

Germana Federico

July 11, 1936 – September 30, 2026

Funeral Service

Minister: Rowena

October 24, 2026

Minister's Introduction

Welcome friends.

We gather to bid farewell to an old and beloved friend, Germana Federico.

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

Walt Whitman said, "The best of me then, when no longer visible, for toward that I have been incessantly preparing."

Germana used her talent and skill as a painter to cultivate her own presence, and to bring beauty and the tradition of European culture to the school. Today her many paintings hanging at Apollo and in the homes of her friends testify to her dedication, artistry, and loving service.

Let us stand and remember Germana in silent presence.

(Silence)

Thank you.

Germana takes with her the presence and being 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:** Walt Whitman, “As the Time Draws Nigh”]
(Reader: Graylin)

“As The Time Draws Nigh”

As the time draws nigh, glooming, a cloud,
A dread beyond, of I know not what, darkens me.

I shall go forth,
I shall traverse The States awhile – but I cannot tell whither or
how long;
Perhaps soon, some day or night while I am singing, my voice
will suddenly cease.

O book, O chants! must all then amount to but this?
Must we barely arrive at this beginning of us?... And yet it is
enough, O soul!
O soul! we have positively appear'd – that is enough.

[**Music:** “Flute sonata in E minor, 3rd movement” by Bach]
[Musicians: Diana Yudina, flute; Justin, piano]

[Eulogy: Rolando]

As we were cleaning up Germana's studio and sorting out her belongings and materials for the projects she engaged in throughout the years, we came across a little box containing all kinds of cards and invitations that she received during the decades she spent at Apollo. I was happily surprised to see the number of students who wrote to her showing their gratitude for her participation in the education of our community. There were those who simply thanked her for having painted world-class reproductions of masterpieces, those whose homes were enhanced by her originals; as well as those who were grateful for her contribution in the creation of costumes and set decorations for Apollo Arts productions. Some just appreciated her active input in the education of the Apollonian essence.

Germana was a creator, a very fine artist, educated in the old Italian school. Take for example the painting at the Festival Hall, "Sacred and Profane Love", a piece so exquisitely painted, very close to the Titian's original; that painting took her over two years to finish, for she had to paint it in several layers and wait for each layer to dry before applying the next one. When asked, she mentioned that she learned to paint from her father, himself a landscape painter and owner of an art gallery in Turin. She proudly remembered that, at the age of six, he would sit her beside him so she could learn how to paint. She was surprised when she realized that he taught only her, not her two brothers. Little Germana didn't know she had a talent; she only felt happy to have been chosen by her dad; don't we all?

I used to visit her sometimes in her studio, either to buy a painting or find a frame for my collection. We would spend some time conversing about any subject you can imagine, art, music, philosophy, psychology or esoteric ideas. Germana was an artist in the old fashion, very well versed in many subjects. Curious about art, literature and other lofty subjects; she was not very good at small talk. Before the school, she was married; her husband was also active in the cultural world in Italy; he used to run a publishing company.

When friends knew that I was asked to write this eulogy, they all gave me ideas on what to say about her participation and enrichment of our lives. As a matter of fact, she was one very strong alto in the Apollo chorus. She was so enthusiastic about singing that she even sang in the chorus at the famous theatre “La Scala” di Milano. In fact, in the last year of her life, when she had lost the ability to communicate with the outside world, she responded happily to singing, and she often spent time with Zoila singing opera and popular Italian songs. Even when her intellect was not functional, she was always drawn to beauty and music.

She and her husband were what we then knew as avant-garde creative people, he was more of an intellectual while she was dedicated completely to painting. They both had magnetic centers and were interested in esoteric ideas; Gurdjieff was among the interests they pursued. In fact, during a trip to the place where Gurdjieff is said to have painted ordinary sparrows to look like American canaries, they were hit and sent off the road by a car that fled the scene. Suddenly she found herself at the bottom of a ditch, confused; her husband dead by her side, in a country where she didn't understand the language. She escaped with minor injuries. She remembered that at that time they were actively looking for a school of the Fourth Way.

When she returned to Milan she continued, this time with a deeper emptiness inside, to look for a way to heal her wounded essence and find the meaning of her existence. After a couple of years of searching, she found the School ... it was the late 1980s. She remembered taking all three prospective meetings on the same day and deciding to join immediately. That same day the center directors asked her if she would like to house-sit the Teaching House at the Milan Center, because they needed to be away for a few days. Somewhat surprised, she accepted; she would always remember that first night spent at the Teaching House all by herself, the numinescence of the place enveloping her. She had arrived.

