

**Funeral Service**

**for**

***Gloria Calpouzos Cambridge***

**(1929 – 2010)**

**Saturday, February 27, 2010**

Girard Haven, minister

## *MEMORIAL SERVICE*

### **Minister's Introduction**

We have gathered here to celebrate the life of a beloved friend, Gloria Calpouzos, known her many friends in the Fellowship as Gloria Cambridge. Today, we give expression to our deep gratitude for the privilege of sharing our lives, love, and our work with her. Let us stand for a few moments and honor Gloria with prolonged presence.



How should a life be measured? Not by external accomplishments but by inner ones — by the love one gives and creates, by the way one transforms the earthly into the divine, by the way one fights for an inner life. Gloria's role was not one of great public prominence, but of faithful, constant unswerving support and service: service to her husband, Lucas; to her children and family; to her friends, and they were many; to her Teacher, to our School, and to Influence C; and to her own evolution. Although her failing health forced her to diminish her activity in recent years, we will miss her quiet, steady, unassuming presence nevertheless. And we best show our appreciation by striving to emulate her inspiring example of what it means to be an evolving human being.

**Musical Interlude: James Kowalick: *Cambridge Waltz*. Francis Knoll, piano**

**Reading: Walt Whitman: *Song of the Open Road*. John Graham, reader.**

All parts away for the progress of souls,  
All religion, all solid things, arts, government—all that was or is apparent upon this  
globe or any globe, falls into niches and corners before the procession of souls  
along the grand roads of the universe.

Of the progress of souls of men and women along the grand roads of the universe,  
all other progress is the needed emblem and sustenance.

Forever alive, forever forward,  
Stately, solemn, sad, withdrawn, baffled, mad, turbulent, feeble, dissatisfied,  
Desperate, proud, fond, sick, accepted by men, rejected by men,  
They go! they go! I know that they go, but I know where they go,  
But I know that they go toward the best—toward something great.

## **Eulogy: Corrina Craigmill**

**From small beginnings come great things.** [Proverbs] Hard beginnings can produce good endings. Born in Spanish Harlem in New York City, Gloria Paradis began a life's journey which lasted eighty years one hundred and twenty four days. Her father died when she was only four years old. Once when she thought she was about to end her role, she told me of a recurring vision she had of her father rocking back in forth in his favorite rocking chair, deeply regretting his leaving her without ever having a chance to say goodbye.

The timing of these personal shocks can greatly shape our characters. Her mother remarried, bringing a new father and some siblings. She was also given a well-educated half-sister, who was instrumental in sending Gloria to an Audubon nature camp in Maine. This natural and stimulating environment set Gloria on a path of discovery. She often visited the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, and she attended a prestigious high school, where she earned a two-year scholarship to Cornell University. There she met Lucas Calpouzos, who shared her love of dancing. They soon became partners in dance — and partners for life.

Lucas and Gloria married in Connecticut and traveled to Harvard University in Boston, where Lucas was studying for his doctorate degree. A scholarship in tropical botany took them to Cuba, where the Atkins Sugar Plantation had set aside 200 acres for study. Gloria, always strong in spirit though frail in body, wanted to have their first child delivered in an American hospital. With assistance from the university, they were able to fly from Cuba to Cambridge, Massachusetts, for the birth of their first son, Thomas. Their lovely daughter Catherine was born four years later.

After eight years in Cuba and Puerto Rico, they traveled to Bristol, England, for one of the coldest years on record, and then moved to St. Paul, Minnesota, where they lived from 1963 to 1971. Moving yet again, this time out west, Lucas was given a position at the University of Idaho. Demonstrating a tremendous tenacity that drove her being throughout her life, Gloria was able to resume her studies in nutrition. After thirty years from a start in the '40's to the completion in the late '70's to early '80's, she earned a bachelor's, and then a master's degree in human nutrition from the University of Idaho in Moscow.

Lucas met the Fellowship of Friends, and Robert Burton, joining the school in 1975. Gloria started reading the work books and joined the next year. They were asked to open a center in Moscow, and placed bookmarks in local bookstores, one of which Arthur (my husband) and I found. While Star Wars was playing in the theater next to the bookstore, Lucas and Gloria opened up their home to tell Arthur and me about a conscious teacher and our incredible search for the miraculous. Gloria baked bread for the third prospective student meeting, demonstrating how valuable aromas can be in creating memory. We joined the Moscow Center, went to what was then called the “Ranch” or the “Farm” for July fourth celebrations, and then moved to Oklahoma shortly thereafter.

Gloria kept contact with us through letters while we opened a center in Stillwater. Always loyal and strong supporters of the work and the school, Gloria and Lucas provided an anchor for many students new to the work. They moved to Chico one month before we moved to Davis. Again, we opened a center there, which they visited, while we, in our turn, visited them. We traveled to large meetings in San Francisco together, and Gloria and Lucas were often traveling teachers to other centers as well as to the Davis center.

