

Praise Song for the  
Mythic Life of  
Elisabeth Zinck Rothenberger

January 13, 1933 - March 4, 2018





Of the high priestess,  
holy woman,  
wise mentor,  
great teacher,  
tireless ally,  
precious friend  
Betty Rothenberger,  
I begin to sing...



FOR THE LOVE OF THE WORLD

For the love of a tree,  
she went out on a limb.

For the love of the sea,  
she rocked the boat.

For the love of the earth,  
she dug deeper.

For the love of community,  
she mended fences.

For the love of the stars,  
she let her light shine.

For the love of spirit,  
she nurtured her soul.

For the love of a good time,  
she sowed seeds of happiness.

For the love of the Goddess,  
she drew down the moon.

For the love of nature,  
she made compost.

For the love of a good meal,  
she gave thanks.

For the love of family,  
she reconciled differences.

For the love of creativity,  
she entertained new possibilities.

For the love of her enemies,  
she suspended judgment.

For the love of herself,  
she acknowledged her worth.

And the world is richer for her.

- Charlotte Tall Mountain

Bright-eyed Athena,  
Precious and beautiful Goddess,  
Present with us now.  
Coming into our time,  
Ever present.  
Holding the planet lightly and joyfully,  
Weaving us all together.  
Creating a bowl deep enough and wide enough  
That we all fit, all of us.  
Beautiful Goddess,  
Goddess of the darting glance,  
Beloved,  
With us now.  
Mother of all,  
Evoker of all life on this planet,  
Goddess of the darting thought,  
Goddess of the Depths,  
Goddess, Mother, ever present,  
Weaver of the pattern of this planet,  
Weaver of the planet in the cosmos.  
Mistress,  
Gentle teacher,  
Beautiful one,  
Many-shaped one,  
Ever present to each of us as we need you,  
Loving to us all.  
Every part of this world held in your hands,  
Held in your heart,  
Woven together,  
The great net of being symbol of your handiwork.  
Beloved One,  
Ever near,  
Ever beloved.  
Kaire, Athena.

-Betty Rothenberger





**Of the dearest, most loyal and supportive friend,  
whose goodness inspired these praises**



Mind blossom gatherer,  
Stalwart foe of indolence,  
Capacious reader of high prose  
and original thought,  
Annunciate of the Mysteries,  
Ever-laughing arbiter of nonsense,  
Magistra Ludi,  
Numinous transcriber of 200,000 pages,  
and more, of Mystery Schools and  
other outpourings of curious minds,  
Orchestrator of that “which never was  
but is always happening,”  
Mythic maven,  
Incarnate to the Beloved,  
Dancer of countless Dromenons, in fact,  
Dromenon Mage,  
She who never quits, never recalcitrant,  
She who has never bored God,  
Great Friend and Inspirer of  
The Goddess,  
Athena’s Chosen Child,  
Inebriate of Air,  
Constant Seeker,  
Enjoyer of the world’s great tastes,  
Challenger of those who have forgotten,  
Forgiver of the misbehavers,  
Strengthener of the virtuous,  
Potent pragmatist,  
Singer of the Soul’s Songs,  
Luminous inhabitant of several worlds,  
Traveler to the Sacred Places,  
Cosmic circuit-rider,  
Bringer of the news from elsewhere,  
Every ready, ever-near Companion,  
And my very dear friend.

— Jean Houston

**One whose actions as Athena in the World caused others to celebrate and sing praise  
on behalf of the Goddess**

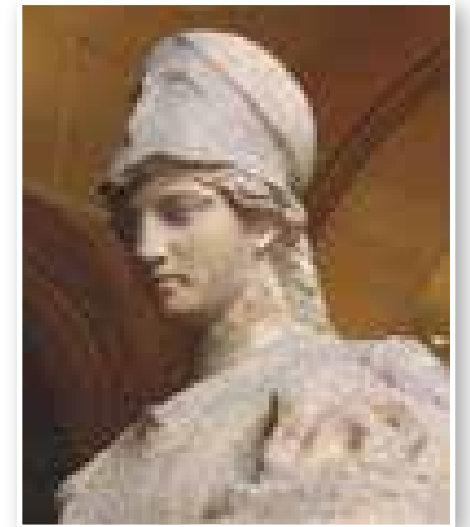
### Athena Ever-Near Speaks

Kaire, Betty, My own bright-eyed girl,  
My dear lady of YES.  
Your life is a song I love to sing  
And a tapestry that charms My eyes.  
This path We walk together  
Is bumpy and demanding,  
Wildly beautiful,  
Peopled with good companions  
And always, always interesting  
(I speak from My eternal point of view).

Many Bettys rise before My all-seeing eyes,  
Dancing with vigor and grace  
A sacred labyrinthine design  
As intricate as any web of Mine.

You are the Maiden of Promise  
Embracing the possibilities  
Of the life in front of you,  
A life of kindness and service  
And stranger wonders.  
You plunge into adventure  
With the confidence of the many-worlded being  
Your heart knows you to be.

You are the Woman of Power,  
Hand outstretched to guide  
The awkward young across the threshold,  
Like Me a friend to heroes  
Walking their roads of learning and trials.  
No lioness is more ferocious in their defense.



Without ceasing or tiring,  
You bear up your chosen Great Ones,  
Happy are the opened eyes that discern  
That you yourself are Great.

You are the Timeless Wisdom Keeper,  
Love incarnated,  
Holder of patterns,  
Teller of truth,  
Clear-eyed,  
My own student,  
My own teacher,  
My own heart’s friend on Our long walk.

As I am reflected in you,  
So you are reflected in Me.  
Without you, I would be less.

I will remember you  
And We will sing other songs too.

—Hilary Tate

Athena Sings for Betty

High Priestess of My Heart, I sing to you. From mountain peaks, all across the splendid cities and quiet plains of your exquisite homeland Gaia, my song streams out in praise and gratefulness.

For your birth, the eldest of four noble daughters, given to a pair of holy lovers, I sing praise. So carefully I urged you forth to view the world that you had come to serve and honor.

To those four precious daughters I gave good gifts, of art and beauty, music and song, caring and delight, and to you, Dear Blue Eyes, I gave all these, and two more: my power as a weaver, and my gift of transmitting truth and wisdom.

Yes you know love, and music, color, magic, sisterhood, kindness, friendship, generosity, and the wonder of the circle, but you know something else as well, you know the mystery that lies beneath and between all human connection. You know its depths, you know its steadfast strength, and most exquisite of all, you know the places where the mystery and the connections need support and clarity. Many and varied are the skillful means you employ, Beloved Priestess, to bring forth the mystery of the web, its beauty, its presence, its eternal truth.

Robust and wonderful your laughter, Lovely One, and your voice raised in song and joy. Equally robust your generosity; wild and glorious your enthusiasm, your ever-replenishing willingness to love life, to live life.

Well I remember, Dear Daughter of My Heart, the scene of your soul’s election for life on earth once more. So many goddesses and gods stood witness, each one waiting eagerly for you to choose the one who would walk with you most closely. Rich am I, and happy, that your soul chose me to be your guide and deep ally. You have done me holy honor. And I give thanks for you and for your wondrous life.

