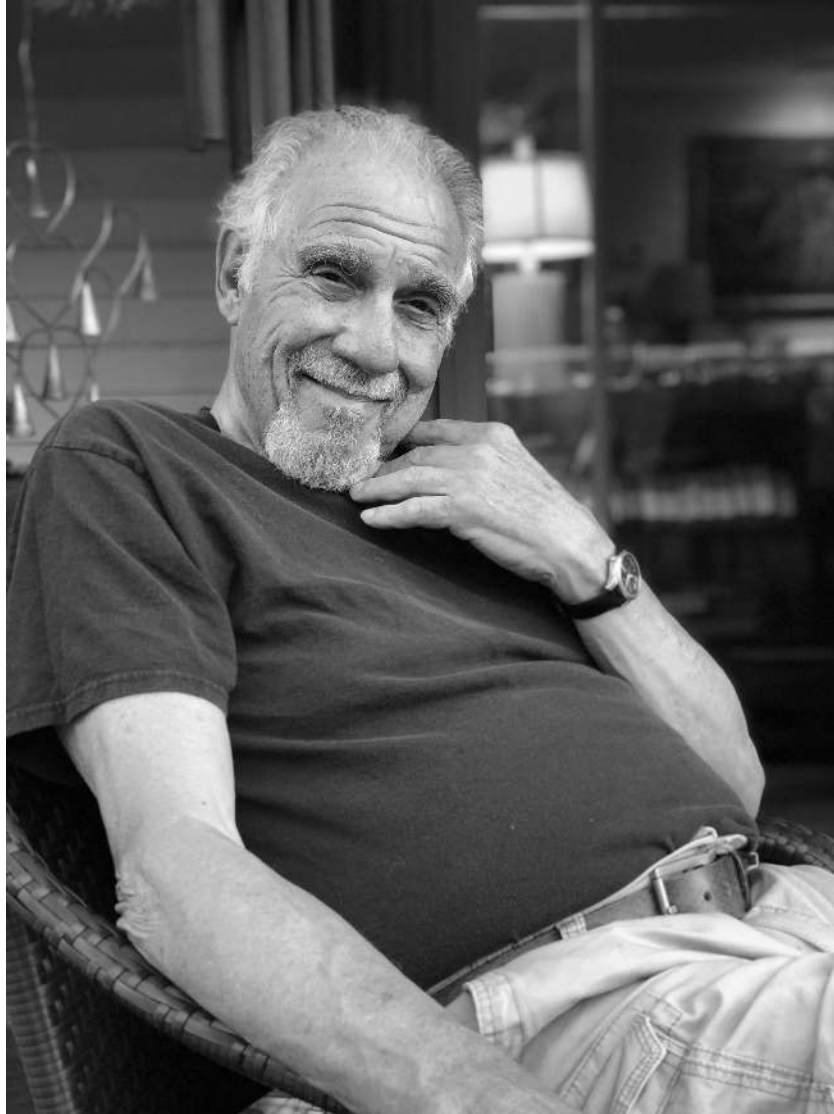


**Celebration of the Life
of
Stanley Sherrel Smith**
March 31, 1938 - May 2, 2025



Saturday, July 19, 2025

4:00 PM

Rector

The Reverend Michele H. Morgan

Director of Music

Jeff Kempskie

PRELUDE MUSIC

Down to the River to Pray

Traditional

All Sing.

As I went down to the river to pray, studyin' about that good ol' way
and who shall wear the starry crown. Good Lord, show me the way.
O sisters, let's go down, let's go down, come on down.
O sisters, let's go down, down to the river to pray.

Verse 2: O brothers... Verse 3: O fathers... Verse 4: O mothers...

As the family procession enters the nave, all, as able, please stand.

