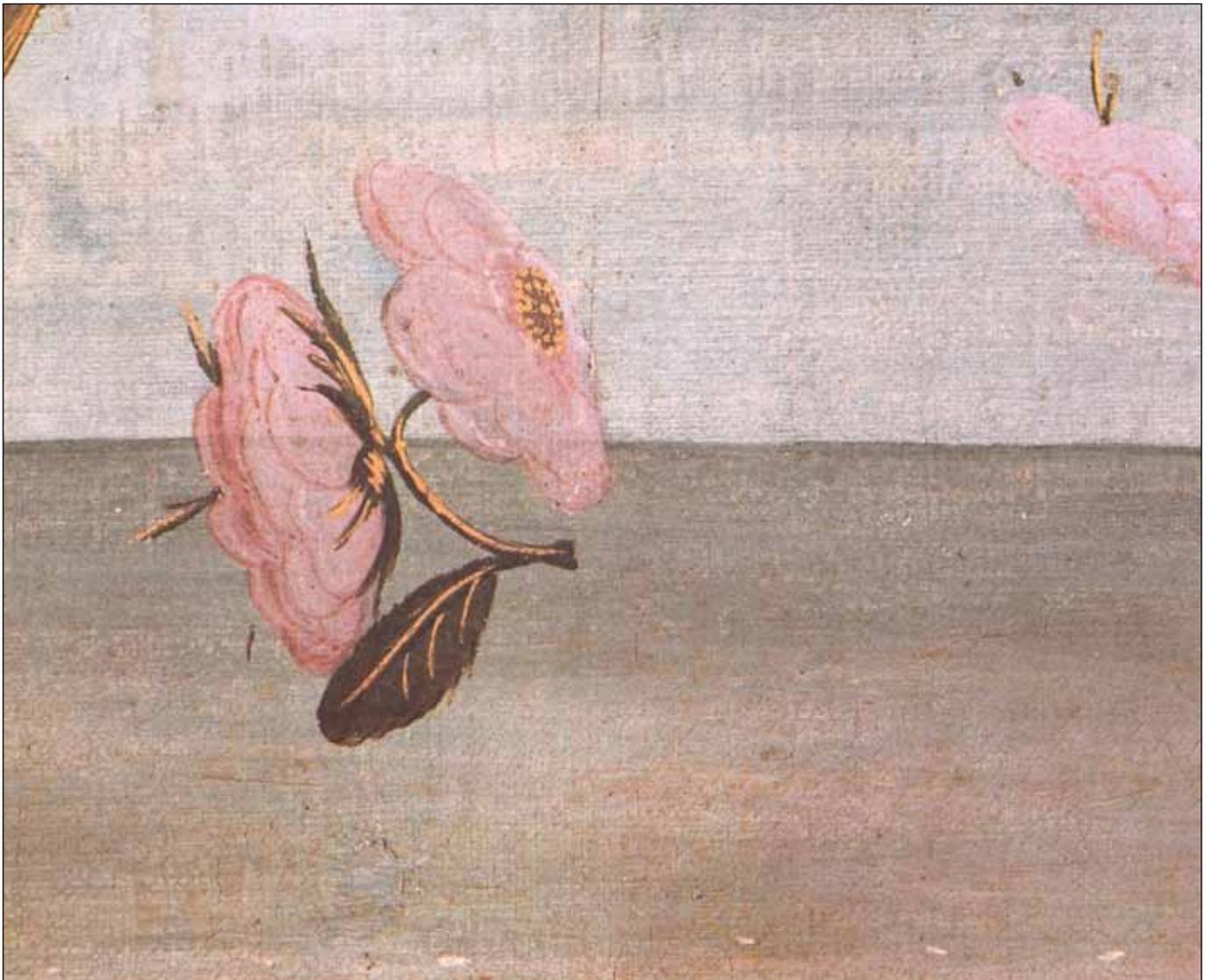


May/June 2011

# CAMP HILL CORRESPONDENCE



*The Birth of Venus*, Sandro Botticelli, detail

*Spirit is a purified act.*

Novalis, from *Pollen and Fragments*

## Keeping in touch

### Marianne's question

From recent issues readers will know that the *Camphill Correspondence* has had a financial cash flow struggle recently, which owing to readers' generosity has been alleviated for the time being. The Support Group would like to thank most sincerely for all the help, large and small, that has been received. We have taken seriously what this situation has asked of the magazine for the future, leading us to look at many questions, also helped by people sending in their suggestions and thoughts.

We realised that although we have made the *Camphill Correspondence* financially self-sufficient for many years, this is perhaps not an appropriate ideal to have for this journal – making money in order to break even becomes too important. We need rather to be aware of placing the *Correspondence* in the free spiritual life realm, the realm of culture and creativity; and to shift the quest for financial stability to the economic realm, so that Camphill can support its magazine – while still aiming to be as self-sufficient as is reasonably possible.

### Celebratory Birthdays for May – June 2011

#### Becoming 90

Marianne Gorge, Sheiling Schools, Ringwood ..... 16 June

#### Becoming 86

Grizel Davidson, Newton Dee ..... 29 June

#### Becoming 85

Sophia Kunz, Triform, USA ..... 14 May

Lisa Steuk, Mournie Grange ..... 7 July

#### Becoming 80

Leslie Gibbs, West Coast, S.Africa ..... 3 May

#### Becoming 75

Christina Bould, Copake, USA ..... 3 May

Herbert Wolf, Kimberton Hills ..... 14 May

Piet Blok, St. Luke's Trust, Stroud ..... 16 June

Audrey Warren, The Grange ..... 23 June

#### Becoming 70

Donald McRae, Newton Dee ..... 7 June

Please contact me at [sandrastoddard@gmail.com](mailto:sandrastoddard@gmail.com)  
for any changes or additions. **Sandra**

### Correction

Mark Gartner's 80<sup>th</sup> birthday was on April 9, not April 3. He already started receiving birthday phone calls the week before his birthday, so he has had a particularly long celebration! Our apologies Mark and a very happy belated birthday.

Camphill's original impulse involved living like a large family; economic considerations were built in and were met out of general life. There were no separate 'pots' of funds for different initiatives in the early years. Although the age in which we are now has brought tremendous changes and regulations, quite a number of places would like to still live out of the early impulse in various ways. The situation at present is so that those who produce the *Camphill Correspondence*, although Camphillers, are not living within Camphill but independently, and have to make ends meet for their own living. As many hours of work and much commitment go into the *Correspondence's* production, this has to be part of their regular work. We would like to find a way in which Camphill can help support the *Correspondence* apart from the subscriptions, so that the it can be more in tune with the ideals of economic life supporting the free spiritual life. We would also like to keep the subscription price reasonably low so that many people, also outside Camphill itself, would still have access to the magazine.

What we would like to suggest is that a small regular contribution, annually or more often, would be most helpful to continue to ensure the smooth running of this magazine. This could be from individual Camphill places, or perhaps from regional bodies. Please do bring this to the economic realm of your community, its groups, or regional bodies who are busy with these questions. We are aware that many communities are also struggling and do after all pay their subscriptions as well; but the *Correspondence* is not needing a great deal of support but rather a top-up to help keep it healthy. The total amount could be something like £4,000 a year from the entire movement, which means a small amount from individual places or regions or groups. This could help with building up a small reserve in case of future problems as has recently happened. Of course some regions and communities struggle much more themselves, and one would not expect that they would contribute.

In the Support Group, we felt that this suggestion would help bring about threefolding with the Camphill magazine. Please do let us know your response to this idea. With warm greetings,

**Marianne Sander, Stourbridge, England**

*Marianne has helped to start/worked in a number of different Camphill places in Scotland, Austria, Scandinavia, and South Africa over the last 50+ years, and is a familiar face to many Camphillers.*

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## Keeping in touch part two

I would like to add a few thoughts to Marianne's letter. The message that has come through loud and clear to us from your responses and interested concern is that the *Camphill Correspondence* is very much wanted, but that the content could be perhaps more relevant for a number of you. I agree with the sentiment of wishing to hear more from young people, from other aspects of Camphill. It has become clear to us in our ongoing look at ourselves as a vessel of communication that we feel the *Correspondence*, while renewing itself and trying to reflect the communities it serves, must also not lose sight of the father-ground of working out of anthroposophy, to keep visible some of the substance that underlies the heart of Camphill and anthroposophy.

We reflect the mood of Camphill via the people that write for the *Camphill Correspondence*. So please dear

readers, invite your young co-workers to write – what inspires them, what do they feel needs to change in Camphill, what are their experiences, how do they experience the adults or children or young people they work with. The employed people – we are so interested to hear about why they are working for Camphill beyond the obvious employment, what they perceive about Camphill from their particular point of view? The new managers – we're longing to hear how you experience Camphill! Let's make this magazine as relevant and current and interesting as we possibly can, reflecting a movement perhaps in transition but not without its ground of solid love for the cultural life of Camphill and the humanity of anthroposophy.

*With thanks as always, your Editor, Maria*

## Ascension

*Regina Blokhuis, Lehenhof, Germany*

In the Act of the Apostles (1:9–14) we read how Christ was received by a cloud and disappeared from the apostles' sight. At most places in the Gospels and also in the Revelation of St John, we learn how Christ, returning in our time, will do so out of the clouds. What has Christ to do with the clouds? This question shall concern us here.

How different the clouds can be: white cumulus clouds in a blue sky, or cirrus clouds of indescribable beauty, or the whole sky covered with little cotton wool clouds: an image of rhythm! Or layered clouds, or rain clouds; sometimes coloured clouds in the morning or evening sky with a light yellow hue. We can imagine that the colourful clouds of sunrise and sunset are in steady motion around the earth. Or depending on the direction of the wind, the clouds spread horizontally in a plane across the whole sky and then contract again at the opposite pole, a phenomenon which can often be seen.

The clouds consist of drops of water, and as water can change from liquid to steam, to crystalline form and again to liquid – in the same way the clouds too change their shape continually. They hover, weave and live. They are an expression of something, of a spiritually existing living being between heaven and earth. The clouds are a visible manifestation of a supersensible realm, the realm of the etheric. We marvel at the secret of life. The clouds come into appearance by the interweaving of the four elements – earth, water, air and warmth. Each of these elements are themselves able to change. The gravity of the earth: small dust particles can become light and buoyant! The water flows in waves and eddies and aims for the lower ground. In the plant, however, the sap rises upward in lightness and evaporates invisibly to the heights, there turning again into clouds with their tiny crystals hovering, before they thaw and drip down to earth as rain. The air is also ever changing: the atmosphere around the earth is of lightness and is breathing. The earth inhales in high pressure, exhales in low pressure. Balancing between both is the wind, sometimes gentle, sometimes stormy gusts. Also the warmth is apt to change from hot to warm, to cool to cold and icy, penetrating air, water and earth.

