

My name is Jesse Sia. Dori and I were friends for almost thirty years. I'd like to share a few of the stories Dori told me about herself, a few of the stories I've learned from Don in the past few weeks, and some of the things I remember about my friend.

Dori was born in a little town in New Hampshire. She and her family lived outside of town, and there were woods behind Dori's house. As a child, Dori loved to play in those woods, and, after Dori's children were grown, she took several fall driving trips back East. Dori was a long-time Minnesota resident, but she always kept a special spot in her heart for the New England fall colors.

Dori's hometown had a town square, and on one corner of the square was a Ben Franklin with a long marble counter and a soda jerk who mixed ice cream sodas from scratch. Dori would go there after school, put her nickel on the counter, get her soda, and browse the magazines in the rack next to the cash register. Her father often picked her up after he finished work at the post office, and they'd drive home together.

In high school, Dori joined a fife and drum corps. She spent many week-ends riding a school bus with her teammates and performing in neighboring towns. Later in life, after her sons were grown, Dori took up ballroom dance. She mastered East Coast Swing and West Coast Swing, experimented with line dancing and the Texas two step, and learned the salsa. She told me once that she thought much of her success was due to her early, drum corps training in rhythm and memorizing steps.

Dori was no slouch academically. After high school, she moved from Connecticut to Minnesota to attend Macalester College in St. Paul. It was her first big adventure in a lifetime of adventure. Dori took full advantage of the classes offered at Macalester, but eventually she settled on a major in geology and a minor in Spanish.

Dori loved the social opportunities that campus life offered, and she loved the opportunities that living in St. Paul offered.

Dori was a spiritual explorer. While she was in college, she joined the Ba'Hai faith. Eventually she would find the Ba'Hai faith too restrictive, but it was a bold move for a young woman on her own in a new part of the country.

During her college years, Dori met Larry Stillman. Dori and Larry travelled around and lived in different parts of the country, and Dori's three sons, Larry, Leigh, and Randy, were each born in a different part of the country.

Eventually Dori brought her young family back to the Twin Cities. She finished her undergraduate degree at Macalester, and worked her way into a job as a computer consultant. Remember, this was the 1970s -- computers were big machines that filled special, air-conditioned rooms, most companies were trying to figure out if and how much they should computerize, the whole country was getting used to the idea of women in the workplace, and, in the conservative Midwest, single mothers were often frowned upon and sometimes feared. Dori held her own through all of these social

changes. She had a scientific mind, a good grasp of mathematics and logic, and people skills. She landed a job as a team member on some of the biggest projects in the Twin Cities, including the one that converted all of SuperValu's systems -- purchasing, inventory control, accounting, personnel -- from paper ledgers and files to online data. Dori kept her skills up-to-date, too, and, as the industry changed, she changed with it. When she retired, she was a senior Computer Programmer for Moneygram.

For most of us, raising three children and building a career might have been enough, but Dori had a whole host of other interests. Sometime in the 1970s, she read Jane Roberts and the Seth material. Seth coined the phrase, "You create your own reality," and Dori took this phrase to heart. She found a group of like-minded people in Minnetonka to share her passion for exploring the frontiers of human consciousness. That's where I met her. For many years, we met once a week to explore the nature of reality, the connection between soul and body, and how to work with our bodies, our emotions, and our perceptions in a way that would allow more healing and more balance into our lives and onto the Earth.

After about five years, the group began traveling together. Dori hiked the red rock canyons of Sedona and slept among the redwood trees in California. She crawled inside the Great Pyramid of Giza, and she rode a dug-out canoe up the Orinoco River in Venezuela. She climbed Mount Masada in Israel and Mount Sinai in Egypt and Mount Aaron in Jordan. She traveled by train across the entire length of China and Mongolia, and she swam in the waters of Lake Bakal, on the eastern edge of Siberia. She hiked the kingdom of Bhutan, in the Himalayas, and she was planning a trip to Australia when she went in for what she thought was a routine operation to remove a small cyst on one ovary. When the doctor told her the cyst was cancerous, he also told her she had time to consider treatment options, and Dori seriously considered completing the Australia trip and then dealing with her diagnosis. In the end, though, she cancelled the Australia trip and made a road trip to Minnesota instead. She wanted to see her family and to spend time with her grandchildren. She loved Lake Superior, and her cross country trip included a visit up north to sit by the healing waters of the Lake. One of her last blogs included a photo she took of a tree standing outside her cabin window.

