

# The Common Meal



A Celebration of the Completed Life  
of Jean Marie Long

May 20, 1940 to April 8, 2019

## Welcome

### Song: Blowing in the Wind

How many roads must a man walk down  
Before they can call him a man?  
How many seas must a white dove sail  
Before she sleeps in the sand?  
How many times must the cannon balls fly  
Before they're forever banned?

Chorus:

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind  
The answer is blowin' in the wind

How many years can a mountain exist  
Before it is washed to the sea?  
How many years can some people exist

Before they're allowed to be free?  
How many times can a man turn his head  
And pretend that he just doesn't see?

Chorus

How many times must a man look up  
Before he can see the sky?  
How many years must one man have  
Before he can hear people cry?  
How many deaths will it take 'til he knows  
That too many people have died?

Chorus

**L:** This is the day we have on our hands.

**C:** We give thanks for the life we have.

**L:** Let all the joy mingle in my last song.

**Community Left:** The joy that makes the earth flow over in riotous excess.

**Community Right:** The joy that sets the twins, life and death, dancing,

**Community Left:** The joy that sweeps in the tempest, waking all life with laughter,

**Community Right:** The joy that throws everything it has upon the dust.

**Leader:** Let us stand before life as those who care for the world.

**Community:** Be it so.

Let us Feast:

(As we begin sharing our meal, lets introduce ourselves to each other, going around the room saying your name and the year Jean came into your life)

## Act I

### Reading of the Obituary

### Song: RAGHUPATI RAGHAVA

Refrain.

Raghupati Raghava Rajaram,  
Patita pavana Seetaram.  
(Repeat couplet)

Raghupati Raghava Rajaram,  
Patita pavane Seetaram.  
(Repeat couplet)

Seetaram. Seetaram.  
Sabhuko Sanmati de Bhagawan. (Repeat  
couplet)

Ishwar' Allah tere nuam,  
Sabhuko sanmati de Bhagawan. (Repeat  
verse)

### Sharing Poetry of Jean's Life

In the faith which is "God's marriage to the soul", you are *one* in God, and God is wholly in you, just as, for you, God is wholly in all you meet. With this faith, in prayer you descend into yourself to meet the other.  
Rabindranath Tagore

And when great souls die, after a period peace blooms, slowly and always irregularly. Spaces fill with a kind of soothing electric vibration. Our senses, restored, never to be the same, whisper to us. They existed. They existed. We can be. Be and be better. For they existed. Maya Angelou

Please share any readings.

## **Obituary**

Jean Marie Long was born May 20, 1940 to Stan and Vernice (Hallett) Long in Fort Dodge, Iowa. She was next to the youngest child in a family of three sisters and four brothers. Two of her brothers were mentally challenged and that shaped a very caring family. She graduated from Fort Dodge High School in 1958. She graduated from Morningside College in Sioux City, Iowa, with a secondary teaching degree in 1962.

Jean was a perpetual seeker both physically and spiritually, even though she considered herself a flatlander. In the fall of '62 she moved to Rochester, New York to teach eighth grade English. She spent summers in the Arctic Circle on the DEW (Distant Early Warning) Line at Great Bear Lake. She joined a folk group called "The Other Singers" and spent three months opening for Dizzy Gillespie at the Village Gate in Greenwich Village. In '68 she moved to New York City. Her brother Stan (a United Methodist minister) and wife Glenda were serving in Patterson, New Jersey, doing urban renewal. They became her introduction to the Ecumenical Institute. Jean moved into the Boston staff center and then on to the West side of Chicago the next year. She taught seventh grade reading at Manley Upper Grade Center.

In 1976 she was sent to India to teach the first continental village development school in Maliwada where she fell in love with a country and its people. There she participated extensively in village development and the replication of Maliwada. In 1980 she returned to Chicago and directed the Oak Brook site of Training, Inc.. She returned to India to help with the New Skills Training Program and the International Exposition of Rural Development in 1984. She spent time in Brussels, Belgium, working in Germany, Spain, Austria and Holland. In 1988 she moved to Denver, Colorado, and began working with the Institute for Advanced Studies at the University Of Denver College Of Law.

In 2011 Jean moved back to Chicago and began living in the community at 4750 North Sheridan and working with the Archives Project of the Institutes. Jean is survived by her brother Jerry and sisters Carol Ann and Doris; sisters-in-law Glenda and Wanda, and many nephews and nieces. She is also survived by her family of choice: Rick and Andrea Pufpaf and their four children. Her surviving colleagues around the world will always remember her voice, her smile and her ability to incorporate everything she knew into her response to every situation.

