



Doris Olga Jareckie Honig
1920 - 2016

Memoriam Doris Honig
June 18, 2016
West Fairlee Center Congregational Church

Prelude **“Brethren, We Have Met to Worship”**

Meditation **“Peace I ask of Thee Oh River”**

Invocation Adapted from a traditional Haudenosaunee Prayer

Today we have gathered and we see that the cycles of life continue. We have been given the duty and responsibility to live in balance and harmony with each other and all living things. So now, we bring our minds together as one as we give our greetings and our thanks to one another as people.

*Congregational Response: **NOW OUR MINDS ARE ONE***

We are all thankful to our Mother, the Earth, for she gives us all that we need for life. She supports our feet as we walk about upon her. It gives us joy that she continues to care for us as she has from the beginning of time. To our mother, we send our greetings and our thanks.

*Congregational Response: **NOW OUR MINDS ARE ONE***

We gather our minds together to consider the Wisdom Keepers who have come to help the people throughout the ages. When we forget how to live in harmony, they remind us of the way we were instructed to live. With one mind, we send our greetings and our thanks to these caring teachers, of whom our sister Doris was one.

*Congregational Response: **NOW OUR MINDS ARE ONE***

Now we turn our thoughts to the Creator and send our greetings and our thanks for all the gifts of Creation. Everything we need to live a good life is here on this Mother Earth. For all the love that is around us, we gather our minds together as one and send our choicest words of greetings and thanks to the Creator.

*Congregational Response: **NOW OUR MINDS ARE ONE***

Hymn # 168 **“For the Beauty of the Earth”**

Memories of Doris

Kaete Brittin Shaw
Ellen Jareckie
Deecie Denison
Chuck Eaton
Peggy Willey

After the speakers, any guest is invited to say a few words.

Hymn #58 **“Now the Day is Over”**

Parting (Adapted from a traditional Pueblo Indian goodbye...)

Hold on to what is good even if it is a handful of earth. Hold on to what you believe even if it is a tree which stands by itself. Hold on to what you must do even if it is a long way from here. Hold on to the hands of those you love, even when they have gone away from you.

Closing Blessing

Postlude **“Simple Gifts”** - An Appalachian Melody

Please join us after the service for a reception hosted by the members of the West Fairlee Community Club. Walk just across the way to the small red brick building next to the road on your right as you leave the church.

Notes and Acknowledgements

The Thanksgiving Address is the central prayer and invocation for the Haudenosaunee (also known as the Iroquois Confederacy or Six Nations — Mohawk, Oneida, Cayuga, Onondaga, Seneca, and Tuscarora). This translation was developed in 1993 by the Six Nations Museum and the Tracking Project.

The Poem “Letting Go is All Right” is written by Mary Jane Smith and used with her permission.

Letting Go is All Right

How can a leaf hold on so tight?
All day and through the night.

How can a leaf hold on so tight?
In the hot sun and the cold night.

How can a leaf hold on so tight?
In the wind and the rain, 'tis a fight.

Watching it dancing, twisting and turning,
What a delight,
To see a leaf hold on with all its might.

Youth of green, age of colors and blight,
Fall is here, ending its plight.
Life has ended, letting go is all right.

Mary Jane Smith
1978

The poem "She is the Wind" read by Peggy Willey is taken from the poetry collection of the Matawaka Indian Council and is used by permission.

She Is The Wind

She is the Wind of the North
the bringer of clarity and wisdom
honoring us with her presence
as she scatters seeds of prayer and song
a reminder of her fading culture.

Her face is etched in lines of lamentations
and losses yet she stands firm
preserving and honoring her traditions.

She is a breath of life,
a teacher, a listener
although her eyes are no longer bright
her senses remain alert
as she moves gracefully and silently
through the winter of her life.

She carries within her
the wind of the past, present, and future
her roots tied to this sacred ground
and wonders will the seventh generation
remember the echoes of the ancestors?

She prays her children's children
will walk with beauty and tranquil courage
feeling the land not only with their feet
but with the heart of the Great Mystery
preserving all that has gone before.

She dreams one day
the wrongs of the past will be made right,
the voice of clarity will dissolve boundaries
and the Spirit of Life
will flow from one heart to the next.

The moon is full, the darkness grows shorter
few dawns are left on her horizon.

She hears the call of the Snowy Owl
who waits in the wings
to guide her home.

She is the Wind of the North, an Ancient One
who blows gently upon me as we walk together
and her words leave an imprint
in my heart and spirit.
She is Grandmother.

On Death

And this is the Comfort of the Good,
that the Grave cannot hold them,
and that they live as soon as they die.

For Death is no more than a Turning of us over
from Time to Eternity.

Death then, being the Way and Condition of Life,
we cannot love to live,
if we cannot bear to die.

They that love beyond the World,
cannot be separated by it.

Death cannot kill, what never dies.

Nor can Spirits ever be divided
that love and live in the same Divine Principle;
the Root and Record of their Friendship.

If Absence be not death, neither is theirs.

William Penn, Some Fruits of Solitude. 1693