Dori could wander farther into nonphysical reality than most of the rest of us, and she kept her feet on the ground while she was doing it. In all of her travels, and throughout her life, Dori talked to the spirits of trees and rocks and mountains. They were as real to her as you and I. And whether she was exploring the physical world, the nonphysical worlds, or the borderlands between the two, she kept her common sense. Dori's practical frame of mind kept her grounded. She never took anything at face value; she always followed her own inner sense of guidance. If she didn't agree with something being said or done, she simply set it aside and continued her studies.

After her sons were grown, and while she was still working as a computer programmer, in addition to traveling and dancing, Dori wrote romance novels and short poems she called "ditties." She loved a good pun, and, sometimes, I think, she loved a bad pun even more. She studied astrology, not as an amateur, but as a serious student, and she

was certified by the only credentialed program recognized nationally in the U. S. And, throughout all of her many activities and interests, she continued to search for her soulmate. Dori told me once that she was just about to give up when she met Don. If it wasn't love at first sight for both of them, it was pretty darn close. Their first date was a walk in Como Park, and two years later they were married on a riverboat in the Mississippi River. Dori looked radiant, and Don looked pretty radiant himself, but what I remember most about that day was that everyone present looked so happy. Dori and Don had waited a long time to find each other, and they'd each been through their share of challenges and taken risks to find one another. The entire day was both confirmation and affirmation that, if you're persistent, your deepest heart's desire can manifest.

Don introduced Dori to two new passions. One of them was music. Dori learned to play the mountain dulcimer, and Don taught her how to write a song. At first, Dori wrote the lyrics and Don wrote the melody. Dori watched Don, and then, one day, she said, "I can do that." After that, Dori began to write both the words and the music to her songs.

Don also introduced Dori to the Monroe Institute. The Monroe Institute fit Dori to a T -- it was the perfect blend of science and metaphysics, and the Monroe trainings boosted Dori's confidence in her own intuitive abilities. She began writing a blog about her experiences in nonphysical reality. Life had come full circle: as a young woman, Dori had started out as a student on the cutting edge of explorations in consciousness studies; and now, in her mature years, she was still leading the way, moving ever more deeply into claiming her own wisdom, and mapping trails for others to follow, but now as a teacher, sharing and teaching what she discovered with others.

When Dori broke the news that she had cancer, I know that more than one person in this room offered to drop everything and come to Colorado to help in any way they could. In the end, though, the person Dori wanted by her side was her husband, Don. Don was Dori's faithful and true companion, her nurse and advocate, her best friend and confidante. In her final weeks at home, hospice stepped in to assist with Dori's nursing needs. Three days before Christmas, a hospice nurse and Don convinced Dori to go to residential hospice, just for a few days. As Dori was wheeled from the house on Thursday, she said to Don, "I'll be home by Sunday." She was, indeed, home by Sunday. Dori crossed over peacefully, in her sleep, early Christmas morning.

Dori leaves behind her a legacy, in the minds and hearts and lives of her three sons, Larry, Leigh, and Randy. She leaves a legacy in the minds and hearts and lives of her daughters-in-law, Marna and Holly, and in the mind and heart and life of Larry's special friend, Jen.

Dori leaves behind a legacy in the lives of her six grandchildren, Quinlyn, Cole, Daniel, Georgia, Evan and Colin.

Dori leaves a legacy, too, in her husband's heart. At one point, early in our phone conversations, Don said, without prompting, "If I had to do it all again, I would. I wouldn't

change a thing.” Your words, Don, were a spontaneous tribute to how deeply you and Dori were connected and how deeply you touched each other’s lives.

And, finally, Dori leaves a legacy in the hearts and fond memories of her many friends, who will miss her adventurous spirit and her independent attitude. Even now, I know, without a doubt, that Dori is surrounded by her many friends on the other side, sharing her experiences from this life, asking questions, making plans for her next adventure, and using her talents and skills to assist others. I will miss you, my dear friend. God bless, and God speed.