



Sabrina is Gone.

Sabrina is Gone.

A funeral book

Copyright © 2019 by Sabrina Starnaman

INVITATION

You are invited to my funeral!

My funeral should be a colorful, DIY, participatory event! Be out in the world, not in a stuffy funeral home. Dress to feel fantastic and make this a dance-party-ecstatic-happening! Bring your pictures and mementos of our relationship and of all the other people you loved who have passed on. This celebration should be as lush and inclusive as possible. Attendees need to tell their stories to each other. Drink your favorite cocktails, get high, let go, sing, dance, celebrate, commune, and grieve.

There should be plenty of food and drink. In fact, you will need it because you'll be raising your glasses and making toasts to the goodness of life.

As you may know, our family toast is:

“If this isn't nice, what is?”

ORDER OF SERVICE

Prelude Music	“Tomorrow Never Knows” by The Beatles
Welcome Address	Sabrina Starnaman, decedent
Obituary	
Prayer	Sabrina Starnaman, decedent
Musical Selection	“Today” by Smashing Pumpkins “New Song” by Howard Jones “These Are Days” by 10,000 Maniacs “Here Comes the Sun” by The Beatles
Poems	“Everything You Do is Sacred” by Hafiz “Death is a Bend in the Road” by Fernando Pessoa “This Body is Not Me” Thich Nhat Hanh “King of May” by Natalie Merchant
Musical Selection	
Time of Remembrance	
Musical Selection	“Nightswimming” by R.E.M. “By the Way They Dance” by Jump Little Children
The Last Dance	
Expression of Gratitude	“Kind and Generous” by Natalie Merchant
Parting Thoughts	
Notes	
Memorial Request	
Closing Mantra	<i>Prajnaparamita Sutra/Heart Sutra</i>

TOMORROW NEVER KNOWS

“Tomorrow Never Knows” is a song that was inspired by Timothy Leary, Richard Alpert (Ram Dass), and Ralph Metzner's book *The Psychedelic Experience: A Manual Based on the Tibetan Book of the Dead*. I take comfort in this depiction of the transition from life to death.

“Turn off your mind, relax and float downstream
It is not dying, it is not dying
Lay down all thoughts, surrender to the void,
It is shining, it is shining.
Yet you may see the meaning of within
It is being, it is being
Love is all and love is everyone
It is knowing, it is knowing
And ignorance and hate mourn the dead
It is believing, it is believing
But listen to the colour of your dreams
It is not leaving, it is not leaving
So play the game ‘Existence’ to the end
Of the beginning, of the beginning”

WELCOME ADDRESS

If you all are gathered together here then that means I'm dead. I'm gone and that is okay. That's life and it'll happen to everyone eventually. But right now, I have the floor. This is my last opportunity to have your undivided attention, to teach one more class, to drink just a little too much, and tell you one more crazy-but-true story, to be me with you.

I was interested in death much of my life. I imagine that it was a natural result of being so sick as a child. The first time I remember being close to death I was 14 years old and I was having a severe rapid-onset asthma attack. In my fractured but vivid memory of this event I was alone in the bathroom suffocating and then I was in the car with my father racing to Sparrow Hospital Emergency Room in the middle of a summer afternoon. I was keenly aware that death was as close as the other end of my breath. As I struggled to inhale I thought: is this my last breath? It was so close, like death and I were playing tug of war with my breath. But then I thought: I can't die now because my friends are 14 years old and they aren't ready to deal with my death. I can't die because it would be too terrible for them. This reflection, at death's doorstep, makes a lot of sense to me, because it resonates with my commitment to help myself and others get ready for what life holds. I was thankful that I got so many more years to live and learn and share. I can be dead now because you guys can handle this.

When I was an undergrad at Michigan State University my beloved grandmother, Perry Starnaman, was approaching death. She spent a lot of time teaching my mother and I how to be prepared for her death. My Nana told us: “when I die and you are crying, remember you are crying for yourself because I am in a better place.” I am home. I have arrived.