–Peggy Rubin



One whose service as Guide to the Mysteries stirred this wise advice

GO ASK BETTY

by Lisa Nelson [Tune more or less like Jefferson Airplane’s “White Rabbit”]

One process makes you larger  
And one process makes you small  
And the ones you sing and dance to  
Make you want to understand it all  
Go ask Betty.  
I think she’ll know.  
Chorus: GO ASK BETTY. I THINK SHE’LL KNOW.

And if your possibilities are napping  
Right when you have received the call  
And you want to talk to the ally  
Who knows the allies of all  
Go ask Betty.  
I think she’ll know.  
Chorus: GO ASK BETTY. I THINK SHE’LL KNOW.

And if you go chasing quantum partners  
But you don’t know who’s for you  
And you’ve lost the latest instructions  
on how to orchestrate your inner crew  
Go ask Betty.  
I think she’ll know.  
Chorus: GO ASK BETTY. I THINK SHE’LL KNOW.

Maybe you’re seeking a restaurant  
In a distant desert land  
Or where you can get Coca-Cola  
When your cleanse has come to an end  
Go ask Betty.  
I think she’ll know.  
Chorus: GO ASK BETTY. I THINK SHE’LL KNOW.

When the logic and proportion  
Of your mountain of the self gets soft  
And you’re having a fight with a friend  
And you want advice that isn’t off  
Remember what Athena said:  
It’s all in Betty’s head!  
Chorus: IT’S ALL IN BETTY’S HEAD!

Go Ask Betty



A Sketch of Betty’s Mythic Life

She was born in New Britain, Connecticut, the oldest of four sisters, Betty, Joan, Sheila, and Anjela. At the age of two and a half, Betty became her ‘mother’s little helper.’ (Many friends observe that she later became a great helper to the Great Mother, and played that role elegantly throughout her life.)

Betty’s father’s job took him and the family to many locations all around the Northeast. They established beautiful family traditions to settle in to each new place: one involved her mother’s taking the girls on a personal and extensive tour of the new city to learn its ways and byways and its cultural, educational, and civic uniqueness.

Betty graduated from high school in New Jersey in 1950, and attended Dickinson College in Pennsylvania, graduating in 1954. While at Dickinson, she met a young law student named John Rothenberger, soon to become her husband. After their marriage the couple moved to San Francisco, and Betty earned her Master of Arts in Education from Stanford University. She spoke sometimes of the ways her mind and heart opened when she came across the Rocky Mountains and entered the open spaces and mountains of the West.

She became an English Teacher at Francisco Junior High School in 1960 and during the 1970’s transferred to Woodrow Wilson High School (now Burton), and where she created, with a partner, an innovative re-entry program for at risk youth.

Betty began her travels abroad in the 1960’s, when she and John spent a summer in Oaxaca, Mexico, and later two years in a Sunni Muslim Village in Northern Lebanon; these were anthropological field trips in conjunction with her husband’s career.

In 1977, Betty joined Jean Houston in her human development work called “New Ways of Being,” which later became a school of spiritual studies (called the Mystery School), as well as two three-year courses in Developing Human Capacities, workshops for the Possible Human in the Possible Society, and the present-day work of Social Artistry, an exploration of the possibilities for social transformation.

Betty served as a primary teaching associate for Jean and the Foundation for Mind Research for almost forty years, as well as mentor to many students. She provided research, created transcriptions, and assisted in editing lectures and processes for publication during the 29



The Zinck sisters: Sheila, Anjela, Betty, and Joan

years of Mystery School, as well as 15 years of Social Artistry. For most of those years, Betty maintained her primary work as “educator extraordinaire” in San Francisco’s Woodrow Wilson High School.

During her years of work with Jean Houston, Betty provided teaching support on trips to India, Egypt, France, China, Italy, the United Kingdom, Bali, Java, and Greece. On behalf of the Institute of Cultural Affairs, she taught with Jean in Taiwan, Macao, Kenya, Togo, and Ivory Coast. Under the auspices of the United Nations, with Jean’s team, she participated in a human and social development mission to Albania and led a mission to Bangladesh, to devise curriculum for hundreds of schools for girls.

Betty belonged to Millionth Circle, Jean Shinoda Bolen’s worldwide movement on behalf of women’s ways of knowing, and for many years was part of a Women’s Circle comprised of friends and fellow educators in the San Francisco Area. Beginning in 1990, she also actively supported and participated in Peggy Rubin’s Sacred Theatre and Evolutionary Journey workshops. Most recently she performed as mentor and associate teacher with Jean Houston for Evolving Wisdom, Claire Zammit’s groundbreaking online courses. Until a few days

before she died, Betty was still answering calls from participants, continuing to give her wise counsel and guidance to those who sought assistance on their spiritual journey.

Betty’s last days were spent surrounded by her two West Coast sisters, Sheila and Anjela, as well as other family members and her beloved Circle Sisters. As Andrea Wachter describes the scene of her final visit: “I read poems to Betty, sang to her and relayed all the messages I was requested to convey. Later in the afternoon my other Circle Sisters arrived. We sang many of our Circle songs and then Betty’s sister Sheila arrived and she led us in a number of rounds of “Frere Jacques,” “Row, Row, Row Your Boat,” and whatever songs we could do in rounds. Sheila explained that that’s what her family did. We also spoke about our names, the history of our names and whether we had nicknames. Betty was with us. We hope she heard us. We held her hands, the soles of her feet and talked to her. She was held in our circle of love and in the love from all of you.”

Betty was the wise helper/friend/great ally to many hundreds of people, the one to call or write with questions, ideas, suggestions. She never failed.



Tributes from Mystery School and Social Artistry Friends

Betty stands

holding  
with star bright eyes,  
flower ears,  
an innocent, boundless heart,  
the longings of legions of us.

At Mystery School  
at Sun Dance  
on the solstice

on Skype

Betty stood  
hour after hour  
sitting, walking, dancing,  
for us.

Betty stands  
wherever she is  
and in our hearts made bigger by her love  
we stand  
always.  
—Emmy Devine

She was such a comforting mother love figure and healing presence to all of us at East Coast Mystery School and a kind comfort to me when our mutual friend Judith Cornell passed. I’m sorry I haven’t kept up with all the emails. I would have loved to see Betty one more time. Dearest Anjela, our love to you and your family at this time. Oh, how I loved her brilliant summaries of the previous month she would write in her big sharpie marker, so she could easily read it. Blessings to Betty as she continues on her journey...not beyond the veils. Oh, she will be missed. And just a note of love to all my Mystery School friends. Miss you ALL dearly. Saw John Lloyd this past Sunday and we reminisced about ECMS and were longing for a reunion.  
—Rosie (ompeace@aol.com)

For as long as I knew Betty, whenever she was in a room, her very presence anchored all in deep reality. There, when asked, she would impart her blessing wisdom and freely enfold us, every one, in her warm, nourishing compassion. Thank you endlessly for this, and so much more, beloved Betty.

May you know ease and refreshment as you transition and then find new auspicious circumstances for serving, with multitudes of others, the deepest well-being of all.

