

Kenneth Hanson

*June 13, 1951 – September 25, 2024*

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Funeral Service

Minister: Guy

October 5, 2024

## Minister's Introduction

Welcome friends.

We have gathered here today to honor the life of our beloved friend, Kenneth Hanson.

Once again, we witness a great mystery: our friend, who moved through this lifetime, playing the role of his name, is no longer visible among us. He has transcended his role to become once more what he always was, an invisible, immortal soul.

Let us stand and remember Kenneth in silent presence.

*(Silence)*

Thank you.

Walt Whitman wrote, "All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses, And to die is different from what any one supposed, and luckier." Kenneth takes with him the presence and being that he has gained in this lifetime, and his connection with Influence C. Our teacher has said, "That is all we can take with us, but it is more than enough."

[Reading: "On Hearing of a Death" by Rainer Maria Rilke]  
(Reader: John C.)

"On Hearing of a Death"

We lack all knowledge of this parting. Death  
does not deal with us. We have no reason  
to show admiration, love or hate;  
his mask of feigned tragic lament gives us

a false impression. The world's stage is still  
filled with roles which we play. While we worry  
that our performances may not please,  
death also performs, although to no applause.

But as you left us, there broke upon this stage  
a glimpse of reality, shown through the slight  
opening through which you disappeared: green,  
evergreen, bathed in sunlight, actual woods.

We keep on playing, still anxious, our difficult roles  
declaiming, accompanied by matching gestures  
as required. But your presence so suddenly  
removed from our midst and from our play, at times

overcomes us like a sense of that other  
reality: yours, that we are so overwhelmed  
and play our actual lives instead of the performance,  
forgetting altogether the applause.

[Music: "Sheep May Safely Graze" by Bach]  
(Musician: Zoila, mezzo-soprano; Justin, piano; Diana, flute)

**[Eulogy: Benjamin]**

Dear Friends,

Kenneth wished his eulogy to be an inspiration for those attending his service—helping us remain in the state of conscious harmony with the gods. He asked himself this question: what would be gained by discussing his life before the School, when he felt that his life began when he met the School? He added that, while he understood that the eulogy would relate something of his comings and goings since joining the Fellowship, he wished for that section to remain as brief as possible.

He wished the primary focus to be on the Now Kenneth – the Kenneth of the era of uncreated light. This was the Kenneth, he felt, that would provide the inspiration that he dearly wished to impart to each of us. And it is ultimately the Kenneth of the last few months and weeks of his life that most fulfills his desire.

In 1979, while living in Corvallis, Oregon, Kenneth found a bookmark that had been placed in Peter Ouspensky's, "The Psychology of Man's Possible Evolution." When he finished reading it, he felt that this book offered the best overview of how to create a soul that he had ever come across. Later that year, he moved to Los Angeles to attend graduate school, and soon after arriving, he joined the Fellowship in the Los Angeles center.

In 1984, Kenneth moved to Stockholm for employment and directed the center with Caroline Medley for three years. He then moved to Washington, D.C., to take a position working for the government. Thirteen years later, in 2000, Kenneth went on holiday to Russia. While he was there, he accepted an invitation to visit the small Kirov Center, a thirteen-hour journey from Moscow. In Kirov he met and silently fell in love with Luba.

Kenneth stayed in Kirov for two weeks, then left to visit the center in Novgorod. While in Novgorod, he contacted Luba and invited her to visit him. Luba came for a visit and then invited Kenneth to return with her to Kirov. Two weeks later, Kenneth proposed to Luba, and six weeks later they were married, with Peter Bishop serving as the minister.

Luba and Kenneth lived in Washington, D.C., until 2013, when Kenneth retired. They bought a house at Apollo—something that he had always known he would do. Kenneth and Luba were married for fifteen years. Luba felt that their relationship allowed Kenneth to expand his emotional being—for upon his marriage he became an instant stepfather to Luba's young son.

When he arrived at Apollo, Kenneth became the backstage manager for all the Apollo Arts productions. And it was here at Apollo that Kenneth's spiritual being took flight.

In 2017, when the Theatron was reopened, Kenneth began working daily with Alexander. Alexander recently said: "At first, Kenneth was my left-hand man, but in almost no time, he became my right-hand man. There were times, even after a full day's work, when I would ask Kenneth if we could either redo something or go a bit longer to complete a project. Kenneth would always respond: 'Well, I guess I could stay a bit longer.'"

In Kenneth's own words, "In 2017, Dorian sent an email to the School asking students who were suffering from an addiction to write to him in order to receive a task from Robert."

Kenneth, recognizing that he was addicted to alcohol, knew that he needed to write to Dorian, but lacked the courage to do it. He approached a friend—who was already working with a drinking task—to write to Dorian for him. The friend complied and the next day Kenneth received a task from Robert. He always felt that this task was a major point of growth in his spiritual work.

In the summer of 2022, Kenneth began experiencing severe back pains, and after a series of tests, he was diagnosed with bone marrow cancer.

From the moment of being diagnosed to the moment his Third Eye was received by C Influence, Kenneth entered and remained in a state of acceptance. He attributed this consistent state of acceptance-presence to a combination of his love for Robert, Dorian, and Alexander, and his direct experiences with C Influence.

After treatment he enjoyed a period of remission, and some of his strength returned. Kenneth was then able to accept invitations from centers to lead meetings, including the worldwide Apollo meeting. His topic often focused on the transformation of suffering. And when he spoke, with each of us knowing his state of health, his words pierced the heart and evoked Higher Centers. His humble demeanor and inconspicuous being were inspirational.

