

*You are loved
You are missed
You are remembered*



CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF
Roland Cartisser
September 14, 1970 - May 26, 2020

Sponsored by:



121 NW 6th Ave • Portland, OR 97209
503-222-5720 • maybellecenter.org

Memorial Booklet





IN CELEBRATION OF ROLAND

Roland's friendship touched many of us. As we grieve our loss and celebrate his life, we can honor his part in our lives by sharing stories.

Though we are not able to hold a more traditional memorial, we welcome you to join our celebration of his life online at www.maybellecter.org/remember and we hope that this will create an opportunity whenever you wish to visit the memory of Roland you are able to return to his page, share memories, read those of others, and light a candle in his memory.

In this Memorial booklet you will find poetry and song lyrics that accompany videos on the website that would have been a part of his memorial ceremony, as well as some photographs of Roland.

If you feel a need for additional grief support, please feel free to reach out to Birdie by phone at 971-202-7456 or email



Roland was a quiet person who had often had a sly smile and an easygoing nature that made him easy to befriend. He loved music, nature and the outdoors, and anything green.

He leaves behind a son and many friends.

The Peace of Wild Things

by Wendell Berry

When despair grows in me
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children's lives
may be,
I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water, and the great
heron feeds.
I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought
of grief. I come into the presence of still water.
And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting for their light. For a time
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.

Read by Dani H.

Cloud-Hidden

by David Whyte

This chapter is closed now,
not one word more
until we meet some day
and the voices rising
to the window
take wing and fly

Open the old casement
to the lands we have forgotten,
look
to the mountains and ridgeways
and the steep valleys,
quilted by green,
here, as the last words fall away,
the great and silent rivers of life
are flowing into the oceans,
and on a day like any other
they will carry you again,
abandoned,
on the currents you have fought,
to the place you did not know
you belonged.

Cloud-Hidden (continued)

And just as you came into life
surprised
you go out again,
lifted,
cloud-hidden
from one unknown
to another
and fall and turn
and appear again in the mountains

not remembering
how in the beginning
you refused
to join,
could not speak of,
did not even know
you were that
deep
calm
welling
almost forgotten
spring
of eternal presence.

Read by Birdie, with accompanying words of
welcome

Red River Valley

traditional folk melody

Come and sit by my side if you love me
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
But remember the Red River Valley
And the cowboy who loved you so true

From this valley they say you are goin'
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile
For they say you are taking the sunshine
That has brightened our path for a while

Come and sit by my side if you love me
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
But remember that Red River Valley
And the cowboy who loved you so true

Performed with ukulele by Kat Y.