



## In Memoriam



Ariel Welch Dickerman  
October 5, 1934 - October 27, 2022

Memorial Service for Ariel Dickerman  
Friday, November 11, 2022 • 2:00 p.m.  
*\*Please rise in body or in spirit.*

GATHERING MUSIC		Medley of hymns
TOLLING OF THE BELL		
PRELUDE	<i>Adagio in E Major for Violin</i> Mozart	Emilia Mettenbrink, violin Ahmed Anzaldúa, piano
WORDS OF WELCOME		Rev. Karen Gustafson
LIGHTING OF THE CHALICE		
*OPENING HYMN	#38 <i>Morning Has Broken</i>	
WORDS ON GRIEF		
PRAYER		
INTERLUDE		
READING	“Song for Autumn” by Mary Oliver	
INTERLUDE		
EULOGY		
COLLAGE OF VOICES		
INTERLUDE		
RESPONSIVE READING	<i>When love is felt...</i> (see insert)	
CHARGE TO THE COMMUNITY		
*CLOSING HYMN	<i>Blue Boat Home</i> (see insert)	
*BENEDICTION	By Arthur Foote	
	May peace dwell within our hearts, And understanding in our minds; May courage steel our wills, And the love of truth forever guide us.	
POSTLUDE	J. S. Bach	

*Please join the family for a reception in the Parish Hall following the service.*

Ariel was born in Boston, Massachusetts, and moved with her parents, Dr. Oliver Welch and Ariel Davis Welch, to Birmingham, Alabama, as a toddler. There, she grew up with sisters Barbara and Ethel and brother, Oliver. She was 13 when her father died suddenly, and her mother made the decision to move the family “back home to St. Paul” to be close to her brothers and their families. A few years after Ariel I married Wat Davidson, Ariel II had two more sisters in her sibling flock, Sally and Cynthia.



Ariel attended Summit School in St. Paul and graduated from Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1956. While a student at Smith she spent the summer in an exchange program living with a family in the Netherlands. After graduation she returned to St. Paul and taught school, third and sixth grade, before moving with her new husband, Kent Dickerman, to Appleton, Wisconsin. Other moves brought Ariel and Kent to Wisconsin Rapids and Stephens Point before a big move to Plattsburg, New York. When they returned to St. Paul in 1974, she started her career in account services at TCF Bank.

Even though Ariel left the classroom, she never stopped teaching. She taught young nieces and nephews how and where to pick the best blueberries. Her knowledge of native plants and animals turned walks in the woods into a world of discovery and appreciation of the natural world. No flora or fauna went unnoticed or unidentified. She lovingly trained her canine companions, and she even taught her parakeet, Pete, how to speak. “I’ll play bridge if I’m dummy” was his and her favorite phrase. A big fan of games, she taught Mahjong, Scrabble, Bridge, and Chinese Checkers to anyone who was willing to learn.



Kent and Ariel had 47 years together before Kent died in 2006. Early on in their relationship Kent introduced Ariel to his family’s summer home on Love Lake in Danbury, Wisconsin, and they spent their summers there, often with family and friends. They were committed to preserving and enjoying this special place, and in 1986 they built their own house, Loon’s Nest, on the property. Over the years they ventured farther from home – annual Rocky Mountain ski trips, sailing with family in the BVI, steering canal boats in England and France, snorkeling in the Sea of Cortez, kayaking in the fjords of Norway, and cruising the inland passage and Alaska coast. After Kent died in 2006, Ariel continued her adventures, travelling to Costa Rica and, later, to Eastern Europe with other members of Unity Church on pilgrimage to our sister church in Szentpeter, Romania, a small village in Transylvania.

Over the years Ariel did volunteer work for several organizations. She will best be remembered by the Unity Church community for her many years as a volunteer receptionist. If you happened to call Unity on a Thursday morning you were likely to hear her friendly voice saying: “Unity Church, this is Ariel, how may I help you?”

Ariel is survived by her sisters Barbara Bliss, Sally (Mark) Foster, and Cynthia Mills (David Baird) and sisters-in-law, Sally Brew and Betsy Darrah. She was “dear, sweet, beautiful Aunt Ariel” to fifteen nieces and nephews, and a multitude of great nieces and nephews, all of whom were welcomed into this world with a gift of Ariel’s exceptional needle art.

*Blue Boat Home* — Peter Mayer

Tune: Hyfrydol

Though below me, I feel no motion  
Standing on these mountains and plains  
Far away from the rolling ocean  
Still my dry land heart can say  
I've been sailing all my life now  
Never harbor or port have I known  
The wide universe is the ocean I travel  
And the earth is my blue boat home

Sun, my sail and moon, my rudder  
As I ply the starry sea  
Leaning over the edge in wonder  
Casting question into the deep  
Drifting here with my ship's companions  
All we kindred pilgrim souls  
Making our way by the lights of the heavens  
In our beautiful blue boat home

I give thanks to the waves upholding me  
Hail the great winds urging me on  
Greet the infinite sea before me  
Sing the sky my sailor's song  
I was born upon the fathoms  
Never harbor or port have I known  
The wide universe is the ocean I travel  
And the earth is my blue boat home

Responsive Reading by Max A. Coots.

When love is felt or fear is known,

*When holidays and holy days and such times come,*

When anniversaries arrive by calendar or consciousness,

*When seasons come, as seasons do, old and known, but somehow new,*

When lives are born or people die,

*When something sacred's sensed in soil or sky.*

Mark the time.

*Respond with thought or prayer or smile or grief,*

Let nothing living slip between the fingers of the mind,

*For all of these are holy things we will not, cannot, find again.*