

Marie Gallagher

*January 26, 1954 – March 25, 2025*

---

Memorial Service

Minister: Jeanne

April 19, 2025

## Minister's Introduction

Welcome friends, and a special welcome to Marie's sister, Patricia, who is with us today.

We have come together to honor the life of our dear friend, Marie Gallagher.

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

Let us stand and remember Marie 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."

Marie 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: “I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud by William Wordsworth]**  
(Reader: Siobhan)

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed – and gazed – but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

**[Music: “Piano Concerto in D Major, BWV 972 II, Larghetto, by Antonio Vivaldi (transcribed by J. S. Bach)]**  
(Musician: Justin, piano)

**[Eulogy: James F.]**

Marie Gallagher was born on January 26, 1954, in Kendal, England, to Michael and Christina Gallagher. She was the eldest of 10 siblings. Her father had moved to England to work construction with his cousins and brothers, then returned to Dublin, Ireland after a few years, where he built a home for his growing family.

As a child Marie was full of energy. She used to skip up and down the stairs, with her hair bouncing around, and her father would get upset that she would not 'walk like a lady.' She had beautiful taste in clothes from a young age. Her younger sister idolized her and remembers Marie taking her shopping and educating her about fabrics, furniture, and objects of value. Marie was also interested in philosophy, esoteric ideas, and history from an early age. When she was 18, she traveled to Morocco, and to her siblings she seemed so exotic.

Marie's role as eldest sister instilled in her the ability to hold others as family. She was loyal, generous, and there for her friends when they most needed. She once cooked a wonderful meal for a friend after the birth of her child, and allowed friends stay at her home in times of need. She loved and respected all of her siblings, and especially adored John, who lived in California with her and looked out for her until the end.

When she had friends over who had children, she would invite the entire family. She would cook meals at a very high level, especially scalloped potatoes, as a good Irish person. She enjoyed teasing and giggling with children and teaching them about all manner of things that she knew about. Ezequiel Roa, whom she was close to for many years, said that she never talked to him like a kid; it was always with respect and care.

Perhaps also due to being an older sister, Marie had the ability to educate others. She joined the school in 1984 in Dublin, when Marcus Lasken was center director. The center had a majority of young men, so on one occasion Marie gave a demonstration for them on how to properly iron a shirt. Rather than photograph them, she just showed them how it was done; it was her way. She was direct and to the point, and always with consideration for the highest.

She once gave a presentation in the Dublin center on Rilke's "Duino Elegies" that created memory for many students, not only for its sophistication, but because it was about a poet who was not Irish or English. She had intellectual depth and was drawn to study a wide variety of subjects and ideas.

Her greatest interest was perhaps gardening. She once said, "I need to have a garden, it's in my essence." She was obsessive about weeds, and insisted on being intentional about things like which direction the plants were facing, and whether leaves from another plant would fall in the space of other plants. She helped Sarah McGovern design and redesign her garden. Sarah remembers that Marie had a strong vision and extraordinary knowledge, read every label, and suggested plants that she had never heard of. Sarah said she would just go with whatever Marie said about gardening. Another friend asked Marie to look after her plants while their family went on vacation; when they returned, Marie had installed an entire irrigation system.

Wherever she lived, she created a beautiful garden, and more than that, a beautiful environment. She showed by example that whether you are renting or live in a small apartment, you can always make it a beautiful environment to live in. She loved to have tea in her garden with friends; her last landlord, Egidio, remembers her sitting in a chair outside and having wide-ranging conversations with him while he fixed the roof.

A conversation with Marie was always something. She was mischievous, impish, quick to push back and disagree, yet always with her inimitable cheeky laugh. She was a challenging thinker and interested in alternative viewpoints – many of which somehow came back to the Irish or the Celtic peoples and their unacknowledged influence on human civilization.

Marie's penchant for alternative ideas came out of deep knowledge and actual research. She was very well read, and did not inner-consider saying things that challenged or bothered others. She enjoyed poking holes in preconceived narratives. Sometimes people would become frustrated with her off-the-wall theories, only to realize that what Marie was saying had substance behind it, that it was not mere nonsense. Having one's ideas challenged is a good thing, and Marie did so in a loving, yet uncompromising way. In this regard, many of Marie's friends will miss her because she was the only person they could talk to about certain things.

Marie struggled with addiction from an early age and had incredible endurance. She transformed her difficulties through creativity. She had an online Celtic jewelry business that included detailed descriptions of the material and symbolism of each piece. Marie also had a special talent for fabrics and made clothing for herself and others. When she made costumes for the plays at Apollo, friends noted her sensitivity for beautiful designs and fabrics. Everything Marie did, she did at the highest level possible.

She would come to Apollo d'Oro a few times per week, to sit and socialize with a wide variety of people. Marie loved cats, and her last cat passed away just a few weeks before she completed her role.

Many of us will remember her serving at dinners and events at the Galleria. She was extremely consistent, never missed a shift, and did everything in her power to ensure that things were done to the highest possible standard. This was a theme throughout her entire life.

In her last years, students noted a softening in Marie. She seemed more and more content. She didn't seem to need any more things or want something different in life. To those near her in the last months she seemed lighter and more positive than ever before. She was our deep friend and a delight to be around.

[**Music: "O'Carolan's Dream" by Turlough O'Carolan**]  
(Musician: Peter S., guitar)

[Reading: “The Lake Isle of Innisfree” by William Butler Yeats]  
(Reader: Tony)

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;  
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;  
There midnight’s all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet’s wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,  
I hear it in the deep heart’s core.

**Minister’s Conclusion:**

The death of a friend 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 the memory of Marie’s questing mind and her frank and direct conversation help us to challenge the limitations of our thinking;  
May her love of living things – gardens, children, cats – remind us to take joy in the created world that surrounds us; and  
May her consistency and high standards inspire our own efforts.

Dear Marie, we thank thee.

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

Please stand.

Funeral party exits the room.

Participants gather lakeside for the toast.

**[Toast: John G.]**

“Now there is neither Summer nor Winter since I found happiness in the shelter of Love’s wings, and there hovers about me a perpetual Springtime.”

*Goethe, Venetian Epigram #91*

Let us toast to Marie, to the spring she gave us,  
to the love of presence that won’t fade with the seasons,  
and to the knowledge that, somewhere, her spirit is still dancing among the  
flowers.