I once was cavalier about not wanting to have a funeral, but then my father died and we did not have any public wake, funeral, or memorial service for him. It seemed to me that my mother and I and the larger community needed a public event to mourn and commune. I realized then that funerals are for those left behind, not for the dead, and are important.

Death and grief are difficult—but they are the real price of entry for this crazy ride. Too many of us deny that death is real, but here we are at a funeral.

I hope you laugh twice as much as you cry today, and every day!

Right: Me in professor mode in my office at The University of Texas at Dallas. Few things are as beautiful as a wall of bookshelves filled with books.

From the time I was about 18 years old I wanted to be a professor at a university, involved in all aspects of the institution. I believed in the mission of the university as a place of personal transformation and learning. I was mindfully present when I was teaching in the classroom and it was a right livelihood. While my career didn't turn out as I had imagined it would, I loved what I did.



OBITUARY

Sabrina Reyburn Starnaman was born Joyce Sabrina Starnaman on August 24, 1969 at Sparrow Hospital in Lansing, Michigan to Sandra Hardee Starnaman and Craig Starnaman. She grew up in Grand Ledge, Michigan. She lived and she died. She earned degrees at Michigan State University, Columbia University, and the University of California, San Diego. After graduating from MSU, she lived in: Prague, Czech Republic, New York City, La Jolla, California, and Dallas, Texas. She began teaching literary studies at The University of Texas at Dallas in 2011, where she was a passionate teacher and worked collaboratively with new media artist xtine burrough.

She was proud to be the mother of Esther Molloy and partner to Matthew J. Brown. She was the only granddaughter of Samuel and Evelyn “Perry” Starnaman, and Ernest Hardee and Dulcie Newman.

Sabrina valued educational opportunities and the power of human transformation for all. She loved traveling, especially with her daughter, spending time with friends, and caring for rescue dogs. She was a voracious reader and life-long journaler. She became a Buddhist in her 20s. She was incredibly grateful for an interesting life and the loving support of so many people.

PRAYER

May we and all beings be happy.

May we and all beings be at ease.

May we and all beings be liberated from delusion.

May we and all beings awaken to the light of our true nature.

May we and all beings be free from suffering.



TODAY

“Today” by the Smashing Pumpkins was released in September 1993, the month I moved to NYC. I played this song almost every morning in my tiny East Village tenement apartment on East 9th Street between 1st Avenue and Avenue A. The rawness of this song appealed to me; the juxtaposition between the hardness of the guitars and honesty of the lyrics resonated with the sense of dislocation that I felt at the time. Even amid the brutality of the song there is an optimism.

One afternoon in 2010 when we had just moved to Dallas, Esther and I pulled up the lyrics to “Today” on the computer and played the song over and over again so that we could master the song before we played Rock Band with friends in our living room that night. We nailed it on our duet that night and every time after.



Above: This picture was taken in Heraklion, Crete in August 1993 just before I moved to the East Village, NYC. We were staying in drab little hotel located above the stalls of the spice market. It smelled amazing.

Right: Outside my wonderful East Lansing apartment. I lived there from the time I was 17 until I was almost 22. It had great sunlight, warm hardwood floors, and gorgeous butter yellow and black pre-war tile in the bathroom. It looked out into the treetops and an expanse of rolling lawn. It wasn't a place where other undergraduates lived, but it was just right for me.



NEW SONG

I was truly a girl who grew up on the soundtrack of New Wave music of the '80s. "New Song" was released in 1984 when I was in high school. Regardless of my struggle with depression I always had an optimistic streak and this song reflects that sense that change for the better is possible. Howard Jones' music was a key part of my college soundtrack. I'm sure I wore out my *Human's Lib* cassette; it was the tape that was always in my walkman when I went running.

