



Matthew Loren Sperry

November 6, 1968 June 5, 2003

Thy Gentleness Hath Made Me Great

In Memory of Matthew Loren Sperry June 9th, 2003 Chapel of the Chimes

- Gathering** Performed by Philip Gelb on shakuhachi
- Welcome** Rabbi David
- Music** “Wicked Little Town” performed by the San Francisco Cast of Hedwig and The Angry Inch
- Speaker** Wendy Lichtman
- Music** Performed by Matthew’s dear friends.
- Speaker** Stacia Biltekoff and Charlotte Biltekoff
- Music** “Origins of Love” performed by the San Francisco Cast of Hedwig and The Angry Inch
- Speaker** Harriet Sperry and Sam Sperry
- Music** Performed by Matthew’s dear friends.
- Speaker** Philip Gelb
- Music** Tamuke “Offering” performed by Philip Gelb
- Music** Performed by Matthew’s dear friends.
- Tribute** “Snapshots of Matthew” Open Mike & Open Music Introduced by Robert Schoen & Gil Sperry
- Speaker** Dan Plonsey
- Music** Free improvised music tribute to Matthew
- Closing** Rabbi David
- Prayer** Eyl Maley Rachamim performed by Diane Wirtschafter
- Prayer** Mourners’ Kaddish, Rabbi David
- Music** Closing celebration music performed by Red Hot Chachkas
- Healing** Shiva will begin at Wendy Lichtman and Jeff Mandel’s home directly following the service. See insert for directions and map.

El Maley Rachamim – Most Compassionate

To the most compassionate on high and within,
Grant perfect rest under the wings of holy presence,
the wings of Shechina,
among the holy and pure
who shine with heavenly splendor
to the soul of Matthew Loren Sperry
who has passed from this world,
may his rest be as restful as in Eden’s Garden.
Source of compassion, shelter him
under your wings forever more
even as his soul remains woven in the fabric of life.
The Eternal is his portion.
May he rest in peace.
And let us say: Amen.

The Mourner’s Kaddish

Yit’gadal v-yit’kadesh shmey rabah - Ameyn
B-alma di-v’ra chirutey v-yamlich malchutey
b-cha’yey’chon u-v-yo’mey’chon
u-v-cha’yey d-chol beyt Yisra’el
ba-agala u-viz’mahn kariv v-im’ru:
(Together:) Ameyn!
Y’hey shmey rabah m’vorach l-olam
u-l-ol’mey ol’ma’ya.
Yit’barach v-yish’tabach v-yit’pa’ar
v-yit’romam v-yit’na’sey
v-yit’hadar v-yit’ah’leh
v-yit’halal shmey di-kud’shah, brich hu.
L-eyla min kol bir’chata v-shirata
tush’b’chata v-nechemata da-amiran b-alma.
V-imru: Ameyn
Y’hey shlama rabah min sh’mayyah,
v-cha’yim, aleynu v-al kol Yis’ra’el,
v-imru: Ameyn
Oseh shalom bim’romav,
hu ya’ah’sseh shalom ahleynu,
v’ahl-kol Yisra’el,
v-al kol yosh’vev tey’vev
V-imru: Ameyn.

*May the great essence be magnified soon in this world, and
be blessed forever, and praised and lauded and raised up.
And yet, these words of praise and blessing are
insufficient, but we say Amen anyway.
May harmonious peace be established in this world for us
and everyone, and let us say: Amen.*

Stacia's Words for Matthew

I'm gathering words
Like the tiny pieces of me
Some with jagged edges too sharp to touch
Some pouring out of me
Tears salting the shoulders of all of you

Matthew let me do things gradually
He supported me through my unfolding
He's doing that now
He knows I don't know how to do this
It's okay
He says
Just do it one breath at a time
If you're breathing
You're doing it
Let's breathe because we can
Inhale...
Exhale...
In our collective breath he rests
And holds us
We sustain him as he sustains us

On our honeymoon
The real one after the wedding
When we were in Hawaii
Not this latest one when we decided again how much
we love each other
But the real one – the one that was mostly about food
He decided he didn't like lobster
I discovered I could eat two
We realized we could easily spend \$100 a meal
We loved it, the eating together, it was almost the best part
We went snorkeling
I'm not sure I had ever been
He's a natural in the water
Everyone thought he was a native
Betrayed only by his rented gear and pasty white new bride
I couldn't figure out how to
Hold / not hold my breath
Head underwater still breathing

Made no sense to me
He showed me slowly
No teasing or judgements
No coddling – he let me figure it out myself
I opened my eyes to an incredible adventure right underneath me
He was always showing me the
Miraculous of every day

Look Lila – this is ivy – it grows up fences

I held back suddenly unsure
Of how to swim
So he held me.
An arm around my waist
We swam like that the whole time
He could have gone out further
Swam faster
But he said he enjoyed it better when he was with me
Thy Gentleness Hath Made Me Great

Additional Information

In the following days, Shiva will continue at Stacia and Matthew's home at 388 49th Street. Please feel free to visit during the day. Stacia would love to see you.