PROCESSION MUSIC Kyrie, from *Missa Luba**

Fr Guido Haazen

As recorded by Les Troubadours Du Roi Baudouin

Family Weekend Poem

Stan Smith

Thursday, March 28, 2013

.....Paint and canvas,
Music and Instruments,
Words and paper
Are mediums designed
to show us of what life is about.
But life itself is the Master Medium.
This earth its canvass
The tears and laughter its music
The sometimes soft, and sometimes angry words
That print themselves upon our souls
Are the pieces of Wordy Puzzles
Designed to confuse and enlighten us as we wander.

All read together:

We are the poems.
Each of us
Struggling with and shaped by each other,
Are the poems.
And in this evening time
With or without the requisite rhyme
We surround each other in our love.

The people stand, as able.

HYMN Lord of the Dance

Words: Sydney Carter, Music: Shaker Tune

VERSES



1. I danced in the morn - ing when the world was be - gun, and I
2. I danced for the scribe and the Phar - i - see, but they

1. danced in the moon and the stars and the sun, and I
2. would not dance and they would - n't fol - low me, I

1. came down from heav - en and I danced on the earth, at
2. danced for the fish - er - men, for James and for John, they

1. Beth - le - hem I had dance my birth.
2. came with me and the dance went on.

REFRAIN

Dance, then, wher - ev - er you may be. I am the Lord of the

Dance, said he. I'll lead you all wher - ev - er you may be, I will

1-4 to Verses Final
lead you all in the dance, said he. dance, said he.

The people sit.

THE LITURGY OF THE WORD

WELCOME

Trevor Smith, Son

One of the greatest joys in Stan's life was being "dog nose one", leader of the pack: husband, father and grandfather. Our family will be participating in the service today. We hope the service brings you gifts of light, love and laughter or lough as Stan would say.

Bobbi and Stan met in the summer of 1966 on her visit to Walden School with a close friend. A year later in 1967, back in DC, she went to see a Bergmann double feature at the iconic Circle Theater. Stan was there, standing outside with a group of Walden students, some of whom are here today. She walked over and reminded him of having met the year before. Stan wrote this poem 41 years later on their 39th anniversary.

THE FIRST READING

Read by Lee Pellegrino, Son-in-Law

Annie's Versary: #39 - Stan Smith 2008

So I was standing in front of the theater,
Waiting to go in
And you appeared
Reminding me
Of all that I was missing.

You had come to see the movie,
And I was shepherding wandering students
Towards the pastures of enlightenment.

Full of myself, and only myself,
I felt my heart scramble for protection
From your overwhelming beauty.

Hope fled,
Too often betrayed by
My own delusions,
And I was left
With nothing more than longing.

Pity the poor fool
Pretending to maturity.
Pity the poor fool
Pretending.

Coffee and cigarettes,
A book and a pen
And solitary thought
Will see me through.

Love is a dimension denied
To men like me,
Rumpled and careless
Adrift in a sea of hero hood.

Your smile was a soft silken net
That wrapped my soul
And bound it close to yours.
And there they have been all these years
Growing in tandem with each day,
With each child
With each pleasure and pain that life brings.

Change is galloping towards us
With determination
And will engage us in ways
Wonderful and worrisome.

But we found our shelter and our ship
In front of that theater
Where we were standing
Waiting for this show to begin.

THE SECOND READING “The Boy is Seven” - Stan Smith 1981

Read by Koda Smith, Grandson

The boy is seven. He grows in front of me, slender, furry headed, bull tempered. The world will bend or budge. Or so he believes, needs to believe beneath the wonder that leaves him breathless with surprise.

“I know that.” What else can I expect him to say when I tell him something new?

“I know that.” He is quick to remind me after I have finally lost patience and told him for the tenth time in as many minutes that some particular trick is dangerous, or unfunny, or inappropriate or some other parental word.

The boy is seven.

And my heart breaks just to watch him grow.

What I can never really adjust to is the simple fact that the toddler is gone. I can remember certain moments, running moments, quick giggling, tackling my knee.

We used to play a wrestling game, rolling on the floor, me covering him like a bridge, cradling him with my arms,

“The daddy’s got the baby, the daddy’s got the baby.” And then a quick reversal and he’s on top of me lying on my chest laughing into my face, laughing deeply into my years, and my saying, “the baby’s got the daddy; the baby’s got the daddy.”