“Don't be fooled by what you see
Don't be fooled by what you hear
This is a song to all of my friends
They take the challenge to their hearts
Challenging preconceived ideas
Saying goodbye to long standing fears

I don't wanna be hip and cool
I don't wanna play by the rules
Not under the thumb of the cynical few”

HERE COMES THE SUN

When I was 10 years old I went to sleep-away camp for the first time. Camp Sun Deer, located just outside of Battle Creek, had its inaugural year in 1980 and I was there. It was a camp organized by the Michigan branch of the American Lung Association for kids with severe asthma who could not attend sleepover camps. The counselors were students in nursing and respiratory therapists. The rest of the staff was made up of nurses, doctors, and other medical professionals. Other than being in the hospital this was the first time I had been away from home. Against the rules of the camp, I brought an extra inhaler and hid it in my pillow case in order to feel secure, even though there were nurses on-call 24 hours a day in the dormitories to give us our middle-of-the-night meds or administer a nebulizer treatment if needed. “Here Comes the Sun” was played every morning over the PA system to wake us up. It was a week filled with so many complicated feelings, but this song remained precious to me because “here comes the sun . . . / it’s all right.”

In 1988 I was the first former camper to return as a counselor.



EVERYTHING YOU DO IS SACRED

Now is the time to know
That all that you do is sacred.
Now is the time to understand
That all your ideas of right and wrong
Were just a child's training wheels
To be laid aside
When you can finally live
With veracity
And love.
. . . Now is the time for the world to know
That every thought and action is sacred.

This is the time
For you to deeply compute the impossibility
That there is anything
But Grace.
Now is the season to know
That everything you do
Is sacred.

- Hafiz

Right: A street in Barrio Alto, Lisbon in July 2018. We'd left a family birthday party in order to enjoy a couple more hours of wandering the city together on one of our last nights in Portugal with Catarina, Andre, Rita, Miguel, and Pedro. We drank street cocktails and had dessert with Pessoa at Café A Brasileira. Café A Brasileira was where the literati of Lisbon, including Pessoa, used to gather.



Death is a bend in the road,
To die I to slip out of view.
If I listen, I hear your steps
Existing as I exist.

The earth is made of heaven.
Error has no nest.
No one has ever been lost.
All is truth and way.

23-V-1932
- Fernando Pessoa

THIS BODY IS NOT ME

This body is not me; I am not limited by this body,
I am life without boundaries.
I have never been born and I have never died.
Look at the ocean and the sky filled with stars, manifestations from
my wondrous true mind.
Since before time, I have been free.
Birth and death are only doors through which we pass, sacred
thresholds on our journey.
Birth and death are a game of hide and seek.
So laugh with me; hold my hand,
let us say good-bye; say good-bye, to meet again soon.
We meet today.
We will meet again tomorrow.
We will meet at the source every moment.
We meet each other in all forms of life.

- Thich Nhat Hanh



Left: A quick sketch Esther drew of me when we were sitting outside a pub in Camden Passage, London. We asked Esther: why won't you study art in college? Later we invited a stranger to sit with us at our table and he turned out to be a design professor from a local university. After some chatting with us he asked her: why don't you want to study art in college? Why waste such talent? We were amused, even if she wasn't.

Right: Allen Ginsberg was crowned "King of May" on May Day 1965 in Wenceslas Square in Prague.



KING OF MAY

“King of May” is full of meaning for me. I heard Natalie Merchant play it at Allen Ginsberg’s memorial service at St. John the Divine Cathedral on May 14, 1998. It is truly a song of memorializing one person’s life. Yet, it conveys sentiments that express our love and celebration of many people’s long lives.

“Farewell today
Travel on now
Be on your way
(. . .)
Make a hole in the sky for him
And raise your voices up
Lift your loving cups
To his long life
To his long life”

I was given my cherished copy of *Howl* in college, later was thrilled to live near Ginsberg in the East Village. In my mind he was the gay, Jewish uncle everyone needed.

TIME OF REMEMBRANCE

Lifting my loving cup.

My grandfather, Samuel Reyburn Starnaman was my favorite person in the world. He died the day before my seventh birthday. One morning after his death, I walked onto the Hayes Elementary School playground and had the realization: life is not funny. It was a big turning point for me.

