

HOMELESS IN PARADISE

February 16, 2018

Column #175



DARBY MOSS WORTH

1924-2018

(Photo courtesy of Mibs McCarthy)

Ode to a Beloved Soul in Transition

May the Divine Essence of the Cosmic infuse your being,
so your consciousness is aware of the Divine Light
with which you are entrusted. . .

and may you merge into the Greater Light
as a feather is upraised when it rides the white wind
of the Invisible One humans call God
and animals, insects, microbes and plants embrace obediently
as Commander of their Innate Natures. . .

May you go in Peace Profound.

Go now,
before I change my mind!

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR AN EARTHLING CALLED BY THE UNIVERSE

By Wanda Sue Parrott

VISITING Darby Moss Worth one last time before she died at home in Carmel Valley didn't quite happen for me. If time hadn't run short, I'd have read this poem I wrote when my late partner, Al Baker, was dying. Our mutual friend, Mibs McCarthy, read it in my stead as my last message to Darby:

Darby Moss Worth was the epitome of social justice. She loved life itself, and forever was championing a cause that gave dignity and right to every living thing--from California poppies' roadside lives to the Food Bank for Monterey County which fed the hungry and homeless.

When the Food Bank suffered from a devastating fire, Darby called me. She didn't ask; she ordered, "You are tap dancing in the fundraiser. Be there."

I put on my green bowler hat and green sequin vest and did the waltz clog to the audience's vocal rendition of "When Irish Eyes are Smiling." I took a bow, passed the hat, and helped Darby help rebuild the fire-wracked Food Bank in Salinas.

Here is the obituary jointly created and shared by Joyce Vandevere, Peggy Olsen, Mibs McCarthy, Lauren Keenan, and others.

Obituary For Darby

Darby Moss Worth transitioned into the universe January 20, at the venerable age of 93, after a short period of declining health.

She said, "I am an earthling, but the universe calls me. Next I will be soil."

She wanted to be buried in her front yard, but when that proved impossible, she agreed to be flown to Washington state for a pilot program of composting human bodies. No embalming, no casket, no cremation.

See Katrina Spade at https://www.ted.com/talks/katrina_spade_when_i_die_recompose_me/transcript.

Darby's friend, Nellie Jane Ryder said, "Darby wanted to be part of, and defender of, our precious earth. No save-the-universe plan was too difficult for her to tackle with her creative energy. No idea to save democracy was too far-fetched for her. If there was a petition to sign, her clipboard was at the ready, even attached to her walker. Our world will be less safe or beautiful without our Darby."

"Let's All Wage Peace!"

Darby was born in Chester, Pennsylvania, October 25, 1924. After college she became a stewardess for TWA on early flights across the Pacific. She later moved to the Carmel area to become a teacher at River School and then at Tularcitos School. She is remembered and loved by hundreds of former students, and she enjoyed staying in touch with them.

Darby loved life, the earth, and people who paid attention. She celebrated each day by working to make things better or to preserve what we have.

She and her husband, Stanley Worth, worked for years to prevent a freeway from going through Hatton Canyon in Carmel. Before that she helped educate people to save the Carmel River.

Her phone message said, "Let's all wage peace!"

Most recently she wanted everyone to get on board to reverse climate change.

A 2007 article in *Peace Weavers*, when she was an honoree as an Outstanding Woman of Monterey County, described how she had been aware of social justice issues in high school and was inspired by her grandfather, who was a visionary. The bombing of Japan in WWII convinced her then that war was not the answer.

Lover Of Osher Lifelong Learning Institute At CSUMB

Darby never stopped learning and teaching others.

Her friends came to expect phone calls telling them to switch the channel to something she felt was important and wanted us to hear.

Each time we saw her we would be given articles and books she wanted us to read.

Darby treasured her friends and community, especially members of the local peace movement and the Unitarian Universalist Church of the Monterey Peninsula, plus artists of all kinds.

She spent her final days in her living room sharing her love and reading poetry with people who came to say good-bye.

We will celebrate her life on Saturday, March 17, 11:00 a.m., at the Community Church of the Monterey Peninsula, 4590 Carmel Valley Road, Carmel. Donations in her honor may be made to any charity of your choice.

As Darby would say, “Be there!”

I add: “Plant a pack of poppy seeds to wish her a joyful journey into universal Light.”

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