

*In Memory and Celebration of the Life
of
Barbara Hopkins*



January 22, 2022

In Memory and Celebration of the Life of

Barbara Hopkins

July 21, 1934 – January 22, 2022

Welcome and Opening Words

Rev. Michelle LaGrave,
Interim Minister of Emerson
Unitarian Universalist Church

Chalice Lighting

Hymn

Spirit of Life

Reading

What Is Success
by Ralph Waldo Emerson
read by Michel Cowart

Unison Reading

If There Is to Be Peace by Lao-tse

If there is to be peace in the world,
There must be peace in the nations.

If there is to be peace in the nations,
There must be peace in the cities.

If there is to be peace in the cities,
There must be peace between neighbors.

If there is to be peace between neighbors,
There must be peace in the home.

If there is to be peace in the home,
There must be peace in the heart.

Hymn

We Laugh, We Cry

Reading

A Network of Mutuality
by the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.
read by Grant Raun and Paige Raun

Eulogy Rev. Michelle LaGrave

A Time of Sharing Beth Stevenson
Susan Cowart
Loren Hopkins
Judy Williams
Mary Ann Rusk

Hymn *Blue Boat Home*

Reading *Testament* by Anne Morrow Lindbergh
read by Ben Stevenson

Benediction Rev. Michelle LaGrave

Postlude *Take Me Home Country Roads*
by John Denver

All music performed by:
Ariel Deshotel, voice
Shan Chin, piano

Photo slideshows by Grant Raun

*You are invited to a reception after the service
with the family in Westwood Hall. Westwood
Hall is the building through the courtyard to
your right as you exit the Sanctuary.*

Sundown – Or "I really love sunrises best, but you know, you gotta embrace the whole damn package"

No one tells you what to expect.
A journey they say.
The way of things they say.

The unspooling.

The slow removal of the membrane between dream and real, between sleep and wake.

I was just in Canada. Are you cold? Need a blanket?
The mountains were beautiful.
We met wonderful people. Bill Gates was there.

Raw feelings and exhaustion in layers.

Listen closely to that request for wine or to a small smile: I am still here. I want to be whole.

Ribbons at a time; Shading to different colors. Brightening, fading.

Memories, laughter, partnerships, roles.

Grasping for each. Swimming in amethyst.

And running squirrels because this, too, should be news.

As you slowly wait for the flash of green – it is both magic and physics.

Just wavelengths of light and a Florida myth.

A single moment that if we could follow, it would be timeless.

The infinite possibility of an endless soul and the physical reality of a single heartbeat.

Sunrises say sit down and breathe deep and center for the day to come. They say, tell me. What is it you will do with this one wild and precious day?

Sundowns say sit. Just sit. Breathe.

Be still and watch. Don't talk. Just be.

Soon you will know the world without me.

It will be different, but there will be stars that you cannot see while I am here.

Beth Stevenson

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emerson  UNIVERSALIST church

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