

**A Celebration of Life**

**Kathleen Marie Dwyer**

**November 26, 1947 – March 1, 2021**



**Saturday, March 5, 2022**

**1:30 p.m.**

**All Saints Church**

**Pasadena, California**

*For reflection as we are seated.*

### How Do I Love Thee?

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
 For the ends of being and ideal grace.  
 I love thee to the level of every day's  
 Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
 I love thee freely, as men strive for right.  
 I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.  
 I love thee with the passion put to use  
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
 With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,  
 Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,  
 I shall but love thee better after death.

— Sonnet 43 by Elizabeth Barrett Browning

**VOLUNTARY** “Deep River”  
*Accompanied by photomontage.*

*Played by John Carroll Kirby  
 accompanied by Logan Hone*

## MINISTRY OF THE WORD

**OPENING SENTENCES** *Stand – all who are able.*

Mike Kinman

Eternal Spirit, Earth-maker, Pain-bearer, Life-giver,  
 Source of all that is and that shall be,  
 Father and Mother of us all,  
 Loving God, in whom is heaven:  
 The hallowing of your name echo through the universe!  
 The way of your justice be followed by the peoples of the world!  
 Your heavenly will be done by all created beings!  
 Your commonwealth of peace and freedom sustain our hope and come on earth.  
 With the bread we need for today, feed us.  
 In the hurts we absorb from one another, forgive us.  
 In times of temptation and test, strengthen us.  
 From trials too great to endure, spare us.  
 From the grip of all that is evil, free us.  
 For you reign in the glory of the power that is love, now and forever.  
 Amen.

— *The New Zealand Book of Prayer* | He Karakia Mihinare o Aotearoa

## COLLECT

Priest: God dwells in you.  
 People: And also in you.  
 Priest: Let us pray.

*Remain standing, silence is kept.*

O God of grace and glory, we remember before you this day our sister Kathleen. We thank you for giving her to us, her family and friends, to know and to love as a companion on our earthly pilgrimage. In your boundless compassion, console us who mourn. Give us faith to see in death some beautiful mystery, so that in quiet confidence we may continue our course on earth, and in our hearts, be reunited with those who have gone before. Amen.

**SONG** *Seated.*  
*Accompanied by photomontage.*

*Performed by Jessica Ng, Leslie Yeseta, and Rebecca Stout.*  
*Arranged and Accompanied by John Carroll Kirby and Logan Hone.*

## "Bread and Roses"

As we go marching, marching  
 In the beauty of the day  
 A million darkened kitchens  
 A thousand mill lofts grey  
 Are touched with all the radiance  
 That a sudden sun discloses  
 For the people hear us singing  
 Bread and roses, bread and roses.

As we go marching, marching  
 We battle too for men  
 For they are women's children  
 And we mother them again  
 Our lives shall not be sweated  
 From birth until life closes  
 Hearts starve as well as bodies  
 Give us bread, but give us roses.

As we go marching, marching  
 Unnumbered women dead.

Go crying through our singing  
 Their ancient call for bread  
 Small art and love and beauty  
 Their drudging spirits knew  
 Yes, it is bread we fight for  
 But we fight for roses too.

As we go marching, marching  
 We bring the greater days  
 For rising of the women  
 Means the rising of the race  
 No more the drudge and idler  
 Ten that toil where one reposes  
 But the sharing of life's glories  
 Bread and roses, bread and roses  
 Bread and roses, bread and roses.

Our lives shall not be sweated  
 From birth until life closes  
 Hearts starve as well as bodies  
 Bread and roses, bread and roses.

— Words: James Oppenheim (1882–1932)  
 Music: Mimi Fariña (1945–2001)

**READING** *Remain seated.*

Vita Bon

Aunque hablara las lenguas de los hombres y de los ángeles, si no tengo amor, soy como campana que suena o platillo que retumba.

Y aunque tuviera el don de hablar de parte de Dios y conociera todos los misterios y toda la ciencia; y aunque mi fe fuera tan grande como para trasladar montañas, si no tengo amor, nada soy.

Y aunque repartiera todos mis bienes a los pobres y entregara mi cuerpo a las llamas, si no tengo amor, de nada me sirve.