When the water rises, every drop of water encloses a tiny particle of dust originating from the earth. At high pressure

it is invisibly absorbed by the air. In greater heights the air is thinner and colder; then the water droplets join up with each other and become visible as clouds. When the air turns thinner and colder still, the water drops become too heavy and fall down to earth again. The weather, therefore, is the expression of the weaving into each other of the four elements in their volatility, forming and dissolving the clouds. It is a continuous transformation, asking for deep respect, for awe. The Scottish monks celebrated Christ as the Lord of the elements, the Lord of all transformation (in the Offering Service: 'The Son-God work in us').

In the same way, the Christ in us lives in continuous transformation. In the course of life our form changes from baby to child, to adolescent, to adult and to an old person. Also the inner life of the soul changes through destiny (in the Offering Service: 'May our destiny work with You, oh Christ'). Destiny works both within and from outside and therefore is present in our striving for the goals we follow and in the meaning of our life. The supreme transformation is the one Christ Himself accomplished from His death to His resurrection. This 'die and become' has directed (and can direct) our path of life. The verse from the Calendar of the Soul for Ascension sounds as follows:

*There has arisen from its narrow limits  
My Self and finds itself  
As revelation of all worlds  
Within the sway of time and space;  
The world as archetype divine,  
Displays to me at every turn  
The truth of my own likeness.*

The cloud with its ability for change shows the archetype which lives in our own image in our ability to change ourselves. The cloud hides the Christ for the sake of our freedom. If we want to find the reappearing Christ we have to tread the path of exercising living perception – living thinking – becoming attentive to transformations, because the path to the Christ is a path of transformation.

*Translated by Johannes Surkamp, Ochil Tower, Scotland*

*Regine has been  
a Camphill co-worker since 1959, and is now retired.*

# Corpus Christi – community, biodynamics and a Christian ecology

*Alan Potter, Botton Village, England*

This festival was first celebrated in 1265 and was championed by Thomas Aquinas to become widely accepted in Christian Europe by the end of the thirteenth century. It is a celebration of the earth transformed by Christ's resurrection, represented by the communion host. It marks the culmination of the Christ festivals. To glimpse what this can mean we must begin our exploration with Christ's death and resurrection.

Holy Week can be seen as a new genesis of humanity. Old Sun, Old Moon, Old Earth (Mars and Mercury) are relived by the Christ. With Jupiter and Venus, the Christ enters into future states of human evolution in great loneliness. On Good Friday, Venus day, the Christ has completely entered his physical body and consumed it to the point of expanding beyond death into the living being of the earth body. This moment of the Mystery of Golgotha turns evolution on its head. The resurrection of Easter morning is a cosmic rising to be seen in the context of an answer to the fall from paradise. It is the founding of the new mysteries of ever renewing etheric life. It is a moment of conception of the Christ-Earth-Being, of the Corpus Christi.

Conception doesn't happen in isolation, it happens in a sheath, a womb, which is alive in the mother. How could we begin to understand this womb? In a Camphill biodynamic conference in the 1980s we studied one of the Michael letters (153): 'What is the Earth in Reality within the Macrocosm?' This macrocosm was more vibrantly alive in the far past. It undergoes a slow death process out of which humanity and the earth arise as microcosms. The earth gives humanity its self-consciousness, out of which we view it especially spatially; i.e. as a speck of dust in the vastness of the universe. Autumn and winter reflect the dying macrocosm; spring and summer reflect the life-engendering surplus of germination forces. These latter forces through the influence of the mineral kingdom become a newly fashioned spiritual picture of the macrocosm. The animal forces gather this new picture arising out of germination into a sphere. This gives rise to a newly arising picture of the microcosm, compact and self-contained on all sides. Thus the earth stands as a new life-kindling element within the dead and dying universe. As the dying plant arises anew in the tiny space of the seed, so as the old macrocosm falls asunder, a new universe is coming forth from the speck of dust, the earth.

It is within this germinating earth nature, picturing within itself on all sides a germinating universe, which the Christ expands into through death on Good Friday. He unites himself with these universal forces of germination arising from the human microcosm and from the earthly microcosm.

The Christian year is not yet over. Forty days follow until Ascension of teaching and growing seership among the disciples. Stability and balance settle the new resurrection body, which can appear wherever the new germinating forces are present. If we compare the Christ germinating in the earth with the developing human embryo, after forty days a basic form stage is reached – that of the amphibian, a dweller on land and water. At Ascension the Christ expands to the universal peripheral forces. He leaves the self-consciousness of the disciples

to wake up to their tasks and destinies. At fifty days the embryo form leaves the water and becomes wholly a land dwelling animal form. This corresponds to Whitsun. The self-conscious spirit awakening blows like a spirit wind through the souls of the disciples. In a great revelation of the equableness of every human being, great communities of mutual understanding come together. The divisions of language and culture are irrelevant.

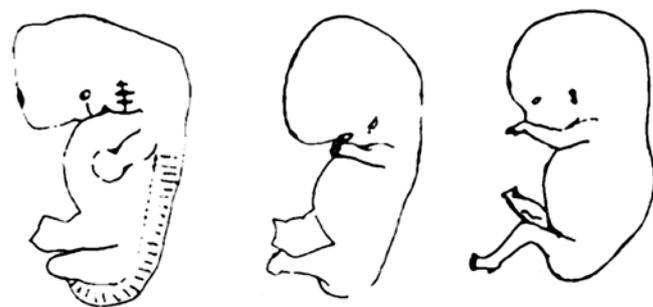


Figure 1. The human embryo at 40, 50 and 60 days

Sixty days after Easter, Corpus Christi is celebrated. After sixty days the embryo now establishes its human form. The Christ-Earth is achieved. As this follows Whitsun it can happen with the moral engagement of a sufficient number of awakened human beings. The new mysteries can then be witnessed and engaged with by the disciples and potentially all of humanity.

Rudolf Steiner indicated how the building of a Christ community needs three forces into which the Christ can enter. Wonder opens our perception to newness. Wonder can waken us to the other person or waken us to prayer or to art. Wonder, he tells us, is the soul of Christ.

Loving compassion, like sun rays in the feeling life, nourishes those who experience it and allows in, even carries, the suffering of another person's pain. It opens contact, enables conversation and inspires the will to engage in healing. As compassion is the life body of the Christ, it lives in the interval, the 'between' people, which is the coherence of a real community.

The third force weaves our deeds for the good into the physical form body for the Christ. It is conscience, acting with the greatest awareness of the spirit, of humanity and of the earth.

The Biodynamic Agriculture Course was given in the time between Whitsun (7 June) and the Corpus Christi (19 June) festival in 1924. It tells us of the dying macrocosm and gives us the self-conscious understanding and the moral tools of the preparations to engage in the new mysteries of the earth. At the heart of the course are the horn-manure and horn-silica preparations as helpers in the recreation through the newly arising forces of germination, within which the Christ-Earth body's evolution is continuing. The image of the spiritual human being is indicated in the 'farm individuality'. The farm's healing life-community of the interplay of the different kingdoms is pictured as a new earth microcosm. The course concludes with feeding as if it were a communion in a part of the new mystery. The final blessing comes with a caution; to let people, especially farmers, ask

when they see and experience the visible results of a renewed agriculture.

If Corpus Christi is to become again a meaningful festival, surely it will call for a Whitsun-like basis of self-conscious wakefulness to the spirit of humanity and of the earth. In the church celebrations of the past, this festival celebrated the Christ-Earth in the local 'spirit of place'. Processions greeted the Christ in the earth locally. The Christ body was carried in the communion host around the communities land. The Agriculture Course can surely guide us in modestly celebrating the 'farm individuality' as a new temple in a new universe, as a humble beginning of a new Christian ecology. Such a festival can celebrate the preparations, making observations of this individuality which can lead to spiritual experience, which lead to the arts. Plays, dances, music, stories of a locally based cosmology could all contribute to the composing of this festival. A growing artistic portrayal of the 'farm individuality' in the community of its kingdoms, including the human, can arise with time in a festival of the Christ-Earth, which in our century can begin to make itself known to us at a local level. It will, no doubt, be for the practicing farmers, gardeners, shepherds and foresters together with the communities around them to witness the reality and worthiness of our efforts.

I try to understand Corpus Christi as a meeting of two different streams of the Christ mystery: that of Easter and that of Whitsun. The Easter stream celebrates the resurrection's unfolding in the earth. It celebrates the grace of this. This lends itself to a religious mood. Grace can

be described as prayers resurrected. Grace cannot be forced. It only can be allowed to happen, to be received, like the fullness of nature around us now.

Insofar as we can have wonder, compassion and conscience among us we enable the Christ to co-opt us as creators and reach towards the Christ grace awaiting us in the kingdoms of nature.

Where a meeting of the Whitsun stream through human neighbours freely acting to grow towards each other and the Easter stream of the grace-filled earth come together, both community life and its earthly place may shine as the body of Christ. As Whitsun is the festival of the free human community of individuals, Corpus Christi is the celebrating of this future community's earthly home.

*Alan has been a Camphill co-worker for thirty years; he has been a house parent, gardener, bookseller and teacher.*

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## Whitsun contemplation

*Johannes M Surkamp, Ochil Tower, Scotland*

Fundamental to Rudolf Steiner's anthroposophy or science of the spirit are the words: "Oh Man, know yourself". He draws our attention to the splendour of the sense-perceptible world – the mineral, plant and animal world and all the majestic, awe-inspiring stellar, atmospheric and terrestrial aspects of mountain formations, water, air and fire that surrounds us. Yet all of this does not reveal our own true being in its spiritual reality, neither does it reveal the true essence of the world.

Under the most favourable circumstances, this age-old challenge to the seeker of the truth, renewed in our time, would be formidable. The present historic period has added other challenges to this quest.

Our time with its Tower-of-Babel-like achievements draws strong attention to itself with its space exploration and quantifying the past in years; with concentrations of the majority of humanity in mega-cities built of concrete, steel and glass, surrounded by favelas and slum dwellings; with facilities of transport and communication approaching the speed of sound and light; with the control of social and economic world affairs in the hands of super-rich elites. The man-made world increasingly usurps the attention of the single person and humanity as a whole for the God-given natural world. Not enough: science, which has been instrumental for these creations has also invented the means to destroy it all, together with all life on earth. Now ways have to be invented to even create life. Synthetic living organisms, computer programmed for utilitarian purposes, already beyond

genetic manipulation, is still not enough: research is in progress for fertilising eggs without male sperm.

These developments are followed up on the forum of the media and 'watchdog' organisations with a moral brief. And yet, even when a whole continent tries to stem the tide, powerful agents are able to sweep away objections in the name of national/international (self) interest. Individual voices are silenced.