Let us celebrate the completed life of service, song and loving expenditure led by Jean Marie Long.

## Act II

Quartet: Peace like a River  
Song: Blue Skies (leading the group)

Blue skies  
Smiling at me  
Nothing but blue skies  
Do I see

Bluebirds  
Singing a song  
Nothing but bluebirds  
All day long

Never saw the sun shining so bright  
Never saw things going so right  
Noticing the days hurrying by  
When you're in love, my how they fly

Blue days  
All of them gone  
Nothing but blue skies  
From now on

I never saw the sun shining so bright  
Never saw things going oh-so right  
Noticing the days hurrying by  
When you're in love, my how they fly

Blue days  
All of them gone  
Nothing but blue skies  
From now on

Chorus

Creating Jean's Eulogy: A conversation on Jean's life in memories and stories.

## Act III

Song: The Vision

*Tune: Sounds of Silence*

We heard the cry from the past,  
we heard the cry set forth at last;  
Our ancestors plead to live our time,  
The crimson line their only awesome sign.  
Now all the earth cries out within our hearts: agony.  
Comes the dawn of silence.

Beyond the wanderings of time  
beyond the race of Humankind;  
I see living bodies torn and crushed,  
Life emerging from the arid dust.  
Now the face I see is dark beyond all hope: mystery.  
Comes the dawn of silence.

Pain and joy and hope unfold,  
pain and joy and hope untold;  
We cannot contain ascending life,  
Nor escape the chaos and the strife.

Move to the open area of the 6<sup>th</sup> floor

Circle Dance

"All I ask of you is forever to remember me as loving you"

Now the wonder of our God is struggle and love:  
eternally.  
Comes the dawn of silence.

Lightning moment blazing spark,  
lightning moment in our dark;  
The birth and death of every star and tree,  
The dread assault of spirit within me.  
Then God confronts me with terror and with love:  
ecstasy.  
Comes the dawn of silence.

Burning flame and life is born,  
burning flame and all is gone;  
Trembling and afraid above the abyss,  
Grasping now that only nothing exists.  
Then I plumb the abyss, my life becomes new birth,  
ceaselessly.  
Comes the dawn of silence.

## Closing

Desert and Chai

Dawn Collins The loveliest worker bee and songbird in our midst.

Sherwood and Eunice Journey on Sister Jean, Journey on...With deep respect and gratitude for your lifetime commitment to our community.

Geri Tolman Jean's deep, powerful voice was such a gift to those of us who worked with her in the Atlanta Religious House.

Carleton and Ellie Stock Oh, how sad. We are sorry to receive this news. Following the email updates, we had been hoping she was getting better. We mourn her passing and give thanks for and celebrate her life. We remember her beautiful singing in decades past and will miss her presence and particularly her leadership with the Archives Team. Thanks to all the colleagues whose presence supported and encouraged her and stood vigil as she transitioned into the unknown Unknown.

Joyce Sloan I am saddened beyond words to hear this! So many, many memories. I especially remember fun times singing with Jean during our Cabaret days.

John Epps We join the community in gratitude for Jean's life and work, and, of course, for her singing. She's a lasting part of the community of saints who we've had the honor to know.

Sunny Walker Jean was a force of nature and a joy to be around. She joins the growing gathering of Order saints.

Jack and Louise Ballard We send our comfort and love to Jean's family and to our community. She was truly the voice of an angel.

Jan Allen (formerly Latham) I too am saddened at Jean's passing. My direct contact with her dates back to the early 70's on the West Side but I still remember her well. We recently had an extended phone conversation during which time she updated me on the Archives Project and we updated each other on our lives. It was a pleasure to talk with her, and I know she will be missed by so many.

Jeanette Stanfield I celebrate the courageous compassionate life of Jean Long. In October at the archive sojourn I found myself on Jean's interior Life collection team. I hadn't seen her for a long time. She was not well much of the time but when present she was pure passion. Since then she has edited the other world work in collection. Joe Mathews talk on the Recovery of the Other World was very important to her. Blessings on Jean.

Marsha Hahn I am moved and saddened to hear of Jean's death. I remember her writing something on this listserve a while back, in which she said it was very important to her to be "actually poor" as she lived out the remainder of her life. This stood in contrast to my own choice to keep at least part of my focus on generating income to sustain life at least comfortably, and to not be poor. When I think of Jean, I think of those words she wrote.

