

# Rose Kennedy

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Funeral Service

**Saturday, February 16, 2013**

**1st Music piece: Michael P  
Chopin, Nocturne**

**Minister Benjamin Y Introduction**

We are gathered today to remember and to celebrate the life of our beloved friend, Rose Kennedy Shafer. We are grateful and inspired by Rose's dedication to her evolution, to her inconspicuous service to Robert, and to the Fellowship.

Each student influences the school through their efforts, their being and their efforts.

Let us stand, and honor Rose with our presence.

(Silence)

Thank-you.

Rose's return to the source of creation is a fate that we all ultimately share. Robert teaches us that ascending souls finish their roles very well prepared, having received the presence *fully* allotted to them in this life.

In mourning our loss, let us take solace in the knowledge that Rose's divine soul is but one brief lifetime away from completing its task.

**2<sup>nd</sup> Music piece: Michael P, Dionisio M  
Mozart, Movement from the Clarinet concerto**

**Minister Benjamin Y**

Now we shall hear sonnet 116 by William Shakespeare, read by Michael G.

**Reading: Michael G**

*Sonnet 116, William Shakespeare*

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

### Minister Benjamin Y

Now we shall hear the Eulogy for Rose from her friend Patricia C.

**Rose F. Kennedy Shafer**  
July 26, 1948 ~ February 2, 2013  
Eulogy, Apollo, February 16, 2013

Love is not an easy feeling to put into words. Nor is loyalty, or trust, or joy. But Rose was all of these. She loved life completely and she lived it fully. Rose and I have been friends since 1976, when we met on her first journey to Apollo; she was a new student from Los Angeles. She has always been a loyal and faithful friend.

It is difficult to lose someone who has helped shape you into who you are today. Rose was a conscientious, intelligent, caring and very thoughtful person. Many people cared for her and she cared for many people.

Rose was born in the Philippines and christened Rosita Francisco. When she was eight months old her family moved to San Francisco. She attended Mission High School and went on to receive her Bachelor of Science degree in Nursing at San Francisco State University. After practicing clinical nursing for a number of years she entered the world of healthcare information technology, and worked as an executive in this role from 2008 to the time of her death.

Rose enjoyed traveling to visit museums and gardens and roads less traveled. We shared a passion for the arts and worked together with Michael Goodwin in creating the Apollo Arts Board in 1987.

In June 2007 she married the love of her life Michael in a stunningly beautiful ceremony at the Mandarin Oriental Hotel overlooking San Francisco and the Bay. The understated refinement of this event spoke volumes about Rose's aesthetic.

These last years she served on the Fellowship Board of Directors in several capacities, leading always with her heart intent on protecting Robert and our School.

Rose passed away on Saturday, February 2, following a brief illness. She had an aggressive and fast growing form of rare cancer that was challenging to diagnose and impossible to treat.

She was surrounded by Michael, her sisters, brothers & close friends, who stood vigil day & night over her frail body to show our love to this remarkable woman. She remains lovely, always. She told me that I lifted her spirits and I felt such joy in her presence.

Robert told Rose that it had been a true honor to evolve with her & that soon we would meet again face to face in Paradise; *that we will recognize one another by our energy.*

The hour of death cannot be foreseen; we imagine that hour to be in an obscure and distant future. It never occurs to us that it has any connection with a day already begun.

Even as the illness began to take energy from her, she set out to finish up projects at work and her two homes in her own way: to complete with excellence what she had begun.

When there were periods of crisis, she stood beside us. When there were periods of happiness, she laughed with us. And when there were periods of sorrow, she comforted us. Now we must look forward.

When I think of Rose, I think of what Shakespeare said in *Romeo & Juliet*:

"When she shall die - take her and cut her out into stars and she shall make the face of heaven so fine -  
that all the world will be in love with night - and pay no worship to the garish sun."

Thank you for remembering Rose....

### **3<sup>rd</sup> Music piece: Orpheo Ensemble with Coral, soloist Mozart, Laudate Dominum**

#### **Minister Benjamin Y**

Now we shall hear *Quatrains from the Rubaiyat of Omar Kahyyam*, read by Timothy.

#### **Reading: Timothy**

*Quatrains from the Rubaiyat of Omar Kahyyam*

'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days  
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays:  
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,  
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,  
Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,  
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it

Ah Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire  
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,  
Would not we shatter it to bits -- and then  
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

### **4<sup>th</sup> Music piece: Orpheo Ensemble with Zoila, soloist Cesar Franck, Panis Angelicus**

#### **Minister Benjamin Y Conclusion:**

Those students who were part of the silent vigil of Rose's last few hours became vividly aware, as they watched Rose's pulse and heartbeats diminish, that the meaning to life may be reduced to three aims:

to promote presence always,  
to serve something higher than oneself,  
and to learn to Love.

Now, it is time to bid our farewell to Rose.

May we allow the love that she developed during her life to inspire us in our Work, and in our love for each other.

### Candle ceremony and Bearing of the urn

#### **At the Cemetery:**

#### **Minister Benjamin Y Introduction**

Here on this beautiful day and in this blessed place, we return Rose's ashes to the earth. Her play on earth is complete; and we release her to hers, and our, true home.

#### **Reading: Graylin R**

*Rumi, Gone to the Unseen*

At last you have departed and gone to the Unseen.  
What marvelous route did you take from this world?

Beating your wings and feathers,  
you broke free from this cage.  
Rising up to the sky  
you attained the world of the soul.  
You were a prized falcon trapped in a woman's form.  
Then you heard the drummer's call and flew beyond space and time.

As a lovesick nightingale, you flew among the owls.  
Then came the scent of the rose garden and you flew off to meet the Rose.

The wine of this fleeting world  
caused your head to ache.  
Finally you joined the tavern of Eternity.  
Like an arrow, you sped from the bow and went straight for the bull's eye of bliss.

This phantom world gave you false signs  
But you turned from the illusion  
and journeyed to the land of truth.

You are now the Sun -  
what need have you for a crown?  
You have vanished from this world -  
what need have you to tie your robe?

I've heard that you can barely see your soul.  
But why look at all? -  
yours is now the Soul of Souls!

O heart, what a wonderful bird you are.  
Seeking divine heights,  
Flapping your wings,  
you smashed the pointed spears of your enemy.

The flowers flee from Autumn, but not you -  
You are the fearless rose  
that grows amidst the freezing wind.

Pouring down like the rain of heaven you fell upon the rooftop of this world.  
Then you ran in every direction  
and escaped through the drain spout . . .

Now the words are over  
and the pain they bring is gone.  
Now you have gone to rest  
in the arms of the Beloved.

Urn bearer puts urn in the grave.

#### Minister Benjamin Y Last Invocation and Conclusion

At the last, tenderly,  
From the walls of the powerful fortress'd house,  
From the clasp of the knitted locks, from the keep of the well-closed doors,  
Let me be wafted.  
Let me glide noiselessly forth;  
With the key of softness unlock the locks; with a whisper,  
Set open the doors, O soul.

Minister and company take rose petals.

The earth returns to the earth, and the inner divine flame returns to its divine source.

Rabia said, 'Love comes from eternity, and returns into eternity.'

The circle of life is complete.

Let us join together in saying farewell to Rose.  
Rose petals in the grave. The leaving begins.