This image of a 'forward-stampede' (Schumacher) would be incomplete without considering some decadent sides of the religious 'homecomers' in east and west. The recent uncovering of widespread child abuse among the clergy points to a deeper malaise of the loss of true humanity. And the hatred between Christian factions is no correcting example for the entrenched animosity between Indians and Pakistanis, Jews and Palestinians. Neither is the 'Christian' west a moral authority to relinquish the deplorable discrimination in Islamic countries that denies the female half of the population its full humanity with dogmatic and outmoded practices. An atheistic author made religion responsible for most wars and crimes. He cannot mean religion but its distorted and decadent concepts and practises.

What should all this gloom have to do with Whitsun? There is no day without a preceding night. A realist has to acknowledge the facts and still can be optimistic and an idealist. Whitsun is the festival of the baptism by fire, the kindling of our own flame from the light and warmth of the spirit.

The incarnation of the sun forces in a human being had taken place on earth. Christ died on Golgotha for all humanity craving for the reuniting of their soul with the divine world. His closest followers experienced his death-conquering resurrected being. They felt the grace of inner certainty and His deed confirmed to them all that he had spoken to them in his life as Jesus. For forty days they were allowed to remain in his uplifting presence. Then he disappeared from their sight. He had united Himself with heavenly forces, penetrating and regenerating life on earth. This aspect remained obscure to the disciples. During the following ten days, greatly suffering their loss, the inner conviction of the disciples matured. Christ lived in each of them. They recognised the historic significance of what they were granted to experience during the three years they walked by His side. Peter was able to proclaim it to the multitude who had heard the 'mighty rushing wind' and had found their way of becoming witnesses of this great event. Each one experienced in the other their higher self, expressed in the image of the cloven tongue of fire above the heads of others. Those present could experience a rebirth of mankind. They recognised the Christ as the higher self in the other. Through this they could understand each other beyond their mother tongues. This was in essence a baptism for generations to come. A victory was achieved for all the future. The dispersing of languages as the consequence of the pride and arrogance of the builders of the Tower of Babel was overcome in their united devotion. Today's 'common voice', be it scientific or English, is of a different kind from the Whitsun understanding of the heart.

Before the Christ event could take place on earth, there stood the figure of a voice crying in the wilderness, calling for a change of heart and announcing that there would come one greater than himself who would baptise with fire and the Holy Spirit. Now again, before the second Christ event took place, this time in the life sphere of the earth (the 'clouds'), there stood another figure, crying in the wilderness of doctrinal and practical materialism, confirming the Whitsun event for our time. The fiery quality of the ego can be either an egocentric anti-social element or through the indwelling of Christ, become his 'brother's keeper'. Yet, in this scientific age of the consciousness soul it was not enough to appeal to an emotional and religious zeal. The approach had to be made in a disciplined scientific mode of cognition gained by spiritual research and presented in clear concepts. This effort found its twentieth century expression in the stupendous work known as spiritual science or anthroposophy.

Now voices can be heard: "Well, this belonged to the twentieth century. We are now in the twenty-first century. The world has moved on. This attempt, which was not even universally recognised in Steiner's own time, is now

part of history and irrelevant." Such voices are narrow minded, thinking in terms of years and decades. What is needful is the thinking in centuries and millennia. We have to free ourselves still of many prejudices and dogmas and stop thinking that we can do as we please, without taking full responsibility. We are now learning by the consequences what these attitudes have inflicted on our home planet. However important the question of freedom, we first have to know what freedom is and what it is not. We know what hatred, war and criminality are, but do we really know how love and peace can live in an ethical individuality?

However far we are still removed in human society from such insights and ideals, many people have woken up to the realisation that the changes we long for – sounding with great words in election campaigns – start with the change each one is willing to undertake in his/her own life. More often now the phrase is heard: 'Be the change you want to see!' and 'You are the change'. Such a change does not mean improving one's living conditions, getting a faster car, buying more ingenious gadgets, going on exotic and luxurious holidays or winning absurd millions in the lottery. These are outer changes, not the ones addressed here.

Real, inner changes start with a change of mind: not only *what* we think but *how* we think is at stake. Is it only the calculating head, or is the wisdom of the heart also involved? There is a clear difference between *to have* and *to be*.

Next: how do we *feel* towards our neighbour? 'Neighbour' is everyone whom we meet from morning till night. Our feeling can give the right judgement, like weighing on a scale.

Lastly, and most essentially: how do we engage our will? Did my thoughts remain only a good intention or did I see it through, not just once but as a new way of conducting my life?

This leads us back to the first sentence and the call: 'Oh Man, know yourself!' and the question: am I on the right track to becoming a true human being? Or am I content, or even revel in being some sort of animal, or a vegetating plant, or even a stumbling stone to others? Such self-exploration opens up new perspectives which can become a worthy task for the whole of life, which will be greatly enhanced with the help of anthroposophy. Then the aphorisms of this essay may become meaningful.

*I dedicate this essay to Friedwart J. Bock who was suddenly taken to hospital and died there early on Whitsunday last year. He is a lifelong friend who will never be forgotten.*

*Johannes is a pioneer of Camphill communities in Scotland and is active in Camphill and anthroposophical work in Britain.*

## When the carer needs care

*Adenusi Tayo Paul, The Mount, England*

With my bit of experience as a caregiver in communities with people with special needs, both in Africa and in the UK, I have come to realize that some of our clients (and sometimes the communities or care

homes that we work for) fail to realize that as a caregiver we are humans with flesh and blood and we have needs too. There is no doubt that sometimes our job requires a lot from us and can be extremely challenging.

I have also come to realize that 95% of the policies and laws guiding the care practice (according to a brief research made by me) tend to protect only the vulnerability of the people with special needs, forgetting the fact that as a carer we sometimes can be as vulnerable as the people we care for. As a result of these imbalances, it should not be surprising to know that some caregivers might have ended up a broken person in life. Here is the story of a co-worker in a Camphill community for adults with special needs.

*Miss Liz, a 22 year old with special needs had a crush on a very handsome young co-worker who just arrived in the community two months ago. He worked in the same house where Miss Liz lived. After some time, Miss Liz accused the young co-worker of sexually assaulting her. As a result, the co-worker was suspended and asked to leave the community immediately, pending the time that the matter would be investigated.*

*Having tried to get the attention of the young co-worker for some time with no positive results, she came up with an accusation that she was sexually assaulted.*

*After two and half months of official investigation, Miss Liz confessed and apologised. For that time the young co-worker, who could not afford to travel back home due to his poor condition, had to live with locals while waiting for the outcome of the investigation. He could not undertake a paid job and had to live on people's good will for that period of two and half months.*

Following the principles and policies guiding what we do as co-workers, it is completely understandable

that in order to protect the vulnerable people we care for, the step taken in the above story was inevitable. But the question is that, as communities and care organizations, what policies have we put in place to protect the vulnerability of the co-worker in a situation like in the above story? It is not new to hear that some carers who work in homes for adults with special needs sometimes complain of being sexually harassed by their clients. Another question to think about is how seriously were these allegations treated?

Camphill communities around the world, in their bid to care for their co-workers, encourage mentoring within the community. But in recent times, the mentoring system has been so formalized that in most cases, it is no longer about the wellbeing of the co-worker or carer, but about how to carry out their duties effectively.

To end with, it is good to know that this article does not intend to criticize the care structure in our society and communities around the world, but to serve as an eye opener to the various stakeholders in the care profession and to further reiterate the fact that as carers, we are vulnerable people too and sometimes, our needs require as much care as that of our clients.

*Adenusi Tayo Paul spent two years at Hermanus, South Africa, as a teacher and acting/assistant house coordinator. In August 2010 he moved to The Mount as a trainee co-worker to further prepare him for the challenges of establishing a Camphill community in his home country of Nigeria.*

## Letter to my double

*Julian Sleigh, Camphill Village West Coast, South Africa*

**G**oing through my papers, I reread a letter I wrote to my Double. I have no idea whether he (or she?) ever received it, no reply so far! But as I imagine he diligently reads Camphill Correspondence I thought I would submit it to you for publication.

Dear Double,

Till today I thought of you as one. Now I hear that you are many – and varied. But let me address you as a composite being, an amalgam of beings that live and work together, as one.

My first question is – are you for me or against me? Do you suffer through being attached to me? Do you wish to be free from me – or do you enjoy our association, our bond?

Then can I ask you – are you ugly or beautiful, or in a strange way both? Do you change your appearance with your mood (or my mood)? Do I upset you through the way I do things? Do I make you angry or just uncomfortable? Do we relate with each other – if so, when and how? You see how little I know about you, about us. Do you feel our age; do you look forward to our parting just before I go to the spiritual world? Do you know when this will be?

Do you have knowledge? Are you clever? Are you a lover of music and art? How do you feel when I listen

to live broadcast or recorded music? Does it feed you or just pass you by? What do you wish for? Do you like it when I pray or hold a service? Or does it make you cower away? Are there times when I feed you, nourish you, make you feel good? What is 'good' in your way of considering existence?

Do I have any habits that make you strong? Do you have habits that are contrary to what I consider as good? Are you respectful or insolent, hard-working or a parasite? Do you relate to the Doubles of my friends? Do you enjoy it when I am social? Do you help me when I am being challenged or tempted? Do you like it when I am angry? Are you some sort of Guardian? Should I be grateful for the way you stop me from engaging in activity that keeps me away from spiritual knowledge?

Do you rejoice when I am well in control of my thoughts, will and feelings – and when I am positive and open to learn? Are you attached to my chakras?

And now one final question: do you support or oppose my Guardian Angel?

It would please me to know the answers to at least some of these questions. I wish you peace and salvation. May you be redeemed and work for the good. And may we get to see and know each other when the time is right!

*Julian*

## Obituaries

### Friedrich Röder, a good friend

I first met Friedrich in Newton Dee House in the autumn of 1955. We became part of a small team of co-workers in charge of about forty boys, aged 12 to 15; many were delinquent. Anke Weihs was the house matron.

The Camphill Seminar, a two year course in curative education, was available to co-workers one morning and some evenings each week. Friedrich and I joined a group of about twelve other students. Camphill had four medical doctors, so we heard lectures by some of them, whilst others gave us tuition sessions. They were Karl König, Thomas Weihs, Hans-Heinrich Engel and Hans Müller-Wiedemann. We loved these fascinating speakers and the lectures on the spiritual aspects of anthropology led to lively discussions among seminarists. Friedrich became known as the 'Philosopher' because he would spend many a late night with a Norwegian friend discussing these subjects and in particular the hierarchies.