Never one to sit long without offering an angle, Gloria was a good listener and readily applied the work to her own and others' spiritual development. She would stand up at a meeting and give an angle connecting what was said to some personal aim one might use to improve their state. I remember asking for advice when I was having difficulty with another student, and she said, "Were you aware of the tension in your face muscles and the tone of voice as you spoke to them?" Then she said she practiced relaxing her face muscles every day. In a reading group she attended faithfully for many years, she would always read the material and be prepared, whether she could speak or not. She often surprised us with her astute perceptiveness.

Gloria designed and oversaw the building of their beautiful home at Apollo, which was completed in 1987. Hundreds of students have visited, stayed overnight and enjoyed the generous hospitality which they provided for over twenty years. Enjoyment and expertise in and of waltzing led them to preside over many waltzes at Apollo, and when Gloria could no longer dance, she would still dress in her beautiful ball gown and sit at a table while Lucas danced. Arthur and I will never forget watching them dance the tango at home. A true art form they shared, it was perhaps one of the most difficult activities for them to let go of.

Gloria was a good mother and grandmother, who believed strongly in her family. She was determined to have a quality life which included good medical care. Often this meant telling some of the many doctors exactly what she wanted and needed, even when it went directly against what they prescribed. No wilting flower, she was a real tigress with a strong spirit, and a firm believer in higher states, the presence of the divinity in a good life and a guardian angel which never left her or her family. Leaving a wonderful legacy in her husband Lucas, in her loving son Tom, his wife Deb and their son Garrett, and in her loving daughter Catherine, her husband Paul, their son Peter and their two daughters, Carolyn and Anne, Gloria's spirit lives on.

We said goodbye many times over the years, but again and again she miraculously bounced back. We were always so happy to say hello. When we visited the day before she passed, Lucas told us she had just had another episode and the nurse was with her. I went right in and held her hand, she was obviously having difficulty breathing. With my other hand I tried to cover her with the sheet, but she waved me off whispering, "Thank you, Author, Author," which is what she called Arthur. I called him into the room, and he held her hand to say goodbye without saying any words. Good friends don't have to talk, he had told her many times before. She was so ready to go, nothing could hold her back from merging with the infinite this time. We all know the body is not the spirit, that the body is only the vehicle. We will always remember our dear friend Gloria. Our spiritual journey together is eternal.

**Musical Interlude: Vivaldi: *Gloria, Domine Deus.* Coral Romero, soprano; Anicca Bat-Adam, flute; Marina Swales, piano**

**Reading: *Romans 12:1-2.* Mari Reeves, reader.**

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God.

**Minister's Conclusion.**

Perhaps our most precious memories of Gloria will be as a person who devoted her life to the pursuit Presence. As such, she was indeed a model servant, always ready to do whatever she reasonably could to actualize the will of God. This attitude is beautifully described in the familiar words of the Lord's Prayer:

Our Father who art in heaven,  
Hallowed be thy name.  
Thy kingdom come.  
Thy will be done  
On earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread,  
And forgive us our trespasses,  
As we forgive those who trespass against us.  
Lead us not into temptation,  
But deliver us from evil;  
For thine is the kingdom, the power  
And the glory forever. Amen.

*The Minister then says to all in attendance:*

The Lord bless you and keep you:  
The Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you:  
The Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace.



And now you are all invited to join us at the Apollo Cemetery, where we will commit Gloria's mortal remains to the earth.

## ***BURIAL SERVICE***

Dear friends, we are gathered here in the beautiful Apollo Cemetery to commit the mortal remains of our departed friend, Gloria Cambridge, to the earth.

### **Reading: Mark 13:31-37.**

Heaven and earth will pass away, but my words will not pass away. But of that day or that hour no one knows, not even the angels in heaven, nor the Son, but only the Father. Take heed, watch; for you do not know when the time will come. It is like a man going on a journey, when he leaves home and puts his servants in charge, each with his work, and commands the doorkeeper to be on the watch. Watch therefore for you do not know when the master of the house will come, in the evening, or at midnight, or at cockcrow, or in the morning, lest he come suddenly and find you asleep. And what I say to you I say to all: Watch.

### **Musical Interlude: J. S. Bach: *Bist Du Bei Mir*. Arthur Craigmill, baritone.**

*The urn is then lowered into the grave. The minister then says:*

Remember, man, that you are dust and unto dust you shall return.

*The minister then scatters a handful of rose petals upon the urn, after which he says:*

The dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit returns to God who gave it.

### **Reading: from Rabi'a**

I am not afraid of death.  
Death will be eternal union with my Beloved.  
I know this.  
Above, beyond all the union I know on this earth.  
I am confident of this.  
Death will be my bridge.

*The minister concludes the ceremony by saying:*

You are all invited to pay your respects by scattering rose petals into the grave. And by so doing, may our sorrow be buried in the past, as we proceed to Apollo d'Oro to commemorate our friend by celebrating the gift of life that is yet allotted to each of us.