THE THIRD READING “Spring” by Edna St. Vincent Millay

Read by Finn Smith, Grandchild

To what purpose, April, do you return again?

Beauty is not enough.

You can no longer quiet me with the redness

Of little leaves opening stickily.

I know what I know.

The sun is hot on my neck as I observe

The spikes of the crocus.

The smell of the earth is good.

It is apparent that there is no death.

But what does that signify?

Not only under ground are the brains of men

Eaten by maggots,

Life in itself

Is nothing,

An empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs.

It is not enough that yearly, down this hill,

April

Comes like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers.

REFLECTION

Leonard Wartofsky, Friend

MUSIC How Can I Keep from Singing?

Traditional Words

Music by Ira Sankey, arr. Eva Cassidy

Jilian McGreen, soloist

*My life goes on in endless song, above earth's lamentation.
I hear the real, though far-off hymn that hails a new creation.
Above the tumult and the strife, I hear its music ringing.
It sounds an echo in my soul, how can I keep from singing?*

*What though, the tempest loudly roars, I hear the truth, it liveth.
What though the darkness round me close, songs in the night it giveth.
No storm can shake my inmost calm, while to that rock I'm clinging.
Since love is Lord of Heaven and Earth, how can I keep from singing?*

*When tyrants tremble, sick with fear, and hear their death knell ringing,
When friends rejoice both far and near, how can I keep from singing?
No storm can shake my inmost calm, while to that rock I'm clinging.
Since love is Lord of Heaven and Earth, how can I keep from singing?*

*My life goes on in endless song, above earth's lamentation.
I hear the real, though far-off hymn, how can I keep from singing?*

REFLECTION

Trevor Smith, Son

THE FOURTH READING John 10:11-16

Read by John Miles, Friend

"I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd lays down his life for the sheep. The hired hand, who is not the shepherd and does not own the sheep, sees the wolf coming and leaves the sheep and runs away, and the wolf snatches them and scatters them. The hired hand runs away because a hired hand does not care for the sheep. I am the good shepherd. I know my own, and my own know me, just as the Father knows me, and I know the Father. And I lay down my life for the sheep. I have other sheep that do not belong to this fold. I must bring them also, and they will listen to my voice. So there will be one flock, one shepherd."

SOLO Spirit of Life

Words & Music by Carolyn McDade

Jilian McGreen, soloist

REFLECTION

Whitney Pellegrino, Daughter

The people stand, as able.

Read together.

THE FIFTH READING Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd;

I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:

he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul:

he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil:

for thou art with me;

thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:

thou anointest my head with oil;

my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:

and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

HYMN Spirit of Life

Words & Music by Carolyn McDade

All Sing.

Spi - rit of life, come un - to me. Sing in my heart all the

stir - rings of com - pas - sion. Blow in the wind, rise in the sea;

move in the hand, giv-ing life the shape of jus - tice. Roots hold me close;

wings set me free; Spi - rit of Life, come to me, come to me.

The people sit.

REFLECTION

Kendall Harvey, Daughter

The people stand, as able.

PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE

Led by Kira Smith, Daughter-In-Law;
Sayer Smith, Grandson; Finn Smith, Grandchild

At the rising and setting of the sun;
At the high and low tides of the sea;
May his memory be a blessing.

At the chill of the snowfall and the warmth of the fire;
At the telling of jokes and the sound of his laughter before the punch line;
May his memory be a blessing.

At the fresh green daffodil shoots in spring;
At the blue sky, the reliable beauty of clouds;
May his memory be a blessing.

At the beach for warm summer swims,
At the trees coming into leaf and letting go in the fall,
His name will come to mind.

When reading a poem for birthday and Christmas,
When we gather to close the year and celebrate joy,
When we feel happy and at peace,
As long as our family lives, he will also, as one of us.
May his memory be a blessing.

