



Thérèse Grandy

10 juin 1924 – 20 octobre 2011

Thérèse Grandy

Announcement published on Initiatives of Change International internal website:

Theri Grandy died this morning in her flat near Morges, after three months' illness. She was 87. Theri's funeral will be held in the Lonay Protestant Church, near Morges, on Thursday 27 October, at 14.00.

Her husband, Marcel, had been President of the Caux Foundation. Together, they had spent over 30 years based in Cyprus, working for reconciliation and healing between the different communities in a part of the world about which they cared passionately and deeply. Marcel and Theri had life-long friendships in Lebanon also. Theri's last visit out of Switzerland, just a few months ago, was to friends in Turkey, where she visited the Ecumenical Orthodox Patriarch, an old friend.

Theri was born into a Zurich business family. She trained as a tri-lingual secretary and worked for her father in his successful stationery company. She envisaged herself taking over the running of the company from him after his retirement.

But in 1947 her direction changed, after discovering the proposals for living a different and effective life that Moral Re-Armament (later IofC) set out in their literature and in their conferences at Caux. She made costly personal decisions, and began to work with MRA on a full-time, unsalaried basis

In the 1950s Theri travelled with MRA to the United States and to Africa, spending a prolonged period in each continent. She learnt, she said, what it meant to serve and to do what needed doing, without complaint. She also made many friends, some of whom became life-long friends.

Soon after she and Marcel married they were asked at short notice to go to Cyprus for three months, to take up the responsibilities there of MRA friends who had fallen sick and had to return to Switzerland. Those three months became three astonishing decades, and the full story can be read in their book *Hope Never Dies* (pub. Caux Books).

Caux always had a central part in Theri's life and thinking, and she never ceased to be interested in what takes place there, and all the people who maintain the unique ambience and 'living fabric' of the conference centre, in and out of season.

During the Caux summer conference period one would realise that in her little flat she had a steady stream of visitors, phonecalls, letters, from friends from all parts of the world who were visiting Caux.

Though she and Marcel had no family of their own, she had a keen interest in the progress of her younger friends (many of whom regarded the Grandys as ‘parents’) and their families – becoming an honorary ‘grandmother’ to many, and of course she loved the times she spent with her own sister’s daughters and their children.

Theri leaves a gap in many lives, but those who knew her are grateful for her stunning generosity and hospitality, her no-nonsense approach when she disagreed with something, her faithfulness to what she deeply believed, her capacity to know just the right moment to pick up the phone and be in touch, and her endless gift of friendship.

Temple protestant de Lonay, jeudi 27 Octobre 2011

- Introduction musicale (Orgue : Anne-Lise VUILLEUMIER, trompettes Eric REY et Lionel WALTER)
- Accueil – pasteur Pierre-Olivier HELLER
- Prière
- Temps de silence et d’écoute
- Cantique : ‘Bringing in the Sheaves’ (Psaume 126) Introduction : orgue, puis orgue et trompettes
- Lectures bibliques : Les béatitudes, l’Évangile selon Saint-Matthieu, 5.1-12, lu en français et anglais par Eliane STALLYBRASS et Marianne SPRENG (filleule de Theri)
- Intermède de musique

Message du pasteur Pierre-Olivier HELLER (English translation below)

Je crois que Theri se serait réjouie de vous voir tous ici. Je crois qu'elle s'en réjouit maintenant. Chacun de nous a une place chez elle, dans son cœur. Il y a beaucoup de place dans le cœur.

Theri était quelquefois seule dans son petit appartement à la Gracieuse. Mais elle n'était jamais seule. D'abord il y avait Dieu. Dans les notes qu'elle prenait sur des petits papiers des pensées qu'elle avait entendues et qu'elle voulait garder, elle avait noté: "Je suis celui qui connaît tous les secrets. Je suis celui qui est ICI, MAINTENANT, plus proche de toi que tes artères. Je suis ton veilleur, ta joie, ton Seigneur. Tu me supplies: Viens! Ne sais-tu pas que Je suis ici. A pas silencieux Je m'approche de toi. Le moment où tu as besoin de moi est l'heure où Je viens."