Dr. Alfred Ellison was my pediatrician; he died when I was a high school freshman. He played a key role in my life, beyond keeping me alive. He worried about my emotional well-being, as well as my physical well-being.



Above: My greyhound Gracie dressed for her first Tompkins Square Dog Run Halloween costume contest. Circa 1995, in our East 7th Street apartment. Gracie died August 15, 2001, just a month before Esther was born.



My Nana, Evelyn “Perry” Starnaman used to say she was fine with being invisible amid my adoration for my Papa. She became fully visible to me after my grandfather died in 1976. She was wise. She taught me about the reality of sexuality—everyone wants it whether it’s 1925 or 1985—just be careful. She was a feminist who didn’t consider that the term applied to her, but she always worked outside the home and stood up for herself. She taught me that gendered bias was wrong and that our suffering is of our own making. She prayed for my happiness before my health. We talked like two human beings, not like a child and adult. She died at age 84 during the spring break of my senior year in college. The day she died I sat beside her bed and told her all about a book by Colette I was reading. She had a spring suit picked out for her funeral and never wanted live to 85. She died on her own terms and she was so visible to me.





Above: Old Town Square and the statue of Jan Hus in Prague.

Right: Me in Prague somewhere up near the castle in the winter of 1992-93.

NIGHTSWIMMING

One morning in Prague while I was getting ready in the bathroom of my apartment with the radio tuned to the BBC, there was an English language lesson playing that used “Nightswimming” as its core text. The British teacher carefully explicated the song line by line and the effect was sublime and ethereal. Ever after, I could not hear this song without reliving a bit of that enchantment.





THE LAST DANCE

BY THE WAY THEY DANCE

Just after our first date Matt Brown made a digital mix tape for me and “By the Way They Dance” by Jump Little Children was on it. Almost three years later, on June 13th 2009, in the middle of our colorful DIY wedding in the gardens of UCSD’s graduate student and family housing, I looked at him and said “I want a dance.” We walked over to an empty patch of grass and danced to this song. No one announced that this was our first dance; it was just about the two of us dancing together. I remember being so relaxed and so happy, which is such a wonderful way to feel during your wedding.

In the spring of 2017, when Matt was on sabbatical at the University of Pittsburgh, we decided to have a date weekend and meet up in Asheville, North Carolina to attend a Jump Little Children reunion concert at The Orange Peel. Taking trips like that was not the norm for us, but we were in a tenuous time in our lives together. We had a magical time in that beautiful college town.

I really loved dancing with him.

EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE

KIND AND GENEROUS

“You’ve been so kind and generous
I don't know how you keep on giving
For your kindness I’m in debt to you
And I never could have come this far without you
For everything you’ve done, you know I’m bound
I’m bound to thank you for it

...

Oh, I want to thank you for so many gifts you gave
The love, the tenderness, I want to thank you
I want to thank you for your generosity, the love
And the honesty that you gave me
I want to thank you, show my gratitude
My love, and my respect for you, I want to thank you”



I cannot express how fortunate I felt in life for all the kindness, care, and love I received.

I did not understand the meaning of “Amazing Grace” until 2004 when I was at a rock bottom. Somehow, in a transition beyond my conscious awareness, the universe opened to me and people appeared who gave me what I so desperately needed. Then, “Amazing Grace” made sense to me. I saw how individuals are the conduits of infinite grace.

I hope that in my life I touched a few individuals’ lives with the tenderness, skillfulness, and raw generosity that was given to me.

Thank you.

