

Celebration of Life for Ginny Faye Moser
July 14, 2014

**Prelude -
Welcome**

Hello and welcome to this sacred space, the Accotink Unitarian Universalist Church, for the Celebration of Life Service for one of Accotink's founding members, Ginny Moser.

The Unitarian Universalist way of celebrating a life has little to do with doctrine and everything to do with remembering all we can about our lost loved one so she can remain more completely in our hearts and minds.

Our guides are our conscience, our sense of decorum, our love of life, and our acknowledgement that some great mystery pervades our existence to which we must bear witness when a loved one dies. Our experience of the divine precious gift of life calls us to worship today.

To that end we ask you to get comfortable in your seats and turn off all electronic devices as we enter into the spirit of worship and remembrance.

OPENING PRAYER

I invite you to breathe deeply but gently, get comfortable in your seats, and join me as we enter into the spirit of prayer in the spirit of prayer. Gracious spirit of life, known in many ways by many, sweet power of love, known by no single name fully, we gather to affirm that Human Life is sacred – that all life is sacred. We do our duty by celebrating together the life, love and work of Ginny Faye Moser. We gather in ritual when one of ours has died, as people have done since the dawn of time. Here, together, we assuage our suffering, remind one another of Ginny's love of life, as we comfort one another. So in a spirit of deep reverence, we begin this sacred time together. Amen

MUSIC - *Etude, Chopin*

Chalice Lighting - #454, by Christine Robinson

In our time of grief, we light a flame of sharing, the flame of ongoing life. In this time when we search for understanding and serenity in the face of loss, we light this sign of our quest for truth, meaning and community

HYMN – 108 - *My Life Flows On in Endless Song*

Chronicle - Reflections on Ginny Faye Moser – Rev Scott Sammler-Michael

George Russell writes -

When Mine Hour is come let no teardrops fall

*and no darkness hover round me where I lie.
Let the vastness call one who was its lover,
let me breathe the sky.
Where the [holy] light walks along the world
and its silent tread leaves the grasses bright,
leaves the flowers uncurled,
let me ... breathe a gay goodnight.*

On April 21, 1937 Virginia Faye Moser was born in Wadsworth, Ohio. Ginny was musically inclined, very active in school chorus and band. She also played the organ at church. She taught herself how to play the French horn and was briefly a member of the Fairfax Symphony Orchestra. Ginny graduated from *The College of Wooster* in Ohio, majoring in Political Science and Speech. Ginny was a big-time Wooster booster, enjoying many trips to Wooster for reunions.

Ginny was Set up on a blind date with Moe the summer after her freshman year in college. I am told that first date contained many surprises. Ginny's dad owned an auto dealership and repair shop, which was a good thing, as Moe's car broke down during the date. In a sign of trust that Ginny's dad thought Moe was okay for his girl, ginny's dad lent Moe a car off the lot to finish the date! Ginny and Moe quickly began spending much time together; they Sunday enjoyed Sunday evenings where they would "dance under the stars" at Myers' Lake in Canton, Ohio. Ginny and Moe wed in 1959.

Ginny and Moe moved around, following Moe's career, from Ohio to Madison, Wisconsin, to Evanston, IL, to Cleveland, Ohio and eventually to Springfield, Virginia - which was our gift and why we got to know them. While in Chicago Ginny worked as an editor for Rand McNally, a job she left to raise kids. In northern Virginia, Ginny freelanced as editor, feature writer. A Very Civic Minded woman, Ginny was active in the League of Women Voters and a member of Toastmasters International. In 1991, Ginny joined the Guild of Professional Tour Guides of Washington, D.C., serving as president for two years, even representing them at a conference in Hong Kong in 1999. Washington, DC was a city Ginny fell in love with during a summer semester in DC during College, furthering her Political Science degree. Ginny loved traveling and cherished her many trips to Europe, Russia and China, excursions within the US, and had a particular fondness for the Outer Banks of North Carolina. Ginny was an active member of Lifelong Learning Institute (LLI) where she organized many group tours to various places around the region. Ginny loved to play bridge and enjoyed her many bridge groups and many friends made along the way. Ginny survived a bout with colon

cancer in 1984 - 30 years ago; Ginny knew how to confront adversity, how to battle, how to not only survive but to thrive.

