

Words of Remembrance; Marjorie Jamback

Saturday, February 22, 2020 11:00 am

Now this is the part of the service that Marjorie will not like too much....words of tribute and gratitude to and for her. She's been sending me the "now don't make a fuss" message for days now! She's difficult to compliment....prefers not to be in the limelight!

Way back in 1958, songwriter Phil Spector wrote a song inspired by the inscription on his father's gravestone; *To Know him is to Love him.* ...later this song was released by Bobby Vinton, Dolly Parton, the Beatles and others.

Perhaps for obvious reasons, this little song popped into my head as I sat at my computer thinking about Marjorie and why I still miss her so very much. *To know know Marjorie Jamback is to love love, love her.... and I do!* (MICHELLE) *Every time I see your smile, It makes my life worthwhile.*

When I first met Marjorie, some 20 years ago, I was immediately attracted to her winsome smile and personality, her contagious spirit and effervescent energy, her genuine welcome and kindness. I was checking my 90 year old cranky Mother into the Wardwell Assisted Living facility and she was not happy! But even my Mom could not stay mad at Marjorie, who quickly became her patient supporter and faithful friend for the 10 years she lived there. And....Marjorie helped me to appreciate my Momto see her as others did.... to understand the hardship of giving up her home and losing her independence. Marjorie became her "go to" person....as she was for so many folks at the Wardwell and beyond.... a loyal friend to all.

I have difficulty speaking of Marjorie in the past tense, because she is still very present in my thoughts and lifestyle. I still expect to encounter her in all the many activities we shared. Her spirit still dwells in the Knit Wits of Union Church, in the York County Senior College Curriculum committee to which she recruited me. (She is a relentless recruiter!!) I suspect she will still be present in my Senior College class this spring, an active participant except when she had to write anything! We had many a chuckle over that!

Marjorie continued to challenge herself intellectually, to stay fit physically, to give to others generously, When she retired she knew she needed a spiritual community for support and fellowship and found the perfect family of faith and mission in Union Church, Biddeford Pool, where she continued to be a caregiver and inspiration to others.

Her agility and stamina and determination were all extraordinary even on the day she passed gently to the other place...without a fuss..... the way she liked to live.

Memories of her wit and humor still makes me smile and her warmth and upbeat attitude continues to inspire me in my aging years.

I treasure her as a rascal with an ever present twinkle in her eye, who even in her 80's stepped lightly on her daily walks by the sea she loved so much.

Her winsome, sweet spirit still abides in the minds and spirits of each of us who knew and treasure her.

Yes to know Marjorie is to love her...and we do.

I'd like to close with a poem by John O Donohue which speaks to me and I know it will speak to Marjorie.

Though we need to weep your loss, dear Marjorie,

You dwell in that safe place in our hearts

Where no storm or night or pain can reach you.

Though we cannot see you with outward eyes,

We know our soul's gaze is upon your face.

Let us not look for you only in memory,

Where we would grow lonely without you,

You would want us to find you in presence,

Beside us when beauty brightens,

When kindness glows

and music echoes eternal tones.

May you continue to inspire us

To enter each day with a generous heart,

To serve the call of courage and love

Until we see your beautiful face again

In that place where there is no more separation,

Where all tears will be wiped from our mind,

And where we will never lose you again.

... John O' Donohue to Bless the Space Between Us

Marjorie's beloved family has chosen this prayer of committal from the Worship books of the Rev. L Gordon Adamson's, Marjorie's father, who was a Pastor in this church.

Let us be together in the spirit of prayer:

In the suddenness of death, there is a mysterious presence, claiming, finally, that which is eternal in all of life. Earth returns to earth, and dust remains dust, but that which was truly beautiful in life, rises ever onward. That which bore the image of earth, also bares the image of the heavens. We are now the witnesses that the spirit has gone from the body and is caught up into that larger love which is the spirit of life all about us and within us. Amen.

(From Rev. L. Gordon Adamson's Service books)