I love you.  
—Barbara Rona

Betty Rothenberger was such an important person and presence for me at Mystery School and Social Artistry! Thank you, dearest Betty, for being who you were!  
—Judy from Germany

Deepest gratitude to all of Betty’s soul companions who sat vigil in her last hours. A treasured teacher, mentor, and friend, Betty shared her generous heart and shamanic wisdom with us all. There’s a hole in our hearts and in our community today. Bon Voyage Dear Friend!  
—Joyce McNamara

Much love to our entire community as our journey has changed, but we are deepened and so supported by Betty’s love and light.  
—Becky Haugen

Farewell to a dear friend and Earth hero.  
—Marj and Paul Barlow

This is sad news for us, me and the forces of civilization. I’ve been thinking and thinking about Betty, who was my #1 role model for how to live in this world as a grown up. I observed her helping and supporting and facilitating, and unlike so many of us, eschewing the limelight, except for those mystery school summaries that were more like doctoral dissertations or lecture and process worked into its most perfect form. I was remembering the mystery school which I listened to via tapes, during which our Lakota friends paid a visit during a weekend on the Civil War, and there was much tension when our cultures had very different takes, to say the least, on the material. I heard Betty’s summary the next month and it was a masterpiece of integration and reaching for meaning that took my breath away. This happened frequently, I didn’t entirely get what had happened until Betty told me what happened. Perfectly, presented as sacred geometry. I was remembering a time when our process called for it, and she stood up, and chanted “We all come from the Goddess....” in her unique voice, and the utter power of the moment. One time I asked her a question about working with Athena, and a large manila envelope arrived at my house full of reprints of relevant articles

about Athena. Betty never forgot a single thing I said or failed to follow up on it, including picking up the telephone and checking on my knee surgery and sharing stories of how she had coped, which was way more maturely and consciously than I was doing it. Call on Asclepius, she said. My husband and I stopped to visit Betty and Anjela when we were vacationing in San Francisco, and I will always cherish having sat outside on her patio, in her very very green, wild and woodsy yard, sipping lemonade and feeling welcomed.

Betty was a true jewel, quietly, industriously, brilliantly helping to grow the world, person by person, thought by thought, issue by issue, concept by concept. I am so sorry, I didn’t know she was dying, or that compromised. I hope her passing was easy and that the first awareness she had on the other side was of the arm of a blue clad, helmeted, gray eyed lady with an owl, pulling her through in welcome. I’ll miss her. I’ll miss her whenever something is done exquisitely well and looks effortless.  
—Dody Schwartz

What a beautiful tribute, Dody. If there’s a memorial, they would be wise to read this. When I started MS, I was in the dark about so much of the terms and protocols, like so many people, and Betty was on the spot always, in person, via phone, or with the familiar mail packet of pertinent material about a particular question. Always kind, always keenly perceptive, always enlightening. And of course she loved Amy, admired her brilliance, wit, and gentle/fierce spirit. Truly, Betty is being greeted with “Well done!” on the other side.  
—Rich Flanders

I was picturing The Grand Celebration of Betty as she slipped through the veil and into the welcoming arms of the Other Side. Imagine the joy! I can almost hear the music, feel the pulse of the dancing and laughter, see the high fives. “Betty, you were amazing!!” “Great job on Earth, Betty. Really outstanding.” “I can’t imagine going there. What was it like?” And Betty will share the tales...so many glorious tales.

A flood of happy memories pours into my mind every time I think of our Betty. Her shining sparkle eyes and wide smile, that beautiful halo of pearl grey and white hair... her brilliant brain offering Mystery School newcomers suggestions from her vast bank of knowledge for a possible Quantum Partner before they walked the labyrinth for the first time. There wasn’t a god or goddess of whom she was unaware, no matter how obscure. She just seemed to know a lot about everything

right off the top of her head. Remember her writing down the words of our shared journey, then reminding us, in such clear detail, of what had transpired at the following Mystery School gathering? The magic of the Asklepian? Her reassuring voice offering warm blessings during the all-night Gifting? Her inspiring reflections on her trips to Greece?

Betty embodied Wisdom. I admired her zest for living; her vitality and “let’s go!” attitude. I admired her creativity and passion for helping the women and children in this world. I admired her commitment to Light Work and activism. I loved her enormous heart.

One time Betty told us about an MRI she’d had to have. In true Betty form, she informed us that rather than feel overwhelmed by the claustrophobic metal tube and incessant metallic clicking she had to endure at the hospital, she transformed the situation in her mind. The clicking became a beating drum that carried her into a shamanic trance where she could experience...any sacred, pleasant journey she chose to experience. That story stuck with me. Years later I had to endure an MRI myself, and lemme tell ya, Betty’s strategy worked perfectly. Like I said, the woman was brilliant. Is brilliant.

So, here’s to you, Betty. You made a huge difference in this weary world. We honor you. We embrace you with love. Thank you for everything. Enjoy this next part of your own journey. I know we will meet again for more fun and shenanigans. Keep shining.  
Love,  
—Diane Nichols

Oh, Compassionate Witness, you continue to live in my heart and memories as my soul catcher.  
—Rosemary Kelley

My heart is heavy with the news of Betty’s transition from this life. Sending blessings to dear Beloved Betty, to her Sisters & Circle & all those who love her. She has left a legacy of love & strength.  
—Osha Hayden

Such sad news of the loss of our Betty. We were all so blessed and lucky to be in her light. She was the embodiment of a bodhisattva of kindness and wisdom. Thank you to all the circle sisters that accompanied her on her transition. My love to all.  
—Sandy Robinson

Attentive listener, supportive colleague, partner on the winding path, capturer of words and thoughts, chroni-



cler of high ideals, mirror of our deep-held dreams, grounded guardian of our sacred space... At Greenkill Betty was all these and more.

Musing upon her place in my life fills me with unconditional gratitude, respect, and love.  
—Jonathan Talbot

**Betty radiated presence, wisdom and strength.** I am sure she brings these gifts and so many more with her to her next experience. She touched my life in ways I’m still discovering. Sail on, dear Betty,  
—Deborah Olive

**Betty lifted me up when I was lost.** She grounded me and showed me a well lit path. Her light continues to illuminate my heart.  
—John Morse

**Sail on over the nine waves** Beloved Betty. You are loved.  
—Christie Prokopiak

**In dedication** to Betty Rothenberger, who passed away Sunday evening:  
The timeless journey  
Our blessings fly as our friend  
joins the Beloved.  
—Lisa Nelson

**I feel so blessed** to have been in Betty’s beautiful Presence and Light over the years at ECMS. A most extraordinary woman, Betty always gave so generously of herself with her great gifts. Thinking of her continues to fill me with Joy and deep gratitude. Dance on dear Betty and thank you for all the kind and amazing ways you have touched us on this Earth journey. Thank you to all her dear Circle of family and friends who cared for Betty during her Transition, and for letting us know.  
—Sally Martin

**It’s so very moving** to read your tributes for Betty, remembered glimpses of so many of you at ECMS, especially at Greenkill where I first encountered Betty. She shared herself so completely, generously, and joyfully with all of us both at Mystery School and outside of these gatherings. What a beautiful friendship she offered that I will forever treasure and carry always endless gratitude for her support of my work-in-the-world, a midwife to my goal of being “fierce with my own reality”.

