

EULOGY FOR JOANN HAINLINE

delivered by

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Everyone told me I probably shouldn't do this. But I feel that I must honor JoAnn and share her story as best as I can. So, I hope you will bear with me as I attempt to give you a glimpse into the life of this beautiful woman.

Jo Ann Hainline was born on November 7, 1949, in Rock Island, Illinois, the second child born to Richard Pearson Hainline and Ruth Elois Martin Hainline. Her father was an orthodontist, and a contender on the tennis court, winning the tournament at Forrest Hills, NY sometime in the 1940s; this tournament was a precursor to the US Open. With an older sister, by about 4 years, Sandy, and younger brother Richard, by about 6 years, she was the "middle child"; a place which seemed to hold a special significance for her for her whole life. She often spoke of her grandfather and grandmother, who lived across the street as she was growing up. She would spend a lot of time at their home and loved his many fascinating stories of life in rural Iowa from over a century ago. She loved that he juggled and rubbed her grandmother's feet. She loved their welcoming home and grandma's memorable shopping trips to Chicago. She loved their gentle and loving relationship. She respected and looked up to you Sandy, always, and loved that you let her tag along, as she was growing up, and that you had convinced dad to let her go away to school. She thought you bore the fate of being the "first child" with grace. She was so proud of you Richard, and all that you have accomplished, and was so grateful you had come to be with her and help her in her time of need.

JoAnn attended the Villa de Chantal for a while as an elementary school student, a school founded by the Sisterhood of the Visitation of Holy Mary, which left a great impression on her: the cloistered nuns behind the iron gate, the vows of silence, the simple discipline of the Catholic faith. She spoke of her experience there many times, in awe of the faith and strength of the sisters.

JoAnn was a swimmer, and from a young age, a formidable competitor. She travelled all around the Midwest and beyond for swimming competitions. She spent a year in Indiana, training with the Indiana University swim team (she recalled swimming with Mark Spitz). She was a student at Pinecrest and then went on to high school at North Miami High where they had a nationally ranked swim team. She mentioned walking by herself to workouts at 5 in the morning in the dark, and swimming with dolphins in the ocean, and facing off across the pool with the East German Women, who at that time were seriously doping and huge. She briefly held the US women's record, for her age group, for the 400 IM (individual medley-4 different strokes), a grueling race that requires tremendous strength and stamina. She and Diana Nyad were co-captains of their swim team. She graduated in 1967, unfortunately peaking a year before the

1968 Olympic games, so she returned home to attend Augustana College in Rock Island, where she studied English Literature. After a year she went on to Iowa University, in Des Moines, go Hawkeyes (she loved their school colors and rooted for their teams whenever they came on TV, even this past year). She had thoughts of becoming a nurse, until she had to take a chemistry class, and realized nursing was not in her future. She met her first husband, Jerry Grady and moved into a small farmhouse outside Des Moines, where they had 2 children, Erica Jalayne and Michael Shane. During this time, she discovered and immersed herself in Maria Montessori, Edgar Casey, the Essenes and Gene Savoy and the International Community of Christ.

In 1978 JoAnn moved to Reno with her 2 children to actively participate in this Community. She worked as a Montessori teacher and was excited to be here engaging in community activity. However, her life was suddenly turned completely upside down when the Reno Montessori School scandal captured local and national attention. She lost her job, court depositions, feeling alone and stigmatized and vulnerable, responsible for 2 young children and unsure of what would happen or what to do... Even though the allegations were eventually all dropped years later, this event profoundly affected JoAnn's understanding of the world...she became deeply cautious and driven to be independent, self-sustaining, and protective. I also had moved to Reno to be a part of this community and JoAnn and I joined forces to raise our families together and, in October of 1986, we were married. We had 2 sons, Jonathan and Gabriel, over the next 2 years, and with my daughter Shawnti, we became a family of 7. We were committed to raising children of Light. JoAnn worked part time as a secretary for a counseling office, we earned extra money cleaning offices together, and during this time she discovered, and was inspired by, the therapeutic world of counseling and psychology.

