Jesus,  
most beloved Lord Jesus,  
I pray that you accept me  
As a wick for the lamp  
whose oil you give.  
I care not if my life  
should wither like grass,  
I care only  
for your image in me.  
Light your lamp and  
let me be like a holy fire  
On the edge  
of the darkling waste,  
That those in darkness  
may know  
Where Thou canst be found.  
From Thee comes  
what is good in me;  
From myself  
the weak and low.  
Have mercy on me, Lord!

Prayer of Matthias Grünewald
Keeping in touch

‘To change the world I have to change myself’
(One response to the Nov/Dec 2007 First Co-worker Children issue)

Recently the Camphill Correspondence Support Group held its annual meeting, which is invaluable for trying to keep in touch with the needs, responses and themes arising out of the life of Camphill. We have had an amazing reaction to the last special issue and supplement. People who have their own memories of the early days were deeply touched by reading the first co-worker childrens’ stories. Others have commented that it is a historical document, filling in the existing story of Camphill in the first years. Some people have said they have felt shocked by what happened to some of these children, the damage that this unintentional neglect may have caused.

The experience of this issue seems to have reverberated through Camphill. We look forward to hear more people’s reactions to this issue! Please feel invited to tell us your experiences while reading the last Correspondence and supplement. What questions or thoughts did this arouse in you? It feels important that this theme which has arisen so strongly out of Camphill could be mulled over, taken further, responded to. This is an open door inviting us to follow through. It made us think in the Support Group that if this is the experience of a number of individuals of a generation of Camphill, what other untold stories are within our great, deep, real, struggling, idealistic but unrealised community? Are there other stories, joyful or painful, profound or symbolic, about the lives and commitment to and experiences of so many different individualities living in Camphill? Children, co-workers, old people, young co-workers, board members, visitors: feel invited to tell your story!

Another response to the special issue: in the supplement the question was asked if it would be a good idea to find out about and describe the lives and destinies of some of the first special needs children. Those early companions, how did they fare in life? Perhaps one or another early co-worker child would like to take on to find out about one special needs child that stands out in their memory. Perhaps some of the pioneer co-workers could research the lives of those from whom they learnt so much when they were young. It would be a fitting and moving testament to include their stories in the Camphill Correspondence. This would not become another big special issue but their stories could be unearthed and printed, over time.

Enthusiasm from this issue has also been expressed to find out more about the co-worker children of the 1960’s, 1970’s and 1980’s. In fact, the first story has already come in. If you (parents or ‘children’) are interested to send information about your children/yourselves, please send it to Christine Polyblank at 40 Grange Road, St Leonards, Ringwood, Hants, UK, BH24 2QE. (E-mail: c.polyblank@btopenworld.com). Anecdotes and memories of this period would also be welcome. Photos from childhood and the present day, are essential—so do please send these too. We will see how many we can print in the Correspondence depending on the response! Articles and the present day, are essential—so do please send these too. We will see how many we can print in the Correspondence depending on the response! Articles will go in the Archive at Camphill Aberdeen.

Apologies for mistakes which somehow evaded our consciousness in the last issue, despite the very best efforts of several pairs of eyes. I need to point out in particular that the last line of the biography of Taco disappeared. To finish Taco’s story so far: ‘Taco retired in 2005, and the link to Camphill from the Christian Community remains as his sole task after retirement.’ Thank you Taco!

Best wishes for good, interesting reading in this issue of the Correspondence.

Warmly, your editor Maria.

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Cover page: The images in this issue are taken from Matthias Grünewald’s Isenheim Altarpiece. The front cover is a detail from one of the panels showing Mary with the newborn baby. This painting was in Gerda Blok’s bedroom all the years she lived in Botton.

Birthday List

Becoming 93
Gretlind (Oma) Reinardy, Newton Dee.15 January

Becoming 85
Rosmarie Herberg, Föhrenbühl............... 8 January

Becoming 80
Ursula Schroeder, Devon...................... 30 January
Hartmut von Jeetze, Triform ..................... 13 February
Rosalind Gartner, Stourbridge............... 18 February

Becoming 75
Christof König, Mourne Grange............... 8 February
Sally Schad, Ringwood........................... 24 February

Becoming 70
Konrad Haase, Hausenhof................... 19 January
Mary Ann Wilkinson, Botton ................. 18 February

We do rely on information that the Camphill places send us; so please do check your list before you send it to us, at sandrastoddard@gmail.com

With thanks.
Introduction

In his book *The Camphill Movement*, Karl König identified three stars of the Camphill movement: Jan Comenius, Count Zinzendorf and Robert Owen. What did they all have in common? According to König they all longed for a reformed human community and imagined a new social order wherein a true brotherhood could be established. The words and deeds of these three pioneers were in König’s opinion alive and active in the Camphill movement. But what else did they have in common? Comenius and Zinzendorf had been bishops in the Moravian Church, whilst Robert Owen, the social reformer, had been profoundly influenced by the life and work of Moravian Settlements in England (e.g., Fairfield Settlement in Manchester).

The focus of this article is on the possible influence of the Moravian Brethren on the subsequent birth and development of the Camphill movement. In 1929 Karl König visited Gnadenfrei, the birthplace and home of the person he was later to marry: Mathilde (Tilla) Maasberg. In *The Builders of Camphill* Lindenberg notes that the heart-religion of the Moravian Church awakened in König a deep Christianity that he had been looking for since his early childhood. König himself comments:

In Gnadenfrei a special experience awaited me which entered deeply into my soul and became a pivotal element in my destiny. Something hitherto unknown took hold of me and made strings vibrate whose melodies had never sounded within me before. Gnadenfrei was at the time a small village... it still preserved its character from its foundation in the middle of the eighteenth century. It was one of the typical settlements of the Herrnhut communities founded by Count Zinzendorf...seldom had I been so directly gripped by a place and its atmosphere.

(Lindenberg, 2004; p. 82–83).

There can be little doubt from this extract that König’s encounter with the Moravian Brethren represented a critical turning point in his life or as he expressed it—a pivotal moment in his destiny. That being so, it is important to learn a little more about the Moravian church and Moravian communities. Whilst this is not the place for an extensive discourse on either topic, it is important to provide some background.

History of Moravian Church

The Moravian Church, which is one of the smaller religious bodies in Europe, has a long and distinguished history. The name Moravian refers to the fact that this historic church had its origin in ancient Bohemia and Moravia in what is the present-day Czech Republic. In the mid-nineth century these countries converted to Christianity chiefly through the influence of two Greek Orthodox missionaries, Cyril and Methodius. They translated the Bible into the common language. In the centuries that followed, Bohemia and Moravia gradually fell under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Rome, but some of the Czech people protested. The foremost of Czech protestors, Jan Hus (1369–1415) was a professor of philosophy and rector of the University of Prague. The Bethlehem Chapel in Prague, where Hus preached, became a rallying place for the Czech reformation. Gaining support from students and the common people, he led a protest movement against many practices of the Roman Catholic clergy and hierarchy. Hus was accused of heresy, underwent a long trial at the Council of Constance, and was burned at the stake on July 6, 1415.

Jan Hus had been profoundly influenced by John Wyclif (c. 1320–1384), the English reformer. It was Wyclif’s belief that the church should return to the more primitive form of Christianity that existed in the days of the apostles. He attacked the power of the papacy and its attendant hierarchy and welcomed the secularisation of ecclesiastical properties. He believed that the Bible should be the common possession of all Christians and be available for common use in the language of the people.

The reformation spirit did not die with Hus. The Moravian Church, or Unitas Fratrum (Unity of Brethren), as it has been officially known since 1457, arose as follows of Hus gathered in the village of Kunwald, about 100 miles east of Prague in eastern Bohemia, and organized the church. This was 60 years before Martin Luther. By 1467 the Moravian Church had established its own ministry. In 1517 the Unity of Brethren numbered at least 200,000 with over 400 parishes. Using a hymnal and catechism of its own, the church promoted the Scriptures through its two printing presses and provided the people of Bohemia and Moravia with the Bible in their own language. A bitter persecution which broke out in 1547, led to the spread of the Brethren’s Church to Poland where it grew rapidly. By 1557 there were three provinces of the Church: Bohemia, Moravia and Poland. The Thirty Years War (1618–1648) brought further persecution to the Brethren’s Church and the Protestants of Bohemia were severely defeated at the battle of White Mountain in 1620.

The leader of the Unitas Fratrum in these tempestuous years was Bishop John Amos Comenius (1592–1670). He became world-renowned for his progressive views on education. Comenius lived most of his life in exile...
in England and in Holland where he died. His prayer was that some day the ‘hidden seed’ of his beloved Unitas Fratrum might once again spring to new life. The 18th century saw the renewal of the Moravian Church through the patronage of Count Nicholas Ludwig von Zinzendorf, a nobleman from Saxony. Some Moravian families fleeing persecution in Bohemia and Moravia found refuge on Zinzendorf’s estate in 1722 and built the community of Herrnhut. The new community became the haven for many more Moravian refugees. Zinzendorf encouraged them to keep the discipline of the Unitas Fratrum, and he gave them the vision to take the gospel to the far corners of the world. August 13, 1727, marked the culmination of a great spiritual renewal for the Moravian Church in Herrnhut.

From the time of its creation, the Moravian Church has believed moral reform to be more urgent than doctrinal reform. It recognizes the same creeds as the other Protestant traditions, but is more concerned with experiential Christianity than with doctrinal correctness. The Moravian tradition is also known for its Christocentricity and ecumenicity. Throughout their existence the Moravians have sought to emphasise the importance of simplicity in all things (Weinlick, 1959). Both John Wesley (1703–1791) and Charles Wesley, were for a time members of the Moravian Church, and he gave them the vision to take the gospel to the far corners of the world. August 13, 1727, marked the culmination of a great spiritual renewal for the Moravian Church in Herrnhut.

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The modern Moravian Church, with about 825,000 members worldwide, continues to draw on traditions established during the 18th century renewal, in particular their long tradition of missionary work which is reflected in their broad global distribution. In the USA it is an active member of the National Council of Churches: the Northern Province of the American church has held observer status in the Consultation on Church Union, indicating the intention to keep seeking common ground with fellow Protestants. The Moravians in Germany, where the central settlement remains at Herrnhut, are highly active in education and social work. In England the Moravian Church is fully involved in ecumenical matters and belongs to the Churches Together in Britain and Ireland, Churches Together in England and the Free Churches’ Council.

