



## Max M. Kampelman Papers

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*IN MEMORIAM*

*Mary Ellen Grogan*

*26 August, 1921 - 20 December, 1991*



*Saint Alban's Church  
Washington, D. C.*

*Saturday, 28 December, 1991  
at three o' clock in the afternoon*

Page numbers refer to The Book of Common Prayer (red).  
\*Hymnal S followed by a number refers to the service music  
found in the first section of the Hymnal (blue).

By Mary Ellen Grogan's request "Three Preludes for Piano" by George Gershwin  
will be played as the service commences. These are marked

- Nr. 1. *Allegro ben ritmato e deciso*;  
Nr. 2. *Andante con moto e poco rubato*;  
Nr. 3. *Allegro ben ritmato e deciso*.

Anthems in Procession p. 469

Collect for the Departed p. 470

Organ Music:

*Turn, turn, turn* American Folk tune

The Lessons:

From the Old Testament: Ecclesiastes 3:1-8 Read by Brian Grogan

Psalm 23 Led by Susan Ikerd

*The congregation remains seated and reads the italicized verses.*

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills;\*  
*from whence cometh my help?*

My help cometh even from the Lord,\*  
*who hath made heaven and earth.*

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved;\*  
*and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.*

Behold, he that keepeth Israel\*  
*shall neither slumber nor sleep.*

The Lord himself is thy keeper;\*  
*the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand;*

So that the sun shall not burn thee by day,\*  
*neither the moon by night.*

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil;\*  
*yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.*

The Lord shall preserve thy going out,  
and thy coming in,\*  
*from this time forth for evermore.*

Glory be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Holy  
Spirit;

*As it was in the the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world  
without end. Amen.*

From the New Testament: Romans 8: 14-19, 34-35, 37-39

Psalm 23

Read by Kathy Bennett

Led by Kevin Grogan

*The congregation remains seated and reads the italicized verses .*

The Lord is my shepherd;\*  
*I shall not want*

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;\*  
*he leadeth me beside the still waters.*

He restoreth my soul;\*  
*he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake.*

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of  
death, I will fear no evil;\*  
*for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff,  
they comfort me.*

Thou preparest a table before me  
in the presence of mine enemies;\*  
*thou annointest my head with oil;  
my cup runneth over.*

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me  
all the days of my life,\*  
*and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.*

Glory be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Holy  
Ghost;

*As it was in the the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world  
without end. Amen.*

In Memoriam

Kitty Kelley  
Max Kampelman

The Prayers

The Lord's Prayer (to be sung; Hymnal S 119)

Prayers of the People p. 480

*The congregation responds to each petition by saying, "Amen."*

Hymn 671

New Britain

The Commendation p. 482

The Blessing and Dismissal p. 502

Procession: *Nun danket alle Gott* Sigfrid Karg Elert

A EULOGY

BY MAX M. KAMPELMAN

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR MARY ELLEN GROGAN

St. Alban's Church  
Washington, D.C.

December 28, 1991

Our first view of the Peter and Mary Ellen Grogan family was in 1957, a few days after Maggie and I and our three small children arrived at our new Highland Place home. The doorbell rang, and there stood a beautiful young lady, perhaps 5 or 6 years of age, who introduced herself as Kathy Grogan. In each of her two hands, she held the tiny fingers of her two younger sisters. She introduced Barbara and Elin to us, explaining she had seen two of our children playing in our yard. They were of a similar age and might wish to play together.

We knew we were being looked over and, in time, we learned that we passed inspection. After all, Mary Ellen and her family had lived in the same house in that neighborhood since 1927. But it was much more than that. It was an act of neighborliness that was an integral part of Mary Ellen during the 34 years we had the privilege of having our lives touched by her spirit.

Shortly thereafter, Mary Ellen telephoned Maggie and asked her if she could solicit contributions in our neighborhood for one of our community's fine charities. Maggie believes it was either the United Way or the Heart Association. Mary Ellen explained that she had collected in our neighborhood for a

number of years, but recently had assumed other responsibilities. Maggie is by instinct a private person and not a ringer of doorbells. She cringed at the thought and was ready to decline by explaining that we now had a new baby and she had her hands full with three young children. As they talked, Maggie innocently asked Mary Ellen how many children she had -- six going on seven was the response. Maggie agreed to collect!