THINGS I WANTED YOU TO KNOW

Being Esther's mother was the best thing I ever did in life. She is a miracle. Having a child is a test to see just how much you can bear. How much love and how much sadness can you withstand? Good thing endurance was my super power. I was very proud that I earned my doctorate at UC San Diego on time and with my cohort. I could not have gotten through graduate school without Catarina Maia Pestana. I felt like a part of my being was actually Portuguese. My work with xtine burrough was the most unexpected thing that happened in my life. Amy Goins Thornton was the best birthday present I ever got. One of the best parts of being married to Mattbrown was that he thinks I'm super funny. Also, I made up his Mattbrown moniker. The day I realized that I had entered the Forest Dweller phase of my life was just awesome; I'd been waiting more than 20 years for that. I cry, often. And crying is totally fine. Meditation does change everything; if you don't meditate, you should. Harriet Tubman was my childhood hero. That makes sense, doesn't it? Corinne Martin saved my life. She knew that when your life is falling apart you need a plan. Others have walked out of the same hell, so go find out what they did, then make your own plan. Doug Chial was my soul mate. Thank goodness I met him my first quarter at Michigan State University in John

Greene's Hebrew Scriptures and Fred Graham's Life of Christ courses. We were the kids that sat in the front row who found each other. My mother didn't just work hard, she was also incredibly smart and talented. I loved the smell of sandalwood and orange, together or separately. Also, rosemary. I always remembered exactly where Tracey Berry sat when he was a student in his first course at UT Dallas. I regretted all the friendships that ended badly, whether at my instigation or theirs. I can no longer tell you how many times I've been married; if I told you once, but you were too drunk to remember, oh well. I was thankful for all the unexpected friendships. If I could take back every time I hated my body, I would. Those distorted visions were such a waste. I loved all the pets I ever had, but Katrinka, my half-Siamese, half-tabby childhood cat, and Gracie, the greyhound that I adopted after moving to NYC, were extra special to me. Communal living situations were great for me. My Nana had more influence on me than she ever could have imagined. Psychoanalysis showed me that depression cannot physically kill me (at least not in the short term), but Buddhism taught me that anxiety and paralyzing dread also cannot physically control me. I was actually thankful for being sick and hospitalized as a kid. Sparrow Hospital was a second home for me and my pediatrician was an especially formative figure in my life. Most people seem to think it was a sad childhood, but I learned so much from it. It wasn't sad to me; it was my childhood. I became a Buddhist in my 20s, when I was a graduate student at Columbia University. I took Refuge in the Three Jewels for the first time in the C. V. Starr East Asian Library before the soaring stained glass windows. I was alone when I recited it, but it was a ritual in the truest sense of the word. It stood out as one of the

important moments of my life. My Dharma name was Healing Lightness of the Source. That makes sense too, doesn't it? The *Heart Sutra*, *Zhuangzi*, and *Dao De Jing* were three books that tell the truth. Form is emptiness, emptiness is form. That is pretty much all you need to know. Yet, the Dao is everything, everywhere too. Living and dying are not two separate states; they exist simultaneously. Inasmuch as we are on a journey to wake up, we wake up in death if we haven't woken up in life. Death is the most mundane experience—it is the experience that every single one of us will have or has had. Don't waste a second not being in this moment, because there isn't another moment.



THINGS I WANTED YOU TO SEE





Far left: Amy McClellan Sands and I at a cafe on East 9th Street in 1994. We became close friends in about eighth grade; we ate lunch together every day I wasn't out sick from school. She is the one I needed to live for when I was 14 years old and dying.



Above Left: Matt Brown and Megan Gray painted the UT Dallas spirit rock for me after I successfully defended my dissertation in Spring 2012. It was such a thoughtful surprise! Left: xtine burrough and I with the sculpture we made with the students in my Women's Literature: Rebels and Reformers class. I learned so much from her. Meeting her was kismet.



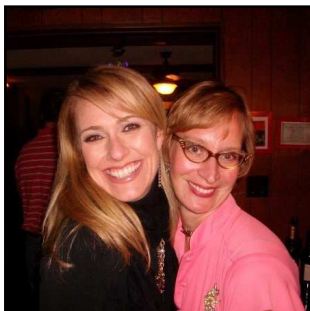
Above: Whenever I was asked to imagine a peaceful place I would usually imagine this scene—sitting in the sunshine on the grass upon the hill above the Grand River in Michigan. I loved the natural beauty of the place where I grew up. In the summer there were swans floating down the river and at night you could hear the fish jumping out of the water. Across the river the deer would come down to drink. These pictures were taken in March 1973 in my backyard between my house and my Nana's house (visible in the picture on the left). It's March in Michigan in this picture so there aren't many leaves on the trees, all the plants and flowers were still waiting to burst forth, but it must have been an unseasonably lovely day since I am dressed in shorts.