Dans sa petite chambre à la Gracieuse Theri avait Dieu; et puis elle avait nous tous, et tant d'autres qu'aucune église dans le monde ne pourrait contenir tous ces êtres chers qui étaient ses amis, ses sujets de préoccupation, éparpillés sur la terre, à Zurich, à Londres, à Nicosie, à Beyrouth, aux USA, en Afrique. L'affection, la pensée abolissent les distances. Theri et Marcel étaient reliés à tant d'êtres qui les habitaient constamment! Il n'y avait alors plus beaucoup de place dans leur esprit pour se préoccuper d'eux-mêmes; et pourtant ils étaient heureux; et Theri note joliment, à propos de leurs premières années de mariage: "Nous avions à Chypre tant de monde qui passait à la maison, que nous n'avions pas le temps de nous disputer, Marcel et moi, ni de nous occuper des petits différents qui inévitablement venaient troubler les premiers temps de notre vie commune."

La vie de Theri était belle et difficile, en même temps. Je ne crois pas qu'il y ait des vies qui soient seulement belles, ou seulement difficiles, l'un va avec l'autre. A l'âge d'environ 12 ans, Theri se souvient que sa sœur et elle, avec leur mère, s'étaient rendues en Engadine pour des vacances, et qu'un dimanche elles s'étaient rendues dans une chapelle de montagne. Au cours de la célébration, à un moment donné, elle a vu comme en vision un chemin caillouteux qui montait raide sur la montagne. Ce n'était pas un joli sentier, c'était vertigineux, c'était un défi, une épreuve, et quelqu'un ou quelque chose lui disait: "Ceci sera ton chemin." Et, bien que ce soit un défi, cette vision lui procura une grande joie. Une présence extérieure à elle s'était approchée d'elle.

Par la suite, cette présence est devenue la première préoccupation de Theri. Dans le silence de ses temps d'écoute et dans ses journées remplies d'activité, elle cherchait une chose: régler sa vie, ranger sa volonté, organiser ses journées autour de cette présence. "Qu'est-ce que Dieu immense et proche, inconnaissable et familier, attend de moi? Quelle réconciliation? Quel changement dans mon comportement?" Joliment elle note: "Je sais que je ne suis pas toujours facile à vivre. J'ai beaucoup à faire pour devenir celle que je dois être. Ma volonté d'acier a parfois de la peine à plier. Mais je voudrais tant confor-

mer ma volonté à ce que je sens être vrai". Combien de fois avons-nous senti Theri se battre avec elle-même pour discerner ce qui est vrai et transformer certaines choses en elle? Alors elle trouvait la paix. Mais aussi, bientôt, il fallait recommencer.

Une autre chose nous touchait beaucoup chez Theri: c'était son amitié pour les gens. Elle et Marcel avaient un don prodigieux pour l'amitié. Il paraît que petite déjà Theri adorait le contact, allait vers les gens, avec son bon sourire. Toute sa vie elle a été comme ça. Elle savait tout de la vie privée des femmes de chambre portugaises, ou congolaises, qui faisaient sa chambre à la Gracieuse. Elle leur demandait toujours: "Comment allez-vous? Comment vont vos enfants?" Et puis, tout aussi simplement, elle s'entretenait à Chypre avec l'archevêque Makarios, ou à Caux avec une princesse, un ministre ou un grand patron. Elle était à l'aise avec les uns et avec les autres, parce que tous étaient pour elle d'abord des êtres merveilleux.

Sa cuisine, à Chypre, réunissait des hôtes grecs, turcs, anglais, elle construisait des ponts entre eux, elle tissait des liens. Elle écoutait beaucoup.

Marcel et Theri n'ont pas pu avoir d'enfants. Ce fut leur grande tristesse. Mais, pour les aider à accepter, la vie leur a donné mille enfants à aimer, à veiller, à conseiller.

