



Celebration of Life of Leslie
August 3, 2024

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Order

Welcome – Barney Dale

Wedding Vows - Barney Dale and Ken

Words from Family

Ken

Kristen Pugh, niece

Bill Kastle, nephew

Ninette Hobbs, sister – via Barney

Words from Friends

Janet Stollnitz, roommate at weaving conferences

Those who feel moved to speak

Poem read by Lynn Rae Kastle

Reception

Music:

Aragon Mills – Si Kahn

For All We Know – The Carpenters

Time in a Bottle - Jim Croce

When I'm Sixty Four – Beatles

River – Bill Staines

Reception music includes original piano composition by Will Tuttle, especially for Leslie

Musicians

Before the Celebration. Leslie's jam band - Mary Mudd, Jane Anderson and Margie Dingman

We played regularly with Leslie since the early days of the pandemic. Escaping together with the music helped us get through the difficult times.

Leslie was especially fond of "River."

"Aragon Mill" was the song on her music stand.

During the Celebration: Nancy Maeder, David Langham and Margie Dingman

August 2, 1975-July 13, 2024

Ken wanted you here to share with you Leslie and Ken's love, philosophies, and feelings on marriage. These are the words from August 2, 1975.

On that day, a commitment was made; a commitment to them as individuals, and to a relationship they have chosen to continue for a lifetime. As individuals, they are first committed to their own selves; for only with inner happiness can there be rich rewards with another. Inner happiness begins with—

Living life day by day, for your daily life is your temple. Whenever you enter it, take with you all the tools you have fashioned for necessity or delight.

Keeping life simple, refusing to forget the philosophy of the beautiful and simple life of purity and spiritual cleanliness. Being able to see, as you turn, Mother Nature in all her moods—smiling in the spring, drowsing in the summer, harvesting in the autumn, and in the winter at rest. Worrying less of possessing material wealth, and more of obtaining a nobler spirit; being not the slave of your appetite, but the child of your contentment.

Giving and receiving, for between your right hand that gives and your left hand that receives there is a great space. Only by deeming them both giving and receiving, knowing that you have nothing to give and nothing to receive, can you overcome the space.

Talking, remembering that in truth you talk only to yourself, but try to talk loud enough that others may hear you.

But most importantly, listening.

Of their relationship they want to save their best for each other, for if they must know the ebb of each other's tide, let them know their flood also.

In the sweetness of friendship let there be laughter and sharing of pleasures, for in the dew of little things, the heart finds its morning and is refreshed.

They will sing and dance together and be joyous, but each may be alone. And they shall stand together, yet not too near; for the pillars of a temple stand apart, and the oak tree and cypress grow not in each other's shadow.

And let there be no purpose in this relationship save the deepening of the spirit. For love that seeks anything but the disclosure of its own mystery is not love, but a net cast forth: and only the unprofitable is caught.

Vows

I take you as you are and ask that you be no one but yourself. I love what I know of you and I trust what I have yet to learn. I respect you and have faith that our love will endure through all our lives.

The Peace of Wild Things

Wendell Barry

**When despair for the world grows in me
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children's lives might be,
I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water, and the great heron feeds.**

**I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought
of grief. I come into the presence of still water.**

**And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting with their light. For a time
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.**

River

Bill Staines

I was born in the path of the winter wind
I was raised where the mountains are old
Their springtime waters came dancing down
And I remember the tales they told
The whistling ways of my younger days
Too quickly have faded on by
But all of their memories linger on
Like the light in a fading sky

Chorus:

River, take me along
In your sunshine, sing me a song
Ever moving, and winding and free;
You rolling old river, you changing old river
Let's you and me, river, run down to the sea

I've been to the city and back again
I've been moved by some things that I've learned;
Met a lot of good people and I've called them friends
Felt the change when the seasons turned
I've heard all the songs that the children sing
And listened to love's melodies;
I've felt my own music within me rise
Like the wind in the autumn trees

Chorus:

River, take me along
In your sunshine, sing me a song
Ever moving, and winding and free;
You rolling old river, you changing old river
Let's you and me, river, run down to the sea

Rocket Ship

Sachiko

It was like a rocket ship.
They're both flying because of gravity.
Sharing dreams and future together.
It was like a rocket ship.
Their love burst into flames.
Approaching into their own galaxy.
It was like a rocket ship.
And now he is looking up above.
With all those twinkling stars;
As the woman's soul flew away into the sky.
Tears flowing into the man's eyes.
Because he never thought;
A rocket ship made him remember his wife.