Susan Craver Honoring Jean



Judi White From Fifth City to the Archives, always present to the significance of movement's. with flower photo

Isobel Bishop with Jim Honoring Jean—a mighty light. Thank you for the gentle caring love you all offered to Jean on her last journey. She is remembered by we, the people who encountered her over our years together. Her legacy is there to be seen in the Archives. Thanks be to God for a life well lived.

Robertson Work What a great being! We honor you, Jean, and miss you already. We will follow you soon enough on the journey to union with the final mystery. Gratitude for your knowing, doing, and being.

Clare and Ken Whitney We are full of sorrow and gratitude for the life and death of Jean Long. I have loved Jean since I first met her but cannot remember when that was, perhaps in 1973 during our first visit to a summer program. I remember her as being amazingly kind and having a great voice. Many years later she moved to Denver in 1987, after time in India, which she never stopped talking about. She got a job at Denver University School of Law where she made a huge impact with a program she created on Elder Law. It made a huge difference for a lot of seniors who attended. She was a very strong advocate who used everything she ever learned in the Order to excellent purpose. When she retired she took her pension to return to India with colleagues to see what happened since she left and added those stories to her India trove. Her dedication to the Archives filled me with awe and we all owe her an enormous gratitude. We will progress somehow with the work as yet undone and bless her putting the Archives on a working plane. Jean we will miss you more than you can know. Journey on.

Dawn Collins My chats to the Global Archives by phone with Jean were always uplifting and practical. Of late, she always responded with alacrity to my requests for spirit tools and resources. Her cheerfulness was infectious and often came with a pause for a quick witticism for she had a way with words. I am reminded of Jesus's words to his disciples in John 16:33: These things I have spoken unto you, that in me you might have peace. In the world you shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world. May Jean be remembered for upholding the tradition of the responsive ones of the Church and as a welcome and joyful addition to the heavenly choir. Grace and Peace to a Soulful Pilgrim.

DharmaJean lived a few doors away from me during my time at Kemper in the 1980s. The last time we met was at the Denver Order gathering decades ago. I remember her cheerful presence and passionate involvement in our discussions. Along with the rest of you, I say farewell to someone who made the life and efforts of this community meaningful. We will remember you, Jean.

Alan Gammel Journey on dear Jean. Thank you for your life of dedication and inspirational commitment.

Joan Knutson I never actually worked with Jean but I always thought of her as "bubbling" and "light". It is so comforting living through the hard realities of life these days to hear about the care that our community continues to give. It is just lovely to hear how Jean was cared for.

Jann McGuire In March I talked to Jean about two 78rpm records I had of Order singing. She said they could be included in the archives so I mailed them to her. Had I known it was the last time we'd talk on this side, perhaps I'd have said what a privilege it was to be her colleague. The reason I'm finding new homes for things like the records is that I don't have that much longer and want to spare my sons the effort of disposing of my many THINGS. Love the thought of the joyous greetings she must have received on the "Farside Banks of Jordan".

Elsa Batica Thank you Jean for your life of service. Jean was one friendly welcoming face when I first arrived new into the country. She took the time to really notice and saw me struggle to cope in a new time zone, new environment, new culture. She made me feel at home. Acts of kindness that made a world of difference. Truly a saint. I am so very, very sad. Glad to know she was with caring colleagues to the end.

Elaine and John Telford Thank you for this sad news. Our prayers are with you all.

Beret Griffith Jean Remembered: The year Jean Long joined the ICA Global Archives team...I can't even remember the year. It always seemed like she had been there forever.

Paul and I were very excited, along with the rest of the archive team, when Terry announced that Jean would be moving to Chicago. Her presence was much anticipated and lifted our spirits.

It is wonderful to hear all of your memories of Jean. Thank you....

Jean kept the archive team on its toes. One of her MUST HAVES in the archive space...a square table whenever possible, with decor in the center of the table...ALWAYS a colorful cloth, something growing, even a small piece of growing "greenness" in a tiny vase, a piece of international decor and a candle. And she was particular about processes in the archives..."be sure you put an orange paper in the files whenever you take a file out of a drawer." She took great delight in throwing out unnecessary files that seem to continually accumulate in the archive space. She did not operate easily in the electronic universe and readily gave "us" notice that she was NOT going to dive in to learning how to do everything in cyberspace. She did like email and the archive team "hangovers" as she called the Archives Advisory Council (AAC) weekly on-line meetings. She had strong opinions on most everything...and the team listened. She was the anchor of the archive sojourns, welcoming everyone who could spend time working in the archives with open arms. She handled all the logistics, meal arrangements with Alice, orchestrated housing for everyone and was always up early to put on the coffee. She sat in the same chair, in the same spot during pre-sojourn preparation meetings where she oversaw those who came in early as we created a long list of "to-dos" to keep us out of trouble the weekend before the sojourn.

