

Memorial Service for Rebecca McCarty

Rebecca McCarty

April 24, 1953 – November 15, 2020

Memorial Service

April 24, 2021

Minister Gail Matthew's Introduction

Good afternoon dear friends. We are here today to honor the life of our beloved friend, Rebecca McCarty.

We are here to hold Rebecca in our hearts for this brief period, and then release her, together transforming our sorrow into presence.

We welcome Rebecca's loving family: her husband, Chris; her daughter Terra; and Ann, Rebecca's mother. We also wish to welcome those loved ones who are viewing remotely: Rebecca's father Sid, and his wife Maria; Rebecca's dear brother, Sidney. Thank you for joining us today.

At the death of a friend, we can see their play as a whole. We can see it as we cannot yet fully see our own: as a perfect, complete, and realized destiny. Now we more clearly understand the payment and contribution that Rebecca made, and we are grateful for her intuitive, nurturing essence, her honesty, and her loyal and consistent support of the school and the teacher.

Let us stand and remember Rebecca in silent presence.

(Silence)

Thank you.

The physical body is designed to produce presence and being, and then to be laid aside. Walt Whitman said, "The best of me then, when no longer visible, for toward that I have been incessantly striving." Rebecca takes with her the presence that she has gained in this lifetime, and her connection with Influence C. Our teacher has said, "That is all we can take with us, but it is more than enough."

[Reading: *Give Me the Splendid Sun*, by Walt Whitman]
(Reader: Chris Mattingly)

GIVE me the splendid silent sun, with all his beams full-
dazzling;
Give me juicy autumnal fruit, ripe and red from the
orchard;
Give me a field where the unmow'd grass grows;
Give me an arbor, give me the trellis'd grape;
Give me fresh corn and wheat—give me serene-moving
animals, teaching content;
Give me nights perfectly quiet, as on high plateaus west
of the Mississippi, and I looking up at the stars;
Give me odorous at sunrise a garden of beautiful flowers,
where I can walk undisturb'd;
Give me for marriage a sweet-breath'd woman, of whom
I should never tire;

Give me a perfect child—give me, away, aside from the
noise of the world, a rural domestic life;
Give me to warble spontaneous songs, reliev'd, recluse
by myself, for my own ears only;
Give me solitude—give me Nature—give me again,
O Nature, your primal sanities!

[Music: Flute]

(Musician: Rustam Baibikov)

Eulogy: Peter Lubbers

Good afternoon, friends. *Today* would have been Rebecca's 68th birthday. She was born "*Nancy Ann McCarty*" in Highlands, North Carolina on April 24th, 1953, the daughter of Ann and Sid McCarty.

Rebecca had a truly remarkable and magical childhood. From the day her younger brother Sid was born she looked after him, and never stopped. They grew up together, practically joined at the hip.

Growing up in Florida, Rebecca and her brother played together from morning to night, wandering care-free in the woods and orange groves where they built forts and hiked for miles and miles. They usually stayed out until hunger forced them home. At their house, there was no TV and the kids grew up listening to their mother, Ann, telling fairy tales and stories from Arabian Nights.

Rebecca's grandparents lived on the edge of a primeval, old-growth forest full of Rhododendron trees and mysterious caves. Family visits there gave her even more opportunities to explore nature. Occasionally she and her brother would get lost, but through the years, Rebecca would learn how to survive in the woods and how to be one with nature.

When Rebecca was still very young, her then 90-year old great grandmother—a tough and quiet pioneer—took her by the hand, grabbed a shovel, and after digging a small trench, she reached into her apron and grabbed a handful of seeds for Rebecca to plant. When things started to grow just days later, Rebecca was filled with a sense of wonder and her lifelong passion for agriculture and farming was ignited.

As they became older, Rebecca and her brother would hunt the Florida lakes for driftwood that would wash up on shore. They'd make objects out of the wood to sell at local markets. When Rebecca was only about 12 years old, her father took a job in Michigan and they traveled around the state in a motorhome, exploring new places on the weekends when he was off work. One day, her father came back from work and Rebecca told him excitedly that she had made some money working for a neighbor and that she had saved up enough to buy a pony. In fact... she had already bought one!

Sid (Senior) exclaimed "*but, we can't bring the pony back to Florida in our RV!*" to which Rebecca promptly replied "*I know that, dad, I figured it all out. I am going to train it, and sell it, and then buy another one at home.*" And so began her enduring love for horses. From an early age, she was a gifted horse trainer who could calm even the wildest ones that nobody else could ride.

Rebecca always kept that entrepreneurial spirit; she always preferred to be her own boss—to do her own thing. In fact, she never worked for anyone in her life with one exception: a one-year job working at Disney World’s Space Mountain/TomorrowLand. As fun as that job seemed, Rebecca did not like having to conform to other people’s standards and dressing a certain way, so she moved on.

Everybody who had the privilege of knowing Rebecca can see how those themes from her childhood truly formed who she became. Even in the ways of the heart, Rebecca had her own mind. She married her first husband at a very young age, and soon after that she gave birth to her daughter Terra—a beautiful addition to Rebecca’s life, and named after mother-earth, Terra grew into Rebecca’s trusted and loyal friend. Rebecca would marry again, to Samuel, David, and Andreas.

For the last twenty years, she shared her life with Chris, farming and raising horses and livestock together—producing wonderful produce—and presence—for the community.

From an early age, Rebecca had a keen interest in the mystical side of life. You could say it was “*part of her DNA*” as she hailed from multiple generations of what Gurdjieff would call “*seekers of the truth.*”

Rebecca’s grandmother was a member of the New York City Gurdjieff Foundation, and shared a lot of system ideas with Rebecca's mother, Ann. Because of this, Rebecca and her brother grew up with the fourth-way work ideas. As they got older, they would sit by the lakeside, drink coffee, and discuss philosophical ideas with friends and family.