When we are weary and in need of strength;
When we are lost and sick at heart;
When we have hard decisions to make without him;
When we need support and shared excitement for our hopes and dreams;
May his memory be a blessing.

When we have a story or heartache to share;
When we have achievements he would have delighted in;
When we are filled with loving-kindness,
When we smile at a stranger,
For as long as we live,
We will share his story.

The people sit.

THE SIXTH READING Excerpt from *The Firmament of Time* by Loren Eiseley*
Read by Jon Harvey, Son-in-Law

Since the first human eye saw a leaf in Devonian sandstone and a puzzled finger reached to touch it, sadness has lain over the heart of man. By this tenuous thread of living protoplasm, stretching backward into time, we are linked forever to lost beaches whose sands have long since hardened into stone. The stars that caught our blind amphibian stare have shifted far or vanished in their courses, but still that naked, glistening thread winds onward. No one knows the secret of its beginning or its end. Its forms are phantoms. The thread alone is real; the thread is life.

The people stand, as able.

PROCESSION TO THE COLUMBARIUM

Benedictus, from *Missa Luba**

Fr Guido Haazen

As recorded by Les Troubadours Du Roi Baudouin

*As members of the family process to the Columbarium,
the congregation remains in place, turning towards the high altar.*

THE COMMENDATION

Genesis 3:19

“For you were made from dust, and to dust you will return.”

We are formed of the earth, and to earth shall we return. Acknowledge, we humbly beseech you, a sheep of your own fold, a lamb of your own flock. Receive him into the blessed rest of everlasting peace, and into the glorious company of the saints in light.
Amen.

THE COMMITTAL

Genesis 28:14 KJV

The ashes are placed in the niche.

And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south: and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed.

We commend our brother Stan and we commit his body to this resting place. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. O God, bless him and keep him, make your face to shine upon him and be gracious to him, lift up your countenance upon him and give him peace. **Amen.**

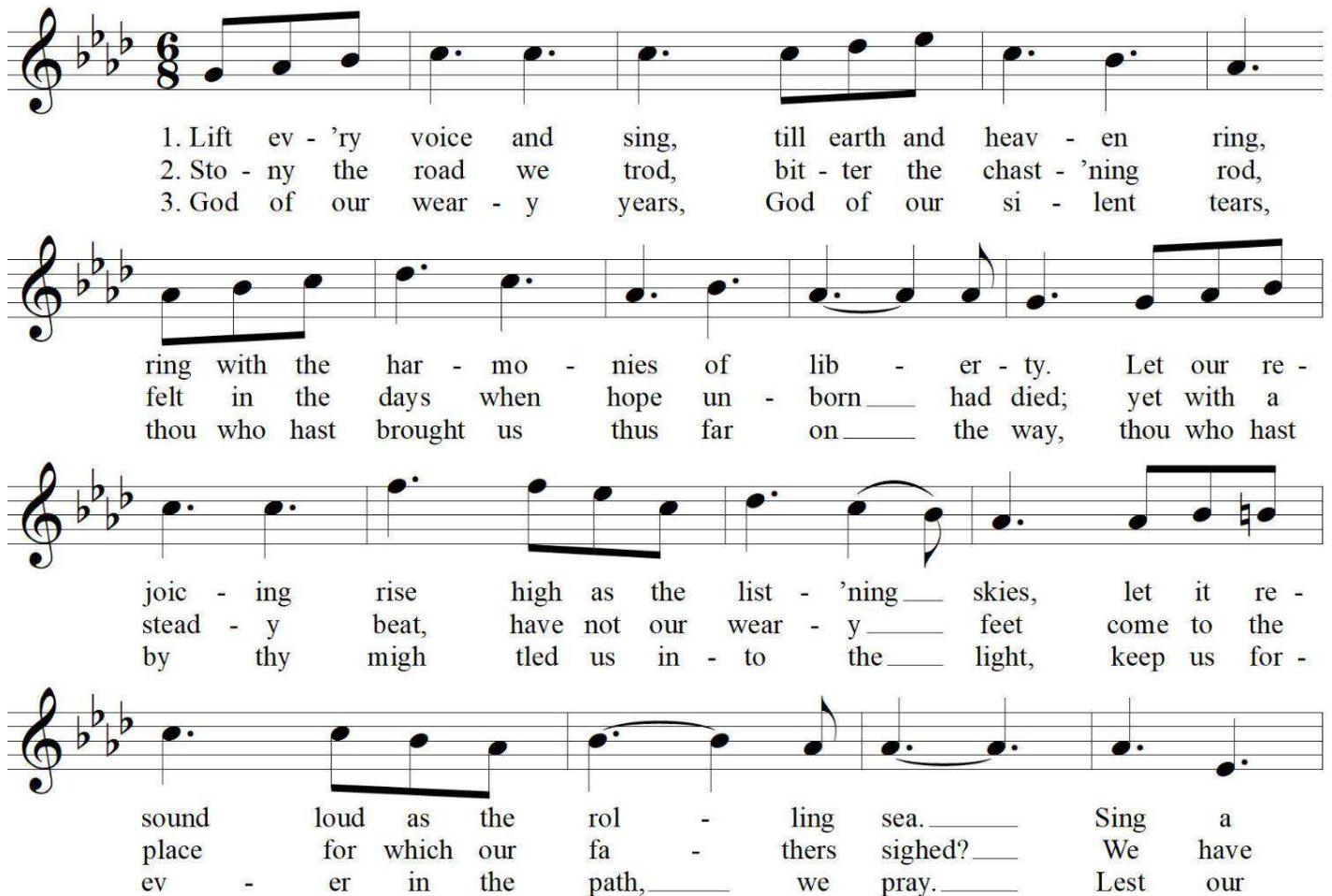
As the following hymn is sung, the family returns to their seats.