Before word reached me on Monday afternoon of her dancing through the Veil, a poem of Denise Levertov arrived that captures some of her essence. Thank you for being so marvelously You, Betty.

In the beautiful Mystery

Of Being

I know this happiness  
is provisional:

the looming presences—  
great suffering, great fear—

withdraw only  
into peripheral vision:

but ineluctable this shimmering  
of wind in the blue leaves:

this flood of stillness  
widening the lake of sky:

this need to dance,  
this need to kneel:

this mystery:  
by Denise Levertov  
—Carol Ohmart-Behan

**When I heard the news of Betty’s passing,** I had to be very quiet with myself and my memories of her. She gave me strength when I needed it. She gave me kindness, inspiration and was a mentor of my soul. We got together for lunch in Sausalito with her dear sister Anjela. I felt wrapped in a cocoon of love. When I was a bit late for one of our previous gatherings, she firmly and kindly, let me know what she did, so, as not to be late. I did not feel scolded, I felt that wisdom was being provided. My first Mystery School, I was traveling back to San Francisco. Betty took me under her wing. School, kindness and wisdom continued as we traveled. I do remember how fast she traveled through the airport! I could go on and on with the memories and impact she made on my heart and soul.

Waiting for her summary of the weekend was like having another time together with the group. Reading her words helped my body, mind and soul receive the learning. An image, I have of her in my mind’s eye is when we attended a concert in Ashland. I looked at her and she was transported to another place. Her beautiful blue eyes were shining with beacons of light. This is what I imagined it was like being in the presence of an angel. Thank you Betty for infusing my life with unspeakable gifts. My love goes with you forever.  
—Joana Ukali

Dear Mystery Family,

**In praise and gratitude for her.**  
Betty Rothenberger

‘Gob stopped,’ as Adele put it,  
Is the picture that strikes my mind and heart.  
A world without Betty...  
The last poem I wrote, she responded...  
Just a few weeks ago....  
And now she is in that place  
—where is it? The heart, memory, god.  
She left so much good, kindness, teaching:  
Clear waters,  
for so many.  
Those manila envelopes she sent,  
unbidden,  
full of connections,  
were the evidence that in the midst of  
all that brilliance at Mystery school,  
my one little squeak, small thought,  
was recognized, witnessed by she  
who embodied Athena, gently, strongly,  
kindly.  
She said, I was a part of Olympus  
which was in a match book, in the chair next  
to me, in traffic at a red light, in the lunch line  
everywhere.  
Internalizing her time has come, is here.  
We are not alone, she said.  
—MaryAnn Bennett Rosberg

**KAIRE BETTY,**  
Even in the light, your lamp shines bright.  
When you first sent me a transcript of a sonnet about my mother that I wrote during a Mystery School exercise, a door opened and continues to open.  
Your clarity knows the right measure of things. Living

with parents who spent the last few years of their lives with Alzheimers, I doubly value your clarity to even the last week of your life. Yesterday I tasted bitterness. The bitterness of missing your uniqueness. All the while knowing that you are swimming in the vast fullness. Yours was love in action, one person at a time. Your Way illuminates my own and connects me with others whom you have loved.  
Kaire Betty.  
—Sophia Bowie-McCoy, Ph.D.

**My Dear Sophia:**

I feel your words for Betty  
Linking this community  
By drawing in each thread  
Of her brilliance  
With your brilliance.

Thank you  
—Diane Dwyer

**Still a bit “gob-stopped”** here at imagining an earthly world without Betty Rothenberger - witnessing, scribing, encouraging, midwifing, simultaneously holding the whole space, a steady center, and anyone within it who needed some holding, or could benefit from a crystal clear reflection of his/her own beauty and genius.

The remarkably “possible human”, authentically and eminently “trustworthily” dancing the weave of “being here now”, and meeting each “out in the field beyond ideas of wrongdoing and rightdoing,” while also holding awareness of the worlds too full to talk about.

Betty not only talked it, or taught it. She lived it to her core and freely shared it through her being - which I know she still does, and will continue doing for so many.

I too remember my surprise big manila envelopes from Betty (the kind Dody and Rich just wrote about) arriving a few times containing a clip of transcript from a previous meeting, highlighting something I’d said and how that discussion took a turn. I still get deeply touched and amazed that she knew exactly what I needed was for someone I loved and deeply respected thinking my voice was important enough to make a positive difference; and that she was willing to take effort, quiet and immensely meaningful steps to do something about it.



And then there was also our Betty, one time as my partner during a social artistry meditation into the future, willing and able to enthusiastically jump right into a rather sci-fi download of developing a chlorophyll skin cream for use on a too heated planet. We both got very juicy. :-)

Anjela, I send you huge hugs of Love and support. My hands and heart are at your back, as they are for your entire family experiencing this new state of being without Betty right there. I know that with your own huge compassion, courage, and your own brilliant capture of luxuriant color and design that you too are still feeling Betty with you at each step. She was so proud of you and you of her - so much love, so much connection. I celebrate the lives of you all.

And with that I just add a few photos I was able to find from ECMS 2001:



Betty the Scribe



Betty the Witness (with Peggy):



And Anjela - a Star of ECMS Cabaret:

Still a bit “gob-stopped” here - But oh so continually thankful for our wondrous Mystery School Family - our beautiful deeply-woven tapestry held together with true, love, care and trust; fully honoring the presence of (and bringing into presence) each and every one of us - those still with us on this plane, and those who journey beyond. (Man oh man, we’re so fortunate....)  
—Adele Eisner

Dear Betty, Thank you for your life, your love, your mentoring .  
RIP. Much love  
—Wendy Joscelyn

She was a gracious presence for all of us who went to Jean’s programs—always helpful, kind and loving. I raise my voice from Florida in praise of her life.  
—Therese Tappouni

She did an amazing amount of good and she did it her own way, a real original. An astonishing life, I used to wonder how she got to be Betty.  
—Stephen Williamson

OH, I am hearing this now, thank you....Betty is certainly remembered so very well , wonderful woman, she was a delight.  
So sorry to hear this news of her passing. Lots of love .  
—JacQueline Zemke

So sad to hear of Betty’s passing, she was truly a beacon of light and always so kind in her dealings with any and everyone!  
—Simcha Raphael

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# Rejoicing in Mystical Union

## Betty and the Beloved

Know the true nature of your Beloved, in whose loving eyes, your every thought, word, or movement is always, always beautiful.  
—Hafiz

## A Reading from the Book of Dreams

The Beloved is here and speaks to thee:  
“Words shall not harm thee  
for I am all words.  
I see thee and know thee  
that you are my own.  
Need shall not overtake thee  
for I fill all need.  
I call your name and always have  
Watch and keep vigil!  
Watch!  
And keep vigil.”  
—Frank Hayes



## Ceremony: PART ONE

inspired by Teilhard de Chardin’s  
“Mass on the World”

## The Altar

“I will make the whole earth my altar ...”  
—Teilhard de Chardin

We live on a blue planet  
That circles around a ball of fire  
Next to a moon that moves the sea...  
And you don’t believe in miracles?  
—Unknown

