

Elle Van Glabbeek

January 29, 1945 – October 11, 2024

Minister: Graylin

October 17, 2024

[Entry music: Peter S., guitar]

[Minister's Introduction]

Welcome friends, and a special welcome to Kim and Auke, Elle's children, who are here with us today.

Once again, we witness a great mystery: our friend, Elle Van Glabbeek, who moved through this lifetime, playing the role of her name, is no longer visible among us. She has transcended that role to become once more what she always was, an invisible, immortal soul.

Let us stand and remember Elle 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."
Elle takes with her the presence and being that she has gained in this lifetime, and her connection with Influence C. Our teacher has said, "That is all we can take with us, but it is more than enough."

[Reading: Poem by Willem Kloos]
(Reader: Peter B.)

Ga niet voorbij, maar blijf bij mij, en voel,
Wat Ik voel, in het diepst van mijn wezen,
Dat niets dan Gij mij nog iets liefs kan wezen,
En alles om u --zonder u-- zo koel,

Zoo leeg, zoo vreemd, dat ik mijzelf niet voel,
Wen ver weg van u, -- en 'k wensch om weg te wezen,
Weg van mijzelf, in 't land des doods, doods vrezen,
Vergetend om de vrees voor 't donker-koel

En doodsch gewoel des levens, dat in kringen
Rond-draait geduriglijk, en Ik draai mee....
Ach ik, een klein arm ding in duizend dingen,
Met u geslingerd in een-zelfde dringen,
Wijl onze klare stemmen kalm als twee
Koralen uit het duister hoog-op-zingen.

Do not go, but stay with me, and feel what I feel,
In the depths of my soul,
That only you can be dear to me,
Everything is centred around you, and without you, only the cold
remains,

So empty, so strange, that I do not feel myself,
When far away from you, I wish to disappear,
Far away from myself, in the land of the dead, fearing death,
Forgetting to fear the dark cold

Death stirs life, that continues to turn in circles,
And I turn with it..
Poor me, a small being amongst a thousand other things,
Together with you thrown into the same urge,
While our clear voices peaceful as two
Chorals from the darkness sing up high.

[Music: Bach, "Erbarme dich," *Saint Matthew's Passion*]

[Eulogy: Benjamin]

A week before Elle died, she dictated her eulogy to Hein and her children. Here it is:

“When I had read a lot of books, I decided to go to the bookstore in Amsterdam. My plan was to stand in front of the bookshelf and let the real book come to me, and it came.

It was *The Fourth Way*.

Shortly after, I joined the school. After one year, we left behind everything in the Netherlands. We came to Apollo, where we had never been before.

34 years ago.

I started in the winery, later in the Lodge, which is now Apollo d’Oro. A few years in the office and then about 20 years in the Galleria laundry with a beautiful crew.

The date I joined was July 27.

The absolute highlights were the dinners with Robert and looking Dorian in the eyes.

And this is the end of this life and later immortality.”

Over the course of her illness, Elle’s courage and depth of being emerged ever more strongly. She shared her experience in a letter to her friends.

Dear Friends,

After the third chemo today, I feel I can share something. Of course, the body feels like it was overrun by a big rig! But it brings me to a place where being grateful is natural and obvious.

An example that was quite new to me is this:

During the night I wear a little cap on my head, and going into

my bathroom in the morning, I undress and see an old woman's body in the mirror.

This is what happens next:

I take the cap from my head....and there it is, world 6 fully exposed in its purity.

A mainly bald head. It is quite a nice shape, with some oh so vulnerable hairs standing straight up.

Gently I brush.

World 6 is uninterrupted and pure.

There is no pain, regret, judgment, nothing but pure awareness. Absolutely nothing is lacking. The naked truth is beautiful.

In the shower the state is slowly washed away.

But every morning I get this incredible gift.

The payment indeed is nothing compared with this.

So serious is awakening, and so joyful.

May this shared experience penetrate into each of you as well.

In conscious love my dear friends. I bow to you with gratitude and presence.

Elle

[Poetry: Rumi, Mathnawi 1, 2930]
(Reader: Rowena)

Passing, passing
The blossom gives way to the fruit;
Both are necessary,
One passes into another.
Bread exists to be broken
To sustain its purpose.
The grape on the vine

Is wine in the making,
Crush it and it comes alive.

[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 Elle's steadfast valuation for the teacher and the school, shown through decades of quiet service, increase our appreciation for what we have been given;

May the patience, diligence and love she brought to the practice of her art inspire us to cultivate beauty in our own lives; and

May the profound wonder, acceptance, and gratitude with which she embraced her play help us to meet the events of our lives with equal grace.

Dear Elle, we thank thee.

In Rabia's words, "Love comes from eternity and goes into eternity." A divine spark has returned to its divine source. The circle of life is complete.

Let us go joyfully now to celebrate Elle's life with a toast, with a more vivid appreciation for the life that has been given to each of us.

Thank you.

[Participants move to the table for the toast.]

[Toast: Peter V.]

As Rilke beautifully wrote, "But as you left us, there broke upon this stage a glimpse of reality, shown through the slight opening through which you disappeared: green, evergreen, bathed in sunlight, actual woods."

Elle, as she was leaving, gave us a glimpse of reality. May we all take inspiration from her, and from the courageous way she played her role in our lives.

Here's to Elle!