El amor nunca pasará. Terminará el don de hablar de parte de Dios, cesará el don de expresarse en un lenguaje misterioso, y desaparecerá también el don del conocimiento profundo. Porque ahora conocemos de modo imperfecto, lo mismo que es imperfecta nuestra capacidad de hablar de parte de Dios; pero cuando venga lo perfecto, desaparecerá lo imperfecto.

Cuando yo era niño, hablaba como niño, pensaba como niño, razonaba como niño; al hacerme hombre, he dejado las cosas de niño.

Ahora vemos por medio de un espejo y oscuramente; pero un día veremos cara a cara. Ahora conozco imperfectamente, pero un día conoceré plenamente como Dios mismo me conoce.

Ahora permanecen estas tres cosas: la fe, la esperanza, el amor, pero la más excelente de todas es el amor.

*I may speak of tongues of mortals or of angels, but if I am without love, I am a sounding gong or a clanging cymbal.*

*I may have the gift of prophecy, and know every hidden truth; I may have faith strong enough to move mountains; but if I have no love, I am nothing.*

*I may dole out all I possess, or even give my body to be burnt, but if I have no love, I am none the better.*

*Love will never come to and end. Are there prophets? their work will be over. Are there tongues of ecstasy? they will cease. Is there knowledge? it will vanish away; for our knowledge and our prophecy alike are partial, and the partial vanishes when wholeness comes.*

*When I was a child, my speech, my outlook, and my thoughts were all childish. When I grew up, I had finished with childish things.*

*Now we see only puzzling reflections in a mirror, but then we shall see face to face. My knowledge now is partial; then it will be whole; like God's knowledge of me.*

*In a word, there are three things that last forever: faith, hope, and love; but the greatest of them all is love.*

— I Corinthians (13:1-13)

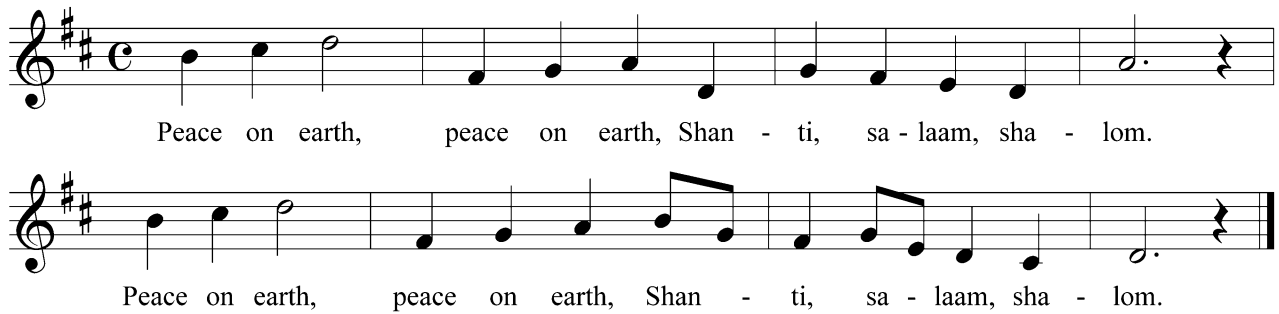
Minister: Hear what the Spirit is saying to God's people.

People: Thanks be to God.

*A period of silence is observed following the reading.*

**HYMN “One Earth, One Sky”** *Standing – all who are able; everyone sings.*

1. One earth, one sky, one God on high,  
 one people here below,  
 One binding theme, one goal, one dream  
 for all who live and grow. (*Refrain*)



2. Each caring choice, each gentle voice,  
 can make the music ring,  
 Each mind and heart must do its part,  
 Each hand can help to bring. (*Refrain*)

3. Beyond the din of flares that spin  
 and missiles aimed to crush,  
 There can be found the purest sound  
 an unfamiliar hush. (*Refrain*)

– Words: Alison Hubbard (b. 1950)  
 Music: Kim Oler (b. 1954)

