

Diane Martin Farrar, 1934–2022

Our loss is gain in other times. Our hopes on future bent must then depend on incidents like these. For bodies wear and in the fine grist mill of time are spent in service such as yours.

And go, our time by smallest time into the yesterday wherein began the conquest of Eternity.

What did we know when yesterday we wept? What grip upon us had our ignorance that we in our conceit did feel that all of us were mortal here – and lives once led were spent and wasted on our selfish selves?

How narrow is such scope to feel that we should be eternally the goal of all the toils and wretchedness from birth to death, and like a play the curtain dropped and left an empty stage.

How dull of us to feel that we were all the target of this strife and that we lived but once and living then did reconcile the whole in one brief life.

Oh no, a wider drama here was planned and staged and we with narrowness of mind did overlook the plan.

We said that all is mortal flesh, the spirit just a thing to send, for pence, to some strange heaven, there to waste its skill. Or, had we not the price, to some deep other place, to pain, and waste again the life. To what dark depths were dropped our minds to feel that

flesh is capable of love or trust or livingness, to feel that fingernails and masks are all we need to dream? To what deep place did our love go that mass could recompense?

Anxieties that ruled our years were nurtured here. And we made blind and numb by other greed spanned down our lives to One. What waste! To feel that all our love, our work, our gifts, our knowledge and our sighs were meant to be consumed all in one breath and flash and by one name?

Today, come wiser now, the chains gone weak and tyranny of cult gone tired with the years, we look.

We find we *live* not once but on and on from body's birth to body's grave and then to birth again and yea to grave again. So to dispose possessions oft come undone with livingness.

From century to century, from age to age and on, we go in march along the path that leads forever up the countless ticks of time. We crawl, we walk, we fly, we win from here and evermore the heritage of all our lives and spend it once again.

Why, this is no sad and bleakish look, no sorrowed thing, this life. This an adventure pure where without knife or provender we leap aloft into eternity and span forever in a breath. This is adventure where we step from tie to body tie and go our way.

Our suffering is self-centered here for we have lost, in truth, the smile, the touch, the skill and happiness we gained from Diane who gave to us from her past ability to live and fare against the tides and storms of fate.

It's true we've lost her shoulder up against the wheel and lost as well her counsel and her strength. but lost them only for a while. She goes not with the dismal roll drum but with a whisper like a Faery's sigh to smooth the way for when we come. She'll be in some good future time and future place. Her smile, her touch, her skill invested there to make a way for life.

True, true we may not know her then and only know her work. But still if we sent not ahead our vedettes [scouts] into time we would not have a race.

And so, branched off from this genetic line and into some new corner or new world, we've sent you, Diane, and there, there'll be, we know it now, a smile, a touch, a happiness for us and you, you could not find on Earth.

And so it turns, the day, the year, the age. And so we go with banners furled and quietly upon our way. But now we know and now we'll find the Way.

Into the dark has come the light; into tomorrow enters night; into heaven go no more. Into life our spirits soar, conquering ever Wisdom's store. We do not tremble faced with death. We know that living is not breath. Prevail!

Go, Diane, and take the life that offers now and live in good expectancy that we will do our part.

Go, Diane. You can control that which you must.

Our loss is gain in wisdom and in skill to future dates and other smiles.

And so we send into the chain of all enduring time our heritage, our hope, our friend.

Goodbye, Diane. Your people thank you for having lived. Earth is better for your having lived. Men, women and children are alive today because you lived. We thank you for coming to us. We do not contest your right to go away. Your debts are paid. This chapter of your life is shut.

Go now, dear Diane, and live once more in happier time and place. Thank you, Diane

All now here lift up your eyes and say to her, Goodbye. Goodbye, our dear. Goodbye. We'll miss you, you know.

Let the body, now consumed to ashes in earthly and in cleanly fire, draw away to dust to be no more, no more.

And that is done. Come friends, she is all right and she is gone. We have our work to do. And she has hers. She will be welcome there.

*From the Works of L. Ron Hubbard*

