

*Celebration of the Life of Fiona Regan.  
Old Stone Bank Building,  
Tenino WA.*

Thursday, 20 February 2014

Remarks by Miceal Ledwith.

The completion of any life depends on what it was lived for rather than its length.

Fiona Regan grew up in a neighborhood of narrow streets and warm people, who knew why they were here and lived life accordingly. It was a neighborhood steeped in legitimate pride about an historic and noble past, in the love of culture, and of the ancient Irish language and its symbols and meaning which were the love of Fiona's life. It was a culture never ignorant of meaningful history or devoid of ideals. It was a culture that made the smallest things have enormous significance and the largest things seem small, especially difficulties.

Her name is the feminine form of the ancient Irish name Fionn, who was *the* legendary warrior of pre-Christian folklore. It was said he never died but sleeps until Ireland again needs him in her hour of greatest peril. Her beloved dog Ronan also bore an ancient Irish name, which means an Oath.

Out of this warm and supportive background Fiona emerged to follow her dreams. She had always been fascinated by the belief that we are all one, a part of a beautiful, loving, intelligent, all-wise whole: a divinity that supercedes all lack, pain and limitation. It's all about be-coming again that which we really are. We are the dreamers on an adventure. She was fascinated by the imperative of getting this message across and it led her to a primary degree in Communications from Dublin City University after which she gained a postgraduate Diploma in Film Production from the Dublin Institute of Technology. Then she was chosen as one of only 20 students admitted to a Master's Program in Communications from Trinity College, Dublin.

People often loudly proclaim they want to create a better future. But it's really not true. The future is still an apathy, as yet void of real interest to anyone. The past is full of life, eager to irritate us, provoke and insult us, or tempt us to destroy or repaint it. The only reason people want to be masters of the future is to change the effects of the past, and, for very good reasons, Ireland was a country with a massive overdose of the past. Fiona knew there was a great deal of need to move on through healing to overcome the more dire effects of what has passed.

**She went to Brazil for training. Following her heart she became one of the very first practitioners of the Body Talk System in Dublin and had a two months waiting list within a short time of opening her practice. It led her to a realization of her own extraordinary healing ability.**

**The old saying:        “You didn’t just change my life;  
                              I think you started it...”**

**sums up perceptively the appreciation of many of the multitudes she helped.**

**When she met the teachings of Ramtha in the middle of the last decade she knew she had found her hearts desire, “the challenge of being an individual and that unheard of rare event that says that I am God.” In 2008 she made the ultimate commitment by deciding to move here. The rest was history.**

**She well knew so many of us in today’s world are trapped by exaggerated demands, unnatural ambition and consumerism. She knew so many had forgotten how valuable and powerful is a loving human touch, or a word of understanding, encouragement or praise. She understood how long it could be since we had really communicated with a friend? Or when was the last time we spoke to someone trusted, without shame, about our problems?**

**She knew we had to become introverted, to protect ourselves from too many troubles of others. Because we have so many of our own, we cannot take on more weight and stay afloat. She knew the tragedy of so many caring individuals transmuting by that caring into lonely people sustained in the main only by electronic friendships.**

**She was someone before their time that yet somehow managed to be born and spark change through their rare talent. Someone with a gift and character so infectious that success was not attracted to it, but manifested by it. A light, given as a sacrifice in an effort to pave the way.**

**That was what she lived for, and that’s what constituted her completeness in life despite its lack of years and its tragic end.**

**For in the end, tragically, came the lesson that despite all appearances of strength, there is a limit. We can know all the answers but forget why the questions were. Becoming too fragile for this world can be an all too rapid process. Constantly bearing the burdens of so many others blinds us to how easily the whole of life can shatter in a sudden and powerful moment of despair.**

**We will miss our dear friend greatly, but know she is more alive than we, and that she has gone on and will soon return more wise from all of this awful experience. She knew, as we all know, that Ramtha guides his students who pass over from this plane, and directs them into greener pastures to plan their return.**

**When tomorrow starts without me  
And I'm not there to see  
If the sun should rise and find your eyes**

All filled with tears for me.

I know how much you love me  
As much as I love you  
And each time that you think of me  
I know you'll miss me too.

But as I turned to fade away  
A tear fell from my eye  
For all my life I always thought  
I didn't want to die.

If I could re-live yesterday  
Just even for a while  
I'd take greater care to say goodbye,  
And maybe see you smile.

But then I fully realized  
That this could never be  
Just emptiness and memories  
Would take the place of me.

I had so much to live for  
So much still yet to do  
It seemed almost impossible  
That I was leaving you.

"Each one kills the thing they love" –  
So well expressed in ancient verdure,  
Though varied be the fatal shove  
They're all protection's failure.

But I never knew 'till I was gone,  
The depth of love and care  
That waited for me round each bend,  
In the heart of friends so fair.

But when tomorrow starts without me  
Please try to understand  
I'll return enriched in wiser mode  
To this grand and glorious land.