## The Soul’s Yearning: Declarations of Love and Gratitude

“One by one, Lord, I see and I love all those whom you have given me to sustain and charm my life.”  
—Teilhard

## To Betty

As Sister, Mentor, Ally, Teacher, Friend

## The Offering

“Lord, make us one.”  
—Teilhard

## Music

## Calling Down the Blessing

“Blazing Spirit, Radiant Word, Blazing Power...”  
—Teilhard

We call down the blazing fire of the cosmos, asking it to move through every atom of our being and through all life on earth, burning away dross, cleansing and refining, transmuting and filling with new life. Burn through the sufferings and sorrows of the world, and blaze up with the joys. O Pattern That Holds, let our growth be transformation, our changes evolution, our every action a service to LIFE.  
—Betty Rothenberger and Hilary Tate

## It is done. What is new born.

“New humanity...begotten today.”  
“I beg you: give me faith.”  
—Teilhard

## Communion and Commitment

What human beings will really give to the Earth is love, a love that will evolve from the most sensuous to the most spiritualized form. This is the mission of Earth evolution. Earth is the cosmos of love.  
—Rudolph Steiner

## Music

## Prayers

Great Mystery, you are ALL. And I participate in You. How can I keep from singing? How can my soul keep from leaping up in joy at your beingness in all my relations!

Great and Holy Mystery in which I am a part, along with everything else in this evolving creation, I vow to honor, love, cherish and help to sustain all life on this earth, transformed by Your fire, knowing myself kin to all within the Cosmos.  
—Betty Rothenberger and Hilary Tate

Continued on page 20





**Irena Rutenberg created this collage of people from the East Coast Mystery School in the 1990s - so many extraordinary colleagues on the journey, soul companions, where Betty was scribe, mentor and wisdom leader.**





## Ceremony: PART TWO

### The Sufi Sema

Inspired by the life of Jalal al-Din Rumi

**The Sema** (With thanks to Peggy Dean, who witnessed this Sema and wrote of its meaning.)

Rumi taught that human beings are born twice, once of their mothers and second of their own bodies in a spiritual birth. The quotations that follow are Rumi’s, as translated by Coleman Barks.

#### Praise to the Prophets

“The prophet said, ‘In these days the breath of God is breathing through. Keep your ear and mind attentive to influences and catch them.’”

#### Let it Be!

“The core of the feminine comes directly as a ray of the sun. Not the earthy figure you hear about in love songs; there’s more to her mystery than that. You might say she’s not from the manifest world at all, but the creator of it.”

#### Life’s Pleasures

“Inside the lover’s heart there’s another world, and yet another.”

#### Greeting of the Mystic Spirit

“There is a community of the spirit, Join it, and feel the delight of walking in the noisy street, and being the noise.”

#### Revelation of Birth into Eternity

“I didn’t come here of my own accord, and I can’t leave that way. Whoever brought me here, will have to take me home.”

#### Demonstrating Unity

“What is praised is one, so the praise is one too, many jugs being poured.”

#### Permission Given

“There is no reality but God, says the completely surrendered sheik, who is an ocean for all beings.”

#### The Mystic Turning: Four Sessions; Four Meanings

**First Turning:** Awareness of knowledge and truth, thus awareness of the Creator and the dervishes’ surrender to Him.

“In every instant there’s dying and coming back around. Muhammad said, ‘This world is a moment,’ a pouring that refreshes and renews itself so rapidly it seems continuous, as a burning stick taken from the fire looks like a golden wire when you swirl it in the air, so we feel duration as a strings of sparks.”

**Second Turning:** Awe at the power of God for creating humankind.

“No one knows what makes the soul wake up so happy! Maybe a dawn breeze has blown the veil from the face of God.”

**Third Turning:** Transformation of awe and gratitude into love, and the sacrifice of mind to love in an act of ultimate submission,

“Love is the way messengers from the mystery tell us things.”

**Fourth Turning:** Completes the spiritual journey, with acceptance of fate, and the return to the true meaning of creation.

“The most living moment comes when those who love each other meet each other’s eyes and in what flows between them then. To see your face in a crowd of others, or alone on a frightening street, I weep for that. Our tears improve the earth. The time you scolded me, your gratitude, your laughing, always your qualities Increase the soul. Seeing you is a wine that does not muddle or numb. We sit inside the cypress shadow where amazement and clear thought twine their slow growth into us.”

#### Closing Prayers

Participants in this Ceremony include (but may not be limited to):

Elizabeth Austin, Sophia Bowie-McCoy, Paul Briggs, Trish Broersma, Loretta Afraid of Bear Cook, Tom Cook, Anjela Dale, Denise Dignan, Gerry Dignan, Frank Hayes, Jean Houston, Karen Johnson, Sheila Marks, Lisa Nelson, Peg O’Brien, Sally Richman, Peggy Rubin, Uran Snyder, Hilary Tate, Andrea Wachter. Trish Broersma created the Praise Song booklet.

Betty had a wisdom and sensitivity unique in expression and amazing in her role as Sacred Scribe. She captured so remarkably well our Mystery School divine moments. Forever missed, Betty. Indeed Love Changes everything Love —John Jamieson

#### John, you said it beautifully.

Betty was one of my favorite people, for so many reasons...her kindness, her open heart, her mind. I am so sad to hear of her passing... —Cathryn Conn

**Sweet Betty Blue Eyes** will live forever in my heart as my mentor, my guide and my compassionate witness. —Rosie Kelley

**I feel SO blessed** to have had her incredible wisdom, insight, humor and goodness in my life, how she could summarize the most complex things into digestible and inspiring bits! Just right... —Eugenie Morton

**Oh my, this makes me sad.** Betty was such a source of love, warmth and acceptance - I dearly loved her and am saddened by her passing. Condolences to Anjela Dale and the rest of her family. —Diane Scholten

**O Gaia, mother of all**, which you loved so much and found such deep connection in has brought you back into herself and the bright, bright, light and loving consciousness that you are is returning home. Well Done! Thank you, Betty, for being such a high witness. May your journey home be filled with grace. Love, Love, Love —Elaine Cirillo

**It is beautifully bittersweet** that in Betty’s passing there is a reconnecting. A Tribute to her great Soul and Spirit. As Betty would write “in the dance.” —Dawn Kirk

**Dearest Betty, journey well.** Your wisdom and love continue to live in my heart. —Janet Sanders

**Dearest Betty - you taught us**, shared with us and always encouraged us to live ‘ in the dance’. You let me see you as the great wise owl in mystery school. I will never forget that gifting. I will continue to dance with you and other mysticians as you you taught us a profoundly rich dance of life. As always- love. —Deborah Plummer

Betty was such a dear — a bright light, kind spirit and gentle soul who touched the hearts of many. I feel so blessed to have the opportunity to connect with her over the years. She shall indeed, continue to live in my heart, as well. —Carol Edmonston

**Betty Rothenberger was a beautiful soul**, a beloved, generous and kind teacher. I am grateful for the gift of knowing her. May she ever rest in peace. —Skye Burn

**Wise, compassionate**, so very considerate, always available, and yet, much more! Trish captured one aspect in calling her a magnifier. She magnified Jean’s work so magnificently. She magnified the glorious drama expressed by Peggy Rubin. She magnified the best qualities of everyone’s life she touched. Will there ever be another Betty? Brian Porter. said the qualities we saw in her are in all of us - we just need to look around and bless those qualities in each of us as we all collectively embody her magnificence. Diane saw her as looking on from her realm. Perhaps in teacher fashion she is watching over us to be sure we all magnify and manifest the qualities we see in her. Love you Betty! Bon voyage! —Jane Battenberg

**Thank you so much** for letting me know of Betty’s passing, and taking the time to tell me much about the event and the groundswell of feeling from so many whose lives she graced.