The second paragraph of Mary Ellen's obituary in the Washington Post last Sunday referred to the fact that she was a founder of the Friends of the National Zoo and its first executive director. Like most parents of young children -- and our three and four soon became five -- the Zoo was a favorite place for our family to visit. We were content to visit, gaze, enjoy, munch, walk, laugh, and return home exhausted.

But Mary Ellen was not so content. She and Peter had become friends of the highly respected Dr. Mann, the revered head of the Zoo for so many years. She knew that disease was rampant among many of the animals. She knew there was a serious safety problem. She knew the Zoo was neglecting its educational responsibility to the school children of our community and to the children visiting Washington from all parts of the country. She and Barbara Robinson, with the

encouragement of the recently retired Dr. Mann and the new directors, Ted Reed and Lear Grimmer, decided to form an organization to protect and strengthen the Zoo.

One evening, while I was in Delaware attending to law business, Maggie called. I had that evening been elected the first president of a newly-formed Friends of the National Zoo organization. Mary Ellen had nominated me. I didn't know of the meeting and knew nothing of my candidacy. This was one of Mary Ellen's few political victories.

Yes, I was the president, and it was my job to think great thoughts and make grand plans, but Mary Ellen made things happen.

She always made things happen and was always there. We gave her a key to our home. Our children had it drummed into them that if ever there was a problem and we were not around, they were to go to Mrs. Grogan. She was indeed the guardian angel of our neighborhood.

The skills of a politician came naturally to her, although they were tempered by the tolerances of diplomacy. Her maternal grandfather was a diplomat, serving as the Costa Rican Ambassador to the United States; and her paternal grandfather was a United States Senator from Montana.

Mary Ellen loved politics, although how she became a Democrat is a mystery. Senator Carter was one of the national leaders of the Republican Party and Peter Grogan looked upon Barry Goldwater as his national hero. Mary Ellen's loyalty to the Democratic Party was like a religious commitment. Indeed, it was Mary Ellen who came to mind when I first heard the tale of Mr. Kelly telling Mr. O'Brien, both Boston Irish, that he heard their friend Mike was leaving the Democratic Party. O'Brien expressed his strong doubts, saying it could not be true; he had seen Mike in church the previous Sunday.

Mary Ellen did not permit her political convictions and loyalties to interfere with her diplomatic graciousness and respect for the opinions of others. This was the influence of her lovely mother, Selena Carter, who was the epitome of dignity. I suspect Mary Ellen never did appreciate having me, a Humphrey Democrat, a part of the Reagan Administration, but never a word of criticism. I was permitted to continue living in peace in the neighborhood.

That spirit of respect and understanding is with us this afternoon. A Catholic, trained in a convent, Mary Ellen chose to have her memorial service in this Episcopalian environment; and you are listening to a eulogy delivered by a Jew.

Mary Ellen had many tragedies in her life, burdens she carried with faith and quiet dignity. There was Peter's untimely death at an early age, leaving her with eight children. There was Elin's tragic and unnecessary accident which took her from us while she was still a child. There was her mother's painful illness, and then there was Herbert's death cutting short their satisfying and comfortable relationship. Her faith comforted her. It was God's will. There was a plan. There would be a reunion.

Those of us who are assembled here this afternoon to celebrate the life of Mary Ellen Grogan say to her children:

Susan, Kevin, Katherine, Brian, Barbara, Sean and Judy

You have every reason to be proud of your mother and the mark she has left on you, on her neighbors and friends, on our community. We are.

Your special responsibility is to appreciate that the life of the dead is placed in the memory of the living.





## Center for Community Change

Grogan

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January 6

Dear Max,

Thank you for your moving  
and thoughtful eulogy at the  
memorial service for Mary Ellen.

I reported to Wretha, who unfortunately  
missed the service, everything I could  
remember from your remarks. And even  
in the re-telling found myself moved.

May you and Maggie and the  
rest of the Kampelrum family have  
a grand New Year!

Sincerely,

Bruce/Hanson