



AFTER THE SERVICE, PLEASE
JOIN US FOR A RECEPTION AT
THE SHEPHERDSTOWN
COMMUNITY CLUB



Cornelia
“Cari”
Simon

SEPTEMBER 17, 1954-FEBRUARY, 18 2025

Thank You

Thank you for all the kind messages, flowers, food, help, and cards we've received.

A special thanks to musicians
Cagan Goldstein, Milo
Hancock-Levine, Sam
Jannotta, and The
Shepherdstown Presbyterian
Choir.

Most of all, thank you for
being here and for filling
Cari's life with joy and
friendship.



WELCOME

Rev. Gusti Linnea Newquist & Matthew Simon

READING

Matthew Chapter 25, Verses 34-40

Mary Ellen Lloyd

“THIS IS MY SONG”

Shepherdstown Presbyterian Choir. Hymn 340.

REMARKS

Jeroentje de Jong-Overduin

“WHEN I DIE” BY RUMI

Read by Jeroentje & Matt

“J’AIME” BY SALVATORE ADAMO

REMARKS

Randy Barry

HOMILY & MOMENT OF SILENCE †††

Rev. Gusti

“FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH”

Milo Hancock-Levine. Hymn 14.

REMARKS

Brett Simon

“SPIRIT, SPIRIT OF GENTLENESS”

Congregation led by Choir. Hymn 291.

BENEDICTION

Rev. Gusti

FAMILY RECESSION

“The Lord’s Prayer” by The Mormon Tabernacle Choir
and Andrea Bocelli

“When I Die” by Rumi

When I die
when my coffin
is being taken out
you must never think
i am missing this world

don't shed any tears
don't lament or
feel sorry
i'm not falling
into a monster's abyss

when you see
my corpse is being carried
don't cry for my leaving
i'm not leaving
i'm arriving at eternal love

when you leave me
in the grave
don't say goodbye
remember a grave is
only a curtain
for the paradise behind

you'll only see me
descending into a grave
now watch me rise
how can there be an end
when the sun sets or
the moon goes down

it looks like the end
it seems like a sunset
but in reality it is a dawn
when the grave locks you up
that is when your soul is freed

have you ever seen
a seed fallen to earth
not rise with a new life
why should you doubt the rise
of a seed named human

have you ever seen
a bucket lowered into a well
coming back empty
why lament for a soul
when it can come back
like Joseph from the well

when for the last time
you close your mouth
your words and soul
will belong to the world of
no place no time

J'Aime Translation

When it plays in your hair
When you turn into a ballerina
To follow it with graceful steps

I love when you come back delighted
To throw yourself into my arms
When you become a little girl
To sit upon my knees

I love the calm twilight
When it settles in on silent feet
But I naïvely love to hope
That it would blaze up for us

I love your hand that reassures me
When I get lost in the dark
And your voice is the murmur
Of the source of hope

I love when your mist-colored eyes
Wrap me in a cloak of softness
And like on a cushion of feathers
My forehead rests upon your heart