Theri a eu le chagrin, et le bonheur, d'accompagner Marcel dans sa maladie, jusqu'au bout. Après, elle continua à aimer, à visiter, à recevoir, à écrire, à téléphoner, et ses jours de vieillesse en furent illuminés.

Puisse Dieu, quelque soit la réalité que nous mettions derrière ce nom, illuminer aussi pour elle la Vie dans laquelle elle vient d'entrer, la Vie dans laquelle l'amour ne meurt jamais, et l'espoir non plus ne meurt jamais.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION: I think that Theri would rejoice to see you all here. I think that she is rejoicing now. Each one of you had a place with her, in her heart. There's plenty of space in a heart.

Sometimes Theri felt lonely in her flat at the Gracieuse. But she was never alone. Firstly, there was always God. She made notes on little pieces of paper of thoughts, of things that she read, quotes that she wanted to keep. She wrote on one: 'I am him who knows all secrets. I am him who is here and now, close to you than your arteries. I am your guardian, your joy, your Lord. You call on me: 'come!' But don't you know that I am already here. With silent steps I am here beside you. When you need me, I am here.'

In her little room at the Gracieuse Theri had God with her; and then she had all of you. And so many others that no church in the world could hold all those dear to her, her friends, her concerns, scattered across the earth, in Zurich, London, Nicosia, Beirut, the United States, in Africa... Affection and thoughts abolish distance. Theri and Marcel were linked to so many others who were constantly with them in their thoughts. So there wasn't too much space left for them to think of themselves! And yet they were happy. Theri noted charmingly about the early years of their marriage: 'In Cyprus, we had so many people passing through our home that we didn't have the time to quarrel, Marcel and I, nor to spend on the little differences that inevitably came up at the start of our life together.'

Theri's life was beautiful and difficult at the same time. I'm not sure that there are any lives that are just beautiful or difficult. They go together. At around the age of 12, Theri recalled a time in the Engadine with her sister and her mother, on holiday. One Sunday, they climbed up to a chapel in the mountains. And during the service, she had something of a vision, of a steep and stony mountain path. It wasn't a pretty path, it was a challenge, it was scary, but something or someone said to her, 'This is your path, your way.' And although it was a challenge, the vision also gave her great joy. A presence from without had come close to her.

Later, this presence became the primary preoccupation of Theri. In the silence of her daily times of listening and in busy days, she sought to plan her life around this presence. 'What does this great and close God, so unknowable and so familiar, want of me? What reconciliation? What change in my behaviour?' She charmingly noted, 'I know that I'm not always easy to live with. I've a lot to do to become the person I'm meant to be. But I do so long to bend my will to what I feel to be right.' And how often we felt Theri struggling with

herself to discern the true and to change things in herself? So she found peace. And then she had to start all over again!

Another thing that touched us a lot with Theri was her gift for friendship with people. She and Marcel had a great gift for friendship. I gather that already as a child, Theri enjoyed people, going to meet others, with her smile. All her life she was like that. She knew a lot about the lives of the Portuguese or Congolese cleaning ladies at the Gracieuse. She would ask them how they were; ask for news of their children. And with the same simplicity, she had touches with Archbishop Makarios in Cyprus, or with a princess in Caux, a Cabinet Minister or a leader of industry. She was at ease with everyone, because for her they were all marvellous beings.

Her kitchen in Cyprus brought together Greeks and Turks and British. She built bridges between them; she wove links. She listened a lot.

Marcel and Theri couldn't have children. It was a great sadness for them. But to help them accept it, life gave them many children to love, to look after, to care for, to counsel.

Theri had the sadness and joy to accompany Marcel in his illness, to the end. And afterwards, she continued to love, to visit, to receive, to write, to phone. Her old age was filled with light.

