

Funeral service for

Nadine Requardt

**25.01.1969*

† 28.01.2017



painting from art therapy, May 2016

February 10th 2017

11 a.m.

Waldfriedhof Stuttgart-Degerloch

Nick Cave: Into My Arms

I don't believe in an interventionist god
But I know, darling, that you do
But if I did I would kneel down and ask him
Not to intervene when it came to you
Not to touch a hair on your head
To leave you as you are
And if he felt he had to direct you
Then direct you into my arms

Into my arms, oh Lord
Into my arms, oh Lord
Into my arms, oh Lord
Into my arms

And I don't believe in the existence of angels
But looking at you I wonder if that's true
But if I did I would summon them together
And ask them to watch over you
To each burn a candle for you
To make bright and clear your path
And to walk, like Christ, in grace and love
And guide you into my arms

Into my arms, oh Lord
Into my arms, oh Lord
Into my arms, oh Lord
Into my arms

But I believe in love
And I know that you do too
And I believe in some kind of path
That we can walk down, me and you
So keep your candles burning
And make her journey bright and pure
That she will keep returning
Always and evermore

Into my arms, oh Lord
Into my arms, oh Lord
Into my arms, oh Lord
Into my arms

My beloved Nadine,

into my arms. Being born and raised on the Alb in Münsingen, having studied and worked in Kansas and Tübingen, you moved to Stuttgart in 2009, directly into my arms. From the very beginning I knew what a special, subtle and noble kind of person you were: modest and helpful, open-hearted and trusting, altruistic and empathic. You had a lot to offer, but you would never long for the big stage. You'd rather had to be prevented from feeling responsible for everything and everybody. You were able to spot the small and beautiful things in life precisely and your emotional wisdom was outstanding.

While studying philosophy, I never caught the point of Platon's round beings, a myth in which he explains the eros by using his ideal of geometry – until I met you. Cut into half by the wrath of the Gods, scattered all over the world, the once perfect but now separated round beings are searching for their lost counterparts. Love is the power that inspires their search, makes them realize to whom they belong and reunites them to one perfect being again. Nadine, you were that perfect match to me.

Our relationship was neither flamboyant nor spectacular, but was carried by deep mutual understanding and an unquestioned sense of belonging. Even though my cultural tolerance might be a little bit underdeveloped, we were always able to love and savor the same things: the beach of Leucate, the quietness of Finnish woods and lakes, the flair of Barcelona's streets and the many concerts we were enjoying side by side. It was your open-mindedness, curiosity and pursuit of harmony that made all this possible.

You were also able to open my eyes in more than one respect. For example you showed me the way to your second family in America. Thank you so much

Nadine, you were the most precious gift I ever received in life.

It is breaking my heart that we were only allowed to be with each other for eight years. I remember how lucky you were when we moved into our joint flat. How you took the hearts of my parents by storm so that they pictured you the ideal daughter-in-law. Everybody whom you met immediately fell for your natural, friendly and considerate character. Your biggest talents were your humaneness and benevolence. You always cared about your family very much and quite a few children on this earth benefited from your inspiration and attentiveness. You were always prepared to invest and donate.

We shared five years of sanity and three years dominated by your illness. I really admire how stoic and calm you accepted your fate. You always remained positive and your steadfast love was the light that led us through dark times.

Weather Prophets: Always The Light

Things gettin' very complicated
In a tangle of lonesome days
The cancerous wave always over your head
And it seems to go away
But there's always a chance
Yes, there's always a way
Sowing seeds in the cracks of a second
The still of an empty bay
Let me walk through the folds
Of a gentle afternoon
Lose me in the skirts of evening
Hold me in the night

'Cause however dark it gets	
I said however dark it gets	(2x)
There's always the light	(4x)
I said however dark it gets	(3x)
There's always the light	(8x)

My brave Nadine,

the way illness showed you was anything else than smooth. And yes, despite of all the strength you mastered, you weren't free from fear. You didn't fear dying in particular, but you feared being left alone and having to walk that path by your own. Later, when we visit your tree, we will listen to a song that spoke directly from your heart. It was your plea and message to me.

At the end of 2015 your illness turned incurable and you started to live on borrowed time. When we swore ourselves to keep grandeur, no matter the cost, we were both crying. I promised you to do everything to let you pass away at home and in my arms. Dearly beloved and without any feelings of loneliness. The moment your breathing faded away was the most peaceful and intimate one I ever experienced. Nadine, I'm so thankful that your illness at least allowed this last wish of yours to come true.

Towards the end of your life, your losses increased: you lost your hair, your mobility, your appetite, your words and at some point even your ability to cry. Nevertheless, your will to live remained unbreakable: you always accented that you wanted to stay with me and that you wanted to see your beloved nephew Nick grow up. Despite how much you lost, you always managed to preserve the most important feature of your life: When you were clear at your 48th birthday for the last time, an overwhelming love still flooded from your words and eyes. However dark it gets – there's always the light. Therefore, Nadine, I will be thankful to you forever.

I often said that the most meaningful task in my life is and will ever be to give you company through your ordeal. The task to follow now is going to be the hardest one: I have to say goodbye. I'm not sure whether I'm ready yet – the both

uf us were hoping for so much more in life. But like all the other people here in this hall – family, friends and colleagues – I have to walk this tearful and hurting way.

I guess I'm speaking for everybody present when I state that, concerning your undeserved fate, we are all beleaguered by a scandalous feeling of injustice. Humans tend to project their immanent concepts onto everything. This leads to mistakes philosopher's call category errors: qualities are attributed to things unable to have them. So it is with the world: while justice exists solely in our heads, life is simply governed by biology, chemistry and physics. Therefore, questions about guilt are leading into nothingness.

So all that's left for us now is to let the gorgeous person you were go. Nadine, everybody in this hall is going to miss you and the world already became a poorer place with the passing of your pronounced humaneness. And me, I will keep you deep in my heart where I will love and honour you forever.

Before I close, I want to express a tiny bit of consolation: You don't have to be christian to hope for a place of eternity and reunification. Should this place really exist, Nadine, plesse please keep waiting there for me.

Nikki Sudden: Up There In Heaven

Up there in heaven,
Well she's waiting just for me
Oh the girl of my dreams
Up there in heaven
I've got an angel on my own
She's got everything I need

But there's too many problems
for a boy who looks like me
too many problems I don't need

Too many problems but I'm sure I'll find a way
Too many problems for one day

Up there In heaven
Is the girl of my dreams
Oh she's waiting there for me
Up there In heaven
Will I kiss you every day
And nothing would ever get in the way
...

Torres: Don't Run Away, Emilie

Empty talk and angry lies
Had made a home behind my eyes
They told me they were here to stay
And I believed them 'til the day
I saw you smile
Your kindest eyes were laughing
And for the first time
This place felt like home

Don't run away, Emilie
Please don't try and get out now
Dream of angels, Emilie
I need you 'cause you see me
Somehow

I don't feel the need today
For my usual masquerade
I threw away the pedestal
I'd rather have what's real
And when I saw you smile
Your kindest eyes were laughing
And for the first time
This place felt like home

Don't run away, Emilie
Please don't try and get out now
Dream of angels, Emilie
I need you 'cause you see me

I wanna tell you everything

I wanna tell you everything
I'll be the truest one you know
If you'll stay a while

Don't run away, Emilie
Please don't try and get out now
Dream of angels, Emilie
I need you 'cause you see me

Don't run away, Emilie
Please don't try and get out now
Dream of angels, Emilie
I need you 'cause you see me
Somehow