

A
Celebration
of the
Completed Life
of
Patricia Mae Porter

BORN
August 14, 1940
Birmingham, Alabama

DIED
April 1, 1996
Hamilton, Ontario

*'Let them be seen through eyes
loving and longing to be at one with the Cosmos,
to link our tears with the primal elements
from which we come and to which we return.'
... Patricia Porter*

Ritual of Completion and Passage to the Light

Welcome: Forming a Circle

Song: God Beyond All Names

Her Breadth and Depth as a Woman

Context

Personal Mission Statement

Patricia's Writings and Poetry

Stories and Remembrances

Song: At the Center Tranquil

Passage to the Light

Meditation

Chant

Reading

Celebration Feast to follow

All welcome

Personal Mission Statement

Our sole defense, our only weapon, is a life of integrity...
Corinthians II

Preamble

At the core of my life is mystery. I honour that above all. It is the source of my humility, gratitude and compassion. Before the power of the universe I am an eye blink. I aligned myself as much as is in my power to do, with that mystery. From it flows my infinite freedom, the givens of my existence and my remarkable possibilities. I co-created with this mysterious power.

At the Center Tranquil

Tune: Shenandoah

Universe illumination, all unknown, absurd assurance
Everywhere is found life's meaning, and I, I am the way
at the center tranquil.

There's no hope, yet all is hopeful, they're no cares,
there are no problems
No enemies, no earthly foes, and I, I am the struggle
at the center tranquil.

Pulsing exhilaration, everything's become a blessing
Embraced by joy, a dance of rapture, and I, I am the
stillness
at the center tranquil.

Gloriously condemned to die, life is new, a great
resurgence
Community with all the faithful, and I, I am forever
at the center tranquil.

Chant

*The earth, the water, the fire, the air,
Return, Return, Return, Return.*

Do Not Stand at My Grave

*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 glints on snow,
I am the sunset on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn's rain.*

*When you awaken in the mornings hush,
I am the sweet uplifting rush
of quiet birds in circled flight,
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry
I am not there, I did not die.*

This Remembrance Event was held:
in Chicago, Illinois, on April 13, 1996,
hosted by JoAnn Cannon,
Patricia's long-time spirit "buddy."