The Moravian Community

What made the structure of the original Moravian Community so unique? Believing that men and women had different religious needs, Zinzendorf in 1736 organized the Moravian community around groups of members known as ‘Choirs’ who lived apart in large houses. Age, gender and marital status determined what Choir a person would live in and each group provided spiritual and social guidance to its own. When children reached 18 months of age, their parents sent them to the communal Nursery. At four they moved to either the Little Boys’ or Little Girls’ Choir. At age 12, they joined the Older Boys’ or Older Girls’ Choir and at 19 moved into either the Single Brothers’ or Single Sisters’ Choir. Married members became part of the Married Peoples’ Choir and when a spouse died, the surviving spouse joined either the Widows’ or Widowers’ Choir. The Brethren’s House housed the community’s single men.

Faithful Moravians worshipped several times each day. In the Brethren House, Brothers awoke at 5 a.m. to the gentle sound of softly sung hymns. Breakfast at 6 a.m. began with a benediction and the announcement of a particular word or phrase with a religious theme that the faithful were to contemplate throughout the day. When they reconvened at noon for their main meal, they sang hymns both before and after dining. At 7 p.m. the entire congregation met for an hour of worship, which was followed by a brief fifteen-minute prayer service among members meeting with their Choirs. At 9 p.m. all returned to pray together as a community. The day concluded at 10 p.m. with evening benediction in each Choir. While the faithful slept, each day a different person offered intercessions on the day’s theme every hour around the clock. From ten at night to five in the morning, the night watchman sang hymns to mark each hour.

Life within the Brethren’s House centred on work as well as worship. The Brothers began their chores promptly at 7 a.m. The original Moravian communities were organised in such a way that all members would share the labour and receive in return food, shelter and clothes. This communal system, known as General Economy, freed members to worship and work as ‘pilgrims’ providing spiritual nurture both for those within the community and those that lived outside. In this communal economic system, each member of the Hausgemeine (house community, non-missionary) worked to support the Pilgergemeine (missionaries), whom the Church sent to spread the Gospel. The General Economy also provided a mutual support network that helped the Moravians preserve their unique culture. While the Choirs only lasted until the 1760’s, at which point Moravians decided to live again in family units, their communally-based economic arrangement lasted for two more decades before the Church elders in Germany decided to replace it with privately owned enterprises.

Camphill and the Moravian Brethren

Whilst reference is made in Camphill literature to the fact that Karl König visited Mathilde Maasberg in Gnadenfrei and that he was deeply impressed by the Moravian Brethren settlement set in the beautiful Silesian countryside, there is virtually nothing written about Mathilde’s parents (Müller-Wiedemann, 1996; Bock, 2004). Genealogical research recently undertaken through the good offices of the Archiv der Brüder-Unität in Herrnhut, has revealed that Mathilde’s father was Ludwig Johannes August Maasberg (Beeb, 2007). He was born on Christmas Eve 1863 in Paramaribo, Surinam—a child (Missionkind) of the Moravian Mission to Surinam (formerly Dutch Guyana). Ludwig Maasberg was later to marry Luise Emilie Furter who was born on the 12th May 1878 at Neustadl in Silesia and died on the 3rd September 1952 in Stuttgart.

During his early years Ludwig Maasberg held a number of managerial posts in different Moravian Brethren settlements (Gnadenfeld, Neuwied, Zeist), as his father had done. In 1889 he was appointed Vorsteher (warden) of the Brother’s Houses in Gnadenfrei with responsibility for the manufacture of textiles, shoes and cutlery. Because of the economic recession in the 1920’s, all the businesses in Gnadenfrei went into a decline with the exception of textile manufacturing. Slowly through the
enterprise of Ludwig Maasberg the business expanded but then came to a further halt with the outbreak of war. After the war the business flourished and today Maasbergs is one of the leading textile manufacturers in Bavaria, based in Münchberg, and run by Rainer Maasberg—Ludwig’s grandson! Ludwig Maasberg was also responsible for editing one of the few publications that describes the life and work of a Moravian settlement (Maasberg, 1911). It is clear from the information provided by the Herrnhut Archive that Ludwig Maasberg was a leading member of the Moravian Brethren, from which it follows that Mathilde Maasberg (Tilla König) was well placed, by virtue of her father’s prominent position, to have gained a good understanding of what was needed to lead and administer an intentional religious community.

Mathilde Elisabeth Maasberg was born on the 9th March 1902 in Gnadenfrei, the fourth of seven children. Christof König, Tilla König’s eldest son, has commented that the idea to start Camphill with disabled children resulted from his mother’s initial work with her sister in the family holiday house in Silesia (von Freedén, 2004). He also observed, with some justification, that his mother’s significant contribution to the creation of Camphill has not been accorded the merit it deserves. With respect to the influence of the Moravian Brethren, Christof noted that the Moravian dimension in Camphill derived from his mother and was woven inextricably into the fabric of Camphill, in particular: ‘the aspect of devotion and of prayer, the aspect of order and beauty and the aspect of devotion to small detail’ (von Freedén, 2004, p. 60). He also noted that she had made a huge contribution to all that had to do with the care of the handicapped child. In Christof’s judgement his mother was essentially a homebuilder and a homemaker, possessing practical gifts that contributed significantly to the process of community building. Renate König, Tilla’s daughter, has indicated that the love of nature, order and simplicity were the key influences of her mother; all of which reflected and embodied the way of life of the Moravian Brethren (Sleigh, 2005). This point was underlined by Margarete von Freedén who noted that Tilla had the ability to create order, peace and culture wherever she went and who during the formative years of Camphill stood like a pillar of strength, becoming the ‘Mother’ to all the young mothers, showing them how to care for their children. Barbara Lipsker has commented on the beauty and order of Tilla König’s house and her attitude of devotion in everything that she did (How, 2004). What seems beyond dispute is that Tilla König’s influential role in the creation of the Camphill movement has for too long been understated.

**Conclusion**

When visitors are asked to describe the characteristics of Camphill communities that have made the most impression upon them, more often than not they identify features which have a strong Moravian provenance: the beauty and tranquility of the environment; the devotion to detail evident within the houses; the ordered daily rhythm; the rituals attending the beginning and end of each day; and the attention paid to spiritual values. Is it too much to claim that the heart religion of the Moravian church, so valued by Karl König, gave to the Camphill movement its heart? George MacLeod, one of the leading Scottish churchmen of the twentieth century, strongly welcomed the creation of Camphill in the 1940’s, as he saw it as an example of a return to a more simple, authentic and direct expression of Christianity—indeed one could argue a form of experiential and ecumenical Christianity that would have found favour with John Wyclif and Jan Hus!

**References**


Robin is a consultant to Camphill Rudolf Steiner Schools Aberdeen, and was for three years Development and Training Co-ordinator for Camphill.
Dear Camphill Sisters and Brothers:

Thanks for calling me into the circle! Thanks too for a sensitive, empathetic and very professional touch in editing my contribution. For all these years I had felt alone on my journey, on my ‘quest’, and kept very private those treasured memories of my early years in Camphill. But now I find that I am not alone! Thanks to all the contributions, I feel part of something very special. That I belong, that my spiritual home is Camphill, and that you all are family! I feel as if I had been with you all in Camphill in August (number 49 in the picture, next to Marianne!). Our quest is and must be individual. But the grail we seek is common to us all. A distant goal, yes, but with mutual help, and from those ‘beyond’, we will succeed! As it is said in the Shepherds’ Play: ‘...when thou comest there’ (or perhaps till thou comest there).

I hope that it will not end here. I do hope that we can move forward together in some way. I am convinced that we will miss a great opportunity if we leave it at that, and all just go our separate ways again.

As first generation staff children we can all join in voicing loud and clear our thanks and appreciation to the first generation of co-workers and staff—including our parents—for their effort and achievement in pioneering Camphill. How fortunate we are, that we, through them, may be part of its history and stand in the big circle with them and all the others who make up the Camphill family.

To all of you a heartfelt thanks and a very warm ‘morning hug’!

Gottfried Pfretzschner, Marburg, Germany

An early Camphill co-worker child.


Stephen Linsenhoff, Stockholm, Sweden

Spending my Swedish skiing holiday, week 9, 2007 with Graham at Tigh A’ Chomainn, I had lunch with Gisela Schlegel at Cairnlee, telling me that Roswitha is in town, preparing a co-worker children gathering in August. Rushing back I phoned Nora Bock and two hours later we met after all these years again, exchanging thoughts on her and my obituary of our class teacher Gloria Vincent.

For years I pondered in Sweden with Stefan Engqvist’s brother Christer why we were teased by the staff children—and here’s the answer: ‘We special children were the reason that the staff children had no parents and a different kind of family, we had to suffer for the loss; by that they made us aware of our otherness.’ After two Camphill years I left in 1955 for a German boarding school in Marburg and Stefan Engqvist had to be with them at Wynstones.

Christer’s and my thoughts are between the lines of the Camphill Correspondence and its supplement Nov/Dec 2007. Now the time had come for the co-worker children, being ready to gather and give room for the needed healing process. As Christof König says on page 4; he felt ‘that a kind of cleansing took place among us where memories were freed up in the process...’ Returning 1959 for the seminar, it was a healing process too.

XXI

Retribution

He could will anything at all, temper a lion’s drive to claw from captivity, impede a merchant’s trail to excite with oil crushed from rose hips, even guide the stars and steer elemental forces through marrow...
burnt husks littered upon stone, a severed finger upon the marble, drums retreating into haze...

no place shall be devoid of his legacy, no motive approved without insight into adequacy to reach final resolution. Nothing falls outside his domain: the baby you hold is his, the grass you walk on is his, the entrance to his city funnels determination of longing to spread beyond his father’s dominion which too plundered the heart and gave it back with a notch.

604–562 BC
Ishur’s Gate Babylon

Steve Falconer

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604–562 BC
Ishur’s Gate Babylon

Steve Falconer
And much later, when finally ready, I visited Camphill in Easter 2001 for the Good Friday Play (playing myself 1963). Neither Stefan or I were staff children or one of the others but—between and outside. Karl König told my mother in the autumn of 1953: his soul has to be strengthened that he can cope with adult life.

The challenge of the Camphill years; I had never seen a handicapped child and was terrified when on my first Murtleday I looked at a Chinese who wasn’t, forced to be with the maladjusted adolescents, ‘like strangers here on Earth’ (Superintendent’s report 1955:51). For all of us at Camphill, including the ‘semi-delinquent’ staff children, the one and only possibility of growth in a very special, unique setting. It is natural that after the focus on the founders, the staff children had to be ready to look at themselves in the limelight—and others will come. What happened actually in those early days? We who were there, who experienced these challenging days should know today that they were obstacles in our way to strengthen our personality and be aware of the other in a new way. It happened with Mozart’s Tamino in The Magic Flute and Karl König told it to my mother. Christine Polyblank’s words in the supplement of the Camphill Correspondence, page 2, about her father’s wedding with Anke is a very good picture: ‘…the double doors closing behind them is an image which may characterise our lives at that time’.