Two tasks she took upon herself to make sure they got done:



1. Guiding a team of herself, Marge Philbrook and Sally Fenton to make sure every page of every publication was scanned, then instructed Wendell to put it all on line. Take a look:

[https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/15rvwld-UEezAAFU\\_-wGavYSECcrMotoySjB8ZdemTow/edit](https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/15rvwld-UEezAAFU_-wGavYSECcrMotoySjB8ZdemTow/edit)

2. Building the ICA Book Collection - if you have written a book, you no doubt got a request from Jean to "send in your book." Well...

Every year, since I can remember, Paul and I would keep in touch with Jean as we drove to Chicago. Each time we arrived we would unload "stuff" as quickly as possible and call Jean to meet in the lobby and go to dinner around the corner at DIB. The last few years Frank Knutson joined us and the four of us would laugh, gossip and talk about the current sojourn...

Journey on...all of us. Beret & Paul

Wanda Holcombe So many wonderful memories of Jean  I give thanks and gratitude for all of them and her life of caring. Sarah Buss and I had a great conversation over lunch about "memories" this past year, and I share with our community....with her permission .

"Every memory is in the mix of eternal life in whatever way that it exists. That is true in the objective, reflective, interpretive and/or in whatever way it manifests itself. It is in the contest of this reality that transformation happens: "all is good", all is made whole, all is oneness, whether it is past, present, or future. Ultimately there is no time or space, only transcend."

Lynda and John Cock: Frank, what a lovely gift you have created in memory of Jean. I had hopes that we could have a song fest with her at a rehab center, but that was not to be. She has been the Archive Anchor at 4750 for several years now and her work has been key to the ongoing sojourns. There will be some profound singing at the Archives Sojourn next week as we remember her passionate singing and her passionate care for our community.

In keeping with Marsha's comment about Jean's decisional poverty, I suggest we add the Poverty song if you have room. The line "in holding to naught, there the secret is found. You are wealth when not by wealth bound," stands out for me. Jean began giving her money away before she left Denver. Her love for RS-I was strong and when she heard that John was experimenting with a more secular version, she wanted us to have a course in Denver so that the people she worked with could have a taste of what had made such a difference in her life. She sponsored that course in Denver and paid for a number of people to be in attendance as part of her "downsizing."


Jean was with us in Fifth City Chicago in the early 80's and taught at Training, Inc. She later took her Training, Inc. experience to India and taught the New Skills Training School. Her legacy lives in many places.

Journey on, dear Jean.

Shraddha Kshivrai Kailash Jean.... Meaning - Scottish version- God is gracious. Jean..... to me was gracious, courteous, kind, loving, polite and gentle. Jean....was my Friend. Jean... to me will always be in my heart. Jean... was like another parent from another world.

I am so lucky to know her since my young days and was privileged to meet her in Chicago in 2016-2017. We had a nice time over Thai lunches, @ ICA- Chicago, @ Randolph Street(Downtown). Spoke about the people we knew and her time @ ICA. She had that smile and expressive hands that would make you glued. She held me as if I was her own and counted on me to fix her laptop J. I will always miss you Jean and will always be in my heart, my friend.

Paula kept me posted with her health status and I am thankful to her for that. I don't know what to say... but I am blessed with people.

I am grateful to God that she held my Baby, husband and me; blessed us all. Love you and miss you my friend, Jean..... 

Ellie Stock: Below is a link to the song video by Eliza Gilkyson "The Great Correction". First sent it out in 2017. Now resending in memory of Jean and those in the Spirit Movement who have given their lives, walking

the crimson line and in honor of those who continue in their knowing, doing, being to love the Mystery and Build the Earth.

down on the corner of ruin and grace  
I'm growin weary of the human race  
hold my lamp up in everyone's face  
lookin for an honest man  
everyone tied to the turnin wheel  
everyone hidin from the things they feel  
well the truth's so hard it just don't seem real  
the shadow across this land  
people round here don't know what it means  
to suffer at the hands of our american dreams  
they turn their backs on the grisly scenes  
traced to the privileged sons  
they got their god they got their guns  
got their armies and the chosen ones  
but we'll all be burnin in the same big sun  
when the great correction comes  
down through the ages lovers of the mystery  
been sayin people let your love light shine