After Easter 1956, Friedrich and I were entrusted to go camping for a few days with five of the boys in our charge. We were driven in a minibus close to Loch Muick beyond Ballater in the Highlands and were collected again five days later. We had barely put up the tents when it began to rain steadily. How to light a campfire? Friedrich was not bothered: he gathered some damp kindling under some trees and 45 minutes later had a fire going. I was amazed as much as the boys at Friedrich's skill and determination! A day later returning from a walk with our boys, we found our food tent trampled down and food eaten by some sheep. The next morning some of us walked the five miles to the nearest shop to buy bread and essentials. On our walks we practised songs we had learned with the help of Friedrich's small recorder.

For the ending of our seminar course the group decided to put on the play 'The Little Prince' from the story by Antoine de Saint-Exupery. It seemed that we all suited the various characters rather well and the play was a real success! Friedrich played the lamplighter on the smallest planet which the Little Prince visited. If you know the story you may recall that his orders were to light his lamp at sunrise and extinguish it again at sunset. The Little

Prince reflects upon leaving that planet: "That man is the only inhabitant of the five planets I have visited who does not seem ridiculous! Perhaps that is because he is thinking of something else besides himself. It is the only man of them all whom I could have made my friend, but his planet is too small for two people."

Friedrich met Ingrid Sander in Camphill Murtle Estate, where he worked in his second year. They decided to marry and I was one of the witnesses at their wedding. The match of the philosopher cum gardener with a very community-minded and art loving Ingrid did not last long. However, they each found their life's partner later: Friedrich with Eli Witte in Thornbury and Ingrid with Lawrence Adler in Hermanus in South Africa.

In 1959 I was asked to join the pioneering group of co-workers in the Cape of Good Hope, South Africa, and it was only in 1975 that I met Friedrich again in Kings Langley, Hertfordshire. He had come from Norway following a call to present a viable proposal for the use of Paradise House and estate in the Cotswolds and had been successful with his bid.

As we were exchanging our news, Friedrich casually asked if we would like to join him and Eli in Paradise House. We accepted and spent a year with them in their pioneering situation. However, we had been apart for many years and had gathered our harvest of experiences in different countries and situations. So we parted company again, but became neighbours in 1979 when Christiane and I started work in William Morris House in the Severn Valley.

In the last few years I joined a group of friends reading and discussing Steiner's lectures on the gospels in Stroud. Here I could observe Friedrich's gentle mind and manner in helping our understanding of the subject, but never in a dominating way. I also met him at times in his treasured flower garden at his house in Painswick. It was his pride and joy!

Friedrich emanated spiritual strength, but also empathy in meeting whoever came to see him. I am thankful to have been one of his friends in this life.

**Michael Lauppe, William Morris Community, England**

### Karl Wilson

Karl Wilson died on Ash Wednesday, March 9, 2011. He was 54 years old. It was his day off and he was planning to go for lunch to his mother Sylvia (Bausman) who also lives in the Village. He had put out his clothes and the book that they had recently begun studying together and went to take a shower. He suffered an aneurysm to the main aorta and died instantly.

He was a modest, quiet, gentle person, filled with a certain quality of warmth, shyly held but ever-present. He had a slow blooming smile that sometimes blossomed into full radiance. And he had a keen sense of humor. Karl was very upright in his bearing, always meticulously groomed, always punctual and utterly reliable. He could be anxious before new steps; he could get rattled when

plans changed. It wasn't so easy for him to take initiative, to speak out or stand up for himself, to deal with too much complexity and innuendo.

Karl spent his whole adult life in Camphill, largely in Copake, but with some forays into the movement and beyond. He enjoyed traveling and had a good sense for when he needed a change, a new stimulation. So, over the years he spent a year in Cairnlee, one in the kitchen of Park Atwood, and one each in Duffcarrig, Mourne Grange and Clanabogan. His time in Ireland led to an abiding love for Irish music.

At some point Karl learned cooking and armed with his precious cookbooks full of his handwritten favorite recipes, he served as a much appreciated cook in many

village houses over the years. Then he became a driver and found his vocation in the Village. He took people to doctors' and dentist appointments, for shopping, to summer camp, to the train station and to the airports near and far; he did the weekly bread and cookie delivery to various shops. How many social encounters he had through this work! How much we valued and relied on him. And he did all this with much conscientiousness, a deep sense of responsibility and accomplishment.

Many of us only learned at his death that it was Karl's destiny that actually brought his mother to move the family to Camphill Village Copake when he was sixteen. Over the years he became the heart of their family, the one keeping in steady contact with his three brothers, his sister and his father through regular phone calls and visits. He became an ever-deeper friend, companion and help to his mother. And he was so pleased when he mastered the computer and the internet and gathered friends on Facebook.

Over the years Karl's confidence grew, his interests broadened and deepened.

He kept moving, growing beyond his limitations. Did he have an inner sense that his time was short? For just a year or so ago he decided to become a member of the Anthroposophical Society. He recently realized he was ready for a new challenge and volunteered to join the pioneers at the Ghent Elder Care Project, starting up next year. Just a week before his death he asked his mother to

study *Knowledge of the Higher Worlds* with him.

When he collected me on my return from India in the week before his death, he realized that he had forgotten to bring along my winter coat. He took off his and wrapped me in his mantle of warmth. Just two days before he died his beloved sister Frances paid an impromptu visit and when she arrived Karl gave her a hug unlike any given before – strong, deep and confident, laying his head upon her shoulder. The diffidence had gone. What an outpouring of love surrounded his passing! At the funeral the Hall filled with people from all over. He seemed to be weaving goodness, a rare openness, around us all. His gentle, innocent being touched so many hearts.



Karl

**Wanda Root, Camphill Village, Copake, NY**

## Patricia Jane Nichol Clark

Patricia was born the eldest of three children in Penang, Malaysia on February 11, 1948. After some years in special education, Patricia's family were told about Botton Village, where she went for two years. Patricia did not fully settle into Botton Village life. During her two years there she went to Aigues-Vertes, then back to Botton and from there to Ochil Tower in Perthshire, Scotland.

Patricia found her home at last in Mourne Grange, Northern Ireland, in 1976. She soon began to thrive and bring expression to her considerable skills and talents. Over time she became a weaver, potter, woodworker, musician, actress, dancer, artist and home helper. She had beautiful handwriting and wrote journals and cards, or took part in festive education courses.

Patricia had a love of the spoken word and enjoyed composing riddles and rhymes or testing how many foreign words she knew. She liked to pit her wit and wordsmithing skills against others.

Patricia also possessed a razor-sharp memory and would ask visitors or co-workers alike when their birthday and birth year was. In the blink of an eye she would have day, age, birthdate for you, and also other people born on that day. At times this exceptional memory was also distressing when she could not let go of past experiences which troubled her at night. Patricia struggled



Patricia

under her self-imposed routines and rituals. When these habits interfered with daily life, she could be challenging which demanded creative solutions to free her from her own constraints.

Patricia lived a rich, rewarding life. Once you had met her you would not forget her. All who knew her have their own story to tell. She was an interesting, sparkling, intriguing, entertaining and challenging personality who fully embraced all that Camphill is. In those who cared for her, Patricia awoke loyalty, patience, endurance, acceptance, tolerance, respect and ultimately love.

Patricia left Mourne Grange shortly after her sixtieth birthday which was celebrated in Dawn Hall. Her last

three years were spent in Kilbroney Nursing Home, Rostrevor where she shared a room with Mary Miskella, also from Mourne Grange. The advance of Alzheimer's disease released Patricia from the anxiety her habits had caused and she gracefully gave herself to an untroubled existence previously denied her.

Patricia died peacefully on Wednesday evening, March 9, 2011, followed five days later by Mary.

With our love to you Patricia, from Christina and all of us in Mourne Grange.

**Christina Ehrhardt (née Holbek)**

## Reflections at Whitsun: a year after Friedwart Bock's death

*Nora Bock, Camphill Rudolf Steiner Schools Aberdeen, Scotland*

Today, searching for words to characterize last year's event I find myself supported by a peaceful dance of buzzards in a blue sky, creating their widening circular path as a sign to me to now complement the picture of the young teacher of St. John's School, radiating intense joy by addressing his class of eight year olds with his humbly spoken voice, warm and low. His was a quiet inner joy with which he opened up the wonders of the world in its diversity – stones, plants, animals, bones, clouds, stars, music, a birthday or a joke – everything could give rise to joy in recognition of its divine origin. This quiet joy would eventually grow into an ever deepening faithfulness to others as well as to the spiritual world. As teacher of an inclusive school he showed us how to pay attention to the smallest thing – he applied his practical skills to amazing repairs, and he shared his responsibility for matters material and immaterial with us as privileges and joyful community experiences.

Among the very many qualities Friedwart contributed to our community was his relation to time, and he would never fail to encourage our interest in the past, nor our responsibility to the future. As for the present...who of us has not occasionally been puzzled by his near invisible response to our multitude of requests only to be gratefully stunned by a positive answer on the following day (both pertinent and well researched)? After having spent nearly sixty years in Camphill the weight

of awareness for the flow of time in the course of the world as well as in Camphill began to tell on his strength and health, yet this did not prevent him from walking the extra mile whenever he could, nor from deepening his faithfulness and following his voice of conscience. Thus he could still accompany the celebration of Camphill's seventieth birthday which he had waited so long for, and prepare the translation for one of Karl König's lectures for publication on the very last day, the end of a long road of loyalty to the Camphill founding members. An early morning call from Michael set him free on the most joyful of days, Whitsunday 2010, when the stars confirmed the moment and his true name could sound. The funeral became a moving celebration of triumph, an experience of communion, joy and music, embracing many more than could physically be present. May we, aware of the serious challenge of our time, remain faithful to the memory of this event as a renewing force of joy and trust, as true preparers of community building with one another in the future. For this as well as for his life among us, we owe Friedwart Johannes our deep gratitude.

My very sincere thanks to all who put their appreciation for Friedwart in writing. The many condolences were a heart-warming gift spanning many months. Even after such a long time I am as yet not able to find the right words of gratitude. *With warm greetings, Nora*

### Other friends who have died

We would like to inform you that **Denise Stein**, one of the first residents of Hermannsberg, died on February 17, 2011 in the hospital in Überlingen. She was 64.

*Martin Henrich*

**Jan Niklas Drosel** passed away peacefully on 24 February 2011. He was only 23 years old. Since 2007 he had been living and working in our community. Unfortunately he had leukemia, for many years everybody believed that he had beat it; but then the sickness came back, more powerful than before. He died in his mother's arms. Jan Niklas, we miss you...