**LIGHTING OF THE CANDLE** *Seated.*

Craig Thompson

**REFLECTIONS** *Remain seated.*

Laura Carpenter  
 John Malveaux  
 Paul Lubeck

**READING** *Remain seated.*

Fay and Tom Cook

Yesh Kochavim (There Are Stars)

There are stars up above,  
 so far away we only see their light  
 long, long after the star itself is gone.  
 And so it is with people that we loved –  
 their memories keep shining ever brightly  
 though their time with us is done.  
 But the stars that light up the darkest night,  
 these are the lights that guide us.  
 As we live our days, these are the ways we remember.  
 At the rising of the sun and at its going down, we will remember Kathleen.  
*At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter we will remember her.*  
 At the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring we will remember her.  
*At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer we will remember her.*  
 At the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of autumn we will remember her.  
*At the beginning of the year and when it ends we will remember her.*  
*As long as we live, she, too, will live, for she is now a part of us as we remember her.*  
 When we are weary and in need of strength we remember her.  
*When we are lost and sick at heart we remember her.*  
 When we have joy we crave to share we remember her.  
*When we have decisions that are difficult to make we remember her.*  
 When we have achievements that are based on hers we remember her.  
*As long as we live, she too will live.*  
 For she is now a part of us  
 As we remember her.

— by Hannah Senesh (1921–1944); adapted for Kathleen

**REFLECTIONS** *Remain seated.*

Barbara Goldberg  
 Alexis Coatney

**POEM** *Remain seated.*

Pheona MacKay

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
 I all alone beweep my outcast state,  
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
 And look upon myself and curse my fate,  
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
 Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,  
 Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,  
 With what I most enjoy contented least;  
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
 Haply I think on thee, and then my state,  
 Like to the lark at break of day arising  
 From sullen earth sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
     For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings  
     That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

— Sonnet XXIX by William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

**REFLECTIONS** *Remain seated.*

Norbert Semmer  
 Kelly Vencill-Sanchez  
 Bev Wilburn  
 Joe Maurer

**POEM** *Remain seated.*

Ian Carpenter

Catalina

When I left you  
down in Joshua Tree  
I thought I knew  
What you meant to me

I thought I knew, I knew  
I felt it by the road  
in the dead of night

When I left you  
down in Joshua Tree  
I thought I knew  
What I meant to you

I thought that you, you  
Could tell me from another  
in a blinding light

Catalina, I wonder  
My thoughts bring the thunder  
I whisper while I wander  
my feet have nothing under

And though your flow  
Eventually will slow  
A highway in the desert  
Will always lead right home

When I left you  
down in Joshua Tree  
I thought I knew  
how your mission grew

First a few, then a coup  
to feed the shadow children  
that called to you

— Ian Carpenter

**REFLECTIONS** *Remain seated.*

Jean Richardson  
Lourdes Baezconde Garbanati  
Paige Carpenter



**ANTHEM** *Seated.*

*Soloist: Candi Sosa  
Accompanied by Pepe Flores*

*"Gracias a la Vida"*

Thanks to life, which has given me so much  
Gracias a la vida que me ha dado tanto

He gave me two stars that when I open them  
Me dio dos luceros que cuando los abro

Perfect I distinguish black from white  
Perfecto distingo lo negro del blanco

And in the high sky its starry background  
Y en el alto cielo su fondo estrellado

And in the crowds the man that I love  
Y en las multitudes el hombre que yo amo

Thanks to life, which has given me so much  
Gracias a la vida que me ha dado tanto

He has given me the ear that in all its width  
Me ha dado el oído que en todo su ancho

every night and day  
Cada noche y días

Crickets and canaries, hammers, turbines  
Grillos y canarios, martillos, turbinas

Barks, showers  
Ladridos, chubascos

And the tender voice of my beloved  
Y la voz tan tierna de mi bien amado

Thanks to life, which has given me so much  
Gracias a la vida que me ha dado tanto

He gave me the sound and the alphabet  
Me ha dado el sonido y el abecedario

With the words that I think and declare  
Con el las palabras que pienso y declaro

Mother, friend, brother and light shining  
Madre, amigo, hermano y luz alumbrando

The route of the soul of the one I'm loving  
La ruta del alma del que estoy amando

