

Introduction

Our memorial service has a special poignancy this year; and yet, rather than focus on its disrupting circumstances, this memorial focuses us within and beyond by means of its theme, Wisdom. We grow in wisdom as we grow in years. Wisdom is a gift that we, entering our ninth decade, can give in abundance to those who follow. Some gifts diminish with the years; wisdom only grows stronger. Wisdom also links us to classmates we remember today, for their gifts live on, mingling with ours – ripples spreading on the waters of life from pebbles we, uniquely, throw.

A Season Of Wisdom

A SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING AND REMEMBRANCE



The Class of 1960 Wellesley College
Saturday, June 6, 2020

Three o'clock in the afternoon Eastern Daylight Time

**“Veritas” a stained glass window in Houghton Chapel
Gift of classmate, Mari Wright.**

“Bach's Air from Suite for Orchestra #3”

Welcome

Margot Topkins Tutun
Class President

Scripture Reading:

Abby Bogin Kenigsberg
Class Secretary

Proverbs 8:1-4, 22-31

Does not Wisdom call,
And does not understanding raise her voice?
On the heights, beside the way,
At the crossroads she takes her stand;
Beside the gates in front of the town,
At the entrance of the portals she cries out:
To you, O people, I call,
And my cry is to all that live.

God created Wisdom at the beginning
The first act of long ago.
Ages ago Wisdom was set up
At the first, before the beginning of the earth
When there were no depths, Wisdom was brought forth
When there were no springs abounding with water.
Before the mountains had been shaped
Before the hills, Wisdom was brought forth
Before the earth and the fields
Or the world's first bits of soil.
Before the heavens were established, Wisdom was there
When God drew a circle on the face of the deep
And made firm the skies above,
When the fountains of the deep were established,
When limits of the sea were assigned
So the waters might not transgress
When the foundations of the earth were marked out
Then Wisdom was beside God, like a sovereign worker.
And Wisdom was God's delight
Rejoicing in God's inhabited world.

Song "For Every Time There is a Season"

Music: Sondra Wieland Howe, PhD '60

Words: Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

Singer: Rebecca Regan

Keyboard: Deborah Regan Howe '86

REFRAIN

For ev'ry time there is a season,
And a time for ev'ry purpose under heaven.
For ev'ry time there is a season,
And a time for ev'ry purpose under heaven.

VERSE 1

A time to be born, and a time to die;
A time to plant, and to harvest;
A time to kill, and a time to heal;
And to tear down, and to build;
A time to weep, and a time to laugh;
And a time to mourn and to dance.
Yes a time to weep, and a time to laugh;
And a time to mourn and to dance.

REFRAIN

VERSE 2

A time to throw away, and to gather up;
To embrace and to let go;
A time to search and a time to give up;
Time to keep and to cast away;
A time to tear, and a time to mend;
To keep silence and to speak;
Yes a time to love, and a time to hate;
A time for war and for peace.
Yes a time to love, and a time to hate;
A time for war and for peace.

REFRAIN

Reading of Classmates' Names

Marjorie Arons-Barron - Chair of 60th Class reunion
Junia Gratiot Hedberg - Class President 2000 - 2005
Marilyn Claster Nissenson - Class President 2005 - 2010
Missy Rives Moore - Class President 2010 - 2015

In Memoriam

2014

Priscilla Seabury Albright
Joan Mason Caldwell

2015

Susan Silverstone Darer
Barbara Anne Cohen Hano
Deborah Sue Kramer Kitay
Marcia Stirling Quillen
Barbara Knauft Rodes
Harriet Elwood Whiting

2016

Jo Ann Hood Bergman
Rosario Ferre
Ellen Gibson Smith
Gail Crisp Matheson
Lucile Stafford Proctor
Suzanne Spater
Margaret Thorp

2017

Marilyn Emsley Betts
Lorie Selz Hartman
Greta Levine Tedoff

Shirley Buck Williams
Astrid Bernz Witschi-Bernz
Judith Hinson Zeiger
Elizabeth Davis McKenna

2018

Mary Carlton Croghan
Anne Robinson Davis
Janet McCaslin Larsen
Ruth Lord

2019

Joanna Blake
Sydney Pendleton
Victoria George Myers
Petra Brown Shearer
Marion Thro Bartels
Ann McKnight Woolman

2020

Janet Magoon Murphy
Lynn Brown Geesaman
Ellen Schinman Stone
Carolyn Crowell

Song

“Blue Boat Home“

Music: Rowland Hugh Prichard

Words: Peter Mayer

The Girls' Choir of Wilmington

Though below me I feel no motion, standing on these mountains and plains,
Far away from the rolling ocean, still my dryland heart proclaims:
I've been sailing all my life now, never harbor or port have I known.
The wide universe is the ocean I travel, and the earth is my blue boat home.

Sun my sail and moon my rudder, as I ply the starry sea.
Leaning over the edge in wonder, casting questions into the deep.
Drifting here with my ship's companions, all we kindred pilgrim souls,
making our way by the lights of the heavens, in our beautiful blue boat home.

I give thanks to the waves upholding me, hail the great winds urging me on.
Greet the infinite sea before me, sing the sky my sailor's song.
I was born upon the fathoms, never harbor or port have I known.
The wide universe is the ocean I travel, and the earth is my blue boat home.

A ReadingJudith Morang Lasca
Class Vice-President

Circle of Life - A Native American Prayer

Fear not that which is now
Fear not that which is to come.
Life, death, and being are one.
It is a circle. There is no beginning and no end.
For that which is the beginning is the end of the other.
And that which is the end is the beginning of the other.
Surely the lessons of life are the wisdom of death.
Those that live in the knowledge of what the circle truly is
Have peace beyond measure.

Benediction

The Rev. Susan Auchincloss

Postlude The Wellesley Blue Notes: “To Alma Mater” Video 2011

A Poem for the printed program

“How Can We Find Wisdom and Peace?”

Susan Bergman Meehan '60

How can we find wisdom and peace
under such dire circumstances?
By finding comfort and strength
in the power of being here together with each other -
persons we know intimately and love dearly.
We find support in each other's presence
as we listen to tales about those who have already passed on.
Our spirits are lifted as we recall so much to smile about.
Together, we remember many loving stories -
grand stories, funny stories
tales in which we played roles,
tales in which the outcome was totally unexpected,
tales of grand efforts that beloved classmates achieved
despite the obstacles in front of them,
tales of triumphs that bring honor to us, our class and our alma mater.

Wisdom is never easily achieved, but the search is open to all,
We take comfort in hearing sound counsel and well-told tales
from those who are still among us,
along with fond memories reawakened of those now passed,
classmates whom we will remember with love for the rest of our lives.

May we leave our 60th Reunion filled with pride in a special class -
a class whose members have never forgotten how to
CALL IT RED!