*Leonie Frenkert-Ghazi, Camphill Community Sellen*

**Margaret Hughes**, a villager at Newton Dee in Scotland, died at 7.45 pm on Saturday 12 March 2011. She died here in Newton Dee after cancer was diagnosed just two weeks previously. Margaret was born on 20 February 1960 and came to live in Newton Dee as a child with her mother, father and sister in the 60s. The family returned to London after two years, but after her father's death, Margaret returned to Newton Dee with her mother, Daisy, and sister, Ingrid. Margaret and Ingrid attended the Camphill Schools in Aberdeen and Margaret went to Blair Drummond for her trainee years. In 1980 Margaret decided to return to Newton Dee and has lived here ever since, becoming a valued member of the community. She was a much appreciated member of the bakery team and developed many friendships in the community. In

her last days she was able to speak about her memories as well as thoughts about what lay ahead of her and of old friends and family that she would meet again beyond the threshold. Margaret leaves many friends with fond memories of her in our community. *Alan Brown*

We wish to inform you that **Patricia Clarke** died peacefully shortly after seven o'clock on the evening of 9 March. She had been ill over Christmas and had received the last anointing. Patricia was sixty-three years old and had lived in Mourne Grange for over twenty-five years. Patricia was the first to be buried in Mourne Grange Chapel garden. Her obituary is on page 7. *Andy Sargent*

In late February **Sakari Juola**, a teacher of our school in Sylvia Koti and Community member, and our friend and former co-worker **Hermann Rouvali** died in a car accident. *Matti Tuovinen*

On Friday 25 March **Steven Swann** died in Daisy Hill Hospital, Newry, after a long period of ill health. Steven (11/1/1957) was 54 years old and lived in Camphill in Northern Ireland for forty years. Steven lived in Glenraig from the age of nine in 1966 until 1986, and then he was in Mourne Grange until 2006 when his health needs caused him to move to a local nursing home. Steven had a good sense of humour and enjoyed life in Camphill.

*Andy Sargent*

# News from the Movement...and beyond

## A spirit of enquiry:

Reflections from the gathering in Thornbury on Camphill Essentials, April 11–15, 2011

*Peter Bateson, Thornbury town, England*

It was a great joy to me personally to return to the Sheiling School Thornbury after an absence of three years to take part in what for me was an unmissable event and to experience afresh the ravishing beauty of Thornbury Park estate in all its spring glory, a deeply therapeutic environment which my wife and I were lucky enough to call home for thirty-three years. It was also moving to see how the school is still going through the birth pangs of its own future, after the recent drawing to a close of a previous era in its Camphill history. It is heartening to see that all the work and commitment of the past fifty-eight years are recognised as having created what is there now, and the new circle of people working in the place are committed to building on this together and moving forward in a way which meets the needs of present and future tasks.

A younger member of that new circle of co-workers who happens to be both resident and salaried said early in the first plenum words to the effect that 'I am devoted and dedicated to the work I am doing with the children and young people, but I sense that there is an 'order' in Camphill which lies behind the work, about which I know nothing, and about which I want to know' (my paraphrase). I personally found this a key statement of the gathering because many people present would have echoed these thoughts. Not only that, it actually brought us full circle in the end because the outcome of the gathering was a freely agreed, and freely and openly offered 'ethical statement' concerning the importance of the ideals and essentials of Camphill in the outer work and manifestations of the places in the movement. The statement was penned in one of the working groups on the last morning and shared and discussed in the final plenum before being agreed as a keynote of the gathering which should be brought back as a renewed stimulus to the ongoing striving and dialogue in the different communities.

It is very important that the open gesture of sharing the fruit of a working process is not misconstrued as if attempting to impose some form of new definition or memorandum. Above all else, the statement emphasises 'the spirit of enquiry'. Camphill ideals, first principles or essentials, however one might like to describe them, are there to be discovered by anyone who wishes to find out. They are the historical foundations for the whole biography of the Camphill movement in all its forms, and they are carried in the hearts and minds of a very great number of people who feel wholeheartedly committed to carrying them forward into the future as their innermost inspiration and motivation, working constantly and actively to develop, shape and transform the outer expression of these ideal principles in the professional fields of education, social care and support, therapy, agriculture, horticulture, social enterprise and many other activities. The ethical statement is not a Memorandum, or a fixed document, but it IS in essence a statement of

belief, conviction, decision and intent. Every single word has been carefully chosen and has its own significance.

*As change is inevitable, what will be essential for a place to be a Camphill community is the active presence of Camphill co-workers. The Camphill co-worker is a free individual who feels connected to and committed to the ongoing development of the historical founding impulses and ideals of Camphill, which arise from and are furthered by interest and a spirit of enquiry, personally and shared with others.*

Alongside this, but not part of the statement itself, was a clear agreement that the following needs to happen in order for any activity to be considered a Camphill endeavour. This was written on a chart and these are more or less exactly the words used, but the precise wording was not discussed further or agreed as a direct communication.

1. *There needs to be a clear and defined space of reflection and communication in which Camphill co-workers (as defined above) are included.*
2. *The voice of the Camphill co-workers should be allowed to sound.*
3. *The voice of the Camphill co-workers should be listened to.*
4. *The voice of the Camphill co-workers should have a direct and tangible influence on the life, working practice and ongoing development of the endeavour.*

Furthermore, we discussed at length what we actually mean by a Camphill co-worker. In essence we agreed that a Camphill co-worker can be ANYONE who is ACTIVELY engaged in an ethically based endeavour and who works conscientiously out of the sources of inspiration and guidance to be found in the essential ideals and impulses of Camphill.

This includes resident and non-resident people, salaried and non-salaried, and vulnerable people who receive support within a community or endeavour. It also includes anyone in 'active retirement', meaning that they are still clearly interested and involved in the community or endeavour in some way and have not made a conscious decision to withdraw. The question of whether or not a board member or trustee could be included in this definition was raised but was not discussed and consequently left open. In this regard it is fortuitous that already in June there will be the international board members' meeting, Camphill Dialogue, in Sylvia-koti, Finland, with the same theme, 'What are the essentials of Camphill and how do they find expression'.

In the Thornbury gathering we came to a general agreement that if all the conditions referred to above were in place, and a group of people were working together in this way, then an endeavour could justifiably call itself Camphill; if not then the name Camphill would be considered inappropriate and inapplicable. We agreed

that it is the responsibility of those actively involved in an endeavour to GENERATE the Camphill ethos, culture and practice in the work they do, through commitment to and a spirit of enquiry into the historical founding ideals of Camphill and their continuous evolution towards the future.

I think this was a really positive outcome to the event, which was notable for the immediate sense of warm mutual recognition between all the generations present; the openness, listening, communication and co-operation which informed all our time together. Being a Camphill gathering it was also remarkable for the extent of new encounters and new friendships formed (I think there might even have been a budding romance!). We worked hard with focus and concentration but we also had plenty of opportunities for convivial meals, coffee-break chats, a lot of fun and a good laugh, sometimes topped

off with an ice-cold beer, all of which in my eyes at least are expressions of the essentials of Camphill in our time.

My heartfelt gratitude goes to all the members of the organising committee who have done a great deed for all of us in Camphill. I have no doubt that 2011 will be looked back on as a memorable turning point in our biography as a movement.

*After thirty-three years as a teacher, houseparent and management group member in the Sheiling School Thornbury, along with extensive involvements in the Camphill movement, Peter worked for a year in the mainstream social care sector, followed by two years working in various ways as a salaried co-worker for Camphill St. Albans. In May he takes up his new role as Development Co-ordinator for Camphill Foundation UK and Ireland.*

## The meeting of the waters: Camphill Ghent

*Penny Baring, Copake, United States*

What is in a name? In ancient times a name contained the inner power over that which bore the name. Hence 'spelling' or knowing how to create the name, gave one the power of someone, cast a 'spell' over him. Nowadays we sometimes use names unthinkingly without any reference to their source or origin.

When the new Camphill Elder Project close to Camphill Village Copake in New York State had to be incorporated a name had to be found. Under pressure a temporary name was given: *Camphill Ghent*. This was because our land happened to be on the outskirts of the Town of Ghent, which is a rather straggling settlement of homes and businesses along Route 66 south of the much more defined Village of Chatham, which lies to the north. To us 'Ghent' was a kind of non-name to begin with.

However, out of curiosity we began to do some research. This settlement was founded on April 3, 1818, taking its name from Ghent in the Netherlands (now Belgium). Its local name was 'Squampamock'. Interestingly both names have the same meaning. Squampamock means the meeting of the waters, as does the Celtic name 'Ganda', which is the origin of the name Ghent. Both Ghent in Europe and Ghent in New York are at the confluence of two rivers.

So we received a certain legal baptism and a name. We were Camphill Ghent.

Then, last November we received a different legacy. Christl Bender lent to Joan Allen a book about the famous Ghent Altarpiece. The Ghent Altarpiece was painted by the Flemish painter Jan van Eyck. It was completed in 1432, being one of the earliest examples of painting done in oil colours. The altarpiece is comprised of 24 framed scenes on folded panels. Central is the adoration of the Mystic Lamb, a huge landscape of the Lamb of God upon an altar with blood flowing from its pierced side into a chalice. In front of this is the fountain of life, its water flowing onto the green flower-studded grass. Behind is the city of the New Jerusalem and in the four quarters crowds of the faithful paying homage.

This painting has had a dramatic history, having been the object of national rivalry for centuries. It has been

stolen countless times. During the Second World War it was removed to the south of France to keep it safe from the Nazis. However they managed to track it down, following Hitler's policy of gathering all the best of European art for the glorification of his European vision. The Ghent Altarpiece was first taken to Neuschwanstein in Bavaria and eventually was hidden with thousands of other pieces of art deep in salt mines near Salzburg, Austria.

When it was recovered through the courage of both Austrian resistance fighters and a team on the side of the Allies it was returned to Belgium and eventually to the cathedral of St. Bavo in Ghent, its original home. Thus this work of art became a symbol of freedom and peace at the end of a long and bitter war.

One of those who made a pilgrimage to see it was Paul Allen. Joan still has the notes of lectures he gave on the imagery of the different panels with particular reference to its Rosicrucian iconography. Another visitor was Carlo Pietzner who was himself an artist. Carlo took the images deeply into himself. Through him they flowed into the image-stream of Camphill. On the frontispiece of the Community Brown Book containing the First Memorandum and other guiding thoughts of the Camphill Community Carlo's drawing of the Roman Fountain appears. Clearly it derives from Van Eyck's Fountain of Life whose waters flow into the world.

Carlo moved to America and helped to found the Village of Copake. He and Joan Allen co-operated to design and build Fountain Hall. Above the altar in the hall is a stained glass window, which Carlo designed and Carl Wolf executed. We see the Lamb of God upon an altar with its blood flowing into the ether sphere of the earth.

Another significant image in the main panel of the Ghent Altarpiece is that of the dove descending from the sun. The descending dove as image of the Holy Spirit appears in many forms as a Camphill icon. It also appears in the image of the Seventh Seal by Rudolf Steiner, the New Jerusalem.

