Angeles and was the oldest of five children. He had the eldest child's experience of caring for his brothers and sisters, and in later life his friends benefited, for he took care of them, too.

Anthony attended seminary school for a year before going to Ohio to study Psychology Research Methodology. After receiving a master's degree Anthony married and worked at Fort Ord in Monterey as a research psychologist reviewing weapons for the army. He and his wife purchased a house in Carmel on Whitman Circle. As his magnetic center developed, however, they grew apart, and he returned to Ohio to pursue his doctorate. During this period, a remarkable event occurred that would change his life: his wife rented their Whitman Circle house to Robert Burton. This became the first teaching house in the school.

Anthony had left the house furnished, including his library, where the new residents discovered that he had workbooks by Ouspensky and Gurdjieff. During a holiday from university, Anthony returned to Carmel to check on his house and meet the people living there; he liked the students, though there were more than he expected, but was somewhat puzzled by the pay phone that had been installed in the hallway. Anthony went on to attend prospective student meetings and shortly afterwards met the teacher in August of 1972.

Forty-five years later, Anthony wrote about that event: "The other night, when we returned from the Friday meeting, Patricia and I toasted to 'our good fortune for having met Robert Burton.' It is impossible to predict what any of our lives would have been like without that meeting. And yet it seems to have been our fate—we could not have avoided meeting our teacher."

Anthony sold his house and began traveling with Robert. He moved to Apollo (then called Mount Carmel) and took care of the silver, Meissen porcelain, and Baccarat crystal that were used each night for dinner. He met Patricia in the autumn of 1975 by inviting her to help wash the Baccarat glasses after dinner. The following year they moved to Newport Beach to open the center. This was the beginning of a 48-year love affair.

In this very early phase of the school, the teacher was establishing centers in Europe and the United States; Sydney Russell and Anthony were asked to open and direct the center in Newport Beach. After center meetings Anthony and the students would retire to a late-night coffee shop, where he would spend hours explaining the system to new students and answering their questions.

The Fellowship wine master Karl Werner frequently visited the Newport Beach Center from Callaway Winery for dinners and wine tastings. At one point Anthony and Patricia leased a house on Lido Isle in Newport Beach. The house had a dock with a 38-foot Ericson sailboat. Karl, a keen sailor, and Anthony took the students sailing and this renewed Anthony's passion for sailing, which he had done since his early teens in the Southern California bays and coastal lagoons.

After some time, Anthony and Patricia moved to San Francisco, where Anthony began his business of executive recruiting. He was quite successful and hired and trained many students over three decades. Through his business, he was able to assist a number of European students in their efforts to move to California, writing letters to help them get visas, and in some cases acting as a sponsor.

From San Francisco Anthony and Patricia moved to Marin County. There they once again hosted dinners and wine tastings for Karl and had many concerts and weddings in their home. As the Renaissance wines became available for sale, RVW would donate wines to the Marin County Arts Council for their fundraising events as promotional efforts. Anthony and Patricia acted as ambassadors at these events to further the RVW wine sales.

At this time a student asked Anthony about sponsoring a server for the Fellowship and RVW websites. Without hesitation, he set about adding these domains to his server in Marin, and willingly supported this for over 10 years. They initiated the beingpresent.org email as well.

After joining the Sausalito Sailing Club, Anthony became a master sailor and took many friends on sailing trips, sailing along the beautifully wooded Marin shoreline, or out into the San Francisco Bay. A student recalled, "Anthony would head the boat into the rougher water under the Golden Gate Bridge, wind howling, standing at the helm, imperturbable, and in control. He was the Captain, experienced, and you knew you were in good hands."

Even after moving to Apollo in 1997, he continued to organize these sailing trips, inviting students from Apollo and the Bay Area, as well as visitors from Europe and Russia.

