

*Prayers
for
Transition*



*In Memory of
Sandra Anderson True
July 2, 1942 - January 24, 2011*

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In Memory of Sandra Anderson True
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Introduction

SANDRA ANDERSON TRUE lay dying in her hospital bed. It was all too soon, all too sudden. Sandra, so full of life, so easy to laugh, so committed to care for the world, and so full of real action to be that care.

Ten days earlier she was admitted to the hospital for the third and last time. Despite all that had been done, despite all the gathered wisdom and experience of the medical community, the cancer had spread.

Sandra was a connector. She had worked and lived in many places around the world. She was a person profoundly committed to community and to the reality of Spirit in life. Her community was “Those Who Care linked in a Global Spirit Community.”

Upon learning news of her worsening condition, Sandra’s colleagues from around the world initiated a 24-hour Prayer Vigil. Hourly prayers came daily for her comfort and recovery.

Three days before her death we could see that any hope of recovery was gone. The end of her life was near. On behalf of Sandra and the family, I asked that the focus of the Vigil be shifted to focus on her transition.

Sandra lay dying, but was at peace; the fierce struggle to live of recent months, weeks, days, and hours now behind her. The last day, her room was filled with a warm and soft light coming from the cityscape outside. We had received a flood of emails. As we sat with her, we took turns reading aloud to Sandra these greetings and prayers—profound sacred poetry from the contemporary and the ancient, from different cultures, peoples, and religious traditions.

With each reading we would recall the sender and share memories of them.

As she lay losing her life energy, the room and all of us at her side were filled to overflowing with life—with the greatness of her and the wonder of the community with which she shared the journey. Although she was beyond speech, we could see her eyes and limbs move with pleasure and recognition. She moved into deeper peace.

At the end of the day, when all the reading had been shared, I sat at her bedside as her dear friend and fellow Reiki master, Beth White, assisted in energy meditation. In the meditation I was aware of joining Sandra in her transition. I was at her side in a profound darkness, but she was not afraid, she was in awe. At one point the darkness pulled aside as a curtain and we entered a warm and beautiful free flowing energy and soft purple light. There was a slow calm pulsation. We

felt we had somehow come home. The light became pure white with a golden glow in the distant center. She became the form of a woman in a long flowing white gown—her face aglow and the neckline of her gown trimmed in jewels.

She then became amorphous and began to move rapidly away from me. I saw myself as a chick in a nest and cried out, "Wait, I cannot fly." As she moved away she called back, "Some day you will and you will find me." I had gone as far as I could in her transition and she moved on to greater wonder and unknownness.

Dying is living and Sandra had a wondrous dying.

We who shared in this outpouring of Spirit Community saw that these prayers and poems spoke in a profound way to our common humanity and deserved to be compiled for others as *Prayers for Transition*.

I want to express deep gratitude to David Dunn and LiDoña Wagner who proposed and initiated this publication, and to Beret Griffith and Karen Snyder Troxel who joined as co-editors. I also want to thank all the friends and colleagues who submitted their prayers and tributes. We must also acknowledge the poets, saints, philosophers, and sages whose deep insights are the heart of this book.

Dr. Robert H. True

New York City

February 2011

One month after Sandra's death



Prayers for Transition

From Karen Snyder Troxel with love:

Sandra,

I was reminded of you as I read the book *Cultural Creatives* this week.

In all Cultural Creative concerns, women are leading the way with a well-developed social conscience and a sturdy but guarded optimism about the future...concerned about social justice and the development of an inner life.

Thank you for your leadership in many ways, but especially for your passion and role in influencing the future of the ICA, the future of health, and the future of Africa.

To pray you open your whole self
To sky, to earth, to sun, to moon
To one whole voice that is you.
And know there is more
That you can't see, can't hear.
Breathe in, knowing we are made of
All this, and breathe out, knowing
We are truly blessed because we
Were born, and die soon, within a
True circle of motion,
Like an eagle rounding out the morning
Inside us.
We pray that it will be done
In beauty.
In beauty.

— Adapted from "Eagle Poem," Joy Harjo

Remember the sky that you were born under, know
each of the star's stories.

Remember the moon, know who she is.

Remember the sun's birth at dawn, that is the
strongest point of time.

Remember sundown and the giving away to night.

Remember the earth whose skin you are

Remember the plants, trees, animal life

Remember the wind. Remember her voice.

She knows the origin of this universe.

Remember that you are all people and all people are
you.

Remember that you are this universe and this universe
is you.

Remember that all is in motion, is you.

Remember.

— Adapted from "Remember," Joy Harjo

Good-bye, blue house of heaven.
Farewell, stars and celestial celebrities
Good-bye, flowers with their beauty and fragrance.
You can hold me no longer. I am flying Home.
Adieu to the warm embrace of sunshine.
Farewell, cool, soothing, comforting breeze.
Good-bye, muscles, bones, and bodily motions.
Farewell, breath. I cast thee away from my breast.
Adieu, emotions, thoughts, and memories.
I am flying Home in a plane of silence.
I soar in the plane of consciousness
above, beneath, on the left, on the right, within and
without,
everywhere, to find that in every nook of my space-
home
I have always been in a sacred presence.

— Adapted from “I Am Flying Home,” Paramahansa
Yogananda

From LiDoña Wagner

Sandra,

I am weeping.

"I see nothing! A mute Night, as thick as death.
It must be death."

"Dig deeper!"

"Ah! I cannot penetrate the dark partition! I
hear voices and weeping. I hear the flutter of wings
on the other shore."

"Don't weep! Don't weep! They are not on
the other shore. The voices, the weeping, and the
wings are your own heart."

Beyond the mind, on the edge of the heart's
holy precipice, I proceed, trembling. One foot grips
the secure soil, the other gropes in the darkness
above the abyss.

Behind all appearances, I divine a struggling
essence. I want to merge with it.

I feel that behind appearances this struggling
essence is also striving to merge with my heart.
But the body stands between us and separates us.
The mind stands between us and separates us.

What is my duty? To shatter the body, to rush
and merge with the Invisible. To let the mind fall
silent that I may hear the Invisible calling.

— *Saviors of God*, "Second Duty," Nikos
Kazantzakis

From Jean Smith

We are connected.

John Muir said, "When we try to pick out anything by itself, we find it hitched to everything else in the universe." And many others have said likewise. As we take our turn in the vigil circle for Sandra, it is clear that we are connected personally to her and she to us. The energy we send goes not only to Sandra but to each of us, and in turn by extension to the network of relationships we all have.

Sight is one way I most easily connect to people, places, trees, birds, stars, and the rest of the universe. It is a few days past the full moon—the wolf moon—and it still hangs in the western sky, soon to disappear behind Black Mountain. From my particular place at 38.9° north latitude, 105.2° west latitude, 9,000 feet high, west of Pikes Peak, on the ridge that divides the South Platte and Arkansas watersheds, this moon is reflecting light from the sun that is already well above the horizon on the eastern side of North America. And as the earth turns, the moon will soon appear across the Pacific, Australia, Japan, India, Europe and Africa. I think of it as a line of sight, not always accessible to me, that connects us as people, and plants, animals, rocky streams, deserts, mountains and plains, as well. These bundles of energy, whether from the light of the sun, distant galaxies or reflected by the moon, or from our meditations, enliven and sustain everything.

Sound, at a distance, may be perceived in imagination if not by ear. Lewis Thomas, in *Lives of a Cell*, describes the "counterpoint, the balance of tones

and timbres and harmonics, the sonorities... the descants of sea birds, the rhythmic timpani of schools of mollusks, or even the distant harmonics of midges hanging over the meadows in the sun." He goes on, "If, as I believe, the urge to make a kind of music is as much a characteristic of biology as our other fundamental functions, there ought to be an explanation for it. Having none at hand, I am free to make one up. The rhythmic sounds might be the recapitulation of something else—an earliest memory, a score for the transformation of inanimate, random matter in chaos into the improbable ordered dance of living forms." LiDoña sings, some ring bells, I have quiet background music; right now it's "Chariots of Fire," but soon it will be Carlos Naki's native flute. If you listen very, very closely, you may hear the faintest reverberations of sounds made by this vigil, spreading out from their place of origin toward Sandra, toward all of us.

Touch, smell and taste: The prayer shawl that Beret sent to Sandra is somehow related to the shawl that I use, bought many, many years ago in Mumbai. Having sublimated the most ancient sense of smell, it may take a stick of incense or wood smoke or a burning candle to connect us again. Taste is much the same, but most of us can relate to the taste of House Church bread.

This all got me to thinking about the experience of something available to anyone that perhaps is a deeper expression of our place in the universe. Whatever it is—this connection among us, between us, with the rest of creation—I have a heightened awareness of how inextricably we are linked in some universal commonness.

From Ann Epps

Here's a very short verse from a song for Sandra. The verse is quoted in the book, *Close to the Bone*, by Jean Shinoda Bolen.

All this joy, all this sorrow, all this promise, all this
pain.

Such is life, such is being, such is spirit, such is love.

Love to You, Sandra

From John Epps

Dear Sandra and Bob,

You're definitely in our prayers. A brief verse from a hymn has been echoing in my head:

O God our help in ages past
Our hope for time to come
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home.

Sometimes the old poetry still rings true.

Grace and Peace

From Beret Griffith

Here are a few quotes/poems that were favorites of Ron and are among my favorites. Somehow they all now seem inadequate to the honoring of the moment.

It is a shocking time,
Perplexing that death and transformation
Dance so brilliantly:
That flames and fountains look alike;
That despondence and delight dog every step.
It is a stunning time,
When falling is flying,
Letting go is taking charge,
And anticipation is the memory
of tomorrow's promise.

— David Dunn

Life is indescribably full,
Unfalteringly real,
and unfailingly good.

— David Dunn

From Beret Griffith

Meaning is all we want.
Choices are all we make.
Relationships are all we have.

— Sandy Schuman

“At Sea” is a poem that Ron read to Virginia Pierce as she was nearing the end of her life journey.

At the end of the jetty.

Where the boats come in. Where the boats go out. At
the pile of rocks
that swallows the sun at the end of the day.

At the turn of the trail. At the last dune.

In front of the hot-dog stand. At the door to the pub.
By the shanty,
the shipbuilder’s yard, the discarded yellow boots, the
smashed clam shells.

You thought I’d give in to despair.
But today is today, everywhere I look. And I look
everywhere.

— “At Sea,” Wendy Mnookin

As we live, we are transmitters of life.
And when we fail to transmit life, life fails to flow
through us.
That is part of the mystery of sex, it is a flow onwards.
Sexless people transmit nothing.
And if, as we work, we can transmit life into our work,
life, still more life, rushes into us to compensate, to be
ready
and we ripple with life through the days.
Even if it is a woman making an apple dumpling, or a
man a stool,
if life goes into the pudding, good is the pudding
good is the stool,
content is the woman, with fresh life rippling in to her,
content is the man.
Give, and it shall be given unto you
is still the truth about life.
But giving life is not so easy.
It doesn't mean handing it out to some mean fool, or
letting the living dead eat you up.
It means kindling the life-quality where it was not,
even if it's only in the whiteness of a washed pocket-
handkerchief.

