

**A Celebration of Life for  
Patricia Dulmage**

**Welcoming Music**                      **Steve Von Cram**

**Opening Words**                      **Rev. David Takahashi Morris**

Love is patient; love is kind;  
Love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude.  
Love does not insist on its own way;  
It is not irritable or resentful;  
It does not rejoice in wrongdoing, but rejoices in the truth.  
Love bears all things, believes all things,  
Hopes all things, endures all things.  
Love never dies.

**Welcome and Reflection on Gathering**                      **David TM**

We are here this afternoon to celebrate the life of Patricia Dulmage.

When death visits, we set aside all the ordinary involvements of our lives, because we are suddenly confronted with that great mystery which cannot be contained within the confines of our ordinary lives. In respect for the mystery we step back for a moment; we recognize that we are standing with our loved one at that boundary over which we cannot cross—over which we cannot see.

Whatever the circumstances that surround the death of someone we love, we are never ready. There are things we still had meant to say, things we still had hoped to share with our loved one. No matter how sure we are that we have accepted the inevitability of death in the abstract, it is not all right with us when one we love is no longer with us. Every death is a harsh truth—a real loss which we have only imagined up until now, a final parting which is always sharper than we expected.

And so, when a loved one dies, we gather, family and friends and community. We gather for many reasons. Life has touched us with deep grief, and we need company for our own comfort. Just to be together, to see familiar faces in a common expression of hurt takes away the loneliness of our feelings. We gather to affirm what all the world's faiths teach, each in their own way: That death is not the end of our story; that the tale of our life began before we were born and continues after we have died. "Love never dies."

We gather in sorrow and we gather for comfort, but we gather in celebration as well. Though Patricia's death brings us together today, it is her life and your love for her that give our

gathering its meaning and purpose. Though this is a time for mourning, let it also be a time for remembering the person she was, and for celebrating the life she lived. It's fitting that we share our stories in this time together, for those stories become the continuing story of Patricia's life with us.

In the end, this time belongs to life. It belongs to Patricia.

### **Musical Interlude**

**Patrick Kelley, Dulcimer**

### **Remembering Patricia**

Marty Bryant, Loren and Elise Bryant, Kim Morach

Chuck Dulmage, Tom Dulmage

MaeLee Kelley

### **Other Memories**

Telling and hearing our stories of Patricia's life, we add to the store of memories which will live on. This is very important, because it is part of the way your loving hearts find how Kristy will be with you now. So I invite you, if you wish. . .

### **Story from Pat Dulmage, shared by David TM**

This is about my Mother's Day gift this past May.

During the past two years my kitchen has produced gallons of soup. All soup making entails chopping many vegetables and I do love to chop vegetables. For the past five plus years anyone near the kitchen when I'm working could hear me grumble about getting my knives sharpened someday. Without saying a word to me, Patricia gathered all my knives, took them out to be sharpened, and then returned the knives to their usual location. The next time I grabbed a knife and started to chop a carrot, well, let's say I was lucky to kept all my fingers. What a wonderful surprise and Patricia stood there and just gave me her sweet smile. The knives were originally a gift from Patricia after her graduation trip to Europe.

### **Prayer**

**David TM**

Let us enter a brief time of quiet together, a time for memory, for reflection, and for gratitude for the gift of Patricia's life.

And let us pray:

Spirit of Life, God of many names, whose highest name is always Love: We give thanks for the life of Patricia Dulmage. We are grateful for her time on this earth, for the work to which she turned her hands and mind and energies, and for the memories of her which her family, friends, and loved ones will carry forward. With all our hearts we wish her peace. May she rest in the wholeness of the Earth, and may her spirit go on in the embrace of that great Love in which we live and move and have our being, the Love of which our own loves are but a part.

May Patricia's family find comfort in their memories of joyful, loving times. May they feel her presence in their beloved places; may they live surrounded by her memory and his love. May all here find comfort in the love and care you offer one another in this time of grieving. And may all find healing and hope in the knowledge that love is not bounded by the moments of birth and death but goes on, within us, among us, and beyond us all.

Amen.

**Musical Interlude**

Patrick Kelley

**Closing Words** by Maya Angelou from "Willie"

Wait for me, watch for me.

My spirit is the surge of open seas.

Look for me, ask for me,

I'm the rustle in the autumn leaves.

When the sun rises

I am the time.

When the children sing

I am the Rhyme.

**Postlude**