CLOSING HYMN Lift Every Voice and Sing

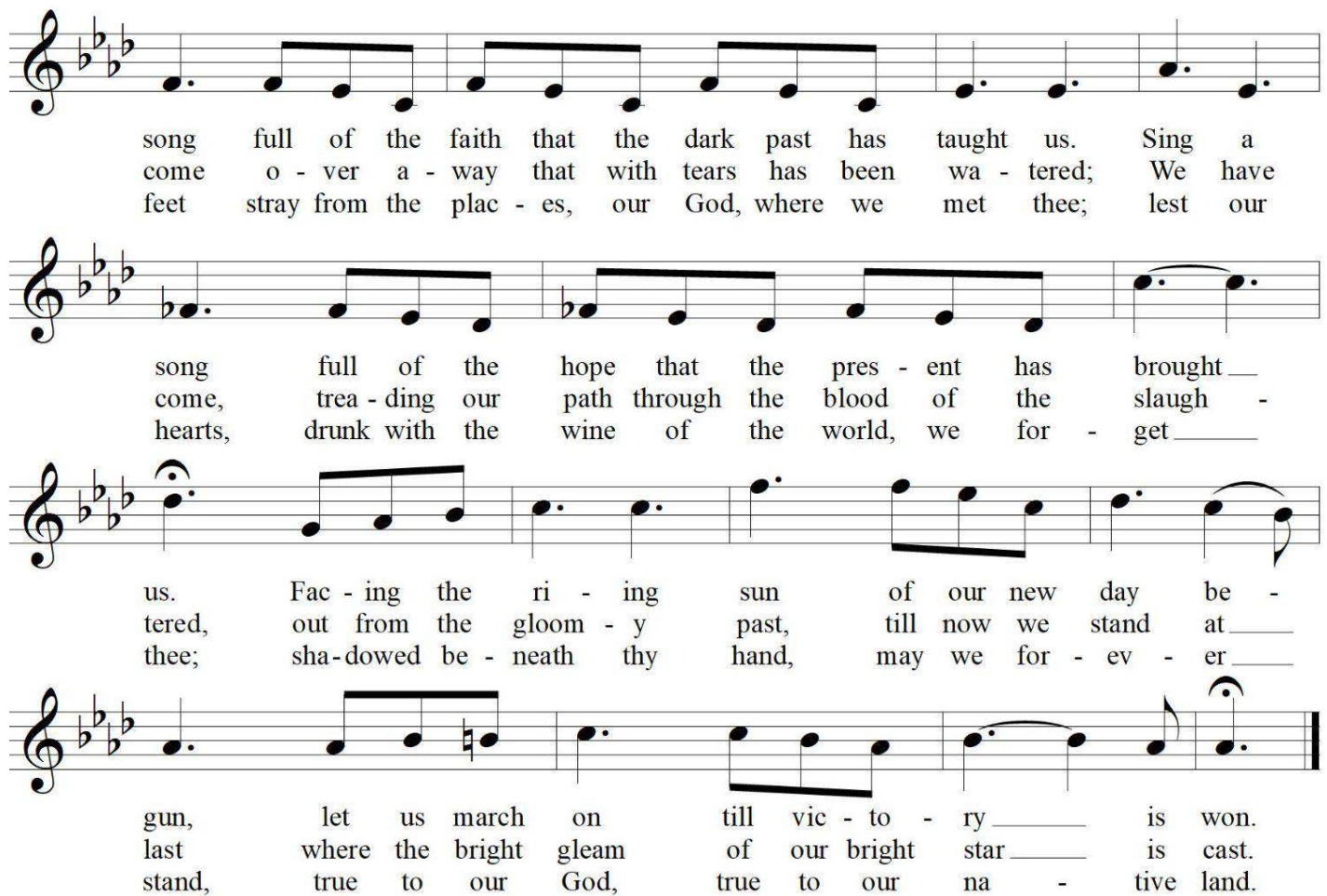
Words by James Weldon Johnson

Music by J. Rosamond Johnson

All Sing Verses 1-2



1. Lift ev - 'ry voice and sing, till earth and heav - en ring,
2. Sto - ny the road we trod, bit - ter the chast - 'ning rod,
3. God of our wear - y years, God of our si - lent tears,
ring with the har - mo - nies of lib - er - ty. Let our re -
felt in the days when hope un - born had died; yet with a
thou who hast brought us thus far on the way, thou who hast
joic - ing rise high as the list - 'ning skies, let it re -
stead - y beat, have not our wear - y feet come to the
by thy migh tled us in - to the light, keep us for -
sound place loud as the rol - ling sea. Sing a
place for which our fa - thers sighed? We have
ev - er in the path, we pray. Lest our



song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us. Sing a
come o - ver a - way that with tears has been wa - tered; We have
feet stray from the plac - es, our God, where we met thee; lest our

song full of the hope that the pres - ent has brought
come, trea - ding our path through the blood of the slaugh -
hearts, drunk with the wine of the world, we for - get

us. Fac - ing the ri - ing sun of our new day be -
tered, out from the gloom - y past, till now we stand at
thee; sha-dowed be - neath thy hand, may we for - ev - er

gun, let us march on till vic - to - ry is won.
last where the bright gleam of our bright star is cast.
stand, true to our God, true to our na - tive land.

THE BLESSING

Life is short, and we do not have much time to gladden the hearts of those who make the journey with us. So be swift to love, and make haste to be kind. And the blessing of God, who made us, who loves us, and who travels with us, be with you now and forever.

Amen.

DISMISSAL

Let us go forth with courage and compassion.

We go with open hearts.

POSTLUDE Spring, from *The Four Seasons***

Antonio Vivaldi



*All are invited to join the family in Baxter Hall
immediately following the service, for an OM Circle and reception.*

Music Footnotes

* The Missa Luba is a setting of the Latin Mass sung in styles traditional to the Democratic Republic of Congo. It was composed by Father Guido Haazen, a Franciscan friar from Belgium, and originally celebrated, performed, and recorded in 1958 by Les Troubadours du Roi Baudouin (King Baudoin's Troubadours), a choir of adults and children from the Congolese town of Kamina in Katanga Province. It would later become the partial basis for a Congolese sub-rite of the Roman Rite Mass, the Zaire Use. (Featured in the film "IF" and at the end of "The Singing Nun".)

