

A celebration of Anne Primavesi
1934 – 2019



*God comes to me in the dusk of my evening
with the flowers from my past kept fresh in his basket*

Rabindranath Tagore

Concerto for Two Violins in D Minor, Largo ma non tanto
J. S. Bach

Opening words
Mark Primavesi

from 'The Gift of Gaian Identity' by Anne Primavesi
Wallace Heim

Each life depends on the work and gifts of other lives; of those who once lived and those alive today. Each is bound ineluctably to all others past and present in a continuing cycle of birth, life, and death that sustains each within all. Our relatedness to all forms of life is at the heart of our Gaian identity... Our home is within the Earth's biosphere; that Gaian space structured by concentric spheres surrounding the planet... The Gaian atmosphere evolved to be just thick enough for us to breathe, but not so opaque as to absorb entirely the light from other bodies in the universe. Therefore, we can breathe, and we can see the stars. This fragile balance between the indispensable and the sublime gives us an experience of transcendence on which to build our concepts and theories of what transcends us... Gaia theory enables us to see the whole community of life within which we belong as embodying a sacredness that attaches to the whole of existence; and to see the sacred as the internal transcendence of all living beings. This is embodied in the tight coupling, the delicate balance within our Gaian identity between what is indispensable for our continuance as individuals and what we intuit as the sacredness of the whole of existence.

The Gospel of Thomas
Nicola Brown

If your leaders tell you, *Look! The presence of God is in the skies!*

Remember, the birds who fly the skies have known this all along.
If they say, *It is in the seas!*

Remember, dolphins and fish have always known it.
God's presence is not apart from you.
It wells up within each and surrounds all.

Poem by Edna J. Ortez
Lucia Primavesi

From air and soil, from bees and sun,
from others' toil my bread is won.

And when I bite the soil, the air,
the bees and light, are still all there.

So I must think each day afresh
how food and drink became my flesh.

And then I'll see the air, the sun,
the earth, the bee and me, all one.

Remembering Our Gaian Identity
Mark Primavesi

Wittingly or unwittingly,
we are Earth community,
receivers and givers of myriad gifts.

We are Earth children,
co-arising with, interconnected to, interdependent on
all who have gone before us, the many who gift us,
the many who give their lives for us.

All

This is so.

Though we knew it not, still it is so.

Though we forget it, still it is so.

May we remember this often and often.

May we not live forever in mists of forgetfulness.

May we awake.

May we be thankful.

*As our lives are enhanced by many,
so may we enhance many lives.*

Isaiah 43: 1–5
Mark Primavesi

Isaiah, speaking for God, who is ever silent, has God say to each:

Do not be afraid.
I have made you.
I rescue you.
I call you by your name.
You are mine.
When hard trials come,
I am at your side.
You are precious to me.
I love you.
I give you honour.
I am with you.

How Fragile We Are
Sting

The Lake Isle of Innisfree by W. B. Yeats
Jim Sheridan

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee;
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.



Mount Usher, a favourite place in County Wicklow



Fruit–Gathering (XXVIII) by Rabindranath Tagore
Jennifer Henderson

Time after time I came to your gate with raised hands, asking for
more and yet more.
You gave and gave, now in slow measure, now in sudden excess.
I took some, and some things I let drop; some lay heavy on my
hands; some I made into playthings and broke them when tired; till
the wrecks and the hoard of your gifts grew immense, hiding you,
and the ceaseless expectation wore my heart out.
Take, oh take – has now become my cry.
Shatter all from this beggar's bowl: put out this lamp of the
importunate watcher: hold my hands, raise me from the still-
gathering heap of your gifts into the bare infinity of your uncrowded
presence.

Poem
Brid Morriss

I am not here, yet I am near.
Eyes closed, see the sorrow in your heart for me.
Do not weep, do not cry.
My spirit lives, it did not die.
Love is there, it does not go.
Stretch out your hand, touch and know
I am not here, yet I am near.

'There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember.'
Shakespeare, *Hamlet* 4.5
Everyone

In Paradisum
Guilia Primavesi



Anne and her sisters Joan and Una, all now with the ancestors



With Lucy Mooney in Mount Usher



Anne's job: cat lap for Mister Cat



I have nothing that you do not have – except that I have nothing else.



The 'Good Girls' at Westonbirt Arboretum