Left: Esther's first NYC Gay Pride. She was treated like everyone's favorite niece that day. We had that rainbow flag for the next 10 years.



Above: A photo of our beloved graduate school friends at our wedding: James and Holly Wicks and their kids Abby and River; Catarina Pestana and Andre Barbosa and their kids Rita, Miguel, and Pedro. Miguel (on my lap) was the ring bearer at our wedding.



Above: When we were moving from La Jolla to Dallas in 2009, I was so scared that I would lose all the support and confidence that I had worked so hard to acquire in graduate school. Only weeks after we'd arrived I saw Amy Goins Thornton for the first time—on my 40th birthday. She was clearly made of sunshine and stardust. She swept me up into her world and taught me about friendship. And she lived just nine houses up on El Pensador Drive! Because of her I had a community of women to count on, laugh with, and turn to when times were tough. Becoming part of her community with Rachel, Jennifer, Danielle, Shannon, and others who came and went, was not natural for me, but they didn't give up on me and they embraced the fact that I was different. I became their "Doc Star"; they were proud of me and supported me being my own weird self. May we never judge a book by its cover; this woman is so much more than a pretty face.

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

First of all, use it any way you want to. I'm dead, don't take orders from me.

Use this as a guide to construct my physical funeral. Seriously, here is an order of events, the music, the readings, all the artifacts that go into the making the ritual of the funeral. As I said on page 4, I used to discount the value of funerals, but after a couple of family deaths without funerals I realized that we need them. We need a container in which to have all those feelings. That container needs to be public and inclusive, while also allowing us to have an intimate and personal experience too. Funerals aren't for the dead, but for the living.

Use this guide to craft a personal memorial, for me or for anyone. Let this book create a space to honor the deaths of all the people who touched your life.

Sabrina is Gone is one long meditation on the impermanence of life. While this book is about me, it is also about you. As I created this text I really put myself in the head space of: I am dead, gone, never to return to this life. As

I said earlier, “living and dying are not two separate states; they exist simultaneously.” Part of this meditation was to write the book in the past tense—I don’t exist anymore when you are reading it.

What is the purpose of this funeral book? Perhaps it is a funeral for unconscious living. Or it is an exploration of the absurd distinction between life and death. Or it is an exploration of the illusion that I exist/ed separate from you. It is a beautiful joke. It is a sincere offering.

Use *Sabrina is Gone* as an inspiration for your own funeral book, however you envision it.

This book is meant to be read from every direction.

Lastly, it would be funny and interesting to distribute this book in a box with a candle, some tiny silk flowers in a vase, a prayer card, and an airplane-sized bottle of liquor. My funeral in a box, just add mourners. Maybe that was just amusing to me.



Above: I'm so glad that Esther was willing to take ridiculous photos with me like this one. I made the simple suggestion that we sit upright, with our hands on our thighs, with no expression on our faces and she had it in one take. Photo by Hal Samples.

NOTES

Cover design: Cover design and photo by xtine burrough. She suggested that since I'm donating my body to science we should bring my body to my funeral by putting it on the cover. She really gets me.

Page 1: Not to be too bossy, but "If this isn't nice, what is?" would be great printed on cocktail napkins. Also, but unrelated, since I am dead I've told the truth here. 100%. If you are scandalized by anything in these pages, that's your problem, not mine.

Page 3: The Beatles. "Tomorrow Never Knows." *Revolver*, EMI Studios, 1966.

Page 6: This picture was taken in October 2018 by Sarah Wall for a news article about my course on two hundred years of Frankenstein stories. I wore this yellow linen dress a lot; I bought it in Madrid in 2017 and it was my favorite. My mother made the beautiful dragonfly pin. I always got compliments on it when I wore it, but she could never get anyone to buy them at art fairs.