May God, whatever reality we put into that name, light up the life into which she has just entered, the life in which love never dies, and hope never dies either. AMEN

Message de **Ramez SALAME**, avocat, Liban, (English translation below)

Le départ de Theri a produit une tristesse, un vide en nous. Comment combler ce vide? Probablement par un surcroit de foi auquel son décès nous appelle. Mais pour Theri maintenant, c'est autre chose. Nous savons ce que dit le psalmiste : « Qu'elle est précieuse aux yeux de Dieu la mort de ses amis ». Dieu va récompenser les sacrifices, les renonciations et les peines, ainsi que la fidélité de ses amis arrivés au terme de leur séjour terrestre.

J'ai connu Theri - avec son cher époux Marcel- pour la première fois à Beyrouth en 1969. Plus tard, en 1977, ils sont venus nous rendre visite après le déclenchement de la guerre dans notre pays. Mais c'est à partir de 1980 que vont s'intensifier des va-et-vient entre Chypre, où ils résidaient, et le Liban. A cette époque, un noyau du Réarmement moral s'est constitué au

Liban, et Theri et Marcel avaient à cœur d'aider ce mouvement naissant. Cela n'était pas facile car peu de gens s'aventuraient à venir chez nous du fait de la situation de guerre dans le pays.... Quand j'ai annoncé à ma femme la mort de Theri, elle eut ce mot : « ils ont illuminé notre vie pendant ces années sombres de guerre ».

En même temps, les Libanais et Libanaises qui se rendaient en Suisse recevaient auprès de Theri et Marcel, dans leur foyer mais surtout à Caux, un accueil si généreux et réconfortant. C'est là, à Caux, que beaucoup de mes compatriotes firent l'apprentissage du changement de vie, du repentir et de l'ouverture à l'autre, et devinrent ainsi de précieux instruments de dialogue, de réconciliation et d'unité dans notre pays.

Si je regarde la vie de Theri, je la trouve marquée par deux choses : l'amour - un amour qui semblait ne pas avoir de limite - et l'humilité. Mais pour qui lira le livre de Virginia Wigan « Hope Never Dies – The Grandy Story » il s'apercevra que ces grandes vertus étaient le produit d'une vie entièrement et définitivement consacrée à Dieu, d'une décision couteuse prise autrefois dans la prime jeunesse.

Theri était aussi tout au fond de son être une femme de prière. Un jour pendant l'un de nos déplacements au Liban qui ne manquait pas de danger, j'attirai l'attention de Theri et Marcel au Mont Hermon dont le sommet enneigé pointait au loin. Alors Theri leva les yeux et dit spontanément comme si elle parlait à elle-même : « Je lève les yeux vers les montagnes, d'où viendra mon salut ? Le salut me vient du Seigneur, créateur du ciel et de la terre. »

Theri avait une haute idée de l'appel auquel elle s'est donnée. Je retiens toujours les paroles qu'elle a dites un jour et qui représentent pour moi une belle définition de ce qu'est le Réarmement moral/Initiatives et Changement : « devenir responsables pour ramener nos pays sous l'autorité de Dieu ». Mais, ces dernières années Theri avait un souci pour notre mouvement, elle avait à cœur qu'il garde la pureté et la profondeur de ce que fut sa propre expérience.

Chère Theri, Je ne sais s'il faut dire « Adieu » ou « au revoir ». Je dirais : « au revoir ». Merci de ta vie - merci de ton amour. Que ton amour, maintenant, ne nous fasse pas défaut. Que ton exemple continue sans cesse à nous inspirer dans le combat de la foi qu'il nous reste à livrer pour bâtir un monde de fraternité, de justice et de paix.

Je viens ici chargé de l'hommage et de la gratitude des Libanais et Libanaises qui ont connu Theri, ainsi que de leurs vives condoléances à sa

chère sœur, à ses nièces et leurs enfants (Theri ne manquait pas de nous parler de sa famille de temps à autre), et à vous tous et toutes qui êtes ici présents. Je suis certain que les amis de Chypre, de Turquie, de Grèce et d'Égypte qui ont si bien connu Theri partagent aussi ces sentiments.