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qYopmvMQEul&sns=em>

poets and sages all throughout history  
say the light burns brightest in the darkest times  
it's the bitter end we've come down to  
the eye of the needle that we gotta get through  
but the end could be the start of something new  
when the great correction comes  
down through the ages....  
down to the wire runnin out of time  
still got hope in this heart of mine  
but the future waits on the horizon line  
for our daughters and our sons  
I don't know where this train's bound  
whole lotta people tryin to turn it around  
gonna shout til the walls come tumblin down  
and the great correction comes  
don't let me down  
when the great correction comes

Sarah Buss      And so I should have sent Jean an email. Now too late to even mail my hand written note that I thought she would enjoy as she recovered.

More than events or even faces these days, I remember feelings or a person's presence: Jean had a beautiful presence even beyond and in addition to her singing voice. None of us could forget that!!

This "event " memorial for Jean has been lovely. Thanks to all who are contributing. She may truly Rest In Peace,

Herman Greene      Such sadness. I recently read that "death is the wound in the universe" and this was followed by "death is our companion throughout life".

May all the Saints who from their labor rest, be blessed eternally.

Carol Walters      As we celebrate the completed life of Jean Long in Chicago this week, I remember some of her many roles and talents when we worked together in the early 80's. From the moment I met her she stood out for the strength of her beautiful voice which provided an incredible alto melody to group singing. She sang from her heart and soul and shared her compassion for the world through her voice. She was on the faculty at Training, Inc. in the early 1980s and made the group singing of the teams' favorite song, "Blue Skies" beckon everyone to sing it like we meant it. As a trainer and role model for her students at Training, Inc. she was loved for her deep and compassionate care for each individual as they journeyed toward realizing their human potential. She had an affirming smile which invited their smile in return. Jean will be missed and remembered with gratitude for her life of service.

Sheela Westre      Will miss her dearly. Glad I got to meet her once more a few years back and enjoy her beautiful voice again.

John Cook Great Soul

Ruth Landmann  
in peace.

I didn't know Jean from TI, but from before at Kemper during the ICA days. May she rest

LG Shanklin-Flowers So sorry to hear about her death. Over the last 15 years I would be at Kemper for workshops I was attending. We reconnected on elevator rides and in the cafeteria talking about our time together at TI and Kemper. She was lovely in spirit and voice and will be missed.

I don't know Who — or what — put the question, I don't know when it was put. I don't even remember answering.

But at some moment I did answer *Yes to Someone— or Something* —and from that hour I was certain that existence is meaningful and that, therefore, my life, in self-surrender, had a goal. From Dag Hamershold's *Markings*

**Make It One.** *Tune: You Were Always On My Mind.*

There's a dream that we all carry, it's been with us from the first.  
And it captures so much passion, swell the heart to nearly burst.  
You can see it in the earthrise, it is calling everyone.  
Now a new age has begun, build the earth and make it one.

Pain and suffering surround us, grinding hope into the dust.  
Fear and trembling around us, nothing left to try or trust.  
Still the word is often spoken, and the song is often sung.  
That a new age has begun, build the earth and make it one.

We can see it if we rise above the trouble and the tears.  
We can be it, though it takes us through a hundred weary years.

With the sunrise sing a chorus, that will make your courage new.  
And from then until the days end, work to make the dream come true.  
Every voice will have its song to sing, every people find its home.  
For a new age has begun, build the earth and make it one.

**Ithaka by Constantine Cavafy**

As you set out for Ithaka hope the voyage is a long one, full of adventure, full of discovery. Laistrygonians and Cyclops, angry Poseidon- don't be afraid of them: you'll never find things like that on your way as long as you keep your thoughts raised high, as long as a rare excitement stirs your spirit and your body. Laistrygonians and Cyclops, wild Poseidon- you won't encounter them unless you bring them along inside your soul, unless your soul sets them up in front of you. Hope the voyage is a long one. May there be many a summer morning when, with what pleasure, what joy, you come into harbors seen for the first time; may you stop at Phoenician trading stations to buy fine things, mother of pearl and coral, amber and ebony, sensual perfume of every kind- as many sensual perfumes as you can; and may you visit many Egyptian cities to gather stores of knowledge from their scholars. Keep Ithaka always in your mind. Arriving there is what you are destined for. But do not hurry the journey at all. Better if it lasts for years, so you are old by the time you reach the island, wealthy with all you have gained on the way, not expecting Ithaka to make you rich. Ithaka gave you the marvelous journey. Without her you would not have set out. She has nothing left to give you now. And if you find her poor, Ithaka won't have fooled you. Wise as you will have become, so full of experience, you will have understood by then what these Ithakas mean.

