

**Funeral Service**  
**For**  
**Julian Leonard**  
**(1922 – 2009)**

**Saturday, July 18, 2009**

3:30 p.m. at the Apollo Cemetery

**Minister's Introduction**

We have gathered here to celebrate the life of a beloved friend. We honor the life of Julian Leonard, whom we all knew as Chet. We are here to celebrate Julian's quest for presence.

He was our friend, a firm comrade at arms, teacher, father, and lover of God. Today, we give expression of our deep gratitude for the privilege of sharing our lives, love, and presence with him.



Let us stand for a few moments and honor Julian with prolonged presence.



How do you measure a life? It is not by external accomplishments but by inner ones. By the love one gave and created, by the way one transformed the earthly life into the divine.

And the following reading illustrates the way Julian lived his life.

## Reading: Julian B.: Rilke: Duino Elegy 9

*But because being present is so much, because it seems  
that what is here is in need of us, this fading world  
has strangely charged us. Once to everything, only once.  
But this once to have been, if only this once:  
to have been of the earth seems beyond revoking.*

*And so we press on and attempt to achieve it,  
Wanting to contain it in our simple hands,  
In the overcrowded gaze and in the speechless heart.*



### **Minister**

He was shaped by destiny to arrive here. He began in a convent and arrived in a spiritual city from which he departed.

*We cannot be grateful enough for the payment that Julian made for us.*



## Reading: Rowena: Hafiz

*Love is  
The funeral pyre  
Where I have laid my living body.*

*All the false notions of myself  
That once caused fear, pain,*

*Have turned to ash  
As I neared God.*

*What has risen  
From the tangled web of thought and sinew*

*Now shines with jubilation  
Through the eyes of angels*

*And screams from the guts of  
Infinite existence  
Itself.*

*Love is the funeral pyre  
Where the heart must lay  
Its body*

### **Musical Interlude: Gloria Verse 1 by Sharon S.**

#### **Eulogy: Lucas C.**

Eulogy for Julian (Chet) Leonard

Julian Leonard was born, in 1922, in San Salvador, Central America, and baptized Julio Cesar Bustamonte.

Three years later his parents separated, Julian was placed in a convent and was cared for by the resident nuns over the next two and half years. We can only speculate that this extraordinary experience made an immense impression on the developing child.

The caring discipline of the nuns and the immersion into a religious environment may well explain some of Julian's adult qualities; his magnetic center, his discipline to finish projects at a high level of quality, and his sincerity with everyone.

From the convent, when he was five and a half years old, he was placed on a ship and sent to San Francisco to join his mother who had remarried. As he grew up, he attended parochial schools and excelled in athletics. During World War II, he served in the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers and later graduated from U.C. Berkeley with an engineering degree. He married in 1956 and fathered one son and two daughters. In 1987, Julian married Alice Wing who is with us today and whom we respect and love as a neighbor and a Fellowship member. It's inspiring to see how devoted to each other Julian and Alice had been. It's also wonderful to know about the affection that existed between Julian and his children, all of whom are with us today, Jim, Peggy and Pam.

For much of his life Julian had been searching into the mystical-spiritual aspects of human existence. During 1974, in Carmel, quite by chance, he met a student who introduced him to Ouspensky's writings and to the Fellowship.. Almost immediately, he recognized the search was over; he found a teaching that could lead him towards his spiritual goals. Through the ensuing 35 years, Julian had been a consistent supporter of our esoteric school, completely devoted to our teacher.

It is curious how in many different ways each of us can express love to others. For Julian, he was able to help many Fellowship members through

the medium of tennis often teaching consistency of effort and attention to details.. With enthusiasm he designed and built tennis courts in this community and elsewhere in Northern California. He also was a professional highway engineer for many years. He played a key role in building the original roads at Apollo and in our neighborhoods. During these activities he inspired many of us to persist, and to strive for quality always while having mutual respect for each other.