The founding outcasts by their own in enemyland developed not only new ideas for curative education but searched for a new way of daily life which fitted them who mirrored these questions, the children in need of special care. Typical for those Camphill days was the constant moving, the changes, afraid to be a lazy, never free time and without a salary, never a room for your own; Camphill was our room, our home. All this was offered and taken by most of us, moulded as part of our backbone, never to be forgotten.

13 of the 42 who came to the gathering ’had forged completely new lives’. So I have done—outside Camphill or an anthroposophical initiative, being part of enemyland—seeing myself as one of the emissaries Thomas Weihs thought of in his 1975 report, reminding that yearly hundreds of emissaries of disabled, co-workers and seminarists leave Camphill, taking with them this knowledge ‘wherever they—go—that new enthusiasm which is so needed and longed for in the world.’ I left Camphill but need never return as I never left Camphill.

Thomas speaks in the 1975 report of Camphill’s co-worker who stayed: ‘there is a danger that we become self absorbed and philistine…forgetting how privileged we are in possessing something which the world around us is thirsting for to the point of desperation.’ Did he know or sense what Rudolf Steiner meant with anthroposophy? Not the Greek antropos-sofia-knowledge (to be weighed and measured, who has the power and who not), but antropos-sofi ‘Im Bewustsein seines eigenen Menschentums’ (‘conscious of my own humanity’) (R Steiner, Bibl 257 1923/1983:76).


Stephan was a pupil in the Camphill Schools in the fifties and a seminarist in the sixties. He has initiated two Waldorf schools in Stockholm. For seven years he has been a teacher for disabled adults outside Stockholm.
One of Karl König's attributes was to direct us towards our forerunners. He would point to the efforts of others so that we might find a foundation for our own work. In doing so we might discover that their work is not yet over and could add strength to our own intentions—for intentions are like seeds that issue from the spiritual world. They might even serve as guides. An obvious example of such forerunners are the 'Three Pillars of Camphill': Robert Owen, Count Ludwig Zinzendorf and Amos Comenius.

When Rudolf Steiner gave the Curative Course at the Lauenstein he evoked the memory of Ernst Haeckel who had taught nearby at the University of Jena. Haeckel is little-known in the western world and yet his work ranks with that of the great Charles Darwin, who was his contemporary. Some of his drawings of microscopic creatures are to be found in earlier editions of the Encyclopedia Britannica and show his painstaking attention to detail. Perhaps this is one of his qualities that has entered into curative education with what is known as 'the reverence for little things'? It is with turning to careful observation of what might appear at first insignificant that we are led further. This is also an aid in overcoming personal pride—for Haeckel, while being a giant in his own field, was a modest man. It is possible to view him as one of the patrons of curative education?

Another patron for us to consider is Goethe with his studies of metamorphosis. Rudolf Steiner continued to build upon this foundation of Goethe throughout his life. When speaking to priests and doctors in what is known as the Pastoral/Medical Course, Rudolf Steiner was to point to Goethe's observation that it is to the study of aberrations and illness that we might come much further in understanding human development. In becoming attentive to what those with soul disturbances have to tell us we recognize that from time to time we might receive a certain wisdom that is not available to us with our everyday thinking.

In a similar way Robert Owen has become one of the patrons for the communal aspects of what we have come to call social therapy or village life or life sharing—take your pick. However we cannot speak of his achievements in the sense of Haeckel and Goethe, but rather of his sheer enterprise in creating better conditions for those with whom he lived and worked. He came to acknowledge that what he had created for his workers in New Lanark in Scotland and, later, in the community he built in North America, that his intentions had not been fulfilled. However we might sense that they were in the early stages of development, with the potential to unfold further? We might even be persuaded to consider them as remaining within the sphere of intentions that might lead beyond the realm of one earthly life, for they come from the spiritual world? (I use the present tense.) These intentions might also be available to others.

In the lectures to the teachers known as The Study of Man, Rudolf Steiner described the various levels from which our will manifests into deeds. He used German words and I am not sure whether the English translations convey the exact thought for what was intended in the German. However those deeds which lie beyond our capacity to achieve remains as a pure wish—we could say, as an intention. So does a resolution that we are unable to fulfill. Both belong to a realm higher than we can bring down into deeds. The expression in the Bible comes to mind, 'Where one sows, another may reap'. Such intentions are still waiting to become deeds.

It is with all this in mind that I have contemplated the life of Michael Petrashevsky, 1821–1866, a Russian thinker and public figure. Like Robert Owen, he wanted to improve the life of those around him and was against the practice of serfdom in Russia long before it was abolished in 1861. He wrote A Pocket Dictionary of Foreign Words, which made available democratic ideas and principles of Utopian socialism. The book was confiscated soon after its publication and was withdrawn from circulation. As a result of his writings he has been adopted by many quite diverse social movements and yet his wish was, in the sense of Charles Fourier, to create peaceful associations. He lived in Saint Petersburg, which is 140 kilometers from Svetlana, where he formed a group of like-minded social thinkers who met in his apartment every Friday. It was to this circle that Dostoevsky was drawn. One would have to say that Petrashevsky's ideas were somewhat extreme. One of them was to build a communal house in which a whole village might live; and yet it was burnt to the ground just as it was to be occupied.

However this group became infiltrated by an informer and betrayed. Its members were imprisoned in 1848, and in 1849 the group was sentenced to be executed. Each member was given a white robe, allowed to kiss the cross and tied to a stake to be shot. A dramatically staged reprieve from the Tsar arrived as the countdown for the execution had begun and, instead, the condemned were sent into internal exile. Dostoevsky was to record this event in his writing and Tolstoy describes a similar event in his book, War and Peace; however he places its location in Moscow.

What makes all this relevant for our village community is that Petrashevsky built a summer house, or dacha, on the bank of the river Syas. It is said that Dostoevsky liked to visit the dacha and the house still exists and is surrounded by our land. Something of his social impulse was preserved when the property was used as a summer camp for Young Pioneers. Somehow our community was guided to this place—perhaps to fulfill something of Petrashevsky's intentions? Whether it was with the help of his muse or his angel, we shall never know, and yet it still feels like a little miracle. Now his property has been turned into a place of leisure for the administrators of the local cardboard factory which had administered the children's camp—leaving us, perhaps, to continue to carry something of Petrashevsky's social wishes.

However, having been sent into internal exile, Petrashevsky funded a newspaper in Irkutsk, which resulted in a further exile. What is of interest to us is that two villages along the lines of Svetlana have been built near to Irkutsk without being aware of Michael Petrashevsky's presence and attempts at social reform in that city almost one hundred and fifty years ago. He died in exile at the early age of forty-five.

Andrew is one of our senior Camphillers who has worked in Camphill in Britain, the US, and now Russia.
The stars spoke once to Man
It is World-destiny
That they are silent now
To be aware of that silence
Can be pain for earthly Man.

But in the deepening Silence
There grows and ripens
What Man speaks to the Stars
To be aware of this speaking
Can become strength for Spirit Man.

In this verse Rudolf Steiner has expressed in a beautifully concise way our changing relationship to the Beings in the starry worlds. Mythologies can help us to realize how alive that world once was to us. However we come to understand with the help of Rudolf Steiner how that conscious awareness was of a dreamlike nature. Now we are called to bring everything up into a clear day-wake consciousness which first necessitates the loss of that dreamlike awareness. We are at the stage of the exciting but sometimes disheartening seeking to find a new relationship to the world of spirit standing behind the veil of the senses. Do we all not know this in our struggles to comply with the requests of the authorities to whom we can only be grateful for challenging us to wake up? How can we wake up to the world of the stars to whom we can only be grateful for challenging us to wake up? How can we wake up to the world of the stars with its almost magic dance which goes on around us all the time?

In Coleg Elidyr we have been very fortunate to have a Star Festival created by our Land Group. We brought the great circle of the constellations of the Zodiac down onto our College Green and enacted the dance of the planets during the course of 2007. The groups of stars in the Zodiac were marked in a great circle with new imaginations in pastel and their names, supported by some of our students. (Dr. Steiner asked Imma von Eckhardtstein to work on new imaginations when she asked him for the Soul Calendar). In the middle, on our Earth, sat all those not involved in the enactment. Initiated by the music of the spheres on a gong the Sun led his solar family between the Earth and Zodiac. All ten moving stars were represented and it was wonderful to experience how each had their own path and speed, carrying out intricate interactions in a perfect social order.

One contrast very observable was between the planet Saturn who carried out a slow looping movement before the stars of the Lion; while the Moon circled round the Earth each month marked by the Sun in meeting her as New Moon and greeting her across the Earth as Full Moon. The two inner planets Venus and Mercury were seen circling the Sun, now passing before him nearer to the Earth and at other times overtaking him further out towards the Zodiac but never moving far from him. Whereas Mars, moving slower than the Sun, came in towards the Earth making a looping movement as he came opposite the Sun last Christmas Eve, as we described in an earlier Camphill Correspondence. This was a simple two dimensional representation of the highly complex movements in the starry world. There are many different rhythms connected with the Moon, and the one which brings eclipses is manifest in February. The path of the Moon is inclined by five degrees to that of the Sun, therefore the two paths cross in two places opposite each other. When the Sun is in or near these points eclipses can occur, Sun or Moon, partial or total according to his relationship to the Moon. These crossing places or nodes rotate clockwise before the Zodiac every 18.6 years. On February 7 there is a New Moon in one of these nodes so the Moon passes directly in front of the Sun, bringing about a Sun eclipse. However although the size of the Moon mostly appears to be the same as the Sun, because of the elliptical orbit of the Moon when she is furthest from the Earth she does not quite cover the disk of the Sun, leaving a rim of light around her as is the case on the 7th. This is known as an annular eclipse.