Shiva will end on Father's Day, with a memorial walk leaving from Stacia and Matthew's home at 4:00 p.m.

Please visit Matthew's online memorial at www.birdhouse.org/blog to share your thoughts on Matthew.

Please check birdhouse.org in the coming days for information on the 1st Annual Matthew Sperry Concert Series and the various funds that are being set up for his family. Please make sure we have your email address.

An outdoor memorial is located at the corners of Vallejo and Powell in Emeryville.

Stacia and Matthew's families extend their sincere thanks for the outpouring of love and support.

Wicked Little Town

You know, the sun is in your eyes
And hurricanes and rains
and black and cloudy skies.
You're running up and down that hill.
You turn it on and off at will.
There's nothing here to thrill
or bring you down.
And if you've got no other choice
You know you can follow my voice
through the dark turns and noise
of this wicked little town.

Oh Lady, luck has led you here
and they're so twisted up
they'll twist you up. I fear.
the pious, hateful and devout,
you turn and mix til you're turned out,
the wind so cold it burns,
you're burning out and blowing round.
And if you've got no other choice
you know you can follow my voice
through the dark turns and noise
of this wicked little town.

The fates are vicious and they're cruel.
You learn too late you've used two wishes
like a fool

and then you're someone you are not,
and Junction City ain't the spot,
remember Mrs. Lot
and when she turned around.
And if you've got no other choice
You know you can follow my voice
through the dark turns and noise
of this wicked little town.

The Origin of Love

When the earth was still flat,
And the clouds made of fire,
And mountains stretched up to the sky,
Sometimes higher,
Folks roamed the earth
Like big rolling kegs.
They had two sets of arms.
They had two sets of legs.
They had two faces peering
Out of one giant head
So they could watch all around them
As they talked; while they read.
And they never knew nothing of love.
It was before the origin of love.

The origin of love

And there were three sexes then,
One that looked like two men
Glued up back to back,
Called the children of the sun.
And similar in shape and girth
Were the children of the earth.
They looked like two girls
Rolled up in one.
And the children of the moon
Were like a fork shoved on a spoon.
They were part sun, part earth
Part daughter, part son.

The origin of love

Now the gods grew quite scared
Of our strength and defiance
And Thor said,
"I'm gonna kill them all
With my hammer,
Like I killed the giants."
And Zeus said, "No,
You better let me
Use my lightning, like scissors,
Like I cut the legs off the whales
And dinosaurs into lizards."
Then he grabbed up some bolts
And he let out a laugh,
Said, "I'll split them right down the middle.
Gonna cut them right up in half."
And then storm clouds gathered above
Into great balls of fire

And then fire shot down
From the sky in bolts
Like shining blades
Of a knife.
And it ripped
Right through the flesh
Of the children of the sun
And the moon
And the earth.

And some Indian god
Sewed the wound up into a hole,
Pulled it round to our belly
To remind us of the price we pay.
And Osiris and the gods of the Nile
Gathered up a big storm
To blow a hurricane,
To scatter us away,
In a flood of wind and rain,
And a sea of tidal waves,
To wash us all away,
And if we don't behave
They'll cut us down again
And we'll be hopping round on one foot
And looking through one eye.

Last time I saw you
We had just split in two.
You were looking at me.
I was looking at you.
You had a way so familiar,
But I could not recognize,
Cause you had blood on your face;
I had blood in my eyes.
But I could swear by your expression
That the pain down in your soul
Was the same as the one down in mine.
That's the pain,
Cuts a straight line
Down through the heart;
We called it love.
So we wrapped our arms around each
other,
Trying to shove ourselves back together.
We were making love,
Making love.
It was a cold dark evening,
Such a long time ago,
When by the mighty hand of Jove,
It was the sad story
How we became
Lonely two-legged creatures,
It's the story of
The origin of love.
That's the origin of love.