

Order of Service-

Music - prelude into - Der Mei ist Gekommen

Welcome

Welcome to Jefferson Unitarian Church, ()'s church home for many decades. For those of you who do not know me, I'm Eric Banner, and it is my privilege and honor to serve as one of the ministers here, and to be with you on this day of celebration and loss, as we remember the life of (). I first met () years ago, when I first came to serve at this church, where I could count on him being here nearly every Sunday with a smile, a story, a warmth that belied of life of challenges and hardships I knew nothing about, because of what he had done with them. This afternoon we will hear some of the stories of his life and of his days, but it was () himself who said that his philosophy in life came from Gothe, translated as () did, "Everyone can forge their own happiness." and printed next to the picture on the inside cover of the order of service.

As we open our time here together, I think of the words of the pilot John Magee, who wrote High Flight so many years ago-

High Flight

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth  
of sun-split clouds,—and done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung  
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,  
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung  
My eager craft through footless halls of air. . . .

Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue  
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace  
Where never lark nor ever eagle flew—  
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod  
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

Music - Edelweiss

() was born (), 1936 in Bremen, Germany to () and (), the fourth of five children. He was only three years old when WWII began, and because of the combination of his father's job as a pharmacist, and the children at home, () was not drafted into the army. His mother () had also come from a professional family, was also highly educated, and did as most German mothers of the era, stayed home and raised the children, and increasingly difficult task as the war progressed. Though the family was well off, Bremen was a major industrial city in Germany, and thus the target of regular and relentless bombing campaigns that destroyed half the city, and

because of the war the rationing of food was a part of everyday life. As the war went on () & () decided to move the family, or at least () and the children, to the countryside, to a small village named Luttum, about 350 people 25 miles out from the city, while () ran the pharmacy in town. It was there that he first developed his love for the outdoors, It was a rustic place, horse drawn hay wagons, crops of potatoes and grain, a few cows or chickens or pigs per family and the house they stayed in had running water and electricity, but no indoor toilets. It was heated by a wood and peat fired stove. By April of 1945 the Allies had come through, and the postwar period in Germany began. The family moved back to Bremmen where () continued his schooling, but not on the track that would have been expected of the son of two such well-educated parents. At the time after 8 years of school you were tested, and between the poor educational opportunities in Luttum, and always being the youngest in the class, his scores were low. Thus, his first job. He put it this way in his memoirs-

“I have often been asked why I became a pastry chef (Konditor). My answer is best summed up by the following facts: Circumstances, WWII, the post-war period, the separation of my parents and my choice. I was about 12 years old when I made the decision to become a pastry chef. Perhaps there was also some indirect, subtle coaxing by my mother. At this early age I also realized that my destiny depended on my own actions. I wanted to get away from my home environment mainly because my father had left us. I also wanted to see the world.”

So he entered into the 3 year pastry chef apprenticeship, learning a set of skills he would use widely in the many years to come. He followed up with two more years as a journeyman chef in Germany. At the end of those years, he wanted to travel more, and applied to “study” the American pastry trade, “This of course” he wrote, “was an oxymoron since German pastries were so much better and refined than American pastries.” But he wanted to learn English and travel the world, so after getting his visa on a 2nd try, he packed his bags and settled in for the 8 days on ship to travel to NYC. He spent a few years working around the country, in various kitchens, until he was faced with another critical choice. To accept a military draft requirement from the United States or return to Germany. He stayed. He found friends in uniform, and was assigned a non-combat role, grave digging, because he had said when he reported that he was a conscientious objector, but the officers quickly learned of his culinary talents and he was assigned to the kitchen where he made sure there were always plenty of pies and cakes and puddings and cookies. He completed his GED, served his three years and applied to the Colorado School of Mines, with every intent of finishing school in 4 years.

It almost happened that way. The Berlin wall crisis interfered, and he was called up from the reserves, and sent to Fort Riley Kansas. It was in those years that he first found his love of flight, when he found out about a flying club in the nearby town, and with his special posting in the kitchen, he could work off post at a local bakery, working four hours there to pay for each hour of instruction at the local airfield. In 7 months, he had a pilot license, which became a lifelong passion, eventually earning him the Wright Brothers Master Pilot award from the FAA. () secured his U.S. citizenship at the age of 26. () earned his undergraduate degree at the Colorado School of Mines in four years of coursework, in spite of language challenges, and went on to earn a masters and his Ph.D. in Mining and Geological Engineering from the University of Arizona. He received a Fulbright Fellowship to Australia.

He married twice, traveled the world as a working professional geologist, including work as far stretched as Alaska and Ecuador and Wyoming. He built planes. He rode horses. He built

additions on houses. He was the renaissance man. The one who carried his chess set with him, baked, dug, built, and fixed. And he was a husband and a father, which brings us to () & (), who will pick up the story from there.

() & () will share stories focused on him as a father and a person

Community sharing - a couple of pre-staged folks including one from Germany

Music - slideshow – (music Four Seasons)

Closing words -

As we prepare to leave the sanctuary of memory and hope, of laughter and tears, take what you have learned here, the stories you've told, and the ones still in your the warm embrace of your heart, take them with you, and them out. () isn't where he once was, he is wherever we are. So Let me leave you with the words of the man himself.

" Many times, I have expressed my idea: "Babies are born and we older people have to make room". This is the cycle of all living beings. Often, I have posed the question: "Has man created god or has god created man?" You know my answer. Do not be sad that you are no longer able to communicate with me directly or see me in person. Remember all the wonderful times we had together."

This ends our service, but not our time together.

Some of you yourselves have gone on \$100 hamburger runs, or ridden with () when he went on one. As we planned how to best honor and celebrate his life, we didn't think we could fly you all out for one last burger, but as you go, go and join the family for a reception in the best happy hour style, may you take with you the spirit of one last burger, in paradise.

Postlude - Cheeseburger in Paradise (recorded- Jimmy Buffet)