

Edward Klaner

October 17, 1947 – October 25, 2024

Funeral Service

Minister: Benjamin

November 9, 2024

Minister's Introduction

Welcome friends.

We have gathered here today to honor the life of our beloved friend, Edward Klaner.

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

Let us stand and remember Edward 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."

Edward 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."

[Reading: From "The Phaedo" by Plato]
(Reader: Dane)

From "The Phaedo" by Plato

The souls of people, on their way to Earth-life, pass through a room full of lights; each takes a taper – often only a spark – to guide it in the dim country of this world. But some souls, by rare fortune, are detained longer – have time to grasp a handful of tapers, which they weave into a torch. These are the torch-bearers of humanity – its poets, seers and saints, who lead and lift the race out of darkness, toward the light. They are the law-givers and saviors, the light-bringers, way-showers and truth-tellers, and without them, humanity would lose its way in the dark.

[Music: "The Lark Ascending," 3rd movement, by Vaughan-Williams]
(Musician: Diana, flute; Veronique, piano)

[Eulogy: Rowena]

Edward was born in 1947, in Chicago, and grew up in southern California, where he met his wife, Janet, in high school. They were married for 52 years.

In his youth, Edward loved swimming, sailing, and surfing. He loved the three joined elements of the sky, the land, and the ocean. He was curious, seeking to know the meaning behind appearances.

He met the Fellowship in 1973 in Sacramento. Janet recalls, "We found a bookmark in the Grass Valley library the day of our first wedding anniversary. We went to the prospective meeting that night and joined." Soon they moved to Apollo, the "Ranch," first living under a tree, later staying in a more luxurious tent. Edward worked on the excavation for the winery and also at the Lincoln Lodge when it was first remodeled. Edward enjoyed helping to externally build the school in the beginning stages.

A year after joining, Edward and Janet went to Yosemite, camping on the river. They walked into the Ahwahnee Hotel, and there was Robert. They told Robert it was their wedding anniversary as well as their first school anniversary. Edward mentioned, "You know, Robert, what Apollo really needs are olive trees." And Robert went, "No, no, not now. We're doing fruit trees now, but not olives."

In 1976 they moved to support the San Diego center. Soon they returned to Apollo, but later moved to live in several centers, including Salt Lake City and San Francisco, and they directed the centers in Los Angeles and San Diego.

They began to build their house at Apollo in 1989. At the new house, Robert asked Edward and Janet to host one meeting a week and to lead those meetings. Then Robert said, "Well, maybe we'll start attracting people to live here. So, start prospective meetings, too."

In 1996, Robert advised, "You don't have time for that anymore because you're going to bring in an olive press, plant trees, and make olive oil." Edward and Janet started planting olive trees, importing an antique olive press, and erecting a building for the press. Robert added, "And I want you to have your first harvest festival in 1998, in November." At first, they planted 44 trees, thinking that would please Robert. He said, "Well, that's a nice beginning." So they planted another 200 trees, which are now beautiful and prolific. Edward considered it a labor of love and it contributed to who he became.

One night, at a dinner Edward attended, Robert predicted that if a major earthquake occurred there might be daily flights in and out of Brownsville for supplies. Edward decided to get his pilot's license. This octave revealed his enduring love of flying. He bought a little airplane and flew often. Later the airplane was sold to fund the olive press building and the press.

Learning that Edward's father had a company and was retiring after 37 years, Robert asked Edward and Janet to move to L.A. and take over the business. It had been failing, but after three years, began to be profitable. He held that job for 30 years.

Edward served on the Fellowship board for several years, and took charge of setting up the solar system between PG&E and the Fellowship. It required years of effort. PG&E turned on the solar power just a month before Edward passed. Greg Holman called and said, "I don't know how to thank you. You just silently worked away at this." The solar permits, the contractors – Edward organized it all. And he willingly said, "I want to see this through."

Edward helped many students in many ways, including acting as a mediator. And this was done from love, to find a solution to a difficult situation, to bring peace. Edward did not lightly take on anything; whatever he did, it was the best he could do.