— "We are Transmitters," D. H. Lawrence

From Joe Slicker

Dear, Dear Sandra:

Gratitude for your Aliveness. Your attitude of gratitude is an awe-filing expression especially in these days of your pain, chemo, sudden-turns-for-the-worse, and on and on. Gratitude floods one's heart with the awareness of being Alive.

Living and dying go on, but being Alive is beyond and encompasses both. We see in our Aliveness that 'Life simply is... Being simply is...beneath the comings and goings of forms.'

The gift of awareness also allows us to step back and watch the pain and suffering as well as the elations and reliefs that continually rise and fall, in and out. This step back also sees the Joy of being Alive.

It comes with the peace that continually flows its presence. So relax. Enjoy the flow. Oh, yes, you laugh and cry, you hurt and feel relief; you might think 'Why?' or explode into ecstasy, but in every moment you can sing Hallelujah! ("Praise for what is.")

The All, that is the continually coming of wholeness, is Love in action. Its Joy of Aliveness is present to every one and thing.

Attached is a "Morning Affirmation" of Love that I hope may be of help. Start with 'Be loving, kind, and compassionate with myself.' Go into stillness and watch how the flow of forms of darkness and luminosity continually take place. Don't make it heavy. Lightly watch the buoyancy of their dance as each flickers by.

Talk to yourself. Thank yourself for being Sandra. Play that out any way you like. Giggle and ache. Be

tender and patient with yourself. Carry on with Robert and comfort him. Play with your nurses and hospital staff. Cry and scold if you must. When all this gets to be too much, continue or drop into stillness...or take the morphine, and doze away. All and all, Love the one called Sandra.

Remember, that all creation groans to be the Aliveness you are.

One Love

Morning Affirmation

First and foremost, I Be loving, kind and compassionate with myself.

As I awaken each morning, I take a few moments to focus and actualize this experience.

Second, I Be loving, kind and compassionate with everyone I meet each day...

especially strangers.

I go out of my way to find and maximize these opportunities.

Third, I Be loving, kind and compassionate with the whole of humanity and all creation.

I Be aware that everyone is doing the best they can.

I Love the consciousness that empowers all and everything,

I Be kind and compassionate for each and every individuated journey.

I extend my compassion to include the whole of cosmic consciousness through

fifty billion simultaneous universes.

From LiDoña Wagner

Sandra,

Your comment this summer about my new Children of Eve series picking up on the crimson line, brought this quote to mind.

“Fire is the first and final mask of my God. We dance and weep between two enormous pyres.”

Our thoughts and our bodies flash and glitter with reflected light. Between the two pyres I stand serenely, my brain unshaken amid the vertigo, and I say:

“Time is most short and space most narrow between these two pyres, the rhythm of this life is most sluggish, and I have no time, nor a place to dance in. I cannot wait.”

Then all at once the rhythm of the earth becomes a vertigo, and every point in space—insect or star or idea—turns into dance...

This ultimate stage of our spiritual exercise is called Silence...

Silence means: Every person, after completing her service in all labors, reaches finally the highest summit of endeavor, beyond every labor, where she no longer struggles or shouts, where she ripens fully in silence, indestructibly, eternally, with the entire universe.

— *Saviors of God*, “The Silence,” Nikos Kazantzakis

From Janice Ulangca

Dear treasured Sandra, and those who watch with you
in love,

Deep peace of the running wave to you,
Of water flowing, rising and falling,
May the stream of your life's journey flow unimpeded.

Deep peace of the shining stars to you,
Which stay invisible till darkness falls,
And discloses their pure and shining presence
Beaming down in compassion on our turning world.

Deep peace of the quiet earth to you,
And of the Son of Peace
Who breathes into us His Peace and His Spirit,
Deep, deep peace.

— Adapted from a Gaelic Blessing, in *Rabbi Jesus*,
Bruce Chilton

From Jean Watts

We are well off in Him, The Absolute Beingness, in
His Holiness, always.

— Kikis Christofides

From Priscilla and Rodney Wilson

Freeing Spirit

The sacrifice of our own lives frees Spirit to fly across the heavens in a Chariot moving at the speed of lightning, there at the beginning and as it will be at the end. It is not the end of us, but the end of who we think we are. Death is our hardest lesson, but it is also the gateway into the true, divine source of human identity.

We hold Sandra in our hands and hearts as she moves through this transition.

Grace and Peace

From Carol and George Walters

Sandra,

As your compassion even now flows over us
Your spirit will live on in the eternal spirit
That is the ultimate compassion that gives and takes away
all that is.

My god, how we all love you
Even as you have loved us.

Grace is yours and Peace,
From God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

From Beret Griffith

Who made the world?

Who made the swan, and the black bear?

Who made the grasshopper?

This grasshopper, I mean—

the one who has flung herself out of the grass,

the one who is eating sugar out of my hand,

who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up
and down

who is gazing around with her enormous and
complicated eyes.

Now she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly
washes her face.

Now she snaps her wings open, and floats away.

I don't know exactly what a prayer is.

I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down

into the grass, how to kneel down in the grass,

how to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the
fields,

which is what I have been doing all day.

Tell me, what else should I have done?

Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?

Tell me, what is it you plan to do

with your one wild and precious life?

— "The Summer Day," Mary Oliver

From Elizabeth Caperton

My deepest love to you.
Peace, love and Aloha.

From Isobel Bishop

To Dearest Sandra and Bob from the carol "Hark the Herald Angels Sing":

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings,
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that we no more may die,
Born to raise us from the earth,
Born to give us second birth.
Hark the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!"
Glory!

With love and peace in the shining light

From Chandra Joshi

Dear Sandra and Bob,

I remember our journey together during the Global Academy in 1978–80.

Both of you have lived a Mountain of Care for the ICA. I pray and invoke my Spiritual Indian Masters to do what is necessary.

Indian Spirituality says that if we can let go and leave Psychological Memories aside, there is no sorrow. We are fresh again from moment to moment for any new life and mission. Both of you have really lived a meaningful and contributing life.

Once again I pray for Sandra and many thanks to the ICA Mission.

Peace and Love

From Beret Griffith

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 cry. I am not there. I did
not die.

— Mary Elizabeth Frye

Time is too slow for those who wait

Too swift for those who fear

Too long for those who grieve

Too short for those who rejoice

But, for those who love—

Time is eternity.

— Henry Van Dyke

Death is nothing at all; I have just slipped away into
the next room.

I am I, and you are you.

Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.

Call me by my old familiar name;

Speak to me in the easy way you always used.

Put no difference into your tone;

Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh, as we always laughed, at the little jokes we
enjoyed together.

Play, smile, think of me.

Let my name be ever the household word it always was.

Let it be spoken without an effort, without the ghost of
a shadow on it.

Life means all that it ever meant.

It is the same as it ever was.

There is absolutely unbroken continuity.

Why should I be out of mind, because I am out of
sight?

I am but waiting for you, for an interval,

Somewhere very near, just around the corner.

All is well.

Nothing is hurt; nothing is lost. One brief moment
and all will be as it was before. How we shall laugh
at the trouble of parting when we meet again!

— Canon Henry Scott Holland

I have a tattered copy of *Sonnets from the Portuguese* that was my mother's. This was her favorite poem. The history of the poem is good.

In 1846, at the age of 40, the British poet Elizabeth Barrett first met Robert Browning, a renowned man of letters. At the time, Barrett was an unmarried, drug addicted (morphine), semi-invalid (she had injured her spine in a fall from a pony in 1821), who was living with her father, a neurotic, autocratic man who had forbidden his children to ever marry.

Barrett and Browning, however, fell in love so, in order to avoid the dictates of her father, they courted in secrecy. Within a short time, they eloped to Italy, where they were soon married. She wrote a large number of love poems to her husband. In 1850, she published 44 of these poems as a collection entitled *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. The title comes from the fact that Browning often called his wife "my little Portuguese," because of her dark complexion.

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right.
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints I love with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

— *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, “#43,”
Elizabeth Barrett-Browning (1850)

From Jo Nelson

“What has happened is good.
What is happening now is good,
And what will happen will also be good.

What is that which is lost, for which you are now
crying?
What did you bring to this world that you have lost?
What have you created that is now gone?

Whatever you took, you took it from here...
Whatever you gave, you gave it here...
What is yours today was someone else's yesterday.
And the day after tomorrow it will become another's.

Transformation is the rule of the universe.”

— Bhagavad Gita

From Charles Lingo

My dear, dear Sandra,

May these words bring comfort to you, and to Bob,
and to Lynn, and to Mark,

No coming, no going,
No after, no before,
I hold you close to me,
I release you to be so free,
For I am in you, and you are in me.

— Thich Nhat Hanh

May you rest upon the wave of this poem,

In some faint dawn,
In some dim eve
Like a gesture of light
Like a dream of delight
Thou comest nearer and nearer to me.

— Sri Aurobindo

With gratitude

From Tracy Longacre

For Sandra,

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. An object of beauty and strength, she sails into the distance, diminishing in size, until she hangs like a speck of white cloud where the sea and sky mingle.

Then someone says, "There! She's gone." Gone where? Gone from my sight—that's all. She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side and she is just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of her destination.

But her diminished size is in me, not in her, and just at the moment when that someone at my side says, "There! She's gone," there are other eyes watching her coming and other voices ready to take up the glad shout, "*Here she comes!*"

— Adapted from "Gone From My Sight," Henry Van Dyke

From Cynthia Vance

The Lord is my shepherd,
I shall not want;
He makes me lie down in green pastures.
He leads me beside still waters;
He restores my soul.
He leads me in paths of righteousness
for His name's sake.

Even though I walk through the valley
of the shadow of death,
I fear no evil;
for You are with me;
Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life;
and I shall dwell in the house of the
Lord forever.

— Psalm 23

From Jack and Judy Gilles

For Sandra and Bob with love and blessings.

You darkness from which I come,
I love you more than all the fires
that fence out the world,
for the fire makes a circle
for everyone
so that no one sees you anymore.

But darkness holds it all:
the shape and the flame,
the animal and myself,
how it holds them,
all powers, all sight-

and it is possible: its great strength
is breaking into my body.

I have faith in the night.

— “You Darkness,” Rainer Maria Rilke

Heaven has been
promised
in great detail.

Beyond this silence
we shall not be here
to find it.

And that, my friend
is a great joy.

— “We Shall Not Be Here,” David Whyte

From Sandy Conant

Thinking of you with love and gratitude as each of
you, in your own way and time, make this journey,

From an old hymn:

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
when sorrows like sea billows roll;
whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

From Rose Anne and Blasé Sands

Sandra and Bob,

Death is not extinguishing the light; it is only
putting out the lamp because the Dawn has come.