Page 9: These are the scattered flower petals that littered the concrete after our wedding ceremony. Heather M. who made our gorgeous flower arrangements brought bags of petals to the ceremony. The children at the wedding were tense with excitement waiting until the ceremony was over so they could toss the petals at us. Photo by Glenna Jennings.

Page 10: Smashing Pumpkins. "Today." *Siamese Dream*, Virgin, 1993.

Page 13: Howard Jones. "New Song." *Human's Lib*, WEA/Elektra, 1984.

Page 14: The Beatles. "Here Comes the Sun." *Abbey Road*, EMI Studios, 1969.

Page 15: This picture was taken in the gardens behind the Rijks Museum in Amsterdam. It was a gorgeous day and Esther discovered that the museum had an outreach activity set up under the giant tree. There they had easels, newsprint paper, and pastels. She was drawing large beautiful pictures and we were enjoying the fun she was having and enjoying the perfect day. We loved it so much that she and I went back again another day just to draw in the park; it was wonderful.

Page 16-17: I found this translation of Hafiz’s poem beautifully printed on a card in a shop in Salida, Colorado. I fell in love with it, but I have not been able to find any information about the origin of the translation or where it was published originally. Since I’m dead I don’t care about all those details, just appreciate the poem. Read more Hafiz. This is the point in the program when you should read poems aloud and have anyone who wants to talk about me can do their thing.

Page 19: If Catarina or any other Pestana-Barbosas are here maybe she/they can read the Pessoa poem in Portuguese and English. The poem is from the bilingual Assirio & Alvim (2008) edition of Fernando Pessoa’s *Forever Someone Else: Selected Poems* with the blue cover that Catarina gave to me. It was translated by Richard Zenith.

Page 20: “This Body is Not Me” is a poem by Thich Nhat Hanh and available in *Chanting and Recitations from Plum Village*.

Page 23: Natalie Merchant. “King of May.” *Ophelia*, Talking Dwarf Studios, 1998. This is the time to toast to everyone you loved who died.

Page 24: Dr. Ellison made sure that I could advocate for myself, even when I was little. As he explained to my folks and I, I would be in the hospital on my own sometimes without my parents and doctors tasked with treating me might not know my protocols. I did refuse treatment at times, though it was always through tears. Five-year olds aren’t supposed to say, “no. Call Dr. Ellison” to grown-ups. One day he sat on my hospital bed and told me he had terminal cancer—I knew even then that he was treating me with respect and that was special.

Page 27: R.E.M. “Nightswimming.” *Automatic for the People*, Warner Bros., 1992.

Page 28: Matt and I dancing at our wedding on June 13th 2009. This was our first and only dance that day, but it was worth 100 dances. We were married on the Feast of St. Anthony. He is Lisbon’s patron saint of marriage. Photo by Glenna Jennings.

Page 29: Jump Little Children. “By the Way They Dance.” *Between the Glow and the Light*, EZ Chief/Jump Two, 2005.

Page 30: Natalie Merchant. “Kind and Generous.” *Ophelia*, Talking Dwarf Studios, 1998.

Page 35: Another picture from behind the Rijks Museum in Amsterdam. I really loved that gold nail polish and the way the light shown through the water.

Page 49: This is how the *Prajnaparamita/Heart Sutra* ends. I recommend reading it if you haven't already. Personally, I like Thich Nhat Hanh's 2017 translation and commentary, *The Other Shore*.

MEMORIAL REQUEST

Plant a tree in my memory.

Donate to college or university scholarships for women, particularly scholarships for women from underrepresented groups or non-traditional students.

Support the study, recovery, and teaching of texts written by women. A great way to do this would be to establish or contribute to the establishment of a university chair or professorship dedicated to women's literature, particularly women's literature that is underrepresented in the canon.

Gate Gate Paragate Parasamgate Bodhi Svaha!



ENDURE