A student remembers, “Anthony almost always seemed cheerful and buoyant. He was a big man, but he moved lightly—he almost seemed to bounce on his feet. He was never happier than when he was behind the helm, the wind in his hair, pointing out the sites in the Bay, and advising any student who felt a little seasick to drink a beer!”

A student observed that “Anthony was a connoisseur in everything he undertook: whether buying a car, cooking a steak, or selecting a wine, he would research and experiment until he got it just right. And then he would share these findings with his friends!” He loved to share what he loved. He enjoyed spending time with students’ children and attending their plays, recitals, and graduation ceremonies. And he liked sharing his practical knowledge—about maintaining a home at Apollo, for example, or buying a good used car. During his last three years he assisted many students in upgrading their cars to newer, safer, and more efficient ones. He enjoyed this quite a bit and would show them how to wash their cars, introduce them to his mechanics in Rocklin, and even change the car’s air filter for them. One student noted, “He singlehandedly improved the fleet of cars for students.”

Anthony’s second and third lines of work were carried out invisibly and with his reliable spirit. He often washed pots at the Galleria and enjoyed the camaraderie of fellow helpers in the dining octave. Throughout his life here, he assisted behind the scenes. He said that all his many years in the school resulted in “a deeper understanding and appreciation for having met a teacher and a school.”

Anthony died after a brief illness from a rare and aggressive form of vasculitis. With this loss, we have lost a part of ourselves.

But Walt Whitman reminds us,
“Allons! we must not stop here,
However sweet these laid-up stores, however convenient this dwelling we cannot remain here,
However shelter’d this port and however calm these waters we must not anchor here . . .”

Take leave, dear Anthony, and fare thee well.

[**Music:** Bach/Gounod, “Ave Maria”]
(Musicians: Diana, flute; Veronique, piano)

[**Reading:** Rumi, “Gone to the Unseen”]
(Reader: Leslie R.)

From Jalaluddin Rumi

At last you have departed and gone to the Unseen.
What marvelous route
did you take from this world?

Beating your wings and feathers,
you broke free from this cage.
Rising up to the sky you attained the world of the soul.
You were a prized falcon caught by a temporal spirit.

Then you heard the unhearable summons and flew beyond space and time.

As a lovesick nightingale, you flew among the owls.
Then came the scent of the
rose garden and you flew to be with the Rose.

The wine of this fleeting world
caused your head to ache.
Finally you joined the tavern of Eternity.

Like an arrow, you sped from the bow and went straight for the center of bliss.

O heart, what a wonderful bird you are.
Seeking divine heights,
Fluttering your wings,
you conquered your enemy.

Pouring down like the rain of heaven you fell upon the landscape of this world.
Then you ran in every direction
and escaped through the invisible opening ...

Now the words are over
and the pain they bring is gone.
Now you have gone to rest
in the arms of the Beloved.

Minister's Conclusion:

The death of a friend reminds us that we each inhabit a fragile and temporary vessel, from which presence emerges and connects us.

May Anthony's delight in sharing his home, his talents, and his knowledge inspire us to find our own forms of generosity;

May his invisible service over many decades remind us that external prominence is not our aim; and

May his deep humility and gratitude towards the teacher and the school help us to value our own gift.

Dearest Anthony, we thank thee.

Minister:

The task of this lifetime has been fulfilled. The role of Anthony Chancellor is complete. The shell of the body falls away, and the soul that inhabited that body is released to continue its divine journey.

Candle Ceremony

With this candle to light our way, let us join in raising a glass to Anthony and then depart, with a renewed and vivid appreciation for the gift of life allotted to each of us.

Minister: Please rise.

Funeral party leaves.

Participants gather for the toast.

[Toast: Richard K.]

Here we are, those that stay behind the departure of our dear, generous, and devoted friend: devoted to us, to the School, and to his beloved Patricia.

But as Rilke says, "...existence for us is a miracle; a playing of absolute forces that no one can touch who has not knelt down in wonder."

So let us toast to the miracle that is Anthony – for he remains with us – and the wondrous miracle we all have been given.