



Clare M. Buckland: January 13, 1914 to October 28, 2009

"Nothing is asked of me save to be who I am: a singular expression of God in time and space. There is really no death, the body's elements transform, and consciousness rejoins the source of life." [CMB 1999]

[I wrote the following for Clare's memorial service.]

I met Clare in 1996. She was my first client when I was starting a small publishing business in Vancouver. At the time she was living in her condo at False Creek, driving a red convertible, and she had a full-time Jungian practice. And yes — she was 82! Wow! I thought. As many have said to me since hearing of Clare's death, "She really was quite the gal!"

Yes — quite the gal! A beautiful woman with the most intense sparkling eyes, a mentor for many, many women, a brilliant intellectual, an explorer of consciousness and a woman who gave to her communities — someone who passed on her learnings in life to others.

For me, Clare is one of my mentors and I hope that as I move into my elder years, I too might have the grace with which she lived the last years of her life. Clare and I shared a passion and joy in exploring spirituality and consciousness and it is my intention to carry this passion on, feeling Clare's support and blessing always. Above all, Clare was a loving friend for me. She opened her heart to me — and received my love for her — at a time in life when many are closing down. Our friendship is truly one of the greatest blessings in my life.

In 1998 Clare wrote the following in the final chapter of our book *Always Becoming – Forever!*:

If what we are able to take with us across the divide of life/death is only what we have learned in this life of the nature of Love and surrender to the Light, I have much to do here. What I am committed to is to let go into the Light.

In the 11 years since then, Clare kept this commitment. She stayed here in her physical body as she let go of her identities, her attachment to being of service through doing, and the shutting down of her outer senses. On our last visit, this past June, she told me she had lost the joy in living. She had to let go of even that! It is my belief that she became a radiant presence here. She brought spirit or light into matter/her body — and in this way, has opened the way for many of us to live and die consciously.

One of her nightly prayers was: *Thou who liveth in my heart, in whom I live and have my being, awaken me in thy Presence, hour by hour. May it be so.*

In the end, Clare died consciously, surrounded in love by those in this realm and other realms, deeply surrendered to the Light. *Awaken me in thy Presence* — yes, it is so.

Clare, thank you for your presence in my life. And I love you.