** Vivaldi was played on a record player at our wedding, accompanied by our dear friend Ross Gelbspan on harmonica.

Stan's comments on SPRING:

"It is not enough that yearly, down this hill, April comes like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers."

... perhaps the strongest, most fierce poetic lines I have ever read. So much about life, about our struggle with the reality of death, our anger at our helplessness to do a damn thing about those realities is packed into the poem, and then suddenly unwrapped to stare us into submission.

Her life was complicated, a reflection of herself. And much of her poetry is wonderful to read. I give **Spring** a room in my heart next to the room I have given to T. S. Eliot's **The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock**.

Stan's thoughts On Energy and Satori:

Energy, Universal Energy is always the Same – it doesn't become more or less – It manifests itself in a variety of ways, among these "different" ways is the phenomenon of LIFE in all its different forms

- Energy is Eternal
- Life is a manifestation of Energy
- Life is Eternal

All Religions are metaphoric descriptions of this Reality, shaped into Dramatic stories to help us understand it. Satori* experiences are the non-verbal experiential encounters with that verbal understanding – with that reality which is beyond verbal explanation or description – thus words are fingers pointing to the moon – Buddha, Moses, Mohammed and Jesus (and others) had these satoric experiences.

*Loren Eiseley, author of *The Immense Journey*; *The Excavation of a Life*, *All the Strange Hours*; and other books. Professor of Anthropology, University of Pennsylvania; accepted an invitation to speak at a Walden graduation. His core message to students was “Today’s problems were yesterday’s solutions.” <https://www.eiseley.org/biographical-note.pdf>

A note of remembrance from our friend, Howard Pressman, which struck a chord in our hearts and minds: “one of Stan’s many unique traits was that he was always present in 2 worlds - the moment of life he was in and his analysis and commentary of that moment. It was as if, for Stan, life was always a play in which he had 2 roles at the same time - as an actor and the narrator. This unusual, innate ability made him a great raconteur, jokester, psychodramatist, philosopher and poet.”

From Trevor:

EVENTUALLY IT TRANSFORMS EVERYONE

Meher Baba

Love has to spring spontaneously from within; it is in no way amenable to any form of inner or outer force. Love and coercion can never go together; but while love cannot be forced upon anyone, it can be awakened through love itself.

Love is essentially self-communicative; those who do not have it catch it from those who have it. Those who receive love from others cannot be its recipients without giving a response that, in itself, is the nature of love.

True love is unconquerable and irresistible. It goes on gathering power and spreading itself until eventually it transforms everyone it touches.

Humanity will attain a new mode of being and life through the free and unhampered interplay of pure love from heart to heart.

DISCOURSES, 7th ed, p. 8-9, 1987 © Avatar Meher Baba Perpetual Public Charitable Trust

**Satori (Japanese: 悟り) is a Japanese Zen Buddhist term referring to a state of enlightenment or awakening, a profound, intuitive understanding of the true nature of reality. It's often used interchangeably with "kensho," which means "seeing into one's true nature." Satori is considered a central goal in Zen Buddhism, representing a complete reordering of the individual's relationship with the universe.*

Liturgical Leaders & Worship Participants

Presider	The Reverend Michele H. Morgan
Pianist & Organist	Jeff Kempskie
Soloist	Jilian McGreen
Readers & Tributes	Trevor Smith, Whitney Pellegrino, Kendall Harvey, Lee Pellegrino, Koda Smith, Kira Smith, Jon Harvey, Finn Smith, Sayer Smith, John Miles, Leonard Wartofsky
Verger	Josie Jordan
Crucifer	Betsy Athey
Ushers	Martha Connor-Donnelly, Rich Chefetz, Joe Tarantolo, Dominic Pellegrino, Milo and Hugo Harvey, Elizabeth Anthony
Video Director	David Deutsch
Technical Director	Charlie Rupp
Flowers	Penny Farley



