



*In Memoriam*



**CYNTHIA BOLES DAILARD**

February 29, 1968 - December 24, 2006

Assembly – Opus 4 Quartet	June Huang and Ann Loud, violin, Tam Tran, viola, Ben Wensel, cello
Welcome	David Mills
Memorial Candle Ceremony	The Dailard family and friends
Remembrance	Michelle Zimmerman
Song, “Over the Rainbow”	Briana Thibeau, Gary Lutzker, Ed O’Connell
Remembrance	Lori Wachs and Dan Zohar
Reading, from <i>Pride and Prejudice</i> by Jane Austen	Melissa Block and Stefan Fatsis
Remembrance	Rebecca Lawton
Reading, from “West-Running Brook” by Robert Frost	Kate and Jules Duval
Remembrance	Chris Keach
Song, “Ave Maria”	Briana Thibeau, Gary Lutzker, Ed O’Connell
Remembrance	Cory Richards
Remembrance	Laurie Rubiner
Reading, from “Letter in Autumn” by Donald Hall	Michael Demos
Conclusion	David Mills for Scott Dailard
Song, “Hallelujah”	Jeff Buckley

## CANDLE OFFERING

The light of life is a finite flame.  
Like the Sabbath candles, life is kindled.  
It burns, it glows, it radiates warmth and  
beauty, but then it fades and is no more.

Yet we must not despair.  
We are more than a memory  
vanishing in the darkness.  
With our lives we give life.  
Something of us can never die;  
we move in the eternal cycle of  
darkness and death, of light and life.

The memorial light we now  
kindle is a sign of this truth.  
As it burns pure and bright,  
so may the memory of Cynthia  
brighten and purify our lives.

The human spirit is God's light.



## FROM *PRIDE AND PREJUDICE*, JANE AUSTEN

Elizabeth: “It’s your turn to say something now Mr. Darcy. I talked about the dance, and you ought to make some kind of remark on the size of the room, or the number of couples.”

Mr. Darcy: “Whatever you wish me to say should be said.”

Elizabeth: “Sometimes. One must speak a little, you know. It would look odd to be entirely silent for half an hour together, and yet for the advantage of some, conversation ought to be so arranged as that they may have the trouble of saying as little as possible.”

Mr. Darcy: “Are you consulting your own feelings in the present case, or do you imagine that you are gratifying mine?”

Elizabeth: “Both, for I have always seen a great similarity in the turn of our minds. We are each of us an unsocial, taciturn disposition, unwilling to speak, unless we expect to say something that will amaze the whole room. . . .”





## FROM “WEST-RUNNING BROOK,” ROBERT FROST

“Fred, where is north?”

“North? North is there, my love.  
The brook runs west.”

“West-Running Brook then call it.”  
(West-Running Brook men call it to this day.)  
“What does it think it’s doing running west  
When all the other country brooks flow east  
To reach the ocean? It must be the brook  
Can trust itself to go by contraries  
That way I can with you – and you with me –  
Because we’re – we’re – I don’t know what we are.  
What are we?”

“Young or new?”

“We must be something.  
We’ve said we two. Let’s change that to we three.  
As you and I are married to each other,  
We both be married to the brook. We’ll build  
Our bridge across it, and the bridge shall be  
Our arm thrown over it asleep beside it . . .”

“It flows between us  
To separate us for a panic moment.  
It flows between us, over us, and *with* us . . .”

“Our life runs down in sending up the clock.  
The brook runs down in sending up our life.  
The sun runs down in sending up the brook.  
And there is something sending up the sun.  
It is this backward motion towards the source,  
Against the stream, that most we see ourselves in,  
The tribute of the current to the source.  
It is from this in nature we are from.  
It is most us.”

“Today will be the day  
You said so.”

“No, today will be the day  
You said the brook was called West-Running Brook.”

“Today will be the day of what we both said.”





FROM “LETTER  
IN AUTUMN,”  
DONALD HALL

I cannot discard  
your jeans or lotions or T-shirts.  
I cannot disturb your tumbles  
of scarves and floppy hats.  
Lots of unfinished things remain  
On your desk, in your purse  
or Shaker basket. Under a cushion  
I discover your silver thimble.  
Today when the telephone rang  
I thought it was you.

At night when I go to bed  
Gus drowns on the floor beside me.  
I sleep where we lived and died  
in the painted Victorian bed  
under the tiny lights  
you strung on the headboard  
when you brought me home  
from the hospital four years ago.  
The lights still burned last April  
early on a Saturday morning  
While you died.

At your grave  
I find tribute: chrysanthemums,  
cosmos, a pumpkin, and a poem  
by a woman who “never knew you”  
who asks, “Can you hear me Jane?”  
There is an apple and a heart-  
shaped pebble.

Looking south  
from your stone, I gaze at the file  
of eight enormous sugarmaples  
that rage and flare in dark noon,  
the air grainy with mist  
like the rain of Seattle’s winter.  
The trees go on burning  
without ravage of loss or disorder.  
I wish that you were that birch  
rising from the clump behind you,  
and I the gray oak alongside.





**Memory Book:** To help Miranda and Julia understand how special their mother was, we are collecting letters to the girls from Cynthia's large circle of friends and admirers. In this way, as they grow older, Cynthia's daughters will understand how many lives she touched and hopefully will be able to form a clear picture of a woman who died when they were too young to have formed many permanent memories of their mother. These letters can be as long or as brief as you like but we encourage you to provide specific stories and anecdotes that illustrate who Cynthia was. The little things that people remember about Cynthia will be very important to her daughters someday. Please feel free to include photographs or other memorabilia with your submission. We will incorporate them in a final memory keepsake. If you choose to write a letter, please address your submission to Miranda and Julia Dailard and email it to Sarah Craven at [Scraven@ccmc.org](mailto:Scraven@ccmc.org) or mail it in care of Sarah Craven to 6615 81st Street, Cabin John, Maryland 20818.

**Memorial Fund:** A memorial fund has been established in Cynthia's name at the Chevy Chase Bethesda Children's Center where Miranda and Julia attend preschool. The Cynthia Dailard Fund for the Enrichment of CCBC Children will be used for scholarships and enrichment programs at the school. If you would like to make a donation, please send a check made out to CCBC Children's Center (note that it is for the Cynthia Dailard Fund) and mail it to CCBC Children's Center, c/o Lisa McAuliffe, Director, 5671 Western Avenue, NW, Washington, DC 20015.

**Cemetery:** Cynthia's remains were interred at Oak Hill Cemetery in a private family ceremony on January 5, 2007. Anyone who wishes to visit Cynthia's final resting place can do so during public visiting hours on Sunday from 1:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. Oak Hill Cemetery is located in Georgetown at 3001 R Street, NW. Directions and other information can be found on the Oak Hill website at [www.oakhillcemeterydc.org](http://www.oakhillcemeterydc.org). Cynthia's memorial stone is located in Camellia Pathway Niche 39-D.

**Reception:** A reception will be held immediately after the service in the Marvin Center's second floor ballroom. All are welcome.





The single Rose  
Is now the Garden  
Where all loves end.

From "Ash Wednesday,"  
T. S. Eliot



## With special thanks to:

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