Pour conclure, j'aimerais citer ces belles paroles de St.-Augustin qui sont comme un hymne à la vie qui nous attend après notre départ d'ici-bas : « Là, nous nous reposerons et nous verrons, nous verrons et nous aimerons, Nous aimerons et nous louerons. »

ENGLISH TRANSLATION: Theri's departure leaves a great sadness, an emptiness in us. How to fill this void? Probably with an increase in the faith that her death calls us to. But for Theri, now there is more. We know what the Psalm says: 'precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his friends'. God will reward the sacrifices, the surrenders, as well as the faithfulness of his friends at the end of their stay on earth.

I met Theri – and her beloved husband Marcel – for the first time in Beirut in 1969. And then again later, in 1977, they came to visit us after the start of the war in our country. And then from 1980 on, there was an increasing to and fro between Cyprus where they lived and the Lebanon. At that time, there was a Moral Re-Armament team growing in Lebanon, and Marcel and Theri were at the heart of helping this development. It wasn't easy; few people dared to come because of the war. When I announced Theri's death to my wife, she said, 'They enlightened our lives through those dark years of the war.'

And at the same time, Lebanese men and women were coming to Switzerland, where Theri and Marcel welcomed them to their home and to Caux, a generous and comforting welcome. And it was here, in Caux, that many of my compatriots started an apprenticeship of change, or repentance, of openness to the other, and thus became precious instruments of dialogue, reconciliation and unity in our country.

If I look at the life of Theri, for me it is marked by two things. Love, a love that seemed to have no limits, and humility. But for those of you who read Virginia Wigan's book, *Hope Never Dies – The Grandy Story*, you see that the great virtues were the product of a life wholly and definitively given to God, a costly decision taken in her youth.

Theri was a person of prayer at the root of her being. One day on one of our journeys not without danger in Lebanon, I pointed out to Theri and Marcel the distant snow-capped peak of Mount Hermon. And Theri spontaneously looked

up, and as if talking to herself said, 'I lift up my eyes to the hills. From where does my help come? My help comes from the Lord, who made heaven and earth.'

Theri had a high idea of the call to which she had given herself. I remember what she said to me one day, which for me was a great definition of what Moral Re-Armament-Initiatives of Change is: 'Become responsible for bringing our countries under the authority of God.' And in these last years, Theri was concerned for the movement, that it preserved the purity and the depth of what had been her own experience.

Dear Theri. I don't know if I should say 'Adieu', 'to God' or 'until we meet again'. I'll say, 'until we meet again'. Thank you for your life. Thank you for your love. May your love not fail us now. May your example continue to inspire us in the struggle of faith that is ours to continue, to build a world of brotherhood, justice and peace.

I come here to express the gratitude of all the Lebanese who knew Theri. To pass on their condolences, to her dear sister, to her nieces and their children. (Theri often talked to us about her family.) And to all of you present here. And I am sure that there are also many friends from Cyprus, from Turkey and Greece, and from Egypt who share these feelings.

I would like to end with some lovely words from Saint Augustine, a hymn to the life that awaits us after our departure from this world: 'There we will rest, and we will see, we will see and we will love, we will love and we will praise.'

- Intermède de musique
- Prière
- Cantique : 'A toi la gloire'
- Prière : Notre père, chacun, chacune dans sa langue
- Remerciements, annonces (réception), collecte
- Musique de sortie/honneurs

Spyros STEPHOU, Cyprus, speaking at the reception:

Most of you will understand that nearly everything I am going to say for Theri is close to what I said at Marcel's funeral. This is because when I tried to write something for Theri, I realized that my thoughts were circling around the same things I had said for Marcel. And suddenly I felt the reason why this was happening: Marcel and Theri were for myself, my family and their friends in Cyprus one thing and nobody and nothing can separate them. This is how we shall remember them.

