



*A Celebration of the Life of
Dr. John Michael Bugge
June 3, 1941 -
November 5, 2018*

Order of Service

- Musical Prelude* “Andante” from Opus 99, VII Trio in E-Flat, by Franz Schubert. Dr. Don E. Saliers, piano; Isaac See, violin; Barney Culver, cello.
- Reflection* Dr. Gray Crouse, Director of Emory’s Emeritus College and Professor, Emory’s Dept. of Biology
- Reflection* Dr. Mel Konner, Samuel Candler Dobbs Professor, Emory’s Dept. of Anthropology
- Song* “Oft in the Stilly Night,” by Thomas Moore. Performed by Dr. James Flannery, Professor Emeritus, Emory’s Irish Studies Program
- Reflection* Prof. Brenda Bynum, Resident Artist and Lecturer, Emerita, Emory’s Dept. of Theater Studies
- Reflection* Prof. Patricia Miller, Managing Director and Senior Lecturer, Emerita, Theater Emory
- Poetry Reading* “Love Calls Us to the Things of This World,” by Richard Wilbur. Read by Dr. Ronald Schuchard, Goodrich C. White Professor of English Literature
- Prayer* Rev. Lisa Garvin, Acting Dean of the Chapel and Associate Dean of the Chapel and Religious Life
- Closing Remarks* Mr. Eric Bugge Emmons

Please join us for a buffet reception in the Brooks Commons on the Chapel’s second floor (downstairs).

“Oft in the Stilly Night”

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

“Love Calls Us to the Things of This World”

The eyes open to a cry of pulleys,
And spirited from sleep, the astounded soul
Hangs for a moment bodiless and simple
As false dawn.

Outside the open window
The morning air is all awash with angels.

Some are in bed-sheets, some are in blouses,
Some are in smocks: but truly there they are.
Now they are rising together in calm swells
Of halcyon feeling, filling whatever they wear
With the deep joy of their impersonal breathing;

Now they are flying in place, conveying
The terrible speed of their omnipresence, moving
And staying like white water; and now of a sudden
They swoon down into so rapt a quiet
That nobody seems to be there.

The soul shrinks

From all that it is about to remember,
From the punctual rape of every blessed day,
And cries,

“Oh, let there be nothing on earth but laundry,
Nothing but rosy hands in the rising steam
And clear dances done in the sight of heaven.”

Yet, as the sun acknowledges
With a warm look the world's hunks and colors,
The soul descends once more in bitter love
To accept the waking body, saying now
In a changed voice as the man yawns and rises,

“Bring them down from their ruddy gallows;
Let there be clean linen for the backs of thieves;
Let lovers go fresh and sweet to be undone,
And the heaviest nuns walk in a pure floating
Of dark habits,

Keeping their difficult balance.”