— Rabindranath Tagore

We love you

From Doris and Charles Hahn

For Sandra and the family,

The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.

How much we have learned from you and your
journey, Sandra.

Yours, in grace, peace, and love

From Mary Warren Moffet

Into this silent night
As we make our weary way
We know not where,
Just when
 The night becomes its darkest
 And we cannot see our path
Just then
 Is when angels rush in
 Their hands full of stars
And then
 We remember the ancient promise
 And the way is made clear
And we come.

— Ann Weems

From Marie Sharp

Sandra, In sharing this poem from D. H. Lawrence, I am filled with gratitude for your deeds through love, your compassion and deep generosity.

Those who go searching for love,
Only make manifest their own lovelessness,
And the loveless never find love,
Only the loving find love,
And they never have to seek for it.

From Joyce Sloane

For Sandra, from *The Fall of Freddie the Leaf* by Leo Buscaglia.

...the wind came that took Freddie from his branch. As he fell, he saw the whole tree for the very first time. How strong and firm it was! He was sure it would live for a long time and he knew that he had been a part of its life and it made him proud.

Finish strong my sister, finish strong.

Peace and Love

From Jann McGuire

Our love and regard fly with you, Sandra.

Our death is our wedding with eternity.
What is its secret? God is one...

Oh Lord God, who graces the gift of vision,
This bird of vision is flying towards you
On the wings of passionate desire.

— Rumi

From Kitty Cole

Dear Sandra you are so honest, real and open. Be at
peace. I love you.

She left pieces of her
life behind her
everywhere
she went.
It's easier
to feel the
sunlight
without them,
she said.

— "Leaving Pieces," Brian Andreas

From Tracy Longacre

Sandra,

Sometimes there's just nothing like a good country
song to express the truth.

When I reach the place I'm goin'
I will surely know my way
And I will turn and look inside me
And bid farewell to one more day
Every light begins with darkness
Every flower was once a seed
And with the sun and wind to test us
We are bound to be released

I will fly beyond this valley
And I will open up the gate
And when I reach the place I'm goin'
I will surely know my way
We have hands to hold our sorrows
We have tears to heal the pain
And though your eyes ask many questions
On your lips I hear my name
I was born without a whisper
I was born beneath the rain
But when I reach the place I'm goin'
I will surely know my way

— Emory Gordy Jr./Joe Henry

From Vigil Keeper Susan Craver

Sandra has always been LOVE in capital letters. I have always aspired to be just like her.

Please tell Sandra that Andrew and Joshua add their love and prayers to mine. Andrew wanted to tell her that he became the brand new father of Maxwell Emerson Craver, Monday, January 16.

In this moment of sorrow, it is so helpful to offer these words that sustained me during a life threatening illness. Thank you.

On the day when death will knock at your door--
what will you offer him?

Oh, I will set before my Guest the full vessel of my life
I will never let him go with empty hands
All the sweet vintage of my autumn days and summer
nights,
All the earnings and gleanings of my busy life
Will I place before him at the close of my days
When death shall knock at my door.

I was not aware of the moment when I first crossed the
threshold of this life.

What was in the power that made me open out into
this vast mystery

Like a bud in the forest at midnight.

When in the morning I looked upon the light,

I felt that I was no stranger in this world:

That the Vast Inscrutable without name and form

Had taken me into its arms in the form of my own
Mother.

Even so, in death, the same Unknown will appear as
ever known to me.

And because I love this life, I know I shall love this
death as well.

The child cries out when from the right breast the
Mother takes it away,

But in the very next moment finds in the left breast
its consolation.

— *Gitanjali*, A collection of Indian songs,
Rabindranath Tagore

From Masami Matsuyuki

Dear Sandra,

I'm sending love and peace to you from Kentucky. I
cherish the moments we shared.

From Rob Work

Beloved Sandra,
Go toward the Light
Trust the Light
Become one with the Light

Beloved Bob and Lynn,
Go toward Love
Trust Love
Become one with Love

Your affectionate and broken-hearted brother

From Mary Work (2003)

True Darkness
Light resurrects me
Eternal now

From Mary D'Souza

Open our minds
Open our hearts
Open our lives
To your light and your love.

— Sri Aurobindo

From Larry Ward and Peggy Rowe

Beloved Sandra

My heart is breaking,
a river of tears flows in my heart
and yet there is no where you can go and not be dear to
me, dear to us.

I will continue to hold the dream of which we spoke.

Your true goodness remains a living gift in the lives of
many and continues to heal and transform our world.

With love

From Jeanette Stanfield

This poem has been my friend over the last few years
and a legacy from Brian.

I am an estuary into the sea.

I am a wave of the ocean.

I am the sound of the sea.

I am a powerful ox.

I am a hawk on a cliff.

I am a dewdrop in the sun

I am a plant of beauty.

I am a salmon in a pool.

I am a lake in a plain.

I am the strength of art.

— Amhairghin, Irish poet,
written around 350BC

From Sue and Steve Laxdal

We are sending Bob and Sandra, Lynne and Mark and family prayers. We are saddened by this rapid transition and pray her angels will guide her spirit through this time.

The Loving find love,
and they never have to search for it.

Loving regards to Sandra

From your colleague Dharmalingam

Dear Sandra,

I remember working with you in villages in India. My team members and I looked forward to your health visits when we were in Vaviharsh. Your calmness and tranquility motivated us when times were hard. Your life has done much good to people around you. You are the presence of Grace. We love you.

From Rob Work

Dearest Sandra, A Verse from Bonnie Myotai Treace,
Sensei.

As this body of comfort transforms
May the timeless body that is our true home
Be realized as the resting place of our hearts
And the freedom of our minds

— Verse of Transformation

From John and Lynda Cock

On the day when death will knock at thy door
what wilt thou offer to him?
Oh, I will set before my guest
the full vessel of my life...

— *Gitanjali*, "90," Rabindranath Tagore

Fully offering it up with open eyes and joyous heart to
the absolute goodness of all that was, is, and ever will
be.

Namaste

From Lela and Don Bayer

Dearest Sandra, Bob and Lynn,

This is a poem that Bob St. Claire wrote as he was completing his journey on this earth. With all our love.

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm Free.
I'm following the path God laid for me.
I took His hand when I heard Him call.
I turned my back and left it all.

I could not stay another day to laugh,
to love, to work or play.
Tasks left undone must stay that way,
I found that place at the close of day.

If my parting has left a void,
then fill it with remembered joy.
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss,
and yes, these things, I too, will miss.

Be not burdened with times of sorrow.
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.
My life's been full, I savored much,
good friends, good times, a loved one's touch.

Perhaps my time seemed all too brief,
don't lengthen it now with undue grief.
Lift up your heart and share with me,
God wanted me now, He set me Free.

— "I'm Free," Bob St. Clair

From Judi White

Go in Peace, Dear Sister,
Return to the Land of Your Soul.
Dance in the Light of the Love that has shone
through you all the days of your life.

"Where Soul Can Create Dance,
Healing Begins."

From Elise and George Packard:

To Sandra and to the family that surrounds her,
As all of you...and we...make this transition:

All shall be *well*,
All shall be *well*,
All manner of things shall be *well*.

— Julian of Norwich

We send love as you set out on this journey,
And we are with you, step by step.

From E. Maynard Moore

Without the death of stars, there would be no plants;
Without the death of creatures, there would be no life.

Without the death of elders, there would be no room
for children,
Without the death of fetal cells, we would all be
spheres.

Without the death of neurons, wisdom and creativity
would not bloom.
Without the death of woody plants, there would be no
trees.

Without the death brought by the Ice Age, there would
be no northern lakes;
Without the death of mountains, there would be no
sand on the beaches.

Without the death of plants and animals, there would
be no food;
Without the death of old ways of thinking, there would
be sheer boredom.

Without death, there would be no wisdom of the
ancestors;
Without death, time would not be precious.

What then, is this death that calls for celebration?

The gifts of deaths are the flares of the Sun and warmth
on the Earth;

The gifts of death include the vital stardust within our
bodies.

The gifts of death are the splendors of shape and color;
The gifts of death include novelty in the immense
journey of life.

The gifts of death are seeing, hearing, tasting -- and
deeply feeling;

The gifts of death include creativity and the flow of
cultural change.

The gifts of death are the urgency to act -- lest poverty
and misery take over;

The gifts of death include joy with sorrow, laughter
with tears.

The gifts of death are our lives that are fully and
exuberantly lived, and then

graciously, gratefully given up, for now, and
forever more.

As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be,
world without end. Amen

— Adapted from “The Gifts of Death” (multicultural,
multi-faith litany compiled by Connie Barlow)

From Susan Craver

From the moment you were born
Your death has walked beside you.
Though it seldom shows its face,
You still feel its touch
When fear invades your life.

Yet when destiny draws you into those places,
and your heart stays generous
Until some door opens into the light,
You are quietly befriending your death;
So that you will have no need to fear
When your time comes to turn and transition.

That the silent presence of your death would call
your life to attention,
Wake you up to how scarce your time is
And to the urgency to become free
And equal to the call of your destiny.

That you would gather yourself
And decide carefully how you now can live
The life you would love
To look back upon from your deathbed.

— John O'Donohue

To Bless the Space Between Us
Love is stronger than death.
So, I must be content to know that
Love is not affected by death.
It doesn't end, it doesn't diminish,
it doesn't change.
Instead love is immortalized
and eternalized through death.
And the possibility of that love ever
being damaged or broken
is eliminated forever.
I'll put my trust in love.

— Mary Hollingsworth

From Marsha Hahn

A simple quote that has held tremendous power for
me:

All shall be well, and all manner of things
shall be well.

— Julian of Norwich

Blessings

From Marilyn and Joe Crocker

Dear Bob, Sandra, Lynn, Mark and family,

We stand with you tonight, just having learned from LiDoña that a transition is underway. The following words from Mary Oliver (I would guess a favorite of Sandra's as she is mine) was shared with us when we participated in a five week program on "bringing intentionality to our life's ending" this last fall.

When death comes
like the hungry bear in autumn;
when death comes and takes all the bright coins
from his purse

to buy me, and snaps the purse shut;
when death comes like the measles-pox,

when death comes
like an iceberg between the shoulder blades,

I want to step through the door full of curiosity, wondering:
what is it going to be like, that cottage of darkness?

And therefore I look upon everything
as a brotherhood and a sisterhood,
and I look upon time as no more than an idea,
and I consider eternity as another possibility,
and I think of each life as a flower, as common
as a field daisy, and as singular,

and each name a comfortable music in the mouth,
ending, as all music does, toward silence,

and each body a lion of courage, and something precious to the earth.