Another friend recalled, "His character was marked by love. Edward took me under his wing when I joined the Los Angeles center, and later gave me a job working for him. He was always there to help out. If you asked him to do something he would do it. At the end, as he lay dying, partially

paralyzed, I didn't know how to move him in a safe way in the bed. I called for help, as I didn't want to make things worse. And Edward said, 'You can't make anything worse.' He was externally considering me, not his own situation. For Edward, the fact of being an ascending soul was always first and foremost for him. His love for Robert was genuine and never compromised. Edward's life focused on service to the school and his sincere effort to always accept and follow the will of the gods."

Edward died of brain cancer; he had it for some years. After a seizure, he had brain surgery but became paralyzed on the left side. He grew feeble and fell often. He told Janet, while he could still talk, "I want to stay at home. Can you make that happen?" And so it was done. At one moment, while friends were talking where Edward lay dying, Edward said, "Too many words. We are no longer about words."

When asked what he wished conveyed to Robert, Edward said, "He knows; he already knows." Before Edward died, Robert asked Janet to whisper in Edward's ear, "I send you both my undying love, and I want to thank you for your all your conscious efforts. It is a pleasure to evolve with you."

Edward died at home, in the sunroom, a room filled with flowers and light. Janet had been saying for a few days, "Edward, you're in a boat and the boat is being prepared and you're being prepared. The boat has not left yet . . ." The day he died, Janet said to him, "The boat is ready. You've been prepared. The boat is leaving the shore. You have done a wonderful job as a student, as a husband, as a friend and a lover. Brave new world now: you need to go." She was holding his hand; he had been breathing with great difficulty for nine hours. His soul was passing, and he was making the final payment to get to the other shore. Then Janet took her hand from his hand; he breathed once more, then died.

Robert said that Edward was in his eighth life, and that completing his role at 6 p.m. meant World 6. Robert also noted that Dorian said that Edward's death accelerated our evolution.

Dorian visited Edward two days before he died, and said, “When I went to visit Edward, it was a very profound experience. ... He was in this twilight of life, neither here nor there. It shows that while consciousness uses the senses and the body to interact, to be here, ultimately it does not need this. And in this twilight zone, the body is already not so necessary. Edward had the energy of a newborn baby, very tender and delicate, but so much more immense at the same time, because the possibilities are infinite. ... Death is the biggest gift that the person gives. You can take everything that they have given to the school and their friends, all the love they have poured forth during their life, and death in fact is bigger than all of that. It opens the door to places that we cannot normally access.”

Hallmarks of Edward’s being were his consistent courtesy to others and his ability to say yes to his teacher’s requests: establishing the olive grove and press, moving to different centers, and working for 30 years to renew his father’s business. Each of these octaves deepened Edward’s commitment to the sacred internal efforts required to allow presence to become the most important aspect of his being. Everything he contributed to us was accompanied by an internalizing of that effort, to develop a deeper relationship to higher forces.

Thank you, dear Edward, for your unceasing efforts to build the Ideal State, both without and within.

[**Music:** “Air on the G String,” by Bach]
(Musician: Diana, flute; Veronique, piano)

[Reading: From "The Excursion" by Wordsworth]
(Reader: Stanley)

From "The Excursion" by Wordsworth

A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within
Were heard, sonorous cadences! whereby
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with his native sea.
Even in such a shell the Universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith: and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow and ever-during power;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.

Minister's Conclusion:

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 the reliability, determination, and high standards that Edward brought to all his endeavors remind us to strive for excellence in our own efforts; May his consistent and inconspicuous service to the school, higher forces, and his own inner development inspire us; and May his earnest, unwavering faith in his teacher and love for his fellow students strengthen our valuation.

Dear Edward, we thank thee.

The task of this lifetime has been fulfilled. The role of Edward 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 Edward and then depart, with renewed gratitude for the gift of life we have received.

Minister signals urn bearer.

Minister: Please rise.

[Music: Largo from "Winter," by Vivaldi]
(Musician: Diana, flute; Veronique, piano)

Participants gather for the toast.

[Toast: Guinevere]

From Walt Whitman

You, to whom I often and silently come where you are,
As I walk by your side or sit in the same room,
little you know of the subtle electric fire

that for your sake burns within me.