JoAnn was actively involved with teaching Jonathan and Gabriel at home, and when they approached school age (Montessori school age, 3-6), she overcame her lingering apprehensions and began teaching at the Cambridge School, a Montessori-based private school, bringing the children with her. She also started taking evening classes at UNR and completed her B.A. in General Studies in 1993. The following year, she earned her Nevada State Elementary Teacher's Certificate. She enrolled in the Masters program at UNR, and in 1998, received her Master of Counseling and Educational Psychology Degree, specializing in Marriage and Family Therapy and School Counseling. All the years of her education and then later, during her activity as a counseling intern and then therapist were accomplished while holding down a full-time teaching job, in addition to the many responsibilities of raising a family. And also, as JoAnn called it, we had church, church and church: Thursday evening lectures, Saturday Chapel services and Sunday Divine sunrise services, and many other community activities. That year, in 1998, after receiving her Master's degree, JoAnn transitioned to the WCSD (Washoe County School District), first teaching at Glen Duncan Elementary School, 2nd grade for a year, then 5th for a year, and finally settling into 6th grade, at which level she taught for the rest of her teaching career. Starting with her last couple of years at the Cambridge School, through her years at Glenn Duncan and then later on into several years at Whitehead, JoAnn formed Destination Imagination Teams of her students for after-school activities, and every year competed at the local tournaments. In 2002, while at Glenn Duncan, she took her 6th grade team to the Global Finals in Knoxville, TN (48 states and 30 countries participated). In 2004 she became a National Board-Certified Teacher,

one of 3 teachers that year in the WCSD. She transferred to Whitehead Elementary School in Sparks in 2008, and then, in 2015, became the school counselor at Esther Bennett Elementary School and worked there until she retired from the WCSD in 2020.

During her years at Glen Duncan, she also worked evenings and weekends as an MFT intern through several counseling agencies in the area. After completing over 2000 hrs. under supervision with clients and groups, and passing an extensive written exam that she had to take in Las Vegas, in 2002, she was granted her Nevada State MFT License, which she held for over 21 years. JoAnn continued to work evenings and weekends for several agencies as an MFT, working with parents and children and families, and facilitating Domestic Violence and Parenting classes. In 2013, she opened a private office, Insight Therapies, where she specialized in counseling and educational services, working primarily with foster and adopted children and their parents, and with blended families.

It was hard for her to make the decision to leave teaching in 2015 to become a school counselor, but she had suffered a stroke that spring, spent several days in the hospital and took several weeks leave of absence from her classroom. It was with tremendous personal will power that she returned to the classroom to finish out the school year, but felt she didn't have the energy or sharpness needed to manage a classroom of 30+ 6th grade students. She was insistent on keeping this episode private, even from our family. As a counselor, and especially when working with children, she was a consummate teacher, always encouraging and supportive. She continued counseling until her last day with us.

JoAnn was first and always a woman and a mother. She wanted her children, and even her students and clients to be strong and independent and successful, and did everything in her power to show them the way. Roots and Wings... this was a concept that was important to her, especially in her early teaching years...roots and wings: an anchor in Truth and Love and the Freedom to be Yourself. Roots and Wings... This was always central to everything that she did. She would say: Be Bold, Brave and Beautiful... Wake up and smell the coffee... If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem... Tough Love... Subvert the Dominant Paradigm... How do you deal with a teenager? Shock therapy and subliminal tapes... She credited you with that one, Richard.... These phrases, and many others, resonated with her. She also encouraged everyone to discover and invest in their spiritual natures, to see the source behind, and within, and beyond what appears before us in our daily lives. She was tough and loving, encouraging but strict, kind but relentless. She expected everyone to do their best, and she expected no less from herself.