Two weeks later, on February 21, the Sun has moved before the Waterman but still near the node and the Moon is Full, opposite before the Lion. This is a total Moon eclipse at 3h 30m. The Moon has just passed Regulus, depicting the heart of the Lion and a few hours later passes Saturn. This calls to mind an event I described in an earlier article which happened in August last year. Saturn was in a similar position and was passed by the Sun, Moon, Mercury and Venus within eight days. We listened then to Saturn who was reminding us of when he had been there at the time of the first Whitsun and he challenged us how we viewed that momentous event which was a certain culmination of the Easter Deed of Christ. In earlier times eclipses were viewed with fear and apprehension. Could we look upon this Moon eclipse in the Lion as a challenge to follow the Deeds of Christ from that first Whitsun up to this present day when He is appearing again but in an etheric form as has been experienced by a growing number of people? Can we work on these thoughts and carry them into March to celebrate Easter in the light of 2008?

Hazel has lived in Camphill in Coleg Elidyr, Wales, for many years and has made the study of the stars her life's work.
Memories of the boogie days
Anna Hobson, Stourbridge, England

Anna’s introduction to this story:
My name is Anna Hobson, and I am a sixteen year old student currently in class twelve. I am a Camphill child, have been for all of my life, and should hope to continue being one for some time yet. I have lived in three different Camphills in three different countries on two different continents, all of which were incredibly alike, but also different in their own ways. One of the highlights of living in Camphill, for me, is the emphasis on community living. What valuable lessons in sharing, co-operation and equality you learn, and these in turn greatly affect (perhaps sub-consciously) your views and opinions, and grounds you for later life. I am incredibly delighted to be in this situation. This brings me to my dad’s birthday in August, and my passion for writing. This year I wrote him a story, featuring a sort of biography of a girl growing up with a friend suffering from Down’s Syndrome. Its theme was quite unintentional, and I simply put pen to paper and let the story evolve. It incorporates many of my memories and personal feelings for one my most dear darlings, Marie Ashley, a 61 year old Down’s Syndrome lady. So you might call it in fact, a reflection of the impact her life has had on me, and the fear I have of losing her, as is inevitable at some point.

With a last monstrous effort, I tugged the little green felt cap over Sally’s head, and with a growing sense of superiority tied the two red strings hanging on either side in a loose, loopy bow beneath her chin. My older sister had been secretly teaching me, she was already in her third year of school, and knew all sorts of clever things already. We had been practising technique ahead of my friends. The with the greatest care and delicacy a chunk of carpet was laid on the hard, dusty ground: brown, fraying and worn, yet sufficiently near enough to be protected under its gentle swaying branches, cooled in the scorching heat. We all leapt aboard, and capes twitching in the lazy English breeze, we sailed on towards Arabia. Our mission was to find the incredible Aladdin and the genie with his magic lamp. Angie, having watched the film the previous evening, convinced us we would find them there. But Sally slowed us down. She moved unsteadily, and had to hold onto us when she walked. This did certainly make flying difficult, but we would prop her up against ourselves and let the magic rug whisk us away.

None of us really knew how she had come in the first place. We were all playing at the playground in the town centre one day, skipping in the grubby sand and building miniature cities in the grass, and that’s when she turned up. Dressed in a pink flower dress, she crawled over to us and began digging in the soft dirt beside us, with a little plastic yellow spade. And that’s how it all began.

In many ways we already knew she was different to us, but it never became a problem, and we never treated it as one. The four Musketeers, they had called us. Conjoined at the hip. Then we started school; we had all been so excited! All summer we had been furiously attempting to copy the shapes of letters that Sally’s older sister Laura had written for us. Sticking the blunt ends of pencils upon paper, and scratching back and forth until our small, chubby fists ached… I decided then and there, that all this school malarkey might not be as fun as I had originally thought.

And I helped Sally, by putting my hand around hers; we traced the jagged, uneven shapes I had pre-drawn on her sheet of paper. ‘What letter is this?’ she would ask us innocently, pointing at her paper. Occasionally, we could discern some sort of random familiarity in the squiggles she had drawn, although often, in my most educated and knowledgeable manner, I would hasten a rough estimate between the four letters I knew: A, C, G and X. They always looked up to me.

We kept on taking our crisp blue uniforms on and off, testing the feel of the smart gold cuffs on our skin and the weight of the thick, shiny, black shoes on our feet. They felt like several pounds of lead. We were used to the unrestrictive joys of bare feet, the feeling of dew in the mornings and the scorching of baking hot pavement. One might safely assume we were the street urchins of the council estate. Probably frowned upon by a fair few, including grumpy old Mr. Harris in number 83, but equally adored by many others for our ‘independent spirit’; we became regular visitors to afternoon tea parties taking place in the neighbourhood. We were indeed little socialites bumbling about the place: some even assumed we were homeless and wanted to adopt us.

But that all began to change when we became another handful among thousands of students to attend Hay Bridge School, and the ideas of school and responsibilities weighed very heavily on our young shoulders. A matter to be taken most seriously indeed.

Before we ever went to school, we would sneak into our older sisters’ rooms, and look in their book bags, investigating the textbooks we found like a party of puzzled explorers from a different continent. Running our fingers over the ink-splattered, dog-eared sheets and marvelling at the neat writing, in footnotes beside it.
‘One day, I want to write like that!’ Angie said softly, and we nodded in admiration. We paused in silence for a few moments, and then Sally piped up cheerfully.

‘I’ve done that before! It’s really easy!’ We all looked at her in surprise.

‘My Daddy knows how, and he showed me how to press little buttons and then you can write whatever you like!’

‘Really? Whatever you like??’

‘Is it a magic trick? Can you show us?’

We were all totally in awe of this new conception when in the end it only turned out to be a banged-up old typewriter, but how we envied her. From time to time, we would creep up to her Daddy’s office, and by the time we had all had a satisfyingly long go, all the clean, white sheets which had been put there were slobbered in inky letters, and flying loose around the floor.

Sally was the worst at the undercover stealth movement, and got us into trouble quite a lot. In fact, sneaky mode was never on her agenda. If anything was to be done, it was to be done so the entire world would know what you were up to.

***

She had always been incredibly imaginative to put it lightly. It wasn’t the scary teachers, or the other children or the lessons she was frightened of when she started school: it was the Homework Police.

Apparently they hid in the corners of every room, in the cupboards and behind the doors, waiting and lurking in the shadows. If you were good, they left you in peace, but if you were bad... At this point, Sally would not take part in a lesson until she had thoroughly checked every single corner and cupboard in the room.

One lesson I remember all too clearly was that of Mr. Gliover. He was a supply teacher, and unaccustomed to Sally’s unusual ritual unlike others teaching at the school, to whom it had become as normal as paper aeroplanes darting across the classroom at break time.

‘Attention!’ he had called, rapping his knuckles briskly on the large table at the head of the classroom. He was younger than most. Angie commented in brief surprise to me that he wasn’t bald, wearing a wig, or the lessons she was frightened of when she started school: it was the Homework Police.

‘Attention!’ he thundered, ‘to your seats everybody! Sit down!’

A certain tone in his voice sparked a seed of obedience, and one by one, students milled about and found their places. There were still several students standing, when the door creaked open timidly, and Sally’s ruffled head poked through.

‘You’re late!’ he barked, ‘Sit down!’

Sally hovered at the door a moment unsteadily. Her eyes darted nervously from him to the others, the familiar comfort of the corners of the room. Eventually, she executed a risky dart alongside the wall, and began clumsily to open and investigate the row of cupboards which stood there. However, the more Mr. Gliover began to shout, the slower and clumsier she became.

‘Please don’t shout in my ears like that. It doesn’t feel good,’ she told him plainly, before turning again, and tossing an empty squash bottle aside. This prompted another outburst, dare I say, worse than the first, and theHomework Police began to tumble and roll onto the floor. Crashing and banging, clattering all around her: chaos as she rumbled through. Soon she moved across the room to the next set of cupboards, leaving a trail of colourful disaster in her wake.

By this time, Mr. Gliover was getting progressively angrier, and as his shouting seemed to have triggered no reaction from Sally, he had resorted to marching over to her and was bent literally inches from her ear, yelling until his face turned a nasty shade of black and blue. She had faced away from him the whole time, yet now she turned around, and as if by a spell, he was silenced.

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Sally stood there. However, the more Mr. Gliover continued to shout, the slower and clumsier she became. Bottles of paintbrushes and tubs of glossy paint began to tumble and roll onto the floor. Crashing and banging, clattering all around her: chaos as she rumbled through. Soon she moved across the room to the next set of cupboards, leaving a trail of colourful disaster in her wake.

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From Gerda’s funeral address

Dear family and friends,

We are gathered here today to mark the passing of Gerda, Mum or Oma, and to celebrate her life. On behalf of Dad, Susanne, Brigid, Isaac, Eleanor, Johanna, Tashi, Indi, Miriam and Kai, I welcome you all and thank you for coming.

Mum was born on the last day of 1931 in Juterbog, a small town south of Berlin. She was the second of six girls born to Josephine and Wilhelm Seifriz. Her father worked with rehabilitating soldiers as an agricultural teacher. Her mother would have been kept busy with the six girls. Mum often spoke of a happy and settled childhood. She frequently spoke of her beloved father with whom she shared the love of music; he taught all the girls to play the recorder and the family often gathered to play music together. Significantly, he too played the violin. From the photo albums I know that she adored her grandfather and, of her five sisters, little Burgi was the one to whom she was closest. When Mum was twelve, six year old Burgi died of polio. Mum was deeply affected by her death.

The Second World War which began when Mum was eight did not pass without leaving its mark. Most notably, when she was thirteen, Mum’s family was forced to flee the advancing Russian army. As children we heard many stories of the flight from Juterbog to Konstanz, where the family settled by the lake in South Germany. We imagined the girls as they travelled in the back of the cart, led by a horse; hiding during the day, moving silently at night. We heard of their finding abandoned possessions along the road, left by people in their hurried flight: the whole leg of cooked ham or the enamel mug which Mum proudly gave to her mother.

In 1956, Mum went to Cairnlee, Scotland, where she did her curative training course. It was in Murtle House that Mum fell in love with Piet over the supper table and a handful of apple pips. I heard just yesterday that there were lots of those people. Mum opened her house to the cart, led by a horse; hiding during the day, moving silently at night. We heard of their finding abandoned possessions along the road, left by people in their hurried flight: the whole leg of cooked ham or the enamel mug which Mum proudly gave to her mother.

In 1958, Mum joined Peter and Kate Roth in Botton. Her intention was to return to her children in Scotland, but she found that she loved the adults as much and stayed for 30 years. Dad also came to Botton at that time, but, in true fairytale style, Mum refused to marry her prince until he had proven his worth. So she was willing to let him go off to the USA, for a whole year. In whatever tasks she as his princess set him, he must have been successful, because they married in 1961 in Botton. There must have been more than one wedding present, but we only ever heard about the half a Crunchie chocolate bar lovingly donated by Janette Monroe.