On 30 June 1968 Carlo gave a significant community lecture called 'The Building Impulse of the First Goe-

theanum as Manifestation of Metamorphoses'. In this intimate lecture he described the First Goetheanum as a path of initiation from the dove to the New Jerusalem: another weaving of the same archetypes. The invisible waters of the spirit flow into the life-water of the world.

And now from the efforts of those of us based in Copake a new community is being founded at the confluence of these waters. It is no longer surprising that it is called

Camphill Ghent. Perhaps it will not achieve the status of the New Jerusalem, but it will be an attempt on earth to be a place worthy of humanity.

*Penny has been a co-worker in Camphill since 1970, mostly in Copake. She has been involved in the Camphill work in India since 1990. Presently her main task in Copake is as the director of their training course in Social Therapy.*

## **Peregrinus, a school for wandering youth: one year – seven steps into the world toward yourself**

**Gábor László Györffy, Velum, Hungary**

**D**ear Camphill communities,  
*I am one of the founders of the first Hungarian children's Camphill in Velem. We are launching an opportunity for all youth in secondary school up to the age of 20. Hereby I send the invitation for the Peregrinus School for Wandering Youth in English. In case you know a young individual for whom our Peregrinus initiative may be a vital step; a school, a youth organization or a teacher, who could help the youth to get to know about this opportunity, please send them our invitation. In case you or your community would consider becoming a Friend of Peregrinus, or you could give us suggestions or have questions, please write to us or call us. I am more than glad to consult about opportunities of co-operation.*

*Yours Sincerely, Gábor László Györffy*

We are cordially inviting about 30 to 40 young men and women from Europe to spend a challenging, enlivening, eventful year in Hungary.

### **Why the invitation?**

Because the state of our world and the state of our human body, soul and spirit needs urgent, deep attention and reconsideration. Because the education we need for the future is not simply a matter of absorbing names, dates, facts, languages. One has to go deeper now: bringing things together within ourselves, discovering the previously hidden connections between them, even as one makes personal links between them and oneself.

When a young person (between the age of 18 and 20) leaves high school they stand before the first, decisive gate and threshold of his/her young, brave life. This is a pure moment: space and time widens for entrance into the future. All their studies, experiences now concentrate around a barely but unmistakably perceived inkling in their being: I step onto my own life path now.

How to choose? How to decide? Young people today store up theoretic knowledge, an amazing amount of information – but does all this lead them towards the reality of the world and the reality of their own being? Universities can be great, old, venerated institutions – but are they still 'universal'? Or merely diploma-mills? What about tradesmen, craftsmen, do they carry the enormous value of human handwork in their consciousness? Or do they choose manual work out of a sense of failure: I am not smart enough for a white collar job?

### **Why do I really choose what I choose?**

The dreams of parents? The social status of fashionable and well paid positions? Or do I just make a rushed

final decision the last night before the final admittance date expires? Possibly influenced by the social mantra of: with such good grades, you cannot possibly plan to become a mere carpenter!

There are those whose mind is made up now, they step into a certain direction – then, after one or two decades, they suddenly or slowly discover what they really wanted.

There are those who at present don't see any opportunity for themselves in the forms offered to them. They cannot or will not choose as yet – perhaps they do not feel ready for a choice. There are those who knock tentatively on doors but the door remains closed.

And there are those who want to look, to see, to experience, to try their brains and bodies. They want something different, in a different way. They want to experience truth in their learning and in their life with others. They want the beauty of truth in their life and possibly create out of this something beneficial for the earth and humanity. They want new craftsmanship, perhaps new, never heard of professions for themselves. They seem to feel the seed-power of such possibilities in their being.

They want their own, unique task in life, their mission perhaps. In past ages young people took to the road in Europe, carried tools and letters of introductions, blessings of teachers and parents, and started a veritable pilgrimage of life. They were wanderers, peregrinators. They spent a year or two in foreign lands, encountered strangers who spoke foreign languages, they found masters of trades, scholars, artists. They lived with them, worked with them, acquired new habits, spoke one or more new languages. They returned to their homeland with rich soul-content, they were 'reborn' for their chosen life task.

### **They were Peregrinuses!**

Life – vocation – destiny: these mighty connections came alive for their mind and soul. Today there are no more organised systems for such extensions of education. Today every individual has to invite him/herself for such a journey.

If a young person hears this invitation, he or she can answer this inner call and earn the right to experience, live, suffer, overcome, develop – as never before. For today new ways of development become possible for body, mind and spirit. You can travel to inner and outer lands and realities simultaneously, and when you return home, you also return home to your innermost, deeply unique individuality. Out of that source, you may become able to serve, form, create, change, elevate your human world.

For those who stand before this journey, we offer the Peregrinus School. We offer to be witness and company for a year of inner/outer schooling. Our meeting place is a magically pure and beautiful region of western Hungary, the rural area called Guardian, near the Austrian and Slovenian border. Ispank is the name of the small village (with 116 inhabitants) surrounded by woodlands and pasture; its air and waters are wonderfully clean – there is no industrial activity in the area. Our wanderers will eat and sleep in the Arcanum Guesthouse, get together for study, conversation and work in the Arcanum School.

We plan to take seven steps in our year. In September, December, March and June we meet to live and work together for four to five weeks. After such a period, our wanderers will disperse in the world: in Hungary and in other nearby countries for eight weeks of practical work in different areas: factories, family farms, art studios, etc. These weeks give opportunities for looking and finding, for research, for meeting new areas of life, work and being.

The four great heartbeats of our one-year-long work finds culmination in the summer of 2012. At that time everyone can prepare his or her 'masterpiece' of the year, which can be shared and discussed in community. This is already the octave: in the fulfillment one can sense the signs of a new possible start in the wider world.

To give you a taste of what is to come: at our first meetings before the actual one-year-long course starts, we will work out a suitable form and rhythm for our life and work together. The Peregrinus group will be asked not only to stay in Ispank, but to become part of the village life. Together we will look around and find areas where our presence, our work can become meaningful for others.

The process of learning and recognition will consist of four great steps:

In September: *Reading our age and our world events*. Our personal questions, plans, dilemmas. Man and technology. Man and the development of consciousness. Enterprises, psychobiographies. History and a new historical consciousness. Man and earth. Man and nature. The fountain of all cultures: agri-culture – to heal our soil, air and water world. Art work: observation exercises, drawing, clay-work, architecture.

In December: *Man and Humanity*. World history and present world politics, viewed in the development

of human consciousness through the ages. Man and macrocosm, the process of birth/entering the world. Art work: painting, choir singing, performance of the Oberufer nativity play.

In March: *The metamorphosis*. The process of change in the world of man and matter. A course in nutrition. The forces of metamorphosis in nature and in human nature (in the spirit of J. W. Goethe). Art work: the art of speech, oratory, preparation and presentation of the Parsifal drama.

In June: *Pentecost, St. John imagination*: to become one, to become whole! Destiny learning in individual and social life. The destiny features of various crafts, industries, creativity, innovations, planning and executing. The task of our present age. Review of past work, experiences – harvest of the year up to August 2012. Art work: community music and eurythmy, synthesis of the art work.

### **The carriers of the *Peregrinus-year*:**

Gábor László Györffy – 43 years old, economist, curative educator, managing director of the regional development agency in Western Hungary (1999–2007), experienced in working with young people from 14 to 28 years of age.

Suzanne Bistey – 62 years old, clinical psychologist, destiny advisor, deep experience in psycho-social developmental projects in South Africa, The United States and, in the last 20 years in Hungary.

Your interest, your questions, your presence is gladly welcomed:

Peregrinus School for Wandering Youths

Arcanum Foundation

H-9941 Ispánk Nyugati szer 2

Tel (Suzanne Bistey): 06-94/428-831

Tel (Gábor László Györffy): 06-30/22-77-555

The language of the Peregrinus Year will be English – with Hungarian translation when needed. The costs of the Peregrinus Year are under development now, as two proposals for co-financing the Peregrinus Year will be decided upon by the end of May. Interested applicants are kindly asked to consult the organizers.

[www.arkanum.hu](http://www.arkanum.hu)

E-mail: [gyorffylaszlogabor@t-online.hu](mailto:gyorffylaszlogabor@t-online.hu)  
and [postmaster@arkanumvendeghaz.t-online.hu](mailto:postmaster@arkanumvendeghaz.t-online.hu)

## **Reviews**

### **Two reviews of the Botton Village production of Rudolf Steiner's Second Mystery Drama 'The Trial of the Soul'**

It is 1911 and the Second Mystery Drama is being published in Germany by Rudolf Steiner. In the same year Steiner meets Franz Kafka, he nurses his very ill wife back to health and publishes the Soul Calendar Verses. Eurythmy is about to be born and in the artistic world, Kandinsky, with a copy of Rudolf Steiner's book *The Philosophy of Freedom* in his pocket, is trying very hard to paint 'the spiritual in art', willing this elusive subject into picture form.

In the same year another picture is painted in the Second Mystery Drama, also with an artist. Johannes is trying to paint the spiritual in art helped by and through the love of his friend and soul mate, Maria. The play begins by describing the despair of soul in thought of Professor Capesius, the abandonment of the spirit by the industrialist Dr. Strader and the frustration of Johannes as Maria withdraws her love for fear of hindering his artistic brilliance.

A hundred years later the play becomes alive once again as a thirteen-scene production entitled 'The Trial of the Soul' played in the Joan of Arc Hall at Botton Village in North Yorkshire. Directed by Richard Ramsbotham, performed by Botton co-workers, villagers and friends, the eurythmy stage group and the students of the Camphill Eurythmy School, this Second Mystery Drama is a feast for the eye and the ear, even if it is five hours long! The stage set by Pauline Brown with the Knights Templar Castle is magnificent in that the audience is drawn up to its heights and we secretly wonder if there is a way in.

Looking at this journey into the castle it is perhaps shocking to learn that the people of the locality are deeply divided by the outspoken anger of the Abbot of the local Catholic monastery. He screams heresy at The Knights Templar who are healers and educators, who since the Crusades have threatened the Church's authority. This the play shows very clearly. It is interesting to note that those who have been educated and healed by the Templars are, using the skills taught to them by the knights, about to destroy the order. They have become individuals. The Botton community played this scene convincingly.

How is this in a Camphill context you are moved to ask, in this village community setting? Are those who have learned at its table about to overthrow the community they love? The dialogue of the play explains a central tenet that through our actions in past lives consequences have to be met and dealt with – not living up to challenges is a very strong thread through the drama, for the Templar Knights are painted as suffering the consequences of running away from life's daily demands.

This is an intimate production, one not without its homespun struggles of bringing orchestra, lighting and speech and drama together – an enormous undertaking for a working village community and much admired for the endeavour.

