

Kay Goldstein
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Good Morning!! I am honored, on behalf of Ed and Laurel and Leda, and Owen's extended network of family and friends, to welcome each of you to this time of remembrance and celebration of the life of Owen Strong.

I am relatively late to the Owen Strong fan club. But that was only because I didn't know really him until the last few years. As a friend of Ed and Laurel, my husband Buck and I adopted Leda as our Superfan fellow Tarheel in Chapel Hill. I reached out to Owen soon after the beginning of what Owen has referred to as his "troubles".

As so many of us were, I was drawn to help however I could. In my case it started with chocolate brownies. But I felt called to offer some other more ethereal assistance drawn from my work as a meditation teacher and intuitive healer. Owen graciously accepted my offer of energy healing, intuitive insights and eventually allowed my entire Healing circle of spiritual teachers, to assist him. It should come as no surprise that I learned a lot more from Owen as a witness to his journey, than he may have learned from me.

I believe Spirit exists everywhere and Spirit speaks in the way we can best understand - often in images, synchronicities, intuitions, and dreams.

I will share just a few of those images that emerged as a reflection of his journey.

Owen was surrounded by white light and many spirit helpers along with his many human ones. Owen was a spiritual warrior, a master, drawing on tremendous strength and courage and determination, and the really hard one, acceptance, even in the face of fear and doubt. Owen's inner light shone like a powerful vortex, drawing us to him.

He was told that his journey was not over, that his songs would be one of his legacies. Even when he did nothing more than lie on the sofa, Owen had the comfort of a rich internal life and creative mind.

One of the last images shown us was of Owen wearing a golden crown embedded with jewels. He had stepped into his sovereignty as a fully realized human being. I believe those of us who knew him saw how in his quiet, often humorous and gentle way, Owen was a wise, kind and powerful spirit, and even in his youth, a sovereign among us.

Owen's name itself has several meanings. Young Warrior from the Welsh. And from the ancient Celts, it means "born of the Yew Tree", a sacred and revered symbol of immortality, transcendence, Rebirth, and Strength. A tree of life.

Among the oldest trees on our planet..The yew can live for thousands of years. And when its life force fades, it sends out shoots from the heart of his its trunk to become new trees. And so its life continues forever.

As humans, at our best, we bridge the worlds of earth below our feet and the heavenly realms of consciousness above. We are invited to be alchemists with our hearts, to embody both, to bring heaven to earth. To manifest through our deeds, our art , our words and music. Big hearted Owen was a master alchemist, standing tall, arms outstretched and feet planted in the earth, a Tree of Life.

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Our remembrances continue now as we hear stories, tributes and some of the beautiful music and words that are part of Owen's legacy.

We will begin with ,George Sheanshang, delivering remarks on behalf of Owen's father, Ed Strong.