

Genevieve Rosewood

*May 2, 1950 – April 15, 2025*

---

Funeral Service

Minister: Rowena

May 3, 2025

## Minister's Introduction

Welcome friends, and a special welcome to Genevieve's sister, Corinne, [and] her son Ethan and his wife, Elissa, and her son Joseph and his friend Erika, who are with us today.

We have gathered here to honor the life of our beloved friend, Genevieve Rosewood.

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

Let us stand and remember Genevieve 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."

Genevieve 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: From Rumi]**

(Reader: Jo Anna)

I am a bird of paradise, not from the land of this world.  
I have made a cage out of my body for a few days.  
O happy is the day of flying to Him!  
Let me fly in the sky of His being.

Go ahead, now that you have passed through this world.  
You have become a painting, for the Painter.  
O Soul! you have travelled toward the Soul of souls.  
Eat from the tree of faith,  
Now that you have passed the unsafe place.  
Go like a fish in the water of life,  
Now that you have passed this sojourn on earth.

You are back to the place you came from.  
God knows that you have passed  
Through the hidden way.  
Be silent now.  
In this silence,  
You are among all Silent Ones.

**[Music: "Somewhere Over the Rainbow"]**

(Musician: Michael G., singer)

## [Eulogy: Thomas H.]

Genevieve was born on May 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1950, on Leonardo da Vinci's death day, in a small town in Ohio. Her parents named her Bonita Louise. She had an older brother, Kenny, two younger sisters, Corinne and Becky, and a younger brother, Larry, who was born when she was 10. She grew up in a town built on either side of the Maumee River. The big river was her backyard, and she and her brothers and sisters thrived, enjoying the freedom and safety of small-town life.

Bonnie, as she was called then, was energetic and playful. Unfortunately for her younger brother, Larry, the age difference played out in Bonnie's favor. Her imagination and his unblemished trust allowed her to play elaborate jokes. Once she served him a dish of ice cream that was actually cottage cheese and potato chips. When Larry asked if ice cream was supposed to be crunchy, she told him that the chips were the bones of aliens!

In high school she was active as always, playing the French horn in the marching band, and participating in the Drama Club. She was involved in many school plays, and in her senior year she shone, landing the lead role of Emily in the play, *Our Town*.

After graduating in 1968, she bought herself a brand-new green Pontiac Firebird, her pride and joy, and moved out of the family home to explore her independence. In this period, she began her search for a spiritual teacher. She told a friend that she and her companions spent years on the road, traveling throughout the United States, trying out different communities, and winding up in crazy situations. Finally, she discovered the Fellowship, and said she never had any doubt that she had found the real school she had been seeking.

Genevieve joined the Fellowship in Washington, D.C., in 1976. She met and married her first husband there and in the same year her son, Ethan, was born. Two years later, she had moved to the heart of the school. She brought her usual energy to the activities in Apollo, working in the office and building lasting friendships.

By 1978, her first marriage had ended. Genevieve remarried and her second son, Joey, was born. A few years later, the family moved to Chicago to support the teaching center there, returning to Apollo about six years later.

In the years that followed, Genevieve became, and remained, part of the fabric of Apollo, working at the Lewis Carroll School with the youngest children, and then in the office once more, where she helped to develop the voucher system that we are still using. Later she began working with the auction team, at the time a major fundraising effort.

In 1995 she married Gunter Rosewood and suddenly her family included four more children. Although Genevieve and Gunter did not have children of their own, she helped raise Gunter's children and became very close to them.

Genevieve was an eager traveler, and she particularly loved Egypt. Together Gunther and Genevieve orchestrated journeys to Egypt and Greece for large groups of students. Genevieve was instrumental in bringing students to Egypt for the first time. She was adventurous and unwilling to follow well-worn paths when she traveled, and she had developed friendships with Egyptian guides who gave her special recommendations. She delighted in finding unusual places to stay, eat, and explore. She found great joy in pushing the limits.

A friend remembers one incident when traveling with her in Egypt: “It was Genevieve’s birthday, and we stayed past closing time in the Luxor Temple, well after sunset. We were illicitly exploring the temple in the dark with the sky full of stars above us, when suddenly the entire temple lit up with floodlights. A tall, commanding gentleman in a full-length trench coat was visible at the end of the huge court and he began shouting directions to a large crew of people – it was a film crew! Genevieve’s birthday celebration was a night spent running through the shadows in Luxor Temple, while a movie was being filmed around us.”