In the spring of this year, Kenneth's cancer returned, and his health worsened. After some time, as the prospects for recovery diminished, he refused further medical treatment. "When I refused the radiation and chemo and left the hospital," he told a friend, "I walked away from the king of clubs."

Three weeks ago, Kenneth texted and asked me to come over. Thinking that he simply wished a visit, I entered the living room where he, Luba, and two other students were sitting. When he saw me, Kenneth said rather evenly that he wanted to begin work on his eulogy. Stunned but not wishing to show it, I found pen and paper, sat opposite him, and he began with the words that opened this eulogy.

About fifteen minutes into our work, Kenneth, spent from the energy of talking, entered first state. I whispered to Luba that I would come back tomorrow to finish. At that moment, Kenneth opened his eyes and gently and evenly repeated Luba's response to me, "There may not be a tomorrow." We continued with the eulogy. Thinking that this, indeed, might be the last day of his task, he was gently asked if he wished to call to say goodbye to anyone. With his energy fading, he said that he wished to talk to Dorian, Alexander, and Michael Lester.

Shortly after his diagnosis, Kenneth had contacted Michael Lester, since Michael had been transforming bone marrow cancer for several years. Michael was very helpful, gently preparing Kenneth for what to expect. They spoke on a regular basis and formed a unique bond. The phone conversation was an exchange of love and was surprisingly joyful. They gently said their goodbyes to one another and the call ended. Later, when Michael was asked what allowed for the happiness that they exchanged, he responded that it was their mutual connection to C Influence, and that his 'I's and Kenneth's 'I's had bonded into one. And that this oneness expressed itself in happiness.

Dorian was delighted to speak with Kenneth. They exchanged greetings of love and Dorian told Kenneth, "When we meet again it is the same moment. It is not later or some other place," and that he was about to go on a wonderful adventure. Kenneth replied, "I am ready."

When Alexander was called, he asked if he could come over to say goodbye to Kenneth in person. Kenneth agreed and Alexander arrived a few minutes later, when they exchanged a private farewell full of love and gratitude for one another.

A few days before Kenneth's play ended, Robert called him. He sang his farewell words to Kenneth: "I just called to say I love you, I just called to say how much I care, I just called to say I love you, and I mean it from the bottom and the top of my heart."

Kenneth's final letter to Robert was brief and beautiful:

Dear Robert,

Your love and support over the years have created a new being in me. It will carry forth into my next lives, wonderful....

You will always be with me. Thank you, with love, Kenneth

When the letter was read during the meeting, Robert said:

"Kenneth had a very clean mind when he completed his task. He was on his eighth life and will have only one more. He gathered what he needed for his ninth life. He will be recycled back to Apollo.

"Very much like the angels, Kenneth was timid, quiet, kind. He will always be with us, in our hearts.

"Kenneth is a very good example of what we produce: unpretentious and simple and sweet and grateful."

At last night's meeting, Robert quoted a student's thought that "the best servers are invisible." Kenneth was among the best servers in the Fellowship.

May the presence Kenneth wished to share during his service linger on in each of us. Thank you.

**[Music: "Flute Sonata BWV 1034," 3<sup>rd</sup> movement, by Bach]**  
(Musician: Diana, flute; Justin, piano)

[Reading: "You and I" by Rumi]  
(Reader: Linda K.)

"You and I"

A moment of happiness, you and I sitting on the verandah, apparently two,  
but one in soul, you and I.

We feel the flowing water of life here, you and I, with the garden's beauty,  
the birds singing.

The stars will be watching us, and we will show them how it is to be the  
thinnest crescent moon.

You and I, unselfed, will be together, indifferent to idle speculation, you  
and I.

The parrot of heaven will be cracking sugar as we laugh together, you  
and I.

And what is even more amazing is that while here together, you and I are  
at this very moment in Iraq and Khorasan.

In one form upon this earth, and in another form in a timeless sweet land.



### Minister's Conclusion:

A few days before he died, Kenneth wrote to a friend, "Presence is all that remains." Our bodies are fragile; our period on this earth temporary. Only the realm of uncreated light – which unites us and is us – is boundless and eternal.

May Kenneth's tireless and invisible service to help realize our Ideal State at Apollo inspire our own efforts;  
May his courage and simplicity at the close of his life strengthen us as we strive to transform our suffering; and  
May his deep valuation for his teacher, his fellow students, and the great gift of uncreated light increase our gratitude for all we have been given.

Dear Kenneth, we thank thee.

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

### Candle Ceremony

#### Minister:

With this candle to light the way, let us continue to the cemetery for Kenneth's burial.

Minister signals urn bearer.

Minister: Please rise.

Funeral party leaves.

## At the Cemetery

### Minister's Introduction:

Here in this sacred place, we gather to bid Kenneth farewell. Words fade in the face of a great reality. We, too, arrive at this simplest of moments – our friend Kenneth showing us the way.

### [Reading: Rumi]

(Reader: Lucia)

I love my friends neither with my heart,  
nor with my mind.  
Just in case, the heart can stop,  
the mind can forget,  
I love my friends with my soul.  
The soul never stops, never forgets.

Urn is placed in the grave.

### Minister:

Rumi wrote, "Uncover in silence your soul's own rose garden." Let these rose petals remind us of the sweetness of our departed friend, and of the rose garden of his soul.

Minister and funeral party scatter rose petals into the grave.

### Minister:

Now let us raise a glass in Kenneth's memory and then depart, with renewed gratitude for the gift of life we have received.

Participants gather for the toast.

### [Toast: John C.]