When it's over, I want to say: all my life
I was a bride married to amazement.
I was the bridegroom, taking the world into my
arms.

When it's over, I don't want to wonder
if I have made of my life something particular, and
real.

I don't want to find myself sighing and frightened
or full of argument.

I don't want to end up simply having visited this
world.

— "When Death Comes," Mary Oliver

Sandra, our dear one, as you have embraced this
world in the midst of the other world, in amazement
and grace, so will your spirit be embraced by the love
of the Mystery and in the hearts of your colleagues
forevermore.

With love

From Beret Griffith

To see the world
in a grain of sand
and heaven in a wild flower
to hold infinity
in the palm of your hand
and eternity in an hour.

— William Blake

“One doesn’t discover new lands without consenting to lose sight of the shore for a very long time.”

— Andre Gide

When the ripe fruit falls
its sweetness distills and trickles away into
the veins of the earth.

When fulfilled people die
the essential oil of their experience enters
the veins of living space, and adds a glisten
to the atom, to the body of immortal chaos...

— “When the Ripe Fruit Falls,” from *The Complete Poems of D. H. Lawrence*

From Ellie Stock:

To Sandra—for one who walks in beauty...

In beauty I walk.

With beauty before me, I walk.

With beauty behind me, I walk.

With beauty below me, I walk.

With beauty above me, I walk.

With beauty all around me, I walk.

It is finished in beauty,

It is finished in beauty,

It is finished in beauty,

It is finished in beauty.

— “House Made Dawn,” Navajo Night Chant

From Judith Hamje

To Sandra and your beloved family,

Those who wait on the Lord shall renew their
strength:

they shall mount up with wings as eagles,

they shall run and not be weary,

they shall walk and not faint.

Help us Lord, help us Lord on our way.

In gratitude for the blessings of your life

From Pat Tuecke

This is for Sandra, Bob, Lynn and others in Sandra's family—and for all of us.

When my brother died suddenly in Houston, Tim Wegner sent me some readings that were used at his mother's funeral to help me in planning for David's funeral. It was an awesome gift and helped me in my own journey

For all the saints who went before us
who have spoken to our hearts and touched us with
your fire,
we praise you, O God.

For all the saints who live beside us
whose weaknesses and strengths are woven with our
own,
we praise you, O God.

For all the saints who live beyond us
who challenge us to change the world with them,
we praise you, O God.

— *from Soul Weavings: A Gathering of Women's
Prayers*, by Sheila Cassidy

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. . . .

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.
We can be. Be and be
better. For they existed.

— from “Ailey, Baldwin, Floyd, Killens and Mayfield,”
Maya Angelou

May we see life clearly, Gracious God.
May we move towards death courageously.
May we live and die with the awareness that:
It is out of your great love that we have come, and
It is into your unending love that we shall return.

— from an unknown source

The Christian doctrine
of the communion of saints
is simple, really.
All it says is
that once you buy the farm
you still live on the farm.
All it says is
That those who have gone before us
are still with us.
All it says is that past generations
still count
and must be taken into account.
In other words,
we're all in this together.
All of us.

— *Whispers of Love*, Mitch Finley

From Gordon Harper

On hearing word of Sandra's transition, these words
from an old hymn rose up for me:

I feel the winds of God today;
today my sail I lift,
though heavy, oft with drenching spray,
and torn with many a rift;
if hope but light the water's crest,
and Christ my bark will use,
I'll seek the seas at his behest,
and brave another cruise.

From Eunice Shankland

I could not help but let tears and sobs burst through
my whole being. I know Sandra will be missed and I
know that this is the path all of us will take. I also know
that we do not journey alone; there are colleagues,
mentors, advocates, guides, allies, loved ones along
the way. Sandra has been one of those for many of us.
I think of her as a spirit of confident care, always open
to the whispers of the *Wind*: that which stirred her
spirit and gave her the power to love, to be joyful, to be
hopeful and much, much more. Her presence and Bob
as well was and is a "booster" to me in countless ways.

I am deeply grateful for her life and the life of many
who have made a mark in my journey.

Shalom

From Doug Druckenmiller

Sandra,

You and I have shared the mountain top after the long march in the desert of the ICA-USA. These past three years have been a wonder to me. Full of dread and awe, despair and hope, as we toiled to turn once again. This is a time for hymns. The one most dear to me is "Harvest Time." We sang this recently in Chicago at the PJD workshop where there was a true reemergence of spirit, which you have worked so hard for within the ICA. I wish I was there to sing this with you, but that will have to wait for another time, in the sweet by and by.

The seed I have scattered in springtime with weeping
and watered with tears and with dews from on high.
Another may shout when the harvesters reaping,
Will gather my grain in the sweet by and by.

Over and over, yes, deeper and deeper
My heart is pierced through with life's sorrowing cry
But the tears of the sower and the songs of the reaper
Shall mingle together in joy by and by.

By and by, by and by, by and by, by and by.
Yes the tears of the sower and the songs of the reaper
Shall mingle together in joy by and by.

Another may reap what in springtime I've planted
Another rejoice in the fruit of my pain.
Not knowing my tears when in summer I fainted
While toiling sad-hearted in sunshine and rain.

Refrain...

The thorns will have choked and the summer sun blasted
The most of the seed which in springtime I've sown.
But the lord who has watched while my weary toil lasted
Will give me a harvest for what I have done.

Refrain...

Coda:

Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
palms of victory, I shall wear.

Namaste, Sandra

From Lewie Pierce and Joyce Bonafield-Pierce

We have just arrived in Mexico. Sandra has been in our thoughts all day as we flew here. Here is a favorite poem of ours that we'd appreciate your sharing with Sandra.

I am not I.

I am this one

walking beside me whom I do not see,
whom at times I manage to visit,
and whom at other times I forget;
the one who remains silent while I talk,
the one who forgives, sweet, when I hate,
the one who takes a walk when I am indoors,
the one who will remain standing when I die.

— Juan Ramon Jimenez (Spain), 1881–1958.

Translated by Robert Bly.

Love and blessings to Sandra, Bob, and Lynn

From Phyllis and Len Hockley

Giving thanks for the connection felt with all as I
light my candle each morning and send healing love
and peace to Sandra. Len and I share the following
thought.

They are not gone,
Who leave us this great heritage of remembering joy.

They still live in our hearts,
In the happiness we knew, in the dreams we shared.

They still breathe,
In the lingering fragrance, windblown, from their
favorite flowers.

They still smile in the moonlight's silver,
And laugh in the sunlight's sparking gold.

They still speak in the echoes of the words we've heard
them say again and again.

They still move,
In the rhythm of waving grasses, in the dance of the
tossing branches.

They are not gone;
Their memory is warm in our hearts, comfort in our
sorrow.

They are not apart from us, but part of us,

For love is eternal,
And those we love shall be with us throughout all
eternity.

From Catherine and Mark Welch

Nothing that is worth doing can be achieved in our lifetime; therefore we must be saved by hope.

Nothing which is true or beautiful or good makes complete sense in any immediate context of history; therefore we must be saved by faith.

Nothing we do, however virtuous, can be accomplished alone; therefore we are saved by love.

— Reinhold Niebuhr

May love surround Sandra, Bob, Lynn, and all those close

From Patrick Moriarty

Sandra,

Your indomitable caring spirit will reside within the lives of all the souls you have touched. As you cross over to the world of total spirit, we who are left behind will glow a little brighter for having experienced your life.

God Speed, Sandra

From Lauri and Michael Shaw

dying is fine)but Death

?o

baby

i

wouldn't like

Death if Death

were

good:for

when(instead of stopping to think)you

begin to feel of it,dying

's miraculous

why?be

cause dying is

perfectly natural;perfectly

putting

it mildly lively(but

Death

is strictly

scientific

& artificial &

evil & legal)

we thank thee

god

almighty for dying

(forgive us,o life!the sin of Death

— e e cummings

From Jack and Louise Ballard

Dear Ones, please sing:

Swing low, sweet chariot, Comin' for to carry me
home

Swing low, sweet chariot, Comin' for to carry me
home.

I looked over Jordan and what did I see

Comin' for to carry me home

A band of angels comin' after me

Comin' for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do

Comin' for to carry me home.

Tell all my friends that I'm a comin' too

Comin' for to carry me home.

Swing low, sweet chariot, Comin' for to carry me
home

Swing low, sweet chariot, Comin' for to carry me
home.

Love to all

From Tracy Longacre

Dear friends, dear family, we share and honor your
courage, your joy, your pain, your fear, your grief.

Leaves protect
winter soil,
holding bulbs
in silent prayer

until spring,
when green blades
will rise
in praise

— “Winter Benediction”

(via Tracy’s friend Barb)

From Sunny Walker

You simply close your eyes *here*
And in a moment, open them *there*.
And as you no longer step lightly upon this earth,
We who still do so miss your presence,
Totally forgetting you are still present.

Blessed be the Lord of All Creation for sharing *you*

From Jean Smith

Before Dawn

5:30 am, January 23, 2011

Before dawn the moon is high in the west,
reflecting the sun's light.

It shines on us all.

Before dawn the music of the universe
streams over and through us.

It sings for us all.

Before dawn this great unity envelopes
every star and galaxy, every butterfly and human
It binds us all.

Before dawn as light rolls round the earth
we are one with all that is, has been and will be.
We are one, all of us.

Journey on, Sandra

Grace and Peace

From Lewie Pierce and Joyce Bonafield-Pierce

Joyce and I continue on the vigil with all of our spirit colleagues for Sandra. This morning we were reading from Gene Marshall's *Speaking Back To The Infinite Silence* on Psalm 133, "Gathering in Sheer Delight."

How good it is...and how pleasant—
for Spirit companions to gather together!

It is fragrant as perfume poured upon the head
and running down the chin
and onto your shirt...

It is like the dew falling upon the hills
of your homeland...

Upon such gatherings the Infinite Silence
bestows the blessing
of life that has no end.

Grace and Peace

From John and Lynda Cock

Lynda just called from Virginia saying she'd been thinking about Sandra on and off all night and asked me to send this blog with a Sandra quote. Also, Lynda said she kept coming back to a line in "This World Is Not My Home" and couldn't remember it when she awoke. We have Sandra on our minds and in our hearts this holy day.

Sandra on Transisting:

Once the external time demands of employment are gone, time changes, natural rhythms are revealed. Mine seem very slow. Once I stopped feeling guilty for not being "productive," I realized that with the stressful pace of my work during the last four years I had lost the importance of living mindfully, in the moment.

— Sandra True, "EarthRise" reflection,
November 5, 2007

Though "transist" is not a word in most dictionaries, it is a state we all have been in and find rather wondrous and mysterious, sometimes making us new.

Go ahead and be.

Namaste

From Judy Weddle

Sandra,

My dear mentor and friend—how lucky I was to be in the room the day you invited volunteers to join you. I share my gratefulness to you again for being a part of your life.

