

The Life Celebration
Of
Sandra "Sandy" Rafos

February 8, 1936 - November 13, 2023

Beloved

Wife

Mother

Sister

Grandmother

Great-Grandmother

Colleague

Friend

Order of Service

Gathering Song "I am willing" by Holly Near

Allison Kabayama with Susanne Maziarz

Welcome.....Sharon Rafos

Song "Swimming to the other Side" by Emma's Revolution

Allison Kabayama with Susanne Maziarz

Lighting of the Chalice..... Sandy's Daughters

Service Opening..... Reverend Pat Trudeau

Prayer of St. Francis Reading.....Kim Sirrine

Musical Tribute, "A Song to Honor Grandmother Sandy"

Sung by friends of Sandy who have done Ceremony together.

A Tribute to Mom.....Robin Roy

A Tribute to Mom.....Sharon Rafos

A Tribute to a Friend.....Miriam Patterson

Song: "Amazing Grace".....Congregation

Led by Allison Kabayama with Susanne Maziarz

A Tribute to a FriendJoan Walder

A Tribute to a FriendMariam Gibson

A Tribute to a FriendElsie Packard (video)

Song, "Imagine" by John Lennon

Allison Kabayama with Susanne Maziarz

Celebrating a Life.....Reverend Pat Trudeau

Tributes from NUUC Friends.....Read by Allison Kabayama

Extinguishing of the Chalice.....Sandy's Daughters

Closing Invitation.....Robin Roy

Postlude: "I am willing" by Holly Near

Allison Kabayama with Susanne Maziarz

Sandy's family invites everyone to join us in a post service reception.

In the spirit of Sandy, the family has made quilted feathers from her fabric collection to share with her friends and loved ones.

We invite you to take one as a keepsake reminder of her

Adventurous

Creative

Vibrant

Giving

Spirit.



WHEN GREAT TREES FALL

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

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

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

Great souls die and
our reality, bound to
them, takes leave of us.
Our souls,
dependent upon their
nurture,
now shrink, wizened.
Our minds, formed
and informed by their
radiance, fall away.
We are not so much maddened
as reduced to the unutterable ignorance
of dark, cold
caves.

And when great souls die,
after a period peace blooms,
slowly and always
irregularly. Spaces fill
with a kind of
soothing electric vibration.

to be the same, whisper to us.
They existed. They existed.
We can be. Be and be
better. For they existed.

~ Maya Angelou