

**A Celebration of the Life of
Harriet Moore Crofts
October 30, 1945 - February 18, 2026**



**March 27, 2026
11:00am**

Peace United Church of Christ
1111 N 11th Ave E, Duluth, MN 55805

Gathering Music

***Estagfer Allah, Estagfer Allah, Estagfer Allah,
Allah Allah Allah Allah Allah
Allah Allah Allah Allah Allah***

Translation: *Wash me clean oh God lest I forget that it is all God.*

Welcome

Rev. Corinne Freedman Ellis

Mourner's Kaddish

Jan Cohen

Music (sing along) :

Sh'ma Yisrael, Adonai Eloheinu, Adonai Echad

Translation: *Hear, O Israel, The Lord is our God, The Lord is One.*

Poem

Buddhabird

Carolyn Sheets

Written by Harriet Moore Crofts

Eulogy

Rev. Terese Tomanek

Scripture

Romans 8:38-39

For I am convinced that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor rulers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus.

Psalm 90:1-2, 13-17

Lord, you have been our dwelling place
in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth
or ever you had formed the earth and the world,
from everlasting to everlasting you are God.

Turn, O Lord! How long?

Have compassion on your servants!

Satisfy us in the morning with your steadfast love,
so that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad as many days as you have afflicted us
and as many years as we have seen evil.

Let your work be manifest to your servants
and your glorious power to their children.

Let the favor of the Lord our God be upon us
and prosper for us the work of our hands—

O prosper the work of our hands!

Special Music

Fairest Lord Jesus

Amy Crofts and Kristy Marie

*Fairest Lord Jesus, ruler of all nature,
O thou of God and man the Son,
Thee will I cherish, Thee will I honor,
thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.*

*Fair are the meadows, fairer still the woodlands,
robed in the blooming garb of spring:*

*Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer
who makes the woeful heart to sing.*

*Beautiful Savior, hold me in these troubled times.
Be my companion, rock and star.
Teach me compassion, teach me your wisdom,
and that your love is never far.*

Last verse was written by Harriet

Homily

Rev. Corinne Freedman Ellis

Poem

Leaving the Cabin Runion
Written by Harriet C. Nathan

Susan Noakes

Prayer of Thanksgiving & The Lord's Prayer

Our Creator, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

Congregational Song

Holy Angels

***You are held by holy angels
Holy angels all around you
"Hush, now, sleep child"
Sing the holy angels
"We are holding you.
You can rest."***

***"Morning will come, child.
The dawn will break through the darkness.
We are holding you
through the light of the newborn day."***

*Commendation

*Benediction

*Sending Music

Dance of Universal Peace

*(if you cannot dance, please consider coming to sit in the center of
the circle to be with the group)*

For The Beauty Of The Earth

*For the beauty of the Earth
For the glory of the skies
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies
Lord of all do thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise*

Kalama Dance

La il La ha il Allah hu

Mohamada Rasul Allah

Translation: *There is nothing that is not God, Mohamad is a messenger of God's Love*

Musicians: Kristy Marie Nur Jehan Chisti, Ron Deters, Rebecca James Alsum, Libby Gaalaas, and Seth Currier

Harriet Moore Crofts

October 30, 1945 - February 18, 2026

Harriet Moore Crofts, beloved mother, sister, grandmother, teacher, healer, and free spirit, passed away on February 18, 2026, in Duluth, Minnesota, on a stormy winter day that seemed fitting for an adventurer who lived her life exploring the great outdoors. She departed this world surrounded by close friends, family, and loved ones, in an epic send-off filled with music, laughter, and the kind of presence she gave so freely to others throughout her life.

Born on October 30, 1945, in Chicago, Illinois, to John T Crofts and Mary-Blanche Crofts, Harriet graduated from Sutherland Elementary School and then Morgan Park High School in Chicago, and Carroll College in Waukesha, Wisconsin. She lived life on her own terms from the very beginning. She was a scholar and a seeker, earning both graduate and post-graduate degrees in pursuit of knowledge and understanding. As a college professor, she challenged minds and inspired independent thinking. As a licensed massage therapist, she offered healing through touch and intuition. As a homemaker, she created spaces filled with warmth, conversation, and the steady reassurance that you were welcome exactly as you were, friends and family alike.

Harriet believed in honoring Mother Nature, listening to the wind, and trusting her own compass to guide her wherever she may end up. She played by a unique set of rules rooted in freedom, generosity, and a fierce commitment to becoming her best self. When she wasn't giving away her last dollar to charity or helping someone in need, she might be found wandering fields, liberating fruit or corn, insisting that the earth's abundance was meant to be shared.

She cared deeply for all animals and for people. She showed up consistently and without hesitation when others needed her most. Whether it was a late-night conversation, a hand to hold, or simply sitting in silence, Harriet was present. Truly present. Her gift was in consistently doing the right thing, in which she lived for the moment and in the moment and invited others to do the same.

To her three children: Aviva Dutt, Jules Fox, and David Nathan, she was a mother who encouraged boldness, independence, and self-trust. She taught them to question, to feel deeply, to give generously, and to laugh often. As a grandmother and sister, she offered the same boundless spirit: loving without restraint, living without apology.

Harriet (whose name was inspired by the legacy of Harriet Tubman and her maternal grandfather Charles Henry Moore) was a woman who believed life was an adventure meant to be lived fully, not cautiously. And now, as those who loved her say, she has taken her wings and flown on to the next great adventure. Her legacy lives on in the countless lives she touched, the minds she expanded, the hearts she steadied, and the wild, beautiful permission she gave others to be themselves.

In honoring Harriet, may we each dare to live a little freer, give a little more, and show up fully for the people we love.