A handful of pine-seed will cover mountains with the green majesty of forest.

I too will set my face to the wind and throw my handful of seed on high.

— William Sharp

Rest knowing the work will continue through the many, many lives you have touched.

I love you

From Pat Tuecke

Sandra,

We are linked in so many ways.

Profoundly — in this Community of Faith; living in the love of God; Being the Church in our many diverse ways; and memories of working together. The journey that led to the IAF.

Personally — The wonderful talks Dan, I, Bob and you had in our visits in Oregon, and again in Manhattan, where immediately upon my arrival, Bob engaged me in giving you a surprise birthday party. It was one of the *big* birthdays that called for celebration. conspirators, it went off perfectly. What fun we had!

Personally — also in the sharing of being an adopted child (me) and a birth mother searching for her child. I was so excited when you and Mark found each other and have grown a close relationship which includes grandchildren.

Your big heart has loved so many and your big spirit as well as your skills have healed so many. Our love follows you as your spirit makes this awesome journey.

When it is time, go in grace and peace that passes all understanding.

Bob, Lynn, and Mark,

Our hearts share your sadness and your joy of being loved by Sandra. She cherished each of you. As someone else said to you, "we are with you every step of the way."

From Doris Hahn

In response to Lynda Cock's request.

Mystery! Mystery!

I went digging in our files and came up with "The Singing of Summer '72," and lo, when I opened the book, there was this version—sort of like pointing to a verse in the Bible :). Anyway, both these songs are in that Summer '72 book. I was in England that summer, so don't have first-hand memory of the evolution of the songs. When I returned, I taught in the Academy, so I did big time catch-up for a while. I remember singing both these songs at that time, but I had completely forgotten that there were two different songs with the same refrain until your email arrived this afternoon.

So, that makes it all very clear.

This world is not my home, I am a stranger here
I've seen amidst this world the other world appear
My life is now transformed, though earthly as before,
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

Amazing world, the Land of Mystery
Of consciousness and care and wild tranquility
My life is now transformed, though earthly as
before
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

A land of mystery assaults on every side
Where death is waiting all, and there's no place to hide
A yearning floods my life, more lonely than before,
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

Refrain

A mighty river flows, of consciousness in me
A willing child of fate, I live creatively,
My life's a precious gift that I must answer for,
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

Refrain

A mountain's weight of care, seems strangely light to
me
Embracing this world's woe, I live responsibly
Proclaiming man's true home, I lead them to the door
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

Refrain

The sea is tranquil now, it's wild in ecstasy
Refusing my own life, my only enemy
And joyfully I see that I am weak and poor
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

Refrain

— “Amazing World” (Tune: This World is not My
Home)

From Charles Hahn

This morning at church we sang Charles Wesley's hymn, "Come, O Thou Traveler Unknown," which is his poetic telling of the Jacob wrestling with the angel story from the Old Testament. I have never sung this hymn in a worship setting before. Isaac Watts the other all-time great English hymn writer of the 18th Century, said that he would give up all his work if he could have written this piece. My mind constantly went to Sandra as we sang. I pass along a slightly edited version to Sandra in hopes it might illuminate this moment.

Come, O thou Traveler unknown
whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
and I am left alone with thee.
With thee all night I mean to stay,
and wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am,
my misery and pain declare;
Thyself has called me by my name,
look on thy hands and read it there.
But, who I ask thee who art thou?
Tell me thy name and tell me now.

'Tis Love! 'tis love! Thou diedst for me,
I hear thy whisper in my heart.
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
pure universal Love thou art.
To me, to all, thy mercies move;
thy nature and thy name is Love.

Grace and Peace

From Shirley Mueller

In response to Lynda Cock's request.

This earth is not my home, I am a stranger here.
I've seen amidst this globe a mighty world appear.
It seized my deepest soul and made me realize
The world's a mystery: it rings with ancient cries.
The Mystery! The Mystery!

It flashed before my eyes, and then it went away
I seek it constantly, but lose it every day.
I trust it to my death: it carries all my dreams.
Its wholeness fills my life, my brokenness redeemed.
The Mystery! The Mystery!

— "This Earth is Not My Home"

Thanks, John for bringing this back to our attention. It is a powerful song for Sandra's transition. Love to all as we join our hearts through her transition.

From Ann and George Ensinger

Dear Sandra and Bob,

Today, you continue to be in our thoughts and prayers as you deal with a situation that no one would ask for but with which you are dealing courageously and with open spirits.

Our brief visit on Saturday caused George and me to remember all of the wonderful ways in which your family has been a caring and supportive part of our family for 30-plus years. George told the story of Jordan's first night with us, how much Jordan cried, and how Bob had the right words to say to help George relax. We remember little Lynn joining your family and how much Jordan loved her in their preschool. George remembers years in Development and many conversations over the years about art, pottery, photography, and so on.

Sandra, you have been so faithful to the mission and principles of the Order/ICA/EI throughout all of the past transitional years. If it weren't for you, George and I would not still feel so connected to that community and those very important ideals by which we still strive to live. And, I'll (Ann) never forget: the Women's Retreat that we put together for Rebecca's 50th birthday; watching fireworks from your porch in Asbury Park on the 4th of July; attending the Profound Journey Retreat in New Jersey; together watching Jack Lush play Peter Pan; laughing over your little George and his boundless energy; discussing health care issues in the NYC public schools; watching Lynn's two wonderful documentaries with you; and on and on.

Life has been and continues to be Full. We are blessed by your presence.

I have copied out a couple of poems/quotes that I found from some of my favorite poets/writers. Maybe you will appreciate them too.

In love

This is the true joy of life, the being used up for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; being a force of nature instead of a feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and grievances, complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy. I am of the opinion that my life belongs to the community, and as long as I live, it is my privilege to do for it whatever I can. I want to be thoroughly used up when I die, for the harder I work, the more I live. Life is no "brief candle" to me. It is a sort of splendid torch which I have got hold of for a moment, and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations.

— George Bernard Shaw

In a certain sense, every single human soul has more meaning and value than the whole of history.

— Nicholas Berdyaev

Have courage for the great sorrows of life, and
patience for the small ones. And when you have
laboriously accomplished your daily task, go to
sleep in peace. God is awake.

— Victor Hugo

I lived for hundreds of thousands of years as a
mineral,

And then I died and was reborn as a plant.

I lived for hundreds of thousands of years as a plant,
And then I died and was reborn as an animal.

I lived for hundreds of thousands of years as an ani-
mal,

And then I died and was reborn as a human being.

What have I ever lost by dying?

— Rumi (version by Robert Bly)

From Louise Singleton:

For Sandra, Bob, Lynn, and Mark—a bit of my favorite poetry, Psalm 139: vs 1-4, 13-18.

O Lord, thou has searched me and known me!
Thou knowest when I sit down and when I rise up;
thou discernest my thoughts from afar.
Thou searchest out my path and my lying down, and
art acquainted with all my ways.
Even before a word is on my tongue, lo, O Lord, thou
knowest it altogether.

For thou didst form my inward parts, thou didst knit
me together in my mother's womb.

I praise thee, for thou art fearful and wonderful.

Wonderful are thy works!

Thou knowest me right well; my frame was not hidden
from thee,

when I was being made in secret, intricately
wrought in the depths of the earth.

Thy eyes beheld my unformed substance; in thy book
were written, every one of them,
the days that were formed for me, when as yet there
was none of them.

How precious to me are thy thoughts, O God! How
vast is the sum of them!

If I would count them, they are more than the sand.

When I awake, I am still with thee.

Blessings

From Lynda Cock

Dear Colleagues,

A colleague once shared with me that instead of focusing on the absence of a loved one, that we could focus on their presence in new ways. Those were most helpful words to me in a time of loss, and that awareness has occasioned great little "spirit visits" with loved ones.

As we experience this time of releasing Sandra, I want to share a song sent to me by colleague Sarah Black Page, a folk singer, who was a youth in our Kansas City House back in the mid-'70s.

You may listen to the music in the attachment above and follow the words below.

Peace

(Chorus)

You are set loose to a new becoming.

Free once more to live anew.

On you go — I rejoice for you

And wish you ease upon your way.

From Time to Time

The wind will tell me your stories

From Time to Time

The stream will mention your name

Mist and rain, a whiff of smoke

First light and sunset

And there you'll be

Clear and dearly in my day.

(Repeat Chorus)

What you'll become
I cannot guess nor even fathom.
What I'll become
Is just as hidden from my view
But on we'll go – Time and again
The Way leads on and on
And I'll watch for you
From Time to Time.

— “From Time to Time,” Sarah Page

Sarah is the daughter of our late colleagues Virginia and George Black from Nebraska, who served in Chicago and in Kenya and Peru. Sarah attended the Academy and was in the Montreal and St. Louis houses. Sarah's brother Chris Black was in the Milwaukee House where he met and married Debbie Jaecks. Chris died at a young 44 from a heart attack. Sarah and Debbie know full well the experience of letting go.

From Sarah Page

Greetings!

It pleases me more than I can say to know that I have in some small way been part of someone's journey so far away.

From Sarah Buss

Sandra,

Even as I seek to comfort you,
It is you, not I, who clears our pathway to the Other
World.

With Love and Kindness, I support you

From Katrin Ogilvey

Last night I returned from a 10-day retreat where
Sogyal Rinpoche taught about the Bardos. I have read
all the messages about Sandra's journey in the last two
hours. The bardo of death is said to last 49 days and
every 7th day is especially auspicious. We can always
pray and send our love to Sandra, tell her what we were
not able to say, through this period and later. We let
her go to not impede her in her journey.

I will practice phowa for Sandra and send my love to
Bob and all of those closest to Sandra, to you dearest
friend, and to the circle of people on the vigil.

From Gerald Gomani

May her soul rest in eternal peace what a wonderful lady,
simple but very much dedicated to her work.

Go well Sandra and we shall meet one day in heaven.

(Harare, ICA Zimbabwe *via* Dick Alton)

From Meshack Mutevu

Dear Colleagues,

It is in deep sorrow that we have learned the passing on
of our beloved sister Sandra True.

A Humble Lady who was committed to
transforming lives in the world. I came to know her
June 2010 at Stanford University where we were
studying on Chronic Disease Self Management to be
able to change lives of people living with HIV and
AIDS in Africa. We Loved Sandra but God loved her
most. Sandra has left a legacy of people fighting against
HIV and AIDS. It is my hope that Gerald and I will
establish a department in our programmes and name
it after her. Oh I pray that the lord will keep her soul
in eternal peace till we meet again in His glorious
paradise.

Condolences to family members and all those she
came into contact with when she was alive. God gives
and God takes. We are in a journey and every one will
alight at his or her stage.