So when a friend of theirs found a bookmark, they decided to call because she said: “*Heck, there was a phone number from Tampa, Florida on it!*” The result was a prospective student meeting for their entire family at their home.

Already intimately familiar with many of the work ideas, Rebecca and her mother Ann joined the St. Petersburg, Florida, center that same night—on January 1st, 1977—while Sid Sr. and Rebecca’s then-husband joined not long after.

Rebecca was part of the Miami and Seattle centers before moving to Apollo in 1979 and that is where she changed her name to “*Rebecca,*” which means “*to tie firmly,*” as in, “*a knot that will not slip.*”

She lived in many places around Oregon House and every place she stayed in turned green. Dry gardens and backyards were transformed into lush and productive gardens. She had the magic touch when it came to farming. One friend remarked that, “*Rebecca was always cultivating something ~ whether in the garden or spiritually.*”

Rebecca also loved drawing and painting. Her artwork always captured the spirit of her subjects in beautiful ways, whether they were horses, cows, or dogs, or the red barn next to their house. Rebecca was a veritable fountain of great ideas. She came up with an idea to sell simple manure as “*Fertile Dirt*” in order to increase its marketability. She had endless ideas to help people work smarter; not harder. Now... she did not always put these great ideas into practice herself, but that did not stop her from dreaming up more great things.

She taught a tremendous number of people to ride horses, to farm, and even taught me how to be a better runner. She once observed me running on a trail and offered one simple correction: “*Never lose elevation.*” This practical insight came from her many years of experience riding horses and hiking with her dad on single-track trails in the mountains. Her advice will be with me forever, and is even more meaningful when applied to a spiritual level—never “*lose elevation*” as you make spiritual gains.

Rebecca was highly perceptive and could instinctively connect to people, animals, and nature in an instant. Her quiet and observing look could sometimes be a bit intimidating if you did not know her, but under that silent pioneering woman's strong exterior, was a gentle and kind soul always ready to help and share.

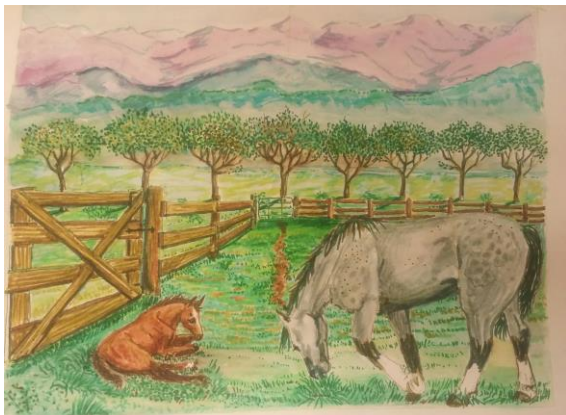
In a letter to Robert, Rebecca wrote: “*I am not a wealthy person, or a particularly educated one, at least in terms of regular schools. And I know I don't always quite “fit” into the Fellowship form. I do my work, best as I am able. You can count on me to be there, supporting you and our school as long as I am able, according to my talents.*”

Even though Rebecca suffered from high blood pressure, which caused her considerable discomfort she was very active online, generously sharing all of her practical fourth way wisdom in forum discussions. But in recent years, Rebecca's health slowly took a turn for the worse. One day, Rebecca felt particularly bad and decided to go to the hospital. As she was getting ready, she started feeling worse. Her last words to Chris were, “*I think my machine is malfunctioning.*” Rebecca's strong inner work demonstrated itself even till the very end—separating her soul from her mechanical body.

We will forever miss Rebecca's down-to-earth spirit and penetrating being, but she would have wanted her passing to be a reminder to all of us to live life fully.

Henry David Thoreau once said, “*I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived.*”

Rebecca: you've certainly lived fully. Now, dear friend, you will never lose elevation.



[Music: Flute]

(Musician: Rustam Baibikov)

[Reading: *A child said, What is the grass?* by Walt Whitman]

(Reader: Salvatore Capuano)

A child said What is the grass? fetching it to me with full hands;
How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more than he.
I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green stuff woven.

Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,
A scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropt,
Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners, that we may see and remark, and say **Whose?**

Or I guess the grass is itself a child, the produced babe of the vegetation.

....

And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves.

Tenderly will I use you curling grass,
It may be you transpire from the breasts of young men,
It may be you are from old people, or from offspring taken,
It may be if I had known them I would have loved them, soon out of their mothers' laps,
And here you are the mothers' laps.

....

I wish I could translate the hints about the dead young men and women,
And the hints about old men and mothers, and the offspring taken soon out of their laps.
What do you think has become of the young and old men?
And what do you think has become of the women and children?

They are alive and well somewhere,
The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,
And if ever there was it led forward life, and does not wait at the end to arrest it,
And ceas'd the moment life appear'd.

All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,
And to die is different from what any one supposed, and luckier.

Minister Gail Matthew's Conclusion:

The death of a friend reminds us that we each inhabit a fragile and temporary vessel, through which presence emerges and connects us.

May Rebecca's large-hearted empathy for all living things lead us to a renewed appreciation for one another and the green world around us.

May her ability to fully inhabit her essence and use that essence to serve her teacher and her school, allow us to embrace our own plays more fully.

And may her quiet strength in pursuing her aim to awaken strengthen our own desire.

The task of this lifetime has been fulfilled. The role of Rebecca is complete, and the soul that played the role is released to continue its divine journey.

Dear Rebecca, we thank thee.