

**Wild Geese** | Mary Oliver

You do not have to be good.  
You do not have to walk on your knees  
for a hundred miles through the desert, repenting.  
You only have to let the soft animal of your body  
love what it loves.  
Tell me about despair, yours, and I will tell you mine.  
Meanwhile the world goes on.  
Meanwhile the sun and the clear pebbles of the rain  
are moving across the landscapes,  
over the prairies and the deep trees,  
the mountains and the rivers.  
Meanwhile the wild geese, high in the clean blue air,  
are heading home again.  
Whoever you are, no matter how lonely,  
the world offers itself to your imagination,  
calls to you like the wild geese, harsh and exciting—  
over and over announcing your place  
in the family of things.

**Oberon** | William Shakespeare

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,  
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine:  
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,  
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;  
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,  
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.



***Celebration of Life***  
***for***  
***Marsha L. Downey***

***December 24, 1960 – September 16, 2019***

# ***Celebration of Life***

## ***Marsha L. Downey***

*Officiant: Rev. Kathleen Hepler*  
*Musicians: Courtesy of Nancy Eberiel*

### **Instruction**

My hands that guide a needle,  
In their turn are led  
Relentlessly and deftly  
As a needle leads a thread.

Other hands are teaching  
My needle; when I sew  
I feel the cool, thin fingers  
Of hands I do not know.

They urge my needle onward,  
They smooth my seams, until  
The worry of my stitches  
Smothers in their skill.

All the tired women,  
Who sewed their lives away,  
Speak in my deft fingers  
As I sew to-day.

**Hazel Hall**

### *Excerpt from **Stitches***

I tell you I'm not singing:  
If you hear anything  
It's my needle.

**Hazel Hall**

*Prelude*

Words of Welcome

Reading

Prayer and Silence

*Musical Selection*

Reading

Eulogy

Reading

Sharing of Personal Memories

Closing Words

*Music for Going Forth*

*All are invited after the service to the luncheon at the  
Acton Women's Club, 504 Main Street, Acton.*