In deep sorrow, Meshack

Leadership Training and Integrated Development
(Masii, Mwala, Nairobi; ICA Kenya *via* Dick Alton)

From Fisser Mupuka

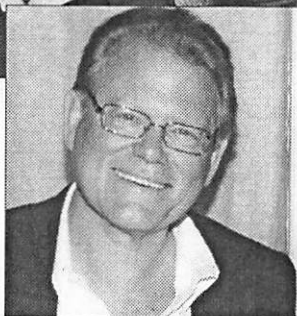
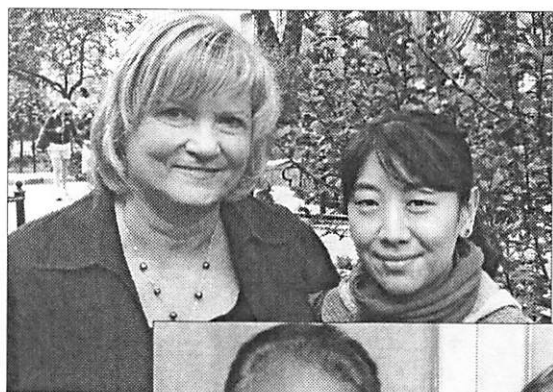
What moves through us is a silence, a quiet sadness,
a longing for one more day, one more word, one
more touch. We may not understand why she left
this earth so soon, or why she left before we were
ready to say good-bye; but little by little, we begin to
remember not just that she died, but that she lived.
And that her life gave us memories too beautiful to
forget.

— Irish Funeral Prayer

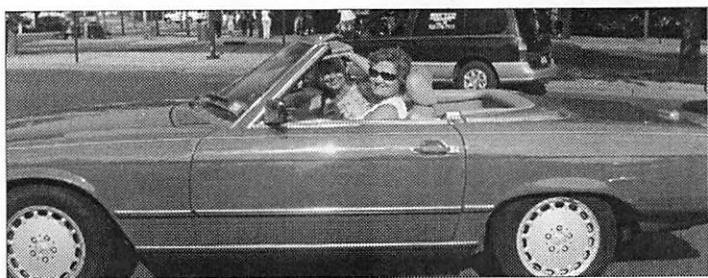
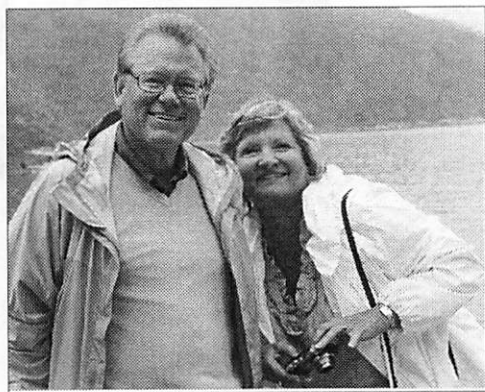
Sandra will be sadly missed.

(ICA South Africa *via* Dick Alton)

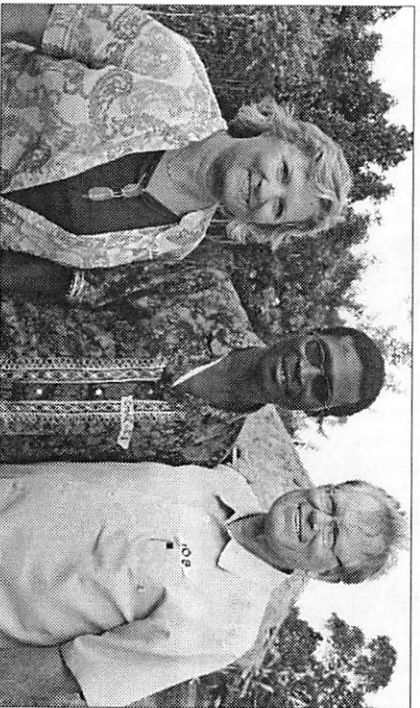
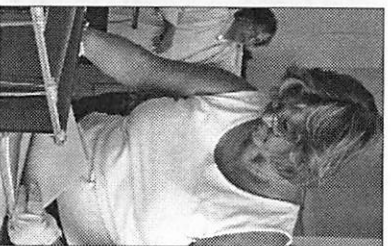
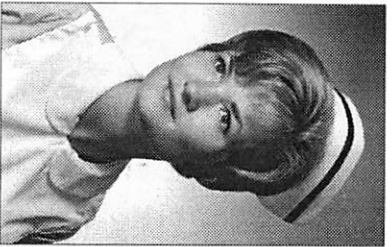
— *Savoring Family*



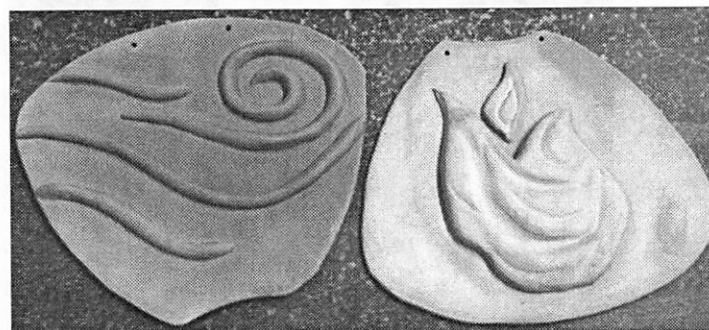
— *Loving Life*



— *Serving the World*



— *Creating and Nurturing*





Messages after Sandra's Transition

From Jan Sanders and Richard Sims

Dear Sandra,

We never told you how much you have been in our hearts and prayers these last months. You have given us courage to 'sing the bones back together.'

We'll continue to see you in your deeds and love, to talk with you when we need courage, to have a good laughter together.

Love

From Rose Anne Sands

Sandra and Bob might like to know that a Catholic Church community in Kolhapur, India will be praying for Sandra at Mass on Wednesday. This was requested by Shripad Joshi, Professor Chandra Joshi's grandson.

Grace and Peace

From Dharmalingam

Dear Bob and family,

Sandra was a lovely person. We share in the sorrow of your final parting from her.

With love

From Kamala and Vinod Parekh

For our beloved Sandra

There is no death.

Death is the greatest illusion there is, the greatest
myth—a lie.

For even a single moment, if you can see that you are
deathless,

Then no meditation is needed.

Then live that experience, then act out of that
experience, and the doors of eternal life are open for
you.

Much is being missed because of fear.

We are too attached to the body and we go on creating
more and more fear because of that attachment.

The body is going to die, the body is part of death, the
body is death—but you are beyond the body.

You are not the body; you are the bodiless.

Remember it.

Realize it.

Awaken yourself to this truth—that you are beyond
the body. You are the witness, the seer.

Then death disappears and fear disappears, and there
arises the tremendously glorious life—what Jesus
calls 'life abundant,' or 'the kingdom of God.'

— "The kingdom of God is within you," Osho

Om Shanti, Shanti, Shanti!!

From Joyce Bonafield-Pierce

As I kept the vigil this morning for Sandra, the words of Tillich kept coming to me for her:

Do not do anything, do not intend anything, do not perform anything.

Simply accept the fact that you are Accepted...by a Power greater than you.

All is well

Grace and peace

From Larry Philbrook

I do not know the words to describe the experience of being there yesterday with Sandra, Bob, their family, Lynn, Tim Lush and Rebecca. I am so glad that I was able to be there, even for a moment, to be present, connected, and to listen to Rebecca reading your sharing to Sandra and into the room.

With love, joy, and respect

From Pam Bergdall

Dear Bob and Sandra,

When I think of you, Sandra, I think about the latest years when you were steadfast along with Doug to bring the ICA through the dark night. I stand in awe of your dedication and commitment. Since I never had the privilege to live with you, my most memorable encounters have been these last years in Chicago. So first of all, I want to apologize for making into my office, the room on the 8th floor that you had put curtains in. When Terry and I moved into 4750 it was the only room ready, I was told; and I had no idea of its prestigious curtain benefactor. Thank you for being so generous about it when you discovered this. As you now prepare to become pure spirit, I must assume that God is wanting to relieve you of all the burdens. I keep hearing "Well done, my good and faithful servant." And it is obvious that you have been God's good and faithful servant.

With much love and gratitude for your life

From Rose Anne Sands

Sandra's suffering is over. She is a noble soul and is being helped, comforted and guided on the other side in profound Love and Light and Peace.

Love and Peace

From George Walters

Dearest Bob and Family,

As our transition begins, none of us can know your depth of sadness in this parting—our sadness is only a small measure—but we are thankful for the final peacefulness and look forward to continuing with you on the journey.

With kindest regards

From Ashleigh Norment

Here is the prayer from St. Theresa that I am saying for Sandra True as she prepares to pass over. Thank you.

Let nothing disturb you,
Let nothing frighten you,
All things are passing away:
God never changes.
Patience obtains all things.
Whoever has God lacks nothing;
God alone suffices.

From Jean Watts

Bob and family,

With you I mourn Sandra's passing as we begin
the journey of entering that unexplainable state of
remembering, knowing, and loving her as her eternal
form.

From John Cock

To Sandra:

Great soul,
we celebrate your journey...
in eternity before birth,
in eternity during life,
in eternity after this transition.
Your profound journey never ends,
for how can anything in being ever go out?
Being is being is being!

As Robert says, you are "pure spirit" now,
beaming grace and peace
and present with us till spirit ends.
Journey on, dear heart...

~John, with you on the awe-filled journey

From Carol Crow

To Sandra, Bob and Lynn,

A favorite here at Songaia and sung at both Stan and Fred's Memorial Services—another Irish Blessing.

May the road rise with you,
May the wind be always at your back,
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
May the rain fall gently on your fields,
Until we meet again
May God hold you
In the hollow of Her hand.

You are loved and appreciated by so many for all the ways you have cared for this group of well-intentioned human beings and our future. We have not thanked you enough. And for all the many ways you cared for the people in your community, as a nurse, advocate and friend. Your magic has touched so many! Peace and Blessings to you as you travel this last earthly journey, Sandra.

In Wonder and Gratitude

From Rob Work

After I cried and meditated, Bonnie and I lit incense and chanted in gratitude for Sandra's completed life. May the suffering of all beings everywhere be extinguished.

From Evelyn Kurihara Philbrook

We have her in our hearts and send prayers as the time of pure spirit will be soon.

For Sandra's Journey,

May Mercy and Love be with you Always,

May Love fill your Heart,

May Peace fill your Mind,

Breathe in the Yes to Love...Breathe in Yes to Peace...

Let your stomach become soft, let the muscles relax,

breathe in deeply love and light...

Remember in May when we talked about the sound

of Om in the Alpha and Omega, the Om of the

Universe, the Unity of Being...

We see God in you Sandra,

Call your God to fill you with love

We are grateful for your very Being...

Namaste

Amen, Amen

From Larry Ward

Dear Colleagues,

Early this morning, prior to receiving the news of Sandra's passing, I wrote this poem for her.

