



Farewell to our

Sam

18 September 1949 – 22 February 2015

Welcome to you all from Gård and family. We are gathering for a short time in the trees and slopes around the poet, Francis Brabazon 's grave to leave Sam 's ashes with Francis and say 'farewell for now '. We know you cannot all hear and see everything so hopefully you will follow these moments through these words. After this we will all walk around to the centre of Avatar 's Abode to share thoughts and memories of our dear Sam and have a cuppa together. Thank you for coming to see him reach this stopping place on his road to the Beloved.

Welcome to all—Peter Davies

Message from Ross Keating

I remember when we all went to India on one trip, in the seventies, when Francis came along too, and we were singing his ghazals in Mandali Hall with Francis and Eruch in the audience. And I remember Eruch turning to Francis after our performance and saying, "see Francis, Baba said that in your lifetime you would hear your ghazals sung well". And Francis nodding quietly in agreement. I had heard that Francis complained to Baba that he writes these ghazals for Him but no one puts them to music and sings them -- and ghazals are meant to be sung. So on this occasion Eruch reminded Francis of what Baba had said and Francis acknowledged Baba's words to Him as having come true. No doubt Sam was Baba's composer called to do this job.

I think the early period at Avatar's Abode when Sam was first beginning to set ghazals to music and we were all singing our hearts out in rehearsals in Baba House and at Anniversaries was really Baba's gift to Francis to comfort him to let him know that his Beloved was there with him, His lover-poet. What benefit we all got out of it was secondary.

And Francis was always very interested in what Sam did, and was moved by many of his ghazal settings, ghazal one, which I think may have been Sam's first effort, deeply touched Francis.

Sam's heart-print is in his music. It is the music of Avatar's Abode. It will always be there. It has lodged itself in the roof of Baba House, in the timbers of Baba's room. It will always be heard echoing in the tall pines around Francis's grave. And the surrounding trees and long grassy stretches have already locked his harmonies in their memory.

Yellow Moon - *Words and music by Sam Saunders*

- *Performed by Angela limura*

I sit and watch the yellow moon
Coming up big and round
It serenades a song of love
To which we 're hopelessly bound

A sea of light from the yellow moon
Submerges the hills and trees
And floods my heart with such desire
An urgent aching need

If I could find love,
if I could know love,
if I could win love 's grace
Nothing on earth could ever steal it away nor take it 's place
This I know but I don 't know where this love can be found
My heart cries to the yellow moon coming up big and round

If I could find love,
if I could know love,
if I could win love 's grace
Nothing on earth could ever steal it away nor take it 's place
This I know but I don 't know where this love can be found
And so I watch the yellow moon coming up perfectly round

Prayer

Beloved God,
help us all to love You more and more
and more and more
and still yet more,
until we become worthy of union with You;
and help us all
to hold fast to Baba's daaman
till the very end

- *Thank you for coming and sharing this moment with us. Please join us in the shed to continue our remembrance, follow the path down and take care*