JoAnn loved to teach, but she was also a diligent student. She assembled a huge library of books, not only books on teaching and managing a classroom or counseling and therapeutic techniques and skills, or bookcases and boxes full of books for children, but also books on healing on all levels, walking with God, understanding our spiritual natures, health and the human body. She was constantly reading or taking classes online; not only for CEUs, but for her own deepening understanding of how the world worked.

She loved Bodyguard, Hunger Games, Gladiator, Divergent, Matrix, Spy Games, Enemy of the State, Pride and Prejudice...movies with strong characters and often lots of action, especially when women have embraced their true inner strength and stood up for what was right. When the situation called for it, she would break out into the Arabic women's chant of encouragement...lalalala (I can't do it, but she could). She had a clear recollection, she described it to me several times, of walking hand in hand with her friend Mary when they were young girls in Nazareth 2,000 years ago. She loved wolves, the spirit of the wolf. We had many dogs, even cats, over the years. She had an affinity to all things Indian, from Indian print tablecloths to elephants, to hundreds of books on yoga and kundalini. She was constantly scanning for spiders...I would have to capture them and take them outside. ...She was convinced that the clocks around her were slowing down, and that was why she always seemed to be running late...The last couple of years she set the clock in our bedroom an hour and 20 minutes ahead. Then it became a challenge to know what the actual time was. She was convinced that Gene, Sr. was one of the 7 ascended masters, whose ray was truth. She was fearful of sharks (no one should go in the ocean--even though she had frequently swum in the ocean herself when she was younger) because the world was changing, and Edgar Casey had predicted that animals would begin to rebel against and attack people. She would break out into song with Whitney, or Ella, or Frank, or any of her many wildly divergent musical favorites. Music was her constant companion. We would wake up to Enya. She loved going to the Reno Phil concerts when I was playing, especially Mahler or Berlioz. The kids all experienced her latest favorite songs, over and over again, getting ready for school in the morning. She had her after-school playlists, where she would often spend hours in her classroom, preparing materials and folders for her students, changing the posters and decorations to reflect the holidays coming up or the lessons she was going to give...I would go out and bring back dinner or sandwiches, and we'd work late into the evening. She loved teaching about Egypt. We had 2 large storage units filled with classroom materials, desks, chairs, and books... every room in our house was filled with materials and books. "Don't touch my stuff...don't move my stuff." She seemed to know where everything was... I got it... I eventually got it... it was all precious to her...she had acquired everything for the benefit of some child, someday, or a gift for someone or herself, someday. The materials and equipment she would need to set up her own Montessori classroom, someday... a poem or a picture a child had made for her, 30 years ago.

She loved The Voice, the Olympics, the National Dog Show on Thanksgiving day, and the other one on New Year's day, tennis, Dr. Phil, the news...oh my god, the news...every night when we were home, we'd watch the national news at 5:30, then another channel at 6 and then the PBS Newshour at 6:30. And then E T or Extra Extra...I'd be in and out making dinner and she'd be working, reading, or on her laptop ... At 11 it was the local news, followed by Colbert, or Kimmel or Fallon, whoever seemed to have the most interesting monologue or guests...then a fresh cup of coffee and she was ready to get to work... I was ready for bed...and she was just getting started. Even though the tv was on all the time, she was reading, or working on her laptop, responding to emails or doing notes. The last couple of years she was often still up when I left for work in the morning. Her heroes were Joan of Arc, Wonder woman, Geena Davis in the Long Kiss Goodnight, Trinity...these women had the strength to be themselves and do what was right.

She loved you guys, she was tough on you, but she loved you so much. She went nuts for Christmas every year...she knew it was too much, but she couldn't help herself. Flashlights, or sheets and blankets or underwear and socks, sweatshirts, books, boots, coats, gloves, sweaters, every year there was a theme... She had to get something for every child in the church, every year. Holidays and birthdays were always on flex time... give or take a week or 2 was normal, even a month or more was ok if it couldn't be helped. I remember we had a family Christmas on February 8th once. It doesn't matter what date it's on...It's Christmas! Sometimes it was hard to get everyone together, but we persevered and made it happen. She loved the family dinners and Christmases at Gabriel's house. She loved the Epiphany Eve festivities at the Rectory. She loved it when I brought a red rose for her into her classroom on Valentine's day and the children would clap and cheer, and I would sneak a kiss.