Genevieve struggled with ill health during the latter part of her life. About 2002, she had an illness which triggered a breakdown, and she left Apollo for some time to recover. But before long, she found her way back, like a homing pigeon. A friend said, “It was very hard for her to work with her situation. But she continued. She made big efforts and didn't let on. She had friends. She traveled. She lived her life. But there was this underlying sense that she was in pain. I do not remember her complaining.”

Genevieve's many friends describe her as life-enhancing. She would create special moments and events, finding creative ways to be present with her friends. For many years she co-hosted dinners, often inviting visiting students. Each dinner had a theme, and she would design the table and decorations, adding a fairy tale element to each one.

She was always on the go, planning trips with other students to Mt. Shasta, Lake Tahoe in all seasons, Durham for the almond festival, and very frequently to Los Angeles to visit the museums. She loved to stay all day at the Getty Center and then return the next day, and sometimes a third day. She would leave well before dawn to see the sunrise in Gray Eagle.

One friend recalls, "She really enjoyed taking the untraveled roads, discovering different ways to go from point A to point B. When she would drive me to town, just a 30-minute drive could leave you with the most beautiful impressions that you had no idea existed. She helped to open my world."



She thoroughly enjoyed literature, ballet, the theater. She would see the Shakespeare plays at Ashland multiple times, and afterward study the plays together with friends. She tried never to miss a ballet if she could get to it, and would sometimes see several performances in a row.

“She was versed in so many things,” a friend said. “She had deep and genuine interests: Persian poetry, Arabian horses, the history of places she visited or lived, the literature and religions of the Near East. Whatever the subject, she would just go deeply into it.”

Genevieve was always thinking about her friends, what they needed, what could be done to create a moment of joy. She would bring a book the person might like to read, or a beautiful card with quotations from their favorite conscious being. She tried to make life a little more light and happy.

Her work was strong and unwavering. She was dedicated to the school and passionate about Robert’s teaching. She was uncompromising about the school. As much as she could, she put the work first. It was the main direction in her life.

Genevieve died quickly, less than a week after she entered the hospital. She was not unconscious, but she lacked the energy to speak or gesture. She could, however, receive the love and farewells of her teacher, her sons, her sister Corinne, and her friends. Robert asked that she be given the following message:

“Robert sends his conscious love to her and it was wonderful to work with her as a beloved student. There is nothing wrong. She is not dying but is passing from her eighth conscious life to her ninth.” And soon he sent her a second message:

“Thank you, dear Genevieve, for almost 50 years of successful evolution, transformation and dedication.”

Genevieve passed away at 8:09 pm on April 15<sup>th</sup>, Leonardo’s birthday.

About a year ago, on her birthday, she wrote this little poem:

Beautiful Day!  
Don’t delay;  
Find it now.  
Remember how,  
It’s all there is!

[**Music:** "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"]

(Musician: Sharon, soprano)

[**Reading:** Sonnet 116, by William Shakespeare]

(Reader: John C.)

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments; love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove.  
O no, it is an ever-fixèd mark  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wand'ring bark  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come.  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom:  
If this be error and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

### 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.

Genevieve was a tenacious and dedicated student and a delicately considerate friend. She had a passion and a gift for transforming the ordinary stuff of life into magical moments of presence for herself and others. May her memory inspire us to use our own lives to the fullest.

Dear Genevieve, we thank thee.

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

### Candle Ceremony

Minister signals urn bearer (Gerald).

**Minister:** Please rise.

## At the Cemetery

### Minister's Introduction:

Here in this sacred place, we gather to release Genevieve to her, and our, true home. Words fade in the face of a great reality. We, too, arrive at this simplest of moments – our friend Genevieve showing us the way.

### [Reading: From Rilke] (Reader: Gerald)

“Death is our friend precisely because it brings us into absolute and passionate presence with all that here, that is natural, that is love.”

Minister gestures to urn bearer.  
Urn is placed in the grave. Minister scatters rose petals into the grave.

The earth returns to the earth, and a divine spark returns to its divine source. The circle of this life is now complete, and the next step begins for the soul of Genevieve Rosewood. Let us join in raising a glass to our friend, and then depart, with gratitude for the gift of having known her, and with renewed love for one another.

Participants scatter rose petals, then gather for the toast.

### [Toast: ]

*[A toast from Gunter Rosewood:]*

We are here today to celebrate and honor Genevieve's life. Her departure came suddenly and unexpectedly for her family, her friends, and even herself. A text sent to her no longer received a reply.

Genevieve will be remembered by her positive and gentle nature. For her friends she was always a great travel companion or dinner partner. Genevieve added a sparkle to our lives. But it was her humanity that stood out more than anything else.

Let us raise our glasses and wish Genevieve farewell, and be inspired by her ability to brighten our lives.