Mum and Dad shared many years of their marriage in Botton, where we girls spent the predominant years of our childhood. I would be here till Christmas if I went through each and every person that passed through our household. There were also those who came for lunch and ‘high tea’, her numerous god-children and those who just came by to talk. And let me tell you, there were lots of those people. Mum opened her house to everyone. She complained that she never got any ‘peace and quiet’ but she had only herself to blame: she was incapable of closing the door. She loved them all and made them a part of her family. Indeed, at that time, her family did not consist of Piet and her children: it included all of those other people too. I can’t say that I didn’t sometimes find it hard to share her with so many people. But that was her life and her contribution.

Her creativity, her love of beauty, art and music must be acknowledged. I’m exhausted just to think of the ruins, the churches, the Gothic cathedrals, the museums and the art galleries we were dragged to as children (though I recall Brigid loved the churches). Then she would spend hours in the shop while Dad waited not-so-patiently outside. There was no reason, no rational relationship between what she needed and what she bought: she just bought—entire stocks of postcards of stained glass windows, of paintings (Raphael, Da Vinci, Kandinsky or Chagall) and of sculptures. She also loved to make sculptures herself, and encouraged us to do so too. Her own sculptures still adorn her home, her most recent piece being in clay of St. Francis feeding the birds for her Piet.

Mum had a well-developed irreverent streak. This played out in several ways. The only time I have ever played the slot-machine was with Mum on the boat to Holland—it became an annual ritual—with about 60 pence in coins in our pockets...
we would disappear to the fruit machines to make our fortune. There was also a card game that she loved. She loved it because she always won—it is called cheat and the point is to cheat as much as you like but not be found out.

With her granddaughter Indi, Mum shared a love for fabric and creating, and with her grandson Isaac, Mum shared a love for costume, fantasy and beautiful spaces. There are many a picture of Mum dressed up for carnival: whether it was as Cinderella in Myrtle, Charlie Chaplin in Botton or Marlene Dietrich in Delrow, complete with cigarette in holder and handsome prince in tow (that was Piet).

In 1989, after 30 years in Botton, Mum and Dad responded to an invitation to go to Delrow. There, Mum trained in Swedish massage and she finally had time to attend concerts in London, see movies and visit art galleries.

Then in 1995 they moved to the Mount where Brigid’s daughter Tashi was born a year later. Mum was present at the birth. Her ‘Tashi-le’ or ‘Tashi-Boo’ had no boundaries—she was allowed to do anything and Oma did everything for her. They would spend hours together playing or looking at picture books.

The other significant event that took place in the Mount was that finally, much to Dad’s horror, after 40 years of lessons and arguments and four attempts, Mum passed her driving test. She was 60. Thereafter, every time they left to go anywhere, Dad ran twice as fast to ensure he got to the driver’s seat first. ‘Male’ and ‘chauvinist’ were the two words usually grumbled to which he would laugh and give her a kiss.

From the Mount, Mum and Dad moved to Forest Row close to Susanne, Michael and their grandchildren. Eleanor and Johanna would go to their house after school for pancakes and blackberries picked by the family, and Miriam for those wonderful stories.

The most recent addition to the family, Tashi’s little brother Kai, came to visit Oma and Opa here. The only time he sat still was to listen to Oma’s stories, with a piece of forbidden chocolate slipped to him while his mother was not looking. She recently sent Kai and Tashi 3kg of jelly babies via Christoph Jensen. On hearing of his Oma’s death, Kai told his Dad that she was in the sky and that she would send him jelly babies from there now.

Finally, in 2003, Mum and Dad joined the Gannicox community in Stroud as grandparents. Mum enjoyed the space of her own house and took part in many of the community groups, where she felt that she was needed. She was happy there.

Dear Mum, we love you and we will miss you very much. We thank you for all that you gave to us.

Yours still in love, Piet

Natalie is a solicitor working for the state government, living in Australia with her partner Simon and their two children.

About Gerda

Gerda came to live in Botton a short time before me, in 1958. Soon we became friends and we could discuss many things, starting our different workshops. Her sewing skills enabled her to begin the Dollsworkshop, the largest among the workshops for many years to

Gerda and Piet at Le Béal, 2003

Piet Blok, Stroud, England
Gerda came to Botton in 1958, she was 26 then. When she first came she did the Dollshop (where I worked for many years). On January 8, 1961, she got married. Susanne was born on September 29, Michaelmas Day, in 1965. Natalie was born in 1968, and Brigitt was born in 1974. They moved up to Sherwood from the Hall in 1969. Piet and Gerda left in November one year, I don’t remember which year it was. They went to Delrow. I saw her this year in March, in her house near Gloucester.

I miss Gerda.

Michael Hogg, Botton Village

Michael has just celebrated living in Botton for 50 years, and he started his Camphill life when he was 13 at the Rudolf Steiner Schools Aberdeen, 58 years ago.

When I first went to Botton in the early seventies the older people who had done so much to establish and maintain it were in their prime. Many young people had meanwhile joined them. Their finding Botton had often come about as a result of some kind of crisis. Sometimes the crisis was personal and to do with relationships, sometimes it was because normal adult education was arid and uninspiring and sometimes it was to do with a search for meaning in many different fields such as science, business or working on the land.

In my case it was a deep sense of loss and despair after studying at a modern university. I was so sad when I finished my degree I think I can say I had a broken heart. I feared there was nowhere in the world where I would be able to meet an older person who could tell me something that I could experience as wise. I was also deeply afraid I would never find somewhere to work where I could give myself to something greater than myself, something that was a vocation rather than a career. Four people changed that for me. They were Peter and Kate Roth, Gerda Blok and Marta Frey. What helped me so much, what saved my life and the lives of many others was their interest.

Botton Village as they described it had a very wide remit. It was intended to be a workshop for new culture. It was not meant to be a provision for people with special needs but an impulse for the future embarked on with them. At that time it was often remarked that Botton was a place that had no trouble finding new co-workers. This had a lot to do with the work of these four. When a new person came to Botton, they would take them on. If a new person was interested they would always have time to talk to them and to support them in their processes and questions. There is a story in the Canterbury Tales about our desire to be truly seen. When a person is truly seen they become enabled in a special way. At their best, each of these four people did this in their own particular way. This quality, this ability to show interest, was warmly fostered by Peter. I believe the relationship between Peter and Gerda was based on understanding the intrinsic importance of this for any individual or any community. Some people are musical or good with numbers; Peter was good at finding the mythology of the individual. Gerda was his most trusted helper in that work. It was something they tried to do for everyone and which they tried to inspire other people to take on as well.

Gerda contributed so much in so many different ways to the building up of Botton in the early years. To describe them all would take too long, so I will mention just a few of the things we owe to her. Most obviously, our Dollshop and the way of working in producing the dolls. As many people as possible were involved in cutting, sewing, carding, stuffing, dressing etc. Work was found for even the most unskilled worker. It was a happy and productive workshop.

But looking back, I think that the most memorable quality that she (and Piet) brought to village life was something not so easily described. She brought a warmth that pervaded our life. Her empathy with villager, co-worker and child, made all feel welcome, cared for and special. She was, though, no saint—she was an inveterate worker and child, made all feel welcome, cared for and that pervaded our life. Her empathy with villager, co-worker and child, made all feel welcome, cared for and special. It was a happy and productive workshop.

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There is a process I found described in Botton at that time which touched me. I was told that first we need to discover and articulate what our vision is. Then we need to build community around that vision. The practical challenges of the vision such as finances, space and so on are then found because, as Goethe said, anything is possible for the impassioned will. The work needed to articulate a vision is very difficult. It involves giving up agendas, having self-knowledge and being prepared to rejouce in new ideas even if they are different from what was expected, or if they come from someone one does not particularly like. The amount of work needed to build the trust and friendships necessary to embark on lively community processes is huge. It is inconvenient how much time we need if we are to understand each other. The four people I mentioned at the beginning of this article were committed to that work. They had practical jobs, families and extended families, but this work was given, it was the ground note. I could never understand why they were described as impractical. They were practical of Rudolf Steiner's Philosophy of Freedom or Spiritual Activity. She had that moral intuition that makes us free individuals against all pressures and confusion of the world. She had it and lived by it. This is something we all have to learn but most of us will be able to do it only in the future. Thanks Gerda for giving us your example.

Gerda was ready to bend the rules, go against the principles, take her own initiative before asking others and defend the individual against the opinion of many. In thinking what quality it was that made her act as she did and to be right in the end despite all worldly logic and cleverness I would say that she was an embodiment of Rudolf Steiner's Philosophy of Freedom or Spiritual Activity. She had that moral intuition that makes us free individuals against all pressures and confusion of the world. She had it and lived by it. This is something we all have to learn but most of us will be able to do it only in the future. Thanks Gerda for giving us your example.

Vladimir Havrda, Stourbridge, England

Gerda and Piet had for some time been at Delrow House, having moved there from Botton at the invitation of their dear friends, Ann Harris and Kate and Peter Roth. After Kate's death and Peter's move away from Delrow, Gerda and Piet felt the need to move to pastures new and accept a new challenge. Hence, in 1999, they came to The Mount.

This was indeed a new challenge, a very courageous move. After many, many years of adult community living they now joined a community devoted to adolescents, with a completely different rhythm, a constantly changing population, holidays and a rigorous educational timetable.

Gerda and Piet became house parents in one of our smaller houses and threw themselves into life with the young people. Gerda did what she had always done, becoming the centre of the community on a human level, with a constant stream of visitors seeking comfort, reassurance and especially tea and chocolate!

Gerda lived very strongly in the realm of the arts, music and architecture. She often gave talks on these themes, both to the whole community and to individuals, and was always pursuing an interest which she shared with others. While at The Mount, I remember often visiting London exhibitions such as the icon painters of Novgorod; Dmitri, the young pretender, fascinated her. One felt that the realm of culture was essential to her being and she carried this with a very inward devotional quality. Music was also important to her. She attended many concerts and we often heard her playing the violin in private and in public at The Mount.

Deborah Ravetz, Stourbridge, England

Deborah lived in Botton in the 1970's and 80's and has since taken a Fine Art training. She now lives and works in Stourbridge.

Coming from former Czechoslovakia, I learned about Camphill rather late in my life. In November 1996 I went to England to find out more. I visited the Grange, Ringwood and the Mount where I met Gerda Blok who was interested in talking with me. It was not easy to take and accommodate our whole family with no experience but Gerda trusted it would work and invited us to the White House at The Mount. So thanks to her, my wife Lida and I, in our late thirties, became 'young' co-workers, while our two children, with no knowledge of English, went straight to an English Waldorf school.

