

Carol Johnson Memorial Service



June 7, 1928 - January 17, 2023

The First Unitarian Universalist Society of San Francisco
1187 Franklin Street
San Francisco, California 94109
www.uusf.org

Memorial Service
Carol Johnson
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Prelude	<i>Selections for Harp</i>	Various Composers
Opening		Rev. Vanessa Rush Southern, Senior Minister
Music	<i>Amazing Grace</i>	Spiritual Heidi Metcalf, vocalist
Eulogy		Peter Johnson
Arc of Life Slideshow	<i>Black Bird</i>	Lennon–McCartney The Real Group
Eulogy		Rachel Wylde
Music	<i>The Four Seasons</i>	Max Richter/Vivaldi
Eulogy		Erica Debeljak
Music	<i>Leaving on a Jet Plane</i> see words on page 3	Peter, Paul, and Mary Heidi Metcalf & Erica Debeljak, vocalists
Reading	“The Layers” by Stanley Kunitz see words on page 4	Carol’s Grandchildren
Benediction		Rev. Vanessa Rush Southern
Postlude	<i>Long As I Can See The Light</i>	Creedence Clearwater Revival

Please join us in the Courtyard for light snacks and refreshments.

Leaving on a Jet Plane by Peter, Paul, and Mary

All my bags are packed
I'm ready to go
I'm standin' here outside your door
I hate to wake you up to say goodbye
But the dawn is breakin'
It's early morn
The taxi's waitin'
He's blowin' his horn
Already I'm so lonesome
I could cry

So kiss me and smile for me
Tell me that you'll wait for me
Hold me like you'll never let me go
I'm leavin' on a jet plane
Don't know when I'll be back again
Oh babe, I hate to go

There's so many times I've let you down
So many times I've played around
I tell you now, they don't mean a thing
Every place I go, I'll think of you
Every song I sing, I'll sing for you
When I come back, I'll bring your wedding ring

So kiss me and smile for me
Tell me that you'll wait for me
Hold me like you'll never let me go
I'm leavin' on a jet plane
Don't know when I'll be back again
Oh babe, I hate to go

Now the time has come to leave you
One more time
Let me kiss you
Then close your eyes
And I'll be on my way
Dream about the days to come
When I won't have to leave alone
About the times, I won't have to say

Kiss me and smile for me
Tell me that you'll wait for me
Hold me like you'll never let me go
I'm leavin' on a jet plane
Don't know when I'll be back again
Oh babe, I hate to go
But, I'm leavin' on a jet plane
Don't know when I'll be back again
Oh babe, I hate to go

“The Layers” by Stanley Kunitz

I have walked through many lives, some of them my own,
and I am not who I was,
though some principle of being
abides, from which I struggle
not to stray.

When I look behind,
as I am compelled to look
before I can gather strength
to proceed on my journey,
I see the milestones dwindling
toward the horizon
and the slow fires trailing
from the abandoned camp-sites,
over which scavenger angels
wheel on heavy wings.

Oh, I have made myself a tribe
out of my true affections,
and my tribe is scattered!
How shall the heart be reconciled
to its feast of losses?

In a rising wind
the manic dust of my friends,
those who fell along the way,
bitterly stings my face.

Yet I turn, I turn,
exulting somewhat,
with my will intact to go
wherever I need to go,
and every stone on the road
precious to me.

In my darkest night,
when the moon was covered
and I roamed through wreckage,
a nimbus-clouded voice
directed me:

“Live in the layers,
not on the litter.”

Though I lack the art
to decipher it,
no doubt the next chapter
in my book of transformations
is already written.

I am not done with my changes.