It has been said that if all the lectures, books and work of anthroposophy were to disappear except for the four Mystery Dramas the core of its knowledge and understanding would still be there. Well, this production in Botton Village demonstrated that fact in generous

measure and special thanks to the production team who organised so much from meals to ticketing accommodation. After all five hours needs refreshments!

**Vivian Griffiths, Graythwaite, England**

*Vivian has lived in a number of Camphill communities, including Botton, Larchfield, and Stourbridge. He and his wife Lesley currently live in the Lake District in England and welcome visitors and holiday-makers. Contact Vivian at vivangriffiths@talktalk.net.*

**A** deed! A deed of endeavour, commitment and achievement; a team effort that deserves high praise. In a time of increasing strangulation through regulation, of progressive reduction of human values, Botton Village in their performance of the Second Mystery Drama gave us true nourishment of soul, a deeply stirring and challenging rendering of this demanding play, which strips players and audience alike layer by layer, asking: do you know yourself?

In the unfolding of the stories of the lives of the characters whom we had met already in the first play, we are confronted with aspects of ourselves, being relentlessly searched and questioned how seriously we are prepared to take our lives, our destinies, our tasks in the evolution of the world.

There is also comfort, promise of redemption and fulfilment, and repeated glimpses of a vista where we have through steadfastness and selflessness reached an understanding of the all-embracing love and compassion that surrounds us.

I am profoundly grateful for the time, effort and sheer hard work which made this possible. I hope that all those who contributed to the production will continue to nourish this flame and will bring to us in time the third play.

**Anna Smith, Larchfield, England**

*Anna has lived and worked in Botton and then in Larchfield for many years.*

## **Sacred light – An exhibition by Greg Tricker in Gloucester Cathedral**

**Georg Schad, Ringwood, England**

**A** child was conceived during a time of terrible conflict. A year later when the child was born it found itself as an orphan in an unfamiliar place, an 'enemy alien'. Poverty, loneliness and hope lived in his tender breast. His guardian angel kept him from harm and spread his sheltering wings over his childhood. Yet a conventional life was not for him, depending on the mercy and goodwill of those around. The restrictions of the past were sprung open, and a breath of fresh air suddenly brought the world into its orbit. Hundreds of souls were drawn to this being that tentatively had to tread the ground of an unknown soil. From the least to the enlightened all made their appearance. It was a challenging time where the language had to be re-discovered in unfamiliar circumstances. The more the child grew and blossomed the more souls he drew towards him. Step by step they learned to know them-

selves and thus to accept their destinies. They all grew well in his presence.

It belongs to this world that where there is light the dark will not be far. The spiritual origin of this child drew to himself also the powers of darkness – and darkness always wins – up to a point. Yes, Kaspar was murdered, the innocent 'child of middle Europe'. In his flowering he was cut down, in his purity he was robbed of his place in a society that no longer wanted to know him. The light of his life was extinguished, leaving behind deep pain and grief. His adversaries had taken his body. Yet what did his spirit do, did it leave us for good? Whatever pain it suffers, a being no longer tied to his body is free to inspire others who may be open to his message of love and purity, of innocence and sensitivity.

'Grace and truth' were the words which Sister Wendy Beckett ended her short address with when she opened



*Kaspar and the Horse, Greg Tricker, stone carving*

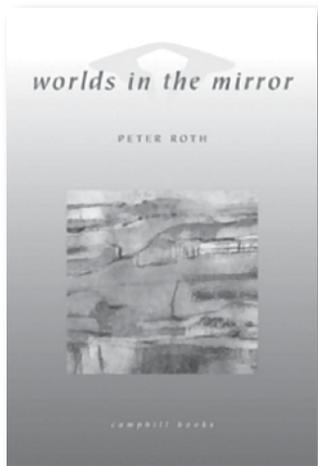
the exhibition of Greg Tricker's 'Sacred Light' in Gloucester Cathedral on 4 March 2011. Referring to the exhibition she said that all true art contains beauty, grace and truth. The evening began with Evensong, with prayers and a beautiful piece by Sir John Tavener 'In You, O Woman full of Grace' which filled the cathedral with glorious sounds. A sudden memory came to me that Sir John's music graced Camphill's fiftieth anniversary in the Festival Hall in London, October 1990. At this performance of 'The protecting veil' Sir John Tavener was present. Since that time the veil is torn between our troubled world of today and the sacred light from the realm in which we could find Kaspar Hauser. Again and

again we are allowed to see glimpses of that light from the realm of living beings. What a joy it was to see Greg's superbly carved image of Joseph of Arimathea in the boat on his way to these shores. Again my memory broke through when we graced our new Thorn Hall in Thornbury, with all our children in a play of Joseph of Arimathea planting his thorny staff where now Thorn Hall stands.

Then I went pondering and wandering through the cloister of the cathedral and found water playing in a flow form, rhythmically flowing to and fro like 'living water'. Nearby I found the image of 'Christ with the Woman of Samaria', whom many of us older ones know so well from Dr. König's Saturday Play. Special too were many images of saints painted on old doors, reminding one of Christ's saying 'I am the door'. Again and again I found images of Kaspar Hauser – many of which we saw at our Community meetings at Botton Hall. This indeed gave me hope that the spirit of Kaspar Hauser lives on and cannot be destroyed.

*Georg Schad came to Camphill in 1956 to train in Curative Education. Since then he has worked within the movement, spending the last sixteen years in Ringwood with a focus on Colour Light Therapy.*

\* \* \*



**Worlds in the Mirror**

**Peter Roth**

**461 pages,  
Camphill Books  
(August 2007)**

**ISBN: 1897839219**

**B**efore his book was published I was asked to write a review – and received an advance copy. When I read it I was overwhelmed by it. I said, I could not – who can read all this without having

known him? It is so personal and intimate, I thought, that one would have to have lived in his atmosphere to understand his writing.

I received a strong rebuke from the publisher; I even was asked to return my advance copy (which I did not), implying I broke a promise. I hereby make good on it:

Some years have passed, and I checked on my emotive response. I have to admit that I wanted to 'own' Peter, because of my close and intimate connection to him. After a conversation with a dear friend who equally made a connection to him (as have many others) I was lifted out of my subjective feeling towards Peter. The book is

indeed overwhelming because Peter's contributions have been 'wrung' out of his heart. It is as if they are only meant for YOU, for the individual reader. They speak so directly to the individual, that one has the 'feeling' they cannot possibly be understood by someone else.

In that sense these contributions are like the Soul Calender mantra. You have to bring them to life in your self – and they have the capacity to do just that. Peter was a heart person who struggled to find words to communicate his heart-insights to his fellow human being, who (the human being) at the same time was the inspiration for all he undertook in his writings. These writings were born out of real life situations Botton Village found itself in at the time. But then, these life situations are not only peculiar to this one place. Because of the special constellation of people and the social forms prevailing in that place at that time, these generally human life-situations were amplified. Peter had the capacity to raise these situations into his heart-thinking – and thereby make them 'objective', describe, and challenge his fellow co-workers to do something about them, as evolving human beings. And this is the rub: so often these situations demand an answer from me and you. He points towards a new Christianity, the new religion Steiner talks about, which is realised and being revealed in our dealings from human being towards human being.

Peter's warmth was not humid-tropical – this warmth was kindled by his struggle of witnessing and under-

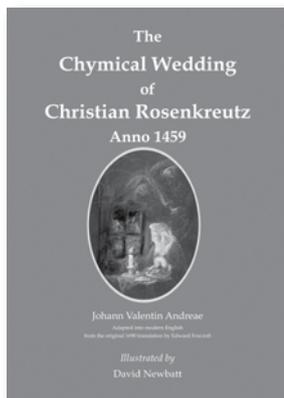
standing through Spiritual Science the many human failings in the social context he found himself in; at the same time he, in all humility, presented tools for curative life-sharing. And if you knew him, he included himself in these failings. He suffered the situations like anyone else. If you cannot acknowledge that 'you and I are also part of any social problem', you will find it hard to understand Peter's contributions – you and I put yourself/myself 'outside' his 'understanding'. This is what I tried to indicate above with the word 'intimate' – he touches me, to the extent that I have to blush now and again when reading in the book.

At one time, and I was witness to this, he was asked not to give a lecture for an important event, because 'nobody can understand you any more'. It was an incident that came close to censorship. In hindsight, I believe his contributions were at times 'too close to ones skin'.

Having the above in mind I warmly recommend the book, and wish it many readers. Read these contributions one at a time – you might find that they resonate in your own heart and act like a compost for your own sociability. Peter once told me, do not quote me – implying: make something out of my contribution.

**Christoph Jensen,  
West Coast Village, South Africa**

*Christoph spent ten years in Botton Village as a farmer. In 1980 he went with his family to Hermanus, South Africa to help establish the farm there; and in 1985 the family went to Camphill Village West Coast. Christoph is a house-leader and Land-manager there.*



**The Chymical Wedding  
of Christian Rosenkreutz  
Anno 1459**  
by Johannes Valentin Andreae  
Illustrated by David Newbatt  
**Hardcover, 408 pages,  
Wynstones Press  
ISBN: 9780946206681**

The Chymical Wedding of Christian Rosenkreutz written by Johann Valentin Andreae in the beautiful German university town of Tübingen and published in Strasbourg 1616

was the third of the Rosicrucian documents published between 1614–1616. Since its publication it has been a source of inspiration, wonder, meditation and puzzlement for generations.

In this beautiful book David Newbatt has over years illustrated (conté pastels on black paper) the main stages of the journey of the hero of this story. It is rich in symbolism and indeed direct experiences which through the drawings become more accessible to the reader. My initial doubt about the success of this grand exercise soon vanished as I 'moved' from picture to picture. Revising the text into more modern English has certainly added to the beauty of this publication.

I can only recommend this book to new and old friends of the Chymical Wedding.

**Bernhard Menzinger, Camphill School, Aberdeen**

*Bernhard is a teacher and administrator.*

If you live in a Camphill community you can order this book from David Newbatt ([djnewbatt@gmail.com](mailto:djnewbatt@gmail.com)) at a special discount rate of £40, otherwise from Wynstones Press ([info@wynstonespress.com](mailto:info@wynstonespress.com)) for £50 in 2011, and £60 thereafter. Postage will be added.

## Paraprosookians

**Contributed by Ayesha Gordon, Adelaide, Australia**

*A paraprosookian (from the Greek meaning beyond expectation) is a figure of speech in which the latter part of a sentence or phrase is surprising or unexpected in a way that causes the reader or listener to reframe or reinterpret the first part. It is frequently used for humorous or dramatic effect, sometimes producing an anticlimax.*

The voices in my head may not be real,  
but they have some good ideas!

Always borrow money from a pessimist.  
He won't expect it back.

Hospitality: making your guests feel like they're at  
home, even if you wish they were.

Some cause happiness wherever they go.  
Others whenever they go.

I used to be indecisive. Now I'm not sure.