Betty was so good to me, to Margaret and myself when we visited San Francisco. She took us to many places, introduced to Rebecca Latimer with whom I had brief correspondence before she passed away, and outstandingly the gift she gave us, for Margaret and myself - she introduced to Grace Cathedral. There is a Dromenon (which you may know) on the floor of the cathedral and Margaret and I visited that wonderful shrine and performed the Dromenon as many times as we could before we left.

Besides her enormous support for me as a lone Australian daring to travel to the US six times (having not traveled before). And she also invited our lovely daughter Meg to stay with her and I’m convinced that the two of them had rich and powerful exchanges. Meg is now the Principal of a 400-student Elementary School near here and is sprouting the wings she has been growing for so long. But Betty’s influence as a fellow educator was extremely influential I believe. I will talk to Meg about this news tomorrow and we will send



our condolences by intention (a non-local means) along with sharing our gratitude for the love and enrichment we received from this truly wonderful woman. I will share it with Margaret also - Betty welcomed dear Margaret with such generosity and love. I can't begin to imagine the number of people whose lives were truly graced by her existence.

Bless you for thinking to share what you knew would be so important for Margaret, Meg and myself. With love in this Great Mystery, in which it appears there is no separation.  
—Charles Parker (Human Capacities program graduate from Australia)

**The Solstice Circle**  
*For many years, Betty participated in a Winter Solstice meditation and day-long conversation about the world and its stories organized by an old friend, Saphira Linden. Emily Devine is a member of that Circle, and she shared the news of Betty's death. Here are some of their tributes.*  
May Betty's lovely, wise soul rise. I see her dancing after hours in the big gym at Greenkill, her whole face lit up with joy. And holding the Sun Dance, hour after hour, day after day valiantly and beautifully. In sorrow, and with love to all,  
—Emmy Devine

**I know we are all sad .....**but the angels are exalted ....  
To be graced with such luminosity  
As our dear Betty brings to them.  
Farewell oh shining one.  
Love Hadiya  
—(Ellen Burstyn)

**A wild moment at Sacred Theatre, December 10, 2000:**

*Included in the photo are*  
Standing, Barbara Zollinger,  
Peggy Rubin, Elizabeth Austin, Carolyn Bond, Hilary Tate, Betty Rothenberger, Joy Craddick, Frank Hayes, Shirley Patton,  
Sitting: Ernie Griswold, Natasha Yon, Denise Kester, Belle Douglass, Trish Broersma, Elaine Larson, Brenda Rosen, Christiane Meunier



**Dear Spirit Sisters,**  
A life so well lived! I'm sending my prayers for a wonderful journey and landing in her new reality.  
love,  
—Lama Palden

**Thank you,** Emily, for letting us know about the passing of our solstice sister, Betty. We will hold her in our hearts in remembrance of her dedicated spirit.  
Love to all,  
—Nancy Roof

**Yes, Betty was a shining beacon** of light through out our 28 years of meeting  
May her soul be guided to her eternal resting place in joy and peace.  
Much love and peace Betty. We honor your many contributions through out your life to be in service to so many people in need, through so many projects. We will all miss your unending support and commitment to our process. We will all miss your uplifting wisdom and joyous spirit. It has been a real privilege to know you.  
Love and Blessings,  
—Saphira Linden

**I believe there are so many worlds...** May she soar to another where she finds welcome and joy.  
—Davine DelValle

**I am so very sorry** to hear this, Emily, and thank you for letting us know. Please convey my condolences to her family. Love,  
—Riane Eisler

*Betty's Own Words: "Promises to My Soul"*



Great Goddesses  
Flowing from the Himalayan Heart of All Being,  
Great Rivers, let me praise you.

Sun-radiant Durga,  
Resplendent with jewels,  
Each hand filled with weapon particular and deadly,  
You ride your mighty tiger toward me,  
Calm, implacable, energy ever available.  
No demon can withstand you.



Luminous White Buffalo Calf Woman,  
Singing you come, your footsteps a lighted path,  
Bringing sustenance and wisdom,  
Teaching me how to be in this world  
Close to the Earth and its sweet gifts.  
Beautiful and mysterious Savior.



Golden Isis, beautiful, fragrant,  
Beyond all human words to describe,  
Great Mother of warriors,  
Your love and your grief equally without measure,  
Teacher, Beloved One,  
Searching for me without ceasing to make me whole,  
Glorious and Great Queen of Heaven,  
Loved and Beloved.

O Holy Goddesses,  
Your mighty rivers overflow in my heart.  
Flood me with your presence  
And fill me with song and words.  
I will praise you forever.





### A DEDICATION

Make me your lyre, even as the forest is.  
 What if my leaves are falling like its own.  
 Let the waves of my emotions rise and fall  
 blown by your Spirit.  
 Let the clouds of my thoughts gather, disperse,  
 re-form again,  
 responding to your Breath.  
 Be thou, O Spirit fierce, my spirit!

### A LOVE POEM TO GOD

The blaze of red leaves in the front yard  
 Sunshine following the morning mist  
 Hot strong coffee and cheese discovered  
 Energy rolled up and down and shot abroad  
 Kabir's love stained pedant's robe  
 Beloved and familiar fellow journeyers  
 Mad inspired conducting of the music of one's life -  
 What's not to love?



### A PROMISE TO MY SOUL

Dark lodestone,  
 Radiating darkness,  
 Pulse at the center of my being,  
 You hold in vibrating image all that you/I have experienced,  
 Not just now, but over long years,  
 Each image unique, poignant, contributing to a complexity  
 of interwoven, interacting realities.  
 O my soul, until our journey is complete,  
 Until each transmutation, transformation of your dark energy  
 is complete,  
 I will cherish you, honor you at my heart's core, embrace  
 our journey,  
 Adding facet after facet to your pulsing, radiating dark essence.

### DEDICATION

I can't see the way through,  
 What action is called for, or not.  
 Darkness is there to be made manifest,  
 But how to be shaped I don't know.  
 Let me be at ease with the darkness,  
 Content to move within the cloud of unknowing.  
 Let me rest easy, yet alert to signs and signals.  
 May my story unfold appropriately, beautifully, in depth.



### EMBODYING THE DARK FEMININE

As an embodiment of the Dark Feminine

I am permeated by Her dazzling energy.

The distances between my cells, in my cells,  
are filled by Her -

Where do I end and She begin?

How can I tell us apart?

I the positive, She the negative,  
depending on where attention is paid?

My feet, my substance, my heart, my head,

All unique constellations of Her Being,

But solid only briefly, for now -

An illusion and an incarnation of Her  
at the same time.