Fifty-one years ago at Christmas, 1960, Theri entered, together with her beloved husband Marcel, unexpected and uninvited, our family life in Cyprus. That was a very difficult and very crucial time for us and our marriage. They did not lose a minute. They took us at once by the hand and using all their rich deposits of love, care and patience they drove us out of the absolute darkness and despair and led us step by step into the bright light of change, responsibility, care and love, first towards ourselves and then towards our country and the world. Standing here at this divine moment, I humbly realise and confess that I have never thanked her enough for what she has done for myself and my family. I pray that she will forgive my ingratitude, as she has done for so many of my other failures.

Searching deeply into my memory data, I remembered the unrepeatd times we spent together both in Cyprus and in so many other parts of the world. I remembered our time in Northern Ireland, the Republic of Ireland, the United Kingdom, Malta, Lebanon, Israel, India, Germany, the United States and Switzerland, where together, in homes and in meeting places, we were giving the message which we believed and are still believing was the message of God.

I know very well that I shall not be original if I try here to enumerate the many virtues of Theri. Her honesty, her purity, her patience, her care for everybody she met, her selflessness, her love for everybody, her humour, her ingenuity, her inner peace, her readiness for personal sacrifices. All the above plus so many others, which my poor English prevents me to add on the list, are only a repetition of what thousands of people around the world, who came in contact with Theri, feel and say about her.

I shall only mention here one virtue that Theri displayed to all Cypriots, Greeks or Turks, during her 30 years of stay in Cyprus. Truth, combined with objectivity and the courage and bravery to face the reactions of the recipients of this attitude. During all these 30 years the two communities in Cyprus, the

Greeks and the Turks, were at war killing each other. Theri and Marcel were two of the very few people who could visit both parts of Cyprus and speak to both Greek and Turkish Cypriots. Both the Greeks and the Turkish Cypriots had thousands of foreign friends who always used to tell them what they actually wanted to hear from foreigners: You are absolutely right, you are the victims. The other side is absolutely wrong and the other community behaved in a barbarous and cruel way to you.

Theri and Marcel did not follow that easy and friend-making method. Theri did not want to gain temporary friendships based on flattering and giving false hopes to hopeless people of both communities. Theri and Marcel wanted permanent friendships, with changed and responsible people, built on moral standards and faith to God. For 30 years she continued constantly and unfailingly saying to all of us in Cyprus the truth about ourselves, the truth about the tragic situation of Cyprus and who are to be blamed for all this. She was doing that not by preaching but by using examples of her own family and her own country. Some of us accepted it, some of us argued about it, and some of us rejected it forthwith. But at the end all of us in Cyprus knew that Theri was right. We knew that Theri was the real and genuine friend of Cyprus and all the Cypriots. This is how Theri will be remembered by all her Greek and Turkish friends in Cyprus.

The abundance of love, care and personal interest, which was overflowing her heart, was reaching everybody who came in contact with him. All her Greek Cypriot friends, including my whole family, who were recipients of this overflowing abundance of love, care and personal interest, asked me to express to her our gratitude and thanks. They asked me to tell her that they feel very proud and privileged to have her as their friend for so many years. They asked me to tell her that they will never forget her permanent, innocent smile, which was helping them to keep alight the flame of hope for the future and strengthened their belief that through change and faith to God better days will come for Cyprus and the world. Her memory will always be alive in our minds and hearts. We shall remember her smiling and joking.

We shall miss you Theri. Your loss has created a huge vacuum in our hearts, which will never be filled by anything or anyone else. But the persons who will face your loss heavily and really suffer from it are your beloved sister, nieces and grandchildren, as you used to call them. The death of their beloved sister, aunt, grandmother is beyond any human consolation. But of course we have to accept that God's thoughts and way are not our thoughts and ways. They are beyond any easy understanding by us. We pray that these words of the prophet

Isaiah will bring peace in their hearts and minds, and that they will continue their life-long commitment to serve God, as you would have liked them to do. Humanly we shall be thinking of them, shall be praying for them and be sharing them this humanly unbearable grief and sorrow. Eternal be your memory, our dearest Theri.

Address for the family:

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