Ginny and Moe joined the Unitarian Universalist Church while living in Evanston. Formerly a member of the UU Church of Arlington, VA, in 1980 Ginny helped establish this place, Accotink Unitarian Universalist Church; Ginny was a church planter and a pioneer. Ginny always made sure the choir was as healthy as it could be, no matter in what status was our funding or the directorship. Ginny was also a great teacher for me. Accotink is my first settlement as a called minister, and Ginny taught me so much about church. She had a keen visual sense - she was always concerned about things looking good - including the minister - whether it was my suit, my stole, or the length of my hair; I wonder, who's gonna tell me to cut my hair now? Ginny was motivated by beauty - she always made sure there were flowers, she made sure the chancel and the sanctuary looked as good as it could. She wanted church to look like it wasn't amateur hour, something I appreciated,; we could use more of that. She wondered why some things weren't happening, and in this story I can share what a great gift it was to have her as a member of Accotink.

As you may know, if Ginny didn't like something you might find out about it. She frequently came to me with concerns, but she did the follow through; all pastors love congregants like Ginny. We pastors have many 'ideas people' who come up to us and tell us that "this needs to be done,' and then walk away. I actually had someone once give me a big box of stuff, tell me that "You need to do something about this,' and march away. When I asked, "How can you help,' this person said, "I am the ideas person; you do it." ~ Wonder where that box ended up? Ginny never did that; she knew that church - that life - is not about You or I but about "We." This is why she loved church, family, community, friends Last year, for example, when Ginny came to me and said, "I really think the church could benefit from Circle suppers," and I said, "How can you help?"; Ginny jumped right in. I had never been to a church that had circle suppers; I didn't know how the program worked. Ginny almost single-handedly revived a great program that has brought many of our people together and deepened our bonds of affection. Ginny Moser will be always remembered as someone here who wanted things done with care, beauty and intention, and was willing to be a part of the solution; I am so grateful for being lucky enough to serve a church she helped found. Thank you, Ginny

In honor of Ginny, allow me to conclude with a reading by the Indian mystic Rabindranath Tagore, My Last Song –

*Let all the strains of joy mingle in my last song –
The joy that makes the earth flow over in the riotous excess of the grass;
the joy that sets the twin brothers, life and death, dancing over the wide world.
the joy that sweeps in with the tempest, shaking and waking all life with laughter;
the joy that sits still with its tears on the pen, red lotus of pain;
and the joy that throws everything it has upon the dust and knows not a word.*

Musical Interlude ~ *Spring*, Vivaldi

Family Remembrances -

We here provide a space for a couple folks who knew and loved Ginny to share personal stories about her. We begin with remarks from Ginny's daughter, Laura ...

GIBRAN

When you are joyous, look deep into your heart and you shall find it is only that which has given you sorrow that is giving you joy. When you are sorrowful look again in your heart, and you shall see that in truth you are weeping for that which has been your delight.

SHARED REFLECTIONS

Jane Lux, Jan Clement -

HYMN #123 – *SPIRIT OF LIFE* - Sung, then hummed

CLOSING PRAYER

Breathe deeply and gently in your seats, and please join me for the closing prayer

The Greek poet Homer writes in *The Iliad*,

“Like the forest leaves in their generations, such is humankind;

For the wind casts the leaves from their branches earthward, and again others the budding greenwood each springtide brings to birth, so does humanity's generations spring up and fade from the earth.”

Great spirit, grant us strength as we honor the life of Ginny Faye Moser. Sharpen our memory, knowing Ginny lives in our thoughts and in our stories about her. Be present to us, oh Spirit, and help us open our hearts to your mystery. May the life here honored multiply the love we share for one another and bring us closer to engaging the mystery that pervades all being.

Here in our gathering is a deepening of meaning, an opportunity to reflect and meditate on the importance of loving relationships and to celebrate a special life. Inspired by Ginny's example of love and truth-telling, may we spring up and bring to birth a resolve to live a life full of intention and meaning, Our love offers life to our memories. Our Love leads to dedication and comfort; A going forward to the triumph of the soul's healing, The conquering of the wilderness of despair. Through our love and memory will come A deepening inward knowledge, a peaceful knowing, That in the final reckoning, all is well.

We honor the life of Ginny Faye Moser, who brought joy to so many, who worked so hard, who spoke her mind in love and service, who loved beauty and music, who loved her family, whose example will live in our memories for ages to come.

We live in Death's mystery; often we work in the dark;
we do what we can; we give what we have; we live as we are able.
If we cannot solve death's riddle, and I wager we cannot,
we learn to live with it and enjoy it.

We prepare for death by living a full, loving and honorable life.

Ginny Faye Moser certainly lived such a life.

She lives on in our hearts, in our prayers, our memories and our stories.

She will be missed, yet she left us much.

In name of the faith that transcends all creeds and all rituals, we pray for that which we each find holy deepest in our own hearts.

Blessed Be

Postlude