A Poem for Sandra

Rest your breath, rest your body, rest your mind
and rest your heart in this holy moment.

Out of my window I see the leaves falling, gold, red,
brown and brilliant yellow held in the magic of the
sunlight, falling into birth, falling into death and
birth, falling into paradise.

Even as the moon seems to vanish from our little
view She remains forever in the great symphony
of time and space. My dearest Sandra the sun still
shines upon your face, even the face you had before
you were born. No harm can come to such a face.
Even leaves fall in paradise, don't worry my dear
one, you are in paradise to stay.

Rest your breath, rest your body, rest your mind
and rest your heart in this holy moment that never
ends.

Love

From Susan Craver

As Sandra lived, so did she make her transition...
giving immeasurably to all of us.

I do not know where I came from, but I know I
came from somewhere. I do not know where I am
going, but I know I'm going back to that place.

— Bill Nunn

Grace and Peace to all

From Tracy E. Longacre

What a privilege it has been to participate in this
profoundly holy process of supporting a spirit giant in
her final earthly journey. Thank you all. I am deeply
moved and present to the Mystery we have manifested.

From Dharmalingam

Dear Bob and family,

Sandra was a lovely person. We share in the sorrow of
your final parting from her.

With love

From Martha Talbott

Bob and Sandra and Lynn, Love to you all.

Please know that you have my love and prayers and that I treasure wonderful memories of Sandra's shining spirit. From my own experience I know how this transition is a very sacred time for all connected. I found the quote below one day at Hospice Atlanta where I have been volunteering for the last six to eight months. I share it with you.

If we could see time as a circle, we might be better able to see how birth and death belong within the one embrace. Could it be that where we came from at birth is where we return to at death? When we think of birth and death together, death begins to lose its terror as an unknown abyss where the intimacy of life's erased. If the light and beauty of who we are was created in that realm before birth, then death is surely bringing us home to the house of our eternal belonging. And if everything we are is a gift from that home, then our return will be a celebration of all we have awakened, realized, and lived. Perhaps, deep within us there will be no great surprise at our return, for there may be a silent dimension of the heart which through all the years has never forgotten where it came from.

— "Beauty," John O'Donohue

From Steve Laxdal

With Deepest Sympathy... We mourn the passing of Sandra, that great Spirit, who walked with us on our journey in this realm. That Spirit now joins again, the Spirit beyond all Spirits, to be called upon where there is innocent suffering to be healed. We all have been enriched beyond measure, by having had Sandra walk with us.

We hold Bob and his family on our altars and pray for each as they mourn.

From Jean Smith

Grace and peace, to Bob, especially, and all family, friends and colleagues:

Sandra has left, but not really. She will remain in all our hearts until we too pass over to another place; she will remain forever in the great unity of this universe. We release her to this journey.

There will be a great void in your (our) lives that time will heal, although it never goes away. I knew this morning at my 5 a.m. vigil, without really knowing, that Sandra had died. I think it was an experience of that void, which we now must all work to help heal and fill with shining memories, stories, family jokes, people's well-wishes and supporting messages.

From Priscilla Wilson

As we celebrate the mystery and greatness of Sandra True (and her family) I remembered this quote I found in a children's book in the Albuquerque airport last year.

How old do you have
to be to die? he said
& I said I didn't
think anybody was
ever old enough

& that made sense
to him since he
was still new to
the world &
remembered how
forever had been.

— Brian Andreas, *Going Somewhere Soon:
Collected Stories & Drawings*

The calm and serenity Sandra brought to all of life while she was with us here...she now brings to us in her transition to another time and place. What a gift she has been and continues to be.

Our prayers remain with you, Bob, and your family as life happens from a new perspective now.

From Sharry Lachman

I'll remember this day, dear Sandra,
this day when you passed into the light
the light that always shone through you
that called forth the light, sometimes buried,
but still shining in each of us eternally
that binds us together, holds us forever
as one, in awareness, spaciousness and love

Thank you, dear Sandra,
We journey on, more aware of our oneness,
More grateful, more humbled and in awe
Of the mystery and oneness you and we are.

Thank you.

Love

From Priscilla Wilson

This was an awesome experience of sitting with a dying
person in absentia. Besides deeply loving Sandra and
Bob and sharing this with them...the reconnection
with so many others as love and tributes flowed in.

Thank you to everyone for making this happen.

From Isobel Bishop

Let us give thanks for a life well lived, in a beautiful woman.

We say good bye, and sadness fills our being—yet Sandra is now at peace, and the legacy of her life work will continue on—through those her life has touched.

What a privilege to have known her.

To Bob, Lynn, Mark, and his family, I send my hugs of love and sympathy. May you feel surrounded by the company of those who love and care for you.

To Rebecca and Tim, and those closest to Sandra, we say thank you for being there and watching over Sandra, moment by moment.

From Charles and Doris Hahn

Dear Bob, Lynn, and Colleagues,

What an honor it is to have been a part of Sandra's work through the years and even until now. We are grateful for her faithfulness in her living and in her dying.

We are sending a gift to The Institute of Cultural Affairs in Sandra's honor. Her leadership as Chair of the Board of Directors will be well remembered and sorely missed.

Grace and Peace

From Marilyn and Joe Crocker

The vigil has been the facilitator of a new level of “profound hope” within our global community as we joined in prayer for Sandra over the past many days; and then joined in “profound grief” over the past many hours while we stood across the 24 time zones before the completed life of yet another of our family, whose transition we can now, together, decide to celebrate with thanksgiving in “profound joy” (a category I attribute to Nan Grow in a conversation today).

Thank you

We love you

From Sue Laxdal

Our hearts are very full of love and sadness. We are humbled by your courage and presence throughout this transition and we hold you in our hearts as you begin this new phase of the journey. You have our support, our prayers.

Loving regards

From Cheryl Kartes

Dear ToP Network Colleagues,

“Sandra died this morning at (Jan 24th) 1:30 a.m., in the arms of Bob (her husband)—she quietly slipped away.”

Sandra True has been a ToP trainer (among many other engagements in a life of commitment to the ICA), from whom I, Judy Weddle, and many others got some of their early experiences with ToP. She was currently the Chair of the Board for the ICA-USA and led the January Board (virtual) meeting with a strong voice.

Sandra had done much to help reconnect the ToP Network to the ICA-USA. She has been a strong ally and voice for building a strong relationship with the ToP Network. I am personally very grateful for her undying commitment and much important work she had accomplished.

Sandra had a big heart. Sandra asked great questions, listened to her heart, and acted from her heart. She led from a place of listening to what was needed to mend the hearts of many within the ICA and began making the pathway for those hearts to come back together. I saw Sandra's eyes young again with the energy and dreams for what the ICA could be.

Sandra was also a living embodiment of ICA's values and a beacon of light. Sandra carried the light of courage within her. She saw possibility where others saw overwhelming challenges. Though the path was not always clear, she creatively wove and crafted the promise of new beginnings.

I know her life has blessed the work of the ToP Network and she has been a blessing to me. Let us give thanks for a life well lived. The legacy of her life work will continue on— through those her life has touched. What a privilege it has been to have known her.

Love to you all

From Wayne Ellsworth

Thank you Cheryl,

And thank all who were with Sandra on her journey to heaven. We can feel she may be putting more energy into our great cause from her heavenly vantage point. God bless!

I for one, did distance Reiki asking that it help in the best way possible. All of your prayers were critical to let her soul's will be done.

With a message of Love and Peace to All

From Dorothea Jewel

Bob, Lynn, and family,

Today, as I grieve the loss and celebrate the life and death of Jim, who died a year ago today, my thoughts are with you. Wouldn't we have been surprised when living as next-door neighbors in Kemper, not giving much thought to death and dying except when we pondered the question of what we would want on our tombstone, that Jim and Sandra would have the same date on their tombstones. I'm grateful for the email sharing that has gone on in recent days as it has been a way to journey with all of you, and in addition, has given me a way to approach and appropriate this day of memories.

As you create your new life phase, you can know that you are loved and supported by countless of us.

Here is what I intended to send Sandra and you on Saturday. Instead I send it to you:

We were created from the elements of our universe and by the life force of creation itself.

We live our life as we live it; for you, Sandra, it has been rich with gracious care and meaning.

The cycle is completed as it began, returning to our beginnings, our home, as pure spirit—leaving behind our legacy and our never-ending impact on the story of the journey of humankind as part of the ever-ongoing process of creation.

Shalom

From Kamala and Vinod Parekh

We are very grateful to you for keeping the world family informed about our dear Sandra.

Now she is resting, however her life force will continue through her work and the people she influenced.

We can feel the sense of comfort Bob and Lynn received from you and all those who were around her at the transition time. Thank you for being present there on behalf of all of us.

Love

From Marianna Bailey

It seemed that, in time, all the substance from one image would flow into the other and only one would remain: Leo. He must grow, I must disappear.

As I stood there and looked and tried to understand what I saw, I recalled a short conversation that I had once had with Leo during the festive days at Bremgarten. We had talked about the creation of poetry being more vivid and real than the poets themselves.

The candle burned low and went out. I was overcome by an infinite weariness and desire to sleep, and I turned away to find a place where I could lie down and sleep.

— Hermann Hess, *The Journey to the East*

From Elizabeth Engleman

Bob and Sandra; Vigil Keepers,

It is in the 3 a.m. EST hour. I just came home from work. There is less chill in the air in Western Pennsylvania this morning—perhaps the January thaw of Almanac promise. A bit more like the Thar Desert of Vance Engleman's beloved Rajasthan. Some twelve years ago that Desert was on his mind as he penned these words:

This Journey never ends... Our unique contribution is little more than a thread in life's grand tapestry.

Just when the Journey seems too tedious, hopeless, or difficult to endure, history becomes illuminated by the vision, passion and flaming care of solitary saints...awakened by some grand purpose.

Life offers a passport, like a pallet of many rich colors, as though chiseled from the earth and mixed with the coral sands of history. Resisting the passage of time the Journey travels through the years into the next generation of ideas awaiting our exciting innovations and visions of the future.*

Now is the time to celebrate your incredible potential: *celebrate* the significance of every life as equally valid, precious, and deserving; and most of all, celebrate *The Journey*! May it never end.

— Adapted from *The Journey*, Vance Engleman,
December 1988

* I became your colleague on the journey seated around a table at the Profound Journey Dialogue, New Jersey, March 6–7, 2009.

Hands palm-to-palm—Namaste

From Judith Hamje

I am still in awe of the vigil and transition experience we had with Sandra. What a blessing to everyone.

I was going to compile all the verses and thoughts because they were so profound and help to create a palette to think through a theology of death. Thanks for setting up the opportunity and sending the compiled results.

We have all been through the death of loved ones, but this experience transformed it for me into a sacred journey. What a way to honor Sandra and the journey of other participants toward our own transition. I will not face death in the same way again.