### HYMN TO THE NIGHT

Fertile

Moist

Brilliant

Clear

Spangled

Electrifying

Unending

Pregnant One

Source Mother



### IN PRAISE & GRATITUDE TO WATER

Praise to you, Most Holy Water,

Source of life itself  
Most intimately and importantly who I am

Thanks to you, Most Precious Water.

You support all life on Earth  
From your rains, from your streams and rivers,  
from your deep wells flourish all that live and grow

Deep gratitude to you, Most Abundant Water,

Your oceans teem with untold magnitudes  
Your expansive and swelling surfaces beckon us and lead us forth

Salutations to you, Beloved Water in all your forms,  
Your moods and myriad manifestations thrill and humble me.



### HYMN TO THE IDEAL COMMUNITY

All spring from the same dark earth

Yet unique, yet from separate containment. . . .

The same delicate green tracery supports them all

Yet differs in its lushness. . . .

All are sister blooms - dark granulated heart,  
petaled ringed round

Each colored, each special, each beautiful. . . .





### PRAISE SONG TO AN ANCESTOR

I honor you, Beloved Ancestor, and remember your story.

How you walked the shores of that blue sea,

Washed the sand and dust of Africa from your feet,

Looked up to the mountains rising from the green plain.

You answered their call, beckoned by their cedar scent.

Climbed over rocks, walked through streams,

Until you stood and gazed - back to the land left behind,  
ahead to worlds yet to open, the blue sea sparkling  
below.

You remembered your ancestors, all they had done, offering  
praise and thanksgiving,

As I remember you now, remember your courage and  
willingness to carry on.

I offer you this loving and grateful praise song, and promise  
another one too. . . .



### PRESERVER AND DESTROYER

Preserver and Destroyer, Hear, O Hear!

You swept away from me easy movement

The ability to go, to travel on a whim

Closed off ease of choice, of fancies freely followed

And left instead deliberation, slowness, pain.

At the same time you swept through

Beloved tasks and collegial visions,

Everything to be re-evaluated, re-examined.

Preserver and Destroyer, Hear, O Hear!

My sense of loss, my bewilderment and confusion,

My exhaustion and failure of vision.

Preserver and Destroyer, Hear, O Hear!

The beauty and complexity of the Earth, of the Universe,

Continue to hold and sustain me.

The cycles of seeding, flowering, dying back and re-seeding

Are all around me, are part of me.

Open me fully, totally to the experience I am in the midst of.

Destroy what is no longer needed or necessary.

Preserve all that will feed and serve the future.

Preserver and Destroyer, Hear, O Hear!

### WHERE IS THE WIND BLOWING ME?

Where is the wind blowing me?

It is asking me to be porous

to be light

to be able to move

to be able to shift shape

to be a candle burning in the breeze

a light

passionate

stationary

radiant

### THE QUALITY OF MERCY

Dear One -

The quality of mercy is yours to claim,

Its healing stream ready to wash over you.

The wages have already been paid.

The worry over weight, food, exercise, movement,

The constant fixation over the use of time,

The clouded sense of what next and why.

Choose ease.

Choose enough already.

Choose understanding and compassion.

Let the waters of mercy, of unconditional love,

Flow over you, wash you clean and free

Emerge refreshed, renewed, at ease.

This concludes Betty Rothenberger's writings:  
*Promises to My Soul*

## Blessings from Eirene, the Goddess of Peace, and the Land of Milk and Honey where Betty now resides

### A Vision for Betty

I see your homeland  
where the Goddess of Peace resides  
as a grove of olive trees,  
planted by Athena's own hands.  
In the distance, the sparkling sea waves at the land.  
In the center, your own Tholos,  
where you, the Priestess, rest, reside and rule.  
From this center, you bring peace.

—Peggy Rubin

Dear Goddess Eirene, Peace be your Name, Nature and Realm.  
Please bring your sun-warmth, aroma of herbs and grasses, open-  
ness and love of heart among us gathered here.  
Bless our dear friend Betty  
And grant her deep desire that her honesty and courage be  
granted additional power to focus her steady gaze and strength of  
consideration, so that the conflicts that rise to her awareness are  
greeted as loving friends and invited to share their gifts.  
Sharing in this household of compassion and discernment, gentle  
breezes dance with light colorful curtains, and the table is beauti-  
fully set with delights. Outside the patio at the back of the house,  
gypsy friends play gay violin tunes that gently delight the ears  
and lift our hearts. On the wall a tile basin receives clear cool wa-  
ter from the mouth of a sculptured phoenix, and the household  
lions sprawl like dogs on the cool tile floor.  
The conversations are calm and sweet, with gentle laughter  
and tears as possibilities weave themselves together and flowers  
bloom from the vases.  
And in no time at all the conflicts that have bloomed into flowers  
are joined by new guests.  
Thanks to you, Peaceful Eirene, for the cupboards full of vases.  
— Lisa Nelson



### Haikus for Betty

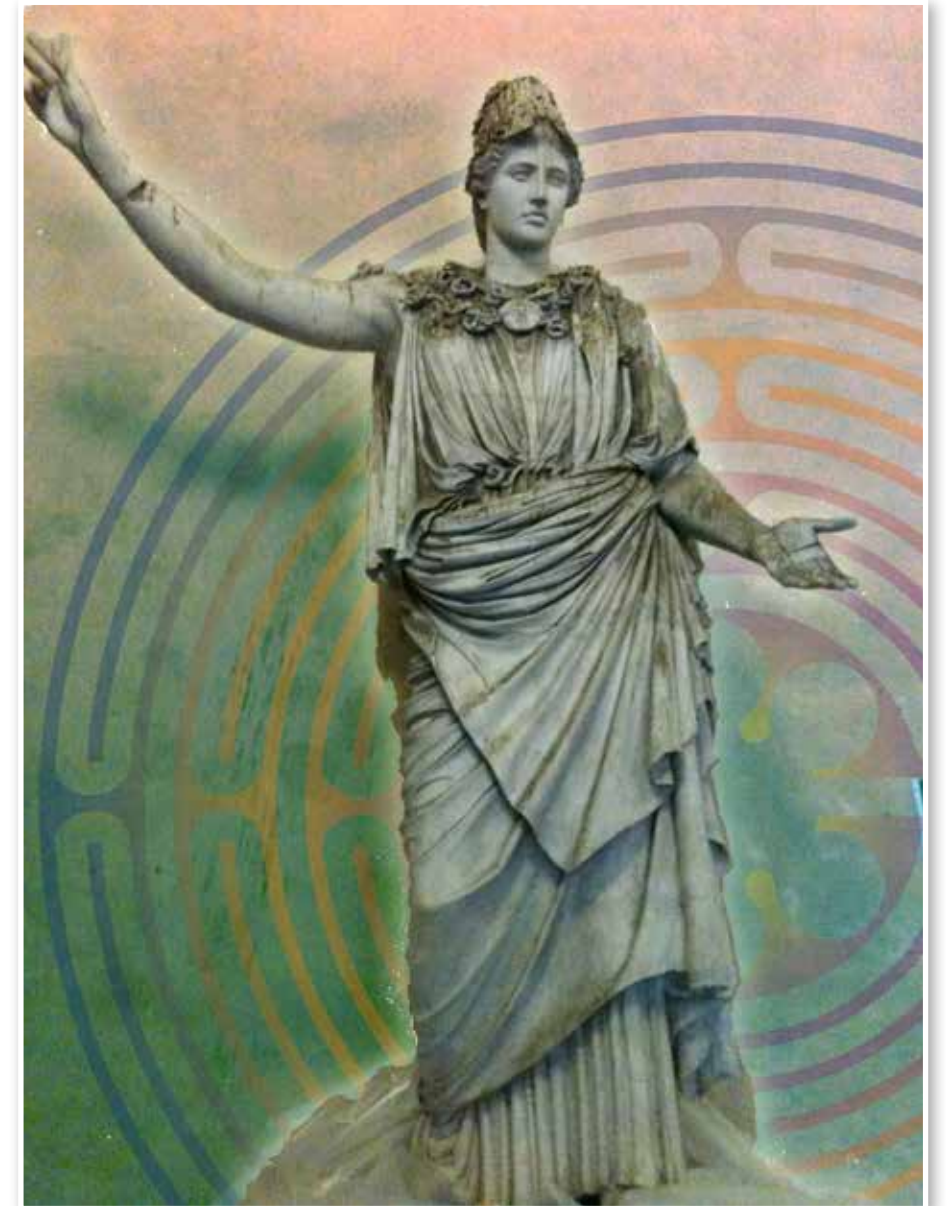
The kind Gods of Joy  
Rejoice when bright-eyed Betty  
Comes into the world.