-- Ken Wilber

"Da Free John's phrase kept running through my mind: "Practice the wound of love... practice the wound of love." Real love hurts; real love makes you totally vulnerable and open; real love will take you far beyond yourself; and therefore real love will devastate you. I kept thinking, if love does not shatter you, you do not know love..."

-- Ken Wilber

"Authentic spirituality is revolutionary. It does not legitimate the world, it breaks the world; it does not console the world, it shatters it. And it does not render the self content, it renders it undone."

-- Ken Wilber

"Evolution goes beyond what went before, but because it must embrace what went before, then its very nature is to transcend and include and thus it has an inherent directionality, a secret impulse, toward increasing depth, increasing intrinsic value, increasing consciousness. In order for evolution to move at all, it must move in those directions-there's no place else for it to go!"

Robertson Work      On Christmas Eve 2018 Jean wrote me including this statement: "I am so grateful for the opportunity that allowed us to share such a profound collegueship. At this stage of my life (wise elder) 😊 I will not be looking back on these years ever saying, "I should have done more", There is too much at stake these days." Thank you, Jean, for telling it like it is and doing it to the end.

Nelson F. Stover      She was a woman who gave her life for others.

Rosemary Albright      She had great passion for what she believes was important.

Brooke Tippett Thompson      Jean was always positive energy!

Lynda Cock      We are grateful for Jeans passion for RS-I. She sponsored a Profound Journey Dialogue (a secular adaptation of RS-I) for her Denver friends.

Steve Etiger      Jean was one of the first people I met at ICA, just as I moved into the GreenRise. She ended up being my neighbor across the hall and we worked together on the Archives. Jean was a true gift. With Marge's declining capacities, Jean stepped up and took over the position as in-residence Archives Advisory Counsel member and handled almost all communications with ICA in planning our bi-annual Sojourns. Beyond her work, Jean was a light in our community. She cared for everyone and took a central place in our community life. Her joy manifest itself in our community dinners and she always provided a connection back to the principles and practices of the Order Ecumenical. I join with you in celebrating the life of this remarkable woman.

Glenda Long Eggerling      My poem will be Ithaka by Constantine Cavafy but this is the memory of Jean I will share. I and my first husband, Stan Long, who was Jean's elder brother, had been through RS-1 in New York. We learned that there was to be another RS-1 in Boston so Stan got busy to recruit Jean to attend it. We knew Jean was just treading water holding the job she had in New York working for the producer of "Hair," and fetching coffee for stars like Ann-Margaret. Jean decided she had nothing to lose so she would listen to her elder brother and take this course. Afterward, she was full of excitement about what she had learned. I remember her comment was that "these people knew something, some secret, about life and I wanted to learn it, too. I'm going to join the Boston Religious House and find out what this secret is." As you all know, Jean latched on to that secret and never let it go.

Fara Taylor I will remember Jean's smile and enthusiasm she gave life her all!

Colette Saindon Jean and I bonded over both being from Iowa and both being singers. She was always lovely to chat with and I will miss her.

Mark Poshepny She was a good friend and mentor, and a great colleague. I always enjoyed listening to her stories about the Order and her time in India. May God grant her a peaceful rest.

Milan and Linda Hamilton will stop at our little local Indian eatery and hope you can hear us singing from out in California. G&P

- a poem by Maya Angelou: When Great Trees Fall

When great trees fall, rocks on distant hills shudder,  
lions hunker down in tall grasses,  
and even elephants lumber after safety.

When great trees fall in forests,  
small things recoil into silence,  
their senses eroded beyond fear.

When great souls die,  
the air around us becomes light, rare, sterile.  
We breathe, briefly.  
Our eyes, briefly, see with a hurtful clarity.  
Our memory, suddenly sharpened, examines,  
gnaws on kind words unsaid, promised walks  
never taken.

Great souls die and our reality, bound to  
them, takes leave of us.

Our souls, dependent upon their  
nurture, now shrink, wizened.  
Our minds, formed and informed by their  
radiance, fall away.  
We are not so much maddened  
as reduced to the unutterable  
ignorance of dark, cold caves.

And when great souls die,  
after a period peace blooms,  
slowly and always irregularly.  
Spaces fill with a kind of soothing electric vibration.  
Our senses, restored, never to be the same,  
whisper to us.  
They existed. They existed.  
We can be. Be and be better.  
For they existed.