

Kenneth Wygal

*September 2, 1940 – April 8, 2024*

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Funeral Service

Minister: Curtis

May 18, 2024

## Minister's Introduction

Welcome friends, and a special welcome to Kenneth's granddaughter, Kayla, who is with us today.

We have gathered here to honor the life of our beloved friend, Kenneth Wygal.

Once again, we witness a great mystery: our friend, who moved through this lifetime, playing the role of his name, has disappeared from among us. He has transcended his role to become once more what he always was, an invisible, immortal soul.

Let us stand and remember Kenneth in silent presence.

*(Silence)*

Thank you.

Walt Whitman wrote, "All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses, And to die is different from what any one supposed, and luckier."

Kenneth takes with him the presence and being that he has 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."

**[Eulogy: Conrad]**

Kenneth was born in Southern California, in the city of Whittier. His father was a jazz musician who sold pianos to make a living. Kenneth had a special bond with his maternal grandfather, who ran several pharmacies in and around Palm Springs, and who took Kenneth on many special travels, that he recounted with much fondness.

After graduating from El Camino College, Kenneth joined the US Navy. This was before the Vietnam war, and he very much enjoyed journeys to ports in the far East.

He was an avid reader, someone who knew much about a variety of subjects, and yet who, by his own admission, knew enough to say that almost anything one studies is merely a passing fancy. It was the Work that took hold of him and shaped his life in the school and with his friends.

Kenneth and Linda met and lived in Los Angeles shortly after the center opened in 1973. After a period at Apollo, they moved to Hawaii to open the center, and also spent time in Mexico, before finally settling permanently at Apollo. They lived together with Linda's daughter Kelli, her daughter Kayla, their grandsons Anthony and Adrian and, during the last 3 years, with Kayla's youngest son, Andrew, who was a daily delight for Kenneth.

He survived his beloved Linda by 10 years – 10 good years of treating friends to his barbecuing and cooking – his favorite hobby.

Kenneth lived the life allotted to him with frankness and sincerity. He had keen emotional foresight when it came to people. This was something he lived with and shouldered; it was an integral part of his being. This trait often caused him to be short with some and even shorter with others; it was, however, of great help to the school. When the end result of a situation was finally recognized – days, weeks, months, or even years later – by those who had stayed the course, they could see Kenneth's wisdom in stating the obvious at the very outset.

When Kenneth was tasked with any one of the varied projects he worked on during his decades of service to the school, be it building the Festival

Hall, the Galleria, or the Theatron; or procuring palm trees, camels, water buffalo or ostriches, he would pointedly trim away all the extraneous detail generated by the various participants, whittling everything down (especially words) to what was necessary.

And all was accomplished because of his loving devotion to Robert. Being peers, only one year apart in age, they had a special bond, and Robert relied on Kenneth and respected him for his common-sense approach and ability to complete octaves.

Once Kenneth and his team planted a very large jubea palm tree in front of the Galleria, using cranes and other heavy machinery. Robert came out of the Galleria, looked at the tree, and spoke with Kenneth. "It needs to move 6 inches to the right" he said. Kenneth did it.

Of the animals brought to Apollo, water buffaloes were his favorite, and he often spoke of their sweet nature. One calf in particular bonded with Kenneth on her journey to Apollo, and to his surprise, would recognize him and come to him even months later.

During Kenneth's decades in the school, he occupied several offices at different times. When moving from office to office, he typically brought only a few items with him. One of these was a small aerosol can that he kept by his desk. The label on the can stated, "This product helps to prevent and cure: exaggerated claims, political discussions, tall stories, and sales pitches."

The name on the label read (for the sake of this gathering) – B.S. Repellent. While this is shared in jest, it illustrates how Kenneth lived his life. He was simple, saying only what was needed, in a way only he could.

Kenneth's final days consisted of time spent surrounded by family and friends, and listening to the music of Bach, his favorite composer. For someone who lived life to the fullest, the process of dying and the humility that process requires were something Kenneth accepted without complaint. As his body began to shut down, Kenneth shared with a friend that he had not slept much last night because "he was thinking about what he had verified": verification was his mantra – it was the keelson of his being, and it served him well.

The day before Kenneth completed his role, his body had almost entirely shut down, rendering him physically lifeless, save the movement of his head.

He still responded to his friends; when one telephoned, Sheila held the phone to his ear and he roused himself to say "hello!", even answering a few questions.

Upon Kenneth's passing, Robert said, "This runs deep."

As with everything Kenneth was involved in, his indelible mark will always be felt, for it runs deep, it runs deep.

**[Music: "Allemande" by Bach]**  
(Musician: Justin, piano)

**[Reading: "A Clear Midnight" by Walt Whitman]**  
(Reader: Michael R.)

"A Clear Midnight" by Walt Whitman

This is thy hour O Soul, thy free flight into the wordless,  
Away from books, away from art, the day erased, the lesson done,  
Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing, pondering the themes thou lovest  
best,  
Night, sleep, death and the stars.

### Minister's Conclusion:

The shock of a friend's death reminds us that our bodies are fragile, our period on this earth temporary. Only the realm of uncreated light--which unites us and is us -- is boundless and eternal.

May Kenneth's quiet and unceasing service of his teacher and the school encourage us to serve with similar humility;

May his emphasis on verification, simplicity, and the achievement of practical results remind us that a mystical school is a practical school; and  
May his love and loyalty to his teacher, his friends, and his family help us to cherish one another.

Dear Kenneth, we thank thee.

The task of this lifetime has been fulfilled. The role of Kenneth is complete, and the soul that played that role is released to continue its divine journey.

### Candle Ceremony

With this candle to light our way, let us join in raising a glass to Kenneth and then depart, with renewed gratitude for the gift of life we have received.

**Minister:** Please rise.

Funeral party leaves.

Participants gather for the toast.

**[Toast: Michael R.]**

## At the Cemetery

### Minister's Introduction:

Here in this sacred place, we gather to bid Kenneth farewell. Words fade in the face of a great reality. We, too, arrive at this simplest of moments—our friend Kenneth showing us the way.

[Reading: Rumi]

(Reader: Sheila)

This we have now is not imagination,  
This is not grief or joy,  
Not a judging state nor an elation, or sadness.  
Those come and go.  
This is the presence that does not.

Urn is placed in the grave.

Rumi wrote, “Uncover in silence your soul’s own rose garden.” Let these rose petals remind us of the sweetness of our departed friend, and of the rose garden of his soul.

Minister and funeral party scatter rose petals into the grave.