Humans are eager  
For her radiant clarity  
So kindly bestowed.

Our willing hands stretch  
To seize every morsel of  
Her wisdom 's bounty.

Thanks, blue-eyed lady.  
We will remember you and  
Another song too.  
—Hilary Tate

Betty is survived by her sisters  
Sheila Ann Marks,  
Joan Zinck Himmelhoch  
and Anjela Joy Dale.



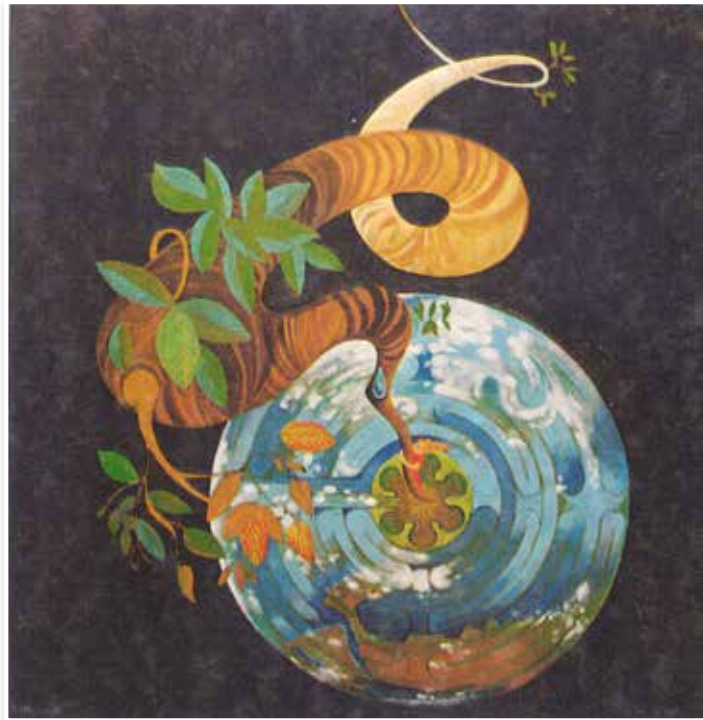
### Contributions in Betty's memory can be sent to:

Sundance  
c/o Loretta Afraid of Bear Cook,  
545 Cook Rd.  
Awkesasne, NY 13655

Starcross Kin Worldwide  
34500 Annapolis Rd.  
Annapolis, CA 95412

Nepal Youth Foundation  
3030 Bridgeway, Suite 202  
Sausalito, CA 94965





### **“Axis Mundi”**

I picture Betty having walked the labyrinth,  
now going up to the adventures that await her.  
—art by Penny McManigal

### **When I die**

When I die  
If you need to weep  
Cry for someone  
Walking the street beside you.  
You can love me most by letting  
Hands touch hands, and  
Souls touch souls.  
You can love me most by  
Sharing your Simchas (goodness) and  
Multiplying your Mitzvot (acts of kindness).  
You can love me most by  
Letting me live in your eyes  
And not on your mind.  
And when you say  
Kaddish for me  
Remember what our  
Torah teaches,  
Love doesn’t die  
People do.  
So when all that’s left of me is love  
Give me away.

—Rabbi Allen S. Maller



### **Betty the Wise**

They say the Wise Men traveled in threes, but the Wise Woman travels any way she wants to—alone, with a few friends, or in a million circles. Yet her mission is the same, to show the world the face of love and sovereignty, whether in an infant promised by prophecy or in a sister, friend, student, teacher, Beloved of the Soul.

Your bright wisdom is a lamp held up to light the way for those of us blessed to know you. Its beautiful beams shine everywhere, awakening curiosity and deep thoughts, delight in the pleasures of music and dance, the longing for the Divine however It may present Itself.

Your holy words help us to recognize our paths and walk them with intelligence and integrity.

Your spirit of exploration and embrace of the new lead us into places and disciplines and ways of expressing we never suspected and adventures we never expected.

You are the good companion, the compassionate mentor, the outspoken course-corrector, the fearless laughter, the Wild Wise Woman.

I honor you. I will remember you and another song too.

—Hilary Tate

### **To Betty Rothenberger**

To whom shall I sing  
my ode this morning?  
I, who did not know this woman  
in the times when her legs danced  
as easily as her spirit,  
I too shall sing  
to the Preserver and Destroyer,  
a song of gratitude  
for the preservation of this spirit,  
of the always ready smile  
that lights the face still radiant  
with curiosity and love,  
of the wisdom so gently  
and generously shared,  
of the body that continues to dance  
in spite of pain and limitations.  
Oh, Preserver and Destroyer,  
who bring this earthly goddess  
to cross my path,  
who allow her light to shine  
and lift me higher,  
I sing my gratitude  
and ask that I might be half so brave,  
so kind, so generous and wise,  
worthy to know  
such a woman as this.  
—Anna Grossnickle Hines

**Betty, we will remember you,  
and another song, too.**



Anna Hines' view of Mount Shasta on the morning of Betty's death.



# We Remember Them



At the rising sun and at its going down; We remember them.

At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter; We remember them.

At the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring; We remember them.

At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer; We remember them.

At the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of the autumn; We remember them.

At the beginning of the year and when it ends; We remember them.

As long as we live, they too will live, for they are now a part of us as We remember them.

When we are weary and in need of strength; We remember them.

When we are lost and sick at heart; We remember them.

When we have decisions that are difficult to make; We remember them.

When we have joy we crave to share; We remember them.

When we have achievements that are based on theirs; We remember them.

For as long as we live, they too will live, for they are now a part of us as, We remember them.

--Sylvan Kamens and Rabbi Jack Riemer