Camphill was a complete revelation for me. A fruit from middle European roots planted and grown in British soil, it was something that felt familiar, although I had never met it before in my life and in my country. Celebrating Christian festivals for the first time in my life and Bible Evenings were especially strong experiences. And Gerda was a perfect guide for this discovery tour, representing in person the best essence of what Camphill stood for, namely, to be human. In spite of all her experience, tradition and community conventions, she was always first of all interested in the real human being. She could see their potential, often hidden, and encouraged its unfolding.

Once I was told off by a senior co-worker for practicing pop music with some of our students. It was perceived as a trespass against principles of curative education because it made them very excited. But Gerda comforted me and encouraged me to carry on if I believed it was a right thing to do. Students enjoyed it, practiced hard and gave successful concerts for others. It was an experience they still gratefully remember.

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Gerda then became a service holder and was able to become a real support to us in this realm too.

I remember Gerda working on, and producing, a play about St Joan with our third year students. They found working with Gerda a new experience and one could tell from the performance that a huge bond had been created between them.

Piet and Gerda made many new friends in Forest Row, and were very concerned about the number of elderly people who lived lonely and isolated lives in their own homes. They developed the idea of starting a community for the elderly there. With the support and encouragement of the Christian Community priests Nicholas and Michaela Wijnberg, they moved to Forest Row with the impulse to start such a home. This was not realised but Gerda became a mainstay of the Christian Community, helping in all kinds of ways; as usual her home became a social centre of the village for many.

Dear Gerda, we will miss you—the long telephone calls I had with you, exchanging news and views, the encouragement you always gave as also the reminders that anthroposophy could solve the riddles of existence.

Thank you for all that you gave us. Continue to stay united with us. Gillian Brand, The Mount, England

Gillian has been one of the carrying co-workers at The Mount for many years.

Gerda’s connection with the Christian Community

Having had to flee from the advancing Russians, Gerda’s family was existentially affected by the turmoil of the war. After a gruelling journey they arrived at Konstanz in early summer 1945 where her grandparents lived, and settled there under very modest circumstances. Gerda was thirteen years of age. Though her parents had no strong religious affiliations there was openness towards true human values and aspirations. This soon led to the family meeting other like-minded families, such as the Werthmanns and the Gartners, who had gathered around Karl Hublow and family. Karl Hublow was not only a very open-minded striving person, but also a Christian Community priest. It was very much Gerda’s own initiative then to be confirmed in the Christian Community in 1946 aged fourteen. A deep recognition of the sacraments was awakened in her at this very early age and remained with her for the rest of her life.

Her youth centred very much around the life of the Christian Community. There was a rich social life for young people around the congregation with youth camps and other opportunities to share ideals and aspirations with like-minded young people. Upon hearing about Karl König who had visited the area, she sensed very strongly that she would one day go to Camphill.

In 1956, aged 24, Gerda arrived in Aberdeen to begin the Camphill Seminar. She made contact with the Christian Community and during this time, together with Peter Roth, she became a wedding witness to Friedwart and Nora Bock.

With the move in 1958 to Botton a new phase began in her relationship to the Christian Community. Peter Roth as a priest embodied for her the ideal of a closely interwoven working of anthroposophy, Camphill and the Christian Community. She supported Peter and the work of the Christian Community wherever she could, playing music for the services and occasionally serving. Gerda and Piet received the sacrament of marriage in 1961 and when the children came they were baptised and confirmed. Participation at the services was something which Gerda did out of a deep personal recognition of the healing power of the sacraments.

In Delrow (1989-1995) Gerda was again very much present and willing to support whenever the services were held by visiting priests.

Whilst living at the Mount (1995-2001), Piet and Gerda would attend the services in Forest Row once a month. They would always bring students along with them. Gerda felt that they should be given opportunities to meet the adult life, which was willingly taken up.

Gerda and Piet spent three years in Forest Row where they occupied a flat of the Christian Community (2001-2004). It was a conscious decision to move closer to the congregation with a view to exploring possibilities of developing a closer co-working with Camphill and the congregation. Gerda’s great social gifts of bringing people together and of establishing social contacts were something quite special for us to behold. Gerda showed her gifts of being able to bring soul and spirit into social encounter. If baking a cake or making a soup would help bring people together, Gerda was always more than happy to do so. Gerda also took on to coordinate the music. Whatever she was involved in had a special quality of care and human warmth about it. In many other ways she contributed to the life of the community. In all of this she carried the deep impulse to unite anthroposophy, Camphill and the Christian Community wherever she could.

In Stroud (from 2004 onwards), it was possible to re-establish a living connection to Camphill while still working actively to build bridges between the movements. Gerda’s life and her passing has made a deep impression on many. We can wish that her impulses will live on strongly into the future.

Nicholas Wijnberg, East Grinstead, England

Nicholas is originally from South Africa. He lived in the Mount in 1984/85 and he has been the Christian Community priest in Forest Row since 1998.

Shirley Boston
April 2, 1949 – September 30, 2007

Shirley came to Glencraig in July 1964 when she was fifteen years old. She was partly still in school and worked afternoons in the laundry. There she not only washed, ironed and sorted socks, but also helped look after co-worker children in the most kind and special way. From the time I met Shirley I remember her being one of the most devoted servants to the Camphill life and its people, always wanting to help others and needing to
Margaret Eadie
April 22, 1946 – October 5, 2007

Margaret was admitted to Heathcote House in Camphill Scotland when she was about two and a half years old. Her family, three sisters and a brother with their parents came to visit her when she was four years old, after which all contact with the family came to an end. Margaret’s father had a very handicapped brother and all the family love and care went to the brother; he had felt very alone and deprived of the love of his parents. He decided that he would not inflict this deprivation on his own children, and so Margaret was left in the care of Camphill.

Margaret was a beautiful child, but due to her destiny without a family, deep deprivation caused her to have a very difficult temperament. Margaret had tremendous willpower and it was hard for her to conform to the rhythms of life and work. She was very stubborn and exceedingly strong even though she was small in stature.

Margaret started her schooling in Camphill Scotland, and then she moved to Glencraig in Northern Ireland as one of the early children to arrive there. Schooling continued in Glencraig and also in the training school where she learned many skills in craft workshops, and on the land.

After her time in Glencraig, Margaret was chosen to become one of the pioneers to found Mourne Grange Village Community in 1971. The many dozens of people who lived and worked with Margaret became deeply connected to her and her very special personality and destiny, always drawing out a deep compassion for Margaret. No one who knew Margaret will ever be able to forget her.

Margaret learned to play the mouth organ, and used to entertain us at birthday parties and gatherings in the Hall. She could be a very happy lady, and it was at these times that it was a joy to be together.

After some years in Mourne Grange Margaret became very ill, and at the height of this illness she spoke of Hans Heinrich Engel calling her from the clouds. Margaret recovered, and became strong and healthy once more, to the joy of us all in Mourne Grange. So life could go on, but her stubborn streak continued to prevail. Some years ago, dementia set in so that she could cope ever less. When we were unable to care for Margaret any more, a very caring nursing home was found very close to Mourne Grange. She went there four years ago, which meant that we could visit her on a regular basis.

A few years ago Margaret’s eldest sister rediscovered her. Their mother had died, and in her papers she discovered a letter I had written to the parents telling them about Margaret’s illness, so after many decades contact was restored. Margaret’s eldest sister Freda came to Mourne Grange for a visit, and took her for a holiday. To begin with it was very confusing for Margaret, but clearly a connection was restored. Her good friend Shirley Boston, another Mourne Grange pioneer, died one day after Michaelmas this year. We all felt sure that Shirley helped Margaret to be released, so that they could go together over the threshold.
Margaret spent part of her last weeks on earth in hospital, as she had become very far away and frail. But she could still return to her beloved nursing home where she could die in peace in her own bed.

Every aspect of Down's Syndrome had gone as we gazed on her in her coffin in our chapel; she looked totally at peace, as if to say ‘I have overcome’. When we thought of these special personalities, we were reminded of Karl König's Christmas Story, and we know that they were going together to a well-prepared place over the threshold.

*Christof König, Mourne Grange, Northern Ireland*

Christoph was among the first co-worker children in the early years of Camphill. He and Anne Marie started Mourne Grange.

### Other friends who have died

**Alain Monteux** died in Istanbul on November 13th of liver failure. His body was flown to Aberdeen on the 20th and there was a cremation funeral on 3rd December.

On October 15, 2007, **Frank LeBar** passed away. Frank came to Copake with his family in the early 70's. He was a doctor of anthropology and retired. He was a well loved person who for years had a large group of villagers at his house for a sing along, which he had to give up last year because of a brain tumor. Frank was also an artist and poet. He was surrounded by his wife and three children and family. His last days were a struggle, but he has now found peace.

**Cathy von Stein** died suddenly of a heart attack in the evening of 28 October 2007. She was in her flat in Newton Dee with a close friend at the time. Cathy was born on 22nd December 1946 in Stirling, Scotland and lived in Camphill for most of her adult life. She stayed in the Sheiling Schools, Ringwood for many years. After completing a speech training Cathy came to Aberdeen five years ago, joining Newton Dee one year later. Her last day was spent joyfully with friends.

On November 18th **Olivia Reid** died peacefully in her sleep in the nursing home where she was staying. She was 95 last June. Olivia was the mother of a Down's Syndrome young man, David, who was among the first children to be in Camphill Community Glencraig when it was started in 1954. Olivia was among the group of parents who were instrumental in founding Glencraig School. All her life she remained faithful to Camphill as a member of various Councils and the Friends' Group. David died a few years ago.

**Manfred Mentzel**. After a long illness which he carried with great dignity Manfred crossed the threshold in the hospital in Unterlengenhardt, Germany, in the early morning of December 6th 2007.

### News from the Movement...and beyond

**Some impressions from the Irish Assembly**

*Edeline LeFevre, Glencraig, Northern Ireland*

Jonathan Fay and I were the lucky ones who were able to represent Glencraig in the Irish Assembly which was held in Duffcarrig 17 - 18 August 2007. We met in the beautiful Juniper Hall, a jewel among the Camphill Halls! The majority of the conference-goers came from the many places in the south, but there was also a good representation from Mourne Grange and Clanabogan present. The theme of the conference was ‘Camphill in the 21st Century’. We heard from the Camphill Movement Group (an organ of the Camphill Life movement) who had met with the Focus Group (an organ of the inner Camphill Community), and Mark Dwan gave us an impression of the outcome from the so-called ‘Upper Room’ meetings which had been held among the places in the south, in which this theme was looked at from many points of view.