In the meantime, she supported herself by selling her paintings in the famous neighborhood of the Navigli. She mastered old Italian classical techniques and often made copies of famous works. She quickly became a successful artist, well-known and in high demand. This allowed her to buy a double apartment where she settled both her home and her studio. By then she had inherited her father's art gallery with its collection of paintings.

A few years later, at the end of the 1990s, she sold her home and studio and moved to Apollo, where she purchased the oldest house built by students, Villa Anna, with a fantastic view of the property, the Gallery, and the Winery. She never tired of saying how lucky she had been to have moved to a landscape so much like Tuscany at the heart of an esoteric school. Several times, while attending events at the Galleria, she would mention how as a child she had had a vision of exactly that place; and she knew she would eventually end up there. In her own words:

"The first time I came here, this house was for sale. I was about to return to Milan after a short stay, and I decided to see it without much expectation. As soon as I stepped out into the garden, I fell in love with the view of Apollo and realized that this was the home where I wanted to live for the rest of my life."

From then on, she became known in our community for her work in the arts, which we can still admire at Apollo d'Oro, the Festival Hall, the Winery, and in many students' homes. Robert said of her: "She's a real painter. She thinks on a big scale, and she's not inhibited by large canvasses."

Germana was remarkable in that she had no artist's ego or temperament. She was matter of fact about her talent and skill; she loved the work of making art for itself, not for any recognition she received. And she loved serving Robert and the school. When she made her first version of Michelangelo's "God Creating Adam" for Apollo d'Oro, at Robert's request, and Robert decided it was too large, she just set about making a new painting without any fuss.

Because Robert recognized her as a true artist, he commissioned several works from her. But the world also saw her that way; in fact, she had the rare luck to get a Green Card precisely because she was a respected artist. Thus, she moved permanently to Apollo in 1998. And from then on, she set to work on the education of the community. Apart from her own work, she shared with many of us the collection of Italian paintings her father had created.

Of course she participated in other areas of the arts, as she was trained as a classical singer and was passionate about that form of art. For a long time, she took part in the Apollo Chorus and the Orfeo Ensemble. She remained sensitive to beauty and felt compelled to produce it; that was her connection to the School and the Gods.

Germana never tired of reminding herself and others of how lucky we are to have met the School, C influence and Robert. In fact, during her last months, when her intellect was no longer active, that was the only thing she could faintly articulate, and every time she saw Robert walk by, her face would gleam with joy. And when he stopped to hug or kiss her, she whispered softly, “Robert”.

When she hosted dinners on her front lawn, she would often propose the toast: *“To our incredibly good fortune to be in the School, in such a beautiful place and under Robert’s guidance.”*

[**Music:** “Panis Angelicus” by César Franck]
(Musicians: Zoila, mezzo-soprano; Justin, piano)

[Reading: From the notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci]
(Reader: Judith)

From Leonardo da Vinci:

Whatever exists in the universe the painter holds first in the mind, and then in the hands. For the painter has the entire universe in their mind and hands.

Know that beauty perishes in life, but it remains immortal in art.
And when the work of life is beautifully used,
the spirit finds its unburdened path.

The soul can never remain captive within the human body,
but is ever striving to return to its source —
like a bird taking flight toward the sun,
leaving behind a world made brighter by the light it gave.

Minister's Conclusion:

The death of a friend reminds us that 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.

Germana's joy lay in serving her teacher and bringing beauty to Apollo and her friends. She greatly valued the school, saying, "I am forgetful, but I remember that I am lucky."

May her deep and enduring gratitude for Robert's teaching and for the school inspire us as we strive to be present to our own lives.

Dear Germana, we thank thee.

[SOUND GONG]

Minister motions to William to approach the altar table. William H. lifts the urn.

[Minister:]

Please rise.

You are all invited to proceed to the gravesite for the interment.

[Minister leads participants to the gravesite.]

[Minister:]

We return Germana's ashes to the ground, here at Apollo, her beloved home. Words fade in the face of a great reality. We, too, arrive at this simplest of moments – our friend, Germana, showing us the way.

William places urn in the grave.

The earth returns to the earth, and a divine spark returns to its divine source. The circle of life is complete, and the next step begins for the soul of Germana Federico.

Let us offer these rose petals in memory of our departed friend, with gratitude for having known her and a renewed love for one another.

[Minister scatters rose petals.]

[Participants scatter rose petals and then move to the table for the toast.]

[Toast: Zoila]