Thanks for the blessing

From Janice Ulangca

These are meditations upon our connections in the past, but also in the Now—and by implication, in the future. Our connections are to Sandra and her family, but also to each other. As we write and as we share, we meditate also upon our own deaths and the meanings of our lives. Much gratitude for the profound understandings that your work have brought to us.

From Isobel Bishop

Thank you for giving us all such a spirit opportunity, to honour Sandra in this way.

In peace

From Herman Green

It seems that Sandra's passage may have been the beginning of the extended order. Something is emerging from Sandra's passing.

Love has a way

From LiDoña Wagner

Love has a way of opening doors and Sandra was pure love. I don't think Sandra ever met a human being, an animal, or a life experience that she did not love to the full.

Blessings on the journey

From E. Maynard Moore

Friends, contemplating the occasion of Sandra's transition, I am remembering a comment from Bishop Jim Mathews last year as he was contemplating his passing. Right up until the end, when I was visiting at his bedside, he would pray with me. And one time he said to me (with the wisdom of ages):

"I don't know what the future holds for me...
but I know whose hands hold the future."

From Argentina Ybanez

Hi Aimee!

This is such shocking news.

I am so sad, without her help I am nothing today.
Could you please extend my heartfelt condolence
to Sandra's family in case you can attend her wake/
funeral? How I wish I could see her, hug and thank her
for all her help.

This is just very sad to hear. My family would be very
sad of this news.

Argentina

(Aimee Hilliard wrote, "...Argentina Ybanez is the
amazing young woman whom Sandra sponsored
through school. She is now an industrial engineer
working with Lear in the Philippines.")

From David Dunn

We are like a woven basket,
full of seed from a bountiful harvest,
overflowing with gratitude for a fruitful past,
filling with expectation as the seed is sown.

From Elizabeth Caperton

A song and a poem to help in Sandra's transition. She was a special and dear friend: always giving, loving, and sharing. I'll miss her ready smile, soft laugh, and big heart!

I don't remember all the words, but:

Those who wait on the Lord shall renew their strength.
They shall mount up on wings as eagles.
They shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and
not faint,
Help us, Lord, help us, Lord, in Thy way."

...because Sandra truly did 'wait on the Lord' in so many ways and I'm sure she is now with the eagles.

Peace, my heart, let the time for the parting be sweet.
Let it not be a death but completeness.
Let love melt into memory and pain into songs.
Let the flight through the sky end in the folding of the
wings over the nest.
Let the last touch of your hands be gentle like the
flower of the night.
Stand still, O Beautiful End, for a moment, and say
your last words in silence.
I bow to you and hold up my lamp to light you on your
way.

— Rabindranath Tagore, "Peace my heart"

Love you and miss you deeply, dear Sandra!

From Jean Long

Something mystical and mythical has happened to us as we shared with Sandra and her loved ones gathered our common wisdom from so many years ago—and the wisdom of the ages which we had gathered in dispersion.

How to talk about this global outpouring of care and remembrance. In sharing our acceptance of the sacredness of the last phase of Sandra's life, we brought to it the transparency that we have experienced in our lives as we study books of spirit practice or experience. I have been alive and aware of my own transparency as the care and wisdom and compassion of this community flowed through us all.

Sandra has left us not only her presence in the healing of the OE and the ICA but also in opening her heart to this incredible response to the event of her illness and death.

I will miss our closeness. Love to you all

From Gordon Harper

On the occasion of Sandra's passing.

Written on a flight from Seattle to San Antonio

We see too well how hard it is
To find so much of memory gone;
To grin and bear the aches of age –
Our own and those around us;
And deuced hard it has to be
To say goodbye so frequently
To those with whom we've worked and fought
And cared and laughed and rolled our eyes.

How then this wash of quiet joy,
This sense of blessing in the taking,
Unbidden sweep of gratitude,
That takes its way through bone and brain
And makes it so confounded hard
To see life left as any less?

— "Flare," Gordon Harper

From Nancy Lanphear

My love, I miss you!
More times than I can count
I have called out your name
or come to share secrets,
And the tears come.
I look at your photo
and the tears come.
I read notes of love from others
and the tears come.
Our years together are like a string of pearls,
beautiful and strong.

My love,
I miss you but would not call you back.
You lived your life fully and well.
You took leave of us in a peaceful way.
Now you are gone,
And the tears come.

— “And the Tears Come,” Nancy Lanphear (written
at the time of Fred’s death 2010)

From Randy Williams

To Sandra, for the journey,

We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And to know the place for the first time...

Quick now, here, now, always—
A condition of complete simplicity
(Costing not less than everything)
And all shall be well and
All manner of thing shall be well...

— *Four Quartets*, T. S. Eliot

From Vinod and Kamala Parekh

The Parekhs join Bob, Lynn, and global colleagues in celebrating the completed life of dear Sandra.

Let me sleep, for my soul is intoxicated with love and
Let me rest, for my spirit has had its bounty of days
and nights;
Light the candles and burn the incense around my
bed, and
Scatter leaves of jasmine and roses over my body;
Embalm my hair with frankincense and sprinkle my
feet with perfume,
And read what the hand of Death has written on my
forehead.

Let me rest in the arms of Slumber, for my open eyes
are tired;
Let the silver-stringed lyre quiver and soothe my
spirit;
Weave from the harp and lute a veil around my
withering heart.

Sing of the past as you behold the dawn of hope in my
eyes, for
It's magic meaning is a soft bed upon which my heart
rests.

Dry your tears, my friends, and raise your heads as the
flowers
Raise their crowns to greet the dawn.
Look at the bride of Death standing like a column of
light
Between my bed and the infinite;

Hold your breath and listen with me to the beckoning
rustle of
Her white wings.

Come close and bid me farewell; touch my eyes with
smiling lips.

Let the children grasp my hands with soft and rosy
fingers;

Let the aged place their veined hands upon my head
and bless me;

Let the virgins come close and see the shadow of God
in my eyes,

And hear the echo of His will racing with my breath.

— Kahlil Gibran, "The Beauty of Death, Part One—
The Calling"

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The Vigil for Sandra True

From LiDoña Wagner

We are holding Sandra, Bob, Lynn, Mark and his wife and two children in our hearts. Many are lighting candles during their prayers. George Walters sent this ritual for those who would like to incorporate it into their time of prayer, meditation and sending healing energy.

Sandra True Prayer Vigil

On the hour

We ring a bell and all activities cease.

In silence we reflect on the great gift that Sandra is in our lives.

Not just about the great things she does, but the grace and presence with which she does them.

And we give thanks.

We ring a bell

In Silence we pray for the kind of world she is always working for. Not in Generalities but in specifics such as a strong and vibrant 'Servant of the Servants' force in EI/ICA.

For health care systems at the local level that reach every human being in need.

We ring a bell

We join our consciousness with the universal consciousness of all that is good and accepted.

Finally we ask that she may have a restful night in the assurance that the universe itself is loving her.

End of the hour

We ring a bell

New York	Person Praying, Time Meditating, Sending Energy
1 a.m.	Dharmalingham E. Maynard Moore Evelyn Kurahara Philbrook
2 a.m.	Sharry Lachman Jean Long Sunny Walker
1 a.m.	Eunice Shankland
3:30 a.m.	Geri Tolman
4 a.m.	Cynthia Vance Gail West Lewis Pierce
5 a.m.	John Cock Al Lingo Joyce Bonafield Divya Karun of Jaipur, India
6 a.m.	George Holcombe Shelley Hahn Lynda Cock Marie Sharpe Sandy Conant Strachan Murial Griffin Wendell St. John

New York Time	Person Praying, Meditating, Sending Energy
7 a.m.	Marilyn Crocker Carolyn Antenen Sue Laxdal Mary Laura Jones Steve Laxdal Paula Philbrooke Larry Ward Jean Smith Nan and Bill Grow
8 a.m.	Beret Griffith Nancy Trask Judi White
9 a.m.	Phyllis Hockley Nancy Lanphear Frank Knutson Elise & George Packard Jean Watts Ruth Gilbert Pat Webb Jennifer Mann Hillman
9:15 a.m.	Sarah Buss
9:30 a.m.	Martha Talbott
10 a.m.	Rob Work Dorothea Jewell Pat Tuecke Priscilla Wilson
11 a.m.	Wesley Lachman Catherine Marsh

New York Time	Person Praying, Meditating, Sending Energy
12 noon	Joe Thomas Burna Dunn Shirley Mueller Sheela Westre Mary D'Souza
1 p.m.	George Walters Elizabeth Caperton Joan Knutson
2 p.m.	Pam Bergdall Ann Epps
2:30 p.m.	John Epps
3 p.m.	Louise Singleton Jan Ulangca Kitty Cole
4 p.m.	Anne Wood Marge Philbrook Jana Bergdall
5 p.m.	Jeanette Stanfield Catherine Welch Judy Weddle
6 p.m.	David Dunn
6:30 p.m.	Kamala & Vinod Parekh
7 p.m.	Rebecca Nichols Molly Shaw Jann Maguire Judy Tippet

New York Time	Person Praying, Meditating, Sending Energy
8 p.m.	Leah Early Olive Ann & Jim Slotta Cheryl Kartes
9 p.m.	Jack & Judy Gilles
9:30 p.m.	Doris Hahn
9:45 p.m.	Charles Hahn Wanda Holcombe
10 p.m.	Roseanne Sands Lauri Shaw Susan Craver Carole Walters Jack and Louise Ballard Karen Snyder
11 p.m.	Karen Sims Judith Hamje LiDoña Wagner
12 Midnight	Tracey Longacre Joyce Sloane Mary Warren Moffett Lela Jahn

Praying at unspecified times

- Nelson, Kay Fulkerson, Ken Fisher
- ICA: Australia initiated its own vigil. It included Isobel Bishop and Katrin Ogilvy, John and Elaine Telford, and Kevin Balm
- Beret Griffith's church prayed for Sandra.
- Eunice and Sherwood Shankland asked their Prayer Team to pray for Sandra.
- Marianne and Clancy Mann added Sandra to the Prayer Chain maintained by 14 members of the Gaithersburg Presbyterian Church.
- Wayne Ellsworth did Japanese Reiki daily for Sandra.
- Jack and Louise Ballard added Sandra to the prayer list at Ebenezer UMC
- Sandra was named and held in the prayers of Joe and Marilyn's rural UCC church in West Newfield and in their weekly Bible study.
- Priscilla Wilson added Sandra True to the weekly prayer list at Village Presbyterian Church in Prairie Village, Kansas and was "...in our thoughts and prayers constantly."
- Sandra was added to the prayer list the Church of the Holy Spirit in Lake Forest, Illinois by Kitty Cole.

Sandra was a connector. She had worked and lived in many places around the world. She was a person profoundly committed to community and to the reality of Spirit in life. Her community was “Those Who Care linked in a Global Spirit Community.”

— From Robert True’s Introduction



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