Thanks to life, which has given me so much  
Gracias a la vida que me ha dado tanto

Has given me the march of my weary feet  
Me ha dado la marcha de mis pies cansados

With them I walked cities and puddles  
Con ellos anduve ciudades y charcos

Beaches and deserts, mountains and plains  
Playas y desiertos, montañas y llanos

And your house, your street and your patio  
Y la casa tuya, tu calle y tu patio

Thanks to life, which has given me so much  
Gracias a la vida que me ha dado tanto

He gave me the heart that shakes its frame  
Me dio el corazón que agita su marco

When I look at the fruit of the human brain  
Cuando miro el fruto del cerebro humano

When I look at the good so far from the bad  
Cuando miro el bueno tan lejos del malo

When I look at the bottom of your clear eyes  
Cuando miro el fondo de tus ojos claros

Thanks to life, which has given me so much  
Gracias a la vida que me ha dado tanto

It made me laugh and it made me cry  
Me ha dado la risa y me ha dado el llanto

So I distinguish happiness from brokenness  
Así yo distingo dicha de quebranto

The two materials that make up my song  
Los dos materiales que forman mi canto

And your song, which is the same song  
Y el canto de ustedes que es el mismo canto

And the song of all that is my own song  
Y el canto de todos que es mi propio canto

Thanks to life  
Gracias a la vida

—Songwriter: Violeta Parra Sandoval

**VIDEO PRESENTATION** *Remain seated.*

**INSTRUMENTAL OFFERING** *Remain seated.*      *Played by John Carroll Kirby Accompanied by Logan Hone.*

*"By the Sea"*

**GRATITUDE** *Remain seated.*

Michael Dwyer  
Jesse Dwyer  
Alicia Dwyer

**PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE** *Standing – all who are able.*

Sally Howard

Reader: God of life, we come in sadness to ask for comfort. Receive our grief at the loss of Kathleen, our mother, our sister, our friend, our advisor, our champion.

People: Hear us, O God.

Reader: Thank you for all she meant to us and our world, especially for her generous soul, her loving heart and her commitment to the creation of a just and peaceful world.

People: Hear us, O Mother, Father.

Reader: Thank you for her classy beauty, her decided opinions, and how she created space to welcome us all wherever she went, so that we might be known, be safe, and be challenged to grow.

People: Hear us, O Eternal Spirit.

Reader: Thank you for her lists, spreadsheets, binders, manuals, permits, notes and gifts of toothbrushes, chapsticks and Mexican car insurance, so that we have been given tools for living and caring and being cared for.

People: Hear us, O God.

Reader: Thank you for her profound commitment to her work and for the hope and comfort she brought to people through it.

People: Hear us, O Mother, Father.

Reader: Thank you for her perseverance in the face of loss and disappointment, for her grand dreams and fierce presence in our lives, her romantic spirit, her dance parties and for her telephone calls to check on us.

People: Hear us, O Eternal Spirit.

Reader: Comfort us in our sorrows at the death of one we love so deeply. Great God of all that is, we pray to you for Kathleen and for those whom we love but see no longer. Grant them eternal rest. Let light perpetual shine upon them. *Amen.*

PEACE

Reader: The peace of Christ be always with you.

People: And also with you.

*Greet one another in love.*

SONG

*Played by John Carroll Kirby Accompanied by Logan Hone.*

*"Many Rivers to Cross"*  
— Jimmy Cliff (b. 1948)

\* \* \* \* \*

Participants

*Presiders*

The Rev. Dr. Sally Howard, The Rev. Mike Kinman

*Pianists*

John Carroll Kirby, Paul MacKay

*Flautist*

Logan Hone

*Guitarist*

Pepe Flores

*Soloists*

Lauren Ng, Leslie Yeseta, Rebecca Stout, and Candi Sosa

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*Anyone wishing to do so may make a contribution in Kathleen's memory to:*

La Mision Children's Fund  
[lamisionchildrensfund.org](http://lamisionchildrensfund.org)

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<p>Immediately following the service, all are invited to a reception in Sweetland Hall.</p>
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*Small groups may visit the Columbarium in the southwest tower,  
where Kathleen and James' ashes are interred.*