We did not sit and listen to talks all the time, though. In fact much of the time was spent in the various artistic groups, which included eurythmy, singing and speech, as well as a very exciting workshop called ‘Dancing the Rainbow’, a combination of movement, music and clay-modelling. We also had a discussion group session, followed by a wider discussion with everyone in which some interesting ideas were mentioned of how to work together more on a regional basis and to try to help and complement each other. The warmth and enthusiasm which lives in the southern places is desperately needed up north, and the southern places, in turn, would like to learn from us up here about becoming more ‘professional’. It became very obvious that we need each other and I really hope this can become a reality more and more.

In the social evening we saw a play performed by the co-workers and adults of Duffcarrig. They had just been working on this in their ‘cultural week’, a week in which there was no work but only culture!! The play was delightful indeed. And Jonathan sang beautifully afterwards too!

Apart from the delicious meals and the lovely teas, the best part was meeting so many old and new friends and feeling that the Camphill spirit is still alive and vibrant, if we only learn to see it!

*Edeline has been working with music in Glencraig for 25 years and is a senior co-worker in the community.*
This book is a reference guide to many of the people who joined the Camphill movement between the 1940’s and early 1970’s. Johannes has researched and put together 129 short biographies and photographs. Each tells an individual story, and together they form a remarkable whole which documents the history of Camphill through its pioneers.

Dear Readers of The Lives of Camphill:

The publisher, Floris Books, decided to omit my Editor’s Notes which gave answers to several questions Camphill readers might ask and also have turned to me for answers. I therefore present here in brief some questions and answers:

Why is ‘X’ not included? Not everyone who was approached wanted to go public. Neither was I able to be systematic; I researched Camphill Correspondence and the Cresset for obituaries and was in correspondence with many. I had also to translate some and type all; there was midway a change of direction from a more general theme about ‘turning-points’ in biographies to the more specific first three decades. Yet those who had responded to the first theme, though younger, were still included. Then there was Erika Nauck’s efforts at presenting the first Camphill Seminar course. Only a few of them also wrote for Lives of Camphill. This also partly answers a second question:

Why are the contributions so unequal? A good proportion is made up of (sometimes slightly edited) obituaries; others were especially written in loving memory; again others were individual contributions. I hope that in spite of this inequality you gain joy in meeting so many of our older friends.

With Christmas greetings, yours, Johannes

Dear Johannes:

This is a brief and respectful response to someone at the core of Camphill from someone far out in the diaspora.

‘Biography’, wrote Tom Stoppard, ‘is the mesh through which real life escapes.’ With 129 subjects between its covers, the book is by its nature subjective. To the objective reader, some charming inconsistencies leap out. Be reassured, none of those I have seen so far looks like real life escaping and they will not detract from the significance of your achievement.

However, there is some truth in what Tom Stoppard wrote; a single hour of absorption in your fascinating collection is like attending a series of memorial meetings, where one learns about aspects of people’s lives that one never perceived in one’s day-to-day encounters with them. Simon Roth expresses this very openly in his piece about his mother.

I see from your foreword, Johannes, that the book is the result of your wish to respond to the question ‘How was the Camphill impulse carried out into the world?’ From my distant (but brotherly) viewpoint, at least two other pieces of work must be added to the canon before the question can be thought of as being addressed fully.

One piece concerns co-worker children. It seems to be more than a simple coincidence of events that the appearance of your book is so closely followed by the Camphill Correspondence (Nov/Dec 2007) filled with another great collection of biographical snippets! The fourth, perhaps even the fifth generation of co-worker children is now coming on to the stage; a number of possibilities and questions arise concerning the significance of this observation, none of which should properly be opened here, but some of which may be important for the future of Camphill as a movement.

The second piece of work to be done concerns the diaspora—people like myself who joined Camphill through conviction, as opposed to birthright; who chose to step in but chose to step out again. Such people must now be numbered in the thousands. The experience of Camphill changed many of their lives forever and those changed lives are upholding Camphill and anthroposophical principles and ideals in nameless and lonely circumstances far, far from any sympathetic associations. Perhaps the criterion in this case is not so much ‘how the Camphill impulse was carried out into the world’ but ‘what impact is the Camphill ideal having in the world’. No, Johannes, I am not suggesting that you try to collect those thousands of stories! But one day, some kind of linking-up might be seen to be healthy.

Later in your foreword you describe how the founding group ‘was…joined, miraculously, by British people…’. This is a little puzzling. My reaction as an Englishman is that it was and is absolutely normal for British people to support the ‘underdog’. The war and the fact that the Camphill initiative and many of the cultural aspects were middle-European would be of less importance. Perhaps this was part of the reason that Dr. König decided to fulfil his vision in Britain?

And finally (and I hope I can express this adequately) many of the stories in your anthology seem to show that Camphill, in its place and in its time, would not have come about in the same way at all without the rise of Adolf Hitler and National Socialism. How destiny and karma link together the totality of the human race!!

Jim spent 3½ years in Botton farming. He initiated and managed Whitby Network which was supported by Camphill for a number of years. Jim has retained links with Camphill for the past forty years.
The author of this book is an established spiritual healer who also frankly admits to being on something of a seeker's path with regard to the future or potential development of his gifts. Thus, in his opening remarks he says that 'over these past seven years I have again and again sought confirmation of my healing abilities, that is to say, of my abilities to serve as a channel for healing energies from others.' This mood, or mode of seeking led him, he says, to solicit the services of a spiritual medium. The story really begins with the first reading received by post from this medium. It was dated January 6th 2005 and it commences thus: 'As I tune into your photograph and tune into your letter I see a spirit doctor stood behind you in a three quarter length white coat and dark trousers, and he has a round face.' As the book progresses we are told how the medium becomes the instrument through which the author establishes telepathic contact with a number of discarnate souls, the most prominent of whom is a spirit doctor named simply Dr. John—referred to in the first reading above—and later, a spirit teacher whose name is Joshua Isaiah M...(the medium could not read the full name, only the first letter).

The author describes very frankly the way in which he came into and developed this psychic contact, and also deals very honestly with doubts about the value, authenticity, etc., of the communications arising from it. Could they not be simply the product of fantasy? and so on. For instance, there is a full chapter entitled A Doubting Thomas. However, both the medium and the communicators themselves continually reassure the author that they, and their communications, are genuine. As a result, the author becomes progressively more confident. The bulk of the book comprises various pieces of advice and information regarding the operation of spiritual healing given by Dr. John together with the various teachings imparted by Joshua.

The author has written and published the book in the hope that 'the reader can see how those who have died can indeed become the guides, helpers and counsellors of those on earth through a relationship grounded in love and freedom.'

Regarding his own general awareness of the spiritual world, the author acknowledges his debt to Rudolf Steiner, and most of the suggested further reading for readers of the book in hand is of the anthroposophic variety. Despite this, the author studiously avoids using any anthroposophical terminology in his book. The reason for this is perhaps because it is aimed at a wide audience. However, given the fact that many people are interested in meditation nowadays, I found it rather surprising that even this term is avoided; 'sitting in the silence' is as near as he goes to it.

Meditation is, of course, intimately connected with a subject or a story, such as the very interesting one recounted in this book, and spiritual-scientific meditation has the express purpose of strengthening the individual, thinking, conscious human Ego. While one certainly hopes that the book will achieve its stated aim, one cannot help but feel that any occult contact that arises in a manner not under the direct control of one's own I, is to be treated, from the point of view of the pure science of the spirit, with great circumpection. But perhaps the author is aware of this.

This book is very attractively produced, modestly priced, and is easy to read. I would recommend it.

A Candle on the Hill
Three films made for the BBC
by Jonathan Stedall, 1989
Review by Tony Whittle, Ballytobin, Ireland

Many of us will have seen at least one of these films when they first came out in the early 1990's. Recently I have been working in the ex-soviet republic of Belarus in orphanages and institutions, and also with teachers and students who wanted to change the lot of the special needs child in Eastern Europe. These films were invaluable as a way both of presenting the life of Camphill and clearly laying out our ideals, but also of portraying in quite a unique way some of the magic and genius of the children and adults themselves.

We might have put these films away on a shelf somewhere, but I would strongly recommend that we dust them off and start to show them again. Obviously some of the facts have changed since 1989, but the human stories that are told and the images are truly timeless. The picture of the autistic boy Peter watching a puppet show, his eyes radiating wonder, his lips and furrowed brow responding to every nuance of the story of 'Jerome and the Lion', speak volumes for the magic of puppetry. The cameos of classes in Beaver Run, Aberdeen, and St-Prex show the living principle of mixed ability/same age groups in all its richness. The little girl who can hardly lift her head is carried in the stream of 'breathing arms become wings' in a class about birds like eagles and hawks and how they fly. There are beautiful blackboard drawings for the story of Rama and the legends of ancient India, and the soundtrack is filled with lyre, flute, and Michaelmas pageant music.

Not only does Jonathan Stedall show a particular activity, like one young person learning to be involved in the care of another who is more handicapped, but he has often captured highly significant moments in those activities. For example the moment when non-speaking autistic girl Paula, caring for Julia who is totally paralysed and dependant on others, begins to talk.

Jonathan had already filmed in Camphill 22 years before, and in very many cases we meet in later life those people we have seen as children or young adults. This in itself must make these films a unique document in curative education. We meet Peter in later life, the boy enthralled with puppets. We see his amazing relationship to the world of colour in his pictures and the deep effect he had on his co-worker for ten years, Christoph. The first film ends with rehearsals from the Good Friday
Play and almost without noticing we have found our way to the deep spiritual core of our commitment to ‘the Special People’.

The second film called “Botton is my home” would be especially important to show to parents. An important theme is the gifts that the adults with special needs bring to a community. The lesson that these people are our guides and irreplaceable helpers is clearly spelled out. Another important theme, which will initially surprise many, is the cultural life and education. There is Gerda Blok’s firm conviction while teaching a course on Leonardo da Vinci, that our intellectuality would be healthily tempered if we tried to study in mixed groups with our more ‘heart orientated’ friends.

A certain sadness permeates all the films which stems from a sense that everyone, co-workers and people in care, haven’t always quite fulfilled their potential. Peter, unable to find a place in Camphill, was living in a mental hospital, and in the second film Shirley left Botton to live independently, only to find she lived in fear of kids hurling yet another brick through her window. Suzanne as a child was cared for by Shirley and as a child helped to change and give new meaning to Shirley’s life. In the film she seeks Shirley out in her new-found independence. Their encounter is bitter-sweet and deeply moving.