A bank is a place that will lend you money,  
if you can prove that you don't need it.

I saw a woman wearing a sweat shirt with "Guess" on  
it... so I said "Implants?"

Why does someone believe you when you say there are  
four billion stars, but check when you say the paint is  
wet?

Why do Americans choose from just two people  
to run for president and 50 for Miss America?

When tempted to fight fire with fire, remember  
that the Fire Department usually uses water.

Nostalgia isn't what it used to be.

Some people hear voices. Some see invisible people.  
Others have no imagination whatsoever.

A bus is a vehicle that runs twice as fast when you are  
after it as when you are in it.

Change is inevitable, except from a vending machine.

## Letters

Dear Editor,

We at Sadhana Village have always enjoyed reading *Camphill Correspondence*. On our own I wonder if we could have paid the subscription; but a friend from Copake has been paying it for us for more than a decade!

We are very concerned about the magazine's financial woes and hope that you'll overcome these soon.

We'd like to make a small contribution with a plan. We know that there are a number of people who would like to visit India and may be in need of a quiet place to stay for a few days at the beginning or at the end of their sojourn in India. Sadhana Village can provide such a place near Pune city. Pune incidentally is just three hours' drive from Mumbai International Airport. We can assist in making reservations for further journeys in India. People who subscribe to the *Camphill Correspondence* or contribute to its fund can avail of free food and stay with Sadhana Village for a period of about a week. They would need to be sponsored by the *Camphill Correspondence*. There are no hidden costs involved in any of the services provided. *Thank you.* **Vasant Deshpande**

Sadhana Village, 1, Priyankit, Lokmanya Colony, Opp. Vanaz, Pune 411038 India;  
(91) 20 25381112 or 9689917060; [www.sadhana-village.org](http://www.sadhana-village.org)

Dear Editor,

I wrote to Bianca [Subscriptions] explaining in more detail why The Sheiling has cancelled its *Camphill Correspondence* subscription. The Finance Office will probably say we are cancelling because we can no longer afford it but the fact is that almost everyone here is now employed and takes responsibility for their own spiritual-cultural life and that is the appropriate way to pay for it – individually.

I did announce the change throughout the community but I suspect that no one else has subscribed besides myself. It is hardly read any longer. This may be just a Sheiling phenomenon – we have very many people here now who don't personally connect to *Camphill* – but one of our 'elders' did remark on the content, "It's all obituaries now," and, while this may not be entirely true, the magazine does seem to be a lot about the past. When it is contemporary, I always wish it would be more joyous, more humorous, more 'from heart to heart' (there was a recent example, Ann Hoyland's article about the possible Thornbury old folks' home).

Being an editor, you may say, "Well, start the ball rolling, then." Instead, I'd like to say the unthinkable, "Could the *Correspondence* have had its day?" It has long outlived *The Cresset*, its predecessor, and these days there are several other publications from various *Camphill* sources, which have a – for our times – pleasingly more casual format and are very eye-catching. Is the *Camphill Correspondence* being read by anyone other than the oldies and long-established, do you think? And perhaps in the newer, more far-flung places? Please let me know what you think.

**Christopher Kidman, Ringwood, England**

*Ed: The Camphill Correspondence aims to meet a different need to the other magazines; the possibility of going into issues and anthroposophy in more depth, connecting to the wellsprings of Camphill.*

It was heartening and interesting to read the different responses to your recent letter...Perhaps you could consider four issues a year with a seasonal theme and contributions? But please *not* (as some readers have suggested) an online version. Wishing you well in your endeavours.

**Christine Thompson, Camphill Bookshop**

Dear Editor,

I have lots of questions about *Camphill Correspondence*. I also have a lot of ideas about what is needed. I think the timescale is far too slow. I know from my own experience that if I write something topical with enthusiasm, by the time it appears it already feels out of date...I think the three month cycle of *Camphill Correspondence* really is a problem and would like to be part of discussions about making it a monthly journal. [Correction: it is a bi-monthly cycle. Ed.]

Recently the bulk of the issues has been taken up with obituaries, which for me is the sign of a publication which is seriously in decline.

I question the format which has remained virtually unchanged. It does not need to be on such glossy paper but it does need to be more colourful (I'm sure you are constantly wrestling with budget issues – I don't underestimate that!).

**Peter Bateson, Thornbury town, England**



### High Spirit Community Farm is looking for a new Head Householder

*The Head Householder lives in an extended family setting which includes young adults with intellectual disabilities and student interns.*

*Responsibilities include:*

- *Leading a joyful, inclusive, and secure home*
- *Ensuring loving daily care*
- *Maintaining a therapeutic program of land-based work and community activities, tailored to the abilities of each resident*
- *Mentoring student interns*

*This opportunity is open to individuals, couples or small families eager to share their lives with those who are disabled. The position offers a full time salary with benefits including shared housing, meals, medical coverage, retirement contributions, and eight weeks of paid vacation per year.*

*High Spirit Community Farm is a non-profit educational organization located in the Berkshires in western Massachusetts. See our website at*

[www.highspirit.org](http://www.highspirit.org).

*Please send a letter of interest, resume and references*  
[contactus@highspirit.org](mailto:contactus@highspirit.org)



## CLIMB YOUR MOUNTAIN!

Maria Simon (full name: Maria Simonne Meszaros) is a co-worker at Milton Keynes Community. She was a house coordinator for many years and

now she helps to support one of our residential houses as well as being our baker. She has become involved with a registered charity called 'Climb Your Mountain'.

The object of this charity is to help individuals through life crises such as depression, mental exhaustion, stress or breakdown, through physical exercise. Their emphasis is on walking, climbing, fitness training and running. They believe that this is a proven and healthy way to literally climb out of times in our lives when we are not coping mentally.

She has been to Snowdon a few times with some members of this group, some of whom have done sponsored climbs of Kilimanjaro. Maria has become inspired to join the next climb to this destination.

It is her goal to join a climb of Kilimanjaro on 4 November 2011. She has to raise £3,000 to cover her costs and those of the charity itself. She will also be raising the profile of the Camphill communities on her climb. You can read about this project on her blog/website: <http://www.justgiving.com/maria-simonne-meszaros>. All contributions should be made through this site.

Please consider making a donation to this worthy cause.

**Sandra Havneraas**

### Looking for somewhere to move on? Interested in life-sharing?

We are looking for people (preferably) with experience of: house parenting, running workshops and doing social work with people with special needs to join our community. Those with relevant skills and experience who wish to transfer them into this type of setting will also be considered. Co-working would be our preferred arrangement but all options will be considered.

Camphill Dunshane is situated in Co. Kildare, Ireland, 40km/25miles SW of Dublin, between the small towns of Naas and Kilkullen.

Set on 10ha/25acres of land, framed by the backdrop of the Wicklow Mountains to the east it is an area of natural beauty, while being within easy reach of local towns and Dublin City.

Dunshane is home to around 50 people, half of whom are young adults with special needs and a few that attend on a day basis. There are 5 households of varying size, a small farm, garden, craft workshops (candle making, basketry, pottery), bakery and substantial hall, in which events from Camphill in Ireland and the local area are hosted.

There are 2 other communities within 10km/6 miles with shared activities of: adult education and introduction courses, cultural and social events and reciprocal work placements. The Kildare Waldorf Steiner School is 10km/6 miles away with classes from Kindergarten to class 6 (12yrs) as well as a wide selection of junior and secondary schools nearby.

[www.camphill.ie](http://www.camphill.ie)

or phone Jeannemarie on 353 (0)45 483953.

### Camphill Village Trust **OAKLANDS PARK** is looking to recruit **House Co-ordinators**

Ideally suited to a couple who will live in and manage a household for up to 5 residents. We need responsible people to create warm, homely environments and deliver living skills in one of our households. We provide training and support to compliment your existing qualifications and experience. An enhanced CRB will be requested.

Oaklands Park is a Camphill community providing supported living for adults with learning difficulties and we have a biodynamic farm, garden and workshops.

For information about positions **please contact** Mark Denny or Martine Bewhay,

Oaklands Park, Newnham, Gloucestershire GL14 1EF  
Tel: 01594 516551 [oaklands@camphill.org.uk](mailto:oaklands@camphill.org.uk)

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### RUSKIN MILL EDUCATIONAL TRUST

Operates three innovative specialist colleges for students with special learning needs. The colleges are inspired by the work of Rudolf Steiner, John Ruskin and William Morris.

We have vacancies in each of our Colleges for

## Houseparent Couples

To live in and manage a household for up to four students. We need mature, responsible couples to create a warm, homely environment and deliver the living skills curriculum in one of our college households. We provide training and support and a good package of salary and benefits. *Not just a job, but a way of life.*

#### FREEMAN COLLEGE

The newest of our colleges, based in the centre of Sheffield and at the Merlin Theatre site. Fast developing activities ranging from cutlery making and pewter work, to performance work and drama. Students live in the city in family based households and training flats.

#### GLASSHOUSE COLLEGE

Firmly based in the glassmaking tradition with many new enterprises offering students craft and land based skills, high quality drama and practical work experience. Students live in a wide variety of residential placements both in the town and the surrounding villages.

#### RUSKIN MILL COLLEGE

The College is based in a beautiful Cotswold valley with the main focus on landwork, rural crafts and food production. Residential accommodation is in domestic scale households in the nearby towns and villages.

For information about positions in any of the colleges contact **Richard Rogers, Head of College — Residential, Ruskin Mill College**  
The Fisheries, Horsley, Glos GL6 0PL. Tel 01453 837528  
e-mail: [richard.rogers@rmc.rmet.org.uk](mailto:richard.rogers@rmc.rmet.org.uk)

### Tree Houses

#### Botton Village

#### Holiday Accommodation



'Oak', 'Ash' and 'Thorn' are three purpose-built units in Botton Village, which house students during term time, but in the summer

holiday period they are available for self-catering rental.

Each chalet unit has accommodation for up to five people: Oak (the lower unit) and Ash (the middle unit) both have three single bedrooms and a small twin-bedded room. Thorn (the top unit) has one single bedroom, one twin-bedded room and one double room.

A lovely way to enjoy the North York Moors in this Camphill Village!

For more information contact **Marie-Reine Adams: (01287 661286 or [marieineadams@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:marieineadams@yahoo.co.uk))**

### Self Catering Holiday House The White House Killin



Set within the beautiful Loch Lomond and Trossachs National Park, The White House is in an ideal location to explore the natural beauty of Highland Perthshire, Scotland.

Situated in a secluded setting near the shores of Loch Tay, this area offers outstanding opportunities for touring, walking, cycling, bird watching and canoeing. Comprises 5 bedrooms with accommodation for up to 12 persons sharing.

tel: 01764 662416  
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*Primavera*, Sandro Botticelli, detail

*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.*

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