She was a very private person and experienced a wonderful inner life. The Dream book was her constant companion. She was fiercely committed to the Teachings of this church and our Community. She asked after every service who was there? who did the service? what were the readings? how did it feel? She knew and visited almost daily, any of a half dozen places near our home to catch the sun. She was a student of the I Ching, the Tarot, gemstones and crystals, numerology ...everything was determined by numbers, especially names, like our children's names, or the name of her business, or the best date to do something...she consulted the astrological calendar regularly. She was moved by A Course in Miracles, Edgar Casey and his writings and prophesies, the story of Jesus' life in the Urantia book... She was fascinated by regression therapy and had taken several courses and workshops, and became certified to use this kind of hypnosis in her practice. She was going to retire for good at the end of this year, so we could cleanup the house and she could focus in earnest on her spiritual studies.

How can I express the depth and breadth of your mom to you? Your sister to you? The friend or colleague or teacher of everyone in this room? In quiet sunrises or sunsets with gentle rocking, racing to get you kids to school on time, bursting out into laughter when something struck her as funny, her patience, and sometimes impatience, to have to say something again when she thought you didn't understand, her anguish when she realized she wasn't going to be able to make your wedding, Jonathan, (but she wanted lots of pictures), her joy when working with children, her outrage and hurt that I would say something to her in a certain way that bothered her, that I wasn't even aware of. She would let everyone around her know how she felt, directly and unambiguously. And she expected everyone to be direct and honest with her; to know and be in touch with our own feelings; she "felt" on such a deep level; anything less was just fake, just "smoozing" as she called it.

JoAnn was a remarkable woman, that I have had the privilege to be with and share my life with these past 38 years. She encouraged me, and everyone around her to be better, to be more thoughtful, and kind, considerate and loving and true to our "true" selves. Perhaps it was a kindness that she left us the way she did. No fanfare, no warning, unexpectedly, in the middle of the night, a few hours before the sunrise. For those who knew her, a light has vanished from our lives, and we feel the void of its disappearance. But a great light has appeared in the Heavens, to guide us in our consolation, if we but open our hearts and spirits to it.

A few weeks ago, I had a very vivid dream; one of those dreams that sticks profoundly when you wake up. I have cleaned out and organized our house quite a bit after JoAnn's passing, but there she was, dancing and twirling around the living room laughing and smiling, wearing a black dress with a full skirt and a wild white pattern splashed on it. She was flirting and teasing; I easily threw my arm around her waist and embraced her closely. I was amazed and overcome. I cannot describe the depth of my joy in seeing her. But then I worried, but wait, I have told everyone you have passed away. We're going to get in trouble... I started looking for her death certificate to show her, but she only laughed. I searched through the papers on the table... I knew exactly where it was, where it should be, right there on the table in the living room... but I couldn't find it... it had vanished. I woke up. I believe this was JoAnn's playful game with me, a divine game, a Krishna Lila-like game. I will always feel the immense joy and love that JoAnn has brought into my life.

JoAnn's sister, Sandy, would like to say a few words, followed by our son, Gabriel.

Before we go to the closing prayer, I would like to share with you a hymn, "O Eucharist," by the Abbess Hildegard of Bingen, a 12th century mystic, from her work, "A Feather on the Breath of God." One of the lines from this hymn in English reads: *O Eucharist, you were truly blissful, when the word of God imbued you with the fire of the dove, and you were irradiated like a dawn.*

This song is about 5 minutes long, and I hope you will take a few moments to reflect on your own experiences with JoAnn; wish her well, as I'm sure she whispers her blessings over each of us. Listen for her voice in this beautiful ancient song.