The third film is funny and upbeat, perhaps because a lot of it is filmed in America. What wonderful characters! Real stars! I enjoyed Herbie the Gardener’s candid reply to what he did in the village. ‘I like ladies...a lot’. The list of new ventures visited would of course now be extensively increased, but whether it was industrial Middlesbrough or rural Germany the message was always that something becomes possible in the ‘joint deed of co-creation’ between the co-workers, the children, and the adults, which wouldn’t come about in any other way.

I’ve recently helped with the process of preparing the films for a Russian translation and so have looked at the same scenes over and over again. Each time, something new in the detail reveals its richness, and I become aware of the mastery and the orchestrated care with which they were put together.

They would be ideal ways to generate conversations when groups of parents meet and of course for Foundation courses. For those of us longer in the tooth, there are many examples of co-workers doing their daily work in an inspirational and creative way. I find myself renewed in my inspiration for my work in Camphill after watching them.

These films are a treasure chest of our Camphill life! Let’s be active in using them!

Tony is a co-worker and Eurythmy therapist living in Ballytobin, working for half the year in an orphanage in Belarus.

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**Letter**

Dear Editor:

It seems you did not receive our letter sent in May this year from Kosovo [Editor’s note: no we didn’t] where we are living and where we are taking care of a home for children—war orphans. In the same house we started an anthroposophically oriented library on a voluntary basis.

We would love to receive your periodical. But we cannot afford to subscribe to it; the average monthly salary is only $40 here. In case you would be able to help us with a complimentary subscription (and a set of the back issues still available) we would be very grateful. Also any second hand books donated from your colleagues, associates, or Camphill community members would be appreciated!

With sincere best wishes,

Roman A. Dogan
Librarian
R L Project
c/o PF44, Münchenstein 3
CH 4142
Switzerland

(Please note the safest contact address is in Switzerland; the Kosovo address is not yet reliable).

PS. Any used postal stamps/cards/toys would be welcome for the children here!

If anyone could offer to pay for their gift subscription and/or back issues that would be wonderful. Please contact Maria, address on back cover. Thank you!
Kazan, Tatarstan, Russia

There is a parent and villager group in Kazan, Tatarstan, Russia who are looking for a ‘director’ with Camphill experience to lead their village project, called Nadezhda, which means ‘hope’. Kazan is a large city on the Volga with a mixed Russian and Muslim Tatar population, and there is a lot of interest in improving the lives of handicapped people.

The Nadezhda project is strongly supported by the local and federal organisations for handicapped people. They have 15 hectares of land not far from the city, and money from the federal government for the first house for 17 people, which is almost completed. Several of the people have visited Camp Hill Svetlana and hope to be able to work together in this new project.

Most of the activities in the village are based on landwork, farm, garden, forest and woodworkshop. We endeavour to create a lively cultural and social life as well. Integration into the wider community is increasing gradually.

Hogganvik is a small community, every member makes a difference to the life and progress of the village. Interested? Please don’t hesitate to contact:

Christine Haefner, Hogganvik Landsby
N 5583 Vikedal, mail@hogganvik.camphill.n

Sturts Farm Community

Sturts Farm is a land-based Camphill community working strongly with biodynamic farming and lifesharing in a community situation. We are seeking committed houseparents to join us after the New Year 2008 to support vulnerable adults in an extended family situation.

Sturts Farm is part of the Sheiling Trust which also includes the Sheiling School, the Lantern Community and Ringwood Waldorf School. We have strong cultural and social links to these activities and offer opportunities both with biodynamic apprentice farming and the curative education seminar.

We are looking forward to welcoming families, couples or individuals into our community who wish to contribute to community lifesharing, who have experienced Camphill and/or other anthroposophical initiatives. Skills and interest in land work or administration would be helpful but not essential. A wish to contribute to homoeaking is important. All enquiries, please contact Kate Koning, Sturts Farm Community, West Moors, Ferndown, Dorset, UK BH22 0NF or email office@sturtsfarm.com

Campbell Svetlana

in Leningrad County, Russia is looking for someone to manage our biodynamic organic garden. It is big and beautiful, with a lot of scope for development—we easily sell everything we don’t eat ourselves. There is a dedicated garden team and all sorts of summer helpers to organise. The northern growing season is short but intensive, and it is possible to grow most things with some care; we have had bumper crops of strawberries. Altogether we have 58 hectares of land, and about 40 people living in the village of all ages and descriptions. If you are interested in a challenge (with or without formal garden training) please look at our website www.campbellsvetlana.org and contact Sarah Hagnauer: dsvet1@yandex.ru or +7 9219821335 or in Russian Lenar Hafisov: lenarkh@mail.ru

New Directions in Canada

Camp Hill Nottawasaga in Canada is developing innovative forms for the expression of Camphill life. We are a rural agricultural community of 80 people, living and working on 300 acres of beautiful forested land. Our homes are based on a life sharing principle, with two to four co-workers living with, and supporting adults with special needs. Additional support is provided by staff who help with respite and time off for the core co-workers. Our work life is focused on the land where we have an extensive biodynamic garden, herbal workshop and a forestry operation, which produces lumber, firewood and maple syrup. Our work life includes a thriving pottery, weaving and woodworkshop. We offer well established training and adult education programmes in a lively cultural setting. There are plans for new growth in our workshops and homes, and in our education program with community outreach.

We are seeking co-workers with a background in Anthroposophical work or Camphill life who feel called to respond to the following needs:

• a leadership role in a home of 6 to 10 people
• accompaniment and support for residents in daily life
• education and supervision of young volunteer co-workers
• responsibility for organizational tasks related to community development.

We offer:
• a three year path of self development integrating community skills, leadership development, in service training and mentorship
• a rewarding life combining service to others and self development in a beautiful, natural environment committed to sustainable living
• commitment to family life
• opportunities for exploring a variety of organizational, cultural and work related activities
• weekly time off, including three day weekends each month, with fair earning support.

If you are intrigued and would like to know more please contact Sandra Mucci, or Sharon Ballah. at info@ camphill.on.ca or telephone 1-705-424-5363, Canada.

The Sheiling School

Camphill Community Thornbury

an established residential Camphill school for children with learning difficulties

House Co-ordinators

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Relevant experience desirable, opportunity for development, terms negotiable.

Contact: Catherine Stephenson,
Thornbury Park, Park Road,
Thornbury, Bristol BS35 1HP
Telephone 01454 415859
mail@sheilingschool.org.uk

Tobias School of Art & Therapy

offers:

• Transformative Arts in Therapy vocational training, validated by the C&G at Masters level (MCGI). Full-time and modular options. The next full-time course starts September 2008. The next modular option commences July 2008 and the following one begins 2011. Applicants need to pass the assessment week 14–18 April 2008.

• Transformative Arts course, a unique opportunity to explore the colour world through artistic and self-development processes. Full-time, part-time and modular options. Validated by C&G (ICCI)

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7–9 March Nolde — A passion for Colour with Clare Kanze
25–27 April Goetheanum with Hazel Adams
16–18 May Painting with Classes 1–6 with Dick Bruna
6–8 June Discover your Temperament with Clare Kanze
21–23 June From Imagination to Image with Gloria Tsai

• Summer Courses

30th June—4th July Art & Psychiatric Medicine for Adults with Dr A Ramke and A Colijn
7th—9th July Art & Psychiatric Medicine for Children with Dr A Ramke and A Colijn
14th—18th July Colour Dynamics with Diane Flowers
18th—20th July The Art of Life Drawing with Jeremy Cale
27th July—1st August New Keys to Colour with Clare Kanze

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www.tobiasart.org info@tobiasart.org

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E-mail: ArtemisSpeechandDrama@virgin.net

Applications are now being taken for September 2008

We offer the opportunity to train in the art of eurythmy within the social-therapeutic setting of Botton Village (Camphill Village Trust)

Enquiries to:
Camphill Eurythmy School
Botton Village
Danby, Whitby, North Yorks, YO21 2NJ, U.K.
Tel: +44 (0)1287 661257/661318
Fax: +44 (0)1287 661254
E-mail: camphill.eurythmy@virgin.net

www.camphilleurythmy.org.uk
Social and Therapeutic Music Making

A new, modular, 28 days over one year Foundation Training Course is being planned to begin in August 2008. It is designed to help co-workers experience the vital contribution music can make to the realm of the social life and therapeutic work in both Camphill communities and schools.

Key themes of the course include:
• New Anthroposophical Approaches to Music Therapy
• Social Therapeutic Musicising
• Educational Music Therapy
• Music Tuned for the Festivals
• New Instruments
• Community Music
• Therapeutic Vocerwork, etc.

On March 8th – 9th 2008 the Grange Village will host a taster weekend for everyone in Camphill communities interested in this work.

Course Leader:
Michael Deason-Barrow

For more details contact:
Tonalis Music Centre:
tel: 01666 890460 or
info@tonalismusic.co.uk

RUSKIN MILL EDUCATIONAL TRUST
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Course Leader:
Michael Deason-Barrow

For more details contact:
Tonalis Music Centre:
tel: 01666 890460 or
info@tonalismusic.co.uk

For information about positions in any of the colleges contact
Richard Rogers, Head of College – Residential, Ruskin Mill College
The Fisheries, Horsley, Glos GL6 OPL. Tel 01453 837528
e-mail: richard.rogers@rmc.rmet.org.uk

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Maggie Kingston on

Details from: Maggie Kingston on
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Asbjornsen and Moe House Seminar Centre
Solborg, N-3520 Levangers, Norway
Tel: +47 32 13 30 58 — Fax: +47 32 13 20 20

seminarsenter@camphill.no
www.camphill.no

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for a brochure and availability
The Dove Logo of the Camphill movement is a symbol of the pure, spiritual principle which underlies the physical human form. Uniting soon after conception with the hereditary body, it lives on unimpaired in each human individual. It is the aim of the Camphill movement to stand for this 'Image of the Human Being' as expounded in Rudolf Steiner’s work, so that contemporary knowledge of the human being may be enflamed by the power of love. Camphill Correspondence tries to facilitate this work through free exchange within and beyond the Camphill movement. Therefore, the Staff of Mercury, the sign of communication which binds the parts of the organism into the whole, is combined with the Dove in the logo of Camphill Correspondence.

The Risen Christ, Matthias Grünewald, detail from the Isenheim Altarpiece