Earth teach you stillness as the grasses are still with light.
Earth teach you suffering as old stones suffer with memory.
Earth teach you humility as blossoms are humble with beginning.
Earth teach you caring as the mother who secures her young.
Earth teach you courage as the tree which stands all alone.
Earth teach you limitation as the ant which crawls on the ground.
Earth teach you freedom as the eagle which soars in the sky.
Earth teach you resignation as the leaves which die in the fall.
Earth teach you regeneration as the seed which rises in the spring.
Earth teach you to forget yourself as melted snow forgets its life.
Earth teach you to remember kindness as dry fields weep with rain.
—Ute Prayer.

Postlude: George Henry, organ

The grand essentials for happiness
are: something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.
Sue Miller writes eloquently of God, for ever and ever. Lord, who died that all might have life eternally, and who lives by the comforting presence of all who love them and would those memories and share them with others. Let their lives be with your love, that they may not be overwhelmed by their loss, Christy and Ryan, her brother Rick, and all who mourn for We ask you to heal the hearts of her husband Rick, her children We thank you for the years that Linda shared with her family, her creativity, her gift of making peace and drawing people together. keen wit and determination, for her joy in the outdoors and her mystery, we give thanks for Linda and her life among us, for her Let us pray: Creator of all, source of life, and center of to laughter, to joy. To bring the dead back into our memory's first imprinting step, the cornerstone of the temple we erect inside us in memory of the dead. Pain is part of memory, and memory is a God-given gift memory is a living metaphor for eternal life a kind of new birth within each one of us. and it is that new birth after long pain, that resurrection in memory that, to our surprise, perhaps, comforts us. Memory changes that pain to laughter, to joy. To bring the dead back into our lives Let us pray: Creator of all, source of life, and center of mystery; we give thanks for Linda and her life among us, for her keen wit and determination, for her joy in the outdoors and her creativity, her gift of making peace and drawing people together. We thank you for the years that Linda shared with her family, through good times and bad, through struggles and triumphs. We ask you to heal the hearts of her husband Rick, her children Christy and Ryan, her brother Rick, and all who mourn for Linda, and to fill their memories with her life. Surround them with your love, that they may not be overwhelmed by their loss, but have confidence in your goodness, and strength to meet the days to come. Help them to remember the best and to cherish those memories and share them with others. Let their lives be strengthened by an abiding sense of your presence and love, and by the comforting assurance of all who love them and would help them. Give wisdom and patience to all who struggle to understand and insight to all who strive to ease the pain of such a great loss. Let their tears wash away the bitterest pain of grief and let their consolation in you, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who died that all might have life eternally, and who lives and reigns with you in the unity of the Holy Spirit, ever one God, for ever and ever. Amen. Please join in saying the 23rd Psalm: The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake: Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil, for thou art with me; Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and kindness shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. The Thirtieth Chapter of Saint Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians: If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. If I give away all I have, and if I deliver my body to be burned, but have not love, I gain nothing. Love is patient and kind; love is not jealous or boastful; it is not arrogant or rude. Love does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice at wrong, but rejoices in the right. Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never ends; as for prophecies, they will pass away; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will pass away. For our knowledge is imperfect and our prophecy is imperfect; but when the perfect comes, the imperfect will pass away. When I was a child, I spake like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became a man, I gave up childish ways. For now we see in a mirror dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall understand fully, even as I have been fully understood. So faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love. Remarks by Pat Christensen Remarks by Francie Gillmore Lisa Clavis will sing (George Henry, acom.) A reading from The Prophet by Kahlil Gibran: Then a woman said, “Speak to us of Joy and Sorrow.” And the Prophet answered, “Your joy is your sorrow unmasked. And the selfsame well from which your laughter rises was oftentimes filled with tears of yours. And how else can it be? The deeper that sorrow carves into your being, the more joy you can contain. Is not the cup that holds your wine the very cup that was burned in the potter’s oven? And is not the lute that soothes your spirit, the very wood that was hallowed with blood? And is not the garment you wear so sumptuous, look deep into your heart and you shall find it is only that which has given you sorrow that is giving you joy. When you are sorrowful look again in your heart, and you shall see that in truth you are weeping for that which has been your delight. Some of you say, ‘Joy is greater than sorrow,’ and others say, ‘Sorrow is the greater.’ But I say unto you, they are inseparable. Together they come, and when one sits alone with you at your board, remember that the other is asleep upon your bed. Verily you are suspended like scales between your sorrow and your joy. Only when you are empty are you at standstill and balanced. When the treasure-keeper lifts you to weigh his gold and his silver, needs must your joy or your sorrow rise or fall.” Lewis Keller will play an original composition Remarks by Rick Keller Remarks by Rick Ostler Post Humus by Patzi Tana: Scatter my ashes in my garden so I can be near your loves. Say a few honest words, sing a gentle song, Join hands in a circle of flesh. Please tell some stories about me making you laugh. I love to make you laugh. When I’ve had time to settle, and green gatherings into buds, remember I love blossoms bursting in spring. As the season ripens remember my persistent passion. And if you come in my garden on an August afternoon pluck a bright red globe, let juice run down your chin and the seeds stick to your cheek. When I’m dead I want folks to smile and say, “That Linda, she sure is tame!” Life has loneliness to sell, all beautiful and splendid things, Blue waves whitened on a clift, Soothing fire that aways and sings, And childrens faces looking up Holding wonder like a cup. Life has loneliness to sell, Music like a curve of gold, Scent of pine trees in the rain, Eyes that love you, arms that hold, And for your spirits still delight, Holy thoughts that star the night. Spend all you have for loneliness, Buy it and never count the cost; For one white singing hour of peace Count many a year on ripened well lost, And for a breath of ecstasy Give all you have been, or could be. –Sara Teasdale Do not stand at my grave and weep I am not there. I do not sleep. I am a thousand winds that blow I am the diamond glint on snow. I am the sunlight on ripened grain, I am the gentle autumn rain. When you wake in the morning hush I am the swift, uplifting rush of quiet birds in circling flight. I am the soft starlight at night. Do not stand at my grave and weep. I am not there. I do not sleep –Mary Frye Please join in saying the Lord’s Prayer together: Our Father, who art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy Name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen. Gracious God, we pray to you for Linda, and for all those whom we love, but see no longer. Grant to them eternal rest. Let light perpetual shine upon them. Blessed God, of mercies and giver of comfort: Deal graciously, we pray, with all who mourn, that, even in the midst of grief, they may remember all that was wonderful in Linda’s life and savor in their hearts the joy that she experienced and the joy that she gave. Keep the memory of her love alive in them, the memory of her kindness and gentleness, and her passionate commitment to others, the memory of her love for all the activities they shared, gardening and sports, cooking and entertaining. Heal their hearts as they share these memories and console one another. Amen.