

A WAKE FOR 2020

Urban Garden Performing Arts presents

A ZOOM FUNERAL PERFOR- MANCE

to share our grief
to step towards hope



Order Of Service

“I CAN’T GIVE UP NOW” - BY MARY MARY

Jeremy Simpson, Vanika Brandon, & Winfred Burns II

WELCOME/INVITATION TO SUBMIT FOR BURIAL

Winfred Burns II

BURIAL SUBMISSIONS (“FIRE AND RAIN” BY JAMES TAYLOR)

The Attendees & Jazlyn Ruiz

FUNERARY READING FROM CYMBALINE

Tara Chiusano

GRIEF CALL

Vanika Brandon

“TROUBLE OF THE WORLD” - BY MAHALIA JACKSON

Vanika Brandon and Jeremy Simpson

EULOGY

The Liturgists

“BELLA CIAO”

Tara Chiusano

ECCLESIASTES 3: 1-8 (ESV) & 19-20 (TLV)

Jazlyn Ruiz and Attendees

TRANSITION TO THE GRAVESIDE

Winfred Burns II

“BURIAL” - (“BURY ME UNDER THE WEeping WILLOW” BY AP CARTER)

Tara Chiusano & The AWake Crematorium

CLOSING REMARKS & WAKE INVITATION

Winfred Burns II

“I CAN’T GIVE UP NOW” (REFRAIN)

Jeremy Simpson, Vanika Brandon, and Winfred Burns II

*** PLEASE JOIN US FOR THE WAKE IN THE ZOOM ROOM EMAILED TO YOU DURING THE SERVICE FOR FEASTING AND CELEBRATION OF LIFE***

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Credits

OFFICIANT

Winfred Burns II - Sunday

Jeremy Simpson - Friday

LITURGISTS

Vanika Brandon

Tara Chiusano

Jazlyn Ruiz

ORGANIST

Jeremy Simpson

CREW

Megan Sanders

Julian Gonzales

SOUND TECH

Ben Oegema - Sunday Only

CONCIEVED BY

Paul Kilpatrick

DIRECTED / EXECUTED BY

PJ Maske

WRITTEN BY

The Participants

WITH SUPPORT FROM AND OUR SPECIAL THANKS TO

John Jimerson, Jonathon Gabhart, Bruce Benedict, Miranda Craig, Ian Finley, Kamaria, Phil, Tre,

Selection of Poetic Verses for the Eulogy

FROM: BECAUSE I COULD NOT STOP FOR DEATH -

BY EMILY DICKENSON

Because I could not stop for
Death -
He kindly stopped for me -
The Carriage held but just Our-
selves -
And Immortality.

We slowly drove - He knew no
haste
And I had put away
My labor and my leisure too,
For His Civility -

FROM: ONE ART -

BY ELIZABETH BISHOP

The art of losing isn't hard to
master;
so many things seem filled with the
intent
to be lost that their loss is no di-
saster.

—Even losing you (the joking voice,
a gesture
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evi-
dent
the art of losing's not too hard to
master
though it may look like (Write it!)
like disaster.

BY JOHN MARK GREEN

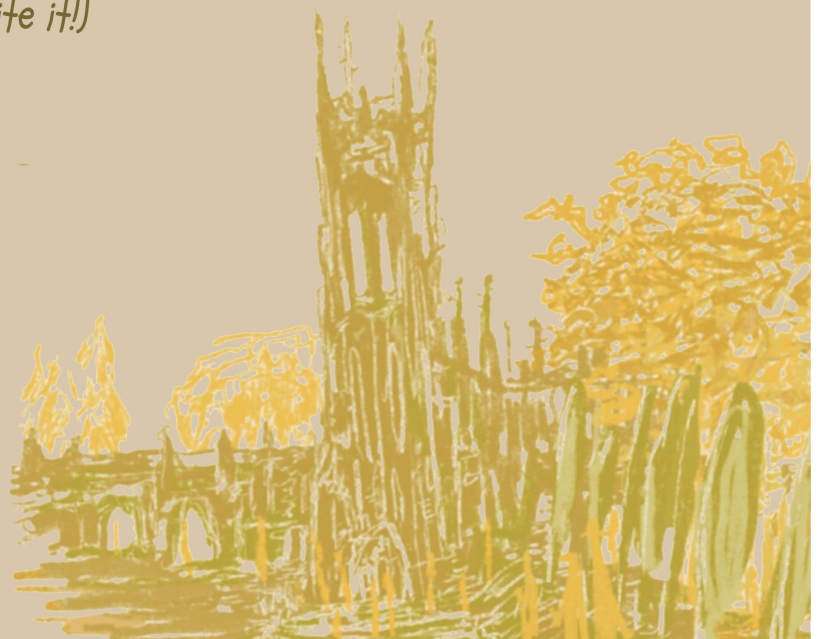
How do we grieve with empty
arms and a head filled with echoing
memories?

We are stronger than we know
And this is how we show it:
Holding each other
Giving comfort in the midst of pain
Loving more fiercely
Through our actions and the
things we say
Making the world just a little bit
better
Every single day

FROM: WHEN GREAT TREES FALL -

BY MAYA ANGELOU

And when great souls die,
after a period peace blooms,
slowly and always
irregularly. Spaces fill
with a kind of
soothing electric vibration.
Our senses, restored, never
to be the same, whisper to us.
They existed. They existed.
We can be. Be and be
better. For they existed.



Service Text

“BELLA CIAO”

Una mattina mi sono alzato
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao, ciao
Una mattina mi sono alzato
E ho trovato l'invasor

O partigiano, portami via
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao, ciao
O partigiano, portami via
Ché mi sento di morir

E se io muoio da partigiano
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao, ciao
E se io muoio da partigiano
Tu mi devi seppellir

E seppellire lassù in montagna
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao, ciao
E seppellire lassù in montagna
Sotto l'ombra di un bel fior

Tutte le genti che passeranno
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao
Tutte le genti che passeranno
Mi diranno: "Che bel fior"

Questo è il fiore del partigiano
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao
Questo è il fiore del partigiano
Morto per la libertà

E questo è il fiore del partigiano
Morto per la libertà

One morning I woke up
goodbye my Beautiful, goodbye my Beautiful, goodbye my Beautiful, goodbye
one morning I woke up
and I found the invader!

Oh partisan2 take me away
goodbye my Beautiful, goodbye my Beautiful, goodbye my Beautiful, goodbye
oh partisan take me away
that I'm feeling like dying

And if I die as a partisan
goodbye my Beautiful, goodbye my Beautiful, goodbye my Beautiful, goodbye
and if I die as a partisan
you must bury me

You will bury me over there, on the mountain
goodbye my Beautiful, goodbye my Beautiful, goodbye my Beautiful, goodbye
you will bury me over there on the mountain
under the shadow of a wonderful flower

And all the people passing by
goodbye my Beautiful, goodbye my Beautiful, goodbye my Beautiful, goodbye
and all the people passing by
will say "what a wonderful flower!"

And this is the flower of the partisan
goodbye my Beautiful, goodbye my Beautiful, goodbye my Beautiful, goodbye
dead for our freedom
and this is the flower of the partisan
dead for our freedom

“TROUBLE OF THE WORLD” - BY MAHALIA JACKSON

Soon it will be done
Trouble of the world (3x)

Soon it will be done
Trouble of the world (3x)
Going home to live with God

No more weepin' and wailin' (3x)
Going home to live with my Lord

Soon it will be done
Trouble of the world (2x)
Trouble, Lord, of this world

Soon it will be done
Trouble of the world
Going home to live with my Lord

I want to see my mother (3x)
Going home to live with God