As a result of his personal spiritual work, I believe Julian understood that his true Self was not his body, but something higher and everlasting. We have these ashes here; however, Julian's spirit is traveling on the grand adventure, towards the best, towards God. May we all share in Julian's good fortune Bon voyage and see you later good friend. God be with you.

### **Minister's Continuation**

The death of the body is the narrow gate to a higher world. The body tires and then stops. But the spirit may keep ascending.

Ibn Arabi says, *“Do not spend the numbered breaths which have been given to you without purpose. Ever action must be for a divine purpose.”* Let us remember that the time given to us by the Gods, is for the purpose of creating our immortal spirit.

Julian's presence, his life and his death are an example to all of us. And to follow this is our finest testament to him. Dearest Julian, we thank thee.

Motion to James Henry to the Urn

Let us now arise and move to Julian's final resting place.

**James Henry P. takes the urn to grave site and places it on the table next to the grave.**

### **Minister's Continuation at the grave site.**

In the book of Job it says, “Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return: the LORD giveth, and the LORD taketh away; blessed be the name of the LORD.”

### **Reading: Gail M.: Whitman.**

I DREAM'D in a dream, I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole  
of the rest of the earth;

I dream'd that was the new City of Friends;

Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love—it led the rest;

It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city,

And in all their looks and words.

### **Eulogy by Jim Leonard**

Let me begin by saying my father was by far my best friend, the best friend I ever had, and always will be. He was the most sensible person I knew, with an inherent ability to evaluate aspects and situations of his life, my life, the lives of our family, our loved ones and immediate friends with uncanny accuracy to help and promote well being to all involved. He was truly a WISE MAN.

The memories of my father as I grew up, which I suppose I am still growing, are the most vivid of any, with most etched permanently in my mind, I will have them for the rest of my life. One of my earliest and most distinct memories of him was in the garage when I was 9 or 10 years old, and we were fussing around with boxing gloves, as he was teaching me how to box. He said, 'You have to be good, and better be the best, and one thing in life.' Then he paused, and said, "You should be good in two things, actually, to have backup." This was something that I could not have forgotten over the years if I tried. And it set the premise for me to be good at everything I did, past the two things, and penetrated the very essence of my being throughout my life.

Yet my father, as wise as his was, was always a listener with arms and mind open to all. I have been characterized by colleagues and friends as 'an open book' type of person, and without ever trying to be, I know this came from my father. I thank on his behalf, and for myself, all of the influences he sought after and experienced, particularly and especially the Fellowship of Friends, as, along with his essence, these made him what he is. And I am sure as I stand here that all who knew him would agree.

So I am hoping that his passing is not the end of anything, but rather the beginning and confirmation of the precious moments we have left in our own lives, and to keep ourselves open to all impressions and influences which may help our lives be more positive, fuller, and wiser in the years to come. One of the last bits of wisdom he conveyed to me just within the last few months, we were talking about various life challenges, and he said 'Just don not give up!'. This stuck with me as well, and I thought later, if anything, not giving up will learn the most and gain the most strength, whatever the endeavor.

With that, I will not goodbye, but rather I will say 'See you soon', to my old buddy, Julian Leonard.

Jim Leonard, Son of Julian.

## **Musical Interlude: Gloria Verse 2 by Sharon S.**

### **Minister**

Here, the earth returns to the earth and the divine spark returns to its divine source. Here, the outer and inner worlds separate.

Julian, return to Paradise. Good-bye, My Fancy.

### **James Henry P. kneels before the grave and the Minister passes the Urn to James Henry P., who gently places the Urn into the grave**

*Petrarch: Weep not for me, for at my death my life became eternal, and when I seemed to close my eyes I opened them to light divine.*

**Minister lifts the basket of rose petals places some petals and dirt into the grave. He then invites only the family to place rose petals in the grave.**

**After the family has placed the rose petals into the grave, the Minister gives one basket to one helper and the other helper lifts the second basket of rose petal and they stand before the grave.**

### **Minister:**

You are all invited to pay your respects with rose petals. Afterwards, Alice invites us all to participate in a